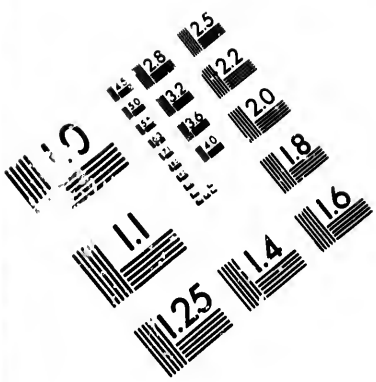

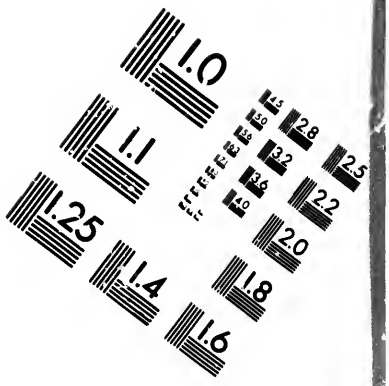

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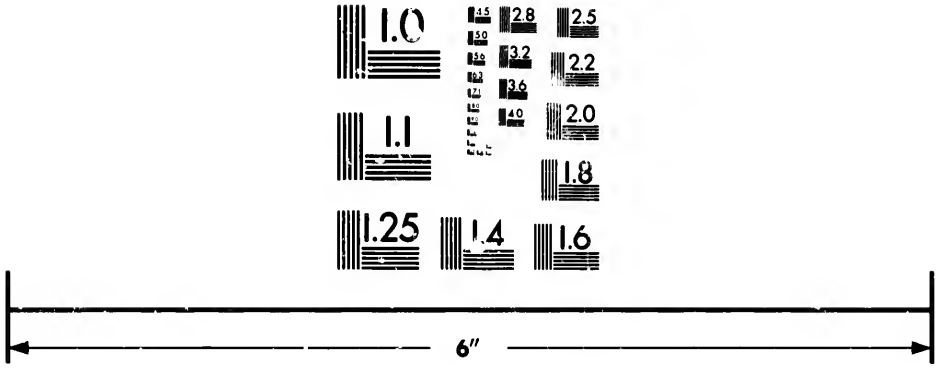

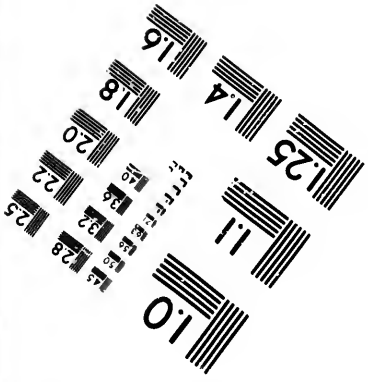

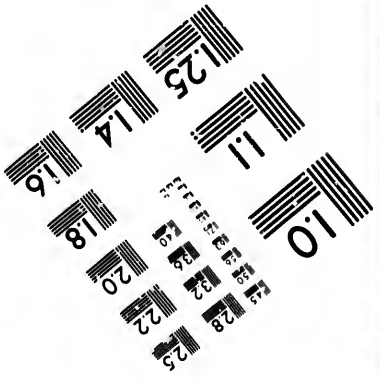

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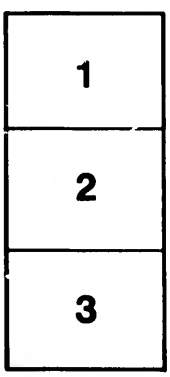
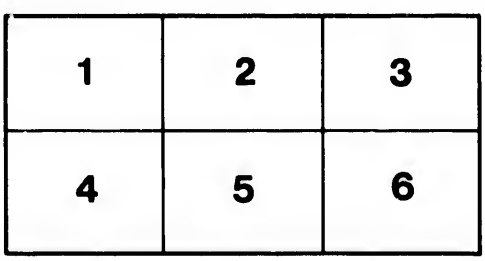




SOUVENIR

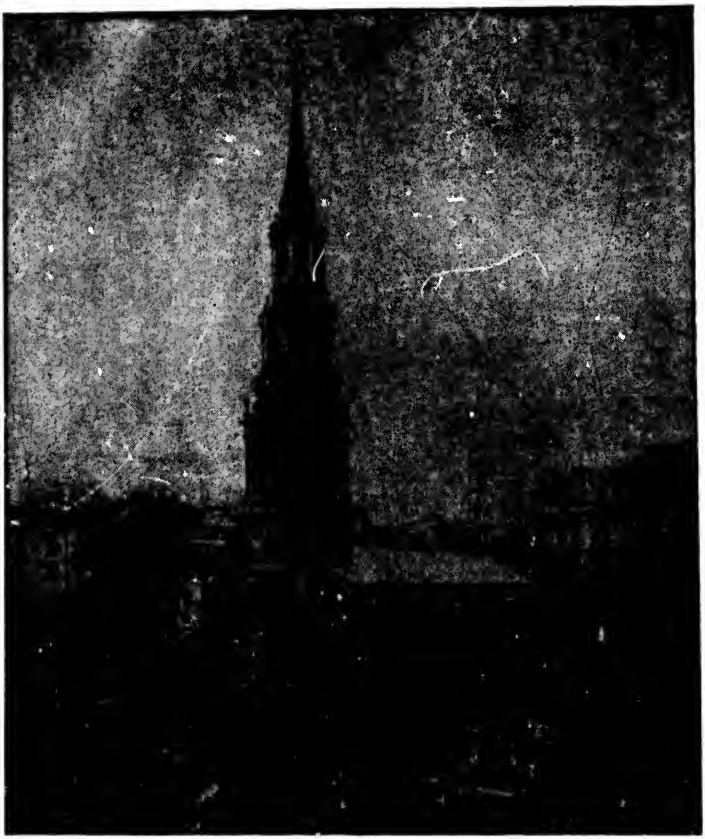
HISTORICAL BOOKLETS.

The Montgomery Siege.

BY

J. M. HARPER.

TORONTO & QUEBEC.
PUBLISHED FOR THE AUTHOR.
FOR SALE BY THE BOOKSELLERS.



St. PAUL'S, NEW YORK.

THE MONTGOMERY SIEGE

BY

J. M. HARPER,

The Author of "Our Jeames."

DEDICATED

TO

SIR JAMES M. LEMOINE, D.C.L.,

SPENCER GRANGE, QUEBEC.

PREFATORY NOTE.

This is the third of the series of the historical *brochures* which the writer is preparing for Canadian readers and those who visit us. The success which has attended the others, it is to be hoped, will be graciously extended to this one also. The visitor will find its pages a ready guidance while learning the topography of the ancient capital, a little bit at a time; and the young Canadian may not regret the labour required to commit to memory the verses that are meant to embody one of the most exciting chapters in the history of our colonial development and broadening loyalty.

DESCRIPTIVE NOTES.

It is a far cry, as a Scotsman would say, from the seething crowds of Broadway, where old St. Paul's has weathered the changes of a century or so, to the silent crevices of Cape Diamond, which overlooks the spacious harbour of Quebec. The rear of the sacred edifice, so well known to the citizens of New York, is adorned with a monument which tells us how the remains of General Richard Montgomery, who fell at Quebec, December 31st, 1775, were deposited under its base within the chancel window, in the year 1818; while on the scarred flank of the rock of Quebec, on its southern side, there is to be seen a well-worn inscription, also intimating that the said Richard Montgomery met his fate near the foot of the precipice on which the Citadel of the ancient capital of Canada is built. Those who would understand the plan of the siege of 1775, and the topography of the ground encompassed by Montgomery and Arnold, would do well to begin their investigations at the foot of Cote de Lamontagne, common-

ly called Mountain Hill,—*first*, by taking a drive eastward along Notre Dame and Champlain Streets as far as Wolfe's Cove, and thence upwards and across from St. Louis Road to the St. Foye Road as far as Holland House, at the head of what is known as Sandy Hill; and *second*, by taking a walk along Sault-au-Matelot and Sous-le-Cap Streets, ascending the successive inclines that lead to the site of Hope Gate, and then proceeding from the Battery to the foot of Palace Street. On the drive westward, the points of interest to be taken note of *en route* are: the Church of Notre Dame des Victoires; Mountain Hill and little Champlain street; the Champlain Market House; the buildings around the King's Wharf; the scene of the Landslide; the buildings on the Allans' Wharf; the Ruisseau St. Denis at Wolfe's Cove; and the *plaisirs* of Wolfesfield and Holland Farm. Attention is given to these places seriatim in another part of this work. The same is done for the points of interest in the direction to be taken eastward by the visitor; these being the buildings in the neighbourhood of the Quebec Bank; "the Rock of Dog Lane"; the Battery; the Ramparts; the Hotel Dieu; and the building now known as Boswell's Brewery, occupying as it does, the site of the Intendant's Palace. The changes which have taken place in the "lay of the streets" since 1775 are best understood by locating with some care the Cul-de-Sac of Champlain's time, the little

bay which has long been filled in, and which forms the present site of the Champlain Market Place. This inlet, wherein small craft used to discharge their cargoes or were moored during the winter months, extended inwards as far as the line of Little Champlain Street, and was bounded on the east by the houses of Sous-le-Fort Street, and on the west by the King's Wharf. At the foot of Sous-le-Fort Street, where stood Champlain's Habitation, there was an open space, in 1775,—the site of the Royal Battery of the French regime; and at its head there was the old stairway-link between Cote de Lamontagne and Little Champlain Street. Champlain Street proper had its origin at the open waters of the Cul-de-Sac and ran along the river front, as a carriage way, as far as Près-de-Ville, which is described as being on the further side of the King's Wharf past the old King's Forges. There can be no doubt therefore that the memorial sign-board attached to the side of the crevice, leading from the enclosure of the Allan's Wharf to the Citadel, indicates the exact site of the barricade attacked by Montgomery. Beyond Près-de-Ville there extended a footpath round Cape Diamond, but this was hardly to be distinguished from the shore-line, which was always passable in summer as far as Wolfe's Cove for people on foot. The course followed by Montgomery, therefore, after he had descended the steep of Wolve's Cove on his way to Près-de-Ville, was beset with the winter difficulties to be

seen at any time during the months of December and January near the tide-line of the river beyond Sillery or New Liverpool.

The plan matured by Montgomery for the taking of the city was so simple and the only one feasible, that it is a wonder he remained so long out at Holland House without putting it into execution. Arnold was in St. Roch squandering his strength and ammunition against Palace Gate and its blockhouse; and when he was dislodged from the Palace his principal vantage-ground, on its being unroofed by the besieged, there was nothing for him to do but to wait till Montgomery was ready to move from his encampment, and so combine in a simultaneous assault, by way of the steep street leading into the upper town, from the river front on the south side. But the true condition of affairs within the walls was not so well known to the leader of the invaders as were the dissensions in his own ranks. Delay had brought him no success. Indeed, he seems to have been more or less the dupe of circumstances, living in a fool's paradise, from the moment he arrived before Quebec, if one would explain his inaction and the remarkable letters he sent to Carleton and the citizens. And when at length he made up his mind to do something, before his soldiers could legally demand a release, it was hardly to be expected that other than failure would come of his assault. Carleton certainly stood in no fear of his advance.

There is no intention to place on record

here in prose the events of the siege as they occurred. Montgomery's purpose was to work his way past all obstacles on Champlain Street, and by way of Notre Dame Street to join Arnold's forces as they issued from Sault-au-Matelot on their march from St. Roch, an attack in the meantime to be simulated before the walls in upper town. The signal agreed upon was the firing of two rockets near the *Anse des Mères*, and it was on seeing these on the memorable morning on which the assault occurred, that Captain Malcolm Frazer raised the alarm. The accompanying verses attempt to describe the event of the contest as seen from within the city walls, rather than, as has been so often done, from without. The notes on these, as well as on the local points of interest indirectly connected with the narrative, it is to be hoped, will enable the reader to get as near to the experience of an eye witness as it is possible to get, after the expiry of so many generations.

The

Send

Whil

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At fa

Over

THE MONTGOMERY SIEGE.

The Angelus in the gloaming, ringing peace in
time of strife,
Sendeth echo through the streetlets that makes
a jar of life,
While rumours,—ghastly rumours—scurry
thieflike through the town,
From citadel to suburb, making French and
English frown
At fate, that lingers brooding, near basilica and
fane,
Over colony and empire whose weal seems on
the wane.

The shadows bear the presage, on record much the same,
When the good old city dared withstand a foreign foeman's claim,—
When the rivals, France and England, deadly duel fought afield,
Leaving prestige well protected under Britain's broader shield ;
With citizenship a brotherhood that flouts the common foe,
And claims its own the pride to aid its own in weal or woe.

Yea, the shadows bear a presage, with no prophet near at hand,
To read aright the tidings dire that linger through the land ;
For alas ! St. Johns is taken, Mount Royal sore beset,
And the Richelieu's great waterway gives joy to foe elate,
Waylaying brave Sir Guy's descent near by the confluence-coigne
Where Chambly's rapids, run their course, the proud St. Lawrence join.

