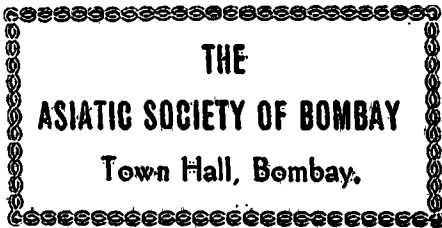




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ADVENTURES AND RECOLLECTIONS

OF

COLONEL LANDMANN.

—
VOL. II.

ADVENTURES AND RECOLLECTIONS

OF

COLONEL LANDMANN,

LATE OF THE CORPS OF ROYAL ENGINEERS.

3815

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

23349
61



LONDON:

COLBURN AND CO., PUBLISHERS,

GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

1852.

xx 43

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ADVENTURES AND RECOLLECTIONS

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COLONEL LANDMANN.

CHAPTER I.

Voyage to Amherstburgh—Iron-bound coast—Disasters of the 'Machedash'—I take the command—Commodore Grant and Prince Edward—Arrive at Amherstburgh—Colonel England and Captain Andrews—Sail for Fort Erie with Cowan—Proceed in a bateau to Chippawa Creek—Narrow escape from going over the Falls of Niagara—Navy Hall—The swamp—Sail in a small schooner for York, and wrecked—Father Burk—Bishop of Quebec and Captain Brant—Captain Ferguson shoots a bear—I visit the Falls of Niagara—Major, United States Service, commanding Fort Niagara.

EARLY in the month of November, the 'Machedash,' government sloop, a very old, and very dull sailing-vessel, arrived at Fort St. Joseph with an order for me to embark in

her forthwith, and proceed, by Amherstburgh, to Quebec. In a few days after I embarked and sailed accordingly. Having navigated about the lake in thick snow-squalls during a fortnight without seeing any part of the coast, we suddenly discovered land a-head, during a partial clearing up of the haze, and from the appearance of that land, confirmed by a sort of reckoning, which had been very imperfectly kept, our worthy commander, and others on board, believed it to be Point-aux-Barques, situated on the western side of the Lake Huron, and forming the southern cape at the entrance to Saganash Bay. The course of the 'Machedash' was shaped accordingly to pass to the left or eastward of it.

We had gone on in this way during some time, when more land was seen a-head, and on the left, which proved that the land in sight was not Point-aux-Barques. Such a discovery, with a strong gale blowing directly on shore, was from the first instant exceedingly alarming, and we shortly ascertained, that we were running upon a rocky coast, quite unknown to any one on board; but which we supposed to be somewhere in the vicinity of Machedash

Bay, a portion of Lake Huron, at that time almost totally unexplored.

The vessel could sail no better than a coal-barge; and, although we made every effort to work off shore, we were evidently making rapid progress towards a frightful iron-bound coast, upon which the surf was dashing with awful fury, in fact, we were rapidly driving to leeward. Terrified at this prospect, our commander, a lieutenant in the Royal Navy, having a wife and six children, was so alarmed, that he endeavoured to sustain his courage by the force of liquor; he seized the bottle, and, pouring glass after glass of rum down his throat, he very soon was deprived of his presence of mind and almost totally of his senses. Assuring him that the mate would navigate the sloop into the River Sinclair, to which we were bound, I succeeded in persuading him to remain in the cabin; what, therefore, must have been my horror, when, on ascending the deck, I there found the mate also in a state of intoxication, in short, no one was attending to the vessel excepting the steersman.

On my looking towards the land, I could not discover any fit place for running the vessel on

shore ; all was rocky, and presented certain destruction to our view ; yet, in my opinion, at a considerable distance beyond our reach, I could, with the aid of my glass, perceive what appeared a sandy beach. Just at that moment, the gale increased, and during half an hour we were enveloped in a storm of snow so thick, that no one could distinguish any object further than the length of the vessel. A cry suddenly burst from those near the bows, that we were amongst the breakers. The carpenter upon this, commenced cutting away the mast into which he had struck his axe three or four times, and I could only make him desist by threatening to run him through the body.

The square topsail had been for some time frozen to the mast, so as to obstruct the fair working of the vessel, our affairs had become so desperate that no one possessed the slightest authority ; every one endeavouring to make such arrangements as might be useful to himself, in case he should succeed in escaping to the shore from the wreck, which now by all hands was expected to take place within half an hour, the land being distant only about a mile.

Satisfied that some authority must be better

than such a state of complete anarchy, I called all hands around me—the greater part being soldiers in the Canadian Volunteers—and found no difficulty in convincing them that they would to a man be lost if we ran the vessel on shore, directly to leeward, as many of them were loudly demanding; I ventured to assure them that I had served a long time at sea in the Royal Navy, and felt quite competent to navigate the vessel, promising that if they would implicitly obey me, I would anchor the 'Machedash' in the River Sinclair before sunset on the following day.

A short pause to consult each other ensued, which, terminated in their agreeing to obey me as their commander, I at once assumed the proper tone of authority, and ordered a man to run up to the topsail-yard, cut it away, and send it overboard. "Oh, if that's the way you mean to work us," cried one of the men, "you must show us how it's to be done." I felt that I should soon be deprived of my authority if I hung back; therefore, snatching up the carpenter's hatchet, I threw off my shoes, with which I could not have kept my footing on the rattlings, for they were two inches coated over with ice, and up I went. Not without con-

siderable difficulty, and much hazard, I succeeded in launching the topsail and yard clear over to leeward.

On seeing this achievement the crew cheered heartily, which they repeated on my returning to the deck. I was now the cock of the walk—the best sailor on board—the man of their choice. In short, I had but to order, and every man ran to obey. We had need of this devotion, for new perils and trials came upon us at every fresh squall, and as at every lurch to leeward the deck being covered with a thick coating of ice, it was very difficult to save ourselves from sliding overboard. First the strap of the mainsheet block gave way, when the boom thus set at liberty began to dash across from side to side at every roll, until by throwing the vessel up into the wind we at length secured it. This had no sooner been accomplished, than the weather-chain plate split, and in the next moment the mast would have gone overboard had I not put the vessel about, and instantly applied the boat tackle to supply the loss of the starboard shrouds. Almost at the same moment, by the heavy pitching of the vessel, the fore-stay broke, which likewise was repaired.

These accidents, however, had caused us to fall to leeward much faster than we otherwise should, and I rejoiced on discovering a short length of sandy beach, upon which after losing our mast and anchors, we might perhaps contrive to run the vessel. I said nothing of my views to any one, but continued to cheer up the down-hearted by assurances that I felt perfectly certain of extricating the vessel from her danger, and went on repeating, "to-morrow before sunset we shall be snug enough in the River Sinclair." The squalls and storms of snow increased, and the sky had assumed a degree of darkness I had rarely witnessed, when in an instant a most vivid flash of lightning followed by a stunning clap of thunder seemed to announce our immediate destruction; the waves making a complete breach over our deck, and the spray flying into the highest parts of the rigging. Every one on board believing that our last moment had arrived, sought for protection and consolation by a rapid address to the Almighty, when like magic the clouds to leeward suddenly opened, showing to our affrighted senses the iron-bound coast, thickly studded with breakers, some of them within a few hundreds of yards

of us ; at the same time came a short lull, then a stiff breeze sprang up from the shore, and in less time than I have occupied in writing the last fifty lines, we were scudding away from the coast before the wind at the rate of eight knots an hour.

In looking ahead all was darkness; the lightning still flashing, but hastening away, and we attributed our good fortune to the unbounded mercy of the Supreme Being, whose interposition in our favour had snatched us from inevitable death. We now saw several water-spouts, some of them very near us, and they occasionally caused some sudden gusts of wind from almost every point of the compass.

My first care now was to secure a good offing from the land, and as no doubt could be entertained as to the side of the lake we were then upon, I ordered the course accordingly, which, from recollection, I should suppose was nearly south-east. A steady breeze from north-west carried us on all night and next day ; by two o'clock P.M. we ran down the rapids into the River Sinclair, which was celebrated by all on board as a festival. Every man came up to me, and with respect and much sincerity

expressed his gratitude for having, as each of them expressed himself, saved his life; and many of them declared they would not hesitate to sail all round the world in a vessel under my command—so much for good luck!

Having completed my engagement with the crew to take them safely into the river, I sought by every means in my power to console the unfortunate lieutenant-commander of the 'Machedash,' whose distress of mind was dreadful; I assured him that I should make no report of anything that had happened. I entreated the crew not to mention any of the particulars of our voyage from St. Joseph's, which I represented to them as being of the utmost importance, in consideration of his large family, all of which they solemnly promised to perform; and as I never afterwards heard of any evil result happening to the poor fellow, I hope sincerely he retained his appointment. Our commander remained in his cabin, too ill to take the charge of the vessel.

After passing Lake Sinclair, we ran down the river Detroit, and I was much pleased and surprised at the progressing settlement. Along the banks were seen many very neat and some

very commodious houses. Amongst those on the American side, was one belonging to and occupied by Commodore Grant, who at that time commanded our inland navy. Grant was an old Scotchman, a large stout man, not very polished, but very good-tempered, had a great many daughters, all very good-looking, all very lively, all very fond of dancing, and all very willing to get married as soon as possible.

It was related of the Commodore, that a few years before this period, (1798), when his Royal Highness Prince Edward was on a tour of inspection in Upper Canada, his Royal Highness signified his intention to visit the Commodore's vessel, the 'Ottawa,' upon which her commander made preparations for the most correct observance of all the honours due to the Prince; twenty-one guns to be fired, the royal standard to be hoisted at the main as the Prince placed his foot on deck, a proper guard to be drawn up to present arms, all the officers in their full-dress uniform, whilst Commodore Grant, at the gangway, should, by the taking off of his hat, give the signal for the guard to present arms, the firing of the cannon, the displaying the royal standard, &c., and hats off all round.

On the day, and at the hour appointed, his Royal Highness fulfilled his promise, a virtue which he practised most scrupulously; and to the minute left the shore, on his way to the vessel. The Commodore, spy-glass in hand, was watching every movement; his round, plump, pocked-marked face, as red as a pomegranate. At length, as the barge was drawing along side, he turned to his officers, calling to them "now be ready, and fail not in attending most rigidly to my orders; ye must tack the time fro mee, and do as I do, mee bonny lads." Then, as the royal head began to ascend above the level of the deck, he stepped forward a yard or so. When the Prince had gained a footing on the deck, he advanced to within a fathom of his Royal Highness, and raising both his hands, one on each side of his round hat, and seizing it, somewhat behind his ears, he lifted it well off his head, and then, still holding on with both hands, swiftly drew it down between his knees, as his body fell forwards very low, from which posture he did not rise more than half-upright.

The Commodore remained in that most respectful position, catching an anxious view of

his Royal Highness through his brows ; with well-studied pronunciation, he addressed his Royal Highness as follows :—“ How do you do, Mester Prince ? How does yer Papaw do ? ” I have often heard this anecdote related in various parts of Canada but always as nearly as possible in the same words.

The old ‘ Machedash ’ glided down the River Detroit without accident, and cast anchor opposite to Amherstburgh, where I left the vessel. Without any difficulty I found out the ordnance-house, occupied by my most excellent friend, Lieutenant Backwell, and his amiable wife, who had left Quebec about the same time as myself. In the society of these worthy people I passed a few days in a most agreeable way. Backwell, on the following morning, conducted me to the quarters of the commandant, Captain McLean, who invited us to dine as also Lieutenant Sinclair of the Royal Artillery—the only officer of his corps stationed at that place. The other officer present was a Captain McMillan, a jolly, fat Scotchman, with a very plump, round face, sandy hair, and rosy complexion. In the course of the evening the latter treated us to a tune on two Jews’ harps,

performing on both at once, and as he asserted, playing first and second. His Jews' harps were great pets, and he kept them in a neat case made for the purpose, well supplied with cotton, to secure them from experiencing injury.

Captain McLean also was a Scotchman; he was fond of exercising his power, and had a peculiar stiffness of manner, with dashes of familiarity, making a most disagreeable mixture possible, and which, I thought uncommonly annoying. I afterwards discovered that the captain was on bad terms with Backwell and Sinclair, and had been so from the time of their arrival, and that the same had been the case betwixt McLean and Lieutenants Cooper and T. Forbes, their predecessors.

At a small party to which I had been invited I met a Mr. Sparkman, who I believe was a barrack-master; and he related the following anecdote of recent occurrence.

“Prior to this place being garrisoned by the Canadian Volunteers Lieutenant-Colonel England, (since then General and Governor of Plymouth), and Captain Andrews, both of the 24th regiment, were quartered here. These two officers were each of them men of

large dimensions, and very fond of good living. England having, according to his daily practice, strolled out to the river shore, where the Indians usually brought fish, &c., to exchange the same for rum, purchased the largest pickerrel he had ever seen.

“On his way home the Lieutenant-Colonel met Andrews, when after the usual salutations, Andrews observed ‘Is there anything to be had on the water side, Colonel?’ ‘A few pickerrel, but they are small, the best are all gone—you are fond of pickerrel, Andrews, I believe.’ ‘Oh, very fond indeed, Colonel, the finest fish in these waters no doubt,’ quickly ejaculated the gastronome, No. 2. ‘Yes, I fully agree with you, they are a very delicious treat; but when of the enormous size of the one I have just secured, I should think nothing could surpass the flavour.’ The captain’s mouth watering at the bare recital. The commandant’s servant came up that moment, and exhibited the finest pickerrel that had ever been seen by the oldest inhabitant in the place. Andrews remained in breathless suspense, waiting the Colonel’s invitation to partake of this rare dainty;—yet no, England remained silent,

quite regardless of Andrews' increasing appetite, when at length he tapped his three-quarter circle, as an official announcement that something extra good was coming; then waving his hand, said: 'You may yet pick up something, all the canoes are not yet in; good morning, I shall see you at guard mounting to-morrow, and give you a full account of the delicacy of this fish.' During the last minute or two Andrews had been engaged in endeavouring to suppress the increasing moisture in his mouth, and which, by the disappointment he had just experienced, had almost ascended into his eyes. Andrews angrily watched the receding figure of the Colonel, and cautiously watching till he should be out of hearing, grumbled out: 'What a d—d brute to tantalize one so;' and hastily walked off, cutting with his stick savagely at every detached pebble on his path."

At length a vessel was prepared to carry me to Fort Erie, and in two days I arrived there. I found Lieutenant Cowen the officer commanding the vessel, which I believe was a schooner, a very good fellow, and so everybody, who had formed his acquaintance had dubbed him.

At Fort Erie, the officer commanding supplied me with a bateau manned by a party of the Canadian volunteers, and away we started down the River Niagara to be landed at Fort Chippawa, a distance of eighteen miles. The bateaux of that country were flat bottomed, thirty-six feet long, and about seven feet wide, and sharp pointed at both ends—the widest part being at one-third of the length from the bow. I had a cargo of wild animals—two bears, a deer, a blue-fox, a beaver, a raccoon, an otter and some smaller species; all in good cages and properly secured. Moreover, I had some very fine logs of curled and bird's eye maple.

With the bateaux much crowded, we pushed off, and without much labour to the rowers, we ran down with the strong current to the mouth of the Chippawa Creek. I must here describe that the two currents of the Niagara and Chippawa Creek, uniting at this place caused a long shoal of sand to extend from the upper side of Chippawa Creek, over which the water was too inconsiderable to allow a boat to pass upon it so as to enter the creek—thus rendering it necessary to follow the Niagara to some distance across the mouth, before there

would be water sufficient for the boat to turn into the creek without touching. Under many other circumstances, the necessity of thus half passing the creek before it became practicable to enter it, would have been quite unworthy of the slightest remark; but here, within half a mile of the first cascades above the falls of Niagara, where the current was already running with great speed and increasing in swiftness at every yard, the turning out of that torrent into the creek was very naturally a subject of the utmost importance, and required considerable coolness, courage, and experience, since if it were attempted too soon, the bow of the boat would touch the sand, upon which the rapid current following the boat impelling it forward with great force, would instantly catch the stern, and swing the boat round, and before it could be possible to recover the full command of the direction of the course, it would inevitably have entirely passed beyond the creek, and be carried away towards the falls. On the other hand, to delay the turning into the creek until the boat should have completely cleared the shoal, required much nerve and a perfect knowledge not only of the locality, but also of the

degree of reliance which might be placed in the implicit obedience of the boatmen to the orders of the guide.

As we approached the creek we kept hugging the shore closer and closer, and I freely admit, the sight of the tumultuous waters as they dashed up the spray, preparatory to their taking the final plunge over the frightful cliff into the roaring gulf below, caused me to wish myself well out of it. Our steersman was inexperienced, wanted nerve, and in every respect was totally unfit for the important trust he had undertaken, and the result was that he turned the bows into the creek too soon, so that the current caught the stern of the boat immediately on the bow, striking the shoal, and sent it round, by which the bow lost its hold of the sand; and away we went twirling round and round, passing the creek at least one hundred yards before it was possible to recover the command of the steering.

The soldiers and others, on shore, who were watching our arrival, now ran along on the rocks, by the water's edge, calling out to do this, do that, do all sorts of things; no doubt with the best intention, but with the worst possible effect, for it merely diverted the atten-

tion of the crew from co-operating in any one course. I was in the middle, the usual place of passengers in these bateaux, but instantly scrambled over the wild beasts' cages, as well as I could, when in such a hurry, and ran to the bows, ordering the men to pull together, and the steersman to keep the head towards the land. We were not thirty yards from the shore, yet our side movement with the current, rendered it exceedingly doubtful if we should be able to go that thirty yards a-head before the stream would carry us past the water-mill, and if we passed that point no hope could be entertained of our escaping the frightful horrors of being ground to atoms in the whirlpool, below the falls, wherein every tree of the hugest dimensions is reduced to splinters.

The men pulled heartily, their lives depending on their exertions, and as the boat was approaching a large mass of stone, which I foresaw it would almost, if not quite, graze, I leaped out with the long rope fastened to the boat, expressly for hauling her up the current, coiled in my hand, and flinging a few turns of it round the rock, I threw myself down in the water on my back, with my feet against the

rock—the only means I had of holding the rope from slipping away with the boat. I finally thus succeeded in stopping the boat, perhaps but for a few seconds—yet long enough to give time for several of the zealous people who had followed us along the shore, to come to my aid, which I seriously needed, being nearly suffocated by the water dashing over my face, and forcing itself into my mouth, nose, ears, and eyes ; I was rescued, but the rope was torn out of our hands by the violence of the torrent, and away went the boat, and every one in it.

The screams of the men on board, and the cries of distress put forth by the powerless spectators on shore were most terrific ; just as the boat was on the point of entering some of the first of the cascades, the towing rope, one hundred and twenty feet long, dragging after the boat, having a strong piece of wood well fastened at its extremity to aid in the hauling of the boat, most providentially caught between two rocks and saved the boat and people. The dragging back the boat into Chippawa Creek, was an operation both tedious and dangerous. While this was going on, having dined at a

respectable inn, I proceeded to Queen's Town by land, twelve miles, and there with my menagerie embarked again, and in less than an hour arrived at Navy Hall, situated a mile within the mouth of the Niagara, near the town of Newark, a noted place for intermittant fevers.

It was now past eight o'clock in the evening, and I found my friend, Lieutenant T. Forbes, of the Royal Artillery, after dinner at the mess-room, and had not been there one hour when I experienced a sharp attack of the ague. The troops at Fort George, but more particularly at Navy Hall, were so much afflicted by that disease, that during one of the summers, whilst I was in Canada, a garrison amounting to three or four hundred men could scarcely muster fifty men fit for duty. This was attributed to a swamp, extending a few hundreds of yards from near Navy Hall towards the mouth of the River Niagara, in Lake Ontario, and occupying a flat space not exceeding fifty yards in width, between the river and the plains of Niagara, which terminated on the side next the river by a steep bank overhanging the swamp.

Various attempts were made by the officer

commanding, to procure the filling-up, drainage, or to cover the marsh by a few feet of earth, but without success. The troops composing the garrison, offered to cut down as much of the steep bank along the marsh, as would produce a sufficient quantity of materials for covering the surface to a necessary depth, for rendering it dry or free from water ; the soldiers stipulating that they should be supplied with the requisite tools, and be allowed a puncheon of rum, to protect them from the contagion or evil effects of the pestilential miasma. Notwithstanding the modesty of this offer it was refused, and the swamp suffered to continue its deadly work.

I had arrived at Fort George too late in the season to procure a passage in any of the government vessels ; the last had been gone many days before my arrival, to be laid up for the winter at Kingston. This rendered my further progress towards Quebec very difficult ; for a land journey round the lake (Ontario) to Kingston was at that period (1798) very rarely attempted, not even for the carriage of a mail bag : there were no roads, and the whole distance would have to be performed on foot. I know not now

what induced me to take a passage in a small schooner, destined to go to York (Toronto) as at that place there was no better means of communicating with Lower Canada, than at Fort George. I nevertheless embarked and sailed in the little schooner, at an early hour of the morning of the 10th of December, 1798, the second after my arrival, and immediately made sail.

In crossing the bar, we were well drenched by the heavy swell breaking over the entire vessel, and as the wind was right in our teeth, and blowing hard from York, we commenced a regular set of tacks in order to beat to windward, a distance of about forty miles to York; which our gallant commander and owner of the schooner declared he should accomplish in twelve or fifteen hours.

In making our first run we were obliged to stand away along the American side of the lake, creeping off a little from the land, but when we had proceeded a few miles in that direction, and had just tacked, we were (all those on deck) thrown down by the violence of a shock—the vessel having struck whilst pitching, on an unknown rock, some five or

six miles from the nearest land. She rose with the swell and struck again and again, when at length she passed on clear of the rock, and the soundings were very much greater than the commander had expected. The pumps were applied to for information, by which we learnt that the water was rushing in so fast, that it was exceedingly doubtful if we could keep the vessel from sinking during the next hour, and the captain at once declared the boat which was very small, could not rescue more than six of us out of fifteen.

In the meanwhile, he ordered a well tarred sail to be hawled under the vessel, which although it spoiled our sailing a little, performed wonders in reducing the leakage, and the course of the vessel was, I need not add, directed back to the River Niagara. Our exertions were immediately devoted to the pumps and baling without relaxation, and we thus, by the help of God, and working like niggers, re-entered the river. The pumping and baling having been slackened, the little schooner went down in the course of a couple of hours by the side of the wharf.

Having abandoned every expectation of being able to prosecute my journey, I was kindly

admitted an honorary member of the mess of the second battalion of Canadian Volunteers, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel McDonell, and I passed many very pleasant days with the officers of that excellent regiment. In addition to Lieutenant T. Forbes, of the Royal Artillery, who, like myself, was an honorary member, there was an Irish Roman-Catholic priest, whose name was Burke, and a remarkably good companion he was. Father Burke's anecdotes were not only excellent but his wit and manner were admirable. He never altered a muscle of his face, although at times, when the story was highly laughable, a slight twinkling of his small sunken eyes, and a gentle compression of his lips, pre-disposed his auditory to convulsions, he retaining an air of simplicity surpassing all description. He accompanied his narrative with strong expressions, yet as he was averse to swearing, he evaded the sin as he fancied, by the frequent use of the word *Pardi*, an abbreviation of *Par Dieu*, or by *Par-diman* ! with a strong touch of the brogue. By the latter name he was generally known ; to which he answered without the slightest sign of being offended.

“It was a year or two ago,” said Father

Burke, on one occasion, "that the Governor of Quebec and his family visited Niagara, and when about to sail for Kingston in one of the government vessels appointed to receive the distinguished party, the celebrated Joseph Brant, Indian and chief of the Six Nations also proposed to take his passage in the same vessel. Captain Brant—for he actually was a real captain on the half-pay unattached, a reward he had received for his services, I believe, during the first American war—was a very well educated man, had been in England, was a freemason, wrote and spoke the English language remarkably well, was shrewd, clever, and had been received in the best societies in London.

"At this time, Brant was on his way to Lower Canada, to attend some general Indian affairs as chief of the Six Nations, and was attended by fifteen of his handsomest and cleverest Indians, who, although somewhat civilised on many points, were all of them, including Brant, *sans culottes*. The Bishop very naturally felt much objection to the close society of so many half-clothed men with the ladies of his family, and consequently took an

opportunity to give Brant a hint of the propriety of their wearing trousers.

“My Lord,” said Brant, “I think with you it will, no doubt, be much more agreeable,” then with an arch look, added; “send me fifteen pairs of trowsers, my lord, and I shall take care that my rascals wear them.” Fifteen pairs of trowsers, his lordship began to consider, would cost no trifle, and this expense was merely to enable his wife and daughters to appear on deck for one or two days at most; “no—no,” thought his lordship, we must wave the ceremony of the trowsers.

Whilst mentioning this very extraordinary Indian, I may as well take this opportunity to relate, that during the time I was at Fort George, still in the year 1798, Brant dined several times at the mess of the Canadian Volunteers. I found him gentlemanly, and well acquainted with all the etiquette of the table; he was never troublesome, by intruding any Indian vulgarities whilst sober, yet he occasionally indulged in a few glasses more than he could bear, which rendered him excitable. I have seen him with very little cause, jump up and flourish his tomahawk

over any person's head whom he considered had offended him, declaring as he screeched out the war-whoop, that he would instantly scalp him. I never, however, heard that he had in any case gone beyond a threat, and I firmly believe he had no intention but to cause alarm, if that were his real desire I have reason to believe he never failed.

Drinking to the health of the King was the first toast after the cloth was removed, when Brant filled a bumper and rising, drank, "to the health of George III., God bless him!" but the moment the health of the Prince of Wales was proposed, Brant turned down his glass, and evidently much enraged, would exclaim: "I love George III. from the bottom of my heart," then frowning and assuming an air of supreme contempt, he added emphatically, "d—n the Prince of Wales." I never learned the cause of his dislike to the Prince.

A few days after my arrival at Fort Georgé, one morning, whilst Lieutenant Forbes and myself were at breakfast, we were startled by a general hue and cry proceeding from a vast number of soldiers who were rushing out of the

barracks with the utmost diligence, and making their way towards the river, in active pursuit, it was evident, of some fugitive biped or quadruped, out of our sight. Hostile intentions were, however, strongly marked by the variety of weapons which they carried; the first, no doubt, which each could snatch up. We joined in the chase, and on arriving at the banks of the river, near Navy Hall, beheld an enormous black bear plunge into the water, and swim away in fine style towards the American shore opposite, whilst three or four of the officers and as many of the soldiers, bounced into a light boat and commenced an active pursuit, all of them having some weapon, chiefly however, rifles. Notwithstanding the extraordinary speed of the bear, the boat was decidedly gaining. Several of the officers now discharged their pieces, without, however, producing any effect. At length the bear discovering that the boat was gaining upon him, turned and swam with desperation towards the boat, clearly with an intention to board, which he was in the act of accomplishing, when Captain Ferguson, of the Grenadiers, who had arrived too late to get

into the boat, and was anxiously watching every movement from the shore, levelled his rifle, and though at an extraordinary distance, shot the bear through the ears; thus saving no doubt the lives of some of his comrades. The boat had reached the middle of the river, and now returned with the bear. Its weight with the skin, was four hundred and fifty-seven pounds and three-quarters. The hind legs were salted and made into very excellent hams, and we made several good suppers on the loin and ribs. Ferguson presented the skin to his commanding officer, Lieutenant-Colonel McDonell, a little man suffering almost constantly from gout.

During my short visit to Fort George, a party was made up to go to Chippawa in order to accompany me, whilst I should be introduced to all the wonders of this most wonderful cataract of Niagara, the top of which I had seen on my way down from Fort Erie. We first went down the bank to the Table Rock, a sheet of stone projecting horizontally from the left bank, nearly on a level and immediately over the brink of the Horse-Shoe Fall. From this place, we went down by a ladder formed by the trunk of a tree, with notches cut into its sides, by which means, and

various other expedients, we arrived at the bottom, whence the prospect is highly magnificent.

Here some of us went between the cascade and the cliff, over which it shot so clear of the face of the rock that we could walk to a considerable distance in that place, but not without some risk, since the foothold was merely on loose gravel, standing at a considerable inclination, and the mind was struck with awe while reflecting that over our heads we had a solid sheet of water, fifteen or twenty feet thick, descending from a height of one hundred and fifty feet with incredible velocity.

We were wetted to the skin by the density of the spray, and the roaring noise of the waters falling into the vast basin below, was so much greater than the loudest thunder, that it was not without the utmost efforts of the lungs that one person could make his companion hear him.

Having returned to the inn at Chippawa, we found there a pleasant party of travellers, with whom we sat down at the same table, and were served with a very good dinner. As the bottle passed round, many amusing adventures were related. One of our new friends, who had been a resident in that part of the country

during several years, detailed at great length the extraordinary feats of a very enterprising fellow, I think he said, an officer in the royal navy, whom, he asserted, had undertaken, for a trifling wager, to scull a ship's boat from Chippawa Creek to Fort Slausser on the opposite side of the river Niagara ; this place being only two miles above the Falls, and the current running with great swiftness ; yet he won the wager with ease.

I did not see the burning spring, as it was called ; but it was however described by one of the party as a spot near the shore, and not distant many yards from some mills just below Chippawa Creek, where the water emitted bubbles of air, and appeared to be boiling. By applying a light, the air-bubbles caught fire as they came up in rapid succession, so as to allow of the boiling of a kettle on the burning spring.

Soon after our return to Fort George, the commandant of the American Fort of Niagara, came to dine at the mess ; he was a major in the American army, I believe a native of Germany, but I have totally forgotten his name. I remember well that he was viewed as a sort of curiosity in consequence of his indulging in the vice of smoking cigars to an extent almost

unheard of before, I cannot trust to my memory with certainty, but I have some impression left on my mind that the number of cigars consumed by him daily amounted to little less than half a hundred. I have since been informed that he actually smoked himself to death, which I am inclined to believe to be correct, for at the time when I saw him he was sallow-complexioned, thin as a lathe, and, as nearly as possible, dried up to the state of a red herring.

Having remained at Fort George until the first week in January (1799) without forming any fixed design as to the means by which I might continue my route to Quebec, I was suddenly relieved from any further perplexity on that subject, by my meeting with a Mr. Lamb, an American, who was about to return to New York, with his sleigh and pair of very fine horses. Although at this period there was not any kind of road, and only a mere track along the first one hundred miles, in no other way discoverable than by the trees being blazed at short intervals, or the bark chipped off from the trees at twenty to thirty yards distance from one another, enabling the traveller to find his way. Mr. Lamb describing the journey as one

of complete amusement, I resolved on accompanying him in his sleigh to Albany; I soon after persuaded Mr. Dixon to join. He was a rough, red-headed Scotchman, a big, wild-looking fellow, with a large body, small round head, and short neck. He had for some years been engaged in the fur trade, which, together with his fierce appearance, drew upon him the *sobriquet* of Buffalo Dixon; he was nevertheless a most excellent travelling companion.

We procured a third passenger in Ensign Boucherville, of the second battalion of Canadian Volunteers, a very fine young man, about eighteen years of age, full of loyalty and military ardour. He was the son of one of the Seigneurs of Lower Canada.

On the day prior to my departure, I called on Captain Pilkington of the Engineers, the only officer of his corps at Fort George, and found there Joseph Brant, the celebrated Indian of whom I have already made some mention. He, however, soon retired, having accomplished the object of his visit, when Pilkington told me that he had just agreed to accept fifteen thousand acres of land on the Grand River, in exchange for a house which he had built at

Newark, but which the Six Nations were desirous of presenting to Captain Clause of the 60th Regiment, and superintendant of the Indian department; I believe, however, I should have stated the present was to Mrs. Clause, the grand-daughter of the late Sir William Johnson, the Superintendent-General of Indian affairs in North America.

Prior to my departure, I made arrangements for sending my menagerie to Quebec, at the opening of the navigation, as a present to Mrs. Prescott, except the deer, which I gave to Lady Johnson; my friend Lieutenant T. Forbes of the Artillery had the kindness to carry these into effect for me in the most satisfactory manner. In mentioning these animals, I am induced to relate that one of my bears, about three years old, had become so familiar with the soldiers of the light company, near to whose quarters he had been chained to a cask for a kennel, that on several occasions having contrived to break his chain during the night, and instead of dashing away to the woods, he invariably sought a lodging amongst his friends of the light company, where he coiled himself up in the warmest corner he could find, and there

remained, without annoying any one until discovered in the morning; then without a murmur, he allowed himself to be reconducted to his cask. However, one very cold night, having thus quitted his residence, he ascended the stairs, and finding the barrack-room door open, he entered, *sans cérémonie*, and after groping about in the dark, he probably discovered that the sleeping-places of the men threw out a most tempting quantity of warmth, hesitated not in claiming the benefit of occupying the unoccupied half of the soldier's bed, which was fixed lengthways against the wall. Bruin had so far gained his point, that he at once extended himself at the back of the man in bed, selecting the place betwixt him and the wall, without exciting in his bed-fellow any suspicion that he was not his usual companion.

By degrees, however, wishing to increase the little comfort which half a soldier's bed could afford him, he applied his back against that of the soldier, and with his four feet to the wall, he gave him such a thrust, that he very soon obtained possession of the entire bed, the occupant readily abandoning his right.

CHAPTER II.

Journey to Albany—Boucherville drinks the Queen's health at White's-town—Sir W. Johnson—Arrive at Albany—I purchase a sleigh and horses and arrive at Montreal in five days—Appointed to the command of the Engineers at Montreal—Go on to Quebec—Mess of Artillery and Engineers at Quebec—Schalch and Corporal Grant—My landlord at Montreal—The ring on the ice—I join the mess of the 60th regiment.

EVERY thing being now ready for my departure with Mr. Lamb, on the 5th of January, 1799, the sky beautifully bright, the air severely cold, the snow not very deep, but exceedingly crisp, we set out from Fort George, and on the second day arrived at Buffalo, at that time a small village nearly opposite to Fort Erie. On the 9th, the weather during the night, was very mild, and we started from Buffalo at half-past seven in the morning, just as the sun was

rising and the atmosphere exceedingly clear. The country in this neighbourhood is very beautiful, and in summer the scenery must be truly splendid. Water power is abundant. At the expiration of two hours we reached the first plain, which is three miles across, the tract exceedingly rough, and on arriving at the four-mile creek, it was unfortunately not frozen over, the current being too rapid. In fording it, our baggage was therefore dipped under water, our sleigh broke down, and the only alternative was to send to Buffalo for a sleigh to carry thither ours, and have it repaired and brought back; all of which was accomplished by an early hour next morning. In the meanwhile, we made a good fire and sheltered ourselves the best way we could, and were far from passing our time miserably.

After travelling over a very rough tract and many dangerous creeks, and the twelve mile plain, we arrived at the Tawneewanee or Tona-wanda Creek, about thirty miles from Buffalo Creek. We now crossed the creek and some plains, but we found it impossible to attempt proceeding after dark through a country where the track was not very visible, even during daylight. We experienced some difficulty in kind-

ling a fire ; but at length we succeeded, and endeavoured to enliven the tedium of the long evening as well as we were able. This camp is ten miles from Tawneewanee Creek.

On the 11th at daylight we recommenced our journey, and found the tract more difficult than hitherto, the partial absence of snow rendered it very laborious for the horses to drag the sleigh on the bare ground. Having advanced about eleven miles, in attempting to drive over a stump of a tree, standing up too high for our sleigh to pass over, it caught the middle floor-transverse-bar, and not only broke it, but took away with it the stancheons. We now experienced the advantage of having another sleigh in company, into which we removed the baggage from our broken vehicle, and with difficulty reached Ganson's log-house inn.

The snow being this morning (12th of January) entirely gone, we were compelled to remain all day at Ganson's. Several travellers, on horseback, called, some from the west going eastward, and others from the east going westward ; all endeavouring to find out which way we were travelling, our age, our names, pursuits, if we were married, if we had children,

fathers, mothers, how many brothers and sisters, &c.

13th. At four o'clock this morning it began to snow, and so continued till daylight; but it all melted as fast as it fell; notwithstanding which at eight o'clock, we started in company with the other sleigh, Mr. Dixon having agreed with the owner to ride with him. On going off that sleigh was upset, but fortunately without injury to any one. We found the road much better than we had been led to expect, and after taking a hot gin-sling, at the half-way house, we arrived at the Genesee river, where, as we expected, the ice was broken up.

The ferry-boat was, after considerable delay, got ready, and we reached the opposite side, not without much difficulty in consequence of the strength of the current; but here in attempting to land, one of the horses slipped, and he dragged the other after him into the water, when both would have been drowned, had not the axe been at hand, with which one of my companions cut the traces, and set the horses free.

Damages having been repaired, in less than an hour we were again advancing; and stopped

for the night at a house about six miles from the river.

At nine o'clock the next morning we recommenced our laborious march. The draft of the sleigh, upon bare and soft ground, was quite as much as the horses could accomplish, we therefore proceeded on foot. I was but ill provided for such hard work, having left my boots and shoes at Fort George, in order to reduce as much as possible the weight as well as the bulk of my baggage; and had brought with me but one pair of Indian moccasins which were now completely worn into holes. Though bare-footed, I proceeded on till we arrived at Canandaigua, having walked the whole distance, twenty-two miles, on very rough, and in many places, stony road; my feet swollen and very sore, and moreover very tired.

I omitted to note that the town of Canandaigua is situated on a rising ground, and is quite a new settlement, but notwithstanding its respectable appearance, I experienced considerable difficulty in procuring a pair of shoes. The houses are exceedingly neat, some of them handsome. There are several manufacturies; one of linseed-oil, and another of very good

strong beer. The main, or more properly, the only street that is at present built, extends in a north and south direction, and may be about a mile in length, the houses of course much scattered. At the southern extremity of this street, is the Lake Canandaigua, which is thirty-six miles long, and about three or four wide. From this lake a small channel has been cut to let off the superfluous waters in the spring of the year.

