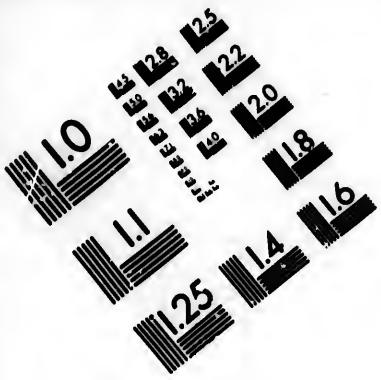

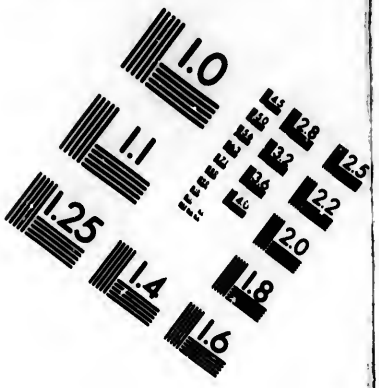

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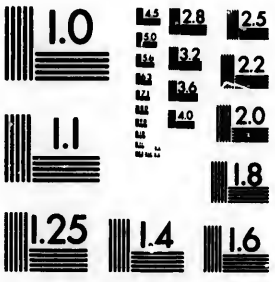

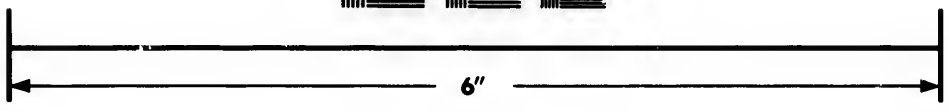

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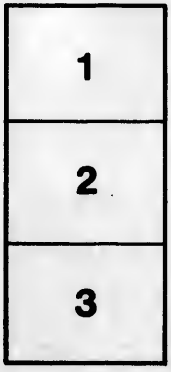

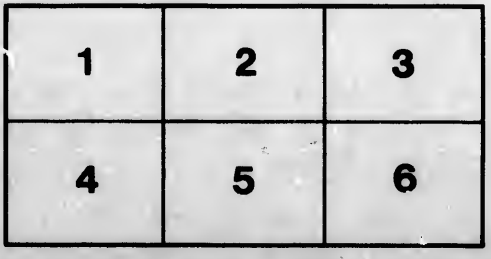

EIGHT YEARS IN CANADA;

EMBRACING

A REVIEW OF THE ADMINISTRATIONS

OF

LORDS DURHAM AND SYDENHAM, SIR CHAS. BAGOT, AND LORD METCALFE;

AND INCLUDING

NUMEROUS INTERESTING LETTERS

FROM LORD DURHAM, MR. CHAS. BULLER, AND OTHER WELL-KNOWN PUBLIC CHARACTERS.

BY MAJOR RICHARDSON,

Knight of the Military Order of St. Ferdinand,

AUTHOR OF "ECARTE," "WACOUSTA," "THE CANADIAN BROTHERS," &c. &c. &c.

DE OMNIBUS REBUS ET QUIBUSDAM ALIIS.

MONTREAL, CANADA:

PUBLISHED BY H. H. CUNNINGHAM, 55, NOTRE DAME STREET.

1847.

"When we transplant the institutions of England into our Colonies, we ought at least to take care beforehand that the social state of the Colony should possess those peculiar materials on which alone the excellence of those institutions depends in the Mother Country."—*Lord Durham's Report, Page* 47.

[*Entered according to Act of the Provincial Legislature, in the year* 1847, *by* MAJOR JOHN RICHARDSON, *in the Office of the Registrar of the Province of Canada; and at Stationers' Hall, London.*]

DONOGHUE AND MANTZ, PRINTERS, MONTREAL.

INTRODUCTION.

This book, as will be seen on reference to a letter from Lord Durham to myself, written after his departure from Canada, and given in the Appendix, was intended to have been inscribed exclusively to his Lordship. Had he still existed, that intention would have been carried out; but as he is no more, and as subsequent events have, in some degree, released me from what, had his Lordship lived, I should have regarded as an obligation, I hesitate not to satisfy my own strong inclination, by coupling with his name that of one, who, alas! is also no more, and whose principles of government, and nobleness of character, have, in the highest degree, claimed the warmest attachment of the Canadian people. It is far purer, moreover, to render the meed of homage to the dead, than to seek by adulation to win the favor of the living; and, therefore, to the memory of LORD DURHAM, the founder of a great system, and to that of LORD METCALFE, the true reader of the application of that system to a colony, do I inscribe this volume. It is far from being an offering adequate to the worth of these celebrated dead, but its pages will at least be found to embrace much that will redeem their memories from whatever aspersions the malevolent may seek to cast upon them.

J. RICHARDSON.

Montreal, March 1st, 1847.

EIGHT YEARS IN CANADA, &c.

CHAPTER I.

The Canadian events of the years 1836–7,—taking by surprise, as they did, not only the British Government, who were ill prepared to expect the misguided violence of the disaffected party, but of the people of England generally, who had ever looked upon Canada as most ultra in its loyalty and attachment to the Crown,—must be too familiar to the reader to require any thing beyond an incidental notice in a work which professes to treat chiefly, where political episodes are introduced, of the measures of amelioration subsequently adopted.

Aware of the vast importance of the Colony, even while startled by the tidings of a disaffection which was much exaggerated at the time, not only as to the numbers, but the intelligence and influence of those implicated in it, the British Government, with that promptitude of action which, in cases of emergency, is so peculiarly its own, made every disposition for the occupation of the Colony by a strong force, the moment that the opening of the communication, by water, with Canada would permit. Sir George Arthur was mean while sent out to relieve Sir Francis Bond Head, whose removal, it was assumed by the Whig ministry, would prove a means of softening down much of that asperity of feeling his stringent policy had created in the minds of those who made no effort to disguise their restlessness of Imperial domination, yet who, by the introduction of a more soothing and temporizing course, might be brought to view in its true light, the desperate extreme into which they had been betrayed, and to retrace their steps.

Nor this alone. With a forethought,—a prevoyance, suited to the occasion, they applied themselves, not only to the removal of the immediate and pressing evil, but they wisely resolved to institute the most searching inquiry into the origin of a disease which had continued so long to prey upon the Canadian political system, and to apply an instant remedy. For this duty they selected one who, from his enlarged apprehension and profound and liberal views of Government, was in every sense, and at that particular epoch of Colonial history, the person most competent to the task he was called upon to undertake,—namely, that of regenerating Canada, and bestowing upon her a healthy, active, and enduring Constitution.

Canada being the land of my birth, which, while a mere youth, I had left with my regiment in 1815, I naturally felt some solicitude for its welfare, and as the news, which reached England by every packet, was of a nature to induce the belief that my services might

be made available in her defence, I resolved to embark forthwith. I had recently been fighting in Spain, in aid of a liberty which, it will be remembered, it was shown, in the course of Sir Henry Hardinge's defence of my conduct, in the House of Commons, against the unfounded attacks of O'Connell, acting at the instance of his friend the would-be Spanish Duke,—Sir De Lacy Evans,—I had not much enjoyed myself; but discouraging as had proved my experience of the recently past, I was supported by the conviction that should circumstances bring me again under the wand of authority, I should at least, in meeting Sir John Colborne, come in contact with a gentleman.

Furnished with a letter to Sir Francis Head, from the then Secretary of the Colonies,—Lord Glenelg,—who had previously, and notwithstanding the fierce manner in which I had been assailed by his party in the House of Commons, been good enough to express a desire that I should devote my time and what talent I possessed to the promotion of the cause of good government in Canada, and having been furthermore advised by Sir Henry Hardinge* that he had already sent to Sir John Colborne a letter of introduction in my favor, I embarked at the London Docks on the 18th of February 1838, and as the ice, of which the river had been full that winter, was not yet melted, had the great delight of being "tugged" through it for some miles down the Thames.

Notwithstanding a good deal of delay had occurred in the outset, my final departure from London proved a very abrupt one, and was moreover marked by a strong instance of that singular and unaccountable insight into the future which we usually term presentiment. The winter had been, as I have just remarked, exceedingly severe for an English season; so much so, that, instead of being enabled to leave on the 1st of January, which was the regular day of sailing of the packet, the latter had been detained in the docks for upwards of six weeks. The intermediate time had been passed by a beloved one, now no more, and myself under the hospitable roof of the beautiful, amiable, and talented Countess M———, in Montagu Square; our heavy baggage being deposited in a small lodging near the Docks, to be in readiness for embarkation at a moment's warning. On the night of the 17th, and while confident that many days must yet elapse before the ship could be got down the river, we attended a fancy ball at the Hanover-Square Rooms. It was a very brilliant and crowded affair, and the day had dawned before we all returned home, and separated for the moment to meet again at breakfast. Alas! to one it was the last separation on this side of the grave.

It was not without difficulty that I could keep my eyes open, and sleep was to me then the sweetest boon upon earth; but I did not enjoy it long. I had not been half an hour in bed, when I felt myself gently shaken, and a well-known voice urging me to rise and leave for the East End of the town immediately, for nothing could induce the speaker to believe the vessel in which we were to embark would not leave the dock that morning. I endeavored to persuade my wife that the thing was impossible, and that if such were the intention some intimation would have been sent to us. Her reply was, that she had been awakened by the powerful

* This gallant officer, whose name must ever be associated with Indian, as well as European, military history, commenced his career in the same regiment with my father.

impression forcing itself upon her mind, that she had risen in consequence, and that nothing could convince her she was wrong in attaching the faith she did to the correctness of her presentiment. There was no resisting her urgent manner. I was soon dressed; a coach was sent for, and without an opportunity of taking leave of our kind friends, we finally gained the lodging near the dock. I enquired, on alighting, if any message had been sent to announce the sailing of the vessel that day. The answer was in the negative, and I commenced rallying the disturber of her own and my rest on the fallacy of her forebodings. But, even while in the act of doing so, a loud rap at the street door announced a visitor, and one of the cabin boys entered stating that a sudden thaw having occurred during the night, the Ontario was getting out of dock, and we must, if we wished to avoid a journey to Portsmouth, embark immediately, as the "tugs" had their steam up, and were only waiting for the vessel to clear the dock to be lashed to her sides. Then came the triumph of the prophetess, for my pleasantry suddenly ceased, and the only object that now engaged my serious attention was the gathering together of our scattered luggage, and its introduction into a hackney coach as a medium of transport to the deck of the Ontario; and even so hurried was I in this, that I afterwards found I had left several articles behind. By eight o'clock we had cut our way through the rotting ice as far as Greenwich, and by the time our friends had entered the breakfast room, where they of course fully expected to see those from whom they had so informally parted so shortly before, we must have been half way down the river.

Although this anecdote may not be of much moment to the many, they, for whom the narration is principally designed, will fully understand the melancholy satisfaction with which the past is thus adverted to, and a lifeness given to a memory which must glide before every familiar eye as long as the record which summons it shall endure.

A voyage across the Atlantic is, not to all persons, the most desirable *passetemps* in the world. Fanny Kemble was in such rapture with every thing, during her first trip across the ocean, that she absolutely (so says her book) rolled about the floor of her cabin in all the wild delirium of a new-born joy. Sky, sea, sun, moon, stars, rainbows, Mother Carey's chickens—grampuses, dolphins, sharks, masts, rigging, hen-coops—all delighted—she saw poetry in them all—she *extasied* on them all. I confess I found no beauty whatever either in the heavens above, or in the waters beneath, or in anything around me. The ship was a prison—its nausea intolerable. It pitched, it rolled, it creaked, calling up as many melancholy ideas as would the gibbet of a highwayman, swinging on a windy night, on Bagshot heath. The passage was, to crown my misery, a most tempestuous one. Every second day, at the most moderate computation, produced a gale, and there was no rest for the aching, throbbing head that would have given all the champagne "to which it was heir," for one week of uninterrupted repose. Nor indeed would this have been any very serious sacrifice, inasmuch as for *three weeks*, I never sat down to the dinner table; and when eventually I did summon courage to approach it, there was no enjoyment for me of the really excellent repasts which had been prepared; for if one eye

was upon the table, the other most industriously measured the distance from the cabin door, while the whole system was predisposed much more to one description of *bolt* than the other. In fine, this punishment (I presume for my sins) was literally a slow and lingering death, involving the utter prostration of every energy, physical and moral. The only consolation I had was, that my infinite misery could be indulged in without my being subjected to the unfeeling scrutiny—the provoking remarks of those who have never known the horrors of that most incomprehensible of all physical weaknesses—sea-sickness. There were only four passengers on board, and the captain, as gallant and considerate a fellow as ever had the misfortune to bustle about in a tarpaulin hat and pea jacket, having given us up the ladies cabin, I could there be as miserable as I pleased, without being teazed by the affectation of a sympathy which professed to pity what it could not, by any possibility, comprehend. However, as there is a limit to human happiness, so is there a term to human misery. On the morning of the forty-fifth day from our departure, and after forty-eight hours of the only calm we had experienced during the voyage, we made Sandy Hook, and I confess that I could scarcely have felt more pleasure than I did when this first met my view, had the veritable Theodore himself, of that name, stood before me.

And apropos, or mal-apropos if the reader chooses, to the introduction of this distinguished writer, who has, since my departure from England, paid the great debt exacted alike from kings and beggars—from wits and fools. I had been engaged, during the few months which intervened between my return from Spain and departure for Canada, in the continuation of the adventures of his celebrated hero "Jack Brag," who, it will be recollected, was transferred by him at the close of his third volume to a fitting theatre for his future action—the Commissariat Staff of Sir DeLacy Evans, in Spain. Mr. Brag, as the readers of that humorous yet justly severe production, which is meant to decry and put down vulgar assumption, must be aware, is made by the witty author, to join the British Legion in the important capacity of Acting Assistant Deputy-Deputy Assistant Commissary General, but one so eminently versed in the nicer proprieties of life, could not long be expected to continue in that somewhat inactive station. His worth and peculiar talents having attracted the notice of the great Hero of Arlaban, Mr. Brag is made to figure on the personal Staff of the immortal Evans, and under circumstances which well sustain his former character. Hook was delighted with this continuation of his own satire, and after an attentive perusal, declared it ought to secure to me, at least, five hundred pounds. He promised to use all his influence with Colburn (or, failing with him, with Bentley) to cause that sum to be paid to me for the copyright. Now for some reason or other, which I never could comprehend, neither of these "crack" publishers had, since their publication of my "Ecarté,"* evinced much inclination to en-

* There is a curious anecdote connected with this work which, showing as it does, that the humor or caprice of a critic should be consulted quite as religiously as the ancients were wont to consult the stars before offering their oblations, may be here advantageously inserted for the benefit of young authors. A few days before "Ecarté" made its appearance before the London public, Jerdan, the Leviathan of the *Literary Gazette*, had some disagreement with Colburn, and wrote to him to say that whatever he next published he would cut up in his *Review*. "Ecarté" was the fated *next* book, and no sooner

courage my literary efforts, so that I have had little hope of any other success than what the promised influence, which I knew to be great, might command. Hook took some trouble in the matter, but was ultimately unsuccessful. Both publishers, he said, considered the dramatis personæ in the book to be too faithfully sketched to be mistaken, and the strictures on the radicals of Westminister too severe. The following was his last note to me on the subject, announcing the failure of his negociation with Colburn :—

"ATHENEUM, *Saturday.*

"MY DEAR SIR,—I am obliged to leave for the Grove this afternoon, but shall be back to call on you on Thursday about one. Colburn finally declines the Brag, although it has been submitted to another reader, of, as I conclude, a similar *radical* mode of thinking as the former. When I call on Thursday, I shall bring the Brag complete, and from you take it to Bentley, with my opinion. I wish I was not obliged to go so soon, as I would have called to-day. because as time presses with you, I am the more anxious for the success of the book.