God save us ! Who's the messenger that brings
the tidings dire ?
Whence comes he ? Give us patience ! Is he
friend or foeman's hire ?
What say the men that govern us—the men Sir
Guy has sworn
To man the walls and guard the gates against
the invader's scorn ?
Is there no one near to tell us what is false or
what is true ?
Is there no one near to tell us what 'tis the best
to do ?

The moon in ragged radiance looks askance
upon the scene ;
The drifting clouds fringe spire and dome as
with a sackcloth screen ;
And the crowd is growing wider around the
Barracks Square,
With the human streamlets closing in, from
every thoroughfare :
A vocal tremor fills the air,—a cry is heard
beyond,
Where the Chateau stands a sentinel on conse-
crated ground.

As from reservoir to cistern, the *Place* runs o'er in turn,
And the news like wildfire blazes forth, as heart and temper burn;—
"The good Sir Guy is home again! List to the cannon's boom!
"Hurrah for hope! Hurrah for joy! Away with doubting gloom!
"What! Montreal has fallen? Three Rivers, too, you say?
"What of it, now that Carleton is with us in our fray?

"Perchance poor Monsieur Arnold, with his tattered crew of braves,
"Will dance again round Port St. Louis, to tell us we are slaves;
"A second challenge he may send, decreeing still our doom,
"Or bring a host from Pointe-aux-Trembles, without the walls to fume;
"But he'll find, with all his bluster or yet Montgomery's aid,
"That the colours of the British flag are never like to fade."

Thus spake brave Maître Thompson, beside the Chateau's gate,
Where stood his comrades under arms the general to await ;
Full well he knew how far the walls could check the approaching foe,
Since, under orders night and day, he had been to and fro,
From the Palais to the Citadel, making good the new defence,
A blockhouse here, a picket there, with palisades condense.

"Fear comes and goes, yet Arnold knew a fear no more than we,
"When hardship stayed his timorous march beyond the friendly sea,
"When through the pathless wilderness, across Megantic's heights,
"He traced the toilsome Chaudière by a thousand dismal lights :—
"The British flag flaunts freedom, but is its freedom free ?
"Perchance 'tis ours to find elsewhere a truer liberty."

Bold be ye Adam Lymburner, in presence thus
to speak,
Since ears there are fell keen to hear, and minds
as sure to leak,
Some say 'twas Humphreys carried you a letter
from without :—
Was't then your hope of liberty made him a
welcome scout ?
Was't then you thought it safer far, to make a
foe a friend,—
A patriot or a traitor, your country to defend ?

Not so spake Maître Thompson, though the
words were on his tongue,
For the general then was passing in, while yet
the plaudits rung ;
But his face flashed indignation on the coterie
near by,
And Adam felt the lightning force of the over-
seer's eye ;
"God take such traitorous townsmen !" was
all the goodman said,
As Captain Owen sent him word to join the
men he led.

That night was consummation,—no doubt, far less despair ;
A master mind was in command, his will was everywhere ;
As he sat within his council and heard what had been done
To make secure the city walls, the bastions one by one,
As he heard the tidings from around,—the numbers of the foe,
Within was courage, and without, joy took the place of woe.

And soon the story went the rounds in every street and lane
Of the risk the good Sir Guy had run to reach Quebec again ;
How his fleet had neared Lavaltrie, where Easton lay in force,
Defiance in his outer line, resistance his resource ;
How the fateful winds opposing, despair sat vulture-like
From every mast and broken spar to watch the invader strike.

For brave Bouchette, the keen '*La Tourtre,*'
when tales were in the wind,
Of an evening down in Notre Dame, the company being kind,
Would tell how he and Lanaudière, took matters well in hand,
And swore an oath that *coute que coute,* the devil to command,
They'd find a channel safe enough, the general in their charge,
Round Ile du Pas to St. Maurice in the pilot's swiftest barge.

"By Jove, you well may say it,—the night was black as pitch,
"And every passage in our way looked black as midnight ditch :
"Our muffled oars abandoned, we paddled with our hands,
"Stealing through the weed-grown reaches, and whispering our commands :
"Was there doubt the foe were watching,—were watching as they could ?
"Oh, how we blessed the darkness, that hid us in its hood !

"Yes, a blessing is the darkness, as the general often said,
"You know the way, *mon cher Bouchette*, and I am not afraid ;
"But we'll reach the safer open, before the dawn of day,
"And then your stalwart oarsmen, with ne'er a hand to stay,
"Will sweep the wide St. Peter's, with speed of fleetest crew,
"To save Quebec,—'tis all that's left,—to bless Quebec and you.

"To save Quebec ! God grant it ! and his words came free at last,
"The dawn is here, the waters safe, up with your makeshift mast ;
"With wind and arm in favour, and current swift beside,
"By noon we'll reach Three Rivers whatever may betide !
"'Tis there we'll find some tidings of Arnold's late attack ;
"Be brave my men, a patriot's stroke, until your muscles crack !"

"And the men rowed fierce like fighters, a-fighting with their fate,
"*God save Quebec*, their watchword, giving nerve to love and hate ;
"And still the general urged them on, the tiller in his hand,
"Until the barge found moorage safe, near Laviolette's favoured strand ;
"My gratitude, brave comrades ! Such loyalty is life,—
"And he leaped ashore to dare the first, the tidings of the strife.

"And soon came yeoman Frazer, staunch royalist and brave ;
"In haste across the fields he came and grateful greeting gave :
"Some rebels have been here, he said, a-straggling east and west,
"And fain were we to follow, their fighting gear to test :
"And now we shall, my general,—ah, pardon, may I not ?
"'Tis only sixteen seasons since with Wolfe we both have fought.

"But scarcely had the veterans grasped each other by the hand,—
"The townsfolk ear and eye intent,—the marvellous in demand,—
"When there came a later tidings that the foe six hundred strong,
"Machiche had crossed, full bent on harm, to reach the town erelong:
"Then haste ye, men, the general said, haste for a country's weal,
"God saving us, we'll dare outrun the rascals in their zeal!

"And haste we did I tell ye, a mouthful ta'en in haste,
"The wind still in our favour to bend the make-shift mast;
"And aye the general urged us on, the tiller in his hand,
"Their zeal is nought to ours, he'd say, while yet our zeal he fanned.
"Some craft no doubt is hovering where Arnold safely hides;
"So, on, my hearties—keep the time,—keep heart whate'er betides!"

Thus brave Bouchette would gossip, when tales were in the wind
Of an evening down in Notre Dame, to keep the company kind,
Or further tell of hazards on the way to Point Platon
Where the rapids made the river the crests of danger don,
Where the curvings of the northern banks round many a pleasant bight
Them led to Pointe-aux-Trembles with Arnold's tents in sight.

And oft,—the wine-cup lingering,—Bouchette would sing with pride :
" Ho, there, my hearties,—keep the time,—keep heart whate'er betide !
" Ho, here's to Napier's frigate that met us on our way !
" What care we now since Carleton is with us in our fray !
" Hurrah for hope! hurrah for joy!—away with doubting gloom !
" For the good Sir Guy is home again,—home to Quebec, our home !"

. . . . . .

Far other tales of daring had whilom gone the rounds,
In the dingy doubtful rendezvous of Sault-au-Matelot's bounds,
Where the slinking disaffected would seek the midnight hour
To entertain some wretched spy, or plan some change of power,—
Less bold than Adam Lymburner in openness to speak,
Afraid of ears fell keen to hear, if not of minds that leak.

'Tis said no word escapeth the phonograph of time—
No thought of secret daring—no ecstasy of crime ;
And if the Neptune's time-worn walls their record would reveal
Of guests hob-nobbing unawares, rebellion to conceal,
What a tale of double-dealing—of bravery perchance—
In these doubtful restless days of yore, its annals might enhance !

For was it not the hostel, in the years between the wars,
Of mine host, the *bonhomme Taché*, whose fame had reached the stars,
The trysting-place of traders, the hailing-ground of cheer,
A focus-point of welcome, diverging far and near ?
Was it not where burly Benedict, a-mannered bluff and bold,
Made courtship to the valour that is weakness when 'tis sold ?

I know you've heard the story of his march across the plain,
Where the Kennebec its sources finds, within the woods of Maine,—
Of his daring on Dead River, his camp at Spider Lake,
His muster where the Chaudière goes brawling through the brake,
His bravings in the wilderness by cataract and fell,
His triumphs over forest foes incredible to tell ;

But had you known Sir Boniface, the Neptune's
lusty host,
The phonograph of time perchance had not its
records lost,
Of guests hob-nobbing unawares, rebellion to
conceal,
Dire tales of double-dealing, delivered under
seal,
When ambitious burly Benedict, with manners
bluff and bold,
A-dallied with a double fate presaging shame
for gold.

Within a blearing darkness, remote from public
ken,
One night the disaffected sought audience yet
again,
In Taché's secret chamber, as rang the midnight
hour,
Running chances with the populace, to plan a
change of power ;
For known it was, through Mercier, with tidings
from the foe,
That burly boastful Benedict would strike
another blow.

And when the light gave entrance, with silent
call of roll,
The phonograph of time made haste to turn its
record's scroll :
There was François Sourde, the tanner, with
Caldwell as ally,
And Judas Duggan, barber bold, and three of
kindred fry,
And Ancien Boulanger, of sapient vacant mind,
Whose vapourings made a proverb of the
veerings of the wind.

There was Adam d'Eaux and Pierre Le Jeune,
with Mercier's clan near by,
And lurking near, with furtive glance, Jules
Turque, the quondam spy,
And one or two of Arnold's friends, who knew
him in the days
He bargained in the hostel-halls or joined the
trader's frays ;
Nor least of all was Williams near, the man who
knew no fear,
Till danger stood him face to face or shouted in
his ear.

"Why should we budge?" as first he was, in whisperings thus to speak,
"You have your rights and hopes beside, with vengeance yet to wreak;
"The invader gives us better terms than Carleton proclaims,
"The freedom of the future has in it prouder aims;
"Then budge we not! Together stand, and claim our own reward!—
"A challenge give in mustering strength, and mystify the guard!

"What lesson is there yet to learn of England's cruel might?
"Escaping, risk ye yet again the hateful tyrant's blight?
"Is Bigot dead to live again, in seigneur's grasping wrath,
"As save we from oppression's chains a living worse than death?
"Are mothers', wives' and children's cries again to rend our ears,
"With famine stalking through the land, their only food our tears?"

Then, others having spoken, Le Turque took up
the word,
With a message in his tasseled *tuque*, 'twas time
he should be heard :
How came he by the message, the ramparts so
secure,
Nor spy nor scout assured enough to climb the
countermure ?
" 'Twas a woman, grey and haggard, from the
cove beyond the heath,
" Had given him the message, Montgomery's
name beneath."

And they listened to the daring, with the furtive
in their eyes,
Cupidity and cunning gloating over promised
prize,
While 'twas read how pending carnage avoided
still might be,
If a townsman only could be found the gates to
open free :—
Ay, if traitor only could be found, to act the
coward's part,
Planning ruin for his city, bringing shame to
patriot's heart.

But scarce had ceased the reading, when Williams, pale with dread,
Made whisper of a distant din—a something's hurried tread :
'Tis nothing ! No ! Yet nearer still the rush is in the street,
And the Neptune's door, loud shaken, hastens Taché to his feet !
What's that ? And that ? Make haste, ye fools: Ha,ha, no time to run,
For the corridors run counter, while there's seizing one by one !

" So ho, my hearties, caught at last ! God send you grace in time !"
And the captain of the town's patrol made laughter somewhat grim.
" The general needs a score of you, to soothe an anxious hour,
" So make ye ready running, there are places else to scour ;
" The Chateau's near ; Sir Guy is there ; the jail is on the hill ;
" We'll give you quarters for the night, so march ye will-or-nill."

And the grey is in the dawning, snell winter
in the air,
When the populace, in a day or more, to Louis
Gate repair ;
For the wretched disaffected are ordered, man
by man,
To leave the precincts of the town, the traitress
in their van ;
Sir Guy has spurned the foe within, to dare the
foe without,
All courtesy suspending to treason, spy or
scout.

And even Adam Lymburner, as the overseer
said,
No longer sought the public ways, his
sympathies to spread,
But found retreat within the woods of Begon's
Hermitage,
His soul to soothe in solitude, his judgment
better gauge,
That the British flag waves freedom, a freedom
that is free,
With little hope to find elsewhere a truer
liberty.

. . . . . .

The days were at their shortest, there was hurtling in the air
As December, breeding bitter blasts, was nursing its despair ;
A reckless foe, a ruler stern,—to do or die in both,
The one in guise of liberty, the other true as oath
Eternal ! What the issue ? God wot, there's only one !
Though the marchings out of Chambly seemed a holiday begun.