We resumed our journey on the 15th. Our horses had again, during the whole of the way, to contend with the severe labour of dragging our sleigh on bare ground. After passing several saw mills, we arrived at Geneva, soon after six o'clock; the moon shining beautifully, and to our infinite satisfaction, the air decidedly frosty. On stopping at the door of a large building, which is the hotel, the ostler's bell was rung, which struck Dixon, who had been in England, and myself, as an exceedingly cheerful sound, immediately after which the landlord, landlady, barmaid, chamber-maid, waiter, boots, porter, &c., hurried to the door to offer their assistance.

We entered the house, as may be well

supposed, in the highest good spirits at meeting such a reception, after the long fatiguing and toilsome journey we had performed from Buffalo to this place.

The waiter led the way, and opened the door of an excellent, thoroughly English coffee-room, with blazing fire, and well lighted by several lamps.

On inquiring what we could have for supper? "Anything you please," replied the waiter. "Oh you impudent Yankee," thought I. "Then let us have some cod-fish and oyster-sauce, and a pair of roasted ducks, as soon as ready," said I, having racked my brain to name something impossible, in order to take the conceit out of the fellow; but lo! to my extraordinary surprise his only reply was, "Yes Sir, to be sure;" then, turning back into the room, he observed, "perhaps you would like a few oysters, off-hand, to play with, while the fish be cooking?" "Certainly," was the unanimous reply, and in a few minutes the man, having spread the cloth on the table nearest the fire, re-entered the room, kicking before him the folding red bazed doors, with an immense dish of oysters, certainly

containing two hundred at least, with oyster-knives, cloths, bread, butter, and two or three bottles of London porter. These having been partly disposed of; a fine piece of cod-fish and oyster-sauce in abundance, with mealy potatoes, were brought in; and in due time the finest pair of ducks I have ever seen, gladdened, and somewhat revived our expiring gastronomic senses. Upon inquiry, I was informed that the fish and oysters were brought very regularly twice a-week from Boston, a distance of several hundred miles; but it is only during the winter season that this can be done, when they are frozen and packed in snow or ice.

The town of Geneva is seated on ground very similar as to elevation to that on which Canandaigua stands; but instead of the long street being directed upon a lake, it extends in a line parallel to it. The buildings are very good; the court-house, the prison, the town-house, and other public buildings are exceedingly handsome, and the streets are lighted with a sufficient number of lamps. It is worthy of mention, that the Lake Geneva or Seneca, on the borders of which this town is built, never

freezes; nor was there this morning the least appearance of floating ice, although the weather had been severely cold.

On the 16th, at ten, A.M., we quitted the town of Geneva, and proceeded towards Lake Cayuga, under some apprehension that the ice might not be sufficiently strong to allow of our passing over it.

On the morning of the 17th, we set out at break of day, having adopted one of the three roads before us; and we were fortunate in selecting one which we found very good, somewhat more hilly, and the country generally higher.

At the distance of about thirty miles from Geneva we came upon some salt springs, so rich in salt that I was told every gallon of water contains nearly a pound of salt. These springs are situated round the borders of Anandaga Lake; and the salt is obtained by evaporating the water in large cauldrons. The salt procured here is very white, and the quantity obtained has amounted to four thousand barrels in one year, which is carried to all parts of the surrounding country to the extent of one hundred and fifty miles at least. This

salt is not, however, considered fit for the curing of meat intended for long keeping.

After examining those springs we proceeded, and arrived at White's-town, a small, but very neatly built place, with a new church, somewhat out of proportion. The hotel was very good, having a respectable coffee-room, well attended by news hunters. After dinner, our loyal friend, Ensign Boucherville, suddenly recollected that this day was the anniversary of the Queen's birthday (Charlotte), when unable to restrain a public demonstration of his attachment and loyalty, he started up on his feet, and exclaimed with a Frenchman's accent, "By G—! dis is de Queen's burst day; we must drink Her Majesty's health!" and then raising his voice, and looking fiercely around the room, he added, "and everybody in de room shall drink de Queen's health, by G—! or he shall have to do wit me."

There were, at this time, about twenty Americans in the room, when they, one and all rose, and each drawing his chair behind him, clapped himself down at our table, declaring they had a great regard for old Charlotte, and for old

Georgy two; and would most willingly drink to their healths. This being accomplished by emptying two or three bottles in addition to those that had been on the table at first, one of these good-natured fellows said, "Now, gentlemen, you will, I hope, not refuse to drink to the health of our worthy president." This was, of course, done in overflowing bumpers; and then a dozen of the greatest men of both countries were in like manner toasted, always in bumpers. After which, our excellent friends giving us a very hearty shake of the hand, expressed their desire that we should revisit them, and wished us a good night, repeating several times that they would always be glad to drink to the health of old Georgy and his wife. As they waved their hands in putting on their hats, I could see many of them chuckling and winking at each other, in silent enjoyment at leaving us to pay for our loyalty; for these very obliging good-natured fellows had consumed with us thirty-seven bottles of wine.

White's-town is seated near the source of the Mohawk river, about one hundred miles from Albany. On the following day we proceeded in good spirits, and stopped an hour at

Fort Skuyler to refresh our horses, and take a hot gin-sling, and went on to the Little Falls. The former is small and neat, and the country around it very romantic.

We proceeded by Sheldon's hotel to Fonda's tavern, both on the Mohawk, the country exceedingly romantic, and thickly scattered with excellent houses and several blockhouses; amongst the latter is Fort Plain. We also passed the house occupied by the late Sir William Johnson before the first American war, and near it, baited the horses, whilst we visited a sort of chapel on a rising ground, at a short distance from the river.

From this spot the eye ranges over a beautiful and extensive country; and, after calling our attention to this fact, our guide said it was here that Sir William and the Indian chief exchanged dreams; and explained that Sir William, having had occasion on a festival day, or some other gala event, to appear in the full embroidered suit of a general officer, and having been seen by the great chief of the Indians in those parts, an almost totally uninhabited country at the time, the Indian was very desirous of possessing the splendid dress. Accord-

ingly, meeting Sir William on the following day, he said, "Ha, Sir William, me dream wit you last night." "Indeed," replied the General, quickly understanding that the chief was about to ask for some present, a common mode of begging with those people. "Well," replied Sir William, "what did you dream?" "Oh, Sir William, me dream you give me dat fine coat you had on yesterday." Sir William was not much delighted at being thus obliged to part with his very costly coat, but he could not refuse without giving offence. "Oh, my dear fellow, the coat is yours;" and in an hour the Indian chief was seen walking about, as proud as Lucifer, with the General's full-dress coat on his back, whilst he had on no other article of clothing but a pair of leggins.

Sir W. Johnson was not the man to submit to his loss tamely, and on the following day, seeking the opportunity, he said to the chief, "How do you like your new coat?" "Very much, very much," replied the Indian. "Well," continued Sir William, "do you know I dream with you last night;" and the Indian king began to look very serious, for he instantly perceived he would have to pay for the coat.

“ Well, and what you dream, Sir William ?”
“ Why, come here,” taking the Indian by the arm, and drawing him up to this elevated spot,
“ and I will tell you my dream. Now, I dream last night you pull me by the arm, and dragged me against my will to this place ; and then you say, ‘ Look, Sir William Johnson, all round you, I give you all the land you can see from here,’ which surprise me very much ! and I said, ‘ Thank you, my good friend,’ and I accepted the present !” The Indian, greatly astonished at his own liberality, exclaimed, “ Ah ! that was great dream — well, you must have it ; but, Sir William, me never dream any more with you.” Sir William was not sorry to hear this resolution, and soon after obtained the formal grant. The government took effectual measures to prevent any individual from acquiring property from the Indians in consequence of this event.

We proceeded, and arrived in good time at Albany, forty miles distant.

I have neglected to notice, that during the early part of this journey from Buffalo Creek, we found the road had been cut through an immense mass of trees, which had been blown down by a tornado that had traversed the con-

continent of America, from the Pacific Ocean to the Atlantic, but a year or two before my visit, levelling everything along its tract. It did not, in any part, extend in width more than about one hundred yards, and not much less anywhere. The cutting through this mass of fallen timber must have been a work of arduous labour.

At Pride's hotel at Albany, I became acquainted with a gentleman named Isaac Ogden, who was on his way to pay a visit to his brother, the Judge at Montreal; and I gave him a seat in my sleigh, which I had purchased, together with the horses of Mr. Lamb, and at the expiration of five days, we arrived at our destination.

I received a letter from Colonel Gother Mann, appointing me to take the command of the Engineer's department in the Montreal district; but that I should in the first instance proceed to Quebec. Accordingly I started with my own horses, and in two days arrived at Quebec, a distance of about one hundred and eighty miles. One of my first visits was to my friend, Lieutenant Cooper, of the Engineers, whom Backwell had relieved at Amherstburgh. I knew where to find him without inquiry, so

went straight to the house. On approaching it, I was surprised at seeing several officers and soldiers standing near the corner of the street, which was not much frequented. On turning the corner near the house, I beheld a coffin being carried out at the door, and a full military escort, with band and muffled drums, preparing to form the funeral procession. I was thus most distressingly informed, that my excellent friend was dead. Whilst I was hurrying away past the house to endeavour to recover from the shock I had experienced, Mrs. Cooper had seen me, and sent her servant to insist on my going in to see her.

I had known Mrs. Cooper, as also her husband, in England; but she was at that time the widow of Captain Graham; I believe of the 25th regiment, and having resolved on returning to her family, Doctor and Mrs. Harffy, of Amherstburgh, in Upper Canada, she had sailed in the same vessel with Lieutenant Cooper, and they were married soon after their arrival at Quebec. I shall say but little of the interview; it was, as may be imagined, distressing. Mrs. Cooper took her departure for England, in the course of the ensuing summer, where she again married.

At four o'clock I went to our mess-room, and there met several of my friends, with whom I had, during the preceding winter, passed many very pleasant days. Amongst those I remember, were Major Schalch, Lieutenants Caddy, Kidgil, and Truscott, of the Royal Artillery, and Colonel Mann and Captain Bryce, of the Royal Engineers: we had, moreover, several other honorary members; Doctor Graham, who soon after this time died; Doctor Soan, who also died within a short time after this; George Heriott, Esq., Postmaster-General for British North America, whose water-colour paintings were exceedingly beautiful. Heriott had attended the Royal Military Academy without being a cadet, but had entered the civil branch of the Ordnance, and was then at Quebec, either the Ordnance clerk of the cheque, or clerk of the survey. The other officers of Artillery, honorary members, were Lieutenant-Colonel Glasgow, commanding, Major Hamilton, Captain Dickinson, and Lieutenant Hall. It was here the practice, as often as it was necessary, to provide a pipe of wine for the mess, samples were obtained from several wine merchants, and these

were tasted by the officers after dinner, in order to select that which met with most approbation.

A pipe of port wine was at this period required, when several samples were sent for and received; and Major Schalch, who invariably took some trouble in endeavouring to obtain good samples, had on this occasion procured one of very old port in bottles, and he had taken every precaution to preserve it from being roughly handled. Schalch was in his way a very good fellow, but exceedingly precise, petulant, and frequently attached great importance to little matters.

After the removal of the cloth, several samples of port wine from the wood, with their labels, were arranged before the president, and half a dozen wine-glasses placed before each person at table.

The tasting now commenced, and proceeded with strict regularity from bottle to bottle, when one was, after repeated tasting and re-tasting, selected as the one that ought to be purchased. Upon this, Schalch announced that he had procured a sample of bottled port wine, which he now felt anxious should be tasted in competition with the best already selected; and

accordingly he desired Corporal John Grant, of the Royal Artillery, our mess servant, to draw the cork of his pet bottle; but Grant, a nervous man, and notwithstanding his most anxious desire to avoid offending the Major, handled the bottle in a manner very unsatisfactorily, so that Schalch's blood began to warm a little; and upon a second offence of the same nature it actually boiled, I had almost said, it had boiled over, so that he could not without difficulty remain on his chair; he repeatedly called out with much irritation of manner: "Mind what you are about, Sir; there—there!" with the utmost impatience—"there—there! Oh! you d—d scoundrel! See how the villain handles the bottle!"

Grant by this time was as red in the face as a turkey-cock, and fairly trembled from head to foot, so that he no longer could hold the bottle in a tranquil position; yet the poor, worthy, excellent fellow continued to exert the greatest pains in order to please the Major. He, however, at every instant became more and more tempestuous, and at length in an agony of rage and despair, called out, gnashing his teeth: "G—d d—n it! why the devil don't you give it a good shaking at once?"

Corporal Grant was too good a soldier to allow any opinion of his own to obstruct the execution of an order from his officer, therefore he immediately seized the bottle top and bottom, and shook it up like a bottle-washer. When out of breath with the violence of the exercise, he held it up to the Major, who by this time was in a state of speechless frenzy, saying, with a look of the most perfect satisfaction, "Will that do, Sir?"

My reports and explanations on the work upon which I had been engaged during the summer on the island of St. Joseph being all completed, I was desired to return to Montreal. On my arrival, I found that the house which I had engaged at a rent of £7 per quarter, and which I had ordered to be painted, whitewashed, and somewhat decorated, was quite ready for my occupation, for the whole of which I paid £17 10s. I had not been there many days, when my landlord, a Canadian, paid me a visit. I received him politely, not a little proud of the improvements I had so freely made, and immediately conducted him throughout the whole house, stables, &c. He manifested much satisfaction at the increased value of his property, and hesitated

not in declaring that he should find no difficulty in obtaining a tenant at the rent of £10 per quarter. At this declaration I was particularly well pleased, and acquiesced in his opinion.

The kindly smile which had spread over the man's countenance at his good fortune in having such a soft tenant retained its place as we approached the door; when he turned to me and said: "Sir, I must now offer you my best thanks for the generosity you have displayed in expending so much money on my premises. It would show but little gratitude to you, Sir, were I to take the full advantage of such liberal conduct, and as a proof of my sincerity, although you have admitted that I could now obtain £10 per quarter, yet I shall after this quarter, not expect more than £9 per quarter from you!"

The freezing up of the St. Lawrence at Montreal had occurred much later this season than usual; and as the marking of a ring on the ice exactly one mile in circumference had always been an operation of much interest, since, independently of its being the mall during the winter, it was constantly understood that when a trotting match took place in regard

of performing a certain number of miles, the ring in question was always considered to be the most correctly measured distance for the determination of the wager: and in order to secure a satisfactory authority for that purpose, the commanding officer of Royal Engineers was invariably solicited by a deputation of gentlemen selected from amongst the *beau-monde*, to mark the ring, and upon its completion he was invited to partake of a handsome dinner.

Accordingly, in the course of a day or two after my return from Quebec, such a deputation made their appearance at my house, and having appointed the day when the ring should be traced, the whole of the aristocracy of Montreal in their gayest sleighs assembled at my door, when I led them to the ring in my American sleigh, drawn by my pair of fine black horses, a perfect match, and rather more than sixteen hands high. After thus opening the public mall, we took two or three turns, and the president elect, with great ceremony, invited me to the dinner. He led the way to the place where it had been prepared, and the remainder of the day was passed in great conviviality.

I found the describing a ring of such exact

circumference, an affair requiring much care, and considerable difficulty was experienced in selecting a clear track amidst so many large masses of ice, profusely scattered over the whole of the surface.

My black American horses were an excellent match, and first-rate trotters. I was on this occasion much complimented on their general merits, and having myself spoken highly of their capabilities of trotting, Captain Bentham of the Royal Artillery who had been in the horse-brigade, and was regarded as the best judge of horse-flesh in Montreal, had examined them scientifically, noticed that they were goose-rumped, yoe-necked, and short between the ribs and hip—remaining mysteriously silent as to the consequences of such formation, which was variously interpreted. At last one of the knowing ones drew near to my sleigh, and expressed a desire to make a bet against the pair trotting fourteen times round the ring in an hour. I instantly accepted the offer for fifty dollars, and in a few minutes started. My horses were harnessed abreast, and attached to my American sleigh.

The air was beautifully clear, and the line perfectly marked by young fir-trees, planted in

the ice, at distances of twenty-five feet apart ; the road lay outside of these *balises*, as they are denominated. Having completed no more than seven miles and a half in the first thirty minutes, it was at once determined that I must lose, and two to one and then three to one was freely offered against me. I took the latter three times over in sixty to twenty dollars each—and won, having two minutes to spare, without once using the whip. I then offered to do the same over again after an hour's rest, if any one would bet ten to one against my winning, but no one would venture his money.

I was kindly permitted to join the mess of the second battalion of the 60th regiment, of which the head-quarters, under Lieutenant-Colonel McIntosh, was at Montreal ; with detachments at St. John's, near the American frontier, under Captain Cartwright and others ; at Chamblie, William Henry or Sorell, and La Chine. I received the utmost civilities from the merchants of Montreal, being engaged to partake of twelve or thirteen dinner-parties at one time.

CHAPTER III.

Death of Mrs. Faucher—Tom Walker—An earthquake
—Recovery of a lost watch—Ball at Lady Johnson's
—Walk to Fort Erie—Arrival at Amherstburgh—Bay
of Saganach—Escape from a snake—Arrival at
Michilimakinac—Dr. Mitchel and his daughter—
Colonel Birkbank—Captain Prior—M. la Framboise
—St. Joseph and St. Mary—Lake Superior—Two
camps of hostile savages—Game of La Crosse.

It was during the spring of this year (1799) that Mrs. Faucher died in an *accouchement*; and her disconsolate husband, the Solicitor-General, was so completely overwhelmed by his grief, that he ordered the whole of the room in which Mrs. Faucher's body was to lie in state during three days, should be black-washed, which extended to the ceiling, and the mouldings and cornices to be white-washed, whilst the

ante-room was white-washed and all the mouldings and cornices should be black. Six ladies from amongst the particular friends of the deceased, were selected to sit as mourners at the head and foot of the coffin, and about fifty wax tapers were placed in several rows round the body—the shutters of course all shut. I paid my respects, as did almost every individual in the city of Montreal during the lying in state; and I well remember that a Mrs. Tom Walker, one of the mourners, a large, but elegant and amiable lady, suffered very severely in consequence of the impurity of the atmosphere of a close room caused by the crowd of persons consuming the vital air, whilst no opening was provided for any kind of renewal.

I followed the remains of Mrs. Faucher to her resting-place; the funeral was celebrated with the most extravagant pomp, for she was a Roman-Catholic. The interior of the cathedral was hung with black from top to bottom, on all sides, and thickly covered with white spots exactly of the shape of tadpoles, but vastly larger, to represent tears. The cathedral was illumined by many thousands of wax-tapers; in short everything, which the Roman-

Catholic clergy could suggest as magnificent and costly, and which the ample pocket of the Solicitor-General could easily defray, was exhibited on this occasion.

As to the widowed Solicitor-General, he rolled on the floor, tearing his hair, as he might have done with impunity had it been his official wig, and beat his breast just as a brutal master has often been seen belabouring his faithful spaniel for a mere trifle, or for no trifle at all. In short, he refused food of every kind, and would listen to no consolation; the priests endeavoured during many days and nights to bring him to a more tranquil state of mind without making any progress. His grief, although so violent, was not incurable. In the course of five or six months he presented to his friends a second Madame Faucher.

I must now say a word or two in regard of Tom Walker; who was a very clever lawyer, brother of the judge, but who was more attached to the pleasures of good dinners and merry companions than to the dry occupations of his profession. Hence it was, perhaps, that Tom Walker's revenue was less than he required to keep up the expenses of his ordinary habits.

He felt that more clients must be procured; so when business began to run slack, Tom would fill a green bag with papers (for green was then the lawyers' colour, until the trial of Queen Caroline), and placing the same in his clerk's hands, ordered him to follow him, and to keep close to his heels. Then away went Tom, half walking half running, with his clerk heavily laden following the leader, when after having gone a complete circuit of the town, following only the most frequented thoroughfares, to every question answering, "In the greatest hurry,"—"going to make a will,"—"take the deposition of a dying man." Tom re-entered his office with his clerk completely blown.

Tom was soon smoked by the officers, who often met him in the streets, and they, for fun, would sometimes run on his track and keep him in view, going the full round after him, and see him safe home; when good-natured Tom, laughing heartily would say:

"D—n it, when a man happens to have a leisure hour it is charity to give his industrious clerk a little exercise. Come in and take a glass of my old Madeira, which I have been toasting by the stove during a couple of winters."

One night, just as I was going to bed, after dining at Sir John Johnson's, the Superintendent-General of Indian affairs, I heard a very singular sort of noise greatly resembling an immense number of carriages or sleighs coming on the road from Quebec gate. Although at first it appeared to be a great distance off, yet it seemed to be approaching very rapidly, and I soon felt the room shaking rather violently, which also agitated the furniture. I was partly undressed, but throwing on my great coat, I ran to the house door to ascertain what carriages could be passing, when to my astonishment I saw that the street was perfectly deserted. In a few seconds I observed the doors of all the houses adjoining opening rapidly one after the other, and many of the inmates rushing into the street in great terror, inquiring of each other the cause of the mysterious sound. I soon observed my opposite neighbour, Mr. Gregory, with his three daughters, very fine, lovely girls in the street; then Sir Alexander Mackenzie, who lived next door to Gregory, came out like a true Highlander, without any trousers. After a general consultation, we could not arrive at any other conclusion, than that it must have been the shock

of an earthquake, which next morning was confirmed by the unanimous voice of the public; nevertheless no fissures were discovered in the ground, nor were there any buildings thrown down, excepting an old barn at Camaraska, on the banks of the St. Lawrence, many miles below Quebec.

The winter having passed away amidst an almost continued succession of dinner-parties, balls, and other amusements, I began to think of making some efforts to recover the watch which I had lost out of my pocket during an upset from a calash, in going from La Chine to the end of the island, in the spring of the year preceding; and although I had drank a great deal too much wine, and was very far from sober, yet I had retained a doubtful sort of recollection that, whilst I had been hanging by my feet out of the calash, with my head nearly on the ground, I had at that moment, and in that inverted attitude, passed the church of St. Sulpice.

Accordingly, I set off in my sleigh, taking with me Lieutenant T. Rogers of the Royal Artillery; and on the morning of Easter Sunday, 1799, I affixed on the church door of St.

Sulpice a paper, announcing my having lost a watch, chain, and seals, describing them, and concluding by offering a reward of two guineas to be paid to any one who should give me such information as might lead to the discovery and repossession of the lost property. In the short space of one hour from the time when the bill had been fastened on the church door, I was informed that two children had found the watch, describing the place of their residence ; when step by step, having traced it through seven or eight different hands, I ultimately learnt it was then in the possession of *Monsieur le Curé*.

We drove to his house forthwith, and were shown into his sitting-room, when to my extreme satisfaction I beheld my lost watch hanging over the fire-place. I experienced some difficulty in persuading the priest to give it up, for said he, "I have purchased that gold watch, chain and seals for the sum of one hundred dollars;" he believing that the whole were of gold, whereas only two small seals were of that metal. I was delighted at its recovery, as the watch had been presented to me by my father as a reward for having become perfect in the

rule-of-three of vulgar fractions when nine years of age, and I am still proud of possessing it.

Early in the month of May, I received an order to proceed again to the island of St. Joseph; and having mentioned that circumstance to Sir Alexander Mackenzie and to Mr. W. McGillivray, they very kindly offered me a passage in a canoe, in which they were about to proceed by the St. Lawrence to Kingston, Niagara, Detroit, and Michilimakinac. A few days prior to our departure, Lady Johnson gave a splendid ball and supper on the anniversary of the day of her daughter's birth, when she completed her fourteenth year. I was invited, and had the honour of dancing with the young lady, who promised even then to be a very fine woman. This promise was afterwards fully realised, and she was married to Lieutenant-Colonel Barnard Foord Bower, of the 6th Regiment.

Having completed my arrangements preparatory to my departure, Sir Alexander Mackenzie, Mr. W. McGillivray, Mr. Roderick Mackenzie, and myself started on our long journey. Our progress was very rapid, notwithstanding all the difficulties of the navigation; and having passed

Kingston and the Bay of Kenty, we entered upon the open and dangerous coast of Lake Ontario, without an island, creek, headland, or other protection, in case of being overtaken by a gale of wind. The extent of this unfriendly shore exceeds one hundred miles, and the weather being very tranquil we attempted to encamp for the night at about half-way. The sun had long before this gone down, but we still could perceive a fine level piece of grass land, under the high, precipitous shore. The man who had been deputed to examine the localities, and to report on its fitness for our purpose, had no sooner scrambled over the rough barricade, formed of drifted branches of trees thickly accumulated along the margin of the water, and advanced on the green but a few yards, than he dashed towards the canoe, crying out that the whole of the surface was covered with snakes of enormous dimensions.

A consultation with our people now followed, as to what course we should follow, when they declared in favour of proceeding until daylight rather than make any further attempt to land amongst the snakes. These reptiles must have been water snakes, which are here sometimes

seen of very large sizes, for had they been of the deadly species so frequently met with in the woods, the poor fellow would very soon have received his death-warrant.

We proceeded during the whole night, the stars shining beautifully, and the water perfectly without a ripple. As we advanced close to the shore, the splashes of our paddles disturbed the salmon, which usually prefer being in shallow water whilst sleeping: they were here in such enormous numbers that the surface of the lake to the distance of many yards ahead was covered with them leaping out of the water in order to escape from us. Shortly after sunrise we arrived at Gibraltar Point—a low and extended slip of land forming the Bay of York or Toronto, having been twenty-five hours without leaving the canoe; and during this time the Canadians had continued to paddle; resting about five minutes every two hours merely to light their pipes. We were all very much tired; the tent was therefore pitched, and we lay down for a couple of hours whilst the kettle should be placed on the fire to cook the day's provision. The morning was one of the finest I have ever seen; the air so thin and

divested of moisture that aerial perspective was almost imperceptible; the water was as smooth as a mirror, and the distance we were at from the village-like town of Toronto was sufficient to prevent any of the slight sounds caused by the business of life from disturbing the most perfect silence one can imagine.

It was under all these circumstances that we could hear the distant roar of the Falls of Niagara, fully sixty miles from the spot we were on; and after some diligent search with my spy-glass, I clearly saw the spray from the Horse Shoe Fall, rising on the horizon in shape like the smoke from the firing of a mortar.

After making a good breakfast, we embarked without crossing to the town, and struck across in a direct line to the head of the lake. Soon after our departure the wind commenced blowing directly in our teeth, and as we advanced it increased to a gale, greatly retarding our progress, and frequently raising a doubt in our minds as to the possibility of reaching our destination. We nevertheless persevered, and late in the evening landed near the Forty-mile Creek, where we remained until the following morning. Here our rest was disturbed by the

piteous noise of two birds, one of them named a whip-poor-will, because it is supposed to sound those words; and the other a cat-bird, whose voice makes a noise resembling the hideous mewing of the cat. All our efforts during the evening to procure a sight of either proved quite fruitless.

On the following day we arrived at Newark. Here the kindness of my friends induced me to delay my departure some hours after the canoe had started, yet as there was a carrying-place or portage from Queenstown to Chippawa of some ten miles, I made sure that I should find no difficulty in overtaking them. The day was intensely hot, and it was late in the morning before I set out; yet fully aware of the necessity of economising my exertions, I made it a rule to sit down five minutes in every hour, and thus arrived at Chippawa, eighteen miles from Fort George, still tolerably fresh. The canoe had been gone from there, I was informed, an hour or more. Having obtained some refreshment, I lost no time in recommencing the chase.

As I advanced, the information I received was very contradictory; some persons assuring

me the canoe was not half a mile ahead, whilst in ten minutes afterwards the next stated it to be three miles. I therefore found it my best policy to reduce the distance as quickly as I could. I did not, however, come up with my friends until I found them sitting round a fire a mile or two beyond Fort Erie, I having travelled the distance of thirty-eight miles in about ten hours. I was exceedingly fatigued, and my feet were swollen and blistered.

During the night we suffered severely from cold, the cause of which was readily explained, as soon as the daylight opened to our view the waters of Lake Erie, (on the borders of which we were encamped), covered as far as we could see with packed ice. Notwithstanding this obstruction we put the canoe into the water, loaded it, and pushed off, when to my surprise, with some care, and by placing a paddle upright on each side of the bows to fend-off the ice, we very gently advanced, with setting-poles forcing to the right and left as much of the floating ice as we could, so as to avoid injuring the canoe. In this manner we reached the clear surface through a distance of about four miles, and shortly afterwards arrived in a very comfortably warm atmosphere.

On the third day we reached Amherstburgh in the river Detroit, and in a couple of days had passed Lake Sinclair and the river, thence into Lake Huron. Having followed the western coast of the lake, which is quite straight without break or creek, as far as Point-aux-Barques, sixty* miles from the river Sinclair, and which forms the southern cape of Saganach, or, as the Americans call it, Saganaw Bay. This bay is of great depth, I believe nearly seventy miles. The depth of water in all parts of the Lake Huron is considerable, and at the time I was there, before modern invention enabled the soundings to be ascertained to almost any depth, it was regarded as unfathomable; and the water is beautifully clear.

After careful consideration, it was thought better to attempt crossing the bay at its mouth to the tedious navigation round its coast. The weather was exceedingly tranquil, the wind light from the eastward, and we still could depend on six or seven hours of daylight, which it was believed would be sufficient either to complete the *traverse*, or at least to gain a view of the land at the opposite point of the bay before nightfall. These circumstances had induced us

to adopt the direct line across the mouth of the bay. Our men, fully aware of the importance of not waiting a moment, urged an immediate departure; and away we went in high spirits, every pipe filled and lighted, and the best singer in the canoe singing the very best canoe song, which the high cliff-like land at Point-aux-Barques re-echoed with fading voice as we advanced.

Six and even seven hours had expired, yet no land could be seen ahead, and we had for some hours past lost sight of the Point-aux-Barques. The sun had descended below the horizon, and the young moon was making haste to follow his example, yet no land was visible in any direction. Our anxiety increased, and various were the speculations as to the failure of our calculations. Some thought we had over-rated our speed, others that we had stood out too far to our right, and had actually passed the northern cape of the bay out of sight of land; there might be a current carrying us out of our course; and many other conjectures were set forth without profit. The light left us, and we had not seen any land, whilst the wind, right in our teeth, was rapidly increasing. In the midst

of these conjectures, two hours after the sun had left us, the man in the bow with a terrific voice screamed out, "Breakers in every direction; stop the canoe!"

"Stop her!" was the cry from every mouth at once; but our canoe was not a steamer, and the directions were more easily said than done. By the utmost efforts of the men, however, we did stop, just in time to escape total wreck, for one touch on the angular rocks surrounding, would have done it. With setting-poles pushed out in all directions, we contrived to retreat, and got out into water free from breakers, whither we thought it necessary to remain until daylight should come to our rescue.

The long and anxiously-desired rising of the sun at length came, and we soon discovered that we had in the darkness of the night hit exactly on the only part of the coast where rocks could be found. Had we gone to the right or to the left but a few hundred yards, we should have effected a landing on a beautifully steep shore of hard sand, whereas we had arrived on the extremity of a long reef of detached blocks of stone.

Notwithstanding the surf ran high, we found a tolerably sheltered spot and soon had a kettle on the fire. I was benumbed with the cold and with lying in a cramped posture during so many hours, and gladly availed myself of the opportunity whilst the kettle was boiling, to endeavour to restore circulation, by running along the hard sandy beach to the distance of a couple hundred of yards. I was hailed to return to breakfast; and on arriving at about half-way back, running briskly, I was about to tread on what I supposed to be a smooth branch of a tree, which proved to be a thick and long snake, with his jaws widely opened, ready to receive my foot, which was without shoe or stocking. I need scarcely add that I was alarmed beyond my power of description, and taking an extraordinary leap over this formidable enemy ran on with a degree of speed I had never before accomplished. The reptile followed with such speed that my friends loudly exhorted me to run for my life. I dashed at the canoe, and made but one leap into the middle of it, falling on my bedding; but my native pursuer was within three or four yards of me. The men struck at him with their

paddles till he was killed. He proved to be a large Mocassin snake, seven feet two inches long, and eight inches in circumference; in colour perfectly brown. The venom of this reptile is reputed to cause death in less than two hours.

From this place, passing along the Thunder Bay Islands, where we heard the never absent thunder, we coasted the lake, and without encountering any accidents deserving particular mention, arrived at the island of Michilimakinac, or, as the Americans at that time called it, Makinaw. The former is the original Indian name signifying the great turtle, and to which its form, when at the distance of a few miles, bears some resemblance.

Amongst the persons I met here, I must mention a Doctor Mitchell, so well known by the *soubriquet* of Old Wabino; he had been established at Michilimakinac many years, and had there married an Indian, whose name was Ozawawninic, an industrious housewife, active trader with the Indians, and sincerely attached to her family's interests. They had two children, one, the eldest, a girl, was married to Captain Hamilton, of the 5th

regiment of Foot, she was beautifully fair, very elegant, and highly accomplished, her brother, much younger than herself, but who, having remained almost exclusively at Michilimakinac, in addition to great deficiency of personal attractions had not, like his sister, had the opportunity of acquiring any of the refinements of society.

I shall merely state that the American garrison was composed of two companies under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Birkbank; and that amongst the officers under his command were Captain Prior and Lieutenant Wiley, the latter belonged to the corps of artillerists and engineers. The officers wore yellow leather breeches and hard boots up to the caps of their knees, some with and others without yellow tops. The uniforms were blue coats, red facings and linings, with plain yellow buttons. The bayonets were all fastened on the muskets, and on coming off guard, the muskets being all loaded with balls, instead of drawing the charges, the soldiers were made to fire them off at a target, when he who made the best shot was rewarded with half a pint of rum.

Lieutenant-Colonel Birkbank who resided

in a very respectable building, which had been erected by the English Government whilst that place was occupied by our troops, was a little man, as stiff as his boots, awkwardly consequential, and passed for a martinet. Captain Prior was a tall, rough, tobacco chewing, rum-and-water man, with a few very brown teeth dispersed in various parts of his mouth. Lieutenant Wiley was a young, fair, beardless personage, on good terms with himself, and placed great reliance for his military dignity on the length of his boots and the thickness of his queue.

The view of the town, occupying a large portion of a semi-circular bay, was exceedingly picturesque. I believe we remained here but two days, and on one of them we dined with a M. de la Framboise, one of the wealthiest merchants of the place, a most amiable man. He gave us an excellent dinner, and amongst many good things was an English plum-pudding.

Long before sunset we sallied forth to take a walk at the back of the town, whence the views of the country and over Lake Michigan towards Albacoch are very interesting. Here various

feats of activity were practised, and I endeavoured to display my abilities in the art of hopping on one leg, upon which McGillivray pointing to a small bush at a considerable distance, offered to bet me twelve beaver hats that I could not hop on the same leg, from the spot on which we then stood to that bush, without resting and without putting the other foot to the ground. I accepted the offer, and won, but it was a great effort; the distance was then measured, and was I believe, about four hundred yards rather up hill. McGillivray admitted, that in proposing the bet he had placed great reliance on the excellent wine we had consumed, and very particularly on the plum-pudding.

Early in the morning we embarked, and round the point of the bay we entered on the *traverse* from the island of Michilimakinac to the main land, a distance of ten miles, and which, from the frequent gusts of wind to which it is subjected, is considered somewhat dangerous, the Indians, therefore, never fail, soon after commencing the crossing, to make a long speech to the gods of the winds, begging them to be pacific, which is invariably ter-

minated by throwing as much tobacco into the water as would fill two or three pipes, for the use of the said gods ; and they carefully avoid looking at the tobacco after it is thrown into the water, but instantly recommence paddling with great activity ; having during the above ceremony observed the most profound silence and solemnity of manner.

Towards the afternoon, having passed the Detour, the usual channel frequented by vessels between the main land and the Manitoualin islands, we arrived at the fort on the island of St. Joseph ; the weather being intensely hot. Here after a delay of a few hours to make arrangements for my quarters, I accepted of the invitation of my travelling companions to accompany them to the Saut St. Marie or Falls of St. Mary, which occupy the strait between Lake Superior and Lake Huron : these constitute a rough rapid, navigable with proper knowledge of the localities for canoes, and are celebrated for the white fish with which the water abounds. Here we found an immense assemblage of Indians, probably not fewer than one thousand fighting men, with their families ; and it so happened that, amongst the

several nations encamped there on that occasion, two of them were at war with each other, but through respect to the settlers, all hostilities were for the time suspended.

We were encamped close upon the borders of the Ottawaw's camp, and the noise during the evening and early part of the night, caused by the wabino-drums and songs, repeated and kept up in fifty wigwams or family huts at the same time, was very annoying; but as the night advanced, and rum began to relax the constraint under which they had felt themselves bound to remain passive, insulting taunts were bellowed out in several directions, to which equally offending replies were loudly returned; then becoming less and less measured, the war-whoop was repeatedly sounded, and was shortly followed by the discharge of rifles and fowling-pieces, fired at random from each camp into that of the opponents. It was now too late to change the position of our tent, yet we feared that through accident or design our white canvas might very soon become a general target.

In order therefore to protect ourselves from such evil consequences, and at the same time to

avoid indicating any alarm on our part, we arranged our trunks, canteen, bedding, and, in short, every moveable article that could stop a shot, entirely round the inside, and leaving no greater space within than was just sufficient to accommodate us when lying down within our little fortress, and thus we passed a sleepless night. Notwithstanding there was a considerable quantity of firing, which only terminated with the return of daylight, we had received but three shots through the tent, all of them above the low level of ourselves.

At an early hour we took a walk to visit a vessel belonging to the North-West Company, the only one at that time on Lake Superior, which had just arrived from the Grand Portage, and we went on board in the vessel's boat. The sun was shining with its utmost brilliancy, not a breath of air disturbed the surface of the lake, so that as we advanced upon the vessel in a direct line towards her bows, we could see the cable from the vessel down to the anchor, although at the depth of ten fathoms, as distinctly as it would have been visible had there been no water. Thus the vessel appeared suspended in the air like a kite, and held down by the cable only,

for the sky and the water were so blended together that the exact line of the horizon was not easily distinguishable.

