

fro' th' 'Merican. Le's hear summat fro' 'Merica. Theer's wheer th' laborin' mon has his dues."

Murdoch turned about and faced the company.

"You all know enough of me to know whether I am a speech-making man or not," he said. "I have nothing to say about America, and if I had I should not say it here. You are not doing yourselves any good. The least fellow among you has brains enough to tell him that."

There was at once a new clamor, this time one of dissatisfaction. The speech-maker with the long clay, who was plainly the leader, expressed himself with heat and scorn.

"He's a noice chap—he is," he cried. "He'll ha' nowt to do wi' us. He's th' soart o' workin' mon to ha' about, to play th' pianny an' do paintin' i' velvet. 'Merica be danged! He's more o' th' gentry koind to-day than Haworth. Haworth *does* tak' a decent spree now an' then; but this heer un — Ax him to tak' a glass o' beer an' see what he'll say."

Disgust was written upon every countenance, but no one proffered the hospitality mentioned. Mr. Briarley had fallen asleep again, murmuring suggestively, "Aye, le's hear summat fro' 'Merica. Le's *go* to 'Merica. Pu-r on thy bonnet, lass, pur—on."

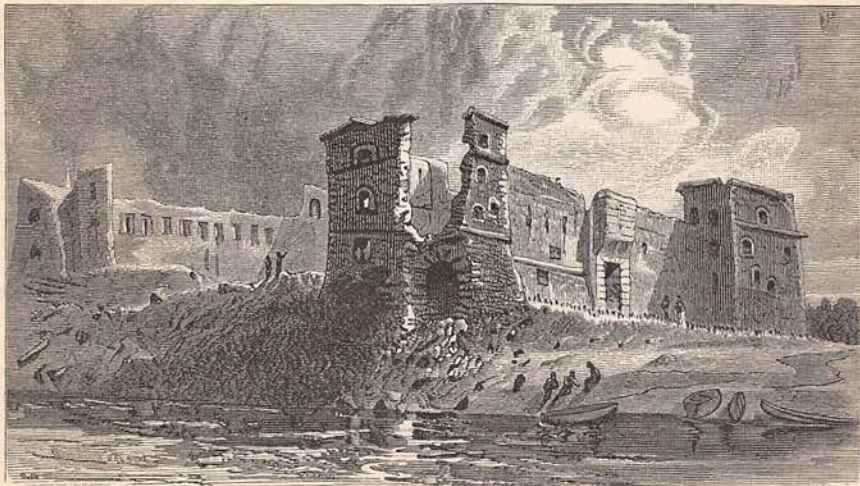
With her companion's assistance, Janey got him out of the place and led him home.

"Haaf th' rent's gone," she said, when she turned out his pockets, as he sat by the fire. "An' wheer's th' buryin' money to coom fro'?"

Mr. Briarley shook his head mournfully. "Th' buryin' money," he said. "Aye, i'deed. A noice thing it is fur a poor chap to ha' to cut off his beer to pay fur his coffin by th' week,—wastin' good brass on summat he may nivver need as long as he lives. I dunnot loike th' thowt on it, eyther. It's bad enow to ha' to get into th' thing at th' eend, wi'out ha'in' it lugged up at th' door ivvery Saturday, an' payin' fur th' ornymen'tin' on it by inches."

(To be continued.)

CHAMBLY FORT, ON THE RICHELIEU RIVER.



THE FORT FROM THE RIVER.

How often are tourists in their peregrinations along the forty-fifth parallel enticed out of their regular route by the information that within a few miles of them may be seen the ruins of "an old fort," built by the early French settlers! At the mention of the

word, there rises at once even in the most phlegmatic mind a vision of a few brave men, their faces begrimed with powder, and desperate determination depicted on every feature, defending themselves against unnumbered hosts of yelling demons, hungry

for the scalps of the terrified women and children whose only hope is in the gallant fellows who man the walls and bastions. One is almost invariably disappointed and disgusted when the guide leads him up to what appears to be the remains of a row of tenement houses, destroyed by fire.