Within the city's palisades, beneath the bastion's frown,
No quarter's given to cowardice, no grace to idle brawn ;
No loyalty inactive :—"Ho there, a willing hand !
"Keep watch and ward at yonder nook, attend the countermand !
"Sir Guy's behest is law within, his word is faith enough,—
"A man to fear, a man to love, ay, ay, of British stuff !"

And even now the brave Bouchette had oft to be restrained :—
"The foe, by Jove, what is the foe ? The scruff of humankind !
"Give me my sword and Lanaudière, with matters well in hand,
"And, *coute que coute*, the horde of them, the devil to command,
"We'll put *en route* to Boston beach, and crave no rich reward :
"Ay, ay, fear not ; to save Quebec, we'll soon relieve the guard ! "

But the wise Sir Guy craves patience and makes defence secure ;
Urging citizen and soldier insultings to endure;
The walls bemanned to westward, the Palace Gate enclosed,
The vantage-nooks and ledges, with outlooks well disposed,
Give assurance to the barricades along the river's line,
From Près-de-Ville the outer guard to Sault-au-Matelot's chine.

And still the watchful days and nights keep
lingering into weeks,
With a message scorned from Holland House,
'mid cannonading freaks,
Or yet deserter slinking near, and faltering ta'en
within,
To tell his tale of failing hearts, nathless the
open din :
And Barnsfare and McQuarters, with a hint
how things will be,
Keep a keener guard than ever, in the cause of
liberty.

And Maître Thompson labours on, with his
hundred men or more,
No blockhouse uninspected from the Palais to
the shore :
"We'll dare the devils and their ploys," 'twas
his with pride to say :
"They little reck what old Quebec can gather
for the fray :
"The day they came from Levis I fired the
bastion's gun,
"And, do ye know, the rascals ran as if their
dargue was done ;

"But once give Jones the signal, Dupré, Chabot, Picard,
"With kindred watch-dogs, true as steel, their mystery will mar :
"With a Caldwell and Mackenzie and a Hamilton to boot,
"Sir Guy, our freedom's champion, will rout them horse and foot :
"The poor old Palais lies full low, o'erturned by friendly blow,
"But lower still, the day quite near, shall yonder dastard foe

"Be driven back from every glade. What daring brings them here ?
"Is this their land—their hearth-and-home ? Think they we quake with fear ?
"Ha, ha, my lads, 'tis ours to fight for what is yet our own !
"*En bas* with those who soon will reap what they have wildly sown !
"They little reck what old Quebec can muster for the fray :
"We'll dare the devils and their ploys, our trust in God alway."

Indeed so ill the secret was kept beyond the town,
That from citadel to water's edge, the invaders' plans were known ;
And when the year had run its course beyond the Christmastide,
There was waiting for their coming, as if 'twere naught to hide,—
One band approaching from the *Anse*, the other by St. Roch,
To meet at foot of thoroughfare to escalade the rock.

. . . . . .

The night is dark, the sifting snow wreathes high its rampart walls,—
A fitting hour for mischief's deeds, wrath-winged with fitful squalls,
Expectation stands on tiptoe, though no murmurings are heard,
Revealing passion's wakefulness, by any idle word :
For Barnsfare and McQuarters, now knowing what's to be,
Have instant duty well in hand, in the cause of liberty.

And Malcolm Frazer has betimes good use for both his eyes,
With forecast's surety in his soul to anticipate surprise :
" Did ye not see that tongue of fire ? Why, there it is again !
" A signal ? Yea, the truth at last ! Our watching's not in vain !
" Ho, there, ye guards, arouse ye ! Ring out the town's alarms !
" The foe is hither marching : to arms, to arms, to arms !"

And in the Recollets' Convent, the governor takes his place,
There is calmness in his bearing, a smile upon his face,
" Stand by your posts, each man his own, you know them well, I trow,
" There is danger only when disgrace besmirches fealty's vow :
" If barricade or picket fail, no likely fate to be,
" Here on this crowning ground I'll wait the hour for you and me.

"The cannonading yonder is feigning of its kind,
"'Tis from below the struggle comes ; so wing ye with the wind,
"Each to his own, brave comrades ; stand by the barricades :
"Faith in one's king and country—a soldier's—seldom fades,
"Your baptism, perchance severe, will bring its own reward :
"Stand by ye then, march with your men, and instant join the guard !"

No further word is spoken, no need for countermand ;
All else is ordered as before, each knows his own command :
For the good Sir Guy had chosen subalterns faithful, true,
From the loyalty within the town, when the traitorous withdrew ;
And he watches for their tidings by the beetling hillside's brow
From the outer posts of Près-de-Ville and Sault-au-Matelot.

And, as he stands, the din of war comes distant to his ear,
A muffled sound near Palace Gate, a sound of seeming fear ;
Then louder as if bolder, men's shoutings fill the air :
Is the picket yet in danger ? Is there in these cries despair ?
But the governor, trained a soldier, is silent as a king,
And awaits for surety's message his faithful scouts will bring.

" What, ho, they're past the Palais!" corroborate tidings come,
" The demon Arnold at their head, with rataplan of drum ;
" Their marching now an open game, they thread the Canoterie,
" The shipyards on their outer flank, the Battery on their lee,
" Will they dare the deadly danger from the ramparts overhead ?—
" Ah, there it is—the first to fall—a shower-bath raining lead ! "

And still another voice brings tale : " They're at the barricade !—

" Forlorn the hope before them, behind a whole brigade :

" The snow is in their bloodshot eyes, the cold their senses stuns,

" 'Tis hand to hand, no quarter now, they've thrown away their guns :

" They say their leader's fallen, and Morgan takes his place ;

" What cheering's that ? Is't ours or theirs ? It cannot mean disgrace ?

" Disgrace to us? It cannot be! The barricade is ta'en !

" Who told you that ? Is Caldwell there ? Ay, ear, and eye, and brain !

" Lymburner's house is in his hands, where centring passions roar,

" The windows bringing in relays, while the invader's at the door :

" Brave, say ye ? No one braver ! List to his musketry !

" Can heroic strife be closer ? Wait till the rascals flee !"

For flee they must the din declares, attacked in
front and rear,
With Nairne, Dambourges, and all the rest at
last in full career.
A pause ! a cheer ! a mighty cry ! Is't true the
day is ours ?
God save Quebec ! Quebec is saved, since God
thus owns her powers !
Hurrah for hope ! Hurrah for joy ! Away
with doubting gloom !
For the good Sir Guy is home again—home to
Quebec, our home !

. . . . . .

But Près-de-Ville, I pray thee ! Is the leader
overcome ?
Ay, hours agone ! At early dawn he met his
sudden doom !
Amid the snow his body lies, his sword-hand in
the air ;
Around him, dead, his comrades : his followers
in despair ;
For Farnsfare and McQuarters knowing well
what was to be,
Had no failing in their courage in the cause of
liberty.

The tale is brief. A hazard blindly thrown in
fortune's face,—
To do or die in action,—since delay forebode
disgrace !
The day is at its breaking, the wind a thousand
darts,
Frost-pointed, piercing keenly, while the foot of
soldier parts
The curving drifts below the cliffs, as best a
soldier may,
When obstacles of nature, as of arms, are in his
way.

There's no hiding of their errand now, as a
keen-eyed guardsman says,
And theirs will be the welcome soon that stills
ambition's craze :
See how they brave the ice-floes, to overtake
the path
That labours round Cape Diamond to further
fateful wrath !
They dream, perchance, we're sleeping, as we
rest upon our arms ;
Ay, ay, they'll hardly waken us till nearer our
alarms !

Now they turn the ledge's limits, whence the picket's been withdrawn :
The fools ! they're daring nearer ! be ready man to man !
Ah, how the storm goes raging ! Just wait an instant more !
Hush ! There they are, a handful ! Now let the volleys roar !
There's no resisting fire like that ! ah, ha, they disappear !
Another volley once again, and victory is near !

And when Montgomery's orderly, with but an hour to live,
Was borne in time within the camp, he had no word to give
Of his master's fate, though well he knew how far his cause was lost ;
But he told how brave a word was his, with little heart to boast,
As he led his men from Holland House across the snow-bound plain,
With fate contending step by step to end the dread campaign.

"Forward," he cried,—our leader cried,—
"disaster lies behind!
"If foe there be, we'll dare the worst, in teeth
of every wind:
"The outer post's abandoned; perchance the
inner fort;
"So hand to hand, I dare demand extremity's
support;
"If hardship has beset our path, the prize is
near at hand;
"So, onward press, my gallants, 'tis our country
gives command."

And as they soothed the sergeant's couch, and
sought for further word,
If his leader was among the first to pass the
outer guard;
"Who knows may say," the poor man sighed;
"he safety may have found,
"To nerve his followers' courage, my comrades
yet beyond,—
"A restive band, God knows how far, since a
soldier may not tell!"
And weird the word came from his lips, alas!
the last to fall.

Fate ! folly ! was't a soldier's dream,—his death a nation's birth ?
His sword the emblem of a cause, or but a soldier's worth ?
Crown him with pride ! He has been crowned. But what of those who stood
Against his ill-timed onset,—of Carleton the good ?
Of Farnsfare and McQuarters, daring well what was to be,
By faith abiding hand to hand in the cause of liberty ?

BIOGRAPHY OF SIR GUY CARLETON.

Sir Guy Carleton, afterwards Lord Dorchester, was the third son of General Sir Guy Carleton, of Newry, Ireland, being born at Strabane on September 3rd, 1724. Having entered the Guards as a youth, he received a lieutenancy in the 72nd Foot when twenty-four years of age, and served in Germany, where he was distinguished for his efficiency as an officer and his bravery in the field. With the rank of Colonel he accompanied Wolfe in his expedition against Quebec, during which campaign he acted as quarter-master-general. He had also to take charge of the engineering department, for Wolfe soon found that his engineers had little experience and less zeal. In the struggle which ensued, and which was to decide the ownership of Canada, Carleton had command of an attack on Pointe-aux-Trembles, was wounded at the Battle of the Plains, and served under Murray at the Battle of St. Foye. He acted as brigadier in the expedition against Belle Isle, as quarter-master in the siege of Havana, and was

wounded at the capture of the Spanish redoubt on More Hill. In 1766 he arrived at Quebec, with a commission to act as administrator of the government of Canada in the event of the absence of the governor; and later, on October 25th, 1769, succeeded General Murray as governor-in-chief of the colony. On assuming this important office, he quickly gained the public regard, from the fairness and consideration with which he treated the inhabitants, among whom at the time of his appointment, there was much dissatisfaction. The French element of the population were making demands for the restoration of the French civil law and custom. Carleton listened to their petitions, and after making a study of the situation, arranged for the careful compiling and revising of the *Coutume de Paris*, which embodied the civil law; while the criminal law of England was declared to be in force. In 1770 Carleton returned to England on leave of absence, and while he was away petitions were prepared asking for the inauguration of a House of Assembly in accordance with the terms of the Royal Proclamation of 1763. These requests were ultimately granted by the passing of the Quebec Act in 1775. During the same year the American Revolution broke out, shortly after Carleton's return to Canada, and all his energy was required to save British America to the Crown. After the capture of Ticonderoga and Crown Point, the "Gates of Canada," by the Continental forces, as

they were called, the governor summoned the *seigneurs*, and called upon them to enroll their *censitaires* in the militia. The *habitants* refused to take up arms, and Carleton declared martial law. Upon the continued refusal of the *habitants* to serve in the country's defence, Bishop Briand, at the governor's request, issued a pastoral letter, urging the people to respond to the call made upon them. Even this had but little effect, so that Carleton had to prepare for the defence of the colony with very few troops at his command. He, however, divided this meagre armament as best he could, to guard the various approaches to the interior, and set out himself for Montreal, where his further appeals to the French-Canadians were again met with indifference. By this time the country was in a critical phase of its existence. It was threatened with what seemed likely to prove an effective invasion by a hostile force, while all was not peace and harmony within its borders. The English population was to a great extent disloyal, being jealous of the privileges granted to the French portion of the population by the Quebec Act, and, on the other hand, the latter refused to join in the defence of the government which had granted them these privileges. The capture of the forts at Chambly and St. Johns by Montgomery's forces was followed by an attack on Montreal, which also fell temporarily into the hands of the invaders. Sir Guy, however, escaped just as Montgomery

was entering the town, and passing silently down the river, reached Quebec on November 19th, an event which without doubt saved Canada to Britain. Here he found consternation reigning as a result of the siege inaugurated by Arnold, who had arrived before the walls by way of the Chaudière valley. How the governor grasped the situation at once, expelled the disaffected from the town, and, imparting his own fixedness of purpose and energy to the little garrison, succeeded in frustrating the besiegers' every attempt to effect an entrance, is a matter of history. In 1766, Carleton organized an expedition against the revolted colonies and defeated Arnold's flotilla on Lake Champlain. The following year he was superseded in the command by Burgoyne, who proved comparatively incompetent; but in 1781 he succeeded Sir Henry Clinton as commander of the British forces in North America, and in 1786 was apponted Governor-General of Canada, having been raised to the peerage, as Lord Dorchester, shortly before his appointment. On his arrival he immediately assembled the Legislative Council and formed its members into committees to enquire into the state of the education, commerce, laws, and police protection in the country, the chief justice having charge of the investigation into the condition of legal affairs. These enquiries showed that things were in a very indifferent state in every particular; and to remedy the evils thus discovered, the Constitutional

Act of 1791 was passed by the British Parliament, after having been submitted to Lord Dorchester for revision. Canada lost one of the best friends she ever had when Lord Dorchester took his departure from her shores on July 9th, 1796. His kindliness, justice, sound common sense and love for constitutional government endeared him to all classes of Canadians, who have ever justly regarded him as having been instrumental in securing for them the freedom which they enjoy. He died at Maidenhead, England, on the tenth of November, 1808.