The captain received us with every respect due to owners; he had prepared a good breakfast, and gave us some white-fish soup, which I found excellent. The white-fish is, I believe, confined to the Falls of St. Mary, and is very highly esteemed. The Indians cut out the back-bone, together with as much of the flesh as is attached to it, and extending to the central line of the back; this they dry and smoke until quite hard, and when afterwards broiled it is excellent eating.

In the course of this morning, after our return to the tent, I was much gratified by a grand display of the Ottàwaw Indians' game, called by the Canadians, La Crosse. The players were divided into two parties, not only equal in numbers, but equal in bodily strength and swiftness in running. Each party had a home, or a point agreed upon, from a quarter to half a mile apart, and the great struggle or contest was to carry or to throw a ball to any distance past the home; upon this, the side to which it appertains, is declared the winner. The ball was of the size

of an orange, and at the commencement is carried to about the midway between the two homes, and then thrown high into the air, when the contest instantly commences, and a general scramble takes place to obtain possession of it.

They never attempted to touch the ball with their hands, which I presume is against the laws of the game; but every man has a stick from three to four feet long, with one end of it bent round to form a ring about four or five inches in diameter, and which is filled by a piece of net-work made of deer's sinews, and so full as to bag like a cup. The taking up of the ball with this instrument requires practice, for the bagged net must be clapped over the ball, and then by an expert twist it is lifted off the ground, and the lucky one who has thus obtained possession immediately runs away towards his home; but in order to prevent the ball from falling out of the bag, the bearer twists the stick and turns it backwards and forwards in a very peculiar manner with great activity, and which requiring the use of both hands necessarily diminishes his speed. The whole of the players therefore now join in the pursuit, his adversaries to force the ball

from his possession, and the others to protect him from their attacks ; he never fails, however, from being dispossessed of the ball unless he throws it towards his home which is sometimes difficult.

The friends of the man holding the ball endeavour, by surrounding him, to prevent the others from knocking the ball out of his possession ; but whenever it appears to be impossible for him to escape through the barrier, then one of these friends holds up his stick in a level direction across the front of the ball-man, which he understands and immediately with his utmost strength strikes at it with the stick holding the ball, and by the suddenness of the blow, like that of the ancient *balista*, sends off the ball through the air in the direction of his home when another contest takes place for the ball ; and if it should again fall into the hands of one of the same party the game may then be very quickly terminated, yet there is, sometimes, a long and very severe struggle which protracts the game to one, two or three hours.

On the occasion when I was present at the

game celebrated at the Falls of St. Mary, the affair was ten times, at least, within an ace of being determined, yet each time the ball was snatched up at the critical moment by one of the opponents, and carried off towards the other home. I do not recollect if the number on each side is limited, nor could I state how many players were engaged, but they must have amounted to between fifty and one hundred in all. They were the finest made fellows I have ever seen, nearly quite naked, and painted from head to foot in the most fantastic manner imaginable, whilst on the backs of their heads many of them wore a single feather from the eagle's tail, half white, half deep brown.

After dinner we were amused by witnessing a game played by the girls and young women, which was very much on the same principle as that of La Crosse above noticed, with this difference, however, that instead of the cross or stick with the bag, the ladies used a stick about five or six feet long, quite straight, light, and tapered like a wand, and instead of a common round ball they had two egg-formed balls

fastened together by a thong six to eight inches in length, and in lieu of taking up the ball as with the men, these lifted up the two balls by passing their stick under the connecting thong of leather, and then by a sharp jerk they threw it on towards the desired place.

CHAPTER IV.

Hospital-mate Brown—Captain la Motte dies of dropsy
—I am adopted as the King's brother, and receive a
tribute from my subjects—Traverse from Michilima-
kinac—Severe gale, Oct. 16th, 1799—Dr. Frost—
Alteration in the royal standard—Blue Peter and
True.

ON the following day I availed myself of a canoe proceeding to Montreal by the Grand River, and with which I returned to Fort St. Joseph. This small garrison had been hitherto left to provide for their health, I believe during four years at least, without the aid of a medical officer; and it is worthy of notice that during the whole of that period it was frequently mentioned with astonishment that not one serious accident had occurred to any of the government establishments, neither military nor

civil requiring surgical or medical attendance. This neglect I had very strongly represented, both officially and privately, to General Prescott, the Captain-General and Commander-in-chief; and which at length, at the opening of the fifth year from the occupation of the island by British troops, an Hospital-mate was appointed to the garrison of Fort St. Joseph; and it was soon after my arrival on this occasion, that Hospital-mate Brown landed at that place.

Mr. Brown, a native of Scotland, fifty years of age or more, was a little man, with sandy hair, partly bald; had a round, red face, with a wide mouth, drawn downwards at the corners, and supplied with very thick lips; always so disposed as to create a suspicion that he had just tasted of something very disagreeable. He moreover wore a fustian suit, and a drab-coloured hat hanging down well over his face, and pressing down the tops of his ears.

The garrison had at this time removed from their first quarters into the blockhouse I had erected, and Mr. Brown had a room allotted to him, wherein he made up a sort of bed on the floor in one corner, whilst within a yard of it was secured with wedges on both sides, a thirty-

six gallon cask of rum, which he asserted was of the finest quality; but of which no one, excepting himself, ever had any opportunity of judging. The rum was, however, so fine and so near at hand, that our little Mr. Brown daily contrived to be muddled by about two or three o'clock; and commonly retired to his sleeping-corner by six, when he invariably commenced a severe quarrel with some invisible being, whom he loaded with every vulgar epithet in the English language. During a short time these soliloquies afforded us amusement, for in the adjoining room, occupied by one of the subalterns, every word was distinctly heard.

It was, however, a very singular fact that the garrison had no sooner been provided with a doctor, than several events and accidents occurred requiring his professional skill. The first of these was a case of cancer, with which one of my carpenters, a Canadian, was afflicted. The man having begged of me to be present during the operation of cutting off of his under lip, the part affected, and which the Doctor had declared could not be otherwise treated; I accordingly went to Mr. Brown's quarters, having appointed nine o'clock in the morning as the time when it

was most probable he might be found sober. Notwithstanding this caution, Mr. Brown was a little fuddled, possibly he had taken one glass to keep out the fog, and another to steady his hand. The instruments were soon exhibited, not perhaps in the best condition possible, which I noticed, upon which the medical officer observed, "The edges are sharp, and that's the main point." He now ordered his patient to sit down on the only chair his room contained, and immediately on uncovering the cancered lip, Mr. Brown, to show that he did not attach any importance to the amount of pain he might inflict on his patient, seized the part of the lip which presented a deep hole from the edge half way down to the chin, and gave it a smart pinch and a twist at the same time; then with a fiendish grin, exclaimed:

"There, Mr. Frenchman, how do ye like that?"

I never felt so much inclination to knock down any man as I did in regard of Mr. Brown, I nevertheless abstained from manifesting any alteration of composure. The Doctor then observed:

"I must have a couple of men from the

barracks to hold this fellow down; he's a Frenchman, and they are a' cowards, we a' ken that—" all the while looking at the unfortunate man with the most contemptuous sneer.

The Frenchman, a fine, stout-hearted fellow, understood enough of the English language to assure the Doctor, that he would show him there was one exception to his sweeping rule, and added, he would not submit to be held; upon which he grasped the seat of the chair on each side with his hands, and said:

" Now, Sir, cut away, if you are ready, for I am perfectly so."

At this Mr. Brown smiled ugly, and snatching up the knife, made one cut on each side of the cancer downwards to the full depth of the diseased part, and with a single cut horizontally took out the piece; then, with brutal exultation, shaking the piece of human flesh in the poor fellow's face, who had not uttered a single groan, he exclaimed:

" There, Mounseer Crappo, look at your lip, Sir, there it is;" and quickly threw it into a pewter wash-hand basin.

The man, during the whole of these insulting

taunts, had made no reply, nor had he altered a single muscle of his features, but had remained with his head leaning backwards, until he happened to perceive that a stream of blood from a small artery as fine as a hair was, nevertheless, spirting upon the whitewashed wall, upon which he exclaimed; as well as he could articulate, without the use of his under lip :

“ Ah ! Monsieur, je vous demande bien pardon, ce n'est pas ma faute,” as he pointed to the blood on the wall.

The following anecdote will exhibit the curious conflicting passions of our friend Brown ; his love of gain, and his susceptibility in regard of the fair sex, as exposed by himself in nearly the following words :

“ I was a great fowl for leaving London. Oh, I had the grandest practice in the world amongst the fine ladies. I was sent for one morning by a beautiful creature, and found her in a very languid state, sitting on a handsome sofa, with a fan in one hand and a smelling-bottle in the other. I approached her wi' one of my vary best boos : she said, ‘ Pray, dear Doctor, be seated.’ Oh, she was a most fascinating creature ! ‘ Well, Madam,’ said I, ‘ you appear

to be vary unwell.' So I felt her pulse ; oh, such a beautiful white arm, as soft as satin, and I could not help feeling it up to above her elbow. Just as I axpected, she was vary langued. ' Now, Madam,' says I, ' where do you feel pain ?' ' Oh, dear Doctor, all over me, I don't know where, I feel as if I could not stand on my feet. I am so vaxed.' ' Well, well, Madam, I shall give your case my best consideration, and send you a mixture which I trust will relieve you, and you must put your feet in hot water to-night, and get yourself into bed arly.' ' Oh, good God, Doctor ! I can't do any such thing. I am engaged to three or four parties to-night ; I must first dance with Lord ——, then with the great Sir Watkin ——, the Prince of Wales. Oh, no, no, I want something to patch me up for to-night, after that, you may just do as you please with me.' ' My deer Madam, I shall obey your commands to the bast of my abeelceties, but you will repent of it.' She thanked me, but added I must not be disappointed ; and as I rose to take my leave, oh, the bewitching crectur held out her hand, and pressing mine, significantly, said : ' Deer Doctor, I fear I can never sufficiently show you

my gratitude,' then she looked quite confused, and blushed up to her eyes. Oh, she was a splendid woman. Eh, me! gude man, what could I do? So off I went, and sent her a draught to raise her speerits, to be taken on entering her carriage. Next morning, I knew well enough I should find her head ache, for the draught was composed of speerits of lavender and plenty of laudanum, which had made her half drunk, and for a time had raised speerits; so, jast as I had axpected, that lovely lady was completely prostrate. Eh! gude, there was capital work of it, first I had to throw in black draught after black draught, then lots of pills, fever-mixtures, every three hours, all in separate bottles, for that's the way we swell up the account; then there's smalling-salts and ether, and blisters and leeches and dressings; a shilling a small box not full at the bottom, and, oh, let me see, plenty more I can't remember nou. Oh, those were glorious times; to see the stacks of medicines that stood on the counter two or three times every day. And when I had got her as low as I thought it prudent, I poured in the tonics four times a-day, each dose also in separate bottles, for three weeks; and black

draughts occasionally to keep off the headaches, and bring her down again a little. Oh, that was the practice! Oh, what a d—d fewl was I to come away into the army!”

About this time our Indian interpreter, Captain la Motte, a Frenchman, on the British half-pay, for services rendered during the great American war, became afflicted with general dropsy. La Motte was a very tall, thin man, of a dark, bilious complexion. Although abstemious and leading a regular life, in the short space of about one month from the first appearance of his malady, he was reduced to the necessity of submitting to the operation of tapping, all attempts to relieve him by scarifying the legs, feet, &c., having failed. He had no family; the officers of this little garrison therefore volunteered to remain with him by turns day and night, in order that nothing should be neglected by his servant which might afford him comfort in his last moments.

The usual quantity of water, I believe from twelve to fourteen quarts, was taken from him, but at the expiration of three days the water from the scarifications returned in the same quantity, and it was evident his life could not

be much prolonged. At the end of a week he became so completely exhausted that every sign of life had almost disappeared; he remained with his eyes open, fixed on the ceiling; and although I begged of him to show me, by any winking of his eyes, motion of his lips, or in any other way, that he understood me, yet he remained perfectly motionless. This continued during three days, when, it being my turn to sit up with him, he drew a longer breath than before, and that was his last.

La Motte was so much esteemed generally amongst all the Indian tribes that visited the Fort of St. Joseph, that every Indian then at the fort painted his face black, which is their usual mode of mourning; and amongst many others, was at that time a family from the Lake Michigan, the head of which bore the name of Break-of-day, as translated to me by the assistant interpreter Mr. Longlad. This Break-of-day had two very handsome daughters, both of whom painted their faces with the rest, but they were also particularly distinguished by the extraordinary length of their hair, which when untied and allowed to fall, rested two inches

on the ground as they stood upright. General Sinclair of the United States Army, had seen these girls before this period, I believe at Michilimakinac, and although he had offered twenty dollars for the smallest lock of the hair of one of them, even, I am told, were it but a half dozen of hairs, yet they refused the offer, excusing themselves by saying, if they parted with it, the whole would fall off.

During the summer season, the island of St. Joseph was the station at which all the Indians in that vicinity, attended to receive their portions of the annual presents sent from England to be distributed amongst the friendly tribes; which was no doubt intended as a retaining fee to secure their adherence to the British nation, in case of needing their assistance. Amongst the various tribes that came to this island was one named Minominies, or Wild Oats; they consisted of about sixty warriors or fighting men only; yet, notwithstanding so small a number, their activity and courage were such that they were held in great respect by the nations surrounding them. Their language was very different from that of the Ottawaw, Messassagay, La Cloche,

Albacroch, and all others. Their style of dress was also different—in short, they were unlike them all in every respect.

The Albacroch Indians, whose territory was on the borders of Lake Michigan, not many miles south from Michilimakinac, occasionally came to St. Joseph. The chief of these people was a very extraordinary fellow, exceedingly brave, and had been shot and otherwise wounded in all parts of his body and limbs. He was a remarkably keen observer of everything passing in his presence; and very quickly accommodated himself to the European usage and custom. He handled a knife and fork as well as those around him, invited others when at table to drink with him, with as much ease as those who had never known other manners; and, what may be considered worthy of remark, is that he drank very sparingly of either spirits or of wine, always giving the preference to the latter.

His name was Cawgawguichin, or the Little Crow; he had two or three other names, and having taken a great fancy to me, he made me a formal proposal to adopt me as his brother and to give me one of his spare names. Upon

this I consulted the interpreter, and he not perceiving any impropriety in it, I agreed. In order to mark this important event with due solemnity, in the evening of the same day, the whole of the members of his tribe then at St. Joseph's, about forty to fifty men, assembled and seated themselves in a ring. Cawgawguichin then came forward, and pronounced a very energetic, and perhaps elegant, address to his subjects, who by repeated grunts expressed their approbation of his adoption of me as a brother.

I was of course present, and as soon as I had been unanimously adopted as the king's brother, his majesty was graciously pleased to part in my favour with his second favourite name Manitouwin, in order that I might in future be known amongst them by that almost sublime name, signifying The Little Spirit; the full dressed pipes were then produced by the aids-de-camp, or perhaps with more propriety the equerries, and we all took three whiffs each, and passed on the pipes from one mouth to the other.

During this time the women and children remained squatted and huddled together at a

respectable distance, peeping at all that was going on with becoming Indian shyness. I then treated the party to half a dozen bottles of rum—that is, one third rum and two thirds water. As night approached the drum was called for, and a regular Wabino dance was commenced and kept up until a late hour. The Wabino is a sort of dance to the music of a drum, and singing by the men. It is exceedingly monotonous, and the beat on the drum is merely a double tapping managed in a peculiar manner, which produces on the nerves of the Indians, and indeed on all those who have ever joined in the Wabino, a very animating effect. This dance is performed by keeping the feet almost touching each other, and taking very short hops to the slow time of the drum, and always performing a sort of hopping promenade round the fire; the women sometimes join in the dance, but it is not frequent.

On the departure of my brother Cawgawguichin, I made him a present of my canteen, not a very valuable one, yet it contained the necessaries for breakfast, and some tin plates and dishes, knives, forks, and candlesticks, snuffers, &c., with two handsome square white glass

bottles, both of which were filled, one with rum (pure) and the other with shrub: the canisters were also filled with tea and lump sugar. His majesty was very much pleased with this present, but concealed his feelings as much as he could in true Indian style. As the four or five canoes containing the Albacroh Indians paddled away, I obtained permission from the commanding officer that two of our small cannon should be fired as a salute, instead of one, which was the invariable compliment paid to an Indian chief; I was afterwards informed that this special salute raised in those people strong feelings of attachment to the British nation.

Having occasion to visit Fort St. Joseph in the following year, on hearing of my arrival Cawgawguichin immediately embarked with a proper retinue, and came to pay me a visit. On his arrival he ordered his mat and blanket to be taken into my sleeping place, for we were brothers, and he would not occupy any other room; and on the following morning he informed me that *our people* had collected in haste a small present for me, as a mark of their affection and respect, and that he desired me to

receive that gift in presence of the whole of those who had accompanied him. The interpreter, Mr Longlad, was accordingly sent for, and a regular council was formed.

The presents were laid out in the front of the king's tent (a very respectable one he had purchased of a trader at Michilimakinac), and after the usual speeches on both sides he ordered his subjects to carry the presents into my house or hut. These consisted of about one hundred bushels of Indian corn, five hundred weight of maple sugar, twenty beaver skins, and two beaver blankets made out of the skins of young beavers; the leather beautifully dressed and white, and painted with Indian battle scenes, eagles and manitous or spirits usually represented by the figure of a man with an eagle's head, and also by eagles darting forked lightning in various directions; buffaloes hunted by Indians on horses are also frequently introduced. Each blanket is composed of nine skins measuring two yards each way. Besides these there were several dozens of moccasins splendidly worked with porcupines' quills dyed in very bright colours, a pipe of peace, and a wampam belt.

After this important ceremony, the Little Crow dined with me; and then he proposed that the party, consisting of five or six persons, should drink tea with him in his tent, of which he was very proud. The invitation was accepted, and with much inward pride he exhibited the tea-cups, spoons, and other requisites for the tea-drinking, belonging to the canteen I had given him about twelve months before. As soon as this ceremony had concluded, the Little Crow drew forth the two case-bottles, one of them quite full, but the other was half empty. My royal brother was somewhat mortified while displaying the reduction which had taken place in the second bottle; but with the utmost frankness he at once explained the cause.

During the preceding winter, an Englishman travelling through his country had claimed the hospitality of a lodging in his wigwam, and thoughtlessly believing him to be a worthy man, the chief had placed the bottle before him with one of the tumblers from the canteen, and some water, as he had always been treated by me; but, added he, "the stranger was a *matche-inini*, or a bad man, unworthy of my confidence, he was no better than one of our savage vagabonds;

he was worse than a *matche animonse*, or bad dog," placing great emphasis on the name of dog, which with the Indians is the lowest and most contemptible object of comparison ; " for," continued he, " a dog only drinks as much as is good for him, but this *matche-inini* drank on till he was a mad beast, and could drink no more."

Observing his vexation, we endeavoured to laugh at the event, and I promised to replenish the bottle. Cawgawguichin scornfully rejected my offer, adding : " it is not the value of the liquor that I care about, for I could easily have purchased more, it is the affliction caused by the disappointment I feel most severely, at the failure of my intention, which was to show you that although I am an *Indian*, and therefore regarded by you all as unfit to be intrusted with *schooty-wabo*, or fire-liquor," (the Indian name for rum,) " yet that I could keep in my possession, during a whole year, two large bottles full of liquor without even tasting their contents : and I declare to you all, especially to you, my brother, that I have not drank a drop from either of them."

This very singular man, a rare instance of

sobriety and self-command amongst the natives of Upper Canada, a man of extraordinary ambition to establish a character, far above the rest of his nation, was a very handsome man. He wore a black silk shirt, covered with small circular silver broaches, an article made expressly for the Indian trade; and over that shirt he wore a dark-blue fine cloth blanket two yards square.

On his departure I made him a parting present of such articles as I thought he would value, and I have never seen him nor heard of him but once since; this was accidentally through a trader who had met him many years afterwards in Lake Michigan, up to which time he had maintained his extraordinary superiority over all other Indians of that part of the world.

In conformity with my instructions, I endeavoured to procure money to pay the workmen I had employed, for the construction of the various buildings at St. Joseph's. To this effect I applied to some of the traders at the Fort, and at the Falls of St. Mary without success, which rendered it necessary that I should make a trip to Michilimackinac, it being far more likely that I should procure cash for my bills on the com-

manding Royal Engineer at that place. Accordingly in October I made an agreement with an Indian family, to carry me thither and back for the said purpose. I was successful, and having obtained about two thousand dollars in silver, departed on my return.

The Indians made the usual long speech at the commencement of the journey on the *traverse*, or crossing to the main land, supplicating the great god of the winds to be pacific; and having thrown into the water the usual fee of tobacco in order that we might have a safe passage, the Indian terminated his speech with "becka—becka—becka, Kitchi Nodin," that is, be quiet, be quiet, be quiet great-winds; and we paddled away. I did not feel quite so secure after this ceremony as my fellow-voyagers. The sky appeared, as the sun reared his fiery head, to threaten mischief, yet, thought I, the distance across the *traverse* is but ten or eleven miles, and in less than two hours of tranquil weather we shall get there. Notwithstanding this consolatory reflection, the breeze strengthened and the clouds gathered, and the swell from the westward, the usual precursor of heavy gales, came towards us without any visible cause.

My Indian companions increased their exertions to reach the still distant point of land, after which we should be under the lee of the high and wooded shore, where we could proceed well sheltered to the Détour, about eight or nine miles from the end of our journey, whence in case of need we might coast on until we should have gone so far to windward as to secure our passage across to St. Joseph's.

At every moment the prospect of a gale increased. The waves on our left now began to dash against the canoe, and we thought it best at once to direct our course to windward of the Little Makinac, a very small island, a mile perhaps from the main land point, round which we had to pass. We worked with all our might; I took a paddle and so did every one in the canoe, even the little children put their toy-paddles into the water, and imitated their parents. We nevertheless went to leeward, and it soon became evident that, instead of gaining the Little Makinac we might think ourselves very fortunate if we succeeded in getting sufficiently near to the main land, although to leeward of it, to protect us from the fury of the swelling storm.

The wind so increased from the westward, that we found it quite impossible to keep our course to windward of the point, but we found it necessary to bear away about ten or twelve points from the wind, and no nearer could we with safety attempt to go. I was very soon convinced that by the time we could get abreast of the point we should be many miles to leeward, which would deprive us of the benefit of its shelter.

Our prospects had now become desperate, for if the land before us could no longer offer us any protection, we might be blown away to the opposite side of the lake, a coast quite unknown and certainly not nearer than two hundred or three hundred miles. We tried to pull directly against the wind, but our stern-way soon became apparent by the opening of the land about the Little Makinac; we therefore returned to our former course, and tried to get as near the wind as we could with safety. All this while, the children and women were fully employed in baling out the water which at every instant dashed over us.

Having at length got abreast of the main, although five or six miles to leeward of it, I

resolved on trying to anchor ; for this purpose I emptied a small trunk I had containing my clothes, and placed one thousand dollars in it, corded the trunk as well as I could, and forming a cable of three hambrolines I had brought from Michilimakinac, we lowered the treasure ; but, as I had feared would perhaps be the result, the cable was not long enough to reach the bottom. A lull fortunately took place soon after this attempt to anchor had failed, which enabled us to pull in shore to within half the distance we had been at ; but as the sailors say, the pause in the violence of the wind, was but to give time for fresh hands to come to the bellows, and the gale now turned to a hurricane. Fortunately we now could anchor, which saved us from being blown away and sunk.

The riding at anchor in a birch canoe only twenty-five feet long, is no small affair ; we had no windlass to fasten the cable to, nothing belonging to a canoe could have resisted the strain occasioned by the heaving of the swell, we therefore were under the necessity of holding on the cable, stretched fore and aft, and as the canoe rose we eased it off a little, and took it in as she sank. We also found some dif-

difficulty requiring vigilant attention, in order to keep the bow direct to the wind, which occupied one of us constantly steering in the stern, whilst another sat in the bow with the small oil-cloth in which my bedding had been tied up, hanging over his shoulders like a cloak, and the lower edge outside of the canoe, to keep out the breaking of the seas from sinking us. Our situation was far from enviable, and I believe that not one in the canoe had encouraged any idea of escaping with his life.

Towards sunset, the gale moderated a little, but presently returned ; this we experienced twice during the night, each time actively catching at the opportunity to pull in shore, and so by morning we had reduced our distance from Little Makinac to less than a mile. Finally putting forth our utmost exertions, we contrived to reach the island, having been twenty-four hours in the constant expectation of perishing. Our landing was effected with considerable hazard and difficulty, for the island is so small that the swell beat in round both sides, and came in cascading on the beach six to seven feet high. By watching our opportunity, and all jumping over-board, during the short

intervals between the high swells, we contrived not only to save our lives, but also that of the poor children, and also the canoe, although filled with water. This day was the 16th of October 1799, on which memorable day this most terrific gale prevailed in all parts of the world.

Having landed, our first care was to examine the state of our means of existence. We had set out with two or three day's provision, a quantity abundantly sufficient for so short a voyage the distance being only about forty-five miles, yet as the wind seemed to gain strength as time advanced, we thought it most prudent to adopt at once the smallest consumption of our resources possible. This was carried into effect instanter, yet the poor little children, three in number, had suffered so much from want and proper covering, that we favoured them as much as could be expected, and for which the mothers in particular seemed to be as grateful as is consistent with the Indian habits. The island was too small to supply any game or wild animals of any description; and the water was too rough to permit our launching the canoe in order to attempt catching fish, which under all cir-

cumstances are not abundant in this part of the lake. Day after day we expected some abatement of the hurricane; and although it occasionally did in a slight degree abate its fury, yet these lulls were of such short duration that the cascading surf was not on those occasions sufficiently reduced to hold out any hope of risking to put the canoe into the water. In this manner, exposed to the fury of the storm, and which frequent showers of rain seemed to feed, we passed on this wretched little island eleven days; and after consuming our last morsel of provision, we had been reduced to the necessity of boiling our Indian shoes and various thongs of deer-skins which the Indians use instead of string or tape: these, and in short every article capable of yielding the least nourishment, had been consumed at the expiration of the ninth day, when we had recourse as a last resource to the chewing of the watap or roots of the pine-tree, used for sewing the birch-bark of which the canoes are made, and which is always carried in every canoe. Our strength, as may be readily credited, was so much reduced, that when on the eleventh day, the gale having suddenly

ceased during the night, and the water on the rising of the sun on that, to us, memorable morning, was almost perfectly tranquil, yet our united efforts were insufficient to remove the canoe from the top of the beach, to which place three of us had carried it with perfect ease.

The Indians, both men women and children, had in no case manifested any symptoms of impatience; they sat on the beach or amongst the shrubs during many hours at one time without uttering a sentence of distress, of despair, of grief or of affliction. Some of them occasionally rose and traversed the island to the side where the waves and rain were tearing up the shore and seemed to threaten the annihilation of the place; and on their return with an air of perfect composure, calmly related that the weather had not changed, and the rest received the information much in the same way.

Our situation was now, I thought, quite hopeless. We were lying stretched out on the ground near the beach, none sleeping excepting the children and one woman, when we were suddenly aroused from the last stage of existence

by several voices speaking in the French language.

My joy at this rescue from the brink of the grave, was not unbounded as may be supposed ; extreme debility had carried me past that feeling. I became aware of my good fortune almost by degrees, for at first I could not distinctly comprehend it ; I had fallen into a state of stupid indifference upon every subject, excepting a general sense of the want of food.

These voices proceeded from the crew of a canoe on its way to Lower Canada, from Michilimakinac, who had been attracted to the shore by seeing our canoe. They soon learnt our condition, and we received from them the kindest assistance. Food was administered with all that proper caution so important under similar circumstances ; and in order to give us a little time to recover some strength, they resolved on encamping near us until next day. To delay a whole day on the way to Montreal was a great sacrifice for the owners of the canoe, yet it was made cheerfully. One of the children died in the course of the evening, and its mother, who had suffered great prostration, also terminated her existence. As to

myself, I felt so much improved in strength as the sun rose on the following morning, that with little assistance I walked to the canoe, and was carried on board by two of the *voyageurs*. We all embarked in our own canoe with four of the Canadians to work it to our destination, about thirty-five miles. At the *Détour* we were again fed, and long before sunset reached the Fort of St. Joseph.

In the course of a few days the old 'Machedash,' in which I had nearly perished about twelve months prior to this, arrived and brought me an order to proceed with as little delay as possible on my return to Lower Canada. I was still confined to my bed, and totally unable to make up the accounts of the expenditure for works during the summer. I was thus unavoidably obliged to intrust that task to the care and diligence of a man by the name of Young, my clerk of the works, a drunken fellow who blundered and bungled the matter so effectually that half the accounts were written on erasures, rendering them totally inadmissible.

I sailed on the fourth day after my arrival from Michilimakinac, and had a favourable

passage to Amherstburgh of only five days, and thence, by the Lakes Erie and Ontario, to Kingston. From this place I proceeded in one of the large and heavy bateaux already described, and making but a short delay at Montreal, arrived at Quebec, the whole occupying about four weeks only.

In running down a noted rapid between Kingston and Montreal, about nine miles long, called the Long Sault, and which was performed, I believe, in twenty minutes, I was informed that in no part of Canada, above this rapid, had rats been seen, because, it was added, they only travel by water, and the Long Sault runs too swiftly to permit them to stem the current. I certainly do not remember ever to have seen any rats or heard of any above those celebrated rapids: by this time they have no doubt found their way up, if not by swimming, probably by boats.

Here I learnt, with deep regret, that General and Mrs. Prescott, their son Sash, and the general's staff had departed for England, having been replaced by Lieutenant-General Peter Hunter; and that Robert Shore Mills, Esq., had arrived at Quebec as Civil Governor, having

with him Mrs. Mills and her niece, Miss Tor. Amongst the troops other changes had been made: the 24th and 26th regiments had sailed for England, relieved by the 6th and 41st regiments, both from Ireland. The latter, on landing, had been immediately sent off to be quartered at Montreal, and dependencies. These regiments had been, partly at least, if not wholly, embarked in the 'Asia,' a 64 or 74-gun King's ship, fitted as a transport, commanded by Lieutenant Sheriff, of the Royal Navy. The 'Asia' was laid up at Quebec, to pass the winter at that place, I believe because the season was too advanced to allow of her return to England before the spring of the following year.

A severe typhus fever had made its appearance on board of the 'Asia,' which had proved fatal to some of the 41st regiment; in consequence of this the Commander-in-chief had lost no time in sending off that regiment in boats to Montreal, by the St. Lawrence; but the sick, about one hundred in number, were left at Quebec, under the charge of three subalterns, the senior of them a Lieutenant Arthur True; the names of the others were Hall and Kelly. These officers, as also Lieutenant Sheriff of the

'Asia,' were invited to join our mess, and we found them very agreeable companions. Notwithstanding the change of air and the increasing severity of the cold, the 41st regiment at Montreal continued to suffer considerable mortality through the fever. The regimental surgeons had died in attending the hospital, or they were disabled by the disease from discharging their duty, so that it became necessary to claim the services of some of the private practitioners then at Montreal. Amongst these was a Mr. Gould, who soon afterwards fell a victim to the malady, and whose death caused a considerable degree of sympathy on behalf of his widow, for he was a general favourite. I know not if any other medical men so called in died of the fever, but I well remember that a medical staff-surgeon, stationed at Quebec, was sent off at a moment's notice to assist in endeavouring to arrest the ravages of the fever from spreading far and wide amongst the inhabitants, some of whom had already been swept off.

In regard of this medical officer, a short, rough-looking personage, and of equally rough manners, it was related—but I do not vouch for the accuracy of the rumour—that on his

arrival at the hospital of the 41st regiment at Montreal, he declared it was not surprising that this fever was working so much destruction, since, the unfortunate patients were smothered through the want of proper ventilation; upon which, it was asserted, he absolutely ordered the glazed frames of the windows to be removed, the doors to be taken off their hinges, and the bed-clothes to be carried away, and the sick to be thus left totally uncovered. The thermometer was low, perhaps below zero, so that by the following morning there were no patients in the hospital; but the undertaker and the clergyman were called in, and so terminated the typhus fever. The news of this almost unique mode of curing every patient in an hospital, spread throughout the town of Montreal like wildfire, and before ten o'clock that morning the soldiers of the 41st regiment were tumultuously assembled in the barrack-yard, demanding summary vengeance of Dr. Frost, as they now described him; and it is not improbable that, had he not taken the precaution of hastening off at an early hour, in order that he might be the first to report the happy result of his new practice, Dr. Frost might have been sent off to

welcome the arrival of his victims in the other world.

On the 1st of January, 1800, being the day appointed for carrying into effect the union of Ireland with Great Britain, the new royal standard, omitting the arms of France, and some other alterations, was ordered to be hoisted on that day with all due honours and respect; the public attention was withdrawn from the discussions on the above-named subject, and directed to an interesting examination of the new royal arms and union flag, which of course were treated with sufficient criticism. The firing of a salute during the winter from the saluting battery was an affair of some labour; for the cannon were usually so buried in snow, that a military fatigue party was always required to disinter them. During some days prior to this important event, the favourite promenade was to the saluting battery, in order to inspect the preparations; and there on the first day of the new year all the town assembled to witness the ceremony. The explosions of the cannon detached such volumes of snow from the face of the cliff under the guns, that half the lower town was smothered, and numerous windows

broken, which no doubt made a deep impression on the mind of those interested, and greatly increased the public festivity.

His Excellency Lieutenant-General Hunter, alias *Blue Peter*, had ordered the senior officer of the detachment of the 41st regiment left at Quebec in charge of the sick men belonging to that regiment, to furnish him with a return containing the usual information, but particularly to exhibit the number of men left at Quebec under his care. The name of our commanding officer of the 41st regiment detachment was Arthur True; he was a most excellent fellow, a thorough Irishman, a fine, tall, stout, rough, soldier-like man, black bearded up to the eyes, witty, yet serious as an owl. Arthur True accordingly procured a clean sheet of foolscap paper, and thereupon made out the desired return, exhibiting at the bottom a total in figures of one thousand and five men. Having completed this important document, in strict accordance with the order, True waited on the General at the usual hour when all commanding officers and heads of departments are expected to pay their respects to his Excellency, and presented the same in the most perfect

official style. Blue Peter now proceeded to examine the details contained in the return, and having at length arrived at the bottom, his attention was attracted to the total, one thousand and five.

“Pray, Sir, step here. I say, Mr. True, what do you mean by this return?” said the General rather hastily, as he took the quid of tobacco from his cheek, and carefully deposited it on the nearest corner of the mantel-shelf, “I say, what do you mean?” he repeated, observing that our friend seemed to be somewhat perplexed at the question.

True stared at the paper, without knowing exactly to what part of it the General alluded. Blue Peter, in his usual rough way, burst forth: “D—n it, Sir, I say, what do you mean by this return?”

“Return, Sir?” said True.

“Yes, Sir, this return—I say again, what do you pretend to show by this return?”

“Why, Sir, it is a return, of the sick and convalescent men of the 41st regiment, left here under my charge,” True boldly asserted.

“Very well, Sir; do you mean, then, to report that you have one thousand and five

men here, Sir? I say, d—n it, Sir, more men than you have in the whole of the 41st regiment.”

“One thousand and five, Sir!” True exclaimed in astonishment. “I do not mean to say anything of the kind; I mean to state that I have one hundred and five.”

“Well, Sir,” angrily retorted the Commander-in-chief, “look at your own hand-writing!”

“Well, Sir,” continued True, full of astonishment at the General’s perseverance. “Well, Sir—is not that one hundred?” said True, as he pointed with his finger at the three first figures, whilst he covered the *fourth* figure.

“Very well,” said Blue Peter.

“And is not that five?” uncovering the fourth figure. “Well, Sir, is that not one hundred and five?”

CHAPTER V.

Excursions — Journey to Upper Canada in January, 1800 — Arrival at Toronto — Tender for land — The boy with two thumbs on one hand — General Simcoe's ruse — An Indian house — Wolves — Dreadful storm at night — Dexterity at rifle-firing — Go to Detroit — Amherstburgh — Snake — Detroit — Panther — Lieutenant Meredith's superstition.

WE made excursions into the surrounding country whilst I was at Quebec this winter; frequently to Indian Laurette, about nine miles from Quebec, where we amused ourselves, pending the preparation of dinner, in sticking up edge-wise penny or half-penny pieces in the snow, for Indian boys to exhibit their talent in knocking them down with flat-headed arrows, at the distance of twenty to twenty-five yards; and they rarely failed to hit them the first time,

which entitled them to ownership. These Indians were far advanced towards civilisation ; they had their well-built stone houses, and good plain church, and a Catholic priest ; they had stoves, tables, chairs, bedsteads, and the usual farmer's furniture ; they cultivated lands for their separate use, which was their individual property. They were always glad to see a party of six to a dozen sleighs come into their village. Any house we selected was most willingly surrendered to us for the day, and the present of a dollar completely satisfied the proprietor.

Sometimes we extended our drive to much greater distances from town, and on one occasion I was with a party that went on to the Canadian village of Château Richie twenty to twenty-five miles below Quebec on the north-west bank of the St. Lawrence. Here we took possession of a house the appearance of which seemed to meet our wishes, and as usual met with a cordial welcome and full permission to occupy it for the remainder of the day. Having finished our dinner by three o'clock, we proposed to knock up a dance. The master of the house quickly procured us the village fiddler, and we

desired him to invite all the belles of the place to come and join in the dance ; but, said he, " it will be useless to take that trouble unless each girl is allowed to bring with her, her *farots*, or sweetheart." This was of course agreed to, and shortly afterwards about twenty couples of the country girls and their *farots*, all in their best attire, came ; and it was very amusing to observe the very correct, and really refined behaviour of those people—their manner and expression always somewhat overstrained, yet exceedingly respectful. The girls by no means shy, but far from familiar, readily danced with the officers, and the *farots* revenged themselves by offering their hands to our ladies. Although this day's journey must have amounted to fifty miles, yet we were all back in town by nine or ten o'clock.

