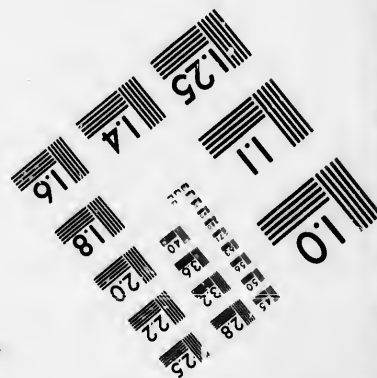
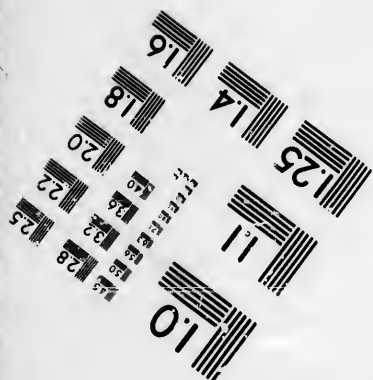
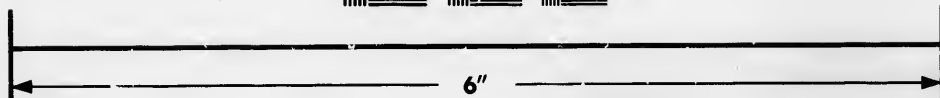
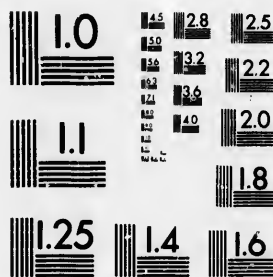


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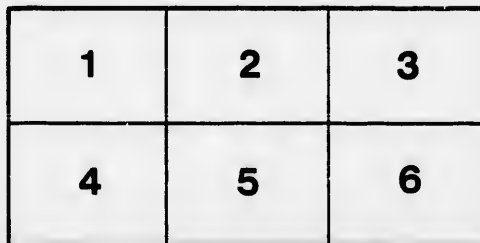
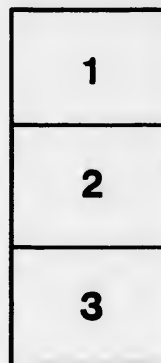
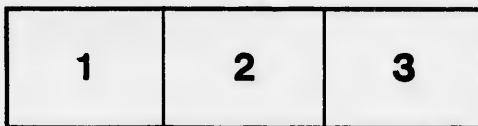
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Quebec Volunteers

1837.

A Christmas Sketch.

J. M. LeMoine.

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(Written for the BUDGET.)

The Quebec Volunteers—1837.

By the Author of "Maple Leaves."

There are unquestionably many pages of our history—some pregnant with especial interest—yet unwritten. Of the latter, may be reckoned those, recording the great civil commotion inaugurated by Louis Joseph Papineau, in Eastern Canada, and by William Lyon Mackenzie in the western section of the Dominion.

Despite the rancorous feelings engendered at the time, by this social upheaving, the day cannot be far distant when the memories of this fratricidal strife will have lost much their bitterness; nay, such unlooked for, such momentous events, have crowded on us, since that warlike period, that an utter revulsion of feeling in many cases has been the result.

The sundering of the colonial tie, for attempting which, the "Patriots" of 1837 were gibbeted by the score, when not exiled or plunged in dungeons, seems of late years to be considered by many Imperial statesmen, but a question of time or expediency. In 1837, he who sat in state in the Castle St. Louis, in the name of Majesty, held very decided views on the doctrine of colonial independence; Attorney-General Ogden held it to mean a hempen collar. Duquette, DeLorimier, Narbonne, Hindelang, and twenty others, found it so, to their cost; still barely a generation has passed when good Queen Vic., knowingly makes a belted knight of the most prominent champion of independence: Sir A. T. Galt: *Tempora mutantur.*

Without pretending to anything very elaborate, let us collect from the lips of a few surviving actors of this strange drama, some tid-bits of information and gossip anent the stirring volunteer days of '37-38; prefacing our sketch with some general remarks, calculated to make it more intelligible to our enquiring nephews.