After one or more experiences of this kind it is most satisfactory to stand before a solid, substantial structure dignified by



GATE-WAY.

many undoubted marks of an honorable old age, and yet so strong in character that one does not require the testimony of "the oldest inhabitant" before the eye becomes assured that it beholds the ruins of a veritable fort. Such is Fort Chambly, the subject of this sketch, situated within an hour's ride of the city of Montreal, the metropolis of Canada.

Of the many ways of reaching Chambly we will only mention two or three; making Montreal our starting-point.

The first that occurs to us is the old-fashioned stage or diligence. By taking this route a good idea may be formed of the French Canadian farm; and one thing likely to impress a stranger will be the long narrow shape of the fields, caused by the custom of dividing the homestead among the children. In order to enable each member of the family to build his house by the side of the main road, the farms are divided lengthwise; the result being that in many cases the farmer is possessed of a ribbon of land a mile or more in length and about a stone's throw in width. What will be the ultimate result if this principle continues to be followed, we leave our readers to imagine for themselves.

The next means of transit, in contrast to this old-fashioned stage, is a new and unfinished railroad, by which, when completed, the time consumed in making the journey from Montreal to Boston will be shortened several hours. At present the road is in running order only to Chambly.

By the two routes just mentioned the distance to the fort is twelve miles. But if time is no object, and the tourist wishes a really enjoyable trip, we would recommend following the great water highway to the United States from Canada, *via* the St. Lawrence to Sorel, and up the Richelieu. By this route, the distance traveled will be about ninety miles. Upon referring to the map the reason of the difference in the distances of these several routes will be easily comprehended.

The river upon whose banks the ruin stands is the outlet of Lake Champlain, and empties into the St. Lawrence at Sorel. The Richelieu is especially interesting to a native of this continent, as its scenery is so unlike the general run of American landscape. It gives one the impression that some huge Brobdingnag had picked up one of the rivers of old France, with its banks and inhabitants, and set it down in the new Dominion of Canada. In many cases the descendants of the first settlers still occupy the old homestead, retaining their forefathers' love for old France, and its peculiarities; the result is, that as you ascend the river, the eye is greeted on all sides by pieces of French landscape,—flat country, with middle distance strongly marked against the sky, here and there the Lombardy poplar raising its straight, spire-like form, in strong contrast to the graceful sweeping lines of the elm. The Richelieu, therefore, is not only historic, but quaint and beautiful, and



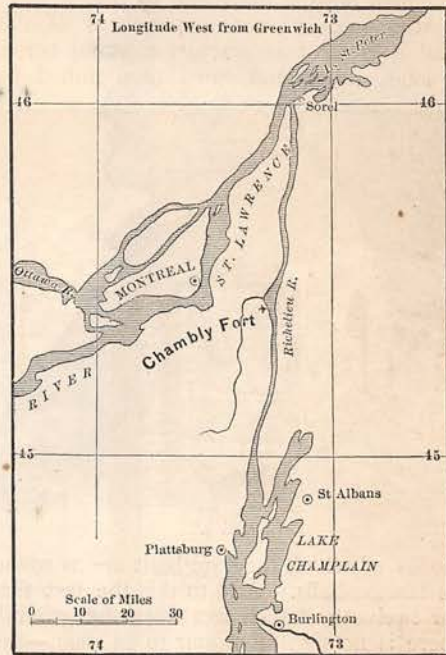
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full of picturesqueness. On account of its narrowness, both sides are brought close under the view of the observer, each turn displaying a new picture; but it must be looked at with an eye that can appreciate the landscape so much loved by the French painters.

By whatever route we have come to Chambly we are now face to face with its old fort that for nearly two centuries has frowned defiance on foe, extended its welcome shelter to friend, and now with equal honesty of purpose throws its grateful shadows over the herds of cows, who in its various nooks and corners are chewing their cud, and looking as though they could

impart a world of historic information if disposed so to do.

The first thing that strikes one in connection with these ruins, is the wonderful state of preservation of the old gate-way,—the stones forming its sides and top being



MAP, SHOWING THE LOCATION OF FORT CHAMBLY.

as crisp and sharp in form as if they had only just left the stone-cutter's hands, while all else is worn and crumbling with age.

The next wonder is, how any part of the walls are still standing, as about half the



THE FORT IN 1862.