BIOGRAPHY OF RICHARD MONTGOMERY.

Richard Montgomery, the general in command of the forces which besieged Quebec in December, 1775, and who lost his life during the attack upon that stronghold on the morning of the 1st of January, 1776, was an Irishman by birth. He was born in December, 1736, near Feltrim, Dublin, and received his education at Trinity College. Early in life he chose as his calling the army, being attached to the Seventeenth Regiment when eighteen years of age. He served under Wolfe at the siege of Louisbourg, and later, in 1759, was with Amherst on Lake Champlain, and with Haviland in the following year. He received a captaincy in 1762, and as such saw further service at Martinique and Havana. Throughout the

Seven Years War he acquired much experience and some distinction as a soldier; and looked forward to gaining his majority on his return to Ireland. Failing in this, he sold his commission and betook himself to America, arriving in New York, where he married Janet, eldest daughter of a former friend of his, Judge Robert R. Livingston. It seems to have been his intention, upon his marriage, to retire definitely from a military career, and to content himself with the retirement of his own home circle. Purchasing a farm at Rhinebeck, he built a house and mill, and settled down to a life of rural ease. Embracing, however, the political views of his wife's immediate relatives, who were all ultra-colonial in their opinions, he was not long allowed to remain in seclusion. Possessed of more than ordinary ability, and thoroughly schooled in the art of warfare, his services were of too much value to the embryo nation to be lightly set aside. In 1775, he was chosen by the electors of the county of Dutchess to represent them at the first provincial convention in New York, being almost immediately appointed a brigadier-general in the army, which was being organized by Washington, —a position which it is said he accepted with some reluctance.

Montgomery was convinced of the strategic advantage to be gained by the acquisition of Canada, and, while relieving Schuyler at Ticonderoga, received despatches from General Washington, outlining a plan of

campaign having that for its object. Being thus connected with the enterprise, Montgomery found himself ere long in command of the invading expedition, and conducted personally the capture of St. Johns and Montreal, and ultimately the attack on Quebec, where, as has been said, he was abruptly cut off in the prime of his life. The motives which influenced Montgomery in joining the colonial forces against the royal master of his earlier years have been the subject of much discussion among historical writers and others; but in view of his apparent general character and marked talent, it is only fair to give him the benefit of any doubt there may be. As regards his change of allegiance, his position was not greatly different from that of his companions in the struggle which lost to England the American colonies.

BIOGRAPHY OF BENEDICT ARNOLD.

Benedict Arnold, second in command to General Montgomery in the attack on Quebec in December, 1775, was a native of America, being born at Norwich, in Connecticut, on the 14th of January, 1741. When very young he enlisted as a soldier, but deserted from the ranks shortly afterward, and worked as an apothecary's assistant in his native place. Removing to New Haven, in 1762, he carried on business as a druggist and bookseller, becoming after a time a property owner and assuming the title of

general. Failing in business, he entered the service of the State of Massachussetts, early in 1775, with the rank of colonel; and a few months later was entrusted with the command of the two battalions, consisting of about eleven hundred men, sent by Washington against Quebec. His success in leading this force on its terrible march through the trackless wilderness of Maine and the valley of the Chaudière, proved that he was a man of daring bravery and wonderful endurance. Having effected a meeting with Montgomery before the walls of Quebec, he took part in the attack and was seriously wounded. For his services in this connection he was appointed a brigadier-general; and in 1776, was in command of a small fleet,—engaging in a naval fight on Lake Champlain, in which, though not successful, he showed a great deal of courage and skill. Notwithstanding the recognition given to his intrepidity, he was not promoted to the rank of major-general until 1777, although several officers who were his juniors received that distinction before him. This was a cause of much annoyance to him, and made him discontented with his position in the service. He was present at the battles of Bemis Heights and Stillwater, on the latter occasion showing an utter lack of subordination to the general in command. In this engagement he was again seriously wounded, being rendered unfit for service for some time. In 1778, Congress gave him the command

at Philadelphia, where he married, as his second wife, Margaret, daughter of Edward Shippen, who afterwards became chief-justice of Pennsylvania. Having during his tenure of this office, incurred heavy pecuniary obligations and made a number of enemies, he was tried by court-martial on a variety of charges; and, though he was acquitted, the general-in-chief was ordered to reprimand him. So convinced, however, was Washington of Arnold's ability and freedom from fault, that he praised rather than censured him. In 1780, at his own seeking, he was given command at West Point, an important military post, and almost immediately entered into negotiations with the British authorities to hand it over to them. The arrangements for the carrying out of this act of treachery were practically completed, when Major André, who was acting for the British general in the matter, was captured and the plot was discovered. Arnold fled and sought refuge on the *Vulture*, a British war vessel, on September 25th, and escaped to New York, where he joined the British army. He was commissioned to lead an expedition from that point against Virginia, where he greatly harassed the colonists in that part of the country, and did much damage to their property. He received £6,300 from the British Government for his proffered services; and, retiring to England, as the war was drawing to a close, died in London, little regretted, in June, 1801.

TOPOGRAPHICAL NOTES.

St. Paul's Chapel, situated at the lower end of Broadway, was erected in 1776, and is the oldest building of colonial origin in New York. It was the only building of importance that escaped in the burning of the city in 1776, and for twelve years thereafter was the parish church. The inauguration procession of General George Washington was received in this place of worship by Bishop Provoost on the 30th of April, 1789, the newly elected president being accompanied by both Houses of Congress and the members of the Cabinet. The pew is still shown which the President occupied as a member of the church between the years 1789 and 1791. As has been said, the remains of General Montgomery were deposited within the precincts of this chapel in 1818, and from the monument erected to his memory may be read the following inscription: "This monument is erected by the order of Congress, 25th January, 1776, to transmit to posterity a grateful remembrance of the patriotism, conduct, enterprise

and perseverence of General Richard Montgomery, who after a series of successes and amidst the most discouraging difficulties, fell in the attack of Quebec, 31st December, 1775, aged 37 years. . . . . The State of New York caused the remains of Major-General Richard Montgomery to be conveyed from Quebec and deposited beneath this monument, the 8th day of July, 1818." What a quiet retreat out of the swirl of life in the streets around! What a crowding of memories, amid the crowding of the great city's interests! There is no need for a service to sanctify the soul of the wayfarer here. The old sounding-board of the pulpit has its lesson of the past to teach, as has almost nearly every other object near by, from the old graveyard without, to the old pews within. The church itself is a relic of old colonial times; and, when one examines the coat-of-arms of the Prince of Wales above the old-fashioned pulpit, he wonders how it comes to be there after all that has been said and done. The modest card he holds in his hand, however, tells him the story of its escape from the hands of the iconoclasts, and American and Britisher are alike glad to-day that it did so escape, in presence of the international sympathy that gives a guarantee of the world's greater progress in the years to come.

Notre Dame des Victoires.—This church is situated on what was called originally the *Grande Place* of lower town, in Quebec, and

later the *Place du Marché*. The site for it was secured after some delay by Bishop Laval in 1648, and the church itself was opened as a place of worship in 1688, two years previous to the siege by Sir William Phipps. After this event, it was called Notre Dame de la Victoire, and when the tidings was borne to the town that the projected siege by Admiral Walker in 1711 had been abandoned, on account of the shipwreck of the squadron under his command, the name was changed to the plural form, Notre Dame des Victoires, as a memorial of both events. The interior of the church was destroyed during the siege of 1759, and the relics it contained lost. Among the curios destroyed there was a picture of Quebec in flames bearing a prophetic inscription declaring that lower town would be destroyed by fire some time previous to 1760, as well as a flag captured from Phipps during the memorable contest in the harbour. Notre Dame Street extends from Mountain Hill westward to Champlain Market, receiving its name no doubt from the above church. In olden times it led directly to the open waters of the Cul-de-Sac, and was once a busy thoroughfare on market days with the Marché de la Place in front of it. This open space formed part of the enclosures of the Habitation of Champlain. In front of the church stood the pillory, and within the open space of the square the scaffold for executions used to be erected. In 1641,

there stood in the centre of the square, where the fountain now is, a wooden statue of Louis XIII., which was superseded by one in bronze in 1667, a gift from M. de Champigny. The first church ever erected in Quebec stood at the head of the Cul-de-Sac, at the foot of the narrow pathway now obviated by Breakneck Steps. It was under the supervision of Father Dolbeau, who arrived in Canada in 1615, with his associate Récollets, Father Jamay and Father Le Caron; and there is a record of the Te Deum sung within its walls on the arrival of Madame Champlain, as well as on account of its destruction in the siege of 1629. While digging at the foot of the stairway in 1856 the foundations of this chapel were laid bare, and a vault exposed containing the remains of a human skeleton. At first it was thought that the remains were those of Champlain himself, but they were afterwards identified as those of Father Duplessis, the first of the Récollets to die in Quebec.

Mountain Hill, or Cote de Lamontagne.—As the visitor takes his way down Mountain Hill, he may wish to pause for a moment for an explanation of the strange name the thoroughfare has had ever since the city had an English resident. The street was opened up by Champlain when he was drawing stone and building material from the vicinity of the Habitation, to use in the construction of Fort St. Louis. The declivity which ran from the graveyard to Sous-le-Fort Street, and which is now indicated by the line of

Breakneck Steps, he found too steep, and so he opened up a new *sentier* to connect with what was called Cote du Magasin, which ran parallel with the direction of the present Notre Dame and St. Peter Streets. At first the roadway was very narrow. Then it was widened after the fire of 1682, after which houses began to be built first on one side and then on the other. John Neilson, of the *Gazette*, had his printing house opposite the opening leading to the steps, in one of the houses which was removed after Prescott Gate had disappeared. The name of the street was given to it in honour of one of its residents, Mr. Lamontagne. Hence the term Mountain Hill is its own appropriate name, and no misnomer; while, as a street, it should be called in French Rue or Cote de Lamontagne, and not de la Montagne.

Champlain Street, which extends along the base of Cape Diamond from the Champlain market place to the city limits, has many objects of interest to examine along its winding course. Prominent among these are : Little Champlain Street, formerly a business centre of the town; the old Guard House at the entrance to the wharves of the Marine and Fisheries Department; the scene of the Landslide of 1889; the Anglican Chapel; the Norwegian Schoolhouse; the great ladder-like stairway leading to the Cove-fields ; the Diamond Harbour Chapel ; and the remains of the old harbour of Quebec.

Of these the Market-Hall itself takes a

noticeable prominence. The space around it formed the little bay so long known as the Cul-de-Sac,—the inner harbour of Quebec in its early days. The spacious building was erected in 1853, out of the materials of the old Parliament House, which stood on the site at the head of Mountain Hill now known as the Frontenac Park. The architect had instructions to retain the form of the building as it was to be seen when parliament assembled in its halls, and this was done with the exception of the dome and the wings. The visitor, therefore, in examining the exterior of this market-house is virtually looking at the Quebec Parliament Building as it was seen at the time of the union of the two Canadas. *Little Champlain Street* was formerly called Rue de Meules in honour of the Intendant of that name. At the time of Champlain, this street bounded the governor's gardens on the north, having at its eastern extremity the little wooden church erected by the Recollets in 1615. It is specially described by Charles Lever in his "Con Cregan," and is said to have been at one time one of the city's important commercial centres. Behind one of the houses facing the short stairway connecting the two Champlain Streets, there is still to be seen what was once known as Champlain's Fountain,—a spring of clear cold water trickling from the living rock. It is mentioned in several public documents, but its exact position was unknown for years until Mr. P. B. Casgrain brought it

to light. In the eighteenth century the tide ran up to the base of the cliff, and there was no Champlain Street beyond Près-de-Ville, when Montgomery made his march, there being no houses on the beach all the way to Sillery. Hugh McQuarters, the artillery sergeant who had charge of the guns at Près-de-Ville, had his residence in the street, where he died in 1812. So far the house in which he lived has not been identified.

Breakneck Steps have been in existence since the year 1660 according to a plan of the town bearing that date, previous to that time there being only a pathway leading to or from the little church which Champlain built at the head of Sous-le-Fort Street overlooking the Cul-de-Sac. In 1706, for some cause or another, the Superior Council ordered the steps to be so narrowed above and below that only one person could pass at a time. The present iron stairway was erected in 1895, as part of the earlier city improvements, the old wooden steps being removed none too soon.