We can well remember the time, when to the excited vision of a Quebecer of British descent, all that was vile, unprincipled, trea-

sonable and wicked might be summed up in the one word, "Papineau." Then, indeed, the eloquent leader of the Canadian Commons, could, like the great agitator, O'Connell, boast that he was "the best abused man" in the country. A superlatively loyal French song of the period, after enumerating calamities of every hue, which could be charged to the arch-agitator, without forgetting cholera-morbus, earthquakes and the potato rot, concluded each stanza with the well remembered words: "C'est la faute à Papineau."

A dreaded monster was he, this same Louis Joseph, in the eyes of superlatively loyal men, such, for instance, as Bob Symes, one of His Britannic Majesty's Justices of the Peace, in and for the District of Quebec, in the year of.....fuss 1837.

But peace to Louis Joseph's ashes! may they continue to rest where some loving hands have placed them on the 24th Sept., 1871, at Monte Bello, his own baronial seat, on the green banks of the Ottawa. Peace to his memory! he is now before a higher tribunal, to answer for his deeds in the flesh.

We said Bobby Symes. Who then was this incomparable J. P., this sworn, ever watchful defender of the Hanoverian succession and citadel of Quebec? Has he too been knighted for services rendered in this fair portion of Victoria's realms? Echo pauses for a reply? Bob (or rather Bobby Symes) for under no other cognomen were his praises weekly sung in Mr. Aubin's witty Journal, *LE FANTASQUE*. Bobby was the pink of civic virtue—a perfect pundit in constitutional law—the impersonification of loyalty.

Bob discoursed of treason while awake to dream of it afterwards. Each Monday morning, said Mr. Aubin, Bobby had, at his fingers end, the whole ramification of some deep laid plot to murder His Majesty's lieges. Bobby denounced rebels the last thing before going to bed and the first thing on waking. Bob would shake hands with his fellow-citizens impressively, and tell them each morning to be thankful that so far they had not been shot, or piked, or hung, and that with the helping hand of Atty-General

Ogdon and the Volunteers they might yet escape the devil and Papineau. It was invigorating to witness the sight; it did one's heart good to see bow brightly in every bosom burned the hallowed flame of patriotism. Another trait yet ere we dismiss this well-remembered Justice: Bobby had several points of resemblance with the noted Judge Esgrove, of Scotch fame; both had refractory tailors to deal with, but John Teed, of Quebec, was a "patriot," whereas he, of Edinburgh, was a malefactor, and in this, the heroes of the bodkin widely differed. Had Teed risen in arms, which he did not, and injured the body or uniform of any of His Majesty's Forces, Bobby Symes would more than likely have selected some impressive sentences like the ermined sage of Edinburgh, is reported to have used, on passing sentence on a Tailor for having stabbed a British soldier, "and not only did you murder him, but you did thrust,—or push,—or pierce,—or project,—or propel the lethal weapon through the belly band of his breeches, which were his Majesty's."

The Canadian Radamanthus could be quite as impressive when he delivered his dreaded sentences, from the Bench now occupied by Mr. Justice Doucet. He had at times a picturesque way of giving to the prisoner, the usual jobation. More than one practitioner of the Police Court may possibly yet remember the case of the two sailors, who refused to join their ship ready for sea, on the ground that she was not seaworthy. The two salts had most forbidding countenances, to this Bob Symes seemed fully alive. Throwing himself back in his seat he uttered majestically the following: "Go on board my men, Go on board, I tell you, without fear. You are evidently born to be hanged and never can be drowned."

The Quebec and Three River Districts, at the voice of their leaders, political, and religious, seceded at an early date from the armed resistance inaugurated without arms! by the Montreal District in the Richelieu valley.

In the counties of Champlain, Portneuf, Dorchester, meetings were held in Novem-

ber and December, 1837, expressive of loyalty, though advocating reform, by constitutional means; there had, however, been "agitation meetings," in Bellechase, at St. Thomas; at the St. Paul's Market, St. Roch's Church door, Glacis School House, in the city of Quebec, fortunately of no importance. In this, did the Quebec District show its good sense.