VOL. 5.

stones of which they are built are as round as cannon-balls. Add to this the fact that for twelve or fifteen feet from the ground, there is no sign of mortar to be seen,—the astonishment is increased that these walls are yet in existence.

Another feature that will impress the visitor is the irregular height at which the various openings have been made in the walls, forcing the conviction that the builders fol-

lowed the custom in vogue among the backwoodsmen when raising their log houses, viz., to build the walls solid and cut out the doors and windows afterward. Only in this case it would seem that the commandant had furnished each soldier with a crowbar and permission to dig out his own opening, at whatever place he liked best. If this theory is correct, the standard of height in the regiment must have varied greatly.

Fort Chambly—or Portchartrain—was built in the year 1665, and was constructed of wood. In 1709, it was in ruins and useless. The governor of Montreal, fearing a surprise on the part of the English from the New England states, obtained from the superior council at Quebec an opinion favorable to its reconstruction. Three years passed before this opinion was ratified by the court of France, and an order to this effect arrived in Canada in 1712; but, meanwhile, the colonists, impatient of delay, had completed the work, this being terminated in 1711 (which date is still to be seen over the ruined gate-way),—the soldiers being actively aided in their operations by the residents of Montreal. The plan was drawn by M. de Lery, engineer, of New France. As it was at this period built, it still remains, consisting of a very large square, flanked by four bastions corresponding to the four cardinal points of the compass.

“Captain Jacques de Chambly, after whom the fort was named, was a captain in the Carignan Salières, the first regiment of regular troops ever sent to America by the French Government. It was raised in



POLING UP THE STONES FOR THE GATE-WAY.



"THE RAVAGES OF TIME."

Savoy by the Prince of Carignan in 1644, but was soon employed in the service of France, where, in 1652, it took a conspicuous part on the side of the king, in the battle with Condé and the Fronde at Port St. Antoine. After the peace of the Pyrenees, the Prince of Carignan, unable to support the regiment, gave it to the king, and it was for the first time incorporated into the French armies. In 1664, it distinguished itself, as part of the allied force of France, in the Austrian force against the Turks. In the next year it was ordered to America, along with the fragment of a regiment formed of Germans, the whole being placed under the command of Colonel de Salières. Hence its double name—Carignan Salières. When it came to Canada it consisted of about a thousand men, besides about two hundred of the regiment incorporated with it. About 1668, the regiment was ordered home, with the exception of four companies kept in garrison, and a considerable number discharged in order to become settlers. The portion which returned to France formed a nucleus for the reconstruction of the regiment, which under the name of the regiment of Lorraine, did not cease to exist as a separate organization till 1794. Of the companies which returned to France in 1668, six were, a year or two

later, sent back, discharged in their turn, and converted into colonists. Neither men nor officers were positively constrained to remain in Canada, but the officers were told that if they wished to please the king, this was the way to do so, and promises and rewards stimulated many to remain. A sum of 1,500 livres was given to Captain La Motte because he was married and intended to stay in Canada, and 6,000 livres were assigned to others who had followed or were about to follow his example, and 12,000 livres more were set apart to be distributed to the soldiers under similar conditions. Among the officers who thus settled in Canada were men whose names are now familiar as household words,—such men as Chambly, St. Ours, Centracœur, Varennes, Sorel, Vecherres, whose names now designate the villages which line the banks of the Richelieu River. But these villages did not spring up at once; the officers were generally poor. An officer's personal possessions usually consisted of little but his sword and



THE NORTH-EAST BASTION.