The King's Wharf and Storehouses.—At the junction of the two Champlain Streets, there is a grouping of quaint buildings which cannot but attract the eye of the visitor. The old building with its cannon-protected gateway and ancient-looking dingy guard-house was once the King's Arsenal or Military Storehouse, while the more modern building to the west along the line of the street was once the Custom

House, and is now occupied by the Quebec branch of the Marine and Fisheries Department. The wharves within are the property of the federal government and have formed scenes of many memorable public receptions of distinguished guests arriving by water. The spaces within also witnessed the gathering of the troops during the Rebellion of 1837, as well as during the excitement of the Fenian Raid. By a careful examination of the limits of the wharfage some idea can be formed of the compass of the Cul-de-Sac, with what is now called the Napoleon Wharf at its eastern bend and the government wharves at the western. In one of the buildings, a sad spectacle was presented to the citizens of Quebec on the 19th of September, 1889, when a morgue had to be improvised for the bodies of the victims of the terrible landslide. The effects of that catastrophe may still be seen a few hundred yards further on at the end of the Dufferin Terrace where the face of the rock parted from the hillside and in its descent overwhelmed several dwellings, burying in the debris from fifty to sixty persons. The bodies were placed side by side in a chamber of the old Custom House as they were dug out one by one; a memorial of the lamentable awe-inspiring spectacle having been handed down to us in the following verses:

Have you heard the direful tidings
Trembling in the morning air,—

Death that harbours with disaster,
  Bringing on the town despair?
All last night from eve to daybreak,
  Roared the tempest, pouring down,
Lashing like some blinding fury,
 Through the highways torrents grown.

What, you have not heard the tidings,
  How the storm did not abate,
As the darkness deep as Egypt's
  Settled like a coming fate!
Why, 'twas flood and earthquake rending
  Rock and terrace-strand in twain,
Crashing with relentless downfall,
  Rack and ruin in its train!

Up and to the work of rescue;
  Brothers help us; sisters, pray:
Dig for life: tear out the timbers;
  Heave the boulders from our way!
Hark, a sound beneath the debris!
  Hark, again, a human sigh!
Dig for love; O, dig in earnest!
  Dare we pause when one may die!

What, you say, 'tis yet another,—
  A fair-haired laddie, limp and dead!
O God, to think how many, many,
  Lie upon the morgue's cold bed!
Young and old, men, women, children!—
  What of that? Again that cry!—
Yes, 'tis there, though faint and feeble,
  Up, and every sinew ply!

To the work, a thousand helpers!
  Should we save but one 'twere well!

The sounds below come near and nearer,
  Making every heart-ache swell:
He's dead you say? No, no, he's living!
  Be tender, lift him out with care!
Would that all had thus been rescued!
  Alas; the wish but brings despair!

He dies; he's dead; the last one dead!
  Count them? No, we may not stay!
Such lament makes hope a ruin;
  Let us help those whom we may.

Alas, for us and for our city!
  Alas, for those who victims fell!
Alas, for weeping kindred, wailing,
  As the verger tolls the knell!
Crash it came; No moment's warning:
  Down it plunged, dire avalanche:
Rock and ruin, breaking, bursting,
  Making all the world blanche.

Pres-de-Ville was situated near the gateway leading to the *Allans' Wharf*. There was but a short distance, as Caldwell says, between the King's wharf and the King's forges, which must have been situated near the base of the landslide just referred to. It will be noticed that one of the Allans' storehouses has about it an interesting look of age. It was at one time a brewery, standing at the end of the roadway passable for vehicles and occupying the site of the Potash, or Mr. Simon Frazer's house near which Farnsfare and McQuarters were stationed the morning of Montgomery's

advance. The configuration and projection of the rock, here indicates how suitable the locality was for an outpost, as well as how necessary to have an outlook round the angle, to watch the advance of an invader. An incident is recorded by Kingsford which shows how isolated Près-de-Ville was considered to be, by those who had guarded it so well. Shortly after the repulse of Montgomery, "some old woman came in with an account that the other division of the enemy had surprised the post at Sault-au-Matelot, and was in possession of the lower town. Some of the detachment commenced to conceal their arms, others to offer to throw them in the river. Such fear was shown that a Mr. Coffin, who had taken refuge in the house adjoining the barricade, with his wife and twelve children, drew his bayonet and declared he would put to death the first man who laid by his arms or attempted to abandon the post. With the assistance of the seamen two guns were pointed in the direction of the city, in case they should be assailed from that direction, though Arnold's force was at that moment surrendering as prisoners of war."

Cape Diamond is the name given to the rock on which the Citadel is built, and which extends beyond the platform extension of the Dufferin Terrace proper to the old French outworks. The first name given to the rock was Mont de Gast, bestowed upon it by Champlain in honour of his superior officer, De Monts. But the crop of

transparent quartzite crystals which recur in its strata led to the use of the name it continues to possess. It is supposed that the great rock, which is over three hundred feet in height, led from its striking appearance to the naming of the city itself; though no one will now ever be able to tell which of Jacques Cartier's men it was that shouted in admiration when he first saw it, "Que becque! What a cape!" It is interesting to know that Quebec, that is *Kepac* or *Kelbec*, *Kelibec*, in the Algonquin language means a narrow place, or a place shut in, which the harbour of Quebec certainly seems to be as we approach it from outside.

The Ruisseau St. Denis and Wolfesfield are of the deepest interest to those who would study the sieges of 1759 and 1775. From the front of the house, the natural pathway can be seen along the line of the burn up which Major John Hale made his way on the morning of the 13th of September, 1759, while his master took possession of Vergor's outpost on the other side of the *sentier* leading direct from the Cove itself. Near the turn of the road in a corner of the Marchmont grounds may still be seen the remains of the French entrenchments, which Montgomery must have passed on his way to meet his fate at Près-de-Ville. The first house on the grounds was erected by Captain Kenelm Chandler who died as seigneur of Nicolet, in 1853.

Holland House,—a long high-peaked structure, situated on the St. Foye Road near

the top of Sandy Hill and a little to the right of the site of Mr. Ross's present villa,—was not known by that name until it came into the possession of Major Samuel Holland, in 1780. It had been originally built in 1740 by Mr. Jean Taché, a merchant of lower town, and ancestor of Sir Etienne Taché of later political fame. Beyond the interest attached to the place as the head-quarters of Montgomery in 1775, it has a history of its own, in connection with the annals of Quebec society, beginning with a visit of the Duke of Cornwall's great-grand-father, and ending with the death of Judge Okill Stuart, the last of the owners of the original Holland Farm, which extended from the St. Foye to St. Michael's Chapel, and contained over two hundred acres.

The Quebec Bank stands on an historic spot of much interest to any one trying to learn the topography of the siege of 1775. It was here the Lymburners' offices and storehouses stood, with some dwellings opposite, belonging to Joseph Levy the Jew. The second barricade, which Morgan beset after Arnold had been wounded, was built at the junction of Sault-au-Matelot and Dog Lane. Arnold's detachment had taken ladders with them, and under Morgan's command these had been placed in position outside the barricades, and finally a lodgement for one of them was made on the inner side. Meantime the besieged took possession of the houses above mentioned, pouring from the windows in the rear a deadly fire

upon those of the enemy who had been able to get within the barricade. The ladder within the barricade was at length seized by the defenders and placed against the gable of one of the houses, thus enabling a stream of Caldwell's men to pass into the upper rooms, while Morgan's men were rushing in by the street door, only to be driven out at the point of the bayonet. For a time after this the scene within the second barricade was a hand to hand contest, along towards Des Soeurs Street, where there was a third line of defence. But the reserves under several British officers came pouring in from behind, and when the invaders saw this they immediately threw down their arms. When they were being conducted back as prisoners, the corner house against which the ladder stood had to be passed through, each prisoner entering by the front door and descending from the upper window into the street outside the barricade; but, as there were over four hundred prisoners taken, the barricade itself was finally opened to give space for a general march back to Palace Gate and thence to the Seminary where it was decided the prisoners should be located.

Of the Quebec Bank itself, it may be said, that it was organized in 1818 with a proposed capital of $600,000. It has had its charter amended several times, and after the disturbances of 1837, during which the banks were obliged to suspend operations, a Royal charter was secured during the

reign of William IV. The present building was erected in 1863. On the wharf which once extended from the neighbouring site, were built the stores of the Hudson's Bay Company, and the situation of this wharf so near St. Peter Street, as late as 1823, indicates the remarkable changes that have been made in the river front since that date.

"The Rock of Dog Lane."—Before St. Paul Street had been laid out as a connecting thoroughfare between lower town and St. Roch, there was only a narrow pathway along the shore line, wide enough for the foot passenger, and frequented by the boys and their dog-sleds or little carts in search of kindling wood near the shipyards or along high water mark. It runs from Dambourges Street to St. James Street, and provides ample material to the student of the lower aspects of life, as well as to the artist in search of the picturesque that is unique in its presentations. The great angular ledge that shoots into the alley-way, formed a suitable place for the erection of the first of the barricades that impeded Arnold's march on his way to join Montgomery at the foot of Mountain Hill. Between this rock and the second barricade near Adam Lymburner's house, Arnold was wounded in the leg and had to be carried to the rear.

The Ramparts, extend from the head of Mountain Hill to the site of Palace Gate. They played an important part in the siege of 1775. Carleton had detachments placed

along the whole line of this roadway, and as the five companies of the enemy passed along the Canoterie and Dog Lane, they received successive volleys from the troops above. The *Battery* has a commanding position at the south-eastern end of the Ramparts, adjoining the Frontenac Park, which has a history of its own, as the site of the former Parliament Buildings, and previous to that as the site of the Bishop's Palace which once overlooked Prescott Gate.

The Intendant's Palace was situated at the foot of Palace Hill, there being still some remnants of its original walls to be seen within the precincts of what is called Boswell's Brewery. It was a spacious building extending over what would now constitute two or three blocks, having an enclosed frontage laid out in *parterres* that ran towards the St. Charles. Strange that the site should originally have been occupied by a brewery as it is now. This first brewery was built by Intendant Talon in 1655, and was removed by his successor in office, Intendant de Meules, who at his own expense erected the first group of buildings that went by the name of the "Palais." These were destroyed during their occupancy by Intendant Bégon. The structures were, however, rebuilt a few years after on even a larger scale than before, with the main entrance a little within the line of St. Valier Street; and when it was finished no less than twenty buildings were grouped round the main structure, including the governi-

ment offices and the notorious *La Friponne*, which stood near what is now the entrance to the present brewery. When Quebec fell into British hands in 1759, the place was used as a barracks, as was also the old Jesuits' College ; and when Arnold drove out Carleton's men from it in 1775, seeking to make a near place of refuge for his own men, the artillery around Palace Gate directed a destructive fire against it, and reduced it to ruins. From this time, until its surroundings were taken possession of for building purposes, the wide space familiarly called "the Palais" extended from what is now St. Nicholas Street, to the eastern end of St. Valier Street, and when the greater part of it was divided into building lots, a portion was retained to be used as the Commissariat's fuel yard. The ruins of the Palace itself were standing as late as 1845, the year of the great conflagration which swept St. Roch. It had been previously used by the military authorities as a storehouse and stable, while the vaults were rented as wine cellars, and ice-houses; but the great heat generated by the fire reduced the walls to a crumbling mass, and sad to relate, many unfortunates who had taken refuge in the cellars, lost their lives in the ruins. A visit to the site is of the greatest interest not only to those who would study carefully the topography of the surroundings, but to the readers of the *Chien d'Or*, by William Kirby, who graphically depicts the scenes enacted within its walls during the regime of that

libertine-oppressor, Intendant Bigot. In this connection, it may be said that the Intendant as an official was little inferior in point of rank to the governor himself. He was president of the Sovereign Council and had the superintendency of four departments namely Justice, Police, Finance and Marine.

The Hotel Dieu, as it at present stands, is a development from a very humble-looking structure erected, in 1639, through the liberality of the Duchess d'Aiguillon, who had received a deed of the land on which it stood, from the "Company of One Hundred Associates." The Duchess and her uncle, Cardinal Richelieu, endowed the institution, and with the revenues derived from this endowment and the properties which have come, by grants and legacies, into the hands of the community of nuns controlling its affairs, the institution has now for its habitation one of the most imposing structures in the city. Its proximity to the site of the Palace Gate connects it with the story of the siege of 1775. The primary function of the institution is to provide for the indigent sick. The Chapel is of some interest, possessing, as it does, several valuable pictures and interesting relics such as the *Crucifix Outragé*, and a bone of Breboeuf, the martyr-missionary. The first great advance made by the institution was in 1654, when Governor Lauzon laid the foundation-stone of the new hospital chapel. Further additions were made in 1672, under the patronage of Intendant Talon, when a brass plate

bearing record of the liberality of those who had assisted the institution at its inception and afterwards, was inserted in the foundation-stone of the main building. The latest improvements were made in 1890, when its present magnificent facade was added, and its enclosures completed.