The frenzy of loyalty and martial preparations, in the city itself, had scarcely cool reason on their side. However, this ebullitions, sprung in many cases from one of the purest of sentiments, patriotism, civic virtue; as such deserving of all praise. Though the French Canadians, as a people, were true to one another, and refused to serve, there were several offers of service, in the Quebec District, from that class; of which Government declined to avail itself. Amongst the most noted "Rebs" there were several, not bearing French Canadian names, in the District of Montreal; Robert Nelson, Wolfred Nelson, E. C. O'Callaghan, T. S. Brown, Hindenlang, Girod &c.

About the 1st November, intelligence was received of the arrest and rescue of political prisoners; and of the shooting of Loyal Canadians, by the Insurgents, on the 5th of the same month. The excitement this caused was augmented by an official report of the murder of Lieut. Weir, 32nd. Regt. and defeat of Col. Gore at St. Denis by the insurgent leader Nelson; these deplorable events produced immediate and energetic action, to organize a system of defence. On the 27th of November 1837, Civil Secretary, S. Walcott by letter dated "St. Lewis Castle" addressed on behalf of the Earl of Gosford, to Honb. J. Malcolm Fraser, Wm. Price and J. B. Forsyth, Esquire, and some dozens of other men of note, in Quebec who had in a public meeting at the Quebec Exchange, offered their services, to serve as Volunteers, in order to supply the absence of the regulars who were ordered to Montreal, accepted their offer. Volunteering, Drill and Parade duties were soon begun in real earnest. Though the sinew of war, had to be provided out of raw militia,

there were a good many tough bits of fighting stuff remaining,—Peninsular officers,—some of Brock's veterans and regulars enough to leaven the whole mass.

C The Earl of Gosford had selected a most popular head: Lt. Col. Honorable Jas. Hope, of the Goldstream Guards, son of Major General Hope, who was severely wounded and taken prisoner at a *sortie* from Bayoune, at the close of the Peninsular war; he subsequently became Earl of Hopetoun, to which title his son succeeded—"A finer man or better soldier, I never met, says Lt. Col. Wiley," than the active major of Brigade of the Volunteer Force. In 1839, a dinner was given him, by his officers, which went off with great *eclat*—for those were festive days too, those Volunteer times of 1837-8-9. Such was the good feeling between the regulars and the citizen soldiers, that when Brigade Major Wiley, appointed adjutant to the 1st. Provincial Regt, had to raise men for frontier service with its head quarters at Philipsburg, and having succeeded out of the "*dijecta membra*" of the disbanded Volunteers, to raise in 48 hours 200 recruits, he was kindly given by the officers of the Guards the use of their splendid Drum and Fife corps, to play him and the men under his command to the steamer. Capt. (now Lt. Col.) John Sewell, late of the 49 (Genl. Brock's Regt.), was appointed with the rank of Major, to take command of the Volunteer Regt. Infantry; this active and intelligent officer, succeeded, so well in imparting military knowledge to his corps, which had been incorporated in a Battalion, that in the month of December 1837, the Quebec Garrison being reduced to one company of the 66th Regt. and some companies of Royal Artillery, this Battalion was placed in charge of that important post the citadel of Quebec. Conspicuous amongst the Volunteers, was our old fellow townsmen Henry LeMesurier, for many years one of the *magnates* of St. Peter street, and married in a distinguished French Canadian family (to Miss Guerout). Mr. LeMesurier, by his pluck, genial disposition and military experience, was a valuable addition to the

force. Born in Guernsey in 1791, he was son of Commissary General Haviland LeMesurier; had entered the English army in 1811; served under the Duke of Wellington in the Peninsular campaign; was present at the battle of Salamanca, and, when carrying the colors of the 48th Regiment, his right arm was carried away by a round shot, when he joined the Commissariat; served during the war in Canada in 1812, retired on half pay in 1818, and died in 1861 a Lieut.-Colonel of Militia.

Our worthy old friend Major Temple, late of the 15th, was, in 1837, an active commander of the Queen's Own Infantry. Other veterans had also offered their services, viz., Lieut.-Colonel Charles Campbell, late of the 99th, recently dead.