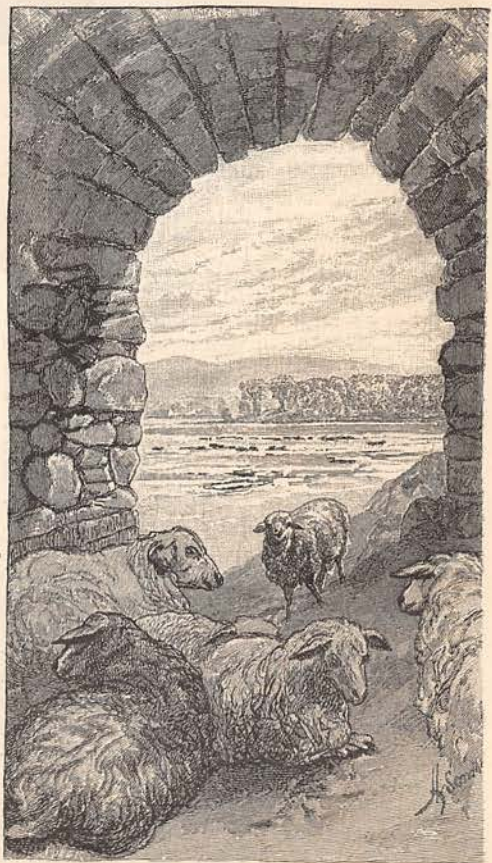
the money the king had given him for marrying a wife and settling down in the forests of Canada. It is therefore easy to understand that the improvement of the land and the erection of houses went on slowly. Chambly was somewhat more favorably situated than the others. He was the chief proprietor on the Richelieu, and was better able to meet the wants which were presented. He built himself a good house, where he lived in comfort. The King's fort close at hand saved him the expense of building one for himself and tenants. In this very important particular his brother officers, Sorel excepted, were less fortunate. The lands along the Richelieu, from its mouth to a point above Chambly, were divided in large seigniorial grants among the several officers, who, in turn, granted upon certain conditions portions of the land to the soldiers. The officers thus became a kind of feudal chief, and the whole settlement a permanent military cantonment,* admirably suited to the needs of the country, furnishing, as it did, a frontier line of soldier-settlers ready for duty both as husbandmen and protectors." †

In 1666-67, Fort Chambly is mentioned in connection with an expedition against the Mohawks under Tracy and Courcelle. In 1709-1711 it bore no unimportant part in affairs. Not alone was Quebec threatened by a British fleet, but a force of 2,000 soldiers and as many Indians, under command of General Nicholson, was to march upon Montreal by way of Lake Champlain, but in consequence of a recurrence of disasters the British retreated, after burning their advanced posts. In 1712 and 1726, we read of the old fort doing its share in opposing various expeditions against Canada.

In 1734, M. de Beauharnois, believing that hostilities could not be long averted, wrote a dispatch suggesting means to be taken for defense of the colony against invasion, and in 1740, when war was imminent, the governor made "Forts Chambly, Frederic, and Niagara as secure as possible." We hear little of Chambly and its fort from this time until 1758-59, when "the Fort of Chambly, which defended the pass by the River Richelieu to the St. Lawrence, was strengthened and garrisoned by a body of regular troops and militia;" and although Chambly bore no share in the

actual fighting during the contest of 1759-60, we read that the French commandant retired before the advance of the British troops under Colonel Haviland, and further, that after the fall of Quebec in the spring of 1760, M. de Vaudreuil seconded a bold attempt of the Chevalier de Levis to wipe out the last year's disasters by the re-conquest of Quebec. The necessary stores and ammunition were embarked at Sorel, which had been drawn from the depots of St. John's and Chambly. The fort, from its position, offered great advantages as a military station, and from the conquest of Canada by the English until the final withdrawal of the troops a few years back, Chambly was retained as one of the regular garrisons of the country. After a long period of inaction, the old fort sprang into notice once more during the Rebellion of 1837, but in later days it has been allowed to fall into decay.

But its present ruined condition only in-



VIEW FROM PRISON CELL.