Many parties were also formed by the officers of the 6th regiment and others, to go into the woods to considerable distances, on foot of course on snow-shoes ; and these excursions frequently remained out during two or three weeks, without holding any communication with the civilized world. On these occasions some of our friends, the Indians of Laurette, were

hired to drag the sleighs with the provision and other matters of necessity which were packed on long sleighs made of a thin piece of wood about six feet long, and not exceeding eighteen to twenty inches wide; the front being turned up like a skate, in order that it might readily pass over the snow without gathering it up in front. These Indians were also very useful in clearing away the snow from the ground, building the huts for the night, and cutting a sufficient quantity of wood for keeping up the enormous fires always maintained during the night. We also employed them as expresses to be sent to Quebec in case of accidents befalling any of the party, or for other causes.

These parties of pleasure in the woods were very properly encouraged by the high authorities, and ultimately small detachments of soldiers with their officers were ordered out to take that exercise, and particularly to practise the art of walking on snow-shoes, which at first is very fatiguing. In this way the greater portion of the troops, in a short time, became inured to the difficulties and caution necessary to be observed in performing a winter march where the climate is so severe.

The numerous errors and irregularities Mr. Young had made in drawing up my accounts on the island of St. Joseph, were such as to render them quite objectionable, and therefore it became necessary that I should return to that place, without delay, in order that I might endeavour to make out a new set. Accordingly, on the 18th of January, 1800, I left Quebec on my way thither; taking with me a Canadian I had engaged to serve me during one year, for the sum of six hundred francs: this was a very common practice in Canada, and may still be the practice in that country. These people are under those circumstances called *engagé*. Thus my man Menard and myself went off in a post sleigh, and arrived at Montreal on the second day. From Montreal we reached Kingston, a distance, of about one hundred and eighty miles, by hired sleighs; but thenceforward towards Toronto I was obliged to proceed on foot. I was well provided with a pair of famous snow-shoes, about six feet long, of which my friend Sir Alexander Mackenzie had made me a present, and which that celebrated traveller had had with him, when he discovered Mackenzie River, a

few years before. We found our way without difficulty by following the coast of Lake Ontario; and in six days arrived at York or Toronto, *viâ* the Bay of Kinty, notwithstanding I had a pack to carry weighing nothing less than sixty pounds.

On the last day we left our encampment at two o'clock in the morning, the moon shining brightly, having estimated that we should have an easy march, not exceeding ten or a dozen miles. We had not eaten a mouthful for the best of all possible reasons, and it was past mid-day an hour or two when we saw the first smoke of the then village of York. Instead of ten or twelve miles as we had expected, we had walked that morning thirty-five.

Soon after my arrival, I was informed that a snug sale of government lands, amounting to three hundred thousand acres, had been arranged to take place at this period of the year, when, notwithstanding all the publishing and advertising possible, it would not be known beyond the limits of York, so that there would be land enough for everybody in the town able to purchase without competition. Under these circumstances I paid my respects to Peter

Russell Esq., the President of the Council, and thence called on the Surveyor-General, who showed me the map of the country to be sold, which lay chiefly, if not wholly, on the river Thames or La Trench. I immediately sent in my tenders for a block of three thousand acres, of course naming the number of the same, together with other necessary formalities; and after some short delay of two or three months, I was declared the purchaser. Mr. Russell pointed out to me one of his little boys, about three years of age, and calling him to show me his hand, I observed that he had had two thumbs on one of his hands. He then told me that this child entertained so much detestation towards this addition, that on one occasion being left alone in the dining-room after the table had been prepared for dinner, he seized one of the knives, and had actually cut the extra member to the bone, and was sawing away at it, resting on the edge of the table, when interrupted by the entrance of the servant. Upon this a surgeon was sent for, who finished the operation; the boy refused to be held, and when the thumb was off he exclaimed: "Thank you, doctor, thank you," then snatching up the

thumb, threw it to the further extremity of the room. The brave boy had not uttered the slightest expression of suffering any pain.

Another event, strongly marking this heroic feeling in children, occurred at Berlin a short time before I visited that place in 1825, and which his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland, the late King of Hanover, related to me; when he stated that his son, the present King of Hanover, then about six years of age, whilst playing in the room we were then in, and pointing to the highly polished floor, had slipped; and in falling had broken one of his arms, I think just above the wrist, upon which the family medical officer was instantly in attendance; and notwithstanding every effort to persuade the young prince to permit some one to hold his arm while it should be bandaged, yet he had stoutly and successfully resisted it, declaring, "I know, doctor, you will not hurt me more than you can help." He also concealed every sensation of pain.

During my delay at York I fell in with many persons who had served in the American war, still fresh in the memory of those now retired officers. Many anecdotes were told of the late

General Simcoe, one in particular was, that whilst that officer was on a march, commanding a small body of men, he unexpectedly discovered that he was almost surrounded by a considerable body of the enemy, who, however, were ignorant of his force. To have attempted a retrograde movement would have manifested his weakness, and led to the capture of his troops.

After a short consideration of his position, Simcoe ordered a great many young and slender trees to be cut and made into cart-whips, and then forming a long string of fifty men armed with them, he ordered them to crack away and shout like carters; at the same time sent out his light infantry right and left. The incessant bawling out and hallooing of the pretended drivers confirmed the enemy in their first supposition, that they were close to the main body of the British army, and instantly prompted them to retire without delay; by this *ruse* Simcoe extricated himself from a position of imminent danger.

Having obtained from the Surveyor-General the best written description of the country to guide me in my journey on foot, thence to Amherstburgh, there being no other means of

accomplishing that portion of my task, I proceeded, and without much difficulty arrived at Brant's Town (Brantsford), the chief place of the Six Nations, and from Captain Joseph Brant experienced every mark of civility and kindness. Brant and his wife were about to sit down to table, upon which some excellent pea-soup and a well-roasted leg of mutton had been placed; the plate, the glass, and cutlery were all in the best English style; whilst a handsome black man in a tasteful livery stood at the sideboard discharging the double office of butler and footman. After dinner, coffee was served, and soon afterwards Brant said: "I dare say you are tired, therefore go to bed as soon or as late as you please; and to-morrow morning you shall breakfast at any hour you may wish to have it." He showed me the way to my bedroom, and the bed I occupied was a tent bedstead, with white dimity curtains, bed-side carpet and dressing-table, with looking-glass—in short, the usual furniture of a bedroom, even to a boot-jack.

On the following morning, after making a good breakfast, we shouldered our packs and went on during seven days' march. I must admit that at first I felt a considerable degree

of anxiety in regard of my personal safety since my servant, the *engagé*, had but little more of his money to receive from me and he had not yet served half his time; my death would have released him from his engagement, and so save him from the fatigue of a severe journey, the worst portion being still before us. During the first two days I felt much uneasiness. We had passed through a compactly-wooded country, and to an unenlightened man, might be as good as a labyrinth; and in order to release myself from this unpleasant state of mind, which totally robbed me of rest, I said to him at night as we sat smoking our pipes over a blazing fire: "Well, Menard, suppose any accident should befall me, could you find your way back or out of these woods?"

"Oh, Sir, pray do not mention anything so horrible. This morning, as you were crossing that second river on the fallen tree, and that I thought I saw you losing your balance over the torrent, I felt that if you fell in and were drowned, I was a lost man. Oh, Sir, I never should find my way out of these woods, it is only such learned mathematicians as you that

could now find their way through so many difficulties."

On hearing this declaration, I took my turn to lie down and to sleep, with perfect satisfaction.

During every night we were surrounded by an immense number of wolves, howling and galloping round our encampment; restrained from approaching within fifty to sixty yards by the terror those animals always feel at the sight of fire at night. When they gathered in one quarter, we dispersed them by throwing towards them a fire-brand; yet we made it a rule to watch turn about, principally to keep up a good fire, our chief protection.

One night we had completed our operations for the night at an early hour, and I took my chocolate with great satisfaction. After smoking my pipe and looking to the priming of my pistols, I laid down to sleep, whilst my man watched till midnight. I had just closed my eyes when a slight puff of wind, like a theatrical gust, rushed over the tops of the high forest trees, many of them of the largest dimensions. The voices of a few wolves heralded their

approach; in a minute or two a flash of lightning, followed by the distant grumbling thunder, announced a storm to be at hand—not very frequent at that season. The blasts increased in ten minutes to a continuous roaring storm, which was followed by a corresponding increase of lightning and thunder; and as these warring elements came over our heads, the hail and rain fell in frightful abundance, the former as large as small pistol-balls.

Our anxiety was to the keeping up the fire, which at one time I had great reason to fear would have been extinguished, which would leave us no hope of escape from the hungry wolves, already becoming momentarily more and more daring, and their howlings seemed to be doubled. The tempest increased to such a pitch, that in all directions the trees were cracking as they were bent down half-way to the ground, making reports louder than muskets; and these were frequently followed by the heavy crash of the falling timber which actually shook the earth. One of these fell within twenty yards of our camp—happily in a contrary direction.

I fired several shots with my double-barrelled pistols in the direction whence the howlings of

the wolves were most numerous, and on one occasion I heard a yelp, and then a violent fighting, so that I concluded I had wounded or killed one. I think it very probable that such was the case, for on the following morning I found the ring (made by the wolves running round and round our camp in the snow, always at the same distance, about fifty yards) in one place more trampled down, stained with blood, and scattered with hair.

The storm did not abate until daylight, and we had had the good fortune to be able to keep up the fire. When, however, we attempted to proceed, the snow melted by the rain began to freeze so rapidly, that the surface was as smooth as a looking-glass, and it was not without the utmost difficulty we could make any progress. Moreover, the further we advanced, which was in a line nearly parallel to the Thames, the more considerable were the tributary streams, or creeks, as they are called, and also deeper, steeper, and more difficult to pass, were the ravines in which these torrents flow. Notwithstanding that all those we had up to this time encountered were frozen over, excepting one, the progress of the season, together

with the advance we had made into a warmer climate, had rendered the ice in many places somewhat unsafe; and at length we came to one of those creeks where the ice was nearly all gone, excepting a small quantity adhering to the banks, and of which the current was sufficiently strong to justify my naming it as a torrent, carrying with it large masses of floating ice and branches of trees in considerable abundance. This stream actually measured one hundred and four feet in width, thus presenting no ordinary difficulty to us, provided with a four pound axe only.

I here found the instruction I had received at the Woolwich Academy of the greatest importance, since it enabled me, without the aid of any instrument, to measure with sufficient accuracy the width of the rivers and the height of the trees growing nearest to the banks, so as to insure, by felling any particular tree, a bridge long enough to extend to the opposite bank. This, however, was a work that consumed much time and exhausted much strength; so that we very soon discovered the necessity of commencing by forming our camp for the night, after which, the remaining time was devoted

to the great work of cutting deep into the tree destined to form our bridge, the only one we had found fit for that purpose within three miles of the place where we had first arrived on the banks of this formidable creek. This tree, measured by the length of its shadow, was one hundred and fifty-five feet high, and was growing at the distance of twenty-eight feet from the nearest part of the stream, and at least twenty feet above it; but there was reason to fear that in its fall it might, as I had often seen it happen in similar cases, shoot out as it fell from the stump, and perhaps it might in this way go so far as to leave some portion next to us unprovided for, or I might say unbridged.

Practice soon teaches every new-comer in America how to make a tree (when felling) fall in any direction required, excepting during a hard gale; we were not, therefore, under much apprehension on that point.

At length, taking the axe turn about, down the tree fell, and, to our infinite joy, all our calculations and labour had proved perfect; the thick end or but of the tree rested on our shore, about six feet from the water's edge, but

the innumerable branches of the top remained entangled nearly half-way up in a large tree on the opposite side, forming a bridge, ascending at an angle of 30° to 35° , whence we had to descend the best way we could amongst a tissue of branches, an operation of no small difficulty, with my little dog in a blanket slung over my back.

In proceeding, our course was obstructed for a time by several of these tributary water-courses, but none of them so formidable as the one above alluded to. At length, having arrived at that point, and even beyond it, according to my frequently revised calculations, where we ought to have entered into the settled parts of the country, and still finding ourselves in a prickly ash swamp, where the fallen trees lay across each other, and entangled in countless myriads, covering the inundated surface, the water spreading over the hard frozen ground or ice beneath, we proceeded, I must say, with broken hearts, our feet and legs, from constant immersion in icy water, almost insensible, and legs aching in a most painful degree.

On the morning of that day we had risen with a certainty impressed on our minds that

long before mid-day we should again mix with human beings. As we advanced, splashing in the water and stumbling amongst the fallen trees of small dimensions, our anxiety went on increasing, and at every moment we expected to smell the smoke of a farm, hear the sound of the axe, the bark of a dog or the crowing of a cock, yet all was distressingly still. This feeling had induced us to push on regardless of sore feet, and severity of cold, to a much later hour than was prudent when an encampment is intended ; and under the circumstances above described, of the country being covered with water from four to six inches in depth, it became greatly inconvenient to postpone making the arrangements for the night.

Our first difficulty was to light a fire. We searched, and not without much industry found a large tree, about three feet in diameter, lying horizontally, but not upon the earth ; it had been blown down, and with its fall had torn up the roots, which in Canada do not dive very deeply into the earth. We then had to form a bed of pieces of wood side by side, and then crossed by others, until raised above the surface of the water, in order to rest thereon the first

fire under the tree. Having done this, we turned our attention to the forming of a raised floor whereon to sleep ; yet all these unavoidably necessary preparations consumed so much time, that night had set in upon us long before they were completed. We still had to cut all the wood requisite for keeping a fire large enough to roast an ox or two, during fourteen hours of darkness, and this operation at night, in a forest where the trees form a lofty and close vault, was by no means an easy matter, after the fatiguing day we had experienced. It was, therefore, very late when, without one particle of food left in our possession, we lay down to pass the night.

My man Menard had complained during several days past of being unwell, and this day's march, half-leg deep in iced water, and stepping amongst such a tangle of young trees, causing us to stumble frequently, for it was like walking upon a large network, had by no means improved this poor fellow's health ; I, therefore, desired him to lie down first, and that I should take the watch, with which it would have been very unsafe to dispense, lest the fire should go out. In the course of about an hour I

heard one of our friends commence a serenading howl ; but he had not made much progress in the overture, when he was answered by a ferocious bark of a Newfoundland dog, that augmented his voice to the loudest pitch, and seemingly quite close to our camp.

Next morning we set out at an early hour, and discovered that had we gone on but a few minutes later, we should have been snugly housed, instead of passing the night in a most wretched way, on a sort of stage or grating raised a few inches above the water. We experienced every kindness and comfort which the people at the farm-house could show us, and as my man was seriously ill, and his feet, from our marching so many hours in iced water, were in a dreadful state, I resolved on remaining here a few days, a rest of which I was also much in need.

From this place we continued on the left bank of the Thames, passing through Chatham and London without knowing it, and arrived upon a considerable branch or tributary stream, which was not passable, for the ice had broken up, and the current was very swift ; I was thus unavoidably detained about a week at a small

settler's house. The man was a well-built fellow, perfectly cut out for the pursuits he was following; tall, robust and very industrious. His occupation was similar to that of all other settlers, that is, cutting down trees, building a log-house, stable and such outhouses as are wanted, and the clearing a certain number of acres of land, in order to procure the means of supporting his family, which consisted, in addition to himself, of a wife, a delicate woman, under thirty years of age, and six or seven very young children. I was, however, much surprised on hearing from him, as we were settled in-doors for the evening, enjoying the comfort of a blazing fire, that instead of remaining on his farm, and by the united labour of himself and family annually extend his comforts, so as to include many luxuries, he looked forward with anxious desire for the day when all those preliminary necessities being completed, he might sell his improved property and start off away to some other part of the forest, undisturbed by the hand of man, and there form another farm, and so on as long as he should be able to work. In this way he calculated that he could every three years form a complete little farm, and

receive in one payment the value of his labour.

Upon inquiry I ascertained that this plan is adopted by a great number of settlers whose physical strength is sufficient for enduring such a life of privation, but that it is almost exclusively carried on by emigrants, natives of the United States of North America, whose qualifications for such a life are greatly superior to those who arrive in Canada from Europe.

To lighten the tedium of my stay at this place, I practised all the feats of wood-cutting, splitting, log-house building, skinning the cedar-trees to cover the roof, and chopping up pine-timber for shingles. I was greatly astonished at witnessing a feat I had often heard related of the skill of these people in firing with a rifle. One man held up a shingle at the distance of one hundred yards from another, who fired a ball from his rifle through it without appearing to take much pains in levelling his piece; this he repeated thrice without once failing.

Soon after this I purchased a wooden canoe; and the ice being quite gone, Menard and myself embarked without further assistance to proceed on our way to Lake Sinclair, and then coast it

to the river Detroit. We arrived with blistered hands at Amherstburgh. The lands we had passed at the mouth of the Thames, which are alluvial and of great extent, appeared to me to be the richest I had ever seen; the soil black, deep, and ready for the plough. On the highest blades of the coarsest of the rushes growing on these meadows, I saw for the first time the beautiful native blackbird, with a crescent of scarlet on the upper part of each wing.

I remained with my friend Baskwell of the Engineers whilst a light, flat-bottomed bateau was building to carry me on to Fort St. Joseph, this being the only means by which I could proceed on my journey, as there were no sailing vessels ready to navigate Lake Huron at so early a period of the season (end of April). We frequently passed the mornings together with guns in the wood towards the Four-mile Creek, or on the island in front of Amherstburgh. One day, when returning from the Four-mile Creek, as Baskwell was half running across some grass land to get a shot at some partridges he had seen perch in a tree at some two hundred yards distance, he suddenly gave a loud shriek, and seemed preparing to fire at some object on

the ground. I hastened up to him, when he warned me against advancing through the high grass, as he had nearly trod on some large animal, which he declared, from its size, must be an alligator. In a few minutes, advancing with the utmost caution, both our guns pointed towards the spot, we beheld the head of a monstrous snake rearing itself above the grass fully three feet high. Whilst he was hissing or rattling his tail (for it was a rattlesnake), Baskwell fired, and he fell mortally wounded, after which I despatched him with a large stick I found at hand. This snake, after all our alarm, measured little more than seven feet, but the rattles at the extremity of his tail indicated that he was thirteen years old—that is, supposing the prevailing opinion on this subject to be correct, that he acquires one ring in the rattle for every year he lives.

Whilst I was at Amherstburgh with Baskwell he pointed out to me the stump of a very large button-wood tree, which Captain McKee of the 60th regiment had cut down with one hand for a wager, between sunrise and sunset on a long summer's day. The stump measured nearly three feet and a half in diameter. Captain

McKee was at this time (1800) Superintendent of Indian affairs for the district of Amherstburgh; he was six feet four inches high, and exceedingly powerful; his mother was an Indian, and he himself retained a slight tinge of the olive colour of the natives, but he was one of the best tempered fellows and most entertaining companion I have ever met with.

During my short delay at this place, a party was arranged to go up to Detroit, an American post formerly belonging to the English, and had been erected by them. I know not through what circumstance it was that I became separated from my friends, but in searching about for the house of the Commandant, Colonel Porter, I happened to look into a yard with large folding gates standing widely open, and in peeping behind one of these gates in search of some one who could direct me to the Commandant's, I was suddenly pounced upon by an immense animal that applied his fore-feet upon my shoulders, almost throwing me on my back, and with his tongue extended out of his mouth, breathing like a dog oppressed with heat, he fixed his fiery eyes upon mine but a few inches from my face, whilst his tail lashed

about in every direction. I freely admit I was never more startled, and loudly called for rescue. I could not disengage myself, for I felt his powerful claws not only tightly holding me by my clothes, but inserted through them slightly into the skin. I had not been many seconds in this position, when a man rushed out from a small counting-house by the spot, who assured me I should not suffer any injury; "for," said he, "although he is a panther, yet he is very young, and has no harm in him." I was very soon released, and although his master repeated several times I might handle him without risk, yet the event made a very deep impression on my mind.

After paying my respects to Colonel Porter, who received me very coldly, scarcely amounting to civility, I walked round the little town of Detroit, then (fifty years ago) containing a population amounting to 2,500 persons. I recrossed the river Detroit to dine with our friend and the officers whom I had accompanied from Amherstburgh; we there passed a most pleasant day. Mrs. McKee was a most charming little brunette, the daughter of a Mr. Askin residing at Detroit, one of whose sisters had been married to a Lieutenant Meredith, of the Royal

Artillery. The Lieutenant had been one of the officers attached to the company of gentlemen cadets studying at the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich, probably about the year 1787, and was at that time married. Soon afterwards, however, he had the misfortune to lose his wife during her confinement. Meredith was a most affectionate husband, and his grief was not only very acute but was of long duration. After the death of his wife, when he would admit of no consolation from his numerous and anxious friends, while passing his time in solitude, he frequently observed a mouse in the room, which by degrees became so familiar, that it would sit on his breakfast-table by his cup, then would ramble from the cloth to his hand, thence on his knee, and so on until it finally climbed into his waistcoat, where it seemed to have arrived at the summit of its ambition.

Meredith's mind had suffered considerably by the shock of his wife's unexpected death, and this mouse so deeply interested him, that he felt fully convinced that the soul of his lost wife had passed into its body.

CHAPTER VI.

Extraordinary conduct of an Indian woman—Saut of St. Mary's—Indian manners—Burning to death of a woman—Changes of temperature—The woods on fire—Hail-storm—Arrival at Montreal—The waters of the Ottawa and St. Lawrence—Major Hale, good shot and angler fly-fisher—Parties to Stoneham—Depth of snow—Court-house and cathedral—Sleighs at Montreal with sixteen horses—Major Alves frost-bitten.

It was related to me at Amherstburgh that a party of the neighbouring Indians having waged war against some other Indian tribe, a prisoner had remained in their hands without having been scalped and murdered in accordance with their usual practice: this poor creature, a fine, handsome, stout fellow, was doomed to be tomahawked in cold blood. For this purpose, at the appointed time, a large fire was

made and a ring formed of the men and women sitting on the earth round the fire, upon which was placed the enormous kettle full of water wherein to boil a dog, in order to celebrate the event with proper and ample rejoicings. As soon as the water began to boil, the intended victim was brought out into the ring, and informed that he was at liberty to make his brag, or what with us would be called a last dying speech and confession. Upon this the prisoner, who had painted himself with much care and in the most fantastical manner from head to foot, to his entire satisfaction, entered the circle with a slow and majestic step, and walked round and round the inside of the enclosure pompously enumerating the many occasions on which he had spilled the blood of his enemies, the frequent daring acts he had performed, and the murders and injuries he had committed against the nation by which he was then held a prisoner.

During this time, a boy, about twelve years of age, had been selected as one of the best looking or most daring ; perhaps, also, in consequence of his expertness with the tomahawk, and being painted and decorated with eagles'

feathers, was directed to follow the prisoner round in his walk, with his tomahawk in hand, ready to strike the fatal blow. The boy accordingly advanced with haughty air, clenching the instrument of death in his right hand, whilst waiting the victim's order to strike. The practice being to inflict the blow on the back of the head, not with the sharp edge of the tomahawk, but with the opposite side, which is formed of metal, and serves frequently as the bowl of a pipe, which is less likely to glance off than would be the cutting or hatchet side. As soon as the man falls, be he dead or still living, the boy, or some other Indian, steps forward, and with the sharp point of a common butcher's knife cuts a circle about four inches in diameter through the skin of the head, which must contain the star, or division of the hair on the crown. Having done this, he lifts up the skin all round the edge of the circle, passing his knife between the skull and the scalp, and then taking a firm grasp of the hair, with one violent tug he tears the scalp from the head, which he flourishes round his own, whilst he screeches out the war-whoop, to which the whole of the savages present, reply

with marks of ferocious delight. In order to preserve this precious relic, it is stretched upon a small hoop, the edge of the scalp being carefully turned over it like the head of a drum and sown on; when dry, the skin side is besmeared with vermilion mixed up with grease, and then by a string fastened to the two opposite edges of the hoop, it is hung to the end of a thin stick eight or ten feet long, the hair floating in the wind. This banner is then stuck into the ground in front of the camp as an emblem of victory.

The youth thus stood, ready to acquire the honour due to his boldness, when the captive, in passing round and round, regarded him with sneering contempt. Then having proclaimed his last deed with extraordinary exultation, he suddenly stopped—the boy collecting all his strength, raised himself on tip-toe, and swinging round the tomahawk, was on the point of striking the fatal blow—when the prisoner with a hellish grin proclaimed he had now bragged of all he had done against the nation, in whose mercy the fortune of war had placed him; “but,” said he, “let me show you that at the instant when I am about to be sent to the

happy prairies, and quit this world for ever, I fear not to add one more glorious victim to those I have already mentioned." With the fury of a tiger, he darted on an infant sucking at its mother's breast, whence he tore it from her grasp, and as quickly plunged the innocent babe into the cauldron of boiling water then on the fire.

Amongst any other people, a general rising of the whole of the witnesses of such an infernal act, would have been the immediate consequence, to tear limb from limb; but in this instance, the mother of the murdered infant, who happened to be a widow, started to her feet, and declared, that a man who could act thus in defiance of his enemies, even whilst their captive, must not perish! "I will take him as my future husband," she exclaimed; "he is too brave to die like a dog—he is worthy of being received into our tribe."

This most extraordinary declaration was followed by a general silence, which did not, however, last beyond the lapse of a few seconds, when the whole assembly grunted, shouted, yelped, and gave various screams of joy in proof of their unanimous approbation.

I could mention many similar examples of Indian ferocity—one in particular happened at the Saut de Sainte Marie, or Falls of St. Mary. An Indian having been killed by another of the same tribe in a drinking affray, his nearest relation, as usual, resolved on revenging the murder; but carefully concealed his intention, in all respects acting with so much dissimulation that the murderer and his family ceased to take any precautions. One day the avenger saw his intended victim in the forest unattended; and then waiting until he had discharged his gun at some game, pounced upon him accompanied by a friend, and instantly pointing his own at the object of his revenge, when but two or three yards from him, shouting: “Do you know me?”

“Yes,” boldly replied the murderer, with an air of the completest indifference.

“And do you know my object?” continued the former.

“Yes,” was the firm reply; “you are come to revenge the death of your relation, whom I shot.”

“What have you to say against my shooting you in retaliation?” demanded the Indian, keep-

ing his gun pointed at the man's breast, almost touching him with the muzzle of his gun.

"Nothing," was the answer; then throwing open his blanket, and presenting his naked body, "Fire!" he fiercely exclaimed. The words had no sooner escaped his lips than he fell dead at his enemy's feet.

Notwithstanding the air of indifference to life which seems to mark the character of these people, such a conclusion would not be correct. These savages have a sufficient attachment to life, to induce them to make every imaginable effort to escape premature death, so long as any chance of success remains; that hope destroyed, making a virtue of necessity, they assume an air of the most perfect contempt of immediate death.

An Indian and his wife landed on the shore of the river Niagara close to Chippewa Creek; the man, having separated from his wife, returned first to the canoe, and being somewhat tired, lay down in the bow of the boat, which was drawn on shore, and secured from the chance of being carried away by the rapid current of the river. He was soon in a sound sleep. When his wife returned, on perceiving

his helpless condition, under the influence of some diabolical passion, she raised the bow of the canoe so as to clear it from the ground, and with her utmost strength pushed it off into the fearful rapids. In this manner was the canoe hurried away towards the Falls of Niagara with irresistible swiftness. The splashing of the first cascade over his face aroused the Indian to the full extent of his danger. With the rapidity of thought he started up, paddle in hand, struggling with astonishing strength and exertion to endeavour to regain the shore ; but in a few minutes became convinced that his case was hopeless. He threw down the paddle, and rolling himself up in his blanket, lay down in the bottom of the canoe, and in a few moments more disappeared over the brink of the great Horse-shoe Fall, after which not a vestige of either him or his canoe was ever found.

I may as well here notice, that of the largest trees which have been, either accidentally or wilfully thrown over these falls, not the smallest fragment has been found. This effect, it was stated, must be the result of the violent grinding to which all substances are subject by

passing through the whirlpool immediately below the falls.

I have never seen a North American Indian shed a tear; I have never seen one laugh heartily—he may perhaps smile; I have never seen or heard an Indian express by sign, word or gesture, much surprise, joy, pleasure, fear, gratitude, despair, grief or anxiety; yet they are not callous to any of those feelings or sentiments; they are educated to conceal every feeling.

I may as well here relate, that in proceeding at a later period from Amherstburgh to St. Joseph's on board a vessel belonging to the North-West Company, and on approaching the Thunder Bay Islands we were perfectly becalmed. The vessel came to anchor, and I joined a party to go on shore. We soon traversed the island, and having ascertained there was no game, we were on our return to the boat, when, at the opposite side of a small bay, we observed a large Indian camp, containing a dozen wigwams at least. It was immediately resolved that we should pay them a visit, in the hope of procuring game or fish. On arriving at the camp, we perceived that something more

than ordinary was in agitation. A much larger fire than usual was burning, the kettle was suspended over it, and there was an air of solemnity throughout the whole of the community I had not on former occasions observed.

In walking about the wigwams, I observed a woman sitting on the ground with an infant at her breast, quite apart from the huts. She was stripped naked to her waist. I soon perceived that on various parts of her back and arms were pieces of pine-wood, about the size of a skewer, sharp-pointed at one end and frizzled at the other. Several boys and men were round her, sticking the skewers into her flesh, of which she took no notice, nor did she flinch or shrink in the slightest degree.

Upon inquiry into the motives for this preparation, one of the Indians replied that the woman was a prisoner—I believe, a Pawnee—and that they were about to burn her and her child, directing my attention to a heap of faggots, or small wood, prepared for that purpose. The sticking into her flesh of the skewers was suspended for a short time whilst the explanation was proceeding.

I was perfectly horrified at beholding such

intense brutality, and I expressed myself accordingly in strong reproaches. The Indians treated my remonstrances with contempt. I inquired if the destruction of this woman would enrich them, or give them any *schooty-wabo* (rum).

“No,” replied the Indian, “she is not worth it.”

“But,” said I, “if you will sell her to me, I am willing to give you some rum for her.”

“*Tawaw, tawaw,*” an expression indicating some degree of surprise, “if you have taken a fancy to the *animonse* (dog), we can be satisfied with *schooty-wabo* instead of the festival of seeing her burnt; but do you want the child also?” the Indian looking at me with an air which convinced me that I would not be troubled with it; “for,” said he, “we can burn the child, which would do as well, and perhaps be more to your liking.”

“No, no, I must have both,” cried I, rejoiced to find that there was a chance of saving their lives. A negotiation was immediately commenced, and it was agreed that in consideration of my handing them six bottles of rum, that is two of rum mixed with four of water, they would transfer their rights and titles to both the woman and

child to me. Through the medium of one of the Indians present, who spoke the language of the prisoner, it was explained to her that her life was saved, and that she was now my property. She received the information with an air of the utmost indifference ; and although I hastened to pluck out all the skewers to the number of at least twenty or thirty, and assisted to wash the blood from her skin, she uttered not one word of either sorrow or pleasure. Putting on her clothes and blanket, she gathered her baby close to her breast, and stood ready to follow her new proprietor.

We all hastened to the vessel, taking my new purchase with me, whilst two of the Indians escorted us on board, in order to receive the payment as agreed. They departed to return to their thirsty friends on shore, who were waiting anxiously for a smack at the *schooty-wabo*, occasionally manifesting their satisfaction by screeches and yells of delight ; and I proceeded, with a fair wind, on my voyage, full of gratitude to the Almighty for having afforded me an opportunity of thus saving the lives of two fellow-creatures.

Our first care was to apply ointment to heal

the torn flesh of the woman, to which she made not the slightest objection ; but her features had undergone no change, and she continued to maintain the same passive gloominess. The same night, on entering the Détour, about nine or ten miles from the island of St. Joseph, we saw a great many Indian canoes returning from the island and on their route to Lake Michigan ; and as I happened to know some of these families, having seen them often at Fort St. Joseph, I agreed with them to carry the woman and child towards her friends, as far as they could, and thence send her on, and that on being assured of her safe arrival home, I should reward them handsomely. Some biscuit and other articles of provision were put into the canoe with her, and she embarked.

It will no doubt be expected that she showed some expression of gratitude, a smile on her countenance, or at least one look of satisfaction : there was nothing of the kind, she did not even turn her head to take a last look of those who had saved her life. I had not, however, been more than a fortnight at Fort St. Joseph, when two canoes arrived with about a dozen men and their families ; many of them the relations and

connections of this woman. They stated that they came to show me that they were not ungrateful for my kindness, and immediately scattered before me, according to the Indian custom, a considerable present of the finest skins they could, at the instant, collect.

I must now return to my movements at Amherstburgh. At the expiration of about sixteen days, my famous Schenectady boat was launched, and I started up the Detroit. While crossing Lake Sinclair, I had a hard up-hill or up-water work, to enter Lake Huron, particularly the last mile which is a still or smooth rapid of deep water. I was here overtaken by the North-West Company's vessel. I agreed for a passage, and having hoisted in my boat, we proceeded with a strong and favourable wind, touching at the Thunder Bay Islands, and arrived at St. Joseph's on the 3rd of June, 1800. The heat of the atmosphere was almost insupportable. I mention this fact because on the following morning, to our great astonishment, the ground was covered by snow to a depth of about six inches, and the cold was so severe that the little garrison, in turning out to fire a *feu de joie*, in honour of the anniversary of the

King's birthday, were obliged to put on their winter mittens, fur caps, and blanket great-coats.

Having completed all the objects of my journey to this place, I purchased a light canoe, only twenty-five feet long, and having hired a famous guide (for the Grand River) named Le Duc, and nine other *voyageurs*, all picked men, I started on the 6th of July on my return to Lower Canada, determined on performing the journey in a shorter space of time than it had hitherto been accomplished even by the great McTavish, the head partner in Canada of the North-West Company, who had performed that immense journey in seven days and three-quarters. In order to render my intention practicable, I had so arranged my equipment and baggage, that the whole could be carried, including canoe, &c., in one trip; myself taking a full load at each portage or carrying-place.

At starting I was particularly favoured by the weather; this was of the greatest importance to me whilst coasting Lake Huron from the island of St. Joseph, to the mouth of the French river—a distance of two hundred to three hundred miles—the whole of which, having a fair wind, I performed without

landing or striking the small sail, in thirty hours.

I arrived at Montreal in seven days and a quarter, having passed La Chine without stopping longer than was necessary to procure a guide to descend the dangerous rapids between that place and the city of Montreal. The severe fatigue my men had endured, as well as myself, had consumed a large portion of the flesh which had previously covered our bones, which on our arrival excited general commiseration. Moreover, we were all suffering acutely from sore eyes, occasioned by the smoke of the burning forests; for along an extent of at least seven hundred miles of the country we had passed over; the woods were on fire, and in many parts on both sides of the river, so that every wind covered us with clouds of smoke and ashes, and frequently sprinkled us over with burning cinders and sparks; not only repeatedly setting fire to the contents of our canoe, but to our clothes. On one occasion, the contents of the canoe was on fire in several places, and many of us had red-hot cinders sticking to our clothes; on another, two of our men were so completely in flames,

as to render it necessary for them to jump overboard, holding by the canoe.

In advancing, the river was divided into many channels by numerous islands covered with burning trees, so that we frequently had to pass under the blazing fires. Here the heat was so intense, that I expected we should have been suffocated, and I believe not a man would have escaped had we not tied handkerchiefs dipped in water over our mouths and nostrils, which caught the sooty particles from assailing our lungs. Whilst in this part of the river, a violent gale of wind sprang up, tearing from the trees whole branches in flames, and carrying with them volumes of red-hot cinders, forming a complete cascade of fire in all directions, from which our canoe did not escape.

Even to this day I have a lively recollection, of my sensations while looking ahead of our canoe, thus carried along by a rapid stream into a mass of flames and a shower of fire.

Suddenly a violent storm of rain and hail poured in upon us, and whilst it saved us from burning, and cooled in a slight extent the heat of the atmosphere by which we were surrounded, the bruises we received from the

hail-stones as large as musket-bullets, added to the blisters caused by the hot cinders, rendered our sufferings almost insupportable. "Forward," however, was our motto, and on we went. Further on the river widened, and by keeping in the middle of the stream, which, as it was with us, we were enabled to follow with advantage, we suffered somewhat less. The transit at the carrying-places was a service of extraordinary difficulty, and required many deviations, rendering the transport of the canoe an object of the first interest, very inconvenient, to say the least of it, and under all circumstances hazardous through the extreme difficulty of the ground.

Notwithstanding all these vexations and painful obstructions, my having accomplished my journey in less time by half a day, than had been taken by the great McTavish, was to me ample compensation: such is the folly of a young man under twenty years of age.

I have neglected to mention the singular fact that although the rivers St. Lawrence and Ottawa or Grand River meet at the distance of about forty miles above Montreal, and that from that point the name of the Ottawa

is lost, yet they glide on side by side without mixing their waters, notwithstanding their respective swiftness of current; and more particularly that in passing down the rapids of La Chine, where the tossing and roughness of the current is considerable, yet the waters continue down these rapids, and still further below Montreal, without mixing. In passing the latter city, the demarcation or line of separation, is maintained so distinctly, that the thick and turbid waters of the Ottawaw and the beautifully clear waters of the St. Lawrence may be seen running side by side without intermingling beyond the space of a yard or two. In consequence of this disinclination to mix, the inhabitants of Montreal, whilst I was there, used to send to a long distance from the shore to procure water during the winter, and it required several trial holes through the ice in order to find the nearest point at which the clear water could be obtained.