QUEBEC LIGHT INFANTRY.

Major John Sewell, commanding.

- 1st. Company: Captain, J. S. Campbell; Lieut., Thos. Froste; Ensign, Paul Lepper.
 2nd. Company: Captain A. Simpson; Lieut., H. Sharples; Ensign, E. H. Davidson.
 3rd Company, (rifles): Captain, (Hon.) John Young; Lieut., Hy. J. Noad; Ensign, W. Paterson.
 4th Company: Captain, Jas. Gillespie; Lieut., W. K. Baird; Ensign, John Martyn.
 5th Company: Captain, Henry LeMesurier, Lt., Henry McGill; Ensign, Ale. Bell. Adjutant of the five companies, Ensign (now Lt. Col.) Thomas Wiley. Surgeon, ———.
 Uniform.—Companies No 2, 3, and 5, blue coat, buff breeches. No. 4 Company, white blanket coat, green facings, blue breeches, blue cap and light band.

LOYAL QUEBEC ARTIFICERS OR FAUGH-A-BALLAUGH.

Captain, John C. Nixon; Lieut., James Thornton; Ensign, Richard Freeman.
 Uniform.—White blanket coat, red sash, green buttons,—green facings, and green seams; high cap with green top falling over, blue breeches and red stripe.

QUEEN'S OWN LIGHT INFANTRY.

Major, Henry Temple; Lieut., Fred. Wyse; Ensign, William Clarke.
 Uniform.—White blanket coat, red facings, blue breeches, red stripe, high cap.

ENGINEER BIBLE CORPS.

Major, George H. Vincent Whitmore (Lieut. Royal Engineers), commanding the two companies and the Royal Artificers.

- 1st Company: 1st Captain, Henry M. Blaiklock; 2nd Captain, Francis Wyatt; 1st. Lieutenant, Charles Jas. Clarke; 2nd Lieutenant, Fred. W. Blaiklock.
 2nd Company: 1st Captain, Frederiek Hacker; 2nd Captain, John Phillips; 1st. Lieutenant,

George Brown; 2nd Lieutenant, Edward J. Fletcher; adjutant of the two companies and of the Royal Artificers, William Scott.
Uniform.—White blanket frock coat, reds houlder straps, collar and cuffs blue, cap blue with red band, breeches blue and red stripe.

RANG'S END VOLUNTEERS.

Captain, William Pentland; Lieut., C. Pentland, Ensign, Jas. Farley.

ROYAL QUEBEC VOLUNTEER ARTILLERY.

- 1st Company: 1st Captain, William Burns Lindsay; 2nd Captain, George Desbarats, (acting paymaster); 1st Lieut., W. D. Dupont and H. H. Wickstead; 2nd Lieutenant, McGregor Pink.
2nd Company: 1st Captain, Edward H. Bowen; 2nd Captain, John Black; 1st Lieutenant, Simeon Lelievre; acting quarter-master, John Panet; 2nd Lieutenant, H. LeMesurier.
3rd Company: 1st Captain, W. K. McCord; 2nd Captain, Andrew Stuart; 1st Lieutenant, Isaac R. Eckart; acting adjutant, A. J. Maxham; 2nd Lieutenant, E. J. G. Hooper; Paymaster, Capt. D. Dupont; Quarter-master, Jas. Motz; Surgeon, Jas. A. Sewell, M. D.

ROYAL QUEBEC VOLUNTEERS.

Colonel James Baird [66th Regiment] commanding, Major, William A. Hale.

- 1st Company: Capt., A. Campbell; Lieutenant, Charles C. Sheppard,
2nd Company: Captain, J. Dyde; Lieutenant, W. A. Cuppage; Ensign, Antoine Vanfelson.
3rd Company: Captain, W. Power; Lieutenant, Joseph P. Bradley; Ensign, Charles Alleyne.
4th Company: Captain, J. G. Irvine; Lieutenant, E. S. Montzambert; Ensign, Colin Brnee.
5th Company: Captain, T. W. Lloyd; Lieutenant, Harry Ball; Ensign, Thomas A. Cary.
6th or Highland Company, [Meganitic]: Captain, Arch. McKillop; Lieutenant, P. McKillop; Ensign; J. G. Clapham.