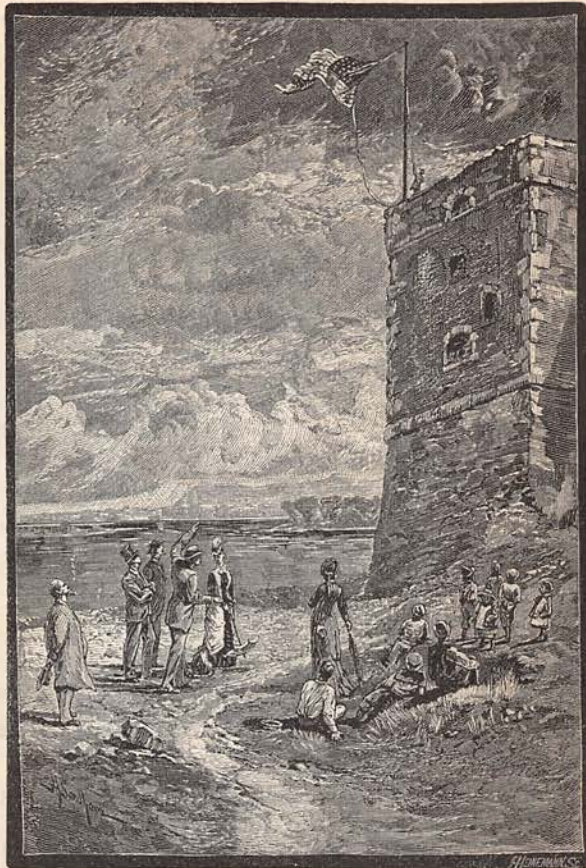
* "A portion of Chambly village is still designated Chambly Canton."

† Parkman's "Old Régime in Canada."

creases one's desire to know more of its history. We gathered all the information possible from the numberless persons who, during our visit, kindly volunteered to tell us how we ought to make our sketches. Every one knew all about the history of the old fort, but no two agreed. At last the very man we wanted came along. He had in his possession several volumes of unpublished history of the fort. He kindly invited us to his house to see them. When we arrived there in the evening we were informed that, owing to the earlier numbers of the history having been buried under the dust of ages, he could only show volumes 4 and 5. After this sententious introduction, the volumes were shown. (See cuts.) We found them histories of by-gone events, so graphic in description that, for the time, the old heroes who had manned the fort in the days that are gone seemed to have come to life again and to stand before us. What marvelous scenes the old walls had looked upon! Why, the stones that formed the sides and top of the gate-way had been quarried in old France, blessed by some good bishop with unpronounceable name, brought over in a ship with an equally startling cognomen, poled up the Richelieu in bateaux by the voyageurs, landed, and placed in their present position amid a general thanksgiving and rejoicing. It was owing, doubtless, to the good bishop's blessings that they still looked so fresh while all else was going to decay. Then there was the well of marvelous depth in the center of the court-yard that had never been known to run dry.

There were hundreds of other interesting items, but all of them more or less hard to substantiate, on good authority. Still, they were very pleasant to listen to, with the old walls of the fort rising up before our eyes, looking strangely white and lonely in the bright moonlight. We decided, however, that it would be better to trust to published records for information.

It is hard to realize, as we look at the dilapidated ruins, that only thirty-five years ago the fort was in the full blaze of military



CAPTURE OF THE FORT BY THE AMERICANS.

glory, yet the following is a description given by a gentleman who visited it at that date:

"The old fort, old even then, was filled with troops. The port-holes frowned over the Richelieu and the green 'common' land forming the government reserve. Every tower had its sentry, and the soldiers were coming and going in every direction. The interior of the fort was a mystery to the great majority of the rising generation, for admittance was strictly denied to all save the privileged military and such well-known civilians as the guard was specially authorized by the commandant to admit. It is therefore not surprising that Fort Chamblay was a prolific source of story and legend, commonplace enough, no doubt, to the general public, but of thrilling and intense interest to the boys of the village. Here was the great elm against which a once universally credited, but, as I now believe, apocryphal story related, that three rebels were placed and summarily shot during

the rebellion. Nearer to the fort was the old burying-ground, where a weather-beaten head-board or two marked the spot where, years and years before, some more distinguished soldier had been laid to rest among

around which were barrack-rooms, gun-sheds, stables and prison cells. Into the three former our pass admitted us, under the guidance of a soldier, who took us in charge at the gate; but no one was suffered to



WINTER IN THE FRENCH COUNTRY. (FROM A PAINTING BY H. SANDHAM.)

the men he formerly commanded, but who he was, or how long he had lain there, the oldest man in the village could not say. 'That old board? Oh, it was just the same when I was a boy, blackened and bare, as you see it now.' The paint had worn away, but the solid oak sturdily refused to succumb to time, wind, or weather. And when a good-natured sentry was on duty and we were allowed to approach the outer wall of the fort, we could see on the western side the place where the less time-worn masonry indicated the spot through which the guns of the Americans had knocked a hole when they took the place during the war of 1812. But all inside was a mystery. We knew that a great many soldiers lived within those walls, but what the inside was like we could only guess.