"Till Thursday, believe me yours faithfully,

"Major Richardson, Brompton." "THEOD. HOOK."

The negociation with Bentley was not more fortunate, and the manuscript, the concluding chapters of which were not completed when I commenced my arrangements for leaving England, was returned to me by the warm-hearted and gifted individual who had, as he himself expressed it, acted as my ambassador on the occasion. Still I do not despair of having the book published yet; nor this by reason of any merit that may be discovered in the work itself, as from the fact of its being an *apanage* to one of the most popular and

---

had it issued from the counter of the publisher, when Jerdan, throwing all his acrimony into his pen, sought to annihilate it in a few brief sentences, which Colburn, who showed me the *impartial* critic's note, subsequently declared to me had had a most pernicious effect upon the sale of the book. And it was in this spirit that he, who lauded "Beazley's Roué" to the skies, pronounced "Ecarté" (a book which others have said ought to be in the hands of every young man designing to visit Paris) a publication fit only for the stews of London. But the best part of the story is to be told. On the very next day after the ill-natured and threatened critique had, gone forth to the public, there was an evening *reunion* of literary people at Mr. Redding's—the author of the "Beckford Papers," &c. —at which were present Harrison Ainsworth, Thomas Campbell, Silk Buckingham the author of "Tremaine," Charles Ollier, and a number of other distinguished writers of the day whose names I do not recollect. Late in the evening and after coffee had been served, Jerdan made his appearance flushed, as was his wont, with the fumes of the "Tuscan grape." After conversing a short time with those who were most intimate with him, he came up to me, a personal stranger, and said "he should be very happy to have the pleasure of taking wine with me." Most of those in the room had been aware of the severity—nay, bitter personality—of the critic's remarks the preceeding day, and they naturally felt some surprise at his movement. It was soon, however, evident that the Solon of the *Literary Gazette* did not know whom he was thus honoring, and their wonder gave place to amusement. I rose from a tabouret on which I had been sitting near the feet of the mistress of the house, and exchanging a significant glance with her, observed that Mr. Jerdan did the author of "Ecarté" too much honor in inviting him to drink wine with him, but that nevertheless I should be most happy to accept his proposal. Jordan stared, drew up his eyebrows, seemed for the first time conscious of a *mal entendu*, bowed stiffly, sipped his wine, and then turned to converse with somebody else.

I allude to this anecdote particularly, because it tends to show how completely the fame of a writer is at the mercy and in the power of the critic. Here is a man professing to guide the public taste, who without any personal feeling towards myself, not even knowing me when he wrote his *Review*, denounces a book he has eagerly devoured, not for the purpose of seeking food for commendation, but with the avowed object of collecting materials for dispraise. And wherefore? Simply to gratify a low and unworthy feeling of pique, to which a man of letters should be immeasurably superior. Had Mr. Jerdan not given indulgence to this paltry and ungenerous spirit, I should have written many more works than I have. These might not have greatly benefited the public it is true, but they would at least have profited me, and that is no mean consideration. Of course, I am prepared to expect, that should the impartial critic of the *Literary Gazette* notice these remarks, he will do so in the same spirit in which he reviewed "Ecarté."

sarcastic of the many publications that have emanated from the fertile imagination of the lamented author for whom Colburn & Bentley have almost exclusively published. But to return.

On Sunday, the 25th of March, we entered the fine harbour of New York, the approach to which, bounded by the magnificent scenery of Brooklyn on the one hand, and by the picturesque shores of Staten Island on the other, was exceedingly beautiful. The day was fine, the atmosphere serene and clear. The sun shone brightly, even warmly for the season of the year, and the numbers of small boats that glided about in the offing, spreading their white lateen sails to the breeze, afforded a perceptible and pleasing contrast to the arrival of the stranger near the gloomy English metropolis, where nothing meets the eye and ear but dense and seemingly interminable rows of filthy colliers, a lowering and misty atmosphere, the ho-heave-ho of fellows naked to the waist, and dark with soot as their own coal, discharging their cargo from the lighters, the din of noisy fish women, slang dogs'-meat-men, and all the thousand-and-one vulgarities to which the Eastern portion of the city of London is heir, and which renders any approach to it by water, and in this direction, a matter of melancholy, and certainly not of pleasure. As soon as we were moored at the quai, a well-dressed and civil custom-house officer came on board, requested us to point out what baggage we wished to have set apart for our immediate use, and without any other demand than our simple assurance that there was nothing liable to duty in what was selected, suffered it to be conveyed to the neat Hackney coaches taken from the number of those waiting to receive us.

We alighted at the Carleton, a large new hôtel in a central part of the Broadway, and found it, what an American gentleman in London assured me I should, abounding in comfort and accommodation. There was a very large ordinary, or table d'hôte, at which nearly two hundred persons sat down every day at five o'clock. The table was exceedingly well supplied with every description of viands, and I certainly could not observe any of that indecent haste in the despatch of the meal, which had been ascribed to the Americans of a better condition, by Captain Hamilton and subsequent writers. At an earlier hour of the day, there was a dinner served at the same table, principally for young men, clerks in the different shops of the city, who "boarded," that is to say, ate their meals there; and as there was a limit to the time when they could be spared from their several avocations, there was necessarily a corresponding celerity of despatch in the process of mastication. This rule applies to every hôtel in every town of America; but it must be confessed the same practice prevails in Canada. The moment the last morsel of food has been swallowed, a clerk in a Canadian store (of course there are a few exceptions) draws back his chair, and rushes out of the room as rapidly as he entered it. This eternal shuffling, rising, and hurrying off, often before the last course is placed upon the table, (operations not of course performed simultaneously, but by the feeders in succession,) produces a discord and inconvenience which constitute any thing but the agreeable either in sound or appearance to those who remain behind. Nay, there is something even offensive in the practice. While an Englishman, accustomed to any thing like decent society, would as soon think of getting into bed with his boots on as of rising from a table before the cloth has been removed,

most business people, both in the States and in Canada, seem to make it a matter of rivalry to swallow their food in the least possible space of time. In both countries it seems to be a fruit of that "go-ahead" system which lays so emphatic a value upon time, and in all probability will not be discontinued until ease and luxury and independence of labor, which attach to the higher orders of society in England, shall have been introduced among them.

During the voyage I had devoted such portions of my time as the horrid nausea which pervaded my system would permit, to a re-perusal of the works of Hall, Hamilton, and Miss Martineau, endeavouring to impress upon my memory the peculiarities attributed by each of those writers to the people I was about to mix with for a short season, and to judge from my own unbiassed observation how far they were borne out in their general application. One remark of Captain Hamilton had always struck me not only as being a very great absurdity, but as exhibiting a querulousness of disposition which seemed to aim at the detection of fault in whatsoever quarter it could be found, and this with the view to the gratification of personal pique. The remark I mean is that which refers to the practice, followed by the American ladies, of eating their eggs out of a wine glass, instead of the natural shell. That George Brummell—the king's fool—might, had he visited America, have criticized this peculiarity I can perfectly understand, but how a man of sense and a soldier like Captain Hamilton, who has often, I doubt not, in the course of his service peeled a hard egg with his fingers, and "stuck a mutton light" into the socket of a bayonet made to supply the absence of a candlestick, could have ever thought of bringing this forward as a matter of grave accusation against the American ladies, unless indeed from the motive I have hinted, has ever appeared to me most extraordinary. The remark having been made, however, I was anxious to observe what there was of singularity in a process calling for so much ill-natured comment, and accordingly sought the opportunity of witnessing the commission of the unpardonable act. This was not long denied to me. On the morning following my arrival at the Carleton, I had the good fortune to be seated at the breakfast table nearly opposite to two or three very pretty and fashionably attired women, who severally went through the whole of the mysterious operation. I confess that I was so dull as not to notice anything so very *outré* in this; for whether it was from the agreeable manners of those who thus set the Hamiltonian code at defiance, or from whatever unknown cause, I was rather disposed to like than to disapprove of this mode of conveying an egg to one's lips from a purer covering than was evinced in some of the unbroken shells within the stand. Heartily responding, therefore, to the

> Poma, ova, atque nuces,
> Si det tibi sordida, &c.

I even ventured to follow the example set me by the fair Americans, and emptying a couple of eggs into my own glass, and adding thereto a due quantum of Cayenne and salt, found that there are worse things to be dreamt of in one's philosophy than eating the contents of an egg, with a silver spoon, from the pure and polished crystal.

While on the subject of Captain Hamilton's "Men and Manners in America," I cannot refrain from a second commentary on what struck me as somewhat singular and anomalous in his remarks. It

appears, according to his own admission, that he had been very strongly and favorably impressed with the activity of the various New York Fire Companies, and had been anxiously waiting for an opportunity of witnessing their exertions. He states, if I recollect right, that he had commissioned a person to apprize him at whatever moment a fire should break out; and that when on finally receiving the intimation, and repairing to the scene, he discovered, to his great *disappointment*, that it had been got under with little effort. Now it might be easily comprehended that Captain Hamilton might have felt some little regret that he had not been present, when a fire had actually taken place, but it is rather difficult to understand how it should have proved a subject of disappointment to him that a conflagration had been prevented, and hundreds of families, perhaps without other means of subsistence afforded them beyond the cover of their roofs, thereby saved from penury, and mayhap from death. To say nothing worse of the observation, it was a very inconsiderate and unguarded one.

Whatever the manners of the Americans within doors, I must confess that, as far as New York can afford an illustration, the lower classes of their citizens lose nothing by a comparison with those in the larger cities of England. I think I never saw so few badly dressed persons, even in the most frequented and business thoroughfares; nor even among these could I detect any of that *brusquerie* which is so common to the same class at home. No swaggering drayman or sooty coal-heaver disputed the wall with the better dressed lounger on the Broadway, as if he experienced a deep satisfaction in the attempt to make the garments of the latter as filthy as his own; but, on the contrary, I particularly remarked that whenever laboring men or porters carrying loads were necessarily driven to the footway, they always made it a point of yielding to the right or to the left, as circumstances might require. In short, the street demeanor of the lower orders of people in New York strongly reminded me of the Parisians.

One more remark on a practice, or rather neglect of a practice, attributed to the New-Yorkers by a celebrated tourist, already named by me, and I have done.

Fanny Kemble, in the course of her Journal, loudly inveighs against the incivility of the tradespeople of this city, whose undue independence, according to her statement, was productive of much inconvenience. Now I can, from my own experience, safely affirm that this is not by any means a general cause of complaint. In the course of the three or four days that I remained in New York, I made at least a dozen purchases, at nearly as many different shops, and on all occasions the parcel was invariably sent, or offered to be sent, to my hôtel, and this precisely in the same matter-of-course way that is usual in London. Miss Kemble must have been singularly unfortunate in her selection of tradesmen.

One very serious inconvenience I was spared. I had a good deal of luggage, among which were some rather heavy cases difficult to be opened. To have these exempted from the usual Custom-House scrutiny was of course an object, but I scarcely hoped to escape the ordeal. Much to my satisfaction, however, the information was conveyed to me that Mr. Buchanan, the then British Consul, would procure an order from the head of the Custom-House for the landing of my baggage without the usual visitation. This was done ac-

cordingly, and a mark of kindness thereby shown me, which to the traveller is far more important than the hospitality of a dozen dinners.

I had been two days in New York when Sir Francis Bond Head arrived from Canada, on his return to England. He stopped at the Carlton, and, it must be confessed, in a garb which did not much liken him to the Governor of a British province. Owing to the very bad state of the roads (it was that worst of all seasons in America, the close of winter and dawning of spring), he had that morning left the conveyance in which he had performed his previous journey, and walked into the city. He wore, at his arrival, a rough winter dress, surmounted by a common raccoon-skin soldier's cap, and nearly up to the knees his high travelling boots, which otherwise seemed not to have made acquaintance with a polishing brush since his departure from Toronto, were a perfect incrustation of mud. The dress itself was admirably adapted for the execrable roads through which he had journeyed, and which I was fated so immediately afterwards to flounder along, but the singularity was that so plain a costume should have decked the person of an English ex-Governor, at the moment of his entrance into a chief city of a people who had been watching all his movements with an anxious interest

Later in the day his baggage arrived, and after having given him some hours for his toilet, I sent in my card and was admitted. The manner of Sir Francis Head seemed to me to be agitated, even uneasy. Whether this arose from the trials he had already undergone in Toronto, or from the knowledge he possessed that there were Canadian patriots prowling about in search of him, (he had travelled strictly *incog.*,) it was difficult to comprehend. He was, however, in the course of his conversation with me on the subject of the recent troubles, both nervous and absent, so much so indeed that he would have allowed me to take my leave without the slightest allusion in reply to Lord Glenelg's letter, which I had handed to him on my entrance, and which he, seemingly in pure abstraction and unconsciousness of the act, had opened and closed half a dozen times at least. Nay, I had risen to depart, and had actually made my bow, when finding that he made no allusion to the subject, I remarked that I had reason to believe Lord Glenelg's communication to him conveyed some desire that an appointment should be given to me in Canada, which was my native country. He replied that such indeed was the tenor of the letter, but that as he was leaving Canada it was of course out of his power to carry out his Lordship's wishes, and that the only course he could pursue would be to forward it to Sir George Arthur, who had just relieved him. This was obvious enough, and I fully expected that he would enclose the communication to Sir George with a line or two from himself, but he simply handed it to me with the seal unrestored, and requested that I would place it, accompanied by his compliments, in Sir George Arthur's hands. Yet in all this there was no unkindness, no desire that I could detect to frustrate or discourage my views, and when I withdrew he shook we warmly by the hand. That the letter was not enclosed, as certainly, in common courtesy it ought to have been, I have always attributed to that nervous indecision and absence of fixed purpose to which I have already alluded. I saw Sir Francis on several subsequent occasions prior to my departure from New York, but the subject of Lord Glenelg's letter was never resumed.

A day or two after the arrival of the ex-Governor of Upper Canada, Lord Gosford, who had quitted the Lower Province under nearly similar circumstances, reached the same hôtel (the Carleton) also. As I had no letter of introduction to his Lordship, and could not satisfy myself that his principles of government, as exemplified in the course of his rule in Canada, were of a nature to call from me any particular mark of respect, I denied myself the honor of calling upon him, although a particular mission with which I was charged would have rendered this course imperative on me had his Lordship not been actually returning home. As it was, I did not desire that my mind should be subjected to the risk of incurring a bias from representations which it might be difficult to remove afterwards, and which might prejudice the interests I had undertaken to serve.

CHAPTER II.