Uniform.—Rob Roy Tartan Trews, Scotch bonnet, dark frock coat.

- 7th Company: Captain, J. P. O'Meara; Lieutenant, J. H. Kirby; Ensign, Ed. G. Cannon.
8th Company, [Queen's Pets]: Captain, William Rayside; Lieutenant, A. C. Buchanan; Ensign, Walter Douglas; Paymaster, William Kemble; Adjutant, Thomas Hamilton.

Uniform of companies No. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 7, blue loose coat, with red collar, blue breeches, high fur cap with long ears. The 8th Company or Queen's Pets wore long blue pea jackets, blue breeches a round fur cap with long ears, and red woolen cravat; there arms were, horse pistols, broad outlasses and a carronade.

The writer of this sketch, though very young at the time, can well recollect an episode of the great insurrection. It took place at St. Thomas, where resided, one of the most energetic "sympathizers" of those days. (since Sir E. P. Tache, aide-de-camp to the Queen). Evidently, in 1837,

Dr. Tache had not the slightest inkling that our beloved sovereign would knight him and make of him one of her aide-de-camp; his denunciations of British rule, or more properly misrule, were loud and deep; he and the M. P. P. Letourneau, Capt. Tetu and others, had been the chief originators of the enthusiastic *fete champetre*, given to the great agitator, Papineau, solemnized with speeches, cannon and cavalry at the *Bois de Boulogne*, at St. Thomas, on St. Jean Baptiste day, 1837. Though an ardent patriot, Dr. Tache, the respected village physician, was one of the warmest personal friends of an uncompromising old Loyalist, a near and dear relative of mine, the late Daniel MacPherson, J. P., of St. Thomas. Each day the eloquent doctor stepped over to treat professionally or enliven his octogenarian friend, Mr. Macpherson, with items of news, My youthful fancy had never yet witnessed the spectacle of burning eloquence and patriotic feeling with which Dr. Tache, narrated the heroic death of Dr. Chenier at St. Charles, who he said had died "comme un heros digne de la Grece antique."

One of the commanders of the Volunteers, Captain John Sewell, had been commissioned to take steps to watch over the safety of the 43rd Regt., brought from Halifax to Quebec, in the depth of winter; the numbered Britishers were packed two by two with a driver in front, in little low sledges, the temperature very severe. They halted at St. Thomas for their dinner, and our house being considered a peculiarly loyal one, a bevy of stalwart sergeants anxious to get as close to the fire as possible, sat me youngster as I was on their knee, scaring me with their dreadful threats as to what they would do to the "b—dy rebels," whilst some of their officers were bountifully provided with bread, cheese and porter by the kind old Scotchman, their host.

Neither shall I forget how easy it would have been had there been any "Rebs" abroad, to secrete themselves in the narrow woody defiles of Cap St. Ignace, where there was a *savane* three miles long and to shoot down the helpless and frost bitten soldiers,

who would have received the balls before seeing the enemy at all. But there was no intention to rise—nothing existed beyond a patriotic fervor either in the breast of Dr. Tacho or any one else. Though the Dr. was subjected, to a most unpleasant domiciliary visit,—a search for fire arms and cannon supposed to be hidden under a heap of kidney potatoes, in the cellar of his capacious dwelling. The police did find a pair of duelling pistols, for in those days, the doctor was not a man to be without this very indispensable article of gentleman's wardrobe, but this "Mons Megg" * was only six inches long and belonged, it was satisfactorily established, to the Dr's. juvenile son—the present worthy assistant of the Commissiour of Crown Lands. Alas! Bobby Symes and you, and Thomas Ainslie Young, you were at fault here!