Isaac Todd, better known as "By Jove," his favourite expression, was then an aged man, and entertained us exceedingly with his numerous anecdotes about his intercourse with various people at Michilimakinac. He related to

us all the particulars of the taking of the fort at Detroit by the Indians, who accomplished their object by commencing to play a game at La Crosse, close to the fort; upon which occasion the signal for a general rush into the place was the throwing the ball into the fort, and instead of searching for it, they proceeded to murder the garrison whom they had taken completely by surprise; one man only escaping by hiding himself in the oven.

I passed a week or ten days at Montreal most agreeably with my friends of the 41st regiment, and Lieutenant Caddy of the Royal Artillery, during which time we played *excessively* at rackets; for we occasionally began at five o'clock in the morning, because the air was then cool, and being relieved by another set, alternately every rubber, we went on until too dark to see the ball.

I now returned to Quebec, and again joined the united Artillery and Engineer mess; but I found that, during the seven months I had been away, several of the members were missing—some had died, others had gone to England, and a few had retired. Amongst the latter were Dr. Soane, and Mr. G. Harriet, the post-

master-general; I also missed my most excellent friend, Colonel Joseph Barnes, of the Artillery, deputy barrack-master-general, and deputy quarter-master-general. This was the first summer I had been quartered at Quebec, and the change of occupation during the severity of winter to the mildness and amusement of summer, rendered that place quite a novelty to me.

Instead of driving all day in a sleigh, as I had hitherto been accustomed, we now paddled about in canoes, sometimes to considerable distances. We also amused ourselves with shooting, particularly snipes, which were in such abundance in the spring and autumn that I killed two at one shot, within half a mile of the city, upon a low ground at the mouth of the river Charles; and where after dinner I have gone out to shoot, and knocked down five brace and a half in less than an hour.

At this time there was a Major Hale, paymaster-general, a very tall and very thin man, who was so good a shot that he wagered with an officer of the 6th regiment to kill twenty out of twenty-one, and he won. Major Hale was also very fond of fishing, and I believe he was one of a party of four that caught one

morning thirty-five dozen of trout in Lake Charles—a beautiful water, on very elevated ground in the mountains, some fifteen to twenty miles on the north-west side of Quebec; but it must be stated that some of the fish were very small.

In this way, and in various active pursuits, we passed the remainder of the summer; and winter again, the favourite season at Quebec, brought with it its usual gaieties. During this winter some very large parties were arranged to pass a day or two or even occasionally a week, in the country; and amongst the most delightful and amusing of these were some of which I was a member, at a place, or rather a solitary house, belonging to Mr. Kenelm Chandler, the Ordnance store-keeper, barrack-master &c., who had named that house and grounds Stoneham. Mr. Chandler did not keep any one in the house to protect his interests, but merely locked the door and left it to its fate. There was no risk in this, for in the first place the only property that could have been carried away was a large stove. During the whole of the time I was in Canada I do not recollect to have heard of a single case

of housebreaking, or of highway or by-way robbery; in short, so perfectly at rest were we on this subject, that I never once fastened the street door of any house I occupied either at Quebec or Montreal.

These parties sometimes amounted to twenty-five or thirty persons, generally about as many lads as lasses, and a proper number of papas and mammas. Chandler never refused to lend the key to his friends, and gave free use of the house. The stables would contain ten to fifteen horses. The situation was truly beautiful, and had it been nearer to other dwellings it would have been a most desirable residence, but it was ten or twelve miles beyond any occupied spot; the distance from Quebec I believe was more than twenty miles, and part of the way lay by Lake Charles which in winter it was more convenient to cross than to coast.

Our parties to Stoncham were frequently composed of twelve to fifteen and even twenty sleighs, each drawn by one horse, and several luggage sleighs were included, in order to carry bedding, chairs, tables and cooking utensils, as also provision and forage for the cattle. We always kept together, in order to assist each

other in breaking down a road, which with one sleigh would have been quite impracticable. The course usually followed along the latter ten or twelve miles was by taking it in turns to lead the line of sleighs, following one another very exactly; and as the work was very heavy for the horse of the leading sleigh, it was not expected that he should continue in that position more than time to advance two hundred yards at most, when he halted and all the others turned out and passed him, when he fell into the train as last and had the easier work. As soon as the one then in front had gone on a like distance as leader, he also stopped, whilst those behind passed him, and so on to the end. It, however, more frequently happened that all the sleighs hired to carry the furniture and provision were made to start at a very early hour, so as to form a tolerably well-beaten track. In this way a road had to be beaten or trodden down in the snow, which towards the middle of the month of March was usually considered to have arrived at the greatest depth for that winter, and was then from four feet to four feet and a half; but in open situations, and particularly at Quebec,

I recollect to have seen a drift of snow extending entirely across the ditch of the fortification immediately on the right of St. John's Gate, which was so high, that Lieutenant Paul of the Artillery and myself put on our snow-shoes, and not only walked out from the top of the ramparts, thirty feet high, entirely across the ditch, but walked back into town by the same route.

On the arrival of one of these parties at Stoneham, some went out to cut wood, others to carry it in ; some superintended the lighting the fires and the operations of the kitchen ; many were occupied in unloading the sleighs, and carrying the furniture into the house ; the rest looked to the making of the beds, laying the table-cloths, preparing the candles in the candlesticks, procuring water by melting snow, which was by no means a trifling affair, when we consider that, besides ourselves, there were from fifteen to twenty horses to be supplied. In short, we all had plenty of occupation, and the work went on merrily. The dinner over, we did not remain at table much time after the ladies had retired ; when the remainder of the evening was passed in games of every sort

which our experience or invention could furnish: sometimes the sound of a fiddle or a flute, or sometimes both, were heard approaching the house across the lawn; at other times, they communicated their arrival by a postman's double-knock, which gladdened our hearts and reminded us of Old England. The musicians were quickly invited to come in, when it frequently appeared that they were of the party, although I recollect, on one occasion, that a couple of fiddlers, a clarionette, and tambourine, had been directed to follow us at a long distance, and, on their arrival, were welcomed by the whole of the company.

Dancing was then immediately commenced by all the youngsters, whilst the elders remained at a rubber. The exercise thus procured was doubly agreeable; for, in addition to the diversion it occasioned, it supplied a very important quantity of warmth, which notwithstanding our large fires in the stove and fire-places, was insufficiently diffused throughout a house wherein no fire was regularly kept up. Supper and singing invariably closed the amusements of the day.

In the morning before breakfast, more wood was required—which the landlord had particu-

larly directed should not be cut too near the house, but outside of a marked boundary; more snow had to be melted, half a hundred of eggs had to be boiled, a quarter hundred-weight of bacon or a large ham to be cut in rashers and broiled, or perhaps a rump of beef sliced in steaks; and all other matters of tea, coffee, and chocolate, had to be prepared for consumption, including the thawing of the frozen milk, of which we had brought many bushels in hampers and bags, the softening the butter and bread before the fire; in short, from eight o'clock in the morning until past eleven, the devouring of provisions was persevered in so obstinately, that we appeared to be eating and drinking for a wager. Amongst the morning amusements, was that of shooting at a mark with rifles, fowling-pieces, or pistols; and I well remember that one of the ladies, who declared she had never before pulled a trigger, after a little practice with a pistol, could have broken an egg at the distance of fifteen yards with as much certainty as the first duellist.

We had also bows and arrows; but one of our occupations, which was never omitted, was, that daily a few of the sleighs were employed in

driving along a great portion, at least, of the road we had made with so much difficulty and fatigue to our horse, which now was more amusement than work, and provided for us a capital road on our return.

Notwithstanding our experience in these matters, it frequently happened that an article of great convenience had been left at Quebec: the want of a corkscrew would cause but little regret, it would be very easy to cut off the neck of the bottle, but the absence of knives and forks produced much inconvenience. It was amusing to observe the extraordinary expedients resorted to in order to supply their places: our swords were seldom sufficiently sharp to do duty for knives. Another time, the basket containing all the glasses, and cups and saucers, had been left behind, which, although it was admitted to be very annoying, we unanimously agreed that the absence of the glasses was a far less evil than would have been the want of the bottles. It produced much amusement to see a creaming and overflowing bottle of porter pass from mouth to mouth, forcing its contents down each person's throat, without regard to sex or age or the neatness of the toilet.

It was about this time, that a new court-house and Protestant cathedral church were designed to be erected at Quebec: the execution of the former was intrusted to Lieutenant Hall of the Artillery, and that of the latter to Captain William Robe of the same corps; and, from my frequent evening visits at the house of the latter, I had occasion to observe the laborious nature of the task he had undertaken, for he made all the detail drawings for the guidance of the artificers. The labour of Lieutenant Hall was no doubt also very considerable, since the nature of his direction was exactly similar to that intrusted to Robe; although, probably, the drawings of the details were less voluminous. Both those important buildings were erected and finished in a manner reflecting great honour on each of those officers; yet I fear they were not adequately rewarded.

In sending to England for a set of bells for the church, a difficulty presented itself which I believe no one had anticipated, but which now seemed to puzzle even the bishop himself: this was how to describe the bells wanted. Should it be by dimensions, by weight, or by referring to some bells already known in

England? It was at length sagaciously solved, by sending a gamut of the notes the bells were to sound.

At Montreal during the winter 1800—1801, the officers of the garrison started a subscription covered-sleigh, built expressly, for the purpose of containing a party of six or eight persons, with a table in the middle, and seats so disposed as to be convenient for playing a rubber at whist, and a few lookers on. The terms of admission were to pay a share of the cost of the sleigh, and furnish a horse to draw the said vehicle about the town; each individual being expected to ride postilion when not engaged at the card-table. It thus frequently occurred that from sixteen to twenty-four, or even more horses were attached to the sleigh, and perhaps seldom fewer than eight or ten, all in single file, that is, in a string. On one occasion, I was informed the sleigh had been upset, when the party within were dragged half-way round the town before the leader could be informed of the catastrophe; for he was at least seventy to eighty yards distant from the carriage, and in many cases the leader had turned a second corner before the vehicle itself had come in sight.

In addition to the Stoneham parties, there were many others. One in particular I recollect was arranged to assemble at the Falls of Montmorency, about nine miles below Quebec. There was a very good house at a short distance from the Falls. On the day appointed, the cold was particularly severe, the thermometer being at about 15° below zero; but what rendered it infinitely more cutting, was a light air passing from the north-west quarter.

Before I relate the events of this day's excursion, I must state that the officers of the 6th regiment had resolved on treating the severity of the cold as complete nonsense; they agreed it was pleasant weather, it was not at all cold, consequently that fur caps and even great coats were ridiculous superfluities. On one occasion I met Captain Christie in the market-place at Quebec, when our exchange of compliments ran thus :

The morning was fair and exceedingly cold. The Captain had on his cocked hat, leather stock, and no outside coat. Christie's face was uncommonly blue about the mouth, chin and eyes. I was comfortably covered, great coat lined with leather, fur collar, fur cap, fur mittens, and thick

cloth shoes, and a large bearskin muff to protect the face from the snow dust.

“How do you do, Captain Christie?” was my salutation.

“Oh, v-v-very well, ver-very well indeed,” he replied, not very clearly pronounced.

“You cannot reconcile yourself to the clothing as practised in this country. Do you not feel cold, Captain?”

“Oh no, not at all,” droned out the Captain, as he put his hand over his mouth to catch a little of the warmth of his breath.

“Well, I have no doubt after a little time you will feel the cold as much as we do, who have been here a few years;” for it is observed, that new-comers do not feel the cold so much the first winter as afterwards.

In respect of our party to the Falls, it had been settled that Major Alves, of the 6th regiment, should take a seat in my sleigh. The Major had recently arrived from India, and he also wished to appear as not feeling the intensity of the cold, thinking, perhaps, he had there absorbed so much heat that it would require several Canadian winters to cool him. Alves had been dried up in India, and his general

appearance was anything but robust. The Major was no better clothed than he would have been in Calcutta, with the exception of cloth pantaloons, instead of being made of some lighter material. His cocked hat was square to the front, and his regulation leather stock three inches and a quarter wide, buckled tightly round his neck, whilst his hands displayed a thin pair of gloves as a fit protection.

“ Good God, Major,” I exclaimed, “ surely you do not intend to go to Montmorency to-day in that style ?”

“ Why not ?” replied Alves, with a trembling voice, “ why not ?”

“ Why because you will be a dead man long before I can drive you there,” I declared, being myself much distressed at his obstinacy, whose age and experience placed him above the follies of youth. Foreseeing the consequences of such conduct, I ordered a spare fur cap, coat and tippet, or boa, to be put into the seat of my sleigh, and away we started, passing through Palace Gate to the river. We soon began to feel the cutting of the light north-west air, which took us diagonally on our left cheek. Muffled up as I was, with cap, coat and tippet, forming an

impenetrable barricade, I satisfied myself with frequently inquiring if my companion felt cold, to which at first I received a bold and clearly pronounced negative; but as we progressed, these replies became fainter and fainter. We had not proceeded more than about two or three miles, when Alves replied so inaudibly to my anxious questions, that I had a presentiment that he would be nipped (as we called it in Canada), upon which I pulled up my horse and turned round to examine him. His appearance was truly distressing: his eyes were half closed and nearly immovable, the whole of his face quite purple, but from the edge of the jaw-bone to his leather stock, which had greatly impeded the circulation of the blood, was much swollen, and frozen as white as hog's-lard, and as hard as china. He was now nearly speechless.

My first step was to turn the sleigh round from the wind; I then snatched up a handful of snow, and applied it to the frozen part, which in about five minutes was fortunately thawed. I soon after this rigged out poor Alves in a fur cap, great coat, and tippet round his neck, and covered his feet well, then

drove off back to town with all speed. I put my patient to bed, and sent for the regimental surgeon.

Major Alves had a severe illness and a narrow escape from death, for the frost had seriously injured the glands on each side of his neck, and had even damaged the roots of his tongue, all of which became greatly inflamed and finally ulcerated, requiring a treatment very similar to that for a severe burn. He remained confined to his bed during a considerable time; frequently, on seeing me enter his room, he would declare that if I had not been so provident in carrying spare clothing, he must have lost his life.

On another occasion, when going to dine at the Falls of Montmorency, the weather being very similar, immediately upon my entering the room where our party had assembled, they exclaimed that I was frost-bitten. This was so common a joke, that I treated the matter accordingly; yet when I observed that every one seriously insisted upon it as a fact, I felt my left nostril, to which they all pointed, and immediately perceived its hardness. I had often been desirous of watching the progress of the

freezing of living flesh. I therefore took a small shaving glass hanging up in the room, and went out into the open air, holding up my face towards the slight current of air. In a minute I perceived from the frozen nostril several shoots like needles extending into the cheek, and which I felt very acutely. I did not, however, allow my philosophical researches to proceed any further; a surface about the size of a sixpence in connection with the nostril having become quite white was rapidly extending across the cheek; I deemed this a satisfactory investigation, and immediately applied a handful of snow, which in a couple of minutes thawed the part frozen; but this was followed by a very sharp pain, and the part became so sensible to the cold air, that I was obliged to cover it in returning to town. On the following day a complete blister had formed, and I was subjected to all the inconveniences of a severe burn. That part remained ever afterwards exceedingly tender, and required constant attention as often as I went out even during moderately cold weather.

CHAPTER VII.

I go to the Cascades—Lieutenant Johnson and Captain Bruyers—Mr. Boardwine and I go down the Trou in a wooden canoe—New line of canal—Split Rock—Côteau du Lac—Miss McDonnell—Dr. Jacobs—The corn-bee—The lunatic—Captain Digby and his hat—Illumination of the officers at the peace of Amiens—The beef-steak club—Officers severely beaten.

TOWARDS the return of the spring, Colonel Gothen Manor, my commanding officer, gave me a hint that I should be employed during the following summer in superintending some extensive repairs and widening of the locks at the Cascades, Split Rock, and Côteau du Lac; and also that a new canal or cut was to be commenced that year, to form a junction betwixt the river St. Lawrence and the Ottawa

at about a mile above their natural junction, by which the use of the locks and canal of the Cascades would be superseded; and he further said that, as much difficulty had been hitherto experienced in tempering the miners' tools, I must immediately make myself master of that subject.

This was the first time I had had any verbal communication from the Colonel on professional matters. I attended to his orders; and early in the month of May I was directed to proceed in a bateau with a detachment of the 6th regiment under my command as a guard and escort, being charged with the due transport of sixty thousand pounds, all in Spanish dollars excepting about ten thousand pounds in gold. This was a very unexpected duty thrown upon me, and one to which I was quite a stranger. It was a heavy responsibility to be charged with the transport of such a sum of money, particularly when I reflected that the soldiers forming the guard were all of them wild Irish boys from Vinegar Hill, who had distinguished themselves during the Great Rebellion of 1798. Although only twenty years of age, I fully felt the difficulty of the

duty imposed upon me, and strove to obtain the assistance of another officer, but without effect.

On the day appointed I embarked and proceeded, each night unloading the bateau, and carrying the cargo into the room I was to occupy during the night, wherein I barricaded myself as well as I was able. I always placed a pair of loaded pistols by the side of my bed, and the box containing the gold as a pillow under my head.

As we advanced, I fancied my danger to increase. We daily more nearly approached the frontier line with the United States of America, and nothing could have been more easy than to row over to the southern shore of the river, where each man taking what he could conveniently carry, they might have reached the territory of the United States without obstruction; for what resistance could I have made against twelve armed soldiers. Notwithstanding this fear, we arrived at Montreal on the ninth day, and having delivered the treasure, I felt the comforts of being freed from such responsibility.

I remained two days at Montreal, and pro-

ceeded to the Cascades with a strong detachment of the 41st regiment, all of them artificers, under the immediate command of Lieutenant W. Johnson, one of the best companions I ever met with; Captain Bruyers of the Royal Engineers soon followed, and assumed the command and direction of the works. I had brought with me my travelling tent, similar to a marquee, excepting that it had no walls, nor the tent within made of ticking. There were no houses near this place, excepting the one belonging to Government, occupied by Mr. Boardwine, the master of the locks. I therefore lost no time in employing some of the soldiers' wives, in making walls, &c.; and at the end of a fortnight I was as elegantly lodged as my friend Johnson, who had come prepared with a perfect marquee. As to Captain Bruyers, having Mrs. Bruyers with him, he took a house or a lodging at the village called the Cedars, about six miles further up the river, whence he daily paid us a visit.

Bruyers had been in Canada before, and had married the beautiful Jesse Dunbar. Although some years had passed since then, yet she was indisputably a very fine woman. They had a

son who obtained a commission in the corps of Engineers, and having risen to the rank of captain, he retired.

Our works went on very well, and my time was so fully engaged, that I had neither time to shoot game, nor to catch fish, both being very abundant; but Johnson, having no other occupation, than to attend to the military discipline of the men engaged on the works, during the early part of the morning with his gun procured as many pigeons and other game as supplied our table at breakfast and dinner, and as we generally, each of us, ate two and sometimes three every morning, during six or eight weeks in the spring, and the same in the fall, we proved the fallacy of a vulgar opinion prevailing with many persons, that one pigeon eaten every morning during thirty, consecutive days, would infallibly cause death.

In regard of fish, Johnson supplied us also in great profusion; so that our table, and that of the servants, cost very little more than powder, shot, and fish-hooks. The spot upon which we had pitched our tents was exactly at the point of junction, or perhaps of a branch of the St. Lawrence, leading out passing between

the main and a small island, where the water descends with great violence and forms the rapids, the first of which is called the Trou, and immediately below it, the several little falls, each two or three feet high, which are called the Cascades. The Trou is the celebrated spot where Lord Amherst, in the year 1761, experienced a severe loss of men, who were here engulfed through the ignorance or treachery of the guide, in leading the *bateaux* coming down the river.

Whilst I was here, it was generally believed that the military chest had also been lost at this formidable place; and as I listened in the night to the thundering of the fatal rapid, I conceived twenty different schemes for damming out the water from bursting through the narrow channel that separated the main land from the small island, which, as far as my memory may serve, did not exceed sixty to one hundred feet, probably less. The rush of water is here so impetuous, that it ran, at the least, one or two feet (if not more) higher in the middle than at the sides, descending several feet, perhaps five or six, in the distance of one or two hundred feet; after which, as the surface

was greatly extended, the velocity of the current was much diminished, yet the waters passed over several cascades, each two or three feet high, at one drop.

I was one evening on the St. Lawrence, returning from Split Rock, a lock two or three miles above, in a wooden canoe with Mr. W. Boardwine, the son of the lock-keeper, when he proposed that we should descend the Trou, to which I imprudently consented, and we accordingly turned out to the left at the point, and happily succeeded without accident. We thence proceeded, instead of landing as soon after as possible, to perform all the feats, and go down to the bottom of all the rapids and cascades; but in tumbling over one of them, which was necessarily done quartering or half-endways and half-sideways, we shipped so much water, that the canoe sunk; and it was not without much difficulty, and with great presence of mind, that we were rescued by several of the soldiers, who from the shore had been watching with great anxiety the result of what was then thought a most daring attempt in a wooden canoe.

My marquee was so near the Trou, close to

which there is a very powerful eddy full of fish, that, for the mere purpose of having something miraculous to relate to my friends in England, I desired my servant to give me my rod, and then made him carry out the line and cast it into the eddy, where it had not been many minutes before I hauled in a fish of about two pounds weight whilst actually lying in bed.

Much of my time was devoted to the levelling and releveing some eight or ten times on the line of the intended canal, by which I arrived at the knowledge that the difference of level betwixt the St. Lawrence and the Ottawaw was exactly twelve feet eight inches and a half. The canal was projected to connect the two rivers just named, at the distance of about a mile above the cascades, and so avoid the delay occasioned by passing the locks and rapids; as also the tedious and fatiguing operation of hauling the heavily-laden *bateaux* up the various cascades and rapids, and finally the dangerous Trou.

The length of the above new line was twelve hundred and fifty feet, and the difference of level, as above stated, twelve feet eight inches and a half. It was determined that this rise

from the Ottawaw into the St. Lawrence, should be effected by four locks with gates, I believe, eight feet wide. There was no great difficulty in the execution, excepting that along a portion of the line the soil was solid rock, and along another part was a deep bog. The necessary preliminaries having been determined, the works were commenced.

In regard of the widening and repairing of the old locks, I had much difficulty to contend with, for, having no foreman nor master artificer of any one of the various trades required, I had to mark out or direct all the details in carpentry, smiths' work, masons' and miners' work, and moreover, had to instruct the smiths in the manner of repairing and tempering all the miners' tools. To teach that which we ourselves have never been taught, is no easy matter; in this case I was placed precisely in this situation, excepting with respect to the tempering of the miners' tools. It will be said I ought to have applied to Captain Bruyers, and I did so; but he gave me merely those general outlines given to master workmen—the thickness of the gates, of posts, &c., but I was left to form them, and determine all the rest.

Whilst these repairs were going on at the Cascades, those at Split Rock were completed, and we removed to Côteau du Lac, about fifteen miles further up the St. Lawrence. At that place we pitched our camp on a level piece of open, unsheltered ground, just above the canal leading to the locks, and whence I had such a picturesque view of the rapids, the block-houses and of Prisoners' Island covered with large sumach-trees, that I made a drawing of it, including the breakers in the rapids of the St. Lawrence, which are fixed and constant as sculpture might be. Here our work was very similar to that which we had executed at the Cascades, but we had now the advantage of some society, although not highly aristocratic. It was chiefly composed of a farmer's family, a Mr. and Mrs. French, with two daughters, Kitty, and I believe Polly; and there we very frequently met a young man named Nider, a farmer, and his sister Polly, a very beautiful and most elegant girl, residing about a mile and a half further up the St. Lawrence.

On the opposite side of a small creek, just below the locks, resided a Mr. McDonnell,

lock-master, and, I believe, in the commissariat department. Mr. McDonnell had two sisters, very interesting, very amiable, and very well-educated girls, natives of Scotland. We had, moreover, a surgeon attached to our establishment, a Dr. Jacobs, hospital-mate, a clever diminutive man, not five feet high. He was reputed to be a Jew.

Miss McDonnell was in a decline, and particularly attractive in her manners and conversation. In all she did there was a marked certainty of approaching death, together with repeated arrangements for a lengthened existence. One morning, having heard that some merchant ships had arrived at Montréal from England, she expressed a great desire to make a trip to that place in order to procure some winter dresses, of the latest fashion. I promised to fit up a *bateau* for her and her sister to take their journey with as much comfort as I could provide under a water-proof awning; for the autumn was advancing very fast towards winter, and the mornings were frequently foggy, damp, and frosty, although still a little before Michaelmas. In the evening I crossed the little creek, in order to report that the *bateau*

would be ready for the ladies at as early an hour in the morning as they might be disposed to embark. I found the two lasses in the orchard gathering some very fine apples to carry with them as a present to some of their friends at Montreal, when the lovely girl, with her brilliant consumptive complexion, took my arm and said, "I feel very sorry at going away, my heart is heavy." I endeavoured to cheer her, which produced but little effect; and so she remained walking with me in a very desponding state.

We were some time afterwards joined by her sister, who had been engaged in filling the basket, and who now expressed her wish to retire from the orchard to avoid the damp grass and heavy dew, when my companion, looking up into the trees, noticed a very beautiful apple near the top of one, upon which she expressed a wish that I should climb up the tree and gather it for her. Having complied with her desire, she examined the apple with melancholy attention, and pointing out to me the beautiful pink and pale green by which it was decorated, she sighed heavily and burst into tears. She did not sob, but the tears actually streamed from

her lovely blue eyes, now nearly closed ; and as soon as she had sufficiently recovered to express her feelings, she said, " There, take that apple," holding it towards me with a trembling hand, " and keep it for my sake ; be assured that long before it shall have lost those beautiful colours on its cheek, mine will be colourless, and my tongue will have lost its power to thank you for all your kind attentions to my sister and myself."

She went off to Montreal, staid there a week, brought home five or six very handsome dresses for the following winter ; and before the first of them had been made up she died. This event, although anticipated by all her acquaintances, produced a considerable degree of gloom throughout our little circle, and almost totally suspended all our amusements.

The season had now arrived for gathering the Indian corn, of which a great quantity was produced in the neighbourhood of our camp ; and it was the practice with the farmers to assemble a corn-bee—that is, to invite all the young girls and young men of the adjacent farms to meet in the great barn where the corn, roughly torn from the stalks, had been deposited, in order to strip the ears of the leaves. As an

inducement or reward for that work, every young man who found a red ear of corn, was licensed to select any one of the girls and kiss her, whilst he held the red ear over her head. The fortunate youth was then required to throw the red ear on the heap of picked ears, at the further end of the barn. It, however, not unfrequently happened that the red ear found its way into the pocket, and a white ear of corn was thrown on the heap; and it is probably needless to explain that the red ear was reproduced as often as a red ear was desired—a fraud which the girls were not over zealous to detect.

To these parties Johnson and myself were invariably invited, and we soon arrived at the art of finding a red ear of Indian corn as often, if not oftener, than the oldest and most expert peeler of Indian corn-leaves. I do not remember if the ladies had any peculiar privilege allotted to them, when they had the fortune of finding a red ear; but I think I perceived one of them pass a red ear into the hand of a favourite, upon which he immediately claimed the exercise of the privilege it conferred.

Our widening of the locks and general repairs were now within a few days of being com-

pleted, when, one fine morning, whilst I was anxiously engaged in my marquee, in finishing a general plan of the locks, canal, block-houses, and, in short, of all the works we had been engaged upon, congratulating myself on the neatness and accuracy of my drawing, I was suddenly startled by the entrance into the marquee of a tall, raw-boned looking man, full six feet four inches high, sandy hair, light blue eyes, and his face exceedingly pale. This intruder had on a white coarse shirt, unbuttoned at the neck and wrist, and one sleeve partly torn off; he had no other clothing, his feet and legs being quite bare. At the first glance I felt assured that he was a lunatic. In an instant, without waiting to be invited, he sat himself down on my canteen, and after wildly staring about him without utterance, in a hurried manner he asked me if I were a magistrate or a constable; to which I replied that I was neither. "That's lucky for you;" then taking up a very large pair of compasses lying open on my drawing, he continued, "if you had, I should have settled your business in this way,"—raising the instrument high above my head, as if it had been a dagger. I caught at the first idea that

presented itself, feeling the necessity of giving his mind any harmless occupation, in order to divest it from adopting some resolution which might be fatal to my personal safety, and said : " You are the finest fellow I have ever seen, and I have long since determined on giving my beautiful spaniel to such a man."

" Indeed," replied my visitor, with an air of increasing irritation ; " you think to humbug me perhaps about a dog ! what do I care about a dog ?" he bawled out, raising his voice, and his eyes staring out of his head, flashing fire. In a few minutes his features gradually settled into an expression of the utmost contempt, his eyes continued nevertheless fixed upon mine. By his position he completely barricaded the way out of my marquee. To fight for it, without any weapons, would have been folly in the extreme, particularly whilst he grasped tightly by the middle a pair of compasses, forming a double dagger, and which he again flourished over my head.

Whilst I was suffering the most perplexing anxiety, I observed several persons cautiously creeping up to the entrance of my tent, looking

in at the door, some carrying ropes, some armed with sticks, others with guns and pitchforks, and one had a short ladder on his shoulders. Without delay, the nearest man noticing the lunatic holding up the compasses in a threatening manner, standing with his back to the door so as to prevent my escaping, rushed in, and at one blow on the side of his head felled my unwelcome visitor. This was the signal for the whole of the armed people to fall upon him, and he was, not without much difficulty, secured. The man in falling upset my little table with the drawing, which, through the fierce scuffle that ensued, was smeared with blood and in short, torn and totally destroyed.

Towards the latter part of the month of October, we embarked in the *bateau* destined to carry us back to Montreal, and before night of the same day we arrived there, the swiftness of the current in several places carrying us down the river at an immense rate. I passed two days amongst my numerous friends at Montreal, and leaving Bruyere to take the command of the Engineers in the Montreal

district, I proceeded to Quebec by water with the soldiers of the 6th regiment I had brought from thence in the spring.

During the past summer, Captain Philip Hughes of the Royal Engineers with his wife had arrived from England, and perhaps some others, but I do not recollect if any had joined our mess. Some of my brother officers who had been at Quebec during the summer related many anecdotes regarding their intercourse with the officers of the Royal Navy, belonging to the 'Resistance,' commanded by Captain Digby which had arrived as a convoy to the fleet of merchant vessels. One of these which made the deepest impression upon my memory was that the 'Resistance,' Captain Digby, having been appointed to convoy a fleet of merchant ships from England to Québec, just prior to the signing of the Peace of Amiens, and this treaty as usual carefully fixed the dates when the war should terminate in the various parts of the world, so that any vessels captured prior to the dates and in places so specified in those several parts, should be good prizes, although the same might have taken place subsequently to the date of the treaty; thus in the East

Indies six months were allowed, and shorter periods, in proportion to the distance from England and France.

The negociations for a peace with France were still pending, and consequently the final signatures had not been affixed when Digby sailed from England in the 'Resistance' bound to Quebec in 1801, and after a rather long passage, on approaching the American coast, a strange sail was reported to be in sight. Digby immediately gave chase. He had been very fortunate during the war : had, I believe, shared in the capture of the 'Santa Brigida' of thirty-six guns, a Spanish treasure ship, and through this and various other captures he was reputed to have amassed a considerable fortune ; but there was one circumstance which was related as connected with the capture of all his prizes, which may be regarded as interesting. Digby was reputed to have been very economical, and whether it was through that cause or any other circumstance, he had a favourite hat which he had worn on every occasion of his capturing an enemy's vessel.

On coming up with the strange sail, Digby ordered the lucky hat to be brought him, and in

a few minutes after, the stranger having surrendered, a gust of wind, or some other accident, sent his dearly beloved hat overboard into the sea, and was thus lost. Severely annoyed at the loss of his hat, Digby exclaimed, as he saw it sinking to rise no more: "Ha, there is some misfortune about to befall us, you may depend upon it!" The prize was boarded and possession of her taken, and carried into Quebec, where, fortunately for the crew of the 'Resistance,' there was an Admiralty Judge, Mr. Kerr, by which means the prize, the 'Elizabeth,' was condemned, a French letter of marque from Cayenne to Bordeaux. In a few weeks afterwards intelligence was received at Quebec of the final ratification of the treaty of peace betwixt France and England; and whence it appeared that the capture of the 'Elizabeth' had occurred within a day or two of the latest date allowed by the treaty, as regarded that portion of the seas where the capture had been made. Thus Digby's presentiment of some misfortune being at hand, was realised; and I believe the 'Elizabeth' was the last prize made during that war.

The ship having been duly condemned, Digby prudently proceeded to convert the vessel and

cargo into cash, and he was said to have realised six thousand pounds sterling, which he divided on the capstan, according to the regulations of the service.

One day at our mess, Digby's close economy happening to be mentioned, one of the Lieutenants of the 'Resistance,' an Irishman, who was present, observed: "By Jazes! Digby never parted with a guinea but he would know it again if he should ever see it, no matter on which side of the equator."

On receiving the information of the ratification of the Peace of Amiens, great demonstrations of joy were made all over Canada, and at Quebec in particular, where the Governor resided, as also the Commander-in-chief, and where the Parliaments were held. To this effect, the royal artillery fired a salute, the infantry fired a *feu de joie*, the royal standard was hoisted, the people of all classes assembled to dine together, the Governor gave a grand public ball, and the whole of the city was illuminated, excepting, however, the quarters of several of the officers, who, naturally regarding war as the main-spring of promotion, looked upon the concluding of a general peace, as the extinction of all their hope

and expectation : these placed one candle, rolled in sooty mourning, in each window ; and, moreover, besmeared the glass with grease, thus displaying, as many described it, their mournful joy.

Our winter amusements now recommenced with increased vigour ; parties in all directions, up the river to the Chaudier Falls, down the river to Montmorency Falls, Château-Richie, Indian Laurette, and French Laurette, St. Foix, and innumerable other places, often exceeding a distance of fifteen miles, but sometimes twenty ; and we now remodelled the beef-steak club, filled up several vacancies, and for the first time added the active amusement of sliding down the cone of ice formed annually at the foot of the Falls of Montmorency by the freezing of the spray.

CHAPTER VIII.

Row in the suburbs—Examination of Pat Mulligan—
 Blackwashing the baker—Introduction of vaccination
 into Canada—Novel entertainment on the ice—A
 Frenchman of the old school—Accidental explosion
 —New method of fishing—An unpleasant bedfellow
 —Embark for England.

DURING my frequent visits at Montreal, I had formed a considerable degree of intimacy with an Ensign Barclay, of the 41st regiment, a tall, handsome fellow, six feet three inches high, possessing great muscular strength; I believe he was a nephew of Lady Johnson, and a native of New York, and died some years afterwards a Lieutenant-Colonel, and aide-de-camp to the Duke of York. Delancy Barclay, about this time, was transferred from the 41st regiment to the 17th Light Dragoons, with the commission of a cornet; and he having arrived at Quebec, probably in order to take leave of

his friends prior to his departure for England, I invited him to dine with me at the mess, on the 6th of January, 1802, and also invited Lieutenant Burrows, of the 6th regiment, to meet him; my being engaged to pass the evening at a king-and-queen-party had totally escaped my recollection. We always dined at four o'clock, and as I was in the chair, I passed the bottle as quickly as was consistent with propriety, and gave as many bumper-toasts as I could think of, saving myself as much as possible.

At length, by eight o'clock, my friends rose to depart, and I accompanied them, as also Lieutenant Paul, of the Artillery, and Captain Burton, of the 7th regiment, then garrison-major of brigade, both members of our mess. In passing the house occupied by Paul and myself, my friends being aware that I had promised to pass the evening in the Lower Town, were on the look out, to prevent my effecting an escape, which I freely admit I had meditated, for I had no taste for the sort of amusement they had in view. The moment I gave any sign of going into the house, I was violently opposed, and it was not until I assured them it was for the purpose of providing myself

with some Roman candles I had made but a few days before, that I was allowed to go in, promising to overtake them in half a minute; but as soon as I saw them sufficiently distant, I started in a contrary direction, and instantly, with all the speed I could command, hastened to fulfil my engagement in the Lower Town, where I passed a most agreeable evening.

On my return home, Paul called to me from his bed-room in a most pitiable tone of voice, begging that I would go to him. I there found him in a sad plight, beaten and bruised in a very severe manner, yet very luckily he had no bones broken, nor dangerous wounds. He was suffering a great deal of pain, and after giving him a glass of brandy and water (for he had been sufficiently beaten to be quite sobered) he stated that soon after they had entered the suburb of St. John, and had commenced their efforts to astonish the natives, they had accidentally got separated, and each had to fight large numbers of Canadians; but that, after a while, he had succeeded in reaching the spot where Barclay was surrounded by forty to fifty men, whom he kept from closing upon him by swinging a long fire-pole—an instrument made on purpose for

demolishing houses, in order to arrest the progress of conflagration, and which resembled an immense boat-hook, twenty feet long at the least.

Barclay's extraordinary strength enabled him to wrest that powerful weapon from the grasp of two or three Canadians, who were endeavouring therewith to sweep him down, but he had no sooner acquired the exclusive possession of that instrument of destruction, than he began to whirl it round and round his head, like a horizontal mill-wheel, and in that manner kept a clear circle around him as he gradually retreated towards St. John's Gate. At one moment, however, one fellow bolder than the others ran in upon Barclay, in the hope of stopping the mill, but here again Barclay's strength extricated him from his peril; he seized his assailant by the scruf of the neck, and pitched him head foremost with so much force against a window, that he sent the man, window-sash and all, into the house, and before the panic-struck spectators had time to profit by the momentary stopping of the whirling fire-pole, Barclay had recommenced the same rotary movement, and thus by degrees secured his

retreat into town without having sustained the slightest injury.