On the 29th of March we took our leave of New York, and embarking on the Rochester, which, by reason of its being one of the earliest steamers of the season, was excessively crowded, ascended the beautiful Hudson as far as Albany, where, on the following morning, we took the cars for Utica. The scenery along the village of the Mohawk, through which we passed, was not at that early season of the year, when the air is bleak and the tree leafless, sufficiently developed to give it much claim to that character for loveliness which has been ascribed to it by the gifted pen of the first among American authors, Cooper; but from the graceful windings of the valley, the undulating hills, or rather hillocks, which enclose it on either hand, and the picturesque and prominent frame in which the whole is set, it was evident that it wanted but the glowing and fertilizing influence of a summer sun to render the landscape one of extreme beauty. Thus much for its character between Albany and Schenectady. From this latter place to Utica the scenery assumes a bolder character, and in the vicinity of a hamlet called, most appropriately, Canajoharrie, are exhibited features which, although far inferior in grandeur, in some degree remind one of the mountain passes in Spain.

Utica was the point of termination of the luxurious rail-road travelling, and here I found that the real difficulties of an American spring journey were to commence. I had, as I have elsewhere remarked, a good deal of baggage, and the coach which was to proceed to Syracuse—a distance of fifty miles through (it was stated for our comfort) the most execrable of roads—was the only means by which I could have it transported. Now, as only a limited quantity of "plunder" was allowed to each passenger, there was no alternative than to take as many places in the coach as would pay for the extra baggage. This I did, still leaving one large case behind, to follow on the opening of the canal. To my dismay and surprise, however, I found that, while my trunks and packages had been stowed away in every available part of the coach, the full complement of passengers—most of them fat and heavy men—were prepar-

ing to take their places with me. I remonstrated with the agent—pointed out to him the injustice of filling the coach in this manner, after charging me for extra seats, and requested that, if he persisted in forcing these people upon me, he would at least return my money, when I might avail myself of some other conveyance. But I might as well have talked to the winds. The money was in his pocket, and my expostulation was unheeded. He said he had overloaded his coach with my additional "baggage," and that was his "look out." *Them* gentlemen wanted to go on, and they must go "any how," as well as me, while as for returning the money, he "guessed" he would do no such thing.

Finding it useless to remonstrate, I resigned myself to my fate, and ensconcing myself in a corner of the vehicle, with almost every hope of air taken from me by three of the stout men who sat on the centre bench, supported by a broad strap, that thumped ever and anon against my breast, I resolved to preserve a sullen silence, until released from my purgatory. But this was not to be the penance of a few hours. The roads, as had been truly enough stated, were execrable, even from the commencement of the journey, and as night approached, they grew worse. About midnight, the misery of our position was at its climax. The driver, a fellow who by the way preserved the most extraordinary good humour in the midst of so much difficulty, was frequently, after the most untiring exertions of guidance, compelled to stop in the middle of the road, and exclaim with an oath that he had got into an "almighty fix," for that amid the mass of mud which surrounded him, he could not tell where the track lay. Then declaring that he would go "slick" through at all hazards, leaving his horses to find their own way, he would drag us over inequalities that threatened at every instant to overturn the coach, and what was worse than the mere act of overturning, to bury my unfortunate baggage in the sea of mire through which we moved. Finally, about two o'clock, we stuck fast, and no exertion of the horses could extricate us. The driver dismounted, and opening the door of the vehicle, courteously intimated that, unless the passengers would get out and walk through the mud, there was no chance of reaching Syracuse until the roads should begin to dry, for that his horses were completely done up. Cheerfully obeying his wish, the whole of the men, with the exception of myself, instantly alighted. I was in no mood, after having paid for my own and several extra places, to wade through deep and seemingly interminable mire, in a night so dark that the driver could not, without straining his vision, see his leaders' heads from his seat, and therefore determined not to move. Moreover, I had no inclination to abandon my baggage to the tender mercies of one who might, for ought I knew, take it into his head to lighten the outside of the coach even as he had done the inside.

Relieved of this mass of human flesh, the jaded yet spirited horses succeeded in extricating the wheels of the vehicle; and the driver resuming his seat, went on floundering as before, yet with the same almost undisturbed good humor, and rather leaving the animals to pick their road, than seeking to guide them, until again we sank in a deep rut, from which no coaxing or whipping could prevail upon them to extricate their burden. Our case was now one of seeming hopelessness, and the only chance of relief we had was that the approaching dawn would shew us to be in the vicinity

of some habitation, where assistance might be obtained. With bitter annoyance at my heart, and much the same sort of feeling with which a man takes a forced cold bath in December, I opened the door of the coach, and, plunging into the mud below, began to grope my way in the direction of the dark line before me, which I correctly assumed to be the whole breadth of the trackless road. I had not proceeded many yards, before, from increasing cold and dampness in one foot, I detected that I had lost one of my India-rubber shoes. This was a grievous deprivation at such a season, and in such a road; and satisfied, by feeling, of my loss, I retraced my steps as well as I could, making an ineffectual attempt to recover the lost treasure. But it was vain. The ill-fated shoe was buried far beneath the surface of the mud; and even if there had been light enough to have admitted of an examination, no track could have been found of the foot which had deposited its outward covering far beneath. My hands were much soiled in the fruitless search; and as I thought of Sir Francis Head and his mud-covered high boots, I now fully comprehended the sensible style of dress in which he had travelled, and the difficulties to which he must have been exposed. Giving up the shoe as irrecoverable, I again turned my back upon the horses, with the intention of "going a-head"; and had walked, as I thought, much more than a mile, when the dawning day revealed to me a rude inn on the right of the road, and the shivering passengers grouped around its front, evidently waiting for the appearance of the vehicle they had so recently lightened. As the grey morning increased in strength, we looked backed in the direction from which it was expected, and, much to my satisfaction, I beheld the coach and horses (albeit still stationary) not more than a quarter of a mile from the house. On the driver coming up, I inquired if this was his third stoppage, and whether he had succeeded in extricating the coach after I had left it. He good humoredly "guessed" not; this had only been his second "fix," and he "raythe" expected it would be his last before he reached Syracuse, as he knew where he now was, and the rest of the road was a little better than what we had passed through the preceding night. It was therefore obvious that I must have been floundering about nearly in a circle since leaving the coach, for I had assuredly walked the distance three or four times over, although I had not in reality made more than a quarter of a mile of actual progress.

On reaching the spot where we stood, the driver immediately, and as matter of course, put the services of the passengers under contribution, and they all repaired to the coach once more. Rails were taken from the fences near, and with those they raised and propped the wheels and body of the carriage, until the horses were enabled to do their part of the duty, and extricate the coach, which was now driven up to the house, where a rude breakfast had in the meantime been prepared. This was voraciously eaten by those who had no particular repugnance to it. The remainder of the journey, performed as it was by daylight, was unmarked by similar disaster, or even by risk, although our bones continued to ache from the violent joltings of the preceding night.

Some idea may be formed of the infamous state of the roads from the fact, that, during one portion of the journey, we made

only 11 miles in 12 hours, and were altogether 25 hours in reaching our destination, a distance of 50 miles. It has often since been my fate to encounter difficulties of this kind in Canada, and occasionally in the States; but nothing I have ever since experienced, has at all approached this memorable journey between Utica and Syracuse. Whoever wishes to satisfy himself, must try it at the season of the year I have named; and should he complain of the vileness of the road, he will in all probability have the consolation to lea: , as I did, that had he deferred his journey for a month or two, he would have found it better.

Our first entrance into Syracuse had nothing to tempt us to remain there longer than a change of conveyance would require, for on desiring an Irish porter to unstrap a trunk from behind the coach, as it stood before the principal hôtel, he replied that "He would be d—d if he did. If I wanted the trunk off, I might unstrap it myself." As soon, therefore, as I could get the baggage removed, we proceeded by the horse cars which run between Syracuse and Auburn, a distance of twenty-five miles, and reached the latter place about nine o'clock the same evening.

As a "set off" to the insolence of the Irishman, I feel pleasure in here recording the very obliging conduct of an American, one of my fellow-passengers, from Utica. From the first moment of our being thrown together in American stage-coach misery, this amiable man, who was a substantial farmer on his way to visit a rich daughter at Seneca Falls, perceiving that I was a stranger, and even suspecting me to be on my way to Canada to fight against the Patriots and Sympathizers, was most forward in tendering that assistance which he conceived my ignorance of the customs of the country so much demanded. Often, when I sought in vain for the aid of the driver, would this good Samaritan tender his services, frequently lifting my luggage with his own hands whenever it might be necessary, and always ascertaining, not only that it was properly secured, but that no parcel was deficient. This certainly was disinterested kindness, and induced wholly by a benevolent disposition. As such I felt it, and my sense of the service was heightened by the very fact that he did not seem to think himself privileged to force his conversation upon me farther than I was disposed to invite it. On parting with him, I gave him my card, took his name, which I now forget, and promised, if ever I should visit the neighborhood in which he resided, to make it an especial point to call upon him.

The evening of our arrival at the beautiful and neat cottage-studded village of Auburn was Saturday; and as we were not inclined again to run the risk of being cooped up with eight fat "insides," after paying for one third of the places they occupied, we determined on passing the night and part of the following day in Auburn, for the double purpose of resting from the fatigue and jolting we had so recently endured, and (if possible) visiting its celebrated Penitentiary. On the next day, therefore, after having despatched a somewhat late breakfast, we bent our course towards that imposing pile of building. The governor was already gone to church; and on my stating to the porter the object of my visit, he informed me that the Penitentiary was never open on the Sabbath to others than the officers connected with the establish-

ment. I however left my card, requesting that he would acquaint the governor, on his return, that the gentleman whose name it bore was a stranger travelling through the country, and intending to depart from Auburn on the following morning. I added that I would call again between one and two o'clock, when I trusted I should find an exception to the rule had been made in my favor.

At the hour named, we returned, and met the governor near the principal entrance. He received us very kindly, and expressed his ready assent to my request. He then, after some little conversation of a desultory kind, led the way, attended by the chaplain of the establishment, into the body of the building, and showed us whatever was to be seen. In consequence of its being Sunday, the whole of the convicts were in their cells, (these latter some six hundred in number, and filling corridors of stone, which rose, tier after tier, above each other,) and as we passed along, the expression of the countenances of those, who, attracted by the unusual sound of a footfall on that day, had instinctively moved to the front or open grating of their cells, was profoundly melancholy to behold. The sympathies of the human mind appeared to have been withered up in each breast, for almost every face bore the stern impress of a fixed and stubborn despair, which no ray of light or hope could ever again penetrate. One man only, of the number of those whose faces I beheld, suffered the rigidity of his features to relax even for a moment, and he was a Negro. This man absolutely seemed pleased when he saw me with a countenance not many shades lighter than his own; but it was evident that his was the idle and vacant grin of a mere animal and gratified curiosity.

From the cells, which (necessarily fetid from the close confinement of so great a mass of human beings, notwithstanding the attention that is paid to the enforcement of a system of cleanliness among them), I was not sorry to leave, we were conducted to the large, commodious, and airy apartments of the women, and thence to the spacious chapel. Our inspection being finished, the governor led us again to the lower basement, where the dining rooms and kitchens are situated. The latter were well furnished with meat, of which the best quality is given to the convicts, and the bread had so tempting an appearance that I expressed a desire to be permitted to carry away a small piece of it as a sample. There were two of the convicts (cooks) in the kitchen at the time preparing the next meal for their companions, and the governor addressing one of them, desired him to cut a small square off a loaf. The man did so without replying; but, a moment afterwards, seemingly at a loss how to dispose of it, he turned to the governor, and said briefly, and in an enquiring tone, "Paper?" "Yes, put it in paper, and tie it up." This was the only sound of the human voice we had heard from that mass of living matter, during the period of our visit. It vibrated harshly on the ear, as though the man had, in infringing the regulations, done violence to himself; and for days afterwards, that peculiarly uttered word "Paper?" came, at intervals, inharmoniously to my recollection.

From the building itself, and after having pointed out the very excellent arrangements of the keepers' department, which are necessarily on an extensive but simplified scale, our polite conductors led the way across the court to the different work-rooms,

where almost every description of trade was in the course of being carried on; but what most excited my curiosity and attention was the extreme beauty of many of the carpets that are made in this establishment. From the whole, a handsome revenue is derived, and this, after deducting the expenses of all connected with the prison, is paid into the State Treasury. From Captain Basil Hall's description of them, I had some curiosity to see the narrow passages in which the keepers, or overseers, have the power of being ever near the workmen, and are thus enabled to detect unseen any violation of the prescribed rules of the place. They were carefully pointed out to me by the obliging governor, and I found them exactly as described. The narrow corridor, enclosed on either side, and running along the outer extremity of the work-rooms, is provided with an estrade elevated some feet above the floor of the apartments, and is lined in such a manner that the footfall cannot be heard by the acutest ear. The inner side of the corridors, which are of wood, are perforated, at certain distances, much after the manner of loop-holes for musketry, so that the distance of the eye from the surface of the partition which is visible from the work-room, is so great as to prevent it, applied as it is to so narrow an aperture, from being seen by those within, while it, on the other hand, commands a view of the actions of the convicts. Our examination of the work-rooms having been concluded, the worthy governor introduced us to a very neat garden—also the fruit of the labor of the convicts—which adjoined the building, and on which much pains and horticultural taste had been expended. Soon afterwards, we took our leave, deeply impressed with the urbanity of those who had cheerfully sacrificed to strangers so much of a day devoted, not more to religious exercises, than to their own necessary leisure; and returned, with gratified curiosity, but oppressed spirits, to the hôtel.

Having agreed with the coach agent to be conveyed on to Rochester, a distance of sixty-four miles, in an "extra," for which I was to pay the *moderate* charge of thirty dollars, we left Auburn on the afternoon of the same day, and under a much more decided feeling of independence, it will be presumed, than when we saw the fat men get into the coach at Utica. The driver was in good spirits, the horses seemingly delighted that they had not a greater weight to drag; and away we darted from the crowded front of the hôtel, amid the flourishing of the whip, which was a bad imitation, both in sound and execution, of that of a French postillion. The day had been ushered in with a genial warmth, not usual in America at that season of the year, and it was this consideration chiefly which had induced us to avail ourselves of the afternoon to get on as far as Geneva, between which pretty village and Auburn there was, we had been informed, some picturesque views to be obtained. Nor were we disappointed. The undulating nature of the country presented so many features to be admired, so many attractive *coup d'œils*, that it was impossible to restrain a desire to revisit them when the season should be more advanced, and the foliage, that great adorner of the works of Him who clothes the hill and the valley in all the gorgeousness of nature's beauty, more fully developed.

One remarkable feature in this day's journey was the enormous length of a disproportionately narrow bridge traversing the Lake of

Cayuga (one mile and eight rods in extent), over which we passed at the close of the day, of course at a walk. This, to a nervous person, must be exciting in a high degree. The starting of one of the horses, the meeting of another team, the throwing off of a wheel, all are accidents that might be apprehended from one who, looking from either window of the coach, could see only a few feet of bridge on either side, and beyond this a vast and deep sheet of water, which, in a season of tempest, must lash with no ordinary fury against the road that barely overtops its surface. No railing of any kind affords even the appearance of a safeguard to the passenger, so that one's only trust is in Providence, on the one hand, and the skill of the driver, and the proverbial tractability of the American horses, on the other.