"At last fortune and a commandant's pass admitted me to the interior. The approach was over a drawbridge, which crossed a small, dry moat, and when drawn up fitted into and closed the door-way. The doors were of oak, studded thickly with iron bolts, and when these were opened the visitor found himself inside a bomb-proof, vaulted passage, leading into a square court-yard, all

explore the vaults used for places of confinement. However, there was plenty to be seen without them. Even in the rooms where the troops were quartered the guns were mounted ready for use, and the thick walls of primitive masonry were pierced at regular intervals with perpendicular, narrow openings, through which the defenders might discharge their muskets in case of need; and, walking through the bare and scantily furnished rooms, it needed no great exertion of the imagination to fancy that an immediate attack was imminent, although the most complete peace and quietness prevailed throughout the land.

"Passing through a dark, vaulted passage, rather than room,—intended, as the soldier told us, to put the women and children into when the place was besieged,—we ascended a narrow stair-way to the north-east angle of the building, where the flag-staff was. Here we looked over into the turbid water at the foot of the rapids of the Richelieu, which flow close to the foundation, and were glad to get safely away from the rather giddy height.

"A year or two afterward neither a soldier nor a gun remained. Windows and openings

of all kinds were closed, some with shutters and others with strong planking nailed over them. Admittance was as sternly refused as ever, for the magazines still contained a good deal of ammunition, and there was no intention of allowing the old place to go to decay. But as time went on, and the vigilance of the one non-commissioned officer left in charge became less zealous, more than one active boy scaled the walls and startled the bats, who were now the only occupants of the fast-moldering building. Finally, when the ordnance property passed into the hands of the Provincial Government, even the semblance of care-taking passed away, and gradually, but surely, ruin marked the place for its own.

"We visited the ruins during the summer of 1874, and on the door of the guard-house of the barracks close by we read the following notice :

"\$10 Reward.

"Parties removing, or demolishing for the purpose of removal, the stones, or other materials of the Barracks and Buildings at Chambly, the property of H. M. the Queen, more especially Fort Portchartrain, commonly known as the

Old Fort

at Chambly, will be rigorously prosecuted, and a reward of

\$10 (ten dollars)

will be paid to any witness by whose testimony the offender is brought to justice."

During our visit we asked a small boy who professed to know, to show where the American guns had made a breach in the fort. This he consented to do, and led us round the corner of the north-west bastion, escorted by a guard of honor composed of all the available urchins in the neighborhood. At last he called a halt, and pointed to the wall; but we could see no difference between that spot and the rest of the same side, and so decided that either we were looking at the wrong place, or else the Americans had made such an extensive breach that the whole of the west side had been rebuilt.

While we were endeavoring to solve this problem, our party was joined by a gentleman, to whom we expressed surprise that the ravages of time should have been so marked during the last thirty years. He assured us that time had not so much to do with it as the "thieving habitans" of the neighborhood, who, shortly after the Government abandoned the property, took possession, and carried away everything they could lay their hands on. For a short time a notice, similar to the one referred to, was

placed on the gate, and this kept the lawless wretches at a distance; but one dark night a land pirate stole gate, notice and all. The fort was then doomed to speedy destruction. Every piece of wood was stolen, the heartless vandals even taking the trouble to saw off the beams that originally supported the floors. The result of this has been that the wall which faced the river, becoming undermined by the water and having no support inside, fell with a loud crash several years ago, and to a great extent even the stones of which it was built have been carried away; but the north-east bastion still stood its ground, and upheld the old flag-staff that had borne in turn the lily of France, the cross of England, and the stars of the United States. Rumor says that the last named was the cause of its final destruction, for three or four years ago the fort—or, rather, what was left of it—was again taken by the Americans, this time under the leadership of a dashing New York girl, at whose command a faithful follower climbed the tottering wall, and hoisted a large American flag. But during the night a storm-wind carried flag, staff, and a large angle of the already weakened wall into a watery grave. This provoked a very lively discussion next day, during which the Americans maintained that the wall was characteristic of the monarchical institutions of the British nation,—in fact, it was played out, and had not strength enough left to support for a few hours the flag of the Republic. The natives in turn asserted that anything possessed of the true English spirit would rather destroy itself than uphold a gridiron flag,—fresh proof of the difference a different stand-point makes in the very same circumstances.