Paul, in the midst of all this, had been very roughly handled, and would undoubtedly have paid very dearly, had not a Canadian, who had received some acts of kindness from him, stepped up and interposed in his behalf. On the following morning, I hastened to call upon Brigade-Major Burton, who had lodgings in the market-place. He was in bed, complaining loudly, and groaning with pain in his shoulder, which at first he had believed to have been broken. I found Burrows in the hands of the regimental surgeon, who was engaged in bringing together the lips of a severe cut, extending from one eyebrow a long way into the hair, and another about three inches long across the top of his head, both completely cut to the bone. Moreover, he was very much bruised in various parts of the body, and it appeared to me very evident that an intention of putting him to death had existed amongst the justly-exasperated Canadians. The wounds on his head had been inflicted with a shovel. He could not form any idea of the length of time he had been senseless, but he

said, on recovering his knowledge of things he was lying in the street quite alone, and with great difficulty had crawled home without meeting a single individual. It is hence probable that the people had left him under a belief that he was dead.

This affair created quite a sensation throughout Quebec, wholly engrossing, for a time, the attention of the military world, and matters might have thus terminated had the principal Canadian actors kept their own counsel. It, however, was soon reported, that a man in the suburbs of St. John—I believe he was the Captain of Militia—bragged everywhere that he was the man who had cut Burrows so furiously on the head with a fire-shovel. This fact having been ascertained, at the expiration of about three or four weeks, the house of the imprudent boaster was attacked soon after midnight, by an armed party, and after demolishing the doors and windows, they tore up the floors, in short, very nearly levelled the house with the ground. It was next morning asserted that the wife of the Captain of Militia, had actually leaped out of the first-floor window into the snow, fortunately without suffering any injury.

This second affair much increased the previous excitement. Officers and soldiers had been recognised, it was asserted, amongst the party, and even the names of officers were actually mentioned as having led the soldiers. To remove all doubt upon the subject, the butt-end of a musket, marked as belonging to the 6th regiment, was produced by some Canadians, who declared that they had found it on the field of battle. In consequence of all this, no time was lost in parading the whole of the 6th regiment, in order to detect the individual with a musket wanting a butt, yet this proved ineffectual, for every man appeared with his arms complete.

The general anxiety which this event had created, very much exceeds my powers of description. The magistrates were in an uproar, and waited on the Commander-in-chief, his Excellency Lieutenant-General Peter Hunter, *alias* Blue Peter; and Mr. Muir at their head solicited of his Excellency every aid in his power to detect the offender or offenders; and the General assured them of his determination to show no mercy, favour, or affection, in the event of their being detected, if they belonged

to the army. From day to day the magistrates held their meetings, to receive informations and depositions; and in this way some weeks had been consumed without arriving at any very clear facts, when, at length, some fresh light having been brought forth, Mr. Muir waited on General Hunter, and reported progress, stating he felt now tolerably certain that the affair could be brought home to a particular officer in the 6th regiment, whom he did or did not name, but upon which Hunter inquired what evidence he possessed of the fact.

Muir immediately stated that he had some eight or ten Canadians who were all ready to swear to the person of the officer, whom they were in the habit of seeing daily.

On hearing this statement, Hunter laughed heartily, and said: "I say, Mr. Muir, if you think you can convict him upon the oaths of eight or ten Canadians, you were never more mistaken in your whole life! Why, Sir," resumed Hunter, "how many men are there, think you, in the 6th regiment?"

"Oh! I cannot say, your Excellency: perhaps, eight hundred, I think I have heard, or perhaps more," replied Muir.

“ Well, then, you will have eight hundred, or more, to swear on the other side,” coldly observed the General, as he turned the quid from one cheek to the other. “ Mark my words, Mr. Muir, I say you’ll make nothing of it ; I tell you, Mr. Muir,” the General declared in a very impressive manner ; “ but I’ll nevertheless give you my best assistance. No one shall be screened by me,” he repeated several times, as he marched up and down the room in ordinary time.

Mr. Muir was an active magistrate, and a persevering man, exceedingly sanguine, a stout, square-shouldered, good-looking Scotchman, and quite a gentleman ; he was a little vain of his abilities, and nothing could have induced him to believe that there was the slightest chance of his failing to bring to punishment the leader and all others implicated in the remotest degree with this outrage. Muir, therefore, smiled at the General’s anticipations, and retired fully confident of success, whilst the General shook his head significantly, as he returned his departing bow.

The magistrates went on receiving depositions, and making every search after such evidence as

should place the conviction of the guilty parties beyond a doubt, when one morning, Muir was surprised at the voluntary offer of a man who stated his name to be Patrick Mulligan, a private in the 6th regiment, to give the fullest information on this most interesting affair. Mulligan said he had been on guard at the gate of the Jesuit's barracks, occupied by the 6th regiment, on the night when it had been asserted a party of that regiment, led by an officer, had sallied forth after midnight, and who had, it was said, committed the outrages complained of. Muir immediately called together some magistrates, and proceeded to investigate the amount and value of Pat's' evidence, which it was reported was carried on as follows :

“ Were you on guard at the barrack-gate of the 6th regiment on the night of —— ?”

“ Yes, plaze your honour, and I was.”

“ Were you standing sentinel at that gate between the hours of twelve and two in the morning ?”

“ Yes, plaze your honour, and I was.”

“ Did you see a body of armed soldiers go out of the barracks that night at any time be-

tween the hours of twelve and two in the morning?"

"Yes, plaze your honour, and I did."

"Was there any officer with the said body or party of men?"

"Yes, plaze your honour, and there was."

"Do you know the name of that officer?"

"Yes, plaze your honour, and I do."

"Was it Lieutenant ——?"

"Yes, plaze your honour, and it was."

Here the magistrates fell back on their chairs, and regarded each other with an air of satisfaction at the clear and ample evidence given by this fellow—one of the 6th regiment, too—and it seemed needless to seek for more conclusive facts, yet Mr. Muir observed, "One or two more questions appear to me to be desirable, and I shall be satisfied." He therefore proceeded, "Did you see the same party return into barracks?"

"Yes, plaze your honour, and I did."

"Did they remain out more than one hour?"

"Yes, plaze your honour, and they did."

"Did you not make any resistance to their going out of the barracks?"

Mulligan remained silent.

“Was it not your duty to prevent soldiers from going out of their barracks at such improper hours?” No answer for a few seconds, when the question was repeated in the same words, and after a considerable delay, Pat Mulligan declared he would not answer another question unless he was permitted to have Brigade-Major Burton by his side to protect him; all this time assuming an air of surprise and great mental anxiety, declaring repeatedly he did not know what the magistrates wanted with him.

At this unexpected revolution in the manners and conduct of Mr. Mulligan, the magistrates, and none more so than Mr. Muir, felt astounded; they stared at each other, as well they might, in the hope some one of them might afford an explanation; but it was to no purpose, Pat had taken his stand and nothing could move him.

It was at length resolved that the attendance of Major Burton should be requested, and on the following day he made his appearance. On his entering the room, Pat Mulligan exclaimed, with great emphasis :

“ Oh, Major Burton, Major Burton ! what is it they want to do to me ? Oh, Mr. Burton, I am so glad to see your honour here to stand by me. Oh, I don't care now Mr. Burton is by my side, your honour may ask me about anything you plaze. Oh, Mr. Burton, I want to know what they have been saying to me.”

All this appeared very strange—indeed it was quite unintelligible, considering that Pat Mulligan had volunteered, without any discoverable inducement, to afford all the information so much sought after, and so much desired.

Mr. Muir, unwilling to take any undue advantage of the man, and at the same time desirous that the very important evidence or deposition already made by the witness should be confirmed, and that too in the presence of Major Burton, proposed that it should be read over to him, to which the other magistrates having agreed, the clerk was desired to proceed accordingly to read over the evidence as recorded.

Examination of Patrick Mulligan or Mulligin, private soldier in the 6th regiment of Foot.

“Were you on guard at the barrack-gate of the 6th regiment on the night of ——?”

“Yes, plaze your honour, and I was.” Pat at this turned up his eyes, and looked amazed, muttering something inaudibly, with his eyes rolling about in every direction.

“Were you standing sentinel at that gate between the hours of twelve and two on the morning of the ——?”

To which the deponent replied: “Yes, plaze your honour, and I was.” Upon hearing this, Pat clearly exclaimed, although in an under tone of voice: “Oh, murther! oh, murther!”

The clerk continued: “Did you see a body of armed soldiers go out of the barracks that night at any time between the hours of twelve and two in the morning?”

To which the deponent in like manner replied: “Yes, plaze your honour, and I did;” and upon hearing which, Mulligan exclaimed in a louder voice than before: “Oh, Mr. Burton, did you mind that? Oh, murther!”

The clerk proceeded: “Was there any officer with the said body or party of men?”

“Yes, plaze your honour, and there was.”

Pat now clapped his hands together, and groaned heavily.

The clerk went on: "Do you know the name of that officer?"

"Yes, plaze your honour, and I do." At this Pat's agony was quite uncontrollable; his repeated exclamations of "murther! murther!" were accompanied with various expressions of horror, and it was not before the magistrate had used very strong language that silence could be enforced. When the clerk came to that part where he read, "Was it Lieutenant ——?" "Yes, plaze your honour, and it was," Patrick Mulligan could no longer keep within bounds, but loudly vociferated: "And did I say yes to that, too? Oh, murther! murther! save me, Mr. Burton," and boldly declared that he had been kidnapped, adding, "now that I have Mr. Burton by my side, I am not afraid of any of you. I was so frightened when I was asked all those questions before you came, Mr. Burton, that if they had asked me if I had kilt a man I should have said yes! Now all that is a d—d lie, so rub it all out and begin again: whilst I have Mr. Burton by my side, I am not afraid of any of you."

It will be readily imagined that Mr. Muir and his brother magistrates were very much astonished. After some deliberation, they cleared the court, and resolved on adjourning, in order to take time for considering what steps, if any, were left open for them to pursue. After a delay of a few days, Mulligan was called upon to appear again before the magistrates, and the Major also was requested to be present.

Mulligan was now urged to state all he knew of the important affair, for they had seen enough of this fellow to be very certain that he must be coaxed, but not driven, and he very obligingly consented to comply with their wishes, providing they would hear him patiently without interruption, by which means both parties would be spared the toil and delay of his recommencing the whole from the very beginning. To these conditions Pat received a most ready assent, upon which, without a moment's delay, he agreed to proceed.

Mr. Mulligan, putting on an air of importance, coughed once or twice to clear his throat, but in reality to collect his ideas, and having drawn up his head as when addressing his commanding officer, and giving each of the sleeves a

sharp tug downwards to take out the wrinkles, he began as follows: " May it plaze your honours, since you have given me lave to spake out freely and without interruption (in pronouncing the last word, he somewhat raised his voice, and gave an important nod of his head), I shall in all matters and things relate faithfully and truly all I know from beginning to end, in the fullest hope, your honours, of giving general satisfaction, upon whatever consarns my King and my country ; so, gentlemen, as I was saying, you see, it was now about twenty-seven years gone by that I first comed to London to seek for employment of some kind ; and you see, gentlemen, I was walking one afternoon down the Strand, and came right up against a fine, handsome-looking fellow, a recruiting-sargeant, with the best bunch of ribbons I ever see'd upon any man's hat. Let me think a minute ; oh, don't you be afraid, I shall be able to tell you his name directly—oh, it was one Sargeant O'Flaherty, a fine, tall fellow from county Cork, with a head of hair full of powder as it could howld. So he pulls up right before me, like an owld friend, and clapped his hand on my showl-der, ' How are you, my boy ? ' said he to me,

when sure, thought I, that must be some General, his coat was so covered all over with raal lace. 'Well,' said he, 'you look like the man I have been seeking to find; come along, my dear, and I'll trate you to a glass;' fait, and that's no bad luck for one that's thirsty, and the divil a rap in his pocket; so I says: 'Yes, glad enough, too,' and he took me into a handsome place he said was his lodging; we had two or three glasses when he said, 'What would you give to be as well-dressed as me, my boy? and that's all you want to make a finer-looking man than I am, and that's more than you need be, for I can't go along the street but the women are all fighting for me, so help me ——.' Well, he talked to me so much about the girls running after me, that I agreed to list in the 22nd Light Dragoons. I don't want, you see, to trouble your honours with every trumpery bit of pleasure I had in London, for the sargeant made good his word, and sure enough I soon found out the wit of wearing a fine coat, for Sargeant O'Flaherty had lent me a spare coat of his. By and bye, do you see, I was marched off to Winchester, where my regiment lay in quarters, and soon after that we was ordered to imbark

for the Indies. Let me see—it was, I think, the ‘Three Sisters,’ of Cork, that was appointed to carry us out. Oh! no it wasn’t. Let me see — oh! bother, my head won’t let me; perhaps your honour would not mind the trouble to write to the Adjutant-General, and he can tell you sure enough; and the same gentleman would tell you, that is, would write to you, and say when it was we sailed, for that I can’t tell any better.”

Here Mr. Muir’s patience was quite exhausted, and he begged in the gentlest and kindest manner, that deponent would pass on to some date approaching the period when he had been on guard at the barrack-gate during the night of the disturbance in the suburbs of St. John, which had created so much public interest. Patrick Mulligan at this immediately burst out in a fit of distress, protesting against such a breach of his promise that he would not interrupt him, the only terms which could have induced him to make his declaration. Notwithstanding a strong suspicion, almost amounting to conviction, that Mr. Mulligan was an artful rogue, merely endeavouring to gain time, yet under an almost equal conviction that ultimately

the deponent would make some important disclosures, Muir promised he would not again interrupt him, and begged of him to proceed.

Pat at length, with the air of a man granting a favour, having adjusted his attitude, recommenced from the instant of his walking along the Strand twenty-seven years ago, and nothing that was said could induce him to commence at any later date. Muir fully resolved to sit it out, and know the whole of his story, although it should take up a whole week. Poor man, he was but little acquainted with the spinning powers of a low Irish fellow, more knave than fool, whose object, to every one else, it was evident was to profit by the chances of time and the confusion he might create in the minds of the public authorities. Pat Mulligan was examined day by day, with occasional adjournments of a few days, consuming about three weeks; when he good-naturedly abridged his interesting narrative, so as to arrive at the important period, and he then admitted that he had been on guard at the barrack-gate on the great night in question; but here, at the moment whilst Mr. Muir was on the tiptoe of expectation, Mr. Mulligan stated that, although

he was on guard at the barrack-gate in question, yet that he had not been sentinel between the hours of twelve and two, but was sound asleep on the guard-bed; naming at the same time the two men who were on either side of him, and called upon them to substantiate his evidence: as regarded the going in or out of either officers or soldiers during that night, he could not recollect anything of the matter.

How or by what further subterfuge the artful dog ultimately extricated himself from the punishment he had deserved, I do not recollect, but from the cunning which the above narration of his conduct manifested, he no doubt accomplished it without any difficulty. It is, however, fair to mention, that Mr. Patrick Mulligin, or Mulligan, private in the 6th regiment, had been carefully shut up in the custody of Mr. Hill, the gaoler, during the whole time he had been under examination, in order to prevent his deposition from being governed by the information which, during the same time, was being elicited from other quarters, or through the advice of the offending parties. By degrees, as time progressed, other events occurred, which divided the public mind and attention from this

affair, and it soon became evident that every chance of convicting the performers of the outrages complained of must be abandoned, and, as far as I can recollect, all further proceedings were dropped. Patrick Mulligan, or Mulligin, late of the 6th regiment, was still alive and a pensioner in Kilmainham Hospital, at Dublin, about the year 1841.

It was in the course of this winter, 1801-1802, that some very severe quarrels had occurred betwixt two officers, residing together, and a Canadian baker, carrying on his trade immediately opposite to the house in which they resided, and who had, I believe, deserved the enmity of those gentlemen. Many petty acts of hostility had been practised in mutual retaliation, and those conducted by the baker had been so ingeniously executed, that although no doubt could exist as to the operator, they could not be fairly traced to him. At length, a dog belonging to one of the officers having been poisoned, and no doubt existing that the baker had committed this dastardly act, they resolved on retaliating in a very novel manner.

Just before this time, early in the winter, the baker had had his house, two stories high, well

white or lime-washed. At two o'clock in the morning, when the weather was very stormy and wild, the baker's family being fast asleep, ladders were applied to the walls, and men with buckets and brushes went to work with such vigour, that in less than half an hour, the white house, up to the tops of the chimneys, was changed to a jet black; and as the snow was falling abundantly, all traces round the bottom, where the ladders had stood and the ten or twenty men had trampled down the old snow, had been completely effaced.

Having been informed during the preceding evening that this extraordinary exploit was about to come off, I hastened to the house of my friends about daylight, in order to witness the effect which the first discovery of the altered appearance of the premises would produce on the inmates. The first that came out was the eldest son, Felix, whose usual occupation was to fasten back the outside shutters, and he of course instantly perceived the awful transcoloration. Upon which he clasped his hands higher than his head, and stared in a state of awful affright, and began to bellow like an ox, exclaiming: " Oh, le diable ! le diable a noirey nôte maison !

Oh, mon Dieux, mon Dieux, j'avons ben peut merit e  a !” The family, attracted by his cries, rushed out, and quickly becoming satisfied, that the house had in reality changed from white to black, each expressed his or her astonishment by the wildest exclamations and gestures, all of them, including the women, casting the most savage looks at their opposite neighbours, evidently having formed an idea on the subject. Soon afterwards, as the country people came flocking to attend the market, the event spread like wildfire ; for it was generally believed by the ignorant Canadians that the strange transformation had been accomplished through the agency of the devil or some miraculous incantation, and the street became crowded to excess, and so remained the whole of the day, during which time the baker sold an immense quantity of bread ; every one, moreover, dropping in a few additional pence, by which the baker was so well remunerated, that he would not have regretted it had his house been coloured green, blue or red once or twice every week.

In the course of the preceding summer my excellent friends, Captain and Mrs. Backwell,

of the Royal Engineers, and their children, returned to Quebec from Amherstburgh, on their way to England; and as neither of the children had been christened, that ceremony was now performed—and I stood godfather to the eldest, Elizabeth—by the garrison chaplain, the Rev. Salter Mountain, since Bishop of Quebec, having succeeded his father, who was then the prelate. The christening had not been performed more than an hour, when I received from England a thick letter, containing two pieces of plate-glass, about an inch square each, and between them was secured a yellowish, although nearly colourless, matter. The letter informed me that this was the virus for vaccination, accompanied with a full description of the mode of using it, and the treatment; also some drawings, showing the appearances of its progress in various stages. Backwell's children had not had the small-pox, and no time was lost in vaccinating them from this virus—the first, I believe, that arrived in America. From these children a great many others were vaccinated; and it was thus rapidly extended to a vast number, which attracted several medical

men from the United States, in order to procure the means of dispensing the benefit of that wonderful discovery in their own country.

I must now fulfil my promise to describe the sliding down the cone of ice formed of the frozen spray at the foot of the Falls of Montmorency. We had all of us frequently visited the falls during winter, and had noticed the enormous cone of ice in question, which by the end of the month of March usually had attained to its greatest elevation; although even during the month of April it was not only very solid, but in no degree diminished by the occasional thawing during the sunshine; this, however, depended on a protracted severity of the cold temperature.

This year, 1802, we had made various attempts to ascend to the top of the cone, which, in March, exceeded one hundred and twenty feet in height, but without success; for when about half-way up, the inclination was so great, that we invariably slipped down again to the bottom. As far as my recollection and some notes serve me, I believe the angle at that part with the horizon, could not have been less than 65° to 70° ; and it would require no fur-

ther information to declare the impossibility of ascending at such an inclination, had the surface been similar to ice *à l'ordinaire* ; but here the constant falling of the spray, to which the fine dust of snow, always floating in the atmosphere with the lightest wind, rapidly adhered, account for the surface being somewhat spongy. After making many fruitless attempts to arrive at the top, with my face towards the cone, I at length leaned with my back against it, and by digging with my heels sharply into the spongy surface, made a sufficient dent to sustain my weight on one foot, whilst with the other I made another dent higher up, and so on alternately, until I accomplished my object.

The top was of the shape of a flattened dome, and the surface sufficiently level to admit of several persons standing thereon, being about twenty feet in diameter ; but beyond that limit, the face by which I had ascended, was so steep, that it curved under quite out of sight, seemingly to a perfect perpendicular, and then getting down seemed impossible, without receiving serious injury ; yet when I reflected on the position I was in, and that I had no means of descending, but by launching myself off on

my back, I absolutely shuddered. Satisfied that I had no alternative, I submitted to my fate; and dragging myself to the brink of the precipice, I started with great velocity; and to my inexpressible joy, arrived at the level ice surrounding the bottom, without sustaining the slightest injury.

It will be naturally expected that, without looking behind me, I hastened away to my sleigh, then waiting at a short distance, and pressed my horse to carry me into Quebec. This was not the case. Having experienced the result of one half-slide half-fall, without a broken bone or bruise, in an adventure equal to falling from the top of the London Monument, I thought it a most agreeable sensation, and quickly returned to the top of the cone and down again as before, repeating this amusement until the departing daylight compelled me to hasten home. I observed a crack across the top, about six inches wide, descending vertically and indicating that a slice, amounting to perhaps one-third of the whole mass, had a disposition to separate, and as that portion was on the side facing the falls, from which it was distant only forty to fifty feet, it would, if detached, descend into the

frightful gulf, which the constant falling of the water never permitted to close up.

I was fool-hardy, and had the temerity to step over the crack, in order to look down into that seemingly bottomless pit, out of which the spray rushed upwards, to the height of many hundred of feet above the top of the falls (two hundred and forty-two feet) with a deafening noise, resembling a compound of the loudest thunder with thousands of rockets fired off at the same time. Perceiving that I was becoming dizzy, I immediately recrossed the crack, and without further delay, dashed down the precipice, where experience had taught me to fear nought. Notwithstanding the impetus was great, on reaching the level surface, the friction was so strong that I very soon stopped.

After the first essay, I induced several of my friends to accompany me to the falls, in order to introduce them to that new diversion; and such was the satisfaction they all derived from it, that in a few days, sliding down the cone was resorted to as one of the most fashionable amusements. The conversation at the mess could not fail to embrace the pleasures of the cone, and at length the grave commandant of

the garrison of Quebec, and commanding engineer, Colonel Gothen Mann, and many other officers, whose age usually excluded them from such pursuits, became desirous of participating in our pleasures; and this gave rise to a mess dinner being agreed upon, to take place on the ice, near the foot of the cone. Accordingly my marquee was erected at the place, and then by spreading a thin layer of straw on the ice, and covering it with an oiled cloth, we made it a very comfortable place; and a marquee full of company on the ice, with a thermometer at zero, no doubt presented a novel sight.

Whilst I was with about six or seven others on the top of the cone, we observed Brigade-Major John James Guthrie, Major Schalch, of the Artillery, and several others labouring to get up to us, with their backs against the cone, when we agreed to start off, sliding on our backs altogether, and sweep down all those who were struggling to get up. The proposition was immediately carried into effect, and such a scene of confusion took place as could not be described; in vain those ascending, on hearing us coming down upon them, endeavoured to secure their hold; the fury of the torrent was

irresistible, and they were swept down into one kicking and scrambling mass at the bottom. No one was hurt, but many were displeased; and some of the most irritable could not, without difficulty, restrain themselves from strong expression, which well-nigh caused a disagreeable termination to a very pleasant day.

Lieutenant Paul of the Artillery, and myself, hastened to the falls two or three times a week in order to slide; and as the cone increased in height, with the advancing season, we fancied the pleasure daily more and more interesting. At length the ice began to perish, and as it is there termed became rotten, so that it will then break through without any kind of notice; yet, willing to have one more slide, on the 23rd of April, we ordered out the sleigh, and reached the falls, not, however, without observing several holes where the feet of horses had broken through the ice, indicating that it was, indeed, preparing to depart. We nevertheless proceeded, and whilst we were sliding, we observed several sleighs containing ladies and gentlemen drive up to the foot of the cone, and the gentlemen immediately commenced ascending and sliding down, to the no small diversion of the ladies.

Amongst the company was a Lieutenant John Caddy, of the Artillery, who arrived on the top whilst I was there, and noticing the crack we had seen on a former occasion, unhesitatingly stepped over it and began dancing upon that portion which, it was evident to me, was partly detached from the more solid and substantial portion; I remonstrated with him on the folly of doing so, entreating him to come back. Caddy, no doubt, felt his position unsafe; and we both instantly launched ourselves off to descend, yet had not reached the bottom when we were stunned by a sound somewhat resembling a heavy clap of thunder, connected with a deafening hissing. As soon as we were able to scramble up and regain our feet, we were petrified at the fact, that all that portion of the cone upon which Caddy but twenty seconds before had been dancing so merrily had sunk, and the ice and spray were rushing up in the most awful manner. Our confidence in the security of the ice was instantly dispelled: every one hastened away towards their respective sleighs, not more than two hundred yards from the cone, and close to the shore; and our course lay exactly over the ice which covered a wide and

deep basin formed, as usual, below considerable falls, by the incessant operation of the rushing water into one spot. Here the height of the cascade was about two hundred and forty-two feet, over which the fall is nearly perpendicular. A slight fall of snow had covered or effaced the marks of our feet in going to the cone, which rendered it necessary to proceed carefully in order to avoid those cracks which indicate a more tender part of the ice.

The party, probably about twenty in number, keeping close together and forming one group, had nearly arrived at the place where the sleighs were standing, when we heard a loud splashing and a strange noise behind us, upon which every one of the company started round in fear and surprise, when, to our astonishment and terror, we could not perceive the slightest remnant of the cone, nor of the sheet of ice covering the pool over which we had passed but an instant before, yet we could readily trace the marks of our footsteps from the spot on which we were standing, over a space of ice not exceeding twenty yards, where they led the eye into the uncovered and deep water, rushing on with frightful impetuosity.

It will require no arguments to induce the reader to believe that none of the party lost a moment in making either notes or sketches on the spot—one dash into the sleighs, and off we were, without any regard to precedence. In the least space of time I was ever able to persuade my horse to perform the distance, I was at Quebec.

Amongst the ladies who were present at the falls on that occasion, was a Miss Ann Coffin, an exceedingly pretty girl; she was so frightened that on reaching the sleigh, she fainted, and continued in a very distressing state until she arrived at Quebec, where she was immediately placed in her bed, and during, I believe, many weeks her life was despaired of.

Our retreat to Québec was not free from considerable risk, for in many instances our horses' feet went completely through the ice, which had in numerous places been worn away by the current of melted snow being warmer than the water descending the river Charles, which had undermined the old ice on the top. On the following morning, at an early hour, my servant entered my room, nearly out of breath, to inform me that a ship had arrived

at Quebec from England, although on the preceding evening the whole of the river, nearly as far down as the point of the island of Orleans, six miles below Quebec, had been covered with fixed ice.

On the evening of the 23rd of April just mentioned, there was a great ball at the Governor's residence, that being one of the public nights. I was present, and had the pleasure of seeing the *minuet de la cour* danced by the Governor's aide-de-camp, Monsieur de Chambeault and the elegant Miss Rube; this is the last time I ever beheld that graceful dance performed. Here it was considered necessary to fulfil the court etiquette, on what was understood to be the public nights. De Chambeault was a native of Canada, a perfect resemblance of the silly notion entertained by the English of a Frenchman; his head was large, and augmented in size by the length of his hair, which was well frizzed up, and abundantly powdered. In stature he was about five feet two inches; his face was brownish; he had a very wide mouth, exhibiting an ugly collection of teeth; his eyes were large and grey, and his ears of the most exquisite beauty in the judgment of an East

Indian, who admires ears like those of an elephant; his body was diminutive, whilst his hands and feet were of gigantic dimensions, and the skin of his face was pitted with the small-pox. De Chambeault was a very polite man, and bestowed his attention and obliging services on all alike, without partiality, favour, or affection.

In the course of the following month, May, I received notice from Colonel Mann to hold myself in readiness to proceed as last year to the Cascades, and I know not now, through what event I was detained until late in June before I left Quebec. Soon after the departure of the Backwells, I proceeded to the Cascades, and there found Captain Pilkington of the Royal Engineers, and a Lieutenant Cameron of the grenadiers of the 41st regiment.

Our force sent were much of the same nature as they had been in the preceding year, 1801. We built a mess-room of logs near the new canal, and Pilkington lodged at Mr. Boardwine's house, the lock-keeper. Mr. Boardwine was a very obliging man, and anxious to render us every service in his power; Mrs. Boardwine had seen much of life in London, and was exceed-

ingly lively, and had no doubt been handsome. They had two sons: one, Joseph, was an Ensign in the light company of the 2nd battalion of the Canadian Volunteers, and afterwards was Professor of Fortifications at the East India Company's establishment at Addiscombe, near Croydon. The other son, William, soon after our residence at the Cascades, went to England, and died.

On arriving at the Cascades, instead of pitching my marquee on the point close to the Trou, I selected a more sheltered situation under an immense maple-tree, much nearer to Broadwine's house, and Cameron placed his marquee close to mine. The works of the new canal were at some distance, from half a mile to a mile higher up.

Nothing of much interest occurred here, excepting that one day whilst I was inspecting the progress of the miners, one of them engaged in driving the wadding—which consisted of pieces of soft bricks—over the powder, as the man striking the tamping-iron with a heavy hammer, another was holding it, he missed the iron, and unfortunately struck the primer, causing the mine to explode, by which the man

sitting on the rock intended to be blown up, was sent up into the air to the height of eight or ten feet at least, turning over and over before he fell on the ground ; and I myself was struck a severe blow by a piece of rock which, although it did not exceed half a pound in weight, in falling on my foot from a considerable elevation, lamed me during many days. As to the man who had been blown up, I expected that he must have been killed or severely injured ; yet, as soon as I could turn my attention from myself, the first object which attracted my notice was the blown-up man thrashing the other, and exclaiming, in no unequivocal terms, that he would “bate him as long as he could feel him warm ;” then turning to me, he said : “Plaze, your honour, to punish that villain, for he wanted to take my life, the dirty, drunken blackguard.”

Whilst at this place, we experienced some very severe thunder-storms, accompanied by deluges of rain. On one occasion the atmosphere was so heavily charged with electric fluid, that we were completely surrounded by three or four distinct thunder-storms, which continued, with little variation, during five entire days and nights—the thunder never having been once

suspended. On another occasion, four thunderstorms came on, on four consecutive evenings, exactly on the setting of the sun, and each one from opposite points of the compass, commencing from the north-west. The rapid succession of the flashes of lightning was such, that Cameron and myself, whilst watching the progress of these storms, sought for some means to fix a scale whereby to record the shortness of the space of time which elapsed between the flashes. After various ways had been found ineffectual, we agreed to endeavour to repeat, if possible, "now it's dark;" but although we persevered during some hours, we could not once succeed in saying "now it's dark" between the flashes, and it not unfrequently happened that at least twenty flashes followed each other within a second of time. During the storm on the fourth night, one flash was followed so instantaneously by the most deafening thunder, that I felt convinced it must have done mischief very near to us; and on the following morning, we were surprised on discovering that the large tree at the back of our tents, and which had afforded us such useful shelter, had been split from top to bottom, and one half had fallen on each side

of my marquee, without touching or disturbing a single cord.

There was, nevertheless, a considerable degree of monotony in our pursuits; I superintended the cutting of the canal many hours in the day, and Cameron shot pigeons for breakfast and dinner, and caught fish—bass and perch. With regard to the latter, we secured a regular supply by throwing all those fish that had been caught by the hook through the lip into a large *bateau* sunk in the water, where it was only deep enough to rise outside to within ten inches of the gunwale; several holes were bored in the bows and stern, to secure a run of water through it; and in this way we soon collected half a hundred of very fine perch, which were fed, and they fattened very rapidly. Thus, as often as we wanted fish in a hurry, we could be supplied by putting in a small landing net. It was curious to observe how speedily these fish came to the surface when called, and snapped pieces of bread or other fish from our hands, and some of them would allow us to handle them without manifesting the slightest alarm.

The summer had, in this way, glided on rapidly, yet not heavily. The almost sudden

change from summer to winter was, in that country, very remarkable. Up to the end of the month of September, the weather had been pleasant, and even frequently warm, and the leaves on the trees had manifested no change of colour nor indication of falling. Early in October, the nights became cold and the fogs chilling; still, up to the 10th of that month, the trees retained their clothing but very little altered, excepting the maple leaves, which had very rapidly exchanged their beautiful green for a bright crimson. Three or four severely cold nights now succeeded each other, and the first puff of wind stripped the forests of its summer smiles and covered it with the stern frowns of the Canadian winter. By the 20th of October, not a leaf could be seen on any tree.

During this severely pinching transition, our canvas lodgings lost all their attractions; the intense heat of the day, and cooling breeze of the afternoon and night, had vanished, and were succeeded by cutting winds during the day, and severe frosts at night, requiring all the arts we could practise to render the evenings supportable. We had each a large painted canvas, which covered the outside of the marquee; we

then had a chafing-dish which, after having burnt away the flame and smoke, was brought into the tent which, with the marquee, was carefully closed ; we also burnt four candles, which greatly contributed to our comfort ; without all these auxiliaries, the marquee and tent would not have been tolerable.

The frost now rendered the progress of the works in many cases very tedious ; in a few days they were stopped for the winter, and we were anxiously looking for the order to close the engineering operations. This we received about the 28th of October, and Captain Pilkington and myself were ordered to return to England. At the same time I learned my promotion to the rank of Captain-Lieutenant.

Having during many days been in expectation of quitting this place, we had made every preparation for moving off on a very short notice, so that all the men were ordered to pack up the tools and working implements, which were carefully deposited in Mr. Boardwine's store, and we were ready to embark on the following morning at an early hour. We all passed a very pleasant evening at Mr. Boardwine's, and took leave of them, as it turned out, for ever.

The night was very cold, which gave us no additional relish for our canvas lodging, in which neither candles nor chafing-dish had been used during the evening. Both Cameron and myself hastened to our beds with the expedition of Harlequins, and very soon passed into a happy and sound sleep. About the middle of the night, however, I was gradually disturbed by a sort of long-continued dream of suffocation, as proceeding from a heavy weight resting upon me, and by a sensation of extraordinary coldness affecting my entire body in a very painful manner. At length I became completely aroused, and actually felt a heavy pressure on my chest and throat, as I lay on my back. With caution I drew up my hand, which came in contact with some icy-cold, round substance, moving sluggishly, yet quite enough to open to my senses a degree of terror, I will venture to assert, that has been rarely experienced; for I instantly felt convinced that my companion was an enormous snake, in search of some comfortable place wherein to pass the winter in a state of torpor, had crept in at the foot of my bed, and, fortunately for me, was so unacquainted with the intricate folds of the bedding, that he had

glided up between the upper sheet and the blanket above it.

During a few seconds I remained stupified and immovable through extreme fear, and a total inability to form any fixed course; I did not waste much time in making calculations upon my chance of escaping, but with the speed of convulsion, I gathered up my hands to the upper edge of the bed-clothes, and with my utmost strength I pitched off the whole bedding and snake into one confused and entangled mass at the foot of the bed, leaping out at the same time, and running into the open air, loudly calling for help. In the course of a very short time Cameron and the servants came to my rescue, and quickly armed themselves with sticks and lanthorns, and lighting all the candles we could collect, they were placed in such situations as to be most useful in securing our foe. A most singular and murderous attack now commenced upon the contents of my tent, the marquee having been thrown over by unhooking all the cords on one side; and after a severe battering, the bedding having indicated considerable marks of blood, we all gathered more and more courage, till finally the clothes

were carefully opened, and a monstrous black snake presented itself, twisting and writhing, and occasionally darting forward in order to inflict his mortal wounds upon his enemies. Although his spinal bone seemed to be broken near the middle of his length, he contrived for a few moments to escape from our view; his retreat, however, was soon discovered, when he received a *coup-de-grace* on the head, which terminated this fearful conflict, rendered doubly so by the darkness of the night.

On examination, he was found to measure five feet ten inches in length, three inches in diameter, and weighed seventeen pounds; he was perfectly black, and had a very broad head. Had this event occurred on any previous night, my camp-table, camp-stools, canteen, and various other matters in daily and constant use, would have been smashed to pieces; but I had packed up all those articles, and with everything else I had with me, had placed them by the door of the marquee ready to be embarked, whilst nothing but my canvas house, bedstead and bedding would have to occupy my attention.

The morning of our embarkation was so cold, and the frost had been so severe, that I was

unable to draw the pegs which held the cords of my marquee and tent, they were therefore unavoidably left in the ground. After arriving at Montreal, Pilkington and myself remained but one day, and proceeded in a *bateau* to Quebec, and immediately secured our places to England on board the old 'Eureta,' commanded by Captain Paterson. This was a very favourite ship, and the amiable manners of the Captain, although partaking of the rough seaman, and the excellent style of his table, were no doubt the chief causes of this decided preference in favour of the 'Eureta,' for that ship was a very dull sailor. I believe that for half a century preceding this period, 1802, a 'Eureta,' commanded by a Paterson the grandfather, Paterson the son, or Paterson the grandson, had never failed to make an annual voyage from London to Quebec and home, without accident or mishap. As the treatment was always liberal, the Captain always obliging, and the decks never leaky, every cabin was always occupied.

CHAPTER IX.

Appointed to serve in the south-west district, and go to Portsmouth—State of society at that place—The commencement of war with France, in 1803—The Earl of Cavan—The Duke of Cumberland—Major-General Whitelock—Bonfires at Winchester and near Southampton—Sir Harry Mildmay reviewed.

SOON after my arrival in England, I was appointed to serve in the south-west district, under the command of Colonel Eveleigh, the commanding Royal Engineer. Accordingly, early in the month of May, 1803, I presented myself to my new commandant at Portsmouth. I was very shortly afterwards intrusted with the sub-command of the engineer department, on the Gosport side of the harbour, and was at the same time appointed Adjutant to the

company of royal military artificers stationed at that place.

It will be recollected that the war with France had just about this period, after the short Peace of Amiens, burst out afresh, with increased bitterness, which circumstance rendered Portsmouth and its vicinity the scene of unparalleled bustle and activity.