The Seminary of Quebec provided a retreat for the officers of Arnold who were taken prisoners in 1775. It was first opened as a training school for priests in 1663; and, as early as 1688, it had an attachment in its school for boys, first opened in the house of Madame Couillard, the daughter of Louis Hebert, who may be looked upon as the first French settler in Canada. The farm of the latter covered the ground to the north-east of the present site of the Basilica, near which stood the Chapelle de la Recouvrance built by Champlain on his return to Canada, after Sir David Kirke's siege. Hebert's farm-house seems to have stood on the ground now occupied by the Bishop's Palace, while the gardens of the Seminary and University buildings occupy what was the frontage-lands of his farm. From the theological school for priests and the day-school for boys were finally developed the *Grand Séminaire* and the *Petit Séminaire*, both of which still continue as schools within the quaint high-storied buildings of the spacious court-yard of Laval. The main entrance to the Seminary is at the head of Fabrique Street, between the Basilica and the Seminary Chapel, and this

is also one of the entrances to the Laval University, the latest development of Bishop Laval's early educational enterprise. The Superior of the Seminary is also Rector of the University, and while the professors of the latter may be Roman Catholic or Protestant, the teachers of the former are in orders and consist of *agrégés* and *auxillaires*. The *agrégés* are members of the corporation, being represented on the council and having with it the indirect supervision of the affairs of the whole institution. The revenues of the Seminary are derived from landed property that has marvellously increased in its proportions as well as in its value, from the days of its founder. There are over five hundred students in attendance, while the equipment includes a well arranged museum and a library of 140,000 volumes.

What used to be an object of great interest to the visitor, namely, the old Seminary Chapel built in 1670, has been replaced by the present modern structure. The old chapel contained a number of very valuable paintings, master-pieces of the early French schools,—but the most of these were destroyed when the building was burned in 1888. It was for a time used as the parish church while the Basilica was being repaired from the ruinous effects of the siege of 1759. One of the most magnificent of the numerous engrossing views of the city is to be seen from the roof of the university building proper.

LITERARY AND HISTORICAL NOTES.

"The Angelus in the gloaming."—Since the appearance of the celebrated painting by Millet, "the Angelus," has become a popular term, designating a devotion in the Roman Catholic Church in memory of the Annunciation. At the ringing of the church bell at sunrise, noon, and sunset, the faithful are expected to repeat an *Ave* after three scriptural texts, as in Millet's representation of a man and woman hearing the signal while at work on the field. The word "gloaming" carries the same meaning as the word from which it is derived, namely the Anglo-Saxon, *glom*, twilight.

"From Citadel to Suburb."—The term "suburbs" still remains, being applied to the parts of the city outside the walls, the suburbs of St. John, St. Roch, and St. Sauveur being still used as a distinction from upper and lower town. (1.) The suburb of St. John extends along the northern section of the plateau from the city walls without, as far as the Banlieu, being intersected by the thoroughfares of St. John Street,

D'Aiguillon Street, and Richelieu Street. (2.) The suburb of St. Roch extends from the "Palais" to the Boulevard Langelier, being intersected by the two main thoroughfares of St. Valier Street, and St. Joseph Street. (3.) The suburb of St. Sauveur extends westward from the Boulevard Langelier to the city limits, being traversed by St. Valier Street, the longest thoroughfare in the city. In early times the suburb of St. John was the most populous of the city's outskirts, and bore anything but an enviable reputation. St. Roch has always been the section specially resided in by the French-speaking citizens; or as it has been put, "the English held the summit of the plateau with the French on their one hand, and the Irish on the other."

"When the rivals France and England." — The contest between Wolfe and Montcalm for the possession of the city was an outcome of the general European quarrel between France and England during the Seven Years' War. See "The Battle of the Plains."

"Under Britain's broader shield."—Perhaps the strongest element in the loyalty of the French race in Canada is the conviction that there is a wider measure of liberty to be had for them under British rule, than there would have been had Canada continued a French colony. The national celebration of Dominion Day, and Empire Day are even yet, however, but little shared in by

the French-speaking Canadian in some parts of Canada.

"For alas! St. Johns is taken."—The old fort of St. Johns, of the Eastern Townships, is still an object of interest to the visitor, as is also the Ile aux Noix, where Montgomery had his encampment with Schuyler. The facts of the siege are briefly these. On September 6th, 1775, Schuyler, with forces less than a thousand, and supported by Montgomery, marched to within a couple of miles of the fortress; but, without even reconnoitring, far less investigating, the forces were ordered back to Ile aux Noix. Schuyler who seems to have been in ill-health at the time, indicated so little of the soldier, that congress finally placed the command entirely in the hands of Montgomery. That commander's first movement was to march a band of five hundred of his men to the north of St. Johns, which, driving back a sally from the fort, took up its position at the junction of the roads to Chambly and Montreal. Subsequently the invaders erected a battery to the north-west, within two hundred and fifty yards of the fort; and kept up a constant fire on the place. Carleton was in the meantime engaged in mustering a force in Montreal, to send to the relief of the besieged, but this having been scattered by the Green Mountain Boys, there was nothing left for the garrison of St. Johns to do, but to march out with the honours of

war. The siege had lasted fifty days, ending on the 3rd of November, 1775.

"**Mount Royal sore beset.**"—The citizens of Montreal had valiantly withstood the vapourings of Ethan Allan, and were looking forward to final relief, when Carleton's force was dispersed. Nine days after the capture of St. Johns, Montgomery unopposed took possession of Montreal, and at once began to make his preparations for advancing on Quebec, where Arnold was awaiting his arrival.

"**Near by the confluence-coigne.**"—After a course of eighty miles from Lake Champlain the Richelieu empties its waters into Lake St. Peter, the expansion of the St. Lawrence. It is interrupted by the rapids of St. Johns and Chambly. The modern town of Sorel is built on a commanding site on its right bank, at the junction of the two streams, and forms a resort of great interest to the literary man. Here M. de Tracy bult a fort as early as 1665, while the governors of Canada made it the place of their summer residence for many years. Under the name of Fort William Henry, it holds a prominent place in the annals of the country. In the centre of the town is an antiquated reserve, commemorating the importance of the place in olden times.

"**Around the Barracks Square.**"—The Jesuits' Barracks was once a well-known structure in Quebec, its site being now occupied by the City Hall. The front of the building was in line with the street, and

included a quadrangle of ample dimensions behind. Its history forms a central thread in the history of the city itself, and very appropriately has its site been converted into the surroundings of the new Hotel de Ville. In 1637 the Jesuits, who had their headquarters at first on the little Lairet, obtained from the Company of New France a grant of twelve acres of land in the city on which to erect a seminary, a church and residence. The foundations of the main building, which ran from Fabrique Street, were laid in 1647, and of the chapel in 1650. For over a hundred years the order had their Canadian headquarters in this building. In 1765, General James Murray had the premises fitted up as a barracks, and the court and garden laid out as a parade ground, and as such it continued until the withdrawal of the British troops in 1871. In 1873 the buildings were demolished in the passion which first seized the citizens for modernizing the town. During the demolition of the building several interesting relics were discovered, but so regardless of the past were the leaders of the movement in favour of city improvements, that even the memorial stone which stood over the old gateway has not been preserved; while the box, containing the relics and coins collected, was so carelessly looked after that it was broken open one night and its contents stolen. Indeed the hasty spirit of the iconoclasts was to be seen in the fact that, for nearly twenty years after the demolition

of the building, its squalid ruins lay as an eyesore to everybody who had to look upon the old "Barracks Square," which has now, through the enterprise of Mayor Parent, become one of the central beauty spots of the city.

"The Place runs o'er in turn." — The Place d'Armes, known sometimes as "the Ring," is represented in many old engravings as an important meeting-place of the "sociabilities" of early times, the rendezvous of the tandem-club, snowshoe revellers, etc. An excellent object lesson on the early history of the colony can be given from one of the restful nooks near its fountain; for, looking towards St. Anne Street, have we not the site of the Chateau St. Louis to the right, and the site of the Recollet Church to the left, with the old Union Hotel in Morgan's warehouse, the old Chien D'Or supplanted by the Post-Office Building, the old Court House out-marvelled by the present Palais de Justice, and the Chateau Haldimand obliterated by that splendid caravanserai, the Chateau Frontenac. It is easy to know how it came to be known as the Place d'Armes being near the old *Grande Place* of Champlain's time and the Fort St. Louis, with the palisades of the protected Hurons alongside of it.

"Will dance again round Port St. Louis."—On the 3rd of September, 1775, as Overseer Thompson tells us in his diary, "Colonel Arnold, with a party of upward of seven hundred Americans, came out of the

woods at the settlements on the River Chaudière; and on the 9th they marched to Point Levis where they showed themselves on the bank, immediately opposite the town of Quebec. On the 14th, in the night, they passed across the St. Lawrence, and paraded in front of Port St. Louis, at about three-hundred yards distance, where they saluted the town with three cheers, in full expectation, no doubt, that the gates would be opened for their reception. At this juncture, I was on Cape Diamond bastion, and levelled and fired a 24-pounder at them, which had the effect of making them disperse hastily and retire to Point-aux-Trembles."

"Thus spake brave Maitre Thompson."—James Thompson, the overseer of public works during the siege of 1775, has left in his journal a description of the events of that exacting time which has been of great service to the compiler of the history of the siege. Of the man himself, it may be recorded that he was a native of Tain, Scotland. At the early age of twenty-six, he accompanied the Frazer Highlanders to Louisbourg, and a year later arrived in Quebec as a volunteer with Captain Baillie. He was hospital sergeant at the time of the battle on the Plains of Abraham, and was thereafter appointed overseer of public works. For over seventy years his stalwart frame was a well-known object on the streets of Quebec, his experiences as narrated by himself being always a welcome story to the citizens and their visitors. He

was a soldier of undoubted valour and a man of unbending integrity, loyal to the core, and impatient of anything that seemed to detract from the prowess of Great Britain. He was very proud of being the possessor of Montgomery's sword, and liked to tell in his own words the story of how it came to be his: "On its having been ascertained that Montgomery's division had withdrawn a party went out to view the effects of the shot, when as the snow had fallen on the previous night about knee deep, the only part of a body that appeared above the level of the snow was that of the general himself, whose hand and part of the left arm was in an erect position but the body was much distorted, the knees being drawn up towards the head; the other bodies that were found at the moment were those of his aides-de-camp Cheeseman and MacPherson and one sergeant. The whole were frozen stiff. Montgomery's sword—and he was the only officer of that army that I ever perceived to have one,—was close by his side, and as soon as it was discovered, which was first by a drummer-boy, who made a snatch at it on the spur of the moment, and no doubt considered it his lawful prize, but I made him deliver it up to me, and some time after I made him a present of seven shillings and sixpence by way of prize money. . . . . As it is lighter and shorter than my own sword, I have adopted it and wore it in lieu. Having some business at the 'Seminaire' where there was a number of

American officers, prisoners of war, of General Arnold's division, I had occasion to be much vexed with myself for having it with me, for the instant they observed it to have been their general's they were much affected by the recollections that it seemed to bring back to their minds; indeed several of them wept audibly. I took care, however, in mercy to the feelings of these ill-fated gentlemen, that whenever I had to go to the Seminary afterwards to leave the sword behind me." One of the last public acts of the old overseer was when, as senior mason, he gave, in 1827, the three mystic taps to the foundation stone of the monument in the Governor's Garden, in the presence of the vast multitude present. He died at his residence in Ursule Street in 1830, at the advanced age of ninety-eight.

"Where the Chateau stands a sentinel."—The Chateau St. Louis, the old Government House of Canada, stood on what is now the corner of the Dufferin Terrace nearest the Post Office. This famous site was originally occupied by the Fort St. Louis, which was erected by Champlain and which was the place wherein he died. Later on, the Chateau St. Louis took the place of the Fort, having been improved by Frontenac, rebuilt and enlarged by Haldimand and others, and finally burned in 1834, when Lord Aylmer was governor-general. What Quebec is to Canada, this spot is to Quebec, and the visitor cannot make too much of it, if he would understand the remote historic

periods of the ancient capital. The Chateau Haldimand, for years in use as a Normal school, was the last of the government buildings to disappear from the prospect point now occupied by the Champlain monument, and the Chateau Frontenac. The history of the old chateau has been carefully written by M. Ernest Gagnon, while the descriptive poem *Dominus Domi*, published at the time of the uncovering of the Champlain monument, portrays the within and the without of what was once the home of Champlain, Frontenac, Carleton, Dalhousie and Durham. (See the brochure *The Old Chateau.*)

"**He traced the toilsome Chaudiere.**"—The following is the account given by Bancroft, the historian, of Arnold's memorable march: "After they took leave of the settlements and houses at Norridgewock, their fatiguing and hazardous course lay up the swift Kennebec, and they conveyed arms and stores through the thick woods of a rough, uninhabited, and almost trackless wild; now rowing, now dragging their boats, now bearing them on their backs round rapids and cataracts, across morasses, and over craggy highlands. On the tenth the party reached the dividing ridge between the Kennebec and Dead Rivers. Their road now lay through forests of pine, balsam fir, cedar, cypress, hemlock and yellow birch, and over three ponds that lay hid among the trees and were full of trout. After passing them, they had no choice but to

bear their boats, baggage, stores, and ammunition across a swamp, which was overgrown with bushes and white moss, often sinking knee deep in the wet turf and bogs.