The sun was just rising when we left Geneva, picturesquely situated at the head of Lake Seneca, where we had slept, and the view, as we rose to the eminence which overhangs the village, was for several miles around exceedingly beautiful; nor indeed did the scenery lose much of its attractive power during the whole of our route to Rochester. This latter place we reached about four o'clock, and as I had taken my "extra" only thus far, I was compelled here to hire another to Youngstown, on the Niagara Frontier, which was the termination of our land journey, before crossing, at that point, into Canada. For this—the distance being eighty miles—I paid an additional forty dollars. In the evening, we resumed our journey, and as we passed through the streets of Rochester, I could not but admire the vast improvement, both in the size and respectable appearance of the place, which had been effected in the short period that had elapsed since Captain Hall had described it as a "city of stumps." The Americans are unquestionably a "go-a-head" people, and although it frequently happens that they who build almost irretrievably ruin themselves, their successors are certain to reap a lasting benefit from their labors.

The Genessee Falls I had not an opportunity of seeing to advantage, although I caught, as I passed near them, occasional glimpses of their spray, and heard them dashing and hissing against whatever impeded their headlong course. Late at night, we reached the miserable hamlet of Clarkson, where, as if to make amends for bad accommodation, there was a heavy fall of snow during the night, that offered some hopes of our wheels being exchanged for runners for the remainder of the route. But this was too desirable to be true. The following morning brought with it a heavy thaw, and the only result was, that the roads, which had hitherto been tolerably good from Auburn, were again rendered heavy and unequal. Fortunately, our journey this day was, as far as Lockport, along what is called the ridge road, sandy in its nature, and from its regularity, and the almost unbroken evenness of the bottom between the ridge itself and the distant body of water, bearing the most indisputable evidence of having once formed a portion of the boundary of Lake Ontario.

During this drive, an amusing and characteristic incident occurred. At one of the inns where we stopped to change horses, a small knot, consisting of the occupants of some half dozen dwellings, that rose stragglingly around the public house, were assembled, and looking with much apparent interest and curiosity at the "extra," in which, having felt no inclination to alight, I was indolently reclining. Presently, a tall personage—evidently one in au-

thority above his fellows— detached himself from his party, and, approaching the coach, cast his glance upon the baggage that was piled on the outside of the vehicle. He then deliberately placed his arms across the open window, and thrusting his head in, proceeded to examine the interior in a spirit of great curiosity. I bore this for some time with becoming patience, but perceiving that he was not inclined to discontinue his inspection, I abruptly demanded to know if he wanted anything? "No, Mr. Durham, no," he very quietly rejoined, "I am the stage agent here, and I was merely looking to see if your baggage was all right. That's all, Mr. Durham," and he looked significantly at me, as though he meant to convey that he had detected an English Governor travelling for security under a feigned name. This was too good a jest to be lost or nipped in the bud. To be taken for John George, Earl of Durham, without retinue or even a servant, travelling along the shores of Lake Ontario in a crazy "extra," was rich beyond measure, and on no account could I have undeceived the simple agent. "I thank you," I simply said, with a very condescending bow, that might have satisfied him I was the person he supposed, "I think, however, that everything is secure." By this time the driver had remounted his box, and the coach began to move, "Good bye, Mr. Durham," saluted my friend, touching his hat slightly, "I wish you a pleasant journey." Again I bowed very gravely, and, as the wheels rolled on, I could observe him returning to the group, evidently for the purpose of assuring them that he had made the sapient discovery that I was actually the Governor General of Canada travelling *incog.* to his destination.

From Lockport to Youngstown I was forcibly impressed with the wildness of the scenery, which is everywhere peculiar to the newly-settled parts of America, but which, after so long an absence from the country, had nearly faded from my recollection. The tall, seared and blackened pine, which rises at intervals between myriads of burnt stumps in their several stages of decay—the rude and zig-zag fence—the moss-covered log—the screaming blue-jay, and the scarlet-headed woodpecker, whose measured hammerings against the trunk of the blasted pine, ring loudly in the melancholy stillness that otherwise reigns around—all these, with an occasional warble from the more merry meadow-lark, just stirring into activity and song, constitute a picture so essentially American, that its similitude is not to be found in any other part of the world. In the early Spring, and before any symptom of vegetation has made its appearance, these features are so marked that they fail not to communicate a dulness to the spirit of the disappointed traveller, who sighs in vain for the green hedges and grassy fields of smiling England, peopled as these are by bleating herds, and the thousand sweet-tongued birds, whose every note is melody. During the whole of the route from New York to Rochester there had occurred isolated instances of this semi-barbarous cultivation, but principally was it remarkable on approaching and after leaving Rochester.

We reached Lewiston, a few miles below the Falls of Niagara, about six o'clock; and from that point beheld, for the first time since my return to the country, and in its most interesting aspect, the Canadian shore. Opposite to Lewiston is the small village of Queenston, and overhanging the latter, the heights on which my early friend and military patron—the warrior beneath whose bright example my young heart had been trained to a love of heroism, and who had

procured me my first commission in the service—had perished in noble but unequal conflict with a foe invading almost from the spot on which I stood. More than five-and-twenty years had gone by, but the memory of the departed Brock lived as vividly in the hearts of a grateful people as it had in the early days of his fall; and in the monument which crowned the height, and which no ruffian hand had yet attempted to desecrate, was evidenced the strong and praiseworthy desire to perpetuate a memory as honored as it was loved. This moment was to me particularly exciting, for it brought with it the stirring reminiscences of the camp, and caused me to revert to many a trying scene in which my younger days had been passed. Since that period I had numbered a good many years, and had experienced, in other climes, a more than ordinary portion of the vicissitudes of human life; but not one of these had the freshness and warmth of the recollection of my earlier services in America, in which (independently of the fact of my having been present at the capture of Detroit, under the gallant soldier whose bones reposed beneath the monument on which my gaze was rivetted, as if through the influence of an irresistible fascination) I had been present in five general engagements, and twelve months a prisoner of war with the enemy before attaining my seventeenth year. These were certainly not "piping times of peace," and I must be pardoned the egotism of incidentally alluding to them.

Pursuing our course from Lewiston, along the high banks of the Niagara River, we reached Youngstown—a distance of seven miles—soon after dark. Here the transit into Canada was to be made, and, accordingly, after having had my baggage transferred from the "extra" to the large ferry-boat, I soon found myself once more upon my native soil. It must not, however, be assumed by the reader, that I could not have selected a more direct route into Canada than that which I had deemed it advisable to pursue. Circumstances had induced my choice of the western road, and I, consequently, spent five days in journeying to Niagara, when I might have reached the Canadian frontier from Albany, and by Lake Champlain, in two.

CHAPTER III.

The season of my arrival in Canada, was not one of a nature to impress me favorably with the scenery near which my infant days had been cradled. The waters of the Niagara looked cold, dark, and sullen. The banks, high, and in many parts precipitous, were yet unclothed with verdure. The trees of a gray and dingy color, were without even the promise of a leaf, and, in short, the whole aspect of the country was monotonous and cheerless to a degree; while, to crown all that was unfavorable in the picture, the roads were in a condition little better than those over which I had travelled between Utica and Syracuse.

Along this road, and amid a scenery such as I have described, I accompanied a party from the residence of a younger brother,

then member for the town of Niagara, in order to behold the reputedly greatest wonder of the world—the Falls. In these methought there would be ample recompense for every minor disappointment, and that the grandeur of the surrounding country would, in some measure, harmonize with the immensity of water, the dull roarings of which became, at each moment of my approach to them, more audible and distinct. The glowing descriptions which I had read in the publications of modern tourists, and particularly that of Fanny Kemble, had led me to suppose that a sentiment of mingled awe and admiration, would have been excited on my first view of the mighty torrent.—I confess I was disappointed. I felt admiration, but acknowledged no awe. I had expected to see the mass of water tumbling, foaming, from something like a height, and threatening, at every moment, to enshroud the spectator in one huge sheet of prismatic spray, and to plunge him into the vortex which formed its bed; whereas, on gaining the table rock I remarked, a few feet below me, a large flat sheet of water, that gurgled, and hissed, and lashed itself into fury at its immediate point of descent, but which, as far as the eye could reach above, presented an almost unbroken uniformity of surface. It is this want of irregularity, added to the absence of corresponding scenery, that robs the Falls, in my estimation, of much of the imposing grandeur that otherwise attaches to them.—What would not be the effect upon the mind and the imagination, if the vast volume of water that incessantly lashes the gigantic rock, were to come bounding and leaping down amid the chain of Pyrenean mountains, the caps of which are so often lost in the dense clouds which overhang them. Then, indeed, might the never-sated eye acknowledge that nothing of grandeur or sublimity could be found in nature to surpass them.

But, although my first approach to the Falls was not marked by these astounding sensations declared to be inseparable from a sudden proximity to so vast and so magnificent a sheet of water, I confess that the longer I lingered near them, the more was I filled with astonishment at their immensity. From the first creation of the world this vast tide of fresh and impetuous water had, in all probability, continued to pour forth its mighty strength into the boiling cauldon below, and yet the predominant feeling of the spectator is a desire to comprehend whence are derived the absolute seas which in endless succession leap, hiss, reel, dance, and then as it were recovering themselves from the dizziness produced by their fall, move rapidly on to the whirlpool, where being subject to the same rapid and rotatory motion, they at length issue purified and calm and after mingling with the waters of the great Lake Ontario, pursue thei. onward course through the St. Law rence, and finally empty themselves into the Ocean.—And whence indeed, and where the source of that incomprehensible volume of fresh water, unimpregnated with one saline particle? True it comes immediately from Lake Erie—from Lakes St.Clair, and Huron beyond that, and originally from the majestic Superior itself; but how, again, are these fed? Unsupplied from other sources of commensurate magnitude, a few short years would suffice to drain off the whole of the waters of those lakes, and yet so mysteriously renewed are they that, instead of any declination of the rivers of the West I, after an absence of nearly twenty-five years,

found that they had every where overstepped their former boundaries, and, in some instances, even had swept away dwelling-houses once familiar to my infancy, and which I looked for in vain. Whence, then, I repeat, does this great and incomprehensible mass of living water derive its being? A triumphant answer is to be found in the following extract from a small work, entitled "Dick's Christian Philosophy":—

"Water has been ascertained to be a compound body, formed by the union of two different kinds of air, oxgen and hydrogen. It has the property of becoming, in certain cases, much lighter than air; though in its natural liquid state it is eight hundred times heavier than that fluid, and has also the property of afterwards resuming its natural weight. Were it not for this property, evaporation could not be produced; and, consequently, no clouds, rain, or dew, could be formed, to water and fertilize the different regions of the earth. But, in consequence of this wonderful property, the ocean becomes an inexhaustible cistern to our world. From its expansive surface are extracted those vapors which supply the rivers, and nourish the vegetable productions of every land. 'The air and the sun,' says an elegant writer, 'constitute the mighty engine, which works without intermission to raise the liquid treasure; while the clouds serve as so many aqueducts to convey them along the atmosphere, and distribute them at seasonable periods, and in regular proportions, through all the regions of the globe.'

"Notwithstanding the properties now stated, *motion was still required*, to secure all the advantages we now derive from the liquid element. Had the whole mass of waters been in a stagnant state, a thousand inconveniences and disastrous consequences would have ensued. But the All-wise Creator has impressed upon its various masses a circulating motion which preserves its purity, and widely extends its beneficial influence. The rills pour their liquid stores into the rivers, the rivers roll their watery treasures into the ocean; the waters of the ocean, by a vibratory motion, roll backwards and forwards every twelve hours, and by means of currents and the force of rivers, are kept in constant agitation. By the solar heat, a portion of these waters is carried up into the atmosphere, and, in the form of clouds, is conveyed by the winds over various regions, till it descends in rain and dew to supply the springs which run among the hills; so that there is a constant motion and circulation of the watery element, that it may serve as our agent for carrying on the various processes of nature, and for ministering to the wants of man and beast.

"In fine, were the waters in a perpetual state of stagnation, the filth of populous cities would be accumulated to a most unwholesome degree; the air would be filled with putrid exhalations, and the vegetable tribes would languish and die. Were they deprived of the property of being evaporated (in which state they occupy a space sixteen hundred times greater than in their liquid state) rain and dew could never be produced, and the earth would be turned into a 'dry and parched wilderness'; neither for use: our clothes, when washed, could not be dried; and a variety of common operations, which now conduce to our convenience and comfort, could never be carried on. But the infinite wisdom of the Creator, foreseeing all the effects which could probably arise from these principles of nature, has effectually provided against such disasters, by arranging all things in number, weight, and measure, to subserve the beneficial aids for which they were ordained."

In accordance with the system above propounded, it is probable that, by reason of the exemption of the waters of America from that brackishness which is often to be discovered in rivulets and rivers which empty themselves into the sea, the lakes perform, for their own tributary streams, what ocean itself does for

other parts of the world. The evaporation which rolls backwards and re-supplies their sources, comes from the vast lakes themselves, the currents of which are even less powerful than those of the Atlantic, and are consequently more predisposed to the evaporating process. That the lakes themselves are voluminous enough to purvey, in the manner above shown, to their own sustenance, will be evident to the European reader from the following statistics:—

"*Lake Superior* is 400 miles long, 80 wide, 900 feet deep, and contains 23,000 square miles. It is 594 feet above the level of tide water.

"*Lake Michigan* is 220 miles long, 60 miles wide, 1,000 feet deep and 578 feet above the tide water. It contains 22,000 square miles.

"*Lake Huron* is 240 miles long, 86 miles wide, 1,000 feet deep, and contains 20,000 square miles. It is 270 feet above the tide water.

"*Green Bay* is 105 miles long, 20 miles wide, and contains 2,000 square miles.

"*Lake Erie* is 240 miles long, 40 miles wide, 540 feet deep, and contains 9,000 square miles. It is 595 feet above tide water.

"*Lake Ontario* is 108 miles long, 25 miles wide, 500 feet deep, and contains 600 square miles. It is 232 feet above tide water.

"*Lake St. Clair* is 20 miles long, 14 miles wide, 20 feet deep, and contains 600 square miles. It is 570 feet above tide water.

"The American Lakes are computed to contain 1,700 cubic miles of water—more than half the fresh water on the globe."

From the above, for which I am indebted to a recent American compilation, it will be seen that the whole of the vast bodies of water here described, are, with the exception of Lake Ontario, situated beyond the Falls of Niagara, and consequently form the enormous tide—renewed without cessation—which has continued to leap for time immemorial down the stupendous precipice. There are many other Canadian, or rather American, lakes, which are not included in the above statistics, and these, although not composing any part of the mass which feeds the torrent, contribute, by their evaporating power, to afford nourishment to the whole.