Amongst the numerous causes which here, and at this time, combined to produce a state of society so interesting, may be enumerated the re-commissioning of the ships-of-war, the drilling of volunteers and yeomanry cavalry corps; the calling together of the militia; the forming of all the watermen and sea-faring people into organized bodies of pikemen, under the denomination of sea-fencibles, destined to aid in repelling Bonaparte's loudly threatened invasion of Great Britain; the collecting here of vast fleets of merchant ships, seeking the protection of convoys, whose boats covered the landing-places, and whose thousands of sailors and passengers filled the streets, shops, and markets; the constant rattling of wheelbarrows full of luggage, the hallooing of porters accompanying them; the confusion created by the

light carts passing to and from the landing-place at the Point engaged in the carriage of live stock, butcher's meat, vegetables, groceries, liquors, crockery, &c. ; the crowds of officers of the navy and army about the doors and windows of the Crown and the Fountain inns, and near the bank at the corner of the Parade, forming groups, actively discussing the news of the day, whilst others are shaking hands most heartily with old friends, just landed from abroad, and occasionally with a staff-officer, the bearer of important despatches, on his starting for London in a chaise-and-four, in faded uniform, having had no time to procure a plain suit.

In the next moment might be seen a dozen or more of ladies and gentlemen, each carrying a small parcel, the parting gift to the young Ensign in new and full military costume, whom they were accompanying to the boat that was to carry him to his regiment, already embarked. From the emotions excited by witnessing the broken happiness of the family, left to return in solemn melancholy, deprived of the society of all that was most dear to them, we are perhaps roused by the thundering of cannon

at Spithead, when officers of both services and of all ranks hurry away to learn on the Platform the meaning of these signals, to which attention has been thus called; and discovering that the departure of some ship was taking place, away the interested run off to Motley's Library, to procure the latest numbers of the "Hampshire Telegraph," the Navy and Army Lists, and perhaps some of the London newspapers. Along the Point, and at the back of that celebrated thoroughfare, dozens of midshipmen were seen scudding about from drinking-shop to drinking-shop, and into all the dancing-houses, hunting up their boats' crews, and forcibly separating their dearly-beloved, gaily-dressed, but intoxicated sweethearts, in order that all might be right, on the Captain presenting himself, to be pulled to his ship.

To these may be added the frequent firing of salutes from the shipping at Spithead, echoed from the saluting battery on shore, in honour of some admiral or general on his arrival from a foreign station, or on his departure to relieve another already abroad; then the huzzas of half-drunken sailors, parading through the streets on the tops of hired coaches,

shouting, and waving their hats and banners, and drinking and cheering at every corner, hailing one another from coach to coach with all the roughness and wit peculiar to their profession, and, in short, striving how to expend large sums of hardly-earned prize-money in the least possible space of time.

In the midst of this uproar, a vast concourse of people was frequently seen, preceding and following, the embarking regiment, as it passed through the main street from Hilsea Barracks, with Colonel Mair (who had lost an arm) riding at their head, the band playing a country dance, the colours unfurled and flapping with the wind, dogs barking, women and children screaming, as they clung to their departing husbands and fathers; whilst not unfrequently was seen a sculking sheriff's officer, dogging and manœuvring how to pounce upon and secure, some ill-fated sub, on behalf of his unsatisfied tailor.

In the contrary direction came trains of straggling recruits, just landed, some from Gosport, others from the Isle of Wight, or perhaps Southampton, with streaming blue, red, and white ribbons fastened to their hats, march-

ing off to the depôt, as merry as larks; and close on the heels of all followed gangs of *disinterested* Jews, pressing the sale of "sealing-wax made of brickdust, and pencils mitout lead," warranted gold watches, at twenty shillings a-piece, gold wedding-rings at four-pence, silver pencil-cases and penknives, all as cheap as dirt; lastly came fiddlers, mountebanks, fortune-tellers, pickpockets, and the never-failing two little brothers, offering, for the smallest trifle, to play you a tune on their chins.

Such was Portsmouth at the time above alluded to.

The rumours of invasion resounded from one end of the empire to the other, but whether Bonaparte ever entertained any serious intention of attempting one, I am unable to determine; yet the formidable preparations making at Boulogne and along the French coast of the British Channel were such as to justify a most alarming panic throughout England, particularly amongst the inhabitants of the southern coast, who were fully impressed therewith the belief that an attempt would be made to disembark a considerable body of the enemy.

The Government, therefore, prudently adopted

every precautionary measure which appeared best calculated for the security of the country. To this effect, every Lieutenant-General of a district, particularly those on the southern coast of England, was called upon to furnish a report of the state and sufficiency of the coast defences, and to suggest his views, in regard of any improvements he might consider to be necessary. Accordingly, every projecting point of land, every beach, bay, creek, and corner, were examined, and their merits or defects, in a military point of view, duly considered; every battery was inspected, and every spot where a debarkation might be accomplished, even such as required very favourable circumstances, of wind, weather, &c., was carefully noted; and the materials thus gathered, furnished the means for drawing up the best and most comprehensive reports.

Lieutenant-General His Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland at this time commanded the south-west district, and had established his head-quarters at Winchester, having under his command Major-General Whitelock at Portsmouth, Major-General Lord Charles Somerset at Gosport, and Major-General the Earl of

Cavan in the Isle of Wight. The inspection of the coast for the above purpose was generally performed by officers of the Royal Engineers, sometimes accompanied by officers of the Royal Artillery, and it thus fell to my duty to be in this manner frequently employed along the whole extent of the south-west district, in which I was stationed. I shall, however, merely state that my first tour of this nature was to report on the coast about Havant and Hayling Island ; and in the discharge of that service I was accompanied by Captains Edward O'Brien and Searle of the Royal Navy, who were also employed on the sea-fencible service. Soon after this, I attended the Earl of Cavan round the Isle of Wight, commencing with Brading Bay and Sandown Fort, and I never passed my time more agreeably. His Lordship was full of talent and anecdote, and in the course of our conversations, after a late dinner, amongst other highly interesting matters, he gave me a detailed account of a scheme he had formed for bringing from Egypt the celebrated Cleopatra's Needle. In order to obviate the difficulty of embarking so enormous a weight, he had designed to build a ship enclosing the

Needle, and then to launch the whole together into the water.

Immediately after this I was ordered to proceed to Poole, for the purpose of attending His Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland, in a tour of inspection, and particularly to report on the offer of sale of the Island and Castle of Brownsea, made to Government by the trustees of Mr. Charles Sturt. On my arrival at Poole, I received a letter from Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Thomas Dyer, Assistant Quarter-Master-General, acquainting me that His Royal Highness would not be at Poole before the lapse of about five or six days, and ordering me to attend accordingly. Having some friends at Exeter, and as the distance was not very considerable, I resolved on proceeding thither, where I might pass away the the time, until the day appointed for the Duke's arrival, in preference to remaining alone and unemployed at an inn, in a town where I had not a single acquaintance. At Exeter I was by some accident detained until a late hour in the evening on the 15th of November, 1803, whilst I had been appointed to meet His Royal Highness at eight o'clock

of the following morning, and to breakfast with Mr. Mark Street, the Mayor of Poole.

Fully aware of the punctuality of the Duke, I ordered a post-chaise and started, having calculated that I should easily reach Poole by about seven o'clock in the morning, so as to have an hour for changing my dress and be ready to receive His Royal Highness at the appointed hour. All went on well enough until towards morning, when overpowered by the fatigue of having been deprived of rest until very late hours during the two or three preceding nights, I became drowsy. I was aroused by a sudden increase of speed usually practised by post-boys on approaching the termination of a stage, followed by a sudden stop.

On looking out of the chaise-window, I was greatly perplexed on discovering that I was not at Poole, but at the door of an inn quite unknown to me; and before I had time to collect my scattered senses, I heard a voice calling out lustily: "Chaise and pair out directly—London road."

In an instant I was wide awake, and with anxious voice demanding the name of the place.

"Chudleigh, Sir," the post-boy replied.

“Chudleigh, you rascal,” repeated I, in a tone of despair; “Chudleigh! how far is this from Poole?”

“From Poole, Sir? from Poole, Sir? why let me see. Why it is sixteen miles, and a-cross country too.”

“Then get me the best horses in the stable, and let me have them out in one minute.”

I was half frantic, not knowing exactly what to do in order to save myself from the terrible consequences of arriving even half a minute behind the duke.

The chaise was ready before I had expected it; and on starting, I said to the driver, without waiting his explanation of the mistake: “Put me down at the door of Mr. Mark Street’s house, the Mayor of Poole, before the clock strikes eight, and you shall have half a guinea.”

“I’ll try hard for it, Master,” he replied as he raised his whip, and off we started, almost, at a full gallop. I had gone on until within three miles of Poole before I recollected that I should not have a moment for dressing, and that I was still in plain clothes; I therefore in the utmost hurry opened my portmanteau, and by the time I was in uniform, and had put away

the clothes I had taken off, the chaise stopped. In less than one minute the clock struck eight, and His Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland arrived at the same time. I was instantly introduced to the duke, and it was the first time I had had that honour.

The officers attending on His Royal Highness were, General Garth and his aide-de-camp, Sir T. Dyer, Captain Boothby and perhaps either Major Bathurst or Captain Stevenson, equerry. After breakfast which was a very splendid one, we all embarked in two boats, and proceeded to Brownsea Castle, against a south-west gale and drizzling rain. A Mr. Miles who, at that time had been permitted to occupy a few of the apartments in the castle, had in the preceding week refused to allow me to inspect the island, in conformity with the orders I had received, and had accompanied that refusal with a considerable degree of uncalled-for rudeness, all of which I had reported to the Duke as my justification for not being prepared with a report on the defences of the harbour. In consequence of this Mr. Miles now received a well-merited lecture from His Royal Highness, at which I was of course very much delighted; and more-

over, the *déjeuner* which he had prepared was left untouched. After completing the various inspections along this part of the coast, I was permitted to return to Gosport, and thence reported to His Royal Highness in favour of the purchase of the Island and Castle of Brownsea, unless a portion required for the defence of the harbour could be procured in perpetuity.

The duty performed by the officers of the Royal Navy, particularly at this port was very severe, and of a rough nature, in consequence of the communication betwixt the port and the shipping at Spithead being greatly exposed to the winds: this frequently induced some of them to relax in the rigid observance of the naval uniform, and thus it was that lieutenants were not easily distinguished from petty officers—indeed sometimes not from civilians, particularly when they omitted the cocked hat and sword, by no means uncommon, and substituted a round hat and a short dirk, not so long as a carving-knife, and especially when over all was worn a plain great coat or brown camlet boat cloak, lined with green baize.

Some inconveniences having been experienced through this negligence in dress, General

Whitelock conferred with the Port-Admiral (Holloway) with a view of preventing its recurrence ; and the result was, that the officers of the Navy were ordered to be dressed, when on shore, in strict conformity with the regulations of the service upon that subject. Notwithstanding these orders, officers, on arriving from distant parts of the world, who were probably quite ignorant of these regulations, were occasionally seen in the streets of Portsmouth in anything but their proper costume.

At length, one morning, as Whitelock was walking briskly up and down on the platform, taking the benefit of the sea-breeze, where no one was permitted to promenade unless in the company of an officer in uniform, an amphibious sort of being, neither a soldier nor a sailor in point of dress, yet clearly no plebeian, made his appearance and boldly stepped up to the parapet, whereon, without delay, he rested his spy-glass, directed on the flag-ship at Spit-head. Whitelock twigged him in a minute, and called to the sentinel: "Why don't you send off that fellow?"

“Hallo, you Sir!” quickly exclaimed the sentinel, “keep off there, I say.”

The mysterious nondescript, who, in fact, was a Lieutenant in the Royal Navy, either did not or would not take the hint, but firmly held his position, without diverting his eye from his glass, or noticing in the slightest degree the rude commands of the soldier. Whitlock was watching every word and every movement with ill-suppressed resentment, when, impatient at the sailor's composure, he called again to the sentinel: “Why don't you drive off that impudent fellow?”

The sentinel's first scruples were now overpowered by the peremptory tone of the General, and immediately applying the side of his musket to the officer's shoulder, disturbed him in his observations, and without ceremony followed up this measure by attempting to thrust him off the platform. Upon this, the naval officer was relieved from any doubt as to who could be the individual of whom the General had expressed himself so strongly, and immediately touching his hat, on perceiving the General advancing upon him, he said that he had not suspected

that the orders just given could have had any reference to himself, he being an officer in his Majesty's service. Whitelock, on hearing this declaration, took a step to the rear, and eyed the individual from head to foot with extreme contempt, and sneeringly exclaimed: "You an officer in his Majesty's service? a pretty fellow you are to call yourself an officer in his Majesty's service!" Then quickly turning to the soldier, who had suspended his efforts to push the officer off: "I say, drive him off, Sir! Do you hear me, Sir?" which was repeated loudly and angrily by the General; and very soon, on observing some disinclination on the part of the Lieutenant to submit to such indignity, he ordered the man to make him a prisoner, and lodge him in the guard-house, which the officer declared he preferred to being turned off like a vagabond. I understood that the affair terminated in the release of the Lieutenant.

Whitelock was a tall, handsome, weather-beaten, soldier-looking man; he always spoke very loud, and was not very choice in the selection of his words; in short, he usually exercised that severe discipline which rendered him no favourite amongst the troops, particularly

the officers under his command ; and although he had manifested so much attachment to a rigid observance of the regulations, for the dress of officers, he did not himself practise up to his preaching, since it is well known that, either through curiosity to observe what was passing in the streets at night, or through some other motive, he was often seen after dark disguised in plain clothes, with a round hat covered with oiled silk, and a plaid camlet cloak, which he took care to cross over his mouth, either to keep out the damp air, or conceal as much of his face as possible.

On one of these occasions, when he felt confident he was perfectly unknown, he was walking down Portsea towards "the Hard," when his attention was attracted to his rear by a voice calling on some others, ordering them to lay hold of some one, and he distinctly heard the same voice say, "That's the fellow—he's our man—he's been at sea;" and on turning round, expecting to see an unlucky sailor endeavouring to escape the clutches of a press-gang, he found himself seized by half a dozen strapping sailors, who, regardless of his remonstrances, swearing and entreaties, carried him

off to their boat, and there stowed him away under the seats, in close contact with five or six other captives. The officer commanding the press-gang instantly ordered the boat to be pushed off, and away they went towards the 'Royal Billy,' as the sailors invariably called the 'Royal William,' bearing Admiral Holloway's flag, at Spithead.

On the way to the fleet, the General made many efforts to soften the hearts of his captors without success: he repeatedly declared that he was no sailor. "Yes, but you have been at sea, and that's enough for us," exclaimed the officer. At length, perceiving that the boat must be struggling against a strong flood-tide, by the efforts which the sailors were making, "No doubt," thought he, and very justly too, "we are passing round Blockhouse Point; if they would but cross over to the Sallyport, and let me go, all would still be right."

The temptation was so great that, after a severe struggle with his own feelings, he declared, with all the energy he could command, that he was General Whitlock! Upon hearing this, the whole of the boat's crew, officer and all, burst out into a boisterous jeering laugh,

the officer louder than the others, and who retorted: "You, General Whitelock! a pretty fellow you are to call yourself General Whitelock:" then addressing the sailors, "pull away, my hearties! we shall be all night getting on board, for it is blowing a stiffish gale outside."

The unfortunate captive bore all the taunts and sneers of every one on board of the boat, as well as could be expected, and consoled himself by reflecting that, on his arrival on board the 'Royal William,' his person must be there recognised by his friend, the Captain, and that, after a hearty laugh, the Captain's gig, manned with the best boat's crew in the ship, would put him on shore, going with the tide and wind, in less than an hour.

At the expiration of three hours the boat reached the 'Royal William.' Here again disappointment awaited poor Whitelock: the Captain was not on board; the First Lieutenant, to whom he thought he must be well known, had turned in, and all and every one to whom he appealed to recognise in him General Whitelock, commanding the garrison of Portsmouth and its dependencies, burst out in a roar of laughter; and each of them, as if by some

previously concerted agreement, exclaimed, "You General Whitelock? ha! ha! ha! a pretty fellow you are to call yourself General Whitelock! ha! ha! ha!"

"Turn down there, my lads," the officer of the watch ordered, in a tone which was perfectly intelligible, even to the captive General, who feeling his total impotence against the quarter-deck authority, submitted like a good soldier, and below he went with the rest, putting on the best face he could muster; and there, in good company, he passed the remaining portion of the night. Much did he lament the painful anxiety which his amiable family he knew would suffer at his mysterious absence; yet he felt convinced that he could have no chance of extricating himself from the strange and most torturing position into which his ill-fated star had thrown him, until the arrival of the Captain, which he was informed might be at about ten or eleven o'clock of the following morning.

The anxiously desired daylight, at length, marked the progress of time; and without recounting the numerous taunts and jeers which the General was compelled to endure, let it suffice to add, that the Captain, about the

usual hour, arrived on board, and after receiving the First Lieutenant's reports on all the routine business, he observed (on looking over the list of men brought on board during the night by the press-gang) that one of them had stated his name to be Whitelock, and described himself as *General Whitelock*.

"Have you seen that man?" inquired the Captain; "you know the General's person too well, I should think, to be thus deceived."

The First Lieutenant replied, that he had not thought it of sufficient importance to give himself any trouble about the affair; persons so situated very often made attempts of that nature, in the hope of being set at liberty; to which the officer added, that the man's dress was of itself a complete refutation of his assertion.

"Oh!" exclaimed the Captain, "let me see this great man: order him to be brought before me."

In the course of a few minutes the First Lieutenant re-entered, followed by the gentleman with the plaid cloak, and his hat covered with oiled skin, which he carried on his head, whilst he extended his right hand to the Captain, calling out as one hailing a ship, "Royal Billy ahoy."

The Captain, who had just commenced writing a letter, was startled at this boisterous address, and suddenly raised his head, when his pen fell from his grasp, and with uplifted hands he remained speechless ten seconds, Whitelock, during this *coup de théâtre*, laughing aloud, which it may be supposed was but a good imitation. The sentinél at the cabin door had during this time advanced a couple of steps, to put down the fellow's impertinence to his Captain, but abandoned his intention, on seeing the Captain start from his seat, exclaiming: "Why, good God, General! what is the meaning of all this? what on earth can have happened to bring you here in such a disguise?"

Whitelock replied that the reasons for his present costume were too important to be made public, but that he would satisfy him fully on that point when in private. The Captain having expressed his astonishment at the possibility of any one of his officers making such an outrageous mistake, ordered that the officer who had been employed on the impress service, the preceding night, should attend immediately.

Whitelock was now seated at the table by the side of the Captain, to whom, just as the door

was opening to admit the officer, Whitelock whispered a few words, then turning his eyes towards the cabin door.

“That’s the fellow,” exclaimed the General: “did I not this moment offer to bet you fifty guineas it was he? I was sure it was;” upon which the General jumped up; and seizing the Lieutenant by the hand, which he shook and squeezed most violently, added: “You’re a d—d clever fellow; you have paid me off famously,” the General declared, as he recognised in him the officer whom he had, but a few weeks before, ordered to be confined in the guard-house on the platform at Portsmouth. “I say, let us agree never to make prisoners of each other again; and mind, you shall always find a plate on my table for you, and the oftener you come the better I shall be pleased with you.”

How long after this *dénouement* it was that the General went over the side of the ‘Royal William;’ whether he was supplied with a good breakfast, or whether he started fasting; whether he quitted the ship in the captain’s gig, the cutter, the jolly-boat, the pinnace, the long-boat or launch; how long he was on his way to the shore; where exactly he landed, at Southsea,

the Sallyport, the Point, the Gun Wharf, at Portsea Hard or Dockyard; and how he accounted to his family for having played truant all night, I never heard, and therefore am quite unable to detail. As to the date, it happened about 1804; nor am I willing to be held responsible for the strictest accuracy in all the particulars of the above related adventure of the General, for I was not present, although then stationed at Gosport, but am indebted to general rumour, which, in passing the round of the three towns, may have lost, may have gained, more or less colouring, as it changed from one irresponsible individual to another; yet every one concurred in the main facts as above related.

Although the winter season was fast advancing, which certainly was not the period most convenient for carrying into effect Bonaparte's scheme of invasion, yet, during the month of November after my return from Poole, the preparations on the French coast were making such progress, that a state of anxiety, approaching to consternation, had spread over the land, and nothing could be attentively listened to or seriously discussed, anywhere or in any company, but the invasion of England. Additional

steps and arrangements were now daily adopted for the purpose of disappointing the enemy; and amongst other great measures was that of erecting a chain of bonfires, or beacons, along the coast, to be lighted in succession as soon as any of them should announce the fearful event of a debarkation; and others were prepared more inland, so as to spread the news as far and as wide as possible in the quickest manner.

In consequence of this arrangement, I was again called away from my regular duty at Gosport, and ordered to attend on his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland, at Winchester. On my arrival at that place, I was directed to erect an enormous bonfire, which was composed of eight hundred faggots, and two cords of hard wood, several loads of straw, two barrels of tar, and six tar-barrels. These materials I formed into a pyramid, twenty to thirty feet high, the whole of which I directed to be carefully thatched, in order to secure it from wet, and render its ignition easy and combustion certain. This beacon was situated on the summit of St. Katherine's Hill, and its construction, together with that of a guard-house by its side, occupied about a week, during which time his Royal

Highness did me honour to command that I should be daily invited to dine at his table.

On one of the days when I was engaged, as above related, on St. Katherine's Hill, the Twyford Yeomanry Cavalry, commanded by Sir Harry Mildmay, assembled on that elevated ground, to be reviewed by his Royal Highness; and after performing numerous evolutions, in a very satisfactory manner, the Duke observed that Sir Harry had not yet made a charge, and therefore desired that he would do so. Sir Harry glanced his eye over the steep ground, and with the most profound respect for the commands of his Royal Highness, remonstrated against making a charge, in consideration of the extreme steepness and slippery state of the well-saturated ground, for it had been raining during the whole of the previous twenty-four hours without intermission; adding, that his men were all anxiously willing to exert their utmost in the discharge of their duty, but that it could hardly be expected, when every man provided his own horse, that the whole should be as efficient as a regular cavalry regiment; and, therefore, he entreated his Royal Highness not to press the order. Sir Harry further

observing that he did not believe one half of his men, would reach the bottom of the hill, without sustaining some serious, nay, perhaps, fatal injury, his Royal Highness replied, that he should never order any movement from which he would himself shrink; and then instantly turning round to his staff, in a tone which no one misunderstood, said, in a loud voice:

“ You will follow me, gentlemen,” at the same moment clapping spurs to his horse, he was off at full speed down the hill, and all his staff, *bongré, malgré*, at his heels. I was of the party, although I now do not think that I was in any way bound to follow, particularly as I was but ill-mounted on a hired hack; yet I did follow, and I started under the conviction that it was quite a toss-up whether my horse or myself would be the first to reach the bottom of the hill. As to Sir T. Dyer, who was well-mounted, but was a very bad horseman, I shall never forget his rueful countenance, as he rather sparingly applied the spurs.

Strange as it may appear, we all arrived at our destination safe and sound, and that, too, on the backs of our horses. We now, not without some difficulty, scrambled back to the point

whence we had started, when his Royal Highness applying his opera-glass to his eye, and directed upon the yeomanry, exclaimed :

“ Now, Sir Harry, let your trumpet sound the charge.”

Sir Harry Milmay half smiled, not because he was particularly pleased, and was anxious to conceal it, but because he was particularly displeased and was fearful that it might be noticed.

“ Charge, my fine ‘fellows,” ordered Sir Harry ; and as the trumpet sounded, he placed himself at their head. Off they all galloped, and they also found themselves at the bottom of the hill, without exactly knowing how it happened that their horses were still on their legs, and they themselves still in their saddles. The bugle soon brought them back to the summit of St. Katharine’s Hill, when his Royal Highness advanced, and on meeting Sir Harry, said to him :

“ Well, Sir Harry, you have now a far more favourable opinion of the efficiency of your corps, than you ever before entertained of them ?”

Sir Harry bowed, and freely admitted that he

was most agreeably disappointed, and manifested his delight at having a corps so much more efficient than he had hitherto regarded them. As we rode along the line, I could read joy and pride marked in every man's face; and on their being dismissed, it was with difficulty they resisted the desire of attempting to find their way to their respective homes, in a direct line across the country, instead of following the unwarlike course along a common road; but night was commencing, which rendered this very imprudent. Sir Harry dined with the Duke on that day, and was seated on his right hand whilst I sat next to Sir Harry, and many were the jokes that passed on the subject of that day's charging.

After the expiration of another week, I was again called away from Gosport, and employed in building a beacon on Town Hill Common, near Southampton, similar in every respect to the one I had just finished on St. Katharine's Hill. For this service, a working party was furnished by the 66th regiment, under the command of Lieutenant Butcher, and with whom I took up my quarters at the 'Coach and Horses,' above Bar, in Southampton, and

we there passed together about a fortnight very agreeably. Having completed this work, I galloped off to report the same to his Royal Highness at Winchester, where I arrived covered with mud from head to foot, and just as the cheese was on the table. The Duke received me very kindly, and ordered dinner to be brought in again, notwithstanding my efforts to take my dinner at a side-table. In the course of the evening, his Royal Highness ordered me to return to my duties at Gosport.

CHAPTER X.

Lord Charles Somerset—Captain Duke—The honourable Brigadier-General Robert Mead—Brigadier-General Whetham—Colonel Omteda and George IV.—The Duke of Cambridge—The Duke of Clarence visits Blockhouse Fort—The Duke of Richmond visits Blockhouse Fort—Weymouth—George III. and martello towers—Sail with the Royal Family on board the yacht—Conversation with the Princess Augusta—Conversation with the King ; his desire to fight Bony.

I HAVE omitted to mention, that on the arrival of Major-General Lord Charles Somerset, I was agreeably surprised at meeting my old friend, Captain Charles Duke, formerly of the 26th regiment, who was then attached to his Lordship as aide-de camp ; and I attributed much of the marked civilities and frequent invitations I received from his Lordship, to that circumstance.

Very soon afterwards, Lord Charles, having occasion for a brigade-major, offered to appoint me to that post; but the Master-General of the Ordnance would not permit me to accept of it; Captain Mitchel was afterwards appointed.

Brigadier-General, the Honourable Robert Meade of the 31st regiment, succeeded Lord Charles, and soon afterwards Brigadier-General Whetham, of the Guards, relieved General Meade. With Whetham I became a frequent visitor, and often met at his table the officers of the King's German Legion, amongst whom were Colonels Langwerst, Barse, and Ompteda, Majors Goldacre and Boldacre, and several others, almost all barons; Brigade-Major Dennis Herbert was also frequently of the number. Whetham, from his own confessions, was well known to be of a most impetuous, fool-hardy, and obstinate disposition; he had been wounded at the Helder, in the tendon achilles, through which cause it had contracted; and I well remember the torture he daily inflicted on himself, by the application of a powerful instrument, wherewith he expected to stretch the contracted part to its original length;

although he bore this torture with exemplary fortitude, yet his sufferings tended to increase the irascibility of his temper, and his lameness was in no degree removed.

On one occasion, after dinner at the 'Dolphin' inn, where the General had fixed his residence, he related a great many anecdotes of officers, whilst serving at the siege of Gibraltar, where the General himself had been as aide-de-camp to Sir Robert Boyd, the Lieutenant-Governor, and second in command, under the celebrated General Elliot. He stated that after dinner, on board of a seventy-four gun ship, lying at anchor in the Bay of Gibraltar, the officers having adjourned to the quarter-deck, the conversation turned upon the performance of bold and dangerous exploits, when the General was induced to declare, that there was nothing he should be afraid of doing. Upon this, one of the persons present observed :

“ Whetham, can you swim ?”

“ No,” was the brief reply.

“ Then I think you would not dare to jump overboard in that watch-coat,” the officer pointing to one that was lying close by them.

“ Would I not, do you think ?” Whetham

firmly retorted, and snatching up the coat, which he put on, in an instant bounded over the bulwark into the sea, before any one present had entertained the slightest suspicion that he was in earnest. A boat passing near the spot where he fell, one of the sailors it contained seized the skirt of Whetham's coat, which was the only part of his dress left above water, for he was sinking to rise no more, and saved his life.

“Was I not a d—d fool?” said the General, in a half-exulting tone as he burst out laughing at his own folly. Every one present felt the accuracy of his opinion of himself. “Yet how lucky,” was the only observation.

Colonel Baron Ompteda was a most finished gentleman, full six feet four or five inches high, thin and sun-burnt; had the hoarsest and most powerful voice imaginable, and spoke the English language remarkably well, as was indeed the case with almost all the officers of the King's German Legion. Ompteda, long after the period when I became acquainted with him at Gosport, served throughout the Peninsular campaigns, and his gallant conduct acquired for him never-fading laurels; yet I have heard it related

that he was observed gradually to become so reserved and desponding, as to excite amongst his military friends a considerable degree of apprehension for his mental faculties. At length it became known that Ompteda fancied that some tale, to his dishonour, was in circulation; his friends endeavoured to undeceive him, but without effect. At last, the state of Ompteda's health and its cause accidentally reached the knowledge of his Royal Highness the Prince Regent. The Prince immediately resolved on trying to remove Ompteda's delusion. He desired that Ompteda might be commanded to attend at Carlton House, which was promptly obeyed. On being presented, which was at a private audience, the Prince held out his hand, and said in the kindest manner, that he had long since been made acquainted with his distinguished military services, and now had much pleasure in personally assuring him that his conduct upon all occasions had merited his warmest approbation. Ompteda was so surprised and delighted at this unusual condescension that his malady left him from that moment, and his former cheerfulness speedily returned.

During the summer of the year, but few

events occurred to me, of sufficiently extensive interest to be recorded in these pages; I shall therefore briefly state that his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge came to Gosport, and inspected the King's German Legion, of which he was the Commander-in-chief, and that I had the honour of being introduced to his Royal Highness previously to sitting down to a dinner given to the Duke on that occasion, and being seated very near to his Royal Highness I had the honour of drinking wine with him; the royal Duke's condescension, obliging manners and affability, were such as to excite the admiration and secure the affectionate respect of all present.

In the course of the same year, his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence visited Portsmouth. The royal Duke, dressed in the uniform of an admiral, stepped out of his carriage, on arriving from London, at the house of the Port-Admiral, in High Street, at that time I believe, Sir Isaac Coffin. The heads of departments and commanding officers of corps and regiments, were all in attendance, the streets lined by the troops, and a guard of honour furnished by the marines received him. After

inspecting the fleet, the dockyard, and in short all matters and things connected with the navy; it was arranged that his Royal Highness should pay a visit to the fortifications. Amongst those of the greatest importance to the defence of the harbour, was Blockhouse Fort, which at that time was undergoing a general reform under my inspection. Accordingly I was instructed to be in readiness to receive the royal Admiral, on his landing from the opposite side of the harbour. An hour before the time appointed, I was on the spot, and made such trifling preparations as the case required. As the clock struck ten the boat with the royal standard displayed, having on board his Royal Highness, and followed by a great number of other boats, containing officers of the royal navy and army with many ladies, touched the shore of shingle gravel at Blockhouse Fort, the tide being half-flood; but instead of arriving at the point where I had erected a small staff with a union-jack flying, as the signal agreed upon for the place of debarkation, disregarding this arrangement, they went to a spot at least one hundred yards nearer to the mouth of the harbour, a deviation from the previous arrangements which of itself could have

been of no importance, yet might have proved fatal to his Royal Highness, in consequence of a rope having been left undisturbed, as being out of the way, and which rope extended from a post on the top of the beach, near the gibbet from which the body of Jack the Painter had been during many years, suspended in chains, to a vessel still lying aground on a very steep bank, and only waiting to be floated by the tide to take her departure.

It was now too late to think of this rope; and his Royal Highness, with much activity, taking but three steps along the gang-board, and disdainingly to steady himself with his hand on the boat-hook, placed as a hand-rail, sprang on to the beach with all the ease of a midshipman. I had advanced to receive his Royal Highness, and whilst about to make my best bow, the rope above mentioned being suddenly tightened with a jerk, the vessel to which it was fastened having slipped off the beach and floated, caught the Duke's leg as he was in the act of stepping over it, which threw him head foremost with great force. Fortunately I had advanced so much that one step forward brought me within reach of his Royal Highness, when, dropping

my hat, I caught him in my arms; yet such was the violence with which the Duke was thus pitched upon me, that I fell backwards, and the crush I received by falling on the fluke of a small anchor, which struck me exactly between the shoulders, for a few seconds almost deprived me of the power of speech.

His Royal Highness was not in the slightest degree hurt, and expressed his thanks in the kindest manner for having saved him, as he expressed himself, "from smashing out his brains on the anchor." Although I made light of this accident at the moment, yet I felt its consequences during a very long time afterwards. In falling on my sword the blade was broken, which I attributed to its being confined in a steel, or more properly in an iron scabbard, causing an angular bend to apply to one point only.

Very soon after this the Duke of Richmond paid a visit to Portsmouth, and I had the honour of receiving his Grace, nearly on the same spot as that where I had but a few months before had the honour of throwing a somerset in royal company. My commanding officer, Colonel Eveleigh, introduced me; and on my

name being mentioned, his Grace smiled, as he said: "You must be the son of my old friend the Professor," and shook me by the hand in the kindest manner; "come," said the Duke, "give me your arm, for I am getting to be an old man; and, as this work is executing under your inspection, I shall have frequent occasion for your explanations, although I fully recollect the general outlines." We thus proceeded towards the gate; and then as we entered, his Grace stopped, and looking round exclaimed: "Ah, I took a great deal of interest in the reform of this work a dozen years ago, whilst I was Master-General of the Ordnance; let us now see how it has been executed."

In the course of about three-quarters of an hour, about the length of time which the Duke remained at Blackhouse Fort, he inquired of me frequently how the cadets at Woolwich were going on; how the course of education was conducted; whether any alterations had been made of late; and his Grace made particular mention of his admiration of a thick volume of plan drawings of different sorts of country, which my father had himself executed for the instruction of the cadets, and which his Grace had

never failed to request my father to show him, every time he visited the Royal Military Academy.

During the greater portion of this summer (1804) the King (George the Third), the Queen, and several of the Princesses were at Weymouth, and as the menaces of invasion had in no degree subsided, it was thought necessary to protect the royal family from being carried off by a *coup-de-main*, for Weymouth was not fortified, and even the coast had but few defences. In order to remedy, in some degree, this deficiency, five or six frigates were kept constantly in the roadstead, and a large military force was quartered in the town and neighbourhood, from which force a whole regiment, generally in those times six hundred to one thousand, men strong, mounted piquet every night.

After some time these precautions were regarded as insufficient; it was then suggested that some martello towers on the adjacent coast would provide the necessary security, and it was deemed as most important that one of those towers should be erected on a spot called the Look-out. In consequence of this opinion, in which the King himself took a considerable

degree of interest, his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland addressed a letter to Colonel Eveleigh, commanding that I should be sent to him at Weymouth, in order that I might report my opinion of its merits. Accordingly I arrived at Weymouth at about mid-day of the 1st of September, and instantly presented myself before his Royal Highness, whom I found in a dressing-gown and slippers, extended on a sofa, and engaged in reading a pamphlet. On my name being announced by Captain Stevenson of the 15th Light Dragoons, his Royal Highness's equerry, the Duke directed me to wait on General Garth, known as the King's Garth, and who communicated his Royal Highness's instructions. Garth appointed Sir Thomas Dyer, Deputy Quarter-Master-General, to show me the ground, and also supplied me with a very handsome horse. On my return from the Look-out I met the General on his way to dine with his Royal Highness at Gloucester Lodge, and at the same time Captain Stevenson came up, and acquainted me that the Duke of Cumberland had commanded him to invite me to dine—an honour which was daily repeated

during the whole of the time I remained at Weymouth.

The Queen and Princesses were very fond of sea-bathing, and also sailing about in the yacht, so that excepting during very boisterous or rainy weather they daily indulged in one or even both of those diversions. The royal family were called from their beds every morning at five o'clock, in order that they might be out by six. It will be readily imagined that such early hours at Gloucester Lodge produced equally early movements throughout the population of Weymouth, and the shops were opened very regularly at half-past five o'clock, for by six the streets were as thronged with all the fashionables at court, and also by those who were anxious to be thought so, as Regent Street is at present from three till six in the afternoon.

The great attraction was to see the Queen and Princesses walking from Gloucester Lodge to their bathing-machines, or to cheer them on their embarkation with the King and a select party, on board of the royal yacht. These water excursions occurred generally three or four days in every week; and the

King in particular was so much attached to them, that the royal family, when embarked, usually passed the whole of the day in sailing about at sea, sometimes at a distance of eight or ten miles from the land, but always within a chain of frigates to protect the yacht from being surprised by the enemy's cruisers.

Although I had not been hitherto in the constant habit of being out at six o'clock, yet here I immediately fell into a practice so general, and out I went accordingly, with all the fashionables of Weymouth. Thus, on the second morning, after a whole night of heavy rain, I sallied forth to walk on the Esplanade, in the hope of seeing the Queen and Princesses on their way to bathe. In proceeding along a cross street, my steps were for a few moments arrested to look into the window of a caricature shop, where amongst those prints were several of the royal family, but particularly some of the King, and others of the Queen (Charlotte). I had not been standing there many minutes, intermixed with several other persons, when I heard from behind me a voice repeating, "The Queen, the Queen," which induced me to search with increased diligence throughout the caricatures in the window for

one of the Queen, to which I had thought the voice from behind me had alluded, but in which I was unsuccessful. At this moment, the various clocks beginning to strike six, reminded me that unless I hastened forward I should be too late to see the royal ladies proceeding to their bathing-machines, I immediately began to move on, still, nevertheless, keeping my eyes fixed upon the window in search of the Queen. I had not, however, taken two steps in that way, without looking before me, when I felt that I had come in contact with a female, whom, to save her and myself from falling, I encircled with my arms ; and at the same moment, having observed that the person whom I had so embraced, was a little old woman, with a small, black silk bonnet, exactly similar to those now commonly worn by poor and aged females, and the remainder of her person was covered by a short, plain, scarlet cloth cloak, I exclaimed, " Hallo, old lady, I very nearly had you down." In an instant, I felt the old lady push me from her with energy and indignation, and I was seized by a great number of persons, who grasped me tightly by the arms and shoulders, whilst a tall, stout fellow, in a scarlet

livery, stood close before my face, sharply striking the pavement with the heavy ferrule of a long, golden-headed cane, his eyes flashing fire, and loudly repeating : “The Queen—the Queen—the Queen, Sir !”