It is interesting to enter the old gate-way, pass through what was the vaulted passage into the court-yard, and stand by the hollow that marks where the well once sent forth its refreshing supplies to the besieged garrison (it now only serves as a rallying-place for the cows), and then pass down into the prison cells and powder-vaults, to share with the sheep their refreshing shade and the cool breeze from over the rapids, which gently blows through the open arch where the solid walls once stood. As we sit here and idle away the time, the repose of the body seems to give increased activity to the mind, which brings before it some of the many changes that have taken place since Champlain, in the spring of 1609, discovered these rapids. It must be within a few feet of where the fort was built that he and his Huron and

Algonquin allies landed, to make their "portage" to a point where the river is again navigable. Imagination pictures the triumphant return after their victory over the warlike Mohawks at Ticonderoga. And so we travel down the "isles of time" till we come to the building of the fort, and again wonder where all the round stones came from, that were so freely used in its construction. Almost unconsciously we try to remove one, and feel astonished at the small effort necessary to dislodge it. But just as the stone is about to be lifted down, conscience declares that by this thoughtless act we are putting ourselves on a par with the heartless vandals whom we were berating in our mind but a short time before; so we quickly withdraw our hands—and as speedily return them, to keep the stone from falling. We hastened to block it in with some of the small chips within reach, and tried to forget our wrongdoing by studying the beautiful picture formed by the Richelieu as it danced down the rapids between the long strips of low grass-covered patches, with its middle distance of beautiful wooded islands, backed by the distant shore, and its pleasant suggestions of farms and homesteads, united with the ever-changing sky by a delicate half-tint caused by the towering form of Mount St. Hilaire.

Now we climb over the ruined wall and come out into the field, where, in "the days that are no more" the Indian has camped, the settler farmed, and the soldier fought; taking a passing glance at the slight traces of the remains of the earth-works and the battery mounds which Bedell and his Green Mountain boys erected in 1775 when besieging the fort, we cross the field and lean against one of the few posts left to mark the sadly neglected last resting-place of many a gallant and true-hearted soldier, and from this vantage point watch the old fort under the effect of a stormy sunset. The massive structure stands out against a background of deep, neutral-toned storm-clouds, marching in regular battalions. The old walls are lit up with an orange-toned light, in strong con-

trast to the bluey purple shadows. The foreground is rich olive green, with the pearly gray shore shelving out into the river. The water itself seems to be terrified by the threatening aspect of the sky, rushes ahead of the gale and tumbles over the rocks that fruitlessly endeavor to stop its course,—reflecting in alternate strips the deep tone of the clouds, and the brownish-purple of the distant trees, with white splashes of foam here and there, where it falls over the rocky ledges. This glorious mass of color increases in intensity each moment, when suddenly a cloud driven by the storm comes between the sun and the landscape. All is now a deep somber gray, but in a moment the cloud passes, and again the picture is presented to the eye, still more effective in its contrasts, and grander in its breadth of light and shade than ever. This lasts for a few minutes, to vanish again under the influence of another shadowing cloud. But a gust of wind drives away the cloud, and the sun, which shed a quivering light, sinks into his bed of deep purple clouds. Then, down come the rain and wind.

As we tacked home against the wind, with a large canvas under our arm, the whole scene seemed strangely familiar. Where could it have been that we beheld before such harmonies of color! With the word "harmonies," the key was found to what we were trying to recall, and memory brought back the many times we had listened to the symphonies of the world's greatest composers, and noticed how they gradually gather up their richest tones, until they all center in one powerful, complete and full chord as a finale,—then a short pause, the distinct repetition of the same chord, a longer pause, then the final repetition gradually dying away on the listening ear and heart,

"like the benediction
That follows after prayer."

NOTE.—The author desires to acknowledge his indebtedness for historical information to articles on Fort Chambly by H. Mott, Esquire, and John Lesperance, Esquire, published in the "Canadian Antiquarian."

Chambly