"The regular troops stationed at this garrison consisted of a few regiments of the line, among whom the gallant 32nd. They were immediately ordered to proceed to that portion of Lower Canada where hostilities had already commenced, leaving the strong fortress of Quebec in charge and defence of a volunteer force. The militia organization was, as might be expected at that time, very incomplete and inefficient; the roll on paper certainly looked very formidable indeed, with a long array of colonels, majors, captains, lieutenants and ensigns, but their knowledge of military discipline, tactics and drill, were thoroughly imperfect and useless. No training or muster of militia had taken place for several years, many of the men having never handled a musket.

When it was decided to withdraw the troops from the garrison, the old country portion of the community were enrolled into companies, and quite a martial spirit prevailed. The first paid corps raised consisted of laborers, mechanics and tradesmen, chiefly Irish, and were called the

PORK-EATERS,

forming a regiment of about 600 strong,

NOTE.—The St. Thomas piece of ordnance had not, like its prototype of Edinbro', in 1745, the honor of removal by the Government to the Tower of London, or Citadel of Quebec. This was probably owing to the circumstance that it did not "crack" like the Big Scotch gun.—"Secut mons megga crackasset."—(Drummond's Macaronics.

able, resolute fellows, who, on being equipped, at first presented a motley, awkward squad; but after a period of thorough drilling by the non-commissioned officers of the regulars, and subjection to strict military discipline, they became efficient, and, before many months elapsed, presented a very soldier-like appearance going through their evolutions almost as well as the regulars, and, had occasion required, would have proved a formidable body for an enemy to encounter. Colonel Irvine had command of this regiment; and Colonel Hope, of the Grenadier Guards, was the Commander-in-Chief of the garrison. A fine cavalry corps of well-mounted and active young volunteers, under Major Burnet, also served during this period.

The next corps was a unique body of men called the

QUEEN'S PETS,

comprising the seamen and seafaring men who happened to be in the port of Quebec, and were enrolled under the command of Captain Rayside, a veteran naval officer, well known as the captain of the Montreal and Quebec steamers, and afterwards as harbor-master of the port. Their uniform consisted of blue pea-jackets and trowsers, equipped with pistols, cutlasses, and a small carronade. Had they been called into action, either for land or water warfare, they would have proved a resolute, brave and useful means of defence. Their services were frequently called into requisition, hunting up concealed arms and ammunition and disaffected parties, accompanied by Robert Symes, an active and zealous magistrate. The Queen's Pets became, for a long time, quite a household word.

The next arm of defence was composed of

THE VOLUNTEER ARTILLERY,

a fine, able set of men, officered like the infantry by young merchants and professional men, who, after being instructed by the regulars, acquired great proficiency, particularly in the art of gunnery, and handled the canon around the battlement walls in a most creditable manner, forming an important branch of the service for garrison duty.

CITIZEN VOLUNTEERS.

This corps was made up of Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 companies; they were unpaid soldiers, furnishing their own uniforms—a blanket frock-coat, with caps and leggings of the same material, with red, blue, green,

and yellow facings. Each company was distinguished by some peculiar cognomen, one of which was famous as the *Faugh-a-Ballaghs*. No. 3 Rifles was considered a crack corps of young merchants and clerks, of which the writer was a full private. This company was officered by Captain, now Hon., John Young; Henry J. Noad, Lieutenant; and William Paterson, Ensign. They acquired great proficiency in drill, especially that pertaining to rifle movements and skirmishing. The members of this company now living (alas! how few!) still entertain a pleasant regard and happy remembrance of their gentlemanly and efficient instructor, Mr., now Colonel, Wiley.

THE POT-BELLIES

were composed of Lower-town merchants of the elder class, who turned out manfully on this occasion, and subjected themselves to the drill and discipline of a soldier's life with becoming alacrity and good-will. It was cheering to witness their portly figures as they marched up to the Citadel armory, and received their accoutrements of black leather belts and cartouch box, with 20 rounds of ball cartridge, and a flint lock "Brown bess." And oh! the drilling! mark time—form fours—eyes right—left front—dress—such puffing and blowing—excited many a good-humored joke and smile as they moved about their heavy corporations at the word of command. The unpaid volunteers were under the command of Colonel Sewell

GARRISON DUTIES.