There is, to those who are fond of looking over albums and scrap-books, and tracing the characters of men through their writings, plenty of food for this amusement in the host of manuscripts which are "strewed thick as leaves in Vallembrosa" on the tables of the visitors' room, which overlooks the Fall. Here the sensible and the silly, the witty and the witless, the grave, the gay, the refined, the vulgar, the daring, the timid, the saint, the infidel, the young, the old, the black, the white—in fine, every description, age, and shade of the human family—are wont to pour forth their effusions, and to "hyeroglyphic" their names, until in the end such a *galamatias* of absurdity is offered to the eye that it is difficult for the educated stranger not to fancy that he has at length stumbled upon the written language of Babel. Among the most *distingués* of the names inserted in this "*pot pourri*," were those of Hamilton, Hall, the Kemble, Miss Martineau; and these will naturally tend, intermixed as they are with those of the ignobler mass, to the preservation of records which else might, for the credit of those who chiefly contribute to their formation, be as well committed to the flames, or tumbled into the Fall itself.

At the period of my arrival in Canada, the people were in a state of feverish excitement. The conduct of those, who, for a long series of years, had been aiming at the overthrow of British connexion, making certain assumed local grievances a pretext for the accomplishment of their guilty object, had created a most powerful and resolute feeling in the minds of the loyal portion of the inhabitants; while, on the other hand, the utter discomfiture of their plans, in the dispersion of the rebels and the flight of their principal leaders, led the vanquished party to cherish in silence a stubborn vindictiveness of feeling against their conquerors, which, although not openly avowed, was manifested in the ulterior policy pursued by their party.

Sir Allan M'Nab—the gallant, gay, and generous leader who had headed the flower of Canadian loyalty against the brigands at Navy Island—had, since the dispersion of that force, and the signal destruction of the Caroline steamer over the Falls of Niagara, returned home; and several of the leaders, taken in arms, were at that moment in the course of being tried at Toronto, where the Assizes were sitting. Among these were Lount, Mathews, and Theller: the former, an ex-Member of the Upper Canadian Parliament; the latter, a generalissimo of the Sympathizers, who had been taken on board the schooner Anne while in the act of bombarding the small and defenceless town of Amherstburgh, in the Western District. Theller conducted his defence in such a manner as to show that, not being a Canadian subject, he could not with propriety be charged with treasonable practices against the state, and therefore his life was spared; but both Lount and Mathews were sentenced to perish on the scaffold. I was present at this execution, which was conducted without any of that excitement which might naturally have been looked for at such a crisis, and it occurred to me that I had never seen two men more mean, or less qualified, in personal appearance at least, either to take the initiative in party, or to be made the objects of selection for a politically criminal procedure.

While in Toronto, I of course made an especial point of waiting upon Sir George Arthur, for the purpose of delivering into his hands the letter of introduction from Lord Glenelg, and explaining to him the circumstances under which the seal had been broken. Sir George received me, as he always subsequently did, with much courtesy, and after a good deal of conversation on the subject of the disturbed state of the country, promised, on my departure, that he would not fail to comply with his Lordship's wishes the moment that a favorable opportunity should offer. I dined with him that day, and, there being only a small party assembled, I confess that I have seldom been more agreeably impressed than I was with the utter unpretendingness that pervaded his family circle. Lady Arthur, the mother of a fine youth (Aid-de-Camp to Sir George, and now a Captain in the 4th or King's Own) and several handsome and accomplished daughters, was still a remarkably good looking woman, and withal so seemingly exempt from that unhealthy vanity and pretension which is common to the wives of men clothed with authority, and so thoroughly and winningly amiable in her manner, that it was impossible not to feel regret when the hour for departure came. Of Sir George, I had, of course, previously heard much connected

with his government of New South Wales; and although no one who understands anything of human society, and the paltry machinery by which it is regulated, can be ignorant that men of merit are sought to be abased in proportion to their worth, I was nevertheless desirous to observe if I could trace any evidence of that *hauteur* and unamiability of character, which they, who made so great an outcry against his tyranny, had ascribed to him. But, even while thoroughly persuaded that Sir George Arthur played the complete courtier in regard to myself, and had given a promise he never subsequently cared to trouble himself to perform, I must confess that, not only in his outward manner he was polished and urbane, but in the course of our several conversations he ever gave indication of much sensitiveness and feeling, and always manifested a desire to extend every humanity, consistent with the exigencies of the times, and the high responsibility of his office, towards the numerous *soi-disant* Patriots and Sympathizers, with whom most of the chief prisons of the province were at that time filled.

But let me be just: while I attribute to Sir George Arthur in difference in regard to the fulfilment of the favorable views of Lord Glenelg, I must admit that an appointment in Upper Canada was, at that moment, a matter of equal indifference to myself. I did not court it, I did not even wish it then; and it was principally with a view to secure his ulterior favour, in the event of my taking up my residence in Upper Canada, that I had submitted to him what, it was but natural to suppose, could not have been without strong influence and weight. Moreover, when later carrying that design into execution, and "pitching my tent" for a season in Upper Canada, I seriously renewed the application, Sir George assured me that had I, in the first instance, decided on remaining in the Western Province, he would have found less difficulty in giving me an appointment; but as I had been absent for so great a length of time, it had now become almost a matter of impossibility, there being then a most extensive list of applicants to be provided for. This excuse I received without remonstrance or further allusion to the subject; yet I could not but feel sensible, that had the inclination to appoint me not been wanting, a means might, sooner or latter, have been found.

On the day following my first interview with Sir George, I had the pleasure of dining with Mr. Robinson, the Chief Justice of the Upper Province—a man of high professional attainments and cultivated taste in literature—of great gentleness and urbanity of manner—of sound and penetrating judgment, and, last, but not least, of an unswerving loyalty to the Crown and a love for British institutions, which are nowhere, in Canada, to be surpassed. In the earlier days of the present century this had been honorably tested. Mr. Robinson, then a student at law, was one of the small and gallant band of volunteers who, on the departure of General Brook for the theatre of war at the commencement of hostilities in 1812, had followed that daring leader in an enterprize which terminated in the capture of the American General Hull and his army, at Detroit. Our first acquaintance was formed on that occasion, when we both formed part of the guard of honor that took possession of the surrendered fort. But, *cedunt arma togæ*. Time had changed the youthful soldier into the grave and courteous

judge, while I on the other hand, had altered in nothing but in years.

The Chief Justice, who has a fine and accomplished family, is one of the few people in Canada who entertain liberally. With him may be classed the gallant Knight of Dundurn (Sir Allan MacNab), Colonel Jarvis, Superintendant of Indian Affairs, also a resident of Toronto, and J. B. Marks, Esquire, of Barriefield, near Kingston, whose house may be truly affirmed to be the home of hospitality.

The weather, throughout the whole of the month of April, had continued very cold, and the vegetation was indicated only in small thin patches, and at intervals. Travelling at such a season, even in a steamboat, was not the most luxurious amusement in the world; however as Lord Durham was almost daily expected at Quebec, and as I was anxious to be at the Seat of Government at the moment of his arrival, I left Niagara towards the close of April, and, after a short but necessary detention in Montreal, soon found myself once more, beneath the formidable walls of this second Gibraltar, or San Sebastian—Quebec.

I have elsewhere intimated that I had, on leaving England, been charged with a particular and confidential mission. It was that of furnishing political information to the "Times" newspaper. A short time previous to my departure from London, I had entered into arrangements with that influential journal, the proprietors of which had, through their professional agent, made me a most liberal offer. And this, even while apologizing for its smallness, both by reason of the fact that I was not coming to Canada expressely in their service, and because a correspondent was not of absolute moment to them in a country, furnishing intelligence through the medium of its own press. The "Times" will scarcely quarrel with me, particularly as the disclosure is made in no spirit of impugnment of its liberality, when I state that offer to have been three hundred sterling per annum, exclusive of passage money and travelling expenses, which made the whole amount in Canada to exceed four hundred pounds currency, and this for merely sending home some fifty letters in the year. Well may a paper so liberally conducted, command as it deservedly does, the support and respect of the whole world.

In consequence of my detention in Montreal, I did not reach Quebec until Lord Durham had been a day or two arrived. He had landed in great state—a state befitting the vice-regal character in which he came to govern the country, and his numerous and handsome equipages, and almost interminable baggage it required some days to put on shore and dispose of. Had my friend the Yankee agent who, on a recent occasion, did me the honor io mistake me for his Lordship, been present at the disembarkation of this "plunder," he would indeed have been considerably amazed.

His Excellency's first levee was held on the day that I reached Quebec, and as I could not get my baggage conveyed to the hotel to which I had been recommended in sufficient time, I had the mortification to find my costume complete only when the last of the departing visitors announced its termination. The next day, however, I called, left my card and wrote my name in the visitors' book. An invitation to dinner quickly succeeded, and on the

following Sunday I had the honor of dining at the Castle of Saint Lewis.

There was a large party assembled, consisting chiefly of the Senior Officers of the Garrison, and of the Admiral and Captains of the squadron (some seven or eight sail in number), then lying before Quebec. The conversation in the drawing-room was of a mixed and general nature ; His Excellency, who wore the Order of the Bath on a plain dress coat, doing the agreeable to most of his guests in turn ; but when, after dinner (and this was always given *à la Française*, and without any prolonged sitting over the dessert,) we again adjourned to the drawing room, Lord Durham was so good to make me the especial object of his notice, by inviting me to take a seat on the sofa between himself and his beautiful sister-in-law, Mrs. Grey. Here during two hours of unbroken conversation, he was pleased to make known to me his projected plans of government, and sought, it was evident to me, to seek my approval.

So much marked attention on the part of the first Governor-General of British North America, and a nobleman so reputedly haughty as the Earl of Durham, I certainly had not the vanity to attribute to any particular merit of my own. I was well assured that in thus singling me (then a stranger to him) from the distinguished company with which the drawing-room was filled, His Excellency was anxious to acknowledge the power of that mighty engine I was in Canada to represent, and which, Earl as he was, and invested with a dignity inferior only to that of the Sovereign, he felt could make or mar his diplomatic career. I had not, in the course of any previous conversation with his Lordship, made the slightest allusion to the political position in which I was placed, but I had reason to believe that this had been made known to him by others. I am particular in stating this, because I conceive it reflects credit on the character of the distinguished statesman, whose services have been so insufficiently acknowledged by his country, that in his views of the government of Canada he was desirous of securing the approbation even of those who were opposed to him in political principle. Had Lord Durham really been the unduly haughty man he has been represented, that consideration never would have weighed with him. He would have followed his own course, as circumstances might have directed, and, satisfied of the integrity of his purpose, have yielded up the trust which had been reposed in him by his Sovereign, in the full consciousness of having done his duty, and therefore in a spirit of disregard of all party censure.

But although Lord Durham was naturally desirous that the "Times" should think favorably of his measures, and, on all suitable occasions, put me in possession of such views of policy as he conceived to be most calculated to ensure the support of that journal, there was nothing in his language or manner to induce the slightest suspicion that he was actuated by other than the most straight-forward motives. He desired that his actions should be judged solely in accordance with their own merits, and in a spirit of impartiality. He had no tortuous policy to sustain ; no selfish views to accomplish. Neither wealth nor title was to be his reward for successfully acquitting himself of the high trust confided to him. Both of these he possessed, and therefore to

obtain them there could be no need of sacrifice of his integrity. Ambition, the laudable ambition of healing the wounds of a distracted and an important colony, to which the attention of all Europe was then directed, was the chief, indeed his only aim; and as no skill, no stratagy of the mere political empiric could render the curing of the disease a creditable one, he was too proud to apply remedies which should not be of enduring efficacy. Had he condescended to these he would at least have been better thanked, while he would at the same time have saved himself much unrequited trouble. Never was there a man whose warm honesty of purpose, as attested during his many conversations with me on the subject, was less understood or acknowledged, than that of Lord Durham, during his brief administration of the affairs of Canada. And here let me revert to his general policy.

In undertaking the mission confided to him by his Sovereign, Lord Durham never could have anticipated the restraints that were intended to be imposed upon a course of political conduct, which, to be really valuable or efficient, required to be unrestricted both in spirit and in letter. Had it been otherwise, His Lordship never would have placed himself at the mercy of those, who, with the will, seem to have had the power, to coerce his public conduct in a manner the most injurious to the interests of his new government. Even had the slightest intimation been given prior, to his departure from England, that it was the intention of the Imperial Parliament to watch his career with a close and jealous eye, and to disavow whatever acts were not recognized by the acknowledged law of the land he was about to govern, it is probable that his Lordship would have stipulated, as a leading condition of his acceptance of the highly responsible office, that something more should be left to the judgment (which a personal acquaintance with the country should enable him to form) than was comprehended in the mere technical reading of the act constituting the High-Commissionership. But no such limitation of power was at that time either prescribed or hinted at. Both the open and the secret enemies of Lord Durham waited until the mission had departed, and then, and not *until* then, they carefully conned over the act, paragraph by paragraph, manifesting an unworthy anxiety to seize on the slightest pretext for casting censure upon whatever stroke of policy—no matter how indispensable to the peace and prosperity of the colony—should not prove to be in strict accordance with the letter of the act. Like so many Shylocks, they were resolved to insist upon the pound of flesh, and the pound of flesh only, in liquidation of the bond.

Meanwhile the arrival of Lord Durham, at Quebec, was hailed by the united population of Canada, who had looked forward to his advent with a full assurance that he came armed with extraordinary powers, suited to the emergency, and necessarily possessed of the appliances necessary to soothe the differences which had so long agitated the country. This indeed was an almost herculean task, but I shall presently refer to the grand and comprehensive measure entertained by his Lordship with this object immediately in view: first, however, taking a brief survey of his general policy.

The early efforts of Lord Durham were directed, in the first instance, to the punishment of those state prisoners whom the highly

culpable indecision of his predecessor (Lord Gosford) had suffered to remain so long undisposed of; and in the second, to the establishment of such relations with the President of the United States as would guarantee to the Canadas the observance of a strict neutrality, in the event of any future disturbance in the country.

As the act of amnesty is too much a matter of history—and of eventful history both in itself and in its consequences—to be passed over without comment, it may be well to call the attention of the reader to the particular circumstances under which it was promulgated.

Had Lord Durham's mission to Canada taken place during the progress of the rebellion, the exigency might have called for, and of course would have commanded, the stringent application of the power conferred by the authority (supposed extraordinary, but not so in fact, if we are to believe the House of Lords) vested in the commission. In such case Lord Durham would have done what his predecessor in the government had failed to do, and the summary process of martial law, which ought to have been resorted to long before his Lordship's arrival in the country, would have purged Canada of the traitors whom an injudicious party spirit at home had fostered into uncompromising enemies of British rule. But Lord Durham's mission, undertaken as it was at a moment when these disturbances had apparently ceased, was not that of an avenger but of a pacificator. It was less an object with him to punish with rigor the guilty leaders of the rebellion, than to pour the oil of conciliation into the wounds of two distinct parties, mutually injured and injuring; and with a view to this end, he, like a skilful physician, prepared a remedy for a disease which being without parallel, and of a new and extraordinary character, required some unusual application to remove it.

A correct appreciation of the condition of the country, and of the almost mockery of the trial by jury, where the party accused of political crimes had the power of challenging his judges, until he had succeeded in obtaining those by whom he felt confident of being acquitted, at once suggested to the mind of his Lordship the futility and ridicule, nay, the encouragement to future acts of rebellion, which must be consequent on the submittal to the civil tribunal of the traitors then in confinement. Even admitting that he could have anticipated the condemnation of the rebel chiefs, the very act of referring them to an ordeal that might have entailed the punishment of death, would have been completely to have defeated the principal object of his mission, namely, the pacification of all existing feuds between the British and French populations. It was not likely that the French Canadians would regard, without mistrust, the after policy of a Governor who, although professedly a messenger of peace, and a reconciler of national differences, should have commenced his career by adopting a course of severity towards their favorite leaders, which preceding administrators of the Government had lacked energy to pursue, during a period of open anarchy and actual warfare.