"On the 15th the main body were on the banks of the Dead River; following its direction a distance of eighty-three miles. Encountering upon it seventeen falls, large enough to make portages necessary, and near its source a series of small ponds choked with fallen trees, in ten or twelve days more they arrived at the carrying-place of the Chaudière.

"The mountains had been clad in snow since September; winter was howling around them, and their course was still to the north. On the night preceding the 28th of October some of the party encamped on the height of land that divides the waters of the St. Lawrence and the Atlantic. As they advanced their sufferings increased. Some went bare-foot for days together. Their clothes had become so torn, they were almost naked, and in their march were lacerated with thorns; at night they had no couch or covering but branches of evergreens. Often for successive days and nights they were exposed to cold, drenching storms, and had to cross streams that were swelling with the torrents of rain. Their provisions failed, so that they even ate the faithful dogs that followed them into the wilderness.

"Many a man, vainly struggling to march on, sank down exhausted, stiffening with

cold and death. Here and there a helpless invalid was left behind, with perhaps a soldier to hunt for a red squirrel, a jay, or a hawk, or various roots and plants for his food, and to watch his expiring breath.

"The men had hauled up their barges nearly all the way for one hundred and eighty miles, had carried them on their shoulders near forty miles, through hideous woods and mountains, often to their knees in mire, over swamps and bogs almost impenetrable, which they were obliged to cross three or four times to fetch their baggage; and yet starving, deserted, with an enemy's country and uncertainty ahead, officers and men, inspired with the love of liberty and their country, pushed on with invincible fortitude."

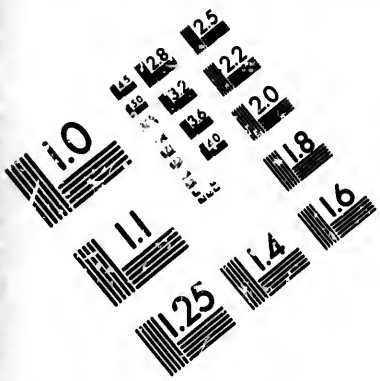
We have another view of the same march from the pen of our Canadian Historian, Dr. Kingsford, who tells us that the difficulties to be encountered could only have been of an ordinary character, and one has only to analyse the picture of Mr. Bancroft with the eye of a true woodsman to see that it is not a little overdrawn. Still there was courage enough indicated in the undertaking as a whole to have made a hero of Arnold for all time with his fellow-countrymen had not after events cicatrized their hero-worship.

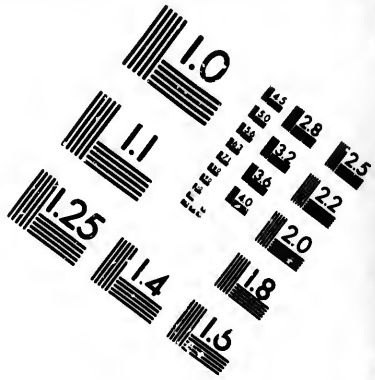
"**Bold be ye Adam Lymburner.**"—The Lymburners filled some space in the commercial activities of Quebec at the time of the American invasion, and there is every

evidence, that the representations of the poem are not without foundation. Their storehouses stood on the site occupied at a subsequent period by the Hudson's Bay Company and at present occupied by the Quebec Bank. There were three merchants of the name of Lymburner in Quebec at the time of the siege. Adam, as Sir James LeMoine says, being the cleverest of the three, though he was perhaps more distinguished for his forensic abilities and knowledge of constitutional law than for his allegiance to British interests in Canada. In 1791, Adam Lymburner was sent to England to suggest amendments to the new constitution the Imperial authorities were preparing for Canada. He died at the ripe age of ninety years in London, England.

"**Some say 'twas Humphreys.**"—Captain Humphreys was associated with Morgan in his command of the Virginia Riflemen, and met his death during the siege of 1775. It seems, however, that Arnold had others whom he could commission to confer with his personal friends in the beleagured town, friends whom he had made when he visited Quebec in his earlier years; and possibly the services of the "amiable Humphreys," who was killed in Sault-au-Matelot Street, should have been represented as having been rendered by another.

"**How his fleet had neared Lavaltrie.**"—The station on the Canadian Pacific Railway between Three Rivers and Montreal is eight miles from the village of the same name,





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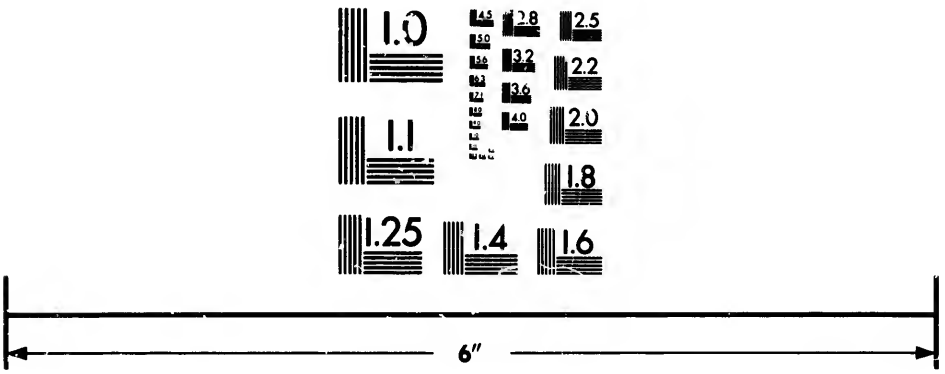

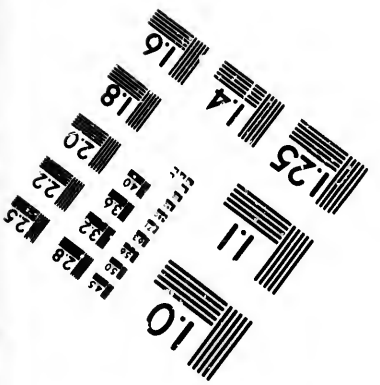

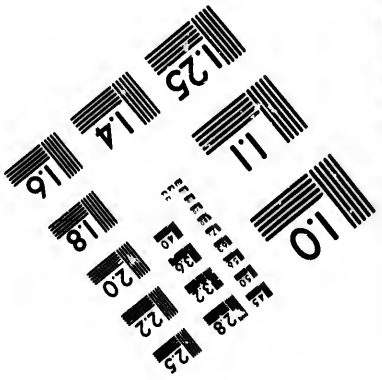

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situated on the north bank of the St. Lawrence. On the island opposite the village there are now two lighthouses, which illuminate at night the former mooring-place of Easton's boats, that once lay in wait for Governor Carleton on his way to save Quebec from the invaders.

"**For brave Bouchette, the keen La Tourtre.**"—Captain Bouchette had won for himself from his associates the title of "The Wild Pigeon" (La Tourtre) on account of his swift and active movements. He was a resident of Quebec, living in St. Peter Street, when that thoroughfare was the principal residential street. The name of the boat in which he set sail with the governor from Lavaltrie accompanied by Lanaudiere the aide-de-camp, has survived, it having been called *Le Gaspé*, Captain Bouchette is not to be confounded with Joseph Bouchette the topographist and historian.

"**Round Ile du Pas to St. Maurice.**"—Between the Berthier side of the river and the Sorel side, at the head of Lake St. Peter, there is an archipelago of which one of the largest islands is Ile du Pas, immediately opposite Berthier-en-haut. The scene of "the weed-grown reaches" is one well-known to every sportsman who has explored this archipelago in search of the wild fowl that make the district one of their favourite breeding grounds. St. Maurice originally designated the district which is drained by the river of that name and which extended

far beyond the present limits of the county, of which Three Rivers is the *chef lieu*.

"**Near Laviolette's favoured strand.**"—On the public square of Three Rivers, near the site of the old Habitation, stands the statue of Laviolette, the founder of the city in 1634. The story of early days in Three Rivers has been attractively told by the Canadian historian, Mr. Benjamin Sulte.

"**And soon came yeoman Frazer.**"—The Frazer Highlanders, who took part against the French in Canada in 1759, remained, many of them, in the country, and made excellent settlers: and the reprisal of time, the quarrel-healer, is seen in the fact that there are still Frazer families settled along the St. Lawrence whose English and Gaelic have alike disappeared in the *patois* of the *habitant*. The Frazer mentioned here is historic; he was a well-to-do lumber merchant and a loyalist to boot.

"**On the way to Point Platon.**"—Below Portneuf there is to be seen one of the most picturesque of the narrowings of the St. Lawrence, where a forest-crowned promontory runs down to the river line, and declines so far as to give a mooring-place for the river steamboats. This has long been the residence of the de Lotbinieres, the seigneurs of the county of that name.

There is a Pointe-aux-Trembles (en bas) and a Pointe-aux-Trembles (en haut). The former, which was the scene of Arnold's encampment, is situated on the river line about eight miles from Pont Rouge station.

To reach it by land from Quebec, one takes as the shortest route the highway that runs through St. Augustine; and no more beautiful drive can be imagined.

"Ho, here's to Napier's frigate."—At the foot of what were known in those days as the Richelieu Rapids, but which have since been removed by blasting, Carleton met Captain Napier in his sloop of war. Being received on board, the governor at once proceeded from Point Platon, past Pointe-aux-Trembles, to Quebec, where he arrived on Sunday afternoon, the 19th of November.

"And if the Neptune's time-worn walls."—The Neptune Inn was an old café or restaurant in the building so long occupied by the *Chronicle Printing Offices*. It has again been opened as a hostelry and club-house. In 1759 the building was in the possession of Jean Taché, though there is no historic warrant for the poetic license which represents the "*bonhomme* Taché" as the landlord of a hotel in lower town at the time of the Montgomery siege. The effigy of the sea-god with his tangled locks and trident used to adorn the facade of the inn, and in its restored form, as the home of the Quebec Yacht Club, it is doubly appropriate to have the emblem restored. In 1822 the merchants of lower town met one day in the front room of the hostelry and organized the Merchants' Exchange, the forerunner of the present Quebec Board of Trade.

"Of his daring on Dead River."—The

Dead River is a tributary of the Kennebec, having its source on the eastern side of the boundary line near Lake Megantic. The Kennebec itself rises in Moosehead Lake, and, in its rapid descent towards Augusta, affords excellent water power. The tide ascends to the large dam which has been built across the river at Augusta. There is navigation below Augusta, and small craft can ascend as far as Waterville. The head-waters drain a region which may well be called the earthly "happy hunting grounds" of the sportsman. The lakes abound in fish and the forest in large game such as the moose, bear, and red deer.

"**His camp at Spider Lake.**"—The spot where Arnold made muster of his men as they came out of the forest is still indicated at the head of Lake Megantic. A club-house has been erected near Spider Lake for the use of the sportsmen who frequent the neighbourhood, and whose operations have been celebrated in verse by Mr. George Flint, the pioneer of the district.

"**Nor least of all was Williams near.**"—Kingsford, the historian, says that while Arnold was crossing the river to reach Quebec, "one Williams ascended the pulpit in the Bishop's chapel and made a long address in favour of giving up the place. Colonel McLean, who had arrived on the 12th, on proceeding to the upper town, heard of the meeting and entered the church. He caused Williams to discontinue his address and descend from the pulpit, and his appeal

was effectual in preventing this cowardly advice being adopted."

Of the names mentioned in the stanzas referring to Williams, three others at least are historic, namely Duggan, the traitorous barber, Caldwell and Mercier. John Mercier, who seems to have been a friend of Arnold's of several years' standing, was the person to whom the latter addressed a letter, while he was on the march from Lake Megantic. In this letter his advance at the head of two thousand troops is announced, and a request made that the Canadian friends, for whom the expedition had been undertaken, should rally round his standard as soon as Quebec was invested. The letter was intercepted, the Indian to whom it was entrusted having either been taken prisoner or having betrayed his trust.

"Is Bigot dead to live again?" — The sufferings, to which the colonists were subjected by the extravagances of this profligate ruler, have been frequently narrated; and no story in Canadian History is better known than that of the tyrannical exactions of "La Friponne," the general store and warehouse he had established within the precincts of the Palace, in order that his own coffers might be replenished from the profits.

"Sir Guy has spurned the foe within."— The rapid success of Montgomery, as Bancroft says, had emboldened a party in Quebec, to confess a willingness to receive him on terms of capitulation. But Carleton

ordered all persons who would not join in the defence of the town, to leave it within four days. And Kingsford adds: "One of the first items of intelligence Montgomery must have received was that the active sympathisers on whom he most counted, had been ordered outside the walls."