To garrison the fortress of Quebec would require a force of several thousand soldiers. Those who have visited the Citadel and traversed the walls and battlements, and entered through the ponderous gates, can form some idea of the vigilance required to guard the several points around the city. But the present mode of warfare has completely changed the style of fortifications of former days, the strong forts on the heights of Point Levi, now nearly completed, being considered as a more efficient means of defence.

THE GUARD ROOM

to the soldier is a place replete with many an interesting reminiscence, and proves a most welcome resort to the weary sentry, after walking for hours his lonely round. Here it was that we assembled to receive the orders of the day, and to be told off to our several duties, some to the Citadel, some to the gates, and other parts of the garrison. Those who have passed to and

fro as sentry in the Citadel in winter, when the thermometer marks 32 degrees below zero, can call to mind the solitary hours before being relieved—the officer of the day coming stealthily along—the challenge: "Who goes there?" "Rounds." "What rounds?" "Grand rounds." "Stand grand rounds and give the countersign." "Pass grand rounds." "All right!" To relieve the monotony of our duties, our companions in arms would gather round and discuss the topics of the day, or some subject would come up for interesting and animated debate: songs and storytelling continuing far into the night, till, becoming weary, we turn in on the soft side of the planks of our bunks, and sink into a profound slumber, till aroused by the beating of the *reveille*.

INCIDENTS.

Business was generally suspended, and rumors of various kinds were rife concerning the Patriots, both in Upper and Lower Canada, which kept all on the *qui vive* for the latest intelligence. No lightning then flashed the news over the telegraph wires every minute, as if the events occurring thousands of miles away were within sight and hearing distance; no railway to transport troops in a few hours to the remotest scene of action.

ARRIVAL OF THE 43RD FROM HALIFAX.

This regiment had received a few hours' notice to start for Canada; and, embarking in winter vehicles, proceeded to their destination, arriving at Point Levi. It was an interesting sight to witness the long string of carioles as they came over the hill of the opposite side of the River St. Lawrence, and then the crossing over amidst the floating ice, in wooden canoes, with flags gally flying at the stern—the landing at Quebec—the weary and weather-beaten soldiers as they quietly fell into the ranks, and answered to the roll-call, marching with military precision up Mountain hill to their quarters for a brief rest, preparatory to proceeding to the seat of war.

ESCAPE OF GENERALS THELLER AND DODGE FROM THE CITADEL.

The sympathy of the people in the United States with the Patriots was very extensive; and no doubt, in many instances, really sincere. Their own struggles for freedom and independence ever burning fresh in their minds, naturally leading them to entertain, perhaps, exaggerated notions and mistaken views of the "situation" of their neighbors, caused some prominent parties to aid and

sympathize with the Patriots, and men, arms and money were furnished, to some extent: but want of concert, and the partial interference of the United States troops, frustrated their designs and operations. Among those who took an active part in assisting the patriots were Generals Theller and Dodge, both professional men, who were taken prisoners and brought down to Quebec, and lodged in the Citadel, under sentence of transportation. By some means communication was kept up frequently during their incarceration with French-Canadian and Irish Patriots in the city. The Grenadier Guards occupied the citadel barracks, and the friends of the prisoners having conveyed to them some bottles of beer or porter, strongly drugged, the sentry was induced to partake so freely that he fell into a profound sleep, and they walked quietly out of the place of their confinement to the bastion tower, on a dark tempestuous night. Cutting off the ropes of the flag-staff, they let themselves down on the glacis below; but, owing to some mistake of preconcerted plans, they found themselves alone, without a guide or direction of any kind, in a strange city; and after wandering about for some time, met a French-Canadian on his way to work, by whom they were taken to the suburbs of St. Roch for concealment. In the meantime the alarm had been given, and the guard ransacked the city in every direction, the gates of the city being closed, and every person scrutinized as they passed through the wicket; but the vigilance of the friends of the Generals managed to protect them from discovery. In the meantime, horses saddled and bridled were conveyed by the ferry-boat to Point Levi, ready for their escape; and after remaining for several days in concealment at Quebec, they crossed over the river in a small boat, and guided to the place of rendez-vous, jumped into the saddles, and riding with great speed, reached the United States in safety.