Lord Durham saw this, but he, at the same time, perceived the necessity, not only for appeasing the wounded spirit of the British portion of the Canadian family, by the infliction of punishment of some kind on the authors of the violence which had occurred, but for placing the offending parties in a position which should disable

them from future attempts to disturb the colony. Hence the Act of Amnesty which, however party may rail at, or personal enmity malign it, posterity will admit to have been one of the most efficient measures for restoring peace to the distracted Canadas that could, at that particular moment, have been devised.

Had the rebel chiefs who were exempted from a participation in this amnesty, been misled in regard to the alternative that was submitted to them, there might have appeared reason for complaint that the British Government had compromised its dignity and acted unworthily, but what was done *was* without disguise. They pleaded guilty to the charge of treason—vehemently even as they subsequently denied this—and threw themselves wholly on the mercy of the High Commissioner. Nor was that mercy withheld from them. Although exiled from a country where their presence would have presented an insurmountable obstacle to the restoration of order, they were simply removed to a sister province,* the near proximity of which to their own afforded every facility for communication with their friends, whom a few years of good conduct on their own parts would have enabled them to join, under circumstances of advantage equal to any they had previously enjoyed. No objection was offered, no remonstrance made by themselves at the time, and the only complaint of the British population was, that Lord Durham had manifested too much lenity and forbearance. Little was it then imagined that this act of amnesty, which was undeniably the measure most likely to soothe the rankling spirit of party in the Canadian provinces, was to be made matter of serious accusation against his Lordship at home. And wherefore? Because, as it was asserted, the proceeding he had adopted was not in accordance with the strict letter of the constitution. And where was that constitution? In abeyance. It existed not in practice. Circumstances had occurred which had deprived (and justly deprived) the people of it. Lord Durham had accepted his office with the express object in view of creating a new constitution, suitable to the emergencies of the country, therefore the passing of an act founded at once upon the broad basis of justice and mercy, by the very man whom the task, not only of alleviating the present ills of the province, but of collecting materials on which to frame a new system of government, had been confided, could not be properly said to be an infringement of that which was virtually dead from the moment martial law had been proclaimed. The violation of the constitution, by Lord Durham, was, with his enemies, both public and private, a mere pretence. They well knew that circumstances had fully warranted the measure of expediency he had adopted, and that in fact there had been no such violation of the constitution as they affected to believe had taken place. But what though they did not so understand it? It afforded them an irresistible opportunity to indulge in vituperative censure, and, in the eyes of the world, then directing its attention to the disturbed state of Canada with an interest proportioned to the magnitude of the objects at stake, to stamp the political conduct of the man they at once envied and hated, with the seal of a

* If any legitimate ground of complaint existed, it could only have been with the people of Bermuda, for having been in some degree placed on an equivocal footing. But the people of Canada themselves, and the expatriated in particular, had none whatever. So far from the exiled themselves having cause of complaint, I have been assured by one of the most influential among them, that on the passage out they drank Lord Durham's health.

disapprobation as injudicious as it was undeserved. The jealousy of Lord Brougham was especially remarkable in the course of the debates which took place on the subject in the House of Lords.

Meanwhile, after the passing of what he conceived to be, and what certainly was, his equitable act of amnesty, and little anticipating the storm which had commenced in England in the shape of private and purely personal attacks on his character, and which was so soon to rage into a tornado upon his public life, Lord Durham proceeded with the great objects he had in view. The outrage committed by the celebrated Bill Johnson on the Sir Robert Peel steamer, afforded His Lordship an opportunity for carrying into execution his second leading design—namely, the attainment of a full and satisfactory understanding with the American Government. His brother-in-law, Colonel Grey, was despatched on an especial mission to Washington, and in reply to the warm remonstrances of which he was the bearer, received every assurance from Mr. Van Buren not only that the strictest neutrality should be preserved, but that competent and experienced officers should be despatched to the frontier with a view to its enforcement.

These two essential objects gained—namely the disposal of the State prisoners,and a satisfactory pledge of exertion and activity from the Government of the United States, Lord Durham next turned his attention to the abuses and deficiencies of the existing laws of the country. A number of most useful bills were in the course of creation ; among the principal of which were the Education Bill, the Registry Bill, a Bankrupt Bill, and, what was of paramount importance in the Lower Province, a Feudal Tenure Bill. The preparation of the latter required some tact and judgment, for it was necessary so to mould the act as to reconcile prejudice and strong addiction to ancient usages on the one hand, and a desire of undue innovation on the other. This Bill had been submitted to the Seminary at Montreal, and had been by them favorably received. At the period of Lord Durham's subsequent most unexpected departure, when his public acts had been declared nugatory and invalid by the timid Ministry whose duty it was boldly and generously to have supported him, it was rapidly advancing to completion. The Registry Bill, moreover, was actually in type, and drafts of the same were even then on their way to England.

In addition to these projected benefits, his Lordship had carried into effect one which was of the highest value to the country. The necessity for the introduction of a system of police, modelled after that of Sir Robert Peel, in a country where every facility was, in the absence of all immediate controlling power, afforded to the commission of crime, had impressed itself at an early period upon his sagacious mind. The brothels and other infamous places of resort in the city of Quebec were the theatres of unblushing guilt, to which people of all classes, and especially the numerous seamen frequenting the port, were in the habit of repairing. Great injury was, moreover, sustained in a commercial point of view in consequence of the latter deserting their ships and engagements. Appeals to the magistracy were vain, for either the magistracy would not redress the wrong, or, if they felt the inclination, knowing not the secret haunts of the offenders, they could not successfully interfere. A vigilant police could alone destroy the evil at its source, and purge the city of the gross stain upon its character. This was forthwith

instituted; and within two months from its formation, the moral condition of all classes of the people had undergone a striking change for the better. Armed with authority to penetrate into suspected dwellings, and to take into custody those who could not render a satisfactory account of themselves, the police were not long in eradicating the evil. The lower orders of the people abstained through fear from frequenting the haunts of vice, while those of a better class acknowledged the more powerful influence of shame; insomuch that insensibly the licentiousness and disorder which had attained a most alarming growth under preceding administrations, was succeeded by a quiet and decorum as favorable to public and private morals as it was to public and private interests. True it is that these important objects were not effected without a strong manifestation of indignant clamor against Lord Durham; nor indeed without occasional collisions between the police and the townspeople, but these ebullitions finally gave way before the general good sense which admitted the importance of the improvements introduced.

The Police system, as originated in Canada by Lord Durham, is spreading itself gradually over the country. It still continues in Quebec, although on a much more limited scale than when His Lordship was there, and had at one time attained an almost equal efficiency in Montreal, where such a force is absolutely indispensable, and has been adopted with advantage both in Kingston and Toronto. In the course of time the Police of Canada will become a highly useful body.

But these improvements, essential even as they were to the prosperity of the country, were lesser considerations in the gigantic plan which had been formed by Lord Durham. It at once suggested itself to the comprehensive mind of the High Commissioner that whatever advantages might be designed for Canada, they must be valueless as long as the chasm which separated the British from the French Canadian population, as well in interest as in feeling, should remain open. How was this chasm to be filled up?

In devising the scheme of a Federal Union of the Provinces of British North America, Lord Durham not only evinced the most thorough and statesmanlike knowledge of the difficulties with which he had to grapple, but the most ready and suitable resource in meeting and overcoming them. The great complaint of the British population in Lower Canada had been the numerical superiority of the leading French Canadians in the House of Assembly, by whom all measures of improvement were overthrown, and the advancement of the province consequently retarded. To remedy this state of things, and to give a preponderating power to British interests, without openly aiming at the subversion of that enjoyed, nay, almost wholly monopolized by the French-Canadian population, required all the skill of the diplomatist. Lord Durham at once saw that a Federal Union of the provinces was, independently of the higher objects embraced in the plan, the only measure likely to secure this, for, as Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Newfoundland, and Prince Edward Island, would return subjects of British origin to the inferior Legislature, the French ascendancy would necessarily be swamped, and thus a vast change in the political condition of the country be effected. And this without giving serious ground for complaint to the party most injured by it, or even in the slightest degree wounding their national pride.

That Lord Durham's plan, very imperfectly understood by them, should have encountered opposition on the part of a certain influential class of the citizens of Montreal, is no evidence of its inefficiency. Unfortunately for Canada, any scheme having for its object the general good of the country is made too much the subject, not of mere party, but of individual criticism, and is measured too much by the standard of individual interest, to meet the support that is necessary to frultion. With a very few honorable exceptions, the British inhabitants of Montreal acted, during the period of Lord Durham's government of Canada, not in parties or in accordance with certain acknowledged and defined principles, bearing on the general prosperity; but each, influenced by personal interests, appeared to have a political code of his own, which, whenever an opportunity offered, he was sure to intrude upon the High Commissioner. This was a cause of bitter complaint with Lord Durham, who could not tolerate the vulgar assumption of those who pestered him with proposals and schemes of the most absurd, and obviously the most selfish description, and who consequently impressed him very unfavorably with the British population as a body. There was one individual in Montreal whose pertinacity on this subject induced a strong feeling of aversion in the mind of Lord Durham; and this man, wealthy but of obscure origin, and indifferently educated, was in the habit of expressing his views and wishes in so confident and arrogant a manner, that his Lordship had, more than once, according to his own avowal to me, experienced difficulty in suppressing the inclination he felt to desire him never to intrude himself upon him again.

The utter impossibility of any measure, however great or important, giving satisfaction to a people so divided in feeling—so disunited in purpose—and yet so devoted to minor interests, was obvious, and they were necessarily, from the reasons just named, the least competent to pronounce a correct or impartial judgment on measures undertaken and followed up for the general good.

The objection raised to the plan of a federal union of the Provinces, by a portion of the Montreal Press, was asserted to be that it would eventually place the country at large in a position to throw off all allegiance to England. This is a view difficult to be sustained. It is impossible to assume any such result could proceed from the combination of measures proposed to be adopted by Lord Durham in furtherance of this object, and there is but too much reason to infer that the objections of the people of Montreal arose, not from any well founded apprehension in regard to the working of a measure, the details of which had been made known to them, but on the contrary, from their very ignorance of those details.

It was a part of the system contemplated by Lord Durham, that the Legislature of the country should embrace within its sphere of operation, all such measures and improvements as should bear on the general prosperity, while those of a purely local character should be administered as heretofore. Indeed, this was to some extent known to be the case, and they who, as I have before remarked, either from personal or selfish motives, opposed themselves to the measure, attempted to shew that in framing a constitution in some degree assimilated to that of the United States, it necessarily would result that the tie which bound Canada to the

Empire must be weakened, and the eventual independence of the country established.

Now, on this head, there are two essential observations to be made. Firstly, this *possible* dissaverment of the British North American Colonies from England had been anticipated, and would have been prevented by the crowning feature in Lord Durham's well-digested plan, which was, that each Province should be represented by two members in the Imperial Parliament. This, assuredly, while giving to British North America an importance commensurate with her growing wealth, and affording her the fullest facility for advocating her own interests, would have proved a much stronger bond of attachment to the Empire than any which has hitherto existed. Secondly, it is but natural to presume, that in the course of time and prosperity, when these fine provinces shall have risen into a position to enable them to take their stand among the nations of the earth, the chain of nominal dependence which now binds them to England will be cast loose. Nor need this be done violently, or without a continuance of the same maternal and filial relations which at present unite them. That the great body of the colonial people, who enjoy an almost utter exemption from taxation, while the treasures of the mother country are lavished upon them with an unsparing hand, purveying to all their necessities, should feel it to be their interest to continue dependent on England, may be readily understood; but it is, on the other hand, difficult to comprehend how they should not desire to see their country elevated—after the lapse of much time it is true—in the progressive scale of nations. Continuing as they now are, the British North American provinces can never attain this position; while, on the contrary, had the plan of a Federal Union, as proposed by Lord Durham, been carried into effect, not only would they have risen, through that union, into rapid consideration, but a means would have been supplied to the mother country of ridding herself gradually of the incubus of expense consequent on their possession. Nations are like families. A colony bears to an empire the same relative position that a child does to its parent: in early infancy it is nurtured with care; in youth, trained in the way that it is necessary to ensure its own means of subsistence; and when it arrives at a stage of manhood, it is left to the exercise of those innate resources which it has been taught to develope. It is quite as preposterous to assume that Canada can continue another century dependent on the generous aid of England, as it would be to expect that a man in the vigor of life and exertion should continue to drain the paternal substance to the dregs.

But while giving all credit to Lord Durham for that vast and comprehensive scheme which was to have united the British North American Provinces to the Mother Country in a bond which distant time alone could sever, I cannot but remark on one seeming contradiction in his Report. To myself, personally, he never, in the course of his numerous conversations with me on the subject, appeared in the slightest degree to countenance the project of a Union of the Canadas, and yet we find him, at page 110 of the Report, recommending that measure as a preparatory step to the attainment of the great and ultimate object he had in view —namely, the Federal Union. My own belief is, that Lord Durham never entertained the question of Union of the two Cana-

das until after his return home, although it would seem from what he states in the very first page of the book to which I have just referred, that the Federal Union was considered impracticable by him only on his first arrival in the country. Now, Lord Durham was altogether about six months in the country, and yet, not one month before his departure for England, he appears to have entertained the same aversion from the lesser union subsequently recommended. Witness the following letter addressed to me in Montreal.*

In this communication, written not a month before his departure from the country, no evidence can be traced of his Lordship's absence of hostility to the project of uniting the Canadas, but decidedly a contrary view is manifest. There is the more reason to believe that, whatever the obstacles opposed to his own plan, Lord Durham did not, while in this country, approve or adopt that to which his successor had recourse, but that his assent thereto, as evidenced in his report, was obtained after his return home.†

Annexed are his Lordship's communications to me after his arrival in London: the one on the subject of the Report itself—a copy of which he sent to me—the other on the policy then being pursued by Mr. Poulett Thomson.‡

CHAPTER IV.

In tracing the foregoing synopsis of the plans and general policy of Lord Durham, I embrace not only what he did me the honor to communicate to me on the day when I first dined at the Castle of St. Lewis, but the substance of all that was elicited during the many interviews to which I was subsequently admitted. His attention to myself personally, founded principally, no doubt, on his desire to stand well in the estimation of the "Times," was extremely marked indeed. The Aids-de-Camp, his Lordship assured me, were instructed to admit me at all hours, and I found that when, on my arrival, other visitors were in waiting, I had but to give my card to the gentleman charged with the duty of presentation to ensure an immediate introduction into the audience chamber.

It was during one of those interviews that Lord Durham asked me if there was any appointment in the country that I desired, and which it was in his power to bestow upon me; adding that there was, in the mean time, a particular mission intended to be sent to the Indians which, if worthy of my acceptance, he would feel great pleasure in entrusting to me. I thanked his Lordship, but declined the offer, stating that circumstanced as I was, it might be inexpedient to accept any office or appointment under

* See Appendix No. 1.

† Since this volume has been compiled, I have been informed by the Hon. Peter M'Gill of Montreal, who had been much in communication with Lord Durham, during his administration of the affairs of Canada, that Mr. Charles Buller had, on his way from the Upper Province to England, whither, it will be recollected, he had followed Lord Durham some time after the departure of that nobleman, called upon him and stated that he (Lord Durham) had abandoned his plan of a Federal Union of the Provinces, in favor of that to which he had hitherto been so strenuously opposed.

‡ See Appendix Nos. 2 and 3.

his Government, and moreover that I could better serve his policy *at a distance*, that is to say, untrammeled and in a spirit of independence, adding that I felt assured that should I ever require his good offices, they would not be withheld from me. Lord Durham replied with much feeling, "you may rely upon it that I shall never lose sight of your interests, whether in Canada or in England." The mission to the Indians was, I believe, subsequently entrusted to Mr. Simpson of Cotteau-du-Lac—the late member for Vaudreuil.

This grateful feeling on the part of his Lordship, for I can term it no other, arose from the support I had given to his policy in my communications to England. Most of these failing to meet the approval of the proprietors of the "Times," were suppressed, but the few that were published were, as conveying a dispassionate review of the affairs of the province, considered of so much importance by the "Examiner" and other leading London journals on the liberal side, that they were gladly quoted by them, and held up to the consideration of the British public.

Nor were these letters the result of any mere whim or unworthy desire to uphold Lord Durham's policy at the sacrifice of my own principles. I certainly had re-visited Canada with rather a prejudice against Lord Durham, and a vague impression that he would seek to rule the country with a high-handedness wholly inapplicable to its wants and to its condition; but his Lordship had been at such pains to convey to me an accurate estimate of his designs, and had so clearly pointed out the bearings and tendencies of the measures he proposed to adopt, that I was compelled to admit the injustice of the prejudice I had originally conceived, and to give him credit for a sincerity of motive, and an anxious desire for successful execution, which reflected the highest lustre upon his character. I moreover felt assured that the whole tenor of his policy was such as, in the disturbed state of the country, would most rapidly secure its return to tranquillity. Under these circumstances, and with this conviction strongly impressed on my mind, I should have been wanting not only in justice to myself, but in duty to those who sought truth at my hands, had I suffered any particular or party interests to have influenced my commentaries on a policy I conceived to be the best adapted to a land which (another powerful consideration) was that of my birth.

In the course of the month of June, Sir John Colborne, who had just returned from a tour of inspection of Upper Canada reached Quebec. I had not yet seen this officer, but calling on him a day or two after his return, I was informed by him that he had received Sir Henry Hardinge's letter introducing me to him. Sir John was, what all the world know him to be, a frank and courteous old soldier, with an erect and military carriage, and an unpretendingness that is by no means common to men conscious of being high in the public favor. I was particularly struck with the general expression of his strongly marked countenance, which greatly resembles that of his Grace the Duke of Wellington. In figure, however, he is much taller.

The first day of my dining with Sir John Colborne was marked by a circumstance not unworthy to be recorded here. Up to this moment every thing had been tranquil in the country since the

affairs of St. Denis and St. Charles in the Lower Province, and the attack by Theller upon Amherstburg, in the Upper. Sir John had expressed his belief that the rebellion was now wholly put down, and that no future attempt would be made to disturb the province, either by Patriots or Sympathizers. On the morning of the day in question, my wife had rejoined me from Niagara, bringing the intelligence of a sharp affair which had taken place at the "Short Hills," in that District, only four days previously. I of course mentioned the circumstance to Sir John at table, adding that there were minute details connected with the account which scarcely left a doubt of its accuracy. There were several officers of the Garrison present—among whom the Quarter Master General, Col. Gore, who commanded the troops at St. Denis,—and I could easily perceive, by their incredulous look, as well as that of the Staff generally, that they wholly disbelieved the report. Sir John himself seemed inclined to smile, and declared the thing was impossible, since had such been the case, he would assuredly have received a despatch apprizing him of the new and threatened danger. I could not but feel that I was half ridiculed, although in a most courteous way, and began to suspect that there might have been a mistake in the matter; nevertheless, I maintained my position. There are few things more absurd, in my estimation, than the narration of *minute particulars* of that which is supposed to have been, but which, in fact, has never occurred. Still my conviction was strong the other way, and I remarked to Sir John that, however incredible it might seem, I had not the slighest doubt, from the very circumstantial manner in which the information had been communicated to me, that he would later receive a despatch on the subject. Four days afterwards I called upon him, and in the course of conversation allusion was made to the Short Hills affair. Sir John said that he had received no communication relative to the attack, and therefore, from the lapse of time since I had first made mention of the matter, must infer that the whole story was a hoax. I bit my lip, yet was fully satisfied that what I had communicated to him was, in substance, correct. On the fifth day, an express arrived conveying the whole of the particulars I had related. The difference in time was occasioned by the express travelling by land, instead of taking the steamers, and this delay did not at all seem to please Sir John. His smile was now exchanged for a very serious look, for although the affair was of little importance in itself, it was impossible to divine, at that crisis, to what it might be the prelude, and in his position as Commander of the Forces, there could not but attach to him the heaviest responsibility.

As this is a book in which, to suit all parties, the serious and the gay, the important and the trivial, the stern political stricture and the lively social commentary, are intended to be placed in juxtaposition, I must not pass over another anecdote, which tells in some degree against myself, and which occurred at the dinner to which I have just alluded.

I was seated at the centre of the table, opposite to Sir John, on whose left was Lady Colborne, and on whose right a very fine woman whom I had not seen before, and whose name I had not heard announced. Colonel —— sat immediately on my right, and with him I had entered into that casual and general conversation which

results from the near proximity of comparative strangers at a dinner-table. When the dessert had been placed, and a glass or two of claret, added to the previously imbibed champaigne, had increased the exhilaration of all, I ventured to say in a low tone to my neighbor,

"Pray, who is that remarkably fine woman opposite to me?

"That is Mrs. ——," replied the Colonel, naming his wife.

The well known story of

"Pray, Sir, can you inform me who that very ugly woman is?"

"Yes, Sir: that is my sister."

"No, no; not her: I mean the person to whom she is talking."

"That, Sir, is my wife."—at once occurred to me; but as the question, although at best an awkward one, involved nothing that was not complimentary, I felt the more at my ease. I merely bowed as a matter of course, and Colonel ——, who, like every sensible husband, did not seem to be at all displeased with this tribute of admiration to his wife, had the good sense to come to my aid by introducing some other casual remark.

While giving these two anecdotes, I must not, although it is somewhat misplaced here, lose sight of another which shows, in its true colors, the generous and gallant spirit of the old soldier, the idol of the 52nd of former years.

Shortly after the arrival of Sir John Colborne in Quebec, and before the departure of Lord Durham for Upper Canada, a review of the troops in garrison, consisting chiefly of the Guards, then recently arrived in the country, took place on the plains of Abraham. Sir John, with a very brilliant staff, was present on the ground when I rode up, and it occurred to me that he was viewing with deep admiration the fine body of men, drawn up in line, whom it had never before been his fortune to have submitted to his inspection. Soon afterwards, Lord Durham, accompanied by his no less showy staff, at the head of whom was his Military Secretary, Colonel Couper, made his appearance, and both corteges having united under a salute of artillery, they passed slowly along the line. The troops then broke into open column, right in front, marched past in slow and quick time, and, after a few evolutions, which they performed in their usual masterly style, were moved off the ground. Lord Durham, with his staff, first left the field, and Sir John followed, at some little distance in advance of the troops, then retiring in sections. I had taken up a position where I could, at my leisure, see them defile into the high road, through the wide gate which communicates with the enclosed plains, and as Sir John passed me I of course touched my hat. He immediately left the main body of his staff, and trotting his horse up to me, asked, with an exultation in his manner I had never previously remarked, whether I had ever seen a more splendid body of men, or troops who went through their evolutions in a more steady and masterly manner. I, truly enough, replied that I never had, among the troops of any continental service, seen an infantry force that could, either in appearance or discipline, be compared with them. I confess I was at the time somewhat surprised that so old and distinguished an officer as Sir John Colborne should have asked the opinion of one who it was a good deal the fashion at that period to affect to slight, as having been, even though with the sanction of the Horse Guards, in the service of Spain; but when I subsequently reflected that they were only the "feather-bed" soldiers of the present British army who

affected to contemn what they could not understand, and by no means those to whom active service of any kind was familiar, I was at no loss to comprehend the delicate compliment which had been paid to me, or the warm and soldier-like feeling which had drawn it forth. Although the delivery of Sir John Colborne was at all times quick and impetuous, his manner, while kind, was reserved; and therefore the departure on this occasion from his wonted habit conveyed to the troops, whose eulogium he, with the generous spirit of the old soldier was anxious to pronounce, one of the highest tributes of praise that could have been rendered.

The arrival of Sir John Colborne in Quebec, where he was subsequently sworn in as Administrator of the Affairs of the Province during the absence of the Governor General, enabled the latter to put in execution his project of a visit of inspection to the Upper Province. A very fine steamer—the John Bull—was chartered and fitted up in such a manner as to afford accommodation to the whole of his Lordship's family and suite as far as Montreal. Here he remained some days, and in one of the principal cabins, which had been fitted up as a library, he received the deputations which were conveyed to him by various public bodies in the city. It was on this occasion that he was so pestered with the plans and advice of the person to whom I have already alluded.

A great many stories are recounted in Canada of Lord Durham's haughtiness of character and irritability of temper, as manifested during this excursion, but the parties relating them seem to have lost sight of the fact that haughtiness and irritability would have been exhibited by any man filling, for the first time, the high station he did in a country where as little respect appeared to be paid to rank as would have been evinced by the veriest democrats on earth. His Lordship had not, certainly, left England under the impression that he should find in Canada manners and habits so seemingly republican, that the only wonder to him was how its inhabitants could entertain the slighest dislike for American institutions. If, therefore, he experienced disappointment, and even restlessness, on finding that he had undertaken to legislate for those who seemed to be wholly ignorant of the essentials of a proper and decorous courtesy, the fault was with themselves, and not with him.

I have had some hesitation before determining to give these anecdotes a place in this work; but as in all probability they may find their way into the world through some other channel less favorably disposed to judge of Lord Durham's motives, and as every thing which relates to this distinguished, yet unfortunate statesman, cannot fail to be read with deep interest by his numerous friends, acquaintances, and dependents, as well as by the British public generally, I have thought it advisable to record them as I have heard the several stories related by parties more or less interested.

As the sea had the hardihood to set bounds to the ambition of Canute, so did the rapids of the St. Lawrence to the luxurious comfort with which Lord Durham had surrounded himself on board of the John Bull. Although a very large sum of money had been expended on this steamboat, she could not, of course, get higher up than Montreal, and thus His Excellency's family and suite were compelled to have recourse to the alternate land and water travelling *then* incidental to the route to the Upper Lakes. The Cobourg steamer had also been chartered for him, and in this he

embarked at the last landing-place communicating with Kingston; but the accommodations were so immeasurably inferior to those of the John Bull, that his Lordship felt no inclination to make it his home. At Kingston he disembarked, and took up his abode at the British North American Hotel, requiring that the landlord should clear the house of all lodgers, while he (Lord Durham) remained in it. This was accordingly done, and, of course, the summary dispossession gave great umbrage to many of the persons residing in the house, whence, in all probability, the bitter acrimony with which they ever allude to his Lordship's visit to Upper Canada. Only one gentleman—whom I know personally, and who, indeed, related to me the fact—positively refused to leave the house, and, independently of his own apartments, frequented the room near the entrance-hall, which is universally known in America as the "bar-room." Men who have been any time in Canada become inveterate cigar-smokers. Before breakfast, after breakfast, at noon, before dinner, after dinner, and to a late hour at night, the cigar is in perpetual demand, and one who wishes to refer to a newspaper, or to examine the address-book for the name of a friend, must thread his way—half-choked, half-blinded—through an atmosphere of smoke nearly as dense as a London fog. Nor is the immoderate passion for the cigar confined to any particular class. Merchants, shop-boys, government-clerks, officers of the regiments and detachments quartered in the several cities and towns, members of the provincial parliament—all seem devoted to the fascinating "weed." But most of all the Father of smokers, as he reputedly is of the Canadian press—the Hon. John Neilson, long a member of the House of Assembly, and recently called to the Legislative Council. This gentleman, who is, or was until very recently, editor of the "Quebec Gazette," I do not recollect ever to have seen, during those sessions of parliament in which he bore a part, without a cigar in his mouth, unless when actually in his place in the house. Indeed, I am half-inclined to think that the honorable and universally-respected Nestor is indebted to his copious use of the "weed" for much, if not all, of the bitterness and quaintness which are so remarkable in his speeches and writings.

The gentleman to whom I have alluded, as having absolutely refused to leave the hotel at Lord Durham's desire, formed no exception to the class of smokers I have described. One morning he was indulging in the bar-room, in the customary luxury, when his Lordship, who was passing from the vestibule into the hall which led to his drawing-rooms, immediately detected the smell of tobacco, and sniffing the air with that eagerness which a man sometimes evinces even when he does not expect to be regaled with the most odoriferous perfume, called out that there was somebody smoking in the house, and forthwith summoned the landlord. Mr. Macdonald, a timid and retiring man, heard the charge made by his Lordship—well knew who was the offender—but being satisfied that were it discovered he had, contrary to his Lordship's desire, suffered any stranger to remain in the house, he should encounter his severe displeasure, suggested that he might have been deceived. He promised, nevertheless, to make instant inquiry, and if he should find that the crime of smoking had actually been perpetrated, to take such measures as would

prevent a repetition of the offence. Lord Durham, still sniffing the polluted air, and giving every indication of the nausea he experienced, then ascended, much disconcerted, to his own immediate apartments.

Another anecdote is narrated as having occurred while he was at the British North American. Being extremely fastidious about the eggs that were set before him at breakfast, his Lordship complained that they were not sufficiently fresh, and sent his valet to the landlady with a desire that an egg warm from the nest should be procured for him. The eggs, according to the good hostess, were the freshest that could be had, and always "laid" within a few hours of the time when they were eaten. To obtain one absolutely warm from the nest was not, however, so easy of accomplishment, but she hit upon an expedient. She descended to the kitchen—took up one of the recently-laid eggs, and dipped it for a second or two in hot water, then reappearing before the servant, placed the plate which contained the egg in his hand, stating that, as he might perceive from the warmth, it was one just laid, which she would immediately boil for his Lordship. This was done, and the egg eaten under the impression that it had been fresh from the hen when boiled.

The charge of haughtiness is brought against his Lordship in the two following brief anecdotes:

While seated or walking on the deck of the Cobourg, the mate approached, with the view of doing something to the jolly-boat, which was lashed to the quarter. His Lordship flew into a violent passion, and, demanding to know how he dared come near that part of the vessel while he was there, ordered him away immediately.

On another occasion, one of the waiters of the Cobourg either carried something to the Earl, or was met by him without a jacket, and with his short sleeves tucked up. His Lordship was highly indignant at this mark of disrespect, and directed that the man should be sent off the boat forthwith.