"The woods of Begon's Hermitage."—The story of the Chateau Bigot has given William Kirby and others material for the building up of a romantic age of their own creation in Canadian literature. There has lately, however, arisen a doubt in regard to the identification of the ruined Hermitage beyond Charlesbourg, as the country residence of the profligate Bigot. A theory has been advanced that the material so finely spun into literary ware, has no other beginning than the confusing of the two names Begon and Bigot.

"With a message scorned from Holland House."—Carleton had adopted a policy of silence towards Montgomery all through the campaign, even from the time he arrived before St. Johns; and though repeated attempts were made to get the governor to make reply, the letters from Montgomery and Arnold were treated with silence, which could only be construed into contempt. Here it may be said, that in nothing does Montgomery appear to less advantage than in his letters to Carleton and the citizens of the beleaguered city, as any one may judge by reading them *in extenso* from the pages of Kingsford.

"Or deserter slinking near."—Carleton was made acquainted of nearly every movement in Montgomery's camp by deserters. As Kingsford says, "The severity of the weather gave some encouragement to the defenders, that during its continuance no attack would be attempted, but news of such a design was brought in by every deserter. What particularly established this belief was the reappearance of one Joshua Wolf, clerk to Colonel Caldwell. He had been taken prisoner when attempting to save some property of the latter, who was owner of a farm known as Sans Bruit, some few miles to the west of the city. Wolf had made his appearance with a deserter with whom he had made his escape. He reported that Montgomery intended to storm the city and had promised them the plunder of the place as an incentive to their somewhat unwilling obedience."

"As if their dargue was done."—It is but natural to find Maître Thompson, a native-born Scotsman, using such an expressive Scottish term as "dargue," which simply means a day's work or a task to be accomplished.

"The marching out of Chambly, seemed a holiday begun."—The difficulties of Montgomery's position, as Kingsford says, must have powerfully forced themselves upon his mind. "However boastfully he may have described the force under his own command, he knew that it was so composed as to be entirely unfit for the trying duty of storming

the walls of the city. The garrison of St. Johns and Chambly had been a simple cannonade, and towards the close of the siege the men had suffered from exposure to the severity of the climate. The garrison of St. Johns had capitulated from the prospect of starvation, and from the certainty that no help could be given them in their emergency. The progress of Montgomery's force, from the banks of the Richelieu to its position before Quebec, had been little more than a military promenade."

"**But once give Jones the signal.**"—The names mentioned in this stanza are *all* of historic origin; illustrating the loyalty of the French-Canadians to the British cause in the person of Colonel Lecompte Dupré, an officer of zeal and ability, who had charge of the Canadian militia, and who rendered great service during the whole siege. Chabot and Picard were the officers in charge of Près-de-Ville, having under them a force of thirty Canadians, eight British militiamen with nine British seamen to work the guns as artillerymen under Captain Barnsfare and Sergeant Hugh McQuarters, of the Royal Artillery. Major Henry Caldwell, who had the provincial rank of Lieutenant-Colonel at the time of the siege of 1775, had served under General Wolfe as deputy quartermaster-general, Captains Mackenzie and Hamilton were in charge of four hundred seamen; Captain Jones commanded the artillery of the defence.

"One band approaching from the Anse." — The name originally given to Wolfe's Cove, was the Anse au Foulon, the wider cove to the eastward, nearer Près-de-Ville, being called Anse des Mères. The origin of the latter name is easily traced to the grant of land given to the Nuns, which extends to the water's edge; the former meaning the "shore-line to the fulling mill."

"For Barnsfare and McQuarters." — There is little to be said about these two brave Britishers who withstood the approach of the enemy, save what is known of their bravery on the morning of Montgomery's death. It is but right that there should be some direct memorial of their daring preserved in the city they saved. Captain Barnsfare was master of a transport laid up in the harbour during the winter. Of McQuarters the following is selected from Overseer Thompson's diary; "The sergeant who had charge of the barrier-guard, Hugh McQuarters — where there was a gun kept loaded with grape and musket-balls, levelled every evening in the direction of the said footpath—had orders to be vigilant, and when assured of an approach by any body of men, to fire the guns. It was General Montgomery's fate to be amongst the leading files of the storming party; and the precision with which McQuarters acquitted himself of the orders he had received, resulted in the death of the general, two aides-de-camp, and a sergeant; at least these were all that could

be found after the search made at dawn of day next morning."

"**And Malcolm Frazer has betimes.**"—On the night of Sunday the 31st of December, Captain Malcolm Frazer, of the Emigrants, was in command of the main guard. Shortly after four on the morning of the 1st of January, 1776, he perceived two rockets thrown up from beyond Cape Diamond; he at once understood that it was a signal for some purpose, and to his mind was so threatening that it could not be allowed to pass without notice. He immediately ordered the guards to turn out, calling the alarm as he passed through St. Louis Street. [This note has to be credited to Kingsford though it has been alleged that his dates are wrong. Montgomery was killed on the morning of the 31st of December, 1775, as the monument raised to his memory in St. Paul's, New York, rightly declares.]

"**And in the Recollets' Convent.**"—The buildings of the Recollet Convent occupied the site now enclosed as the grounds of the Anglican Cathedral, Garden Street receiving its name from its proximity to the gardens of the monks. The Recollect church was built on the site of the present Palais de Justice, having its front entrance facing Place d'Armes, with its spire in the rear. The Convent was a large quadrangular building two stories in height, with rooms in it set apart as prison chambers. Within its walls as well as within the walls

of the Seminary, the prisoners of war taken in Sault-au-Matelot Street were immured for several months.

"**What, ho, they're past the Palais!**"—Judge Henry has left a graphic record of the march to Sault au Matelot Street. He was an eye witness to that part of the siege, being a stripling of only seventeen years. "When we came to Craig's House, near Palace Gate, a horrible roar of canon took place and a ringing of all the bells of the city, which are very numerous, and of all sizes. Arnold, leading the forlorn hope, advanced, perhaps, one hundred yards, before the main body. After these followed Lamb's artillerists. Morgan's company led in the secondary part of the column of infantry. Smith's followed, headed by Steele; the Captain, from particular causes, being absent. Hendrick's company succeeded, and the eastern men, so far as known to me, followed in due order. The snow was deeper in the fields, because of the nature of the ground. The path made by Arnold, Lamb and Morgan was almost imperceptible, because of the falling snow. Covering the locks of our guns with the lappets of our coats, holding down our heads (for it was impossible to bear up our faces against the imperious storm of wind and snow), we ran along the foot of the hill in single file. Along the first of our run, from Palace Gate, for several hundred paces, there stood a range of isolated buildings, which seemed to be storehouses; we passed these quickly

in single file, pretty wide apart. The interstices were from thirty to fifty yards. In these intervals, we received a tremendous fire of musketry from the ramparts above us. Here we lost some brave men, when powerless to return the salutes we received, as the enemy was covered by his impregnable defences. They were even sightless to us; we could see nothing but the blaze from the muzzles of their muskets."

"They thread the Canoterie."—The Cote de la Canotrie lies at the eastern end of St. Valier Street, near St. Andrew's Square, where stands the depot of the Lake St. John Railway. The term Canoterie was given to the locality on account of its being a mooring-place for boats in early times, before St. Paul Street and St. John Street were connected by a properly laid out thoroughfare. As a street "the Canoterie" extends from Dambourges Street to St. Valier Street.

"For flee they must the din declares."—In his description, Judge Henry says that from the first barrier to the second, there was a circular course along the sides of houses and partly through a street, probably of three hundred yards or more. "This second barrier," he says, "was erected across and near the mouth of a narrow street adjacent to the foot of the hill, which opened into a larger, leading soon into the the main body of the lower town." With such a description in his hand the visitor

can readily identify the locality near the site of the Quebec Bank. "Here it was," says Henry, "that the most serious contention took place; this became the bone of strife. The admiral Montgomery, by this time, (though it was unknown to us) was no more; yet, we expected momentarily to join him. The firing on that side of the fortress ceased, his division fell under the command of Colonel Campbell, of New York line, a worthless chief, who retreated without making an effort in pursuance of the general's original plans. The inevitable consequence was that the whole of the forces on that side of the city, and those who were opposed to the dastardly persons employed to make the false attacks, embodied and came down to oppose our division. Here was sharp-shooting. We were on the disadvantageous side of the barrier, for such a purpose. Confined in a narrow street, hardly more than twenty feet wide, and on the lower ground, scarcely a ball well aimed or otherwise, but must take effect on us. Morgan, Hendricks, Steele, Humphreys and a crowd of every class of the army, had gathered into the narrow pass, attempting to surmount the barrier, upon a rising ground, the cannon of which much over-topped the height of the barrier, hence we were assailed by grape-shot in abundance. This erection was called the platform. Again, within the barrier, and close into it, were two ranges of musketeers, armed with musket and bayonet, ready to

receive those who might venture the dangerous leap. Add to all this that the enemy occupied the upper chambers of the houses in the interior of the barrier, on both sides of the street, from the windows of which we became fair marks. The enemy having the advantage of the ground in front, a vast superiority of numbers, dry and better arms, gave them an irresistible power, in so narrow a space. Humphreys upon a mound which was speedily erected, attended by many brave men, attempted to scale the barrier, but was compelled to retreat, by the formidable phalanx of bayonets within, and the weight of fire from the platform and buildings. Morgan, brave to temerity, stormed and raged; Hendricks, Steele, Nichols, Humphreys, equally brave, were sedate, though under a tremendous fire. The platform, which was within our view, was evacuated by the accuracy of our fire, and few persons dared venture there again. Now it was that the necessity of occupancy of the houses, on our side of the barrier, became apparent. Orders were given by Morgan to that effect. We entered. This was near daylight. The houses were a shelter, from which we might fire with much accuracy. Yet, even here, some valuable lives were lost. Hendricks, when aiming his rifle at some prominent person, died by a straggling ball through his heart. He staggered a few feet backwards, and fell upon a bed, where he instantly expired. He was an ornament of our little society.

The amiable Humphreys died by a like kind of wound, but it was in the street, before we entered the buildings. Many other brave men fell at this place; among these were Lieutenant Cooper, of Connecticut, and perhaps fifty or sixty non-commissioned officers and privates. Captain Lamb, of the New York artillerists, had nearly one-half of his face carried away, by a grape or canister shot. My friend Steele lost three of his fingers, as he was presenting his gun to fire; Captain Hubbard and Lieutenant Fisdle, were all among the wounded. When we reflect upon the whole of the dangers of this barricade, and the formidable force that came to annoy us, it is a matter of surprise that so many should escape death and wounding as did."

"But Pres-de-Ville, I pray thee."—The exact spot where the barrier was erected is immediately described in the Thompson diary, and gives no room for doubt as to its locality. "The barrier crossed the narrow road under the mountain, immediately opposite to the west end of a building which stands on the south, and was formerly occupied by Mr. Racey as a brewery." With such a description any visitor can readily identify the place of Montgomery's death as between the deeper crevice and the present Allans' storehouse, which was the brewery in question.

"And when Montgomery's orderly."—The enemy having retired, as James Thompson says, thirteen bodies were found in the

snow, and Montgomery's orderly sergeant, desperately wounded but yet alive, was brought into the guard room. On being asked if the General himself had been killed, the sergeant evaded the question by replying that he had not seen him for some time, although he could not but have known the fact. This faithful sergeant died in about an hour after.

"**A restive band, God knows how far!**"—Mr. Thompson says that he never could ascertain whether the defection of Montgomery's followers was in consequence of the fall of their leader or whether owing to their being panic-struck, a consequence so peculiar to an unlooked-for shock in the dead of the night and when almost on the point of coming into action; added to which the meeting of an obstruction in the barrier where one was not expected to exist. As was afterwards learned, the men's engagements were to terminate on the 31st of December, and it was well known that Montgomery had had difficulty in obtaining a willing consent to his plan of attack. Montgomery himself has left this record of his men when he first took charge of them at Ile aux Noix. "They are the worst stuff imaginable for soldiers. They are homesick, their regiments are melted away, and yet not any man dead of any distemper. There is such an equality among them that the officers have no authority, and there are very few among them in whose spirit I have confidence; the privates are all generals,

but not soldiers, and so jealous that it is impossible, though a man risk his person, to escape the imputation of treachery." And as Bancroft says, "Of the first regiment of the Yorkers he gave a far worse account; adding: 'The master of Hindostan could not recompense me for this summer's work; I have envied every wounded man who has had so good an apology for retiring from a scene where no credit can be obtained. O fortunate husbandmen; would I were at my plough again!' "

And Bancroft further narrates how, "as the time for assault drew near, three captains in Arnold's battalion, whose term of office was soon to expire, created dissension and showed a mutinous disaffection to the service. Montgomery repaired to their quarters and in a few words gave them leave to stand aside, saying that he would compel no one, nor wanted with him anyone who went with reluctance. His words recalled the officers to their duty, but the incident hurried Montgomery into a resolution to attempt gaining Quebec before the first of January, when his legal authority would cease."

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