AN ALARM.

By a preconcerted plan it was arranged that should any suspicious demonstrations be made by the Patriots during the nighttime, the sentinel on duty was to discharge his musket, and two discharges of cannon would follow from the Citadel, and one from the artillery barracks at Palace-gate, being the signal for the troops to meet at the rendezvous in front of the Parliament buildings.

Having retired to bed one night at my own dwelling, with my accoutrements and

"Brown Boss" placed near my bedside, I was aroused at early dawn by the booming of cannon; and, hastily donning my uniform, and taking my gun with fixed bayonet, proceeded to the appointed rendezvous, where the volunteer troops were assembled ready for action. Scouts having returned from a look-out, reported the cause of the alarm."

All, however, were not, on that memorable night, like J. V. P., enjoying that "sweet restorer, balmy sleep," when the ominous guns resounded. Some were most merrily "tripping the light fantastic toe," amidst floods of light and beauty, under the hospitable roof of—, enjoying wildly, "the ball of the season."

"There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Canada's capital had gather'd then
Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave
men;

A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell;
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a
rising knell.

Did ye not hear it? No; 'twas but the wind
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure
meet.

To chase the glowing hours with flying feet.
But, hark! that heavy sound breaks in once
more,

As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! arm! it is the cannons opening roar.

It was not quite "the cannon's opening roar" but the preconcerted three shots the signal of a rising. The horizon appeared all around in a blaze of light. The glare of the conflagration seen from afar proved to be merely the blaze of a large fire, lit at dawn of day to singe a large pig—killed the day before—in the yard of the Hotel-Dieu, near Palace Gate.

The morning was hazy, with a light snow falling, and the sentinel had mistaken the reflection of the blaze for a signal of general rising of the Patriots.

"There were more than one droll incident of this bloodless campaign.

During the winter of 1838, a leading merchant of St. Peter street, Hy. Atkinson, Esquire, when not at his beautiful residence

at Spencer Wood, occasionally gave *recherche* dinners to his mercantile friends, in some very cosy rooms he owned, adjoining his office in St. James street—occupied now by the Inland Revenue Office. Surrounded by many *choice spirits* he had nearly got through all the loyal toasts of the period, *neel tons and all*, happening to look towards his wharf he fancied he saw a light, around the bright pine deals, &c., and fearing incendiarism he rushed out noiselessly, in his dress coat, merely taking his cap, but was promptly-seized, by a Volunteer sentry, a brawny Scotchman who spoke with many b-r-r-rs, and thrust him unceremoniously in his sentry box, despite his protestations of loyalty.

The night was cold and the Laird of Spencer Wood soon beseeched his remorseless custodian to allow him to go on *parole*, to his office and get his great coat, also, he would certainly "get his death of cold" but stern patriotism and love of discipline prevailed—so Mr A—seeing his case hopeless, pulled out a valuable gold watch and presenting it in the hand of the grim Volunteer, said "keep this watch until I come" wont this do? "No said the incorruptible son of Mars" Do you want to br-r-ribe me? and

in the sentry box he thrust his prisoner until released.

On the night of the Hotel Dieu scene, at French Canadian merchant, whose dwelling was close to the Parliament House, the *rendez-vous* in case of alarm, hearing the uproar, and fearing that in the general *melee* likely to ensue, his throat might be cut, should he be taken for a Tory, attempted to rush to the Parliament House in rather light marching order as to unmentionables, but wearing a portentous looking Buffalo coat, with a double-barrelled fowling-piece, minus the ramrod, protruding from beneath the skirts; a sentry had been placed near the door of the R. C. Presbytery, and hailing her Majesty's portly subject, called on him in English "give the countersign," while Monsieur responded in most emphatic French "saere countersign, Je ne le connois pas, je suis loyal." When H. M.'s volunteer opening *Monsieur le Cure's* door said: "Walk in then, in my sentry-box," and *Monsieur* had to do as he was bid, though the sentry was a well-known lower town merchant and friend of his; he was released, however, with whole bones an hour later.

J. M. LEMOINE.

SPENCER GRANGE,
Christmas Eve, 1872.

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