Now, these several anecdotes I have given precisely as they obtain currency in the country, and, admitting that they are correct, I really cannot discover anything so very extraordinary in the conduct of Lord Durham. It was very natural that, if he paid liberally for the exclusive use of an hotel, he should desire to have it wholly reserved to himself and his numerous family and suite; nor is there anything so very remarkable in the fact of his being nauseated with the smell of tobacco. To those who are unaccustomed to it, nothing can be more offensive, and as he had no suspicion that there were any others than his own party in the hotel, he could only assume that some of the servants of the establishment had been thus perfuming the house. To summon the landlord, and question him, was, therefore, the obvious course. True, that might have been done by one of the aids-de-camp, but as his Lordship chose to perform himself that to which it was the duty of an aid-de-camp to attend, the condescension at least relieves him from the imputation of undue haughtiness.

Then, for the egg. What is more natural than a desire for a fresh egg at breakfast? The Kingston market had credit for an abundant supply of all things, and Lord Durham paid money enough at the British North American to have made it an object

with the proprietor to have bought, if necessary, every laying hen in the district, and kept them on his own grounds. The whole gist of the anecdote consists in the landlady's *ruse*, and yet Lord Durham must have been a poor judge of an egg, indeed, if he could not detect the difference between one newly laid and one that had been simply immersed it hot water to make it appear so.

The repulse of the mate of the Cobourg can easily be accounted for, by the strong probability that the man was drunk, or insolent, or unnecessarily noisy, for no one, not imbued with the strongest prejudice against Lord Durham, can fail to perceive the absurdity of imputing to him, who had so frequently crossed the Atlantic, and who must, therefore, have been fully aware of his privileges, the act of undue interference with a ship's officer, however humble his rank.

As for the dismissal of the waiter, his Lordship was perfectly right in desiring that this should take place. It was for a gross mark of disrespect, and one which must have been singularly novel to him. Were a waiter to make his appearance in his shirt sleeves before a gentleman at Long's, or any other fashionable hotel in London, he would be ordered out of the establishment without ceremony. How much more disreputable and offensive, therefore, was such conduct in reference to the Governor-General of British North America. The Captain of the boat, however, was as much to blame as the waiter, for he ought to have had the good taste and the good sense to have given the necessary orders for the conduct of his people.

Another anecdote is related of a nearly similar kind during the return trip. The steamers in which Lord Durham and his suite embarked were well known to have been chartered for the sole use of the mission, and the several Captains had been instructed to refuse admission to all applicants not of His Lordship's immediate party. No one, therefore, of any delicacy would have presumed to enter without having previously obtained the consent of His Lordship. Notwithstanding which, some obscure and not very polished preacher was allowed by the Captain to embark at Cornwall, under a promise of concealment on his part, until he should arrive at the place of his destination.—Soon after the boat was under way, however, this individual, whose sole object in selecting the steamer appears to have been to gratify an ill-timed curiosity, and to be brought immediately under the notice of the Governor-General, emerged from his hiding-place, approached His Excellency, and indulged in some familiar remarks. Lord Durham had too much penetration not to perceive the whole truth connected with the presence of the stranger, and promptly summoning the Captain, who disclaimed all knowledge of his being on board, desired him to pass Lancaster, which was the place of his destination, and disembark the intruder at the Coteau du Lac, the utmost point to which the steamer could go. This was done, and His Lordship and suite there took the land carriage, leaving the disappointed reverend to bestow his benediction on the haughty peer, and wend his way back to Lancaster as best he might. The papers opposed to Lord Durham's policy made a great outcry about this asserted outrage; but, in my opinion, the unworthy and petty cunning of the man found its merited reward. Had he openly

solicited a passage from Lord Durham, it would, in all probabitily, have been accorded to him, but the very trick to which he had recoure to effect his object, had in it something so offensive, so much of low manœuvring, that a marked disapproval was called for.

That Lord Durham was of a lively temper, extremely susceptible of slight, and disposed to resent it, I can perfectly understand; but that he was unduly haughty is a libel not only on his good sense, but on his own unquestioned position in society, which they alone who are ignorant of the secret sp ings of human action, and forming their judgment from superficial observation, can be unjust enough to entertain.

I once myself saw him under circumstances of slight, very slight, irritation. During the period when the John Bull was lying before Montreal, I had frequent interviews with his Lordship. On one occasion, young Lord Lambton—the present Earl—chanced to come into the room when his father was communicating something which he evidently did not wish him to hear, lest perhaps, in the thoughtlessness of his extreme youth (he could not then have been more ten years of age), he might repeat it. He very mildly said to his son, who, under the pretence of turning over the leaves of some books, was slily directing his fine eyes towards me, "George, my boy, leave the cabin: go and play." But the handsome young Lord still lingered, and after the lapse of a few minutes the Earl repeated his desire in a more decided manner.

That extraordinary writer, and deep reader of the human heart, Eugene Sue, has somewhere alluded (I think in his "Arthur") to the sympathetic power of attraction and fascination possessed by the eye of his hero over the young sensibilities of a beautiful child—Irene de Fersan—who pines in his absence, and enjoys health and happiness only in his presence. Now, although I do not exactly think that the power of fascination was centered in my eye, there was certainly something in my ample and black moustache which seemed to claim all the interest of the young Lord, who, like the King with the apple dumplings, appeared to marvel how it had got where he beheld it. Moreover, I had frequently chatted with him, as one would converse with a youth of his tender years, and although an extremely modest and somewhat diffident boy, I thought he evinced a preference for the aforesaid moustache at least, if not for myself. But this as it may, he again neglected to obey the Earl's command; not from any wilfulness or disrespect, but simply because he seemed to think there was no such immediate hurry, either necessary or enjoined, in the execution of the recommendation to play. Again Lord Durham sharply repeated the order, and the youth moved slowly and lingeringly—still regarding me—to the door. His Lordship, slightly irritated at his inattention, rose from his seat, put his hand on the shoulder of his son, and, opening the door, passed him into the inner cabin, appropriated to the use of the family. In this action there was nothing more of temper displayed than any father would have exhibited at a seeming disobedience of his commands by his child.

But the anecdote which is related with most bitterness in regard to Lord Durham's "pride and presumption" is one which fortunately can be disproved (if susceptible of denial) by the individual who is said to have suffered from them, and who is now, I presume, in England.

The story runs thus. At the Montreal races in 1838, when the famous cup, (famous at least in Canada,) given by Lord Durham was won by Mr. Yarker's horse Midas, the prize was brought by one of His Excellency's Aids-de-Camp—the Earl of Mulgrave if I mistake not—and placed before him for the purpose of delivery to the successful competitor. Now according to rumor—yet we all know how little she is to be depended upon—the manner of placing this cup before him did not please His Excellency, inasmuch as it appeared to have been done in too careless a manner, whereupon taking it up with some vehemence, and looking at the Aid-de-Camp while imitating his mode of placing it, he remarked "that is not the way—this is the way," shewing at the same time the proper mode.

Now, if this story be untrue—and I have the strongest reasons for believing it to be a fabrication—its contradiction, by the gentleman, who presented the cup to his Lordship on that occasion, will be the best guarantee of the utter absence of foundation for the remainder of these anecdotes which, in Canada, are registered as charges against Lord Durham's private character. There are many of the deceased nobleman's personal friends, and no doubt several of his connexions who will peruse these pages, and it is for them to produce that testimony before the public. The only one of Lord Durham's Aids-de-Camp no longer in existence is Captain Conroy of the Coldstream Guards, and he, I *know*, is not the party said to have been thus painfully reprimanded.

It is somewhat remarkable, I may here observe, that although I was in the stand with Lord Durham during the greater part of the race, and particularly when the cup was delivered over to the winner, I neither witnessed anything of the kind described, nor indeed have I the most distant recollection of ever having heard any allusion to the subject until long *after* Lord Durham's departure from the country, when the charge of recommending Responsible Government was first brought against him.

CHAPTER V.

The strict inquiry made by Lord Durham during his tour, into the abuses of Government which had existed for so many years in Upper Canada, and the radical changes then entertained, and subsequently made known through his celebrated Report, are too much matters of history to require notice here, further than to remark on the extreme ingratitude with which the man who was devoting the whole of his time and ability to their service, was treated by those who, in return, should have been his staunchest supporters. That the Tories should have sought to distort, not only the motives of Lord Durham, but the actions springing from those motives, may be perfectly understood; but it is difficult to comprehend the animadversion of the Whigs, who, even although he had pursued a glaringly incorrect course, should, on the same principle of the party who condemned it, have upheld that course. The act of amnesty was, as I have already shown, perfectly justifiable under the circumstances; and no man, not thirsting for blood, would have adopted any other mode of proceeding. Nay, had Lord Durham sought the lives of

the leading disaffected, it would have been one of the greatest triumphs to the Rebel party; for if any one should doubt that a jury of their countrymen would have acquitted them on trial, and thus have encouraged them to future and more successful exertions against the Crown, let him refer to the cases of Chartrand, and Lieutenant Weir of the 32nd, most foully and barbarously murdered, and in a fiendish spirit of revenge and hatred, the more atrocious from the fact of their being wholly unprovoked. The evidence adduced on the trial of the murderers was clear as the sun at noonday, and yet Justice and Humanity were insulted by a verdict of acquittal in both cases.

With these examples before his eyes, what could Lord Durham decide upon, unless it was, during the abeyance of the Constitution, either to exercise those extraordinary powers which had been vested in him for a specific purpose, or to retire from the governmennt, confessing his inability to discharge, with any satisfaction to himself or to the Queen his mistress, those duties which had, in a spirit of deep confidence, been entrusted to him? Whatever the apparent infraction of the Constitution of the country, or the severe censure with which he had been visited by party at home, posterity will pronounce that Lord Durham was right.

Towards the close of the month of July, His Lordship returned to Quebec, and it was about this period that the first whisperings of the disapproval which his act of amnesty had met with from all parties in England, came like a thunder-clap upon him. For the opposition of the Tories he was prepared, but nothing could exceed his disgust when he found Lord Melbourne damning him, sometimes with lame apologies, sometimes with indirect censure, and affecting to condemn what, in his capacity of Prime Minister, he should have known was imperiously called for, if there existed any serious intention to retain Canada to England. From that moment Lord Durham resolved to abandon a country his government of which had been so strongly misrepresented and misunderstood. Perhaps, moreover, he saw in the bitter invectives of Lord Brougham, and the very lukewarm support given to him by Lord Melbourne, a certain manifestation of alarm lest his successful government of Canada would lead to his elevation to the Premiership at home. The latter nobleman felt no desire to vacate his office, and the former might have fancied his chance of its attainment much increased by the removal of so formidable a rival. There were not wanting those who imputed such motives to the noble Lords in question.

The indignation of Lord Durham in regard to the manner in which he had been treated at home, first found vent in a letter addressed to me a few days after his return to Lower Canada.*

Meanwhile, notwithstanding the annoyance experienced by Lord Durham on finding his measures thwarted, not only by his enemies, but his pretended friends, and his consequent determination to resign his trust in very hopelessness of a successful issue, no efforts were spared on the part of the able coadjutors who had accompanied him, to put the English public in possession of the true facts of the case. Knowing my influence with the "Times," Mr. Charles Buller, his Lordship's talented Civil Secretary, ad-

* See Appendix No. 1.

dressed to me in Montreal where I still continued, a very lengthened letter, on the subject of the policy pursued at home.*

A second communication, which relates more immediately to the Act of Amnesty, reached me soon after the intelligence had been received Canada, of the full discussion of that measure in the House of Lords.†

This was true enough. Never was there a stronger feeling of exasperation created in Canada from political causes, than was manifested by the inhabitants of Montreal, when they found that Lord Durham's Act of Amnesty had been disallowed, and himself so wantonly censured ;—and this by the very persons who had been most opposed to his plan of a Federal Union. But their indignation was excited, not so much against the Tories as against the Whigs. Lords Melbourne and Glenelg, as well as Lord Brougham, were burned in effigy in the Place d'Armes, amid the hooting and execrations of the united British population. The figures—most faithful representations—were borne in cars through the principal streets, with their names in transparent characters attached to each, chiefly by members of the Doric Club, who had disguised themselves with masks, in the Canadian *charivari* style, for the occasion ; and by these were committed to the flames wi h every possible indignity that could be offered to them.

That Lord Durham would feel extreme annoyance and disappointment at the course which was being pursued towards him in England, there could be no question. With the exception of his letter, complaining of the i :erference of Lord Ellenborough, I had had no communication with him on this subject, but being, on the arrival of the packet containing the intelligence of the extraordinary proceedings in the House of Lords, apprehensive that he might be induced to afford his enemies, and those who were jealous of his elevation, a signal triumph by resigning, I took the liberty, on the strength of the confidence and regard with which his Lordship had ever distinguished me, to address to him a communication, in which I pointed out in the strongest manner the unfavorable consequences to himself, which would result from any hasty step of the kind. I concluded with the expression of a hope that he would not suffer this most unjustifiable conduct of the Ministry to prove a means of driving him from the Government, (an object which it was evidently the design of his enemies to effect), but rather of confirming him in his determination to remain, in despite of all difficulties, and accomplish the great object of his mission.

To this letter the return post brought me the following most touching reply.‡

It is impossible to read this communication, and fail to be struck, not only by the extreme bitterness of spirit and of wounded feeling which are manifest throughout, but by the absence of that undue haughtiness which has so often and so incorrectly been ascribed to the noble Earl. Lord Durham was no longer in a position in which I could be of service to him. He had resigned the Government of the country, and after the base desertion of his friends at home, was then perfectly indifferent to whatever public comment might be passed on his conduct; and

* See Appendix No. 5. † See Appendix No. 6. ‡ See Appendix No. 7.

yet on this occasion, he hesitates not to communicate to me the secret workings of his mind, going so far even as to acknowledge the position of political humiliation to which he had been reduced. No man of an unduly haughty or arrogant spirit would have made the admission even to himself, much less to one who had so recently been a total stranger to him.

While the storm was thus brewing at home, over the devoted head of the High Commissioner, I, his warm and zealous but impartial supporter, was made the subject of animadversion also —not indeed before the same tribunal, but before one whose decrees when issued, exercised an influence over the public mind scarcely inferior to anything that emanated either from Lords or Commons—the great head of the Fourth Estate—the editorial arena of the gigantic "Times." Before this tribunal I was tried by a stern political court—pronounced guilty, and sentenced.

Without taking up more time than is necessary to shew that I was conscious of no wrong towards that ubiquitous and influential journal, beyond a desire to be permitted to express my own honest convictions of the nature of the policy which was being pursued in my native land, and had violated nothing that I could look upon as an agreement between myself and the proprietors, I here insert a copy of a letter which, on the announcement to me of my fault, I addressed to the gentleman by whom the Private Correspondence Department was managed, and which embraces the whole of the matter at issue :—

"MONTREAL, *October* 14, 1838.

"I am sorry for the first time to learn that it is not the desire or intention of the proprietors of the Times that I should be continued in the correspondence of the paper, after the term of my present engagement shall have expired.

It is quite evident that, in failing to censure the administration of Lord