“Where?—where?—where?” I loudly retorted, greatly perplexed and even irritated, as I anxiously cast an inquisitive look about me, amongst the thirty or forty persons by whom I was surrounded.

“I am the Queen !” sharply exclaimed the old lady.

I instantly perceived the voice proceeded from the little old lady whom I had so unceremoniously embraced, and had addressed with such impertinent familiarity.

On this discovery, I did not totally lose my presence of mind ; for without the delay of a moment I fell on one knee, and seizing the hem of the Queen’s dress, was about to apply it to my lips, after the German fashion, stammering out at the same time the best apology I was able to put together on so short a notice ; when the Queen, although I believe much offended, and certainly not without cause, softened her

irritated features, and said, as she held out to me the back of her right hand :

“No, no, no, you may kiss my hant. We forgiff; you must pee more careful; fery rute — fery rude, inteet; we forgiff; there, you may go.”

As I withdrew, the mob, which had now greatly augmented, loudly cheered; but I had not gone on many yards, before the running footman stopped me to demand my card. I never afterwards heard any allusion to this affair, and I certainly was not disposed to mention it to any one at Weymouth.

As the King invariably dined at three o'clock, in order that he might be on the Esplanade at six, in readiness to receive the salutes of the officers as they marched past when mounting picquet, the Duke of Cumberland, and all the military and civil officers immediately connected with the court, also dined at the same hour.

To avoid being on the parade too soon, or too late, a servant was stationed at the door of the house of the Duke, whose special duty it was to rush to the dining-room, and announce the appearance of the King on the Esplanade; upon

which, without even drinking off the wine we might have been pouring out at the moment, we hastened to add our party to the royal *cortège*.

A few days after my arrival, having in this way been summoned to attend his Majesty, and having taken up my post as usual with the Duke's staff, three paces in the rear of the Dukes of Cumberland and Cambridge. I had not been there more than ten minutes, when I observed a shabby-looking fellow, dressed in a light blue coat, with black velvet collar and cuffs, raised gilt buttons, stamped with a crown and a cypher; his drab-coloured hat was very rough; his breeches of faded nankeen, and his white cotton stockings hung in wrinkles, which, together with his high shoes and silver buckles, were abundantly loaded with dust. This worthy, who to me was quite unknown, was a corpulent man, wore his hat well crushed down upon his ears; his large head drooping or stooping; and with his hands raised to the level of his chin—the back of one in the palm of the other, he gradually and steadily advanced towards the King, crouching and creeping, his knees well

bent, until he had placed himself nearly touching the King's left elbow.

During several minutes I had been watching the man's stealthy movements, not with the most friendly feelings; but when ultimately he had taken up a position, so regardless of the respect due to the royal personages before me, I could no longer restrain my indignation, and rushed forward with my hand stretched out to seize him, and turn him away by the arm. My progress was suddenly checked by some one drawing me back.

"Do you not know who that is?" he exclaimed.

"No, your Royal Highness," I replied.

"He is Lord Hawkesbury, and he probably has some important communication to make to the King. What, or who did you take him to be?"

Upon which, I explained that from his general appearance, I had supposed him to be a King's messenger. His Royal Highness laughed very heartily, and I thought there was an end of the matter; but immediately after the picquets had marched off, the King, in conformity

with his usual practice, turned to the officers of his household, and others collecting about his person, and his Majesty was informed of my having mistaken Lord Hawkesbury for a King's messenger.

On hearing this, his Majesty exclaimed in his well-known hasty, and somewhat stammering manner: "Eh, eh, eh? what, what, what? who—who—who was it?" when I was immediately pointed out to the King, who as quickly beckoned me to him, and laughingly said: "Eh, eh! what, what? so you thought Hawkesbury was a King's messenger? eh, eh! well, well—you are, you are right; I think you are right; yes, yes, come here, Hawkesbury; well, well, now you are a dirty-looking fellow; look at your shoes; eh, eh, look at your shoes; are you not a dirty-looking fellow?" the King laughed heartily.

Hawkesbury looked at his shoes, covered with dust, and freely admitted the fact.

About six years after this event, I was much gratified on receiving a most satisfactory proof that Lord Hawkesbury, then the Earl of Liverpool, and Secretary of the War department,

had not suffered this blunder to make any impression on his mind prejudicial to me; for his Lordship (having appointed me to be one of the military agents to serve in the Peninsula, under a special commission), invited me to dine with him at Fife House. On this occasion I was seated at table by the side of his Lordship, who very kindly reminded me of the laugh I had raised against him at Weymouth; and added, that the King, who was then confined by his great age and infirmities, at Windsor Castle, never saw him without making some allusion to the King's messenger.

The laugh, which the anecdote above related had excited, having at length subsided, the King whose attention was still directed towards me, suddenly observed: "You belong to the Engineers, what are you doing here?" and quickly said: "ay, ay, I know, I know, you are come about the martello towers;" and immediately said, "they are capital things those martello towers—eh?" and in so saying his Majesty passed his arm into mine, adding: "I want to talk to you about those towers—come;" and immediately walked off along the Esplanade as

fast as he could step out, drawing me quite tight towards him with his left arm. In this way we proceeded to the port, at the furthest extremity of the Esplanade, during which time the King never ceased talking about the towers, and appeared to be perfectly conversant with the merits of martello towers, particularly in regard of the one erected on Martello Point, in Corsica, which had with its solitary one gun caused so much damage to one of our ships of war; and whence the name Martello as applied to similar towers built in England had been derived. The King frequently observed: "Those martello towers are capital things, we must have some here." From the commencement to the termination of this walk, I had no trouble in framing any replies to his Majesty's questions, for he most obligingly answered them all himself.

Having arrived near the wharf where the royal yacht lay, the King letting go my arm said: "Well, well, I want to talk to you a great deal more—yes, yes, a great deal more, about those towers; yes, yes—oh yes—that's true, you will be on board of the yacht to-morrow—that will do, that will do, there will be plenty of time to-morrow, plenty

of time." After this the King turned round, and looking towards the numerous *cortège* they hastened up to his Majesty; for so long as he had continued to hold me by the arm, and was observed to be in active conversation with me, none had dared to approach nearer than some ten to twenty yards; and I now was not sorry to be at liberty to replace my hat on my head. Upon inquiry of Captain Stevenson, since then Sir Benjamin, the Duke of Cumberland's equerry, I was informed that the mention made by the King about my being on board of the yacht on the following day was an order, and that he was sure the King would expect to find me on board immediately on his embarking.

Accordingly at six o'clock of the following morning, I was at the place of embarkation, and had not waited there ten minutes when the royal family consisting of the King, the Queen and two of the Princesses, attended by Colonel Campbell and the usual retinue, came up, and instantly embarked. On my joining the suite, as they were passing from the wharf into the yacht, I was stopped, and some demur was made to my proceeding; but Colonel Campbell, who seemed to permit nothing to escape his notice,

ran up immediately, and stated that my name was on his list as one of the persons invited by the King.

In an instant, as by magic, the sails were spread, and the yacht shot off to sea with streamers flying, the royal standard hoisted at the main, the band playing "God save the King," the people huzzaing, the cannon on the shore thundering, to which the frigates responded, the whole re-echoed by the distant cliffs of Portland. Presently all this loyal uproar ceased, the crowd on the wharf dispersed, the smoke of the cannon was blown away, and nothing disturbed the sudden stillness which thus prevailed, but the rustling noise of the water against the sides of the yacht, as it darted on before the breeze to join the protecting squadron in the offing.

The temporary separation which thus took place betwixt the select party on board and far greater portion of the court, and indiscriminate multitude left on shore, seemed to release the former from much of that distance and severe etiquette which under all other circumstances must indispensably exist. I therefore soon found myself in easy conversation with persons

of illustrious birth, whose obliging manners seemed to remove for a time the distance in our relative positions in society. During half an hour after our embarkation, the Queen and Princesses remained below, but they passed nearly the whole of the day promenading on deck, excepting to partake of refreshments. After walking the deck during about an hour with Lady Charlotte Wilmot, with whom I had some very interesting conversation on various scientific subjects, I was accosted by one of the Princesses who lead me to walk with her, supporting herself on my arm, as the vessel was pitching a good deal in consequence of having extended our distance beyond the shelter afforded by Portland. Her Royal Highness was exceedingly inquisitive, seeking for information, but very adroitly concealing this, and left me delighted with her amiability and condescension which greatly surpassed all I had previously heard attributed to her.

The Royal Family, at an early hour, quitted the deck, and dined alone, which did not occupy an hour ; and none but their particular attendants were admitted to the same cabin. Refreshments for the remainder of the company

were provided in a separate apartment; but they were required to hurry that repast, in order that they might be ready to receive the King, Queen, and Princesses, on their returning to the deck. At about four o'clock the yacht was directing its course homewards, then distant full ten miles, when I began to give up all expectation of being noticed by the King, who had repeatedly passed close to me without manifesting any recollection of his invitation, in order to renew the conversation in regard of the martello towers.

Under this impression, I took one of the numerous spy-glasses provided for the use of the visitors, and went forward, thence to admire the picturesque cliffs and beauties of the scenery; and whilst there, engaged in watching the movements of some small vessels that were gliding along under the land, I was sharply slapped on the shoulder, and at the same moment heard the well-known voice of the King close to my elbow. As I turned, and dropped my hat, His Majesty exclaimed:

“Well, what are you looking after? Ay, ay—I know, I know—you are right—this is the best place whence to select the fittest

position for the martello towers—is it not? eh, eh—is it not? Yes, yes—I know, I know.”

Upon this, the King grasped my arm above the elbow, and drew me away aft to the quarter-deck, where we commenced walking up and down with great rapidity.

In this way, during a considerable space of time, the King did the whole of the honours of the conversation, relieving me almost entirely from any perplexity as to the answers I ought to give, and of the opinions it would be prudent for me to express. The subject being, as I thought, quite exhausted, I expected to be dismissed—that is, I anticipated that the King was about to let go the fast hold he had taken of my arm, when the officer on the look-out at the foretopmast-head announced a strange sail in the offing, and immediately afterwards declared there were five sail of vessels all standing towards us, with every inch of canvas they could spread.

We were at this time running under topsails, and taking it very leisurely, so that these vessels gained upon us very fast, and we soon made them out to be large armed

ships : "Probably," observed the Captain, "men-of-war."

Upon this, the King expressed a desire to put about, and meet them ; but the Captain on this occasion did not manifest the same degree of zeal in complying with the King's wishes, as I had noticed in other cases, when His Majesty had directed the course of the yacht to be altered. This tardiness on the part of his Captain was, however, soon explained by his observation, that he did not like the looks of those fellows ; and, moreover, he added, they had not yet made their numbers, in reply to the signal of the Commodore, much nearer to them than ourselves.

The King, instantly catching at this, said :

"Well, well, what do you make them out to be?—eh, eh?"

The Captain replied : "They might be some of the Channel fleet, or, perhaps, some ships that were returning from chasing the Brest fleet, which, it was rumoured, had slipped out, passing our blockading squadron, during one of the late gales ; or"—the Captain looking very serious—"it might be some of

the enemy's ships; although," he added, "not very likely to be the case."

The King, on hearing this latter possibility, grasped my arm with redoubled force, and keeping his opera-glass up to his eye, during a whole minute at least, anxiously endeavouring to ascertain the truth, at length, with extraordinary energy, declared that he should like, above all things in this world, to fight Bony in single combat—which His Majesty repeated several times; then started off, still holding me by the arm, and drawing me away, walked with all the haste he could master; occasionally halting for a couple of seconds, and fixing his looks on the strange sails, again he exclaimed, in an under tone:

"I should like to fight Bony single-handed;" then, stamping with his foot, darted away, taking five or six turns more, when the glass was, as before, raised, and fixed upon the ships in the offing, when at each turn, and sometimes oftener, the King repeated:

"I should like to fight Bony single-handed, I'm sure I should; I should give him a good thrashing, I'm sure I should—I'm sure of it!"

In the midst of this, the ships were discovered to be East Indiamen running towards the land, probably to take a fresh departure. At this discovery, the King was evidently disappointed; he relaxed the tight hold he had taken of my arm, and in the next moment I was set at liberty; the king had seized upon the Captain, and walked the deck with him at a very slow pace.

CHAPTER XII.

The King's marked manner of saluting the drum-major when reviewing a regiment—The royal sash—A scramble—General Garth's Horse—Fortunate escape—Trip to Southampton in an open wherry.

HAVING returned to the landing-place, the company on board fell back to the right and left, forming a wide avenue for the royal family to pass on to the wharf, the gentlemen with their hats off and bowing low, the ladies in attendance saluting in the usual manner; whilst Colonel Campbell, a tall, serious, severe-looking man, his head uncovered, led the way, the King following close upon his heels, in a most condescending manner returning the salutations, with his hat in his hand, which he did not

replace until he had proceeded many yards on the shore.

Before quitting the yacht, on passing me as I stood with those forming the avenue, the King stopped short, and pausing a moment, looking me full in the face, as one requiring time to reflect, he hastily said: "Well, well, to-morrow we shall consult on the spot about the martello towers for Portland. You must arrange with Garth about that—yes, yes—with Garth; but you will be there, you understand—you understand; eh, eh, eh?" and the King passed on to the shore, followed by the Queen and Princesses, who were all met on the wharf by a large assemblage of well-dressed persons, cheering, waving handkerchiefs, and expressing their joy at their safe return.

It was by that time, nearly six o'clock; the King, therefore, left the royal ladies to return to Gloucester Lodge, whilst he proceeded to the Esplanade, in order to receive the salutes of the picquet. I followed, and arrived just in time to take my place with the Duke of Cumberland's staff.

I must here remark, that George III. was notorious for invariably taking more notice of

the drum-major's salutes, who marched at the head of the band, than of any other person. In the course of a few minutes, the 1st Somerset regiment of Militia, whose tour of duty it was to mount the picquet, advanced in ordinary time, formed in open column as usual, and as soon as the drum-major came up, and began to flourish his dazzling silver, balloon-headed cane, with the large tassels, and had transferred the same to his left hand, and placed his right hand over the front of his hat, the King immediately seized his own hat by the forecock, and swinging it out with his right to the fullest extent he could reach, he dropped his arm close down to his side, and preserved that posture until the drum-major had gone past, and commenced to return the cane to its former position, upon which his Majesty replaced his hat on his head.

The band having wheeled to the left, so as to form immediately in front of the King, leaving the necessary space for the regiment to march between them and the King, Lieutenant-Colonel Leigh, commanding the regiment, next came up, well mounted, and saluted, but the King merely raised his hat, and instantly replaced it. The King noticed the salutes of the

other officers by a slight and hasty touch of his hat, and even the Major and Adjutant, who brought up the rear, although mounted on prancing horses, and saluting his Majesty in the best style, were allowed to proceed almost totally unnoticed.

In accordance with his usual practice, the King now turned towards his staff and *cortège*, ready to hear anything amusing, or in any way worthy of being related to him, when Lieutenant-General Garth, a little man with good features, but whose face was much disfigured by a considerable purple mark on the skin, extending over part of his forehead and one eye, stepped forward, and after exchanging a few words with the King, which I did not hear distinctly, remarked that the sash his Majesty had on was an exceedingly handsome one: upon which the King, with his left hand, taking up the ends that were hanging down, observed: "Yes, yes; this is a very handsome sash—very handsome—very handsome; quite new: Charlotte makes all my sashes—all my sashes; she always makes them." The sash was a very full-sized one, composed entirely of crimson netted silk, and quite fit for the purpose for

which sashes were originally intended, that is, to carry off the wounded from the field of battle; for when spread out it would have measured a yard and a half in width, and at least three yards in length.

The King had taken off one of his military white gloves, and in dropping the ends of his sash, he also, at the same time, dropped the glove, upon which, not only General Garth, but several others nearest to the King, scrambled for the glove on the ground, in order to mark their zeal and attention to his Majesty; but the King, desirous of recovering his fallen glove without having to thank any one for it, or perhaps wishing to display his activity, also attempted to seize it, in which he succeeded. On rising, the King's cane slipped from his hold and again the King was the successful candidate for the prize. Now the sensation which the scrambling for the glove and then for the stick had created amongst the vast concourse of spectators, was increased to an uncontrollable degree by the falling off of the King's hat, for the capture of which an increased number of competitors presented themselves, whose ambition to serve his Majesty greatly retarded its restitution.

Colonel Campbell, at length, had the good fortune to rescue this from the hands of two members of the King's household, who were struggling with each other for victory ; whilst the King, holding out his hands for his property, his face, in consequence of stooping, as red as his coat, exclaimed : " Never mind about the honour of the thing, never mind, never mind ; give me my hat, give me my hat ; there, there," as the King received his hat, " thank you—thank you all alike—you all picked it up—yes, yes—all, all, all—you all picked it up."

The King, during the latter part of this contest, laughed most heartily, in which the whole of the *cortège* surrounding his Majesty, immediately joined, throwing off all restraint. As soon as the bustle and diversion were over, and that I could catch an opportunity for accosting General Garth, I mentioned to him what the King had said to me on board of the yacht, about consulting with me on the spot, in regard to the martello towers to be erected on Portland ; and requested that he would give me his orders thereon. Upon which, the General observed : " I have no orders to give you on that subject, excepting that you must attend his Majesty to-

morrow ; for it is clear, from what you have communicated, that the King understands you are to be of the party which has been arranged for the royal family to visit Portland. You will, therefore, prepare to that effect. I shall be there, and as I suppose you have no horses with you here, I shall take care to order one of my own for you. We all start at nine o'clock." I thanked the General for his kindness, which had relieved me from considerable perplexity in regard of getting myself mounted.

Soon after eight o'clock, I presented myself at Gloucester Lodge, and was immediately ushered into a magnificent apartment, where I joined a large party, amounting to at least thirty officers on the staff, and members of the household, the whole of them engaged in discussing a splendid royal breakfast. No one took any notice of me except Colonel Campbell, who merely pointed to a vacant seat, of which I at once took possession. Long before I had tasted half the good things, the company began to leave the table one by one, until I was almost alone ; I therefore rose, and whilst somewhat perplexed as to the course I should adopt for procuring the horse which the General had promised,

his aide-de-camp introduced himself, and led me to a window, whence he pointed out a very beautiful animal, held by a groom, informing me that was the horse destined for me ; he observed at the same time, " He has not been out of stables for a few days, so you may perhaps find him rather impatient at first; but that will soon go off."

I was somewhat disappointed on discovering the King, Queen, and Princesses, with many of their attendants, were to proceed by water, their horses having been sent on to meet them at their landing, but that the others were to go by land along the shingled beach.

The latter did not wait for each other, but each individual proceeded as soon as mounted. I beckoned to the groom, and prepared to mount ; but it was not without the assistance of an orderly dragoon, and one or two more of the attendants, that, after various fruitless attempts, I succeeded. The capering and resistance which my steed made, failed not to gather round me a considerable number of spectators, and I discovered that the aide-de-camp had not deceived me as to the state of the General's horse, for immediately on being released from the grasp of those who held him well at arm's length, one on each side, he gave me a fair

specimen of an impatient horse. I declare it without blushing, I availed myself of the length of my legs to cling with my feet under the animal's body, and most inelegantly, most unscientifically, kept my seat on the horse, probably after the same fashion as did the devil when he had pounced upon Sinbad the Sailor's back, greatly to the amusement of a large assemblage of spectators, whose shouts and acclamations followed me to the end of the esplanade. A little further on I observed the aide-de-camp with folded arms and with disappointed looks, standing at a short distance with a select party, whom he had probably invited to witness my being left on the ground at the gates of Gloucester Lodge.

Before entering the town, I succeeded in reducing the animal's speed, and soon afterwards overtook Lady Charlotte Wilmot, with another of the ladies attending at Court, and with them proceeded along the shingle beach to Portland. In due time we joined the royal family, and followed them in their ride round the cliffs of Portland.

The King several times called for the engineer, upon which I rode up, and replied to some very short and well digested questions ; but his Majesty did not appear to pay much attention,

always anticipating my answers. Thus, at one projecting headland, he said to me : " What do you think of this place for a tower, eh, eh ? Yes, yes—I know, I know—capital situation, capital situation ; yes, yes ; that will do, that will do."

In this way, on approaching near the place called Chissel, the King having called for me, whilst I was some thirty to forty yards in his rear, striving to restrain my horse from racing with another, I advanced to his Majesty at a full canter.

It is necessary I should explain that the King was riding on the extreme left side of the road, which here skirted the edge of the cliff, which was on our right hand, I therefore came up on the King's right, when my horse again attempted to push ahead and win the race ; but just as his head was abreast of the King's elbow, Lord Fitzroy, a Captain of the Royal Navy, in full dress, was standing off the road to allow the party to pass, and as the King approached he saluted with his hat, when his Majesty immediately, according to his custom, returned the compliment by swinging his hat off to the fullest

extent of his arm, and therewith struck my horse a sharp slap on the face.

I have already said enough in regard of the temper of General Garth's horse, to remove any expectation that he could patiently submit to such an insult. He was taken by surprise, and instantly made but one bound over the cliffs, within four or five yards of me, on my right. My destruction was regarded as certain by the whole of the cavalcade. I heard piercing shrieks from the ladies, as I sank below the edge of the cliffs, not to the bottom into the sea, at an immense depth, as I had myself expected, but I fell on a ledge only a few yards wide, and not more than nine or ten feet from the top of the cliff.

The King was the first whom I noticed cautiously peeping at me over the brink of the precipice. He had dismounted, and on observing that I was struggling to extricate myself from the horse, who was lying on my right foot, his Majesty exclaimed: "He's not dead; no, no, he's not dead. I see, I see, he's not dead—he's moving, he's moving—he's not dead; that's right, that's right;" then addressing himself to

me, he said: "We'll help you in a minute. Come here," to those behind him, "come here, come here. Help, help! save him." I was very quickly relieved; but I know not how I was got up to the road, for I began to be too ill to take particular notice of all that was passing.

Many of the party expressed their satisfaction at my having escaped. Meanwhile a chair was procured, and I was carefully carried to the landing-place, and thence transported to Weymouth in one of the numerous man-of-war's boats, then in attendance on the royal family and suite. Although at first I had fancied myself seriously injured, yet in a couple of days I was able to go forth, and complete the duty upon which I had been engaged, and soon afterwards returned to my regular occupations at Gosport.

During the early part of 1805, I was several times employed in making reports on various parts of the coast, and on the state of efficiency of the numerous batteries and forts constructed for the protection of every bay, inlet, or sandy beach; but none of these excursions were productive of any adventures worthy of being here noticed. I must, however, notice a pleasure trip

I performed in company with Captain Fletcher of the Royal Engineers (Brigade-Major to Brigadier-General Eveleigh), with whom I was on terms of particular intimacy.

We had frequently conversed on or rather projected an excursion to Southampton, mainly for the purpose of visiting Netley Abbey; and this subject being renewed at a moment when Fletcher and myself were crossing the harbour together, in one of the wherries constantly engaged in carrying passengers from one side of the harbour to the other, it occurred to me that the pleasantest way of journeying would be by water, providing it could be accomplished without much loss of time or much expense.

The waterman having overheard our conversation quickly offered his services, and declared that he would meet our wishes on both points; "For" added he, "I will undertake to take you both to Southampton in my wherry and back in one day, and my charge shall be but half a guinea." We took him on his word, and on the following morning by six o'clock we started with Ward alone. The whole of the day turned out to be exceedingly hot, and a perfect calm, so that poor Ward had to pull every inch of the way

there and back, a distance of about fifty miles, which was justly regarded as an extraordinary feat. Ward was a slender figure, and few persons would have expected him capable of performing such a trial of muscular strength.

CHAPTER XIII.

Brigadier-General Koheler — Death of Sir Richard Fletcher—A disappointed dinner-party—Anxiety for active service—Ordered to Gibraltar.

FLETCHER and myself frequently visited the works then executing at Cumberland Fort, and in the Isle of Wight, Fort Monckton, Blockhouse Fort, &c. Upon one of these occasions, he gave me many very interesting details of the conduct of Brigadier-General Koheler of the Royal Artillery, who was the chief of a mission sent to Constantinople in 1799, and whom Fletcher had served as Major of Brigade.

They were of interest to me, not only because Koheler was an old and intimate friend, but

because he had made every effort in his power to induce the Inspector-General of Fortifications to order me to join him as his Major of Brigade, with which General Morse did not comply, in consequence of my being at that time employed as an engineer in Canada.

When this mission proceeded by land to Constantinople, and thence round the eastern extremity of the Mediterranean through Syria, in order to join the British army under Sir Ralph Abercrombie in Egypt, the greater portion of Asiatic Turkey had thrown off its allegiance to the Sultan, so that in most instances on exhibiting the Sultan's firman, commanding the local authorities to furnish such horses as the mission might require, the functionaries treated the application with derision.

On one of these occasions, Koheler, turning to his companions, said: "Gentlemen, follow me," and instantly rushed into the stables, when, seizing the horse that suited his taste, he saddled it, whilst his servant, a handsome mulatto named King, followed his example. In this manner the whole of the party helped themselves, instantly mounted, and without delay started at a full canter, totally disregarding the crowded state

of the streets, and snapped their fingers at the furious threats and abusive language of the mob, who were so astounded by such daring conduct, that not a sabre-cut was made, nor a pistol levelled, at any one of the cavalcade, they contented themselves with hooting and hallooing. In this way the mission passed on, and ultimately arrived at Jaffa. Here Mrs. Koheler, who had accompanied the General, was attacked with a putrid fever, and died in the course of a few days. So strong was the General's affection towards his wife, that it was with difficulty he could be separated from her corpse. The result was exactly as might have been anticipated, he expired of the same disease in three days afterwards. Major Holloway of the Engineers then assumed the command of the mission, composed of Major Shrapnell, Captain Leak, and Lieutenant Tobin of the Artillery, and Fletcher and Lieutenant Lacy of the Engineers.

I do not remember how or by what route they ultimately arrived in Egypt; but Fletcher related that when he was in the 'Peterell's' boat, with Major William Mackerras, the commanding engineer with Sir R. Abercrombie's army, they were pursued by a French vessel of war,

and frequently fired upon with grape-shot ; yet they went on carrying as much sail as possible in the hope of escaping, by running into such shallow water as should compel the enemy to abandon the chase. Unfortunately, just as they had nearly accomplished that intention, a discharge of grape from the enemy cut down the boat's sail, and at the same time killed Major Mackerras—one of the grape-shot having entered the back of his head and passed out through his forehead. Poor Fletcher never could narrate this event without a shudder, for, as he said, "Mackerras instantly fell forwards off his seat with his face on my foot, and when I raised him up my boot was completely covered with his brains." They were, of course, immediately made prisoners.

I cannot close this subject about Fletcher without relating that in the early part of the summer of 1813 he had returned to England from Spain, and on his being about to resume his command in the Peninsula, I was invited by Colonel Rowley, the Deputy Inspector-General of Fortifications, to meet him at a small dinner-party, where, amongst the five or six other guests, was Mr. Way of the War Office.

In the course of conversation, after dinner, I took an opportunity of congratulating Fletcher on his re-appointment to the command of the engineers with the army, under the Duke of Wellington, adding that I should feel greatly obliged to him if he would obtain General Mann's authority to allow me to accompany him.

Fletcher had already seen much more service than any other officer in the corps of Royal Engineers. He had assisted at the capture of all the islands in the West Indies, taken by us at the commencement of the great war, where he had been wounded by a musket-shot across the top of his head. He had been in Egypt and I believe at Copenhagen, and had been present in most of the battles and sieges under Wellington, commencing with the advance of the army into Spain, at the close of the first campaign. In short, I have reason to believe that he would have had more medals than the great Duke himself. I mention these circumstances first, as an act of justice to my most worthy friend, Fletcher, and also to prevent any chance that a stranger on reading the following details of my conversation with Fletcher might take a wrong view of the military character of one of the

bravest and most excellent officers that ever served his King and country.

On my making the request, Fletcher became pensive, and with a saddened air said: "Why, Landmann, I returned from Spain, not intending to go out again—I have seen enough, and I now wish to devote myself to my little family" (four or five girls and one boy, now Sir Richard Fletcher); "but it was put to me in such terms, that I could not with propriety decline re-accepting the command." Then after a pause, during which he was no doubt engaged in mentally running over the chances of war, he said, with a dejected air: "The pitcher may go once too often to the well."

Fletcher had lost his wife, who had been a Miss Mudge of Plymouth, and he was at this time engaged to be married to Miss Carter, of Portsmouth, daughter of Sir John Carter, the Mayor. He was created a Baronet, as a recompense for his services; sailed on his return to Spain, a few days after our meeting at Rowley's, and within a month from his landing was killed at the siege of San Sebastian, I was informed, by a ball from a wall-piece, which passed through his neck. His death must have been as quick

and painless as that of Major Mackerras : thus was his anticipation speedily realised. A very plain monument, or tablet, was set up in Westminster Abbey, by his brother officers, commemorating the services of this gallant officer, which nevertheless I think cost us about three hundred pounds, instead of having been erected by the nation whom he had so devotedly served, and in whose cause he had spilt the last drop of his blood.

As the summer of 1805 advanced, amongst the various expeditions which had been collected at Portsmouth, preparatory to their final departure from England, one under the command of Sir James Craig put into Spithead, to which six officers of the Royal Engineers were attached, viz., Captains Charles Lefebure and John Thomas Jones, and Lieutenants W. Nicholas, George Hoste, George Lewis and C. Boothby. These, together with about six or seven officers of the same corps stationed at Portsmouth, were invited to dine by Brigade-Major Fletcher ; and soon afterwards, following so good an example, I invited the whole to dine with me at Gosport. My cook was not at all a mean artist, yet I thought that the occasion deserved that I should

do the thing better than well. I therefore, after diligent inquiry, was recommended to employ a person whom I was assured had invariably given satisfaction, and I accordingly intrusted her with the cooking of the most important dinner I had ever at that time attempted to give.

On the day appointed, soon after five o'clock, in those days a highly fashionable hour, my friends had assembled, upon which I ordered dinner to be served. Time glided on at first, but soon the unusual delay in obeying my order began to cause me considerable annoyance, whilst an ill-suppressed impatience prevailed, and was very perceptible in every countenance. At length the hour of six had sounded, when some of my friends ventured to inquire if they had correctly understood my invitation to be for five, and others drew forth their watches; two or three asked leave to take a walk in the garden, the door, in form of a window, leading from the drawing-room, standing invitingly open. Every event of recent occurrence—the great review on Portsdown Hill, and the man that had been there shot for desertion—were mentioned in detail by those who had been present; even the history of Jack the Painter, who had

many years before this been hanged, and suspended in irons on Blockhouse Fort, was made a subject of interest on this occasion, yet the much-desired announcement was still wanting.

Having been out on duty from an early hour, I felt all the miseries of the want of food. At the moment when I expected the clock would strike seven, the door was opened to its fullest extent, my man pronouncing the joyful intelligence that the dinner was on the table. We all rushed forth without much ceremony, and hastened to the dining-room, in the hope of making amends for so much delay. The covers were quickly removed; and at one end of the table displayed a dish containing a mass of fragments of fish, with a broad bone of a large flat fish carefully placed on the top, and which I instantly recognised as the skeleton of a fine turbot I had procured from London, well packed in ice, and which had cost me one guinea. At the other end of the table, the soup-tureen contained, as some of the company exclaimed, a model of one of the pyramids of Egypt, whilst others maintained that it was a peas-pudding; but the servant assured us it was peas-soup. It was evident to the meanest capacity, that the

fish could not be remedied, therefore "march it off; but as to the soup," said I, "desire the cook to add to it as much hot water as will reduce it to the ordinary liquid state it should present." The order was promptly obeyed; but on attempting to eat the soup, it was found to be burnt, and mere brine, which the servant explained must have been caused by the obstinacy of the cook, who insisted on pouring into it some of the water in which a round of salted beef had been boiled. "Take that away also," said I; "thank God we have other dishes to come in." Accordingly the table was again supplied; but the first dish presented a most unintelligible collection, being composed of various lumps of meat in a state of total disunion, with sundry blocks of yellow fat, and a moderate quantity of carrots almost dissolved. A very brief investigation determined that this had been a fine round of beef, of some eighteen to twenty pounds in weight; but now degraded to the humble state to which meat is frequently reduced, in order to procure a *véritable consommé*. This dish was instantly ordered to be carried away, as had been directed in regard of the

others. "This is truly lamentable," said I, preserving as placid a countenance as I could command, "we have still a quarter of lamb, some boiled fowls, and a ham. The latter cannot be spoiled." On investigation, however, these also were found to be totally uneatable; and the lamb, instead of having been hung up to the fire, had been merely placed before it in the dripping-pan, without being once turned; so that it was reduced to charcoal on one side, whilst the other was raw. Such a chain of disappointments almost resembles the work of invention; but I declare that it is most scrupulously true.

No longer able to affect composure—all my patience exhausted—my forbearance had found its limit—I darted off towards the kitchen, which, fortunately, was on the same floor. I hardly know what I had determined to do, but I was as angry as I could be, and did, no doubt, intend proceeding to some act of a severe nature; but on entering the kitchen, I was paralyzed on beholding my best of all cooks in the world lying on the ground, scolding, and somewhat raving in a species of apoplectic lunacy, resulting from the too abundant use of

alcohol; whence all I could say or do was insufficient to recal her to herself. What was to be done?

Whilst I remained half stupified at the overwhelming state of affairs, I heard my friends laughing and making merry, eating, or rather devouring, bread and potatoes, and drinking to my health in bumpers with three times three. I turned to my man in a state of agony bordering on frenzy, entreating him to devise some kind of remedy or supplement, when, to my infinite delight, my own slighted cook entered with a large dish, containing some eight or ten pounds of rump-steaks, which she had very correctly anticipated must be required. At a sight so unexpected and so agreeable, I was overjoyed beyond expression, and cried: "Bravo, bravissimo!" which I went on repeating until I re-entered the dining-room. "We shall now have something to eat," I exclaimed, "in despite of the best cook in the three towns." And I began to smile again, for the first time since the awful discovery that every item provided for the dinner had been destroyed. In due time, which we cheerfully employed in consuming the biscuits, and drinking another half-dozen to

toasts, the famous rump-steaks were in three smoking heaps along the centre of the table: alas! they were so tough that none could be masticated, driving us to the unavoidable necessity of actually dining on bread and cheese. My friends kindly made light of this truly light dinner, and often repeated they would gladly compound for such a dinner every day during the campaign they were about to commence, and made up for the want of solids by drinking a few extra glasses; and when parting at a late hour, they all obligingly assured me that they had never been merrier.

The daily intercourse I had with these officers whilst they were waiting the signal for sailing, materially increased my ambition to be employed on actual service. During the preceding two or three years, I had been in constant expectation of being selected to serve on some of the expeditions then so frequently sent against the enemy, and had remained waiting, with more or less patience, for my turn. Disappointment, nevertheless, persecuted me from day to day, and I still had to endure the mortification of being left to discharge the formal and inglorious duties of a garrison.

My anxiety on this subject went on increasing daily, lest I might rise in rank and sink into years without once facing the enemy. The bare thought of such a military career tormented me to the utmost, and I resolved to adopt any measure calculated to rescue me from it. I therefore sought an opportunity of consulting my worthy friend, Captain Fletcher, of the Royal Engineers, then Major of Brigade to Brigadier-General Eyeleigh, and to him made a full disclosure of the state of my feelings.

After attentively listening to my statement, he advised me to write a letter to General Morse, the Inspector-General of Fortifications, setting forth my desire to be employed on any expeditionary service which may be in contemplation. "Such a request," he said, "cannot give offence, but must be viewed, in every officer, as a meritorious and praiseworthy ambition.

I was greatly delighted with Fletcher's recommendation, for it relieved me from a mass of intricacies which I had always associated with the attempt to be so employed. I had imagined the necessity of seeking friends and patronage, and a thousand complicated measures; now the

whole difficulty was reduced to the writing of a letter, the wording of which Fletcher had so briefly dictated. Accordingly, on the 15th of September, 1805, I wrote my letter, and in twenty hours General Morse was in full possession of my desire. It was not before the 15th of October, that I perceived the long official letter in my servant's hand, as he entered the room during breakfast. My heart began to beat double quick time, whilst I tore open the cover: "Now," thought I, "a reproof for daring to dictate, and a flat refusal." On opening the letter, not containing more than ten lines, I saw at the bottom the signature of "Robt. Morse," then the first word that next caught my eye was Gibraltar. "What the devil is all this about?" thought I. In extreme haste I began with the beginning, and in half a minute I learnt that I was neither reprov'd, praised, nor distinctly refused; but that I was ordered to hold myself in readiness to proceed to Gibraltar, a mere change of quarters. In reviewing the course I had followed, I could not detect any act by which I could have drawn upon myself such treatment. The letter I had addressed to

General Morse, was direct to the point and admitted of no mistake, having expressed my desire as follows :

“ I therefore hope you will pardon me, if I make known to you the great desire I feel to see actual service ; and how anxious I am to be employed on any occasion wherein I may improve myself, by acquiring the practical knowledge of our field-duties, and thereby become worthy of such rank as by length of service I may rise to. I beg to be understood that I am not prompted by any wish to leave this station in making the foregoing request,” &c.

In the course of seven or eight weeks after the receipt of the above order, the ‘Loyal Britain’ transport, in which I was destined to embark arrived from Woolwich.

THE END.

LONDON:
Printed by Schulze and Co., 13, Poland Street.



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Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 06 February, 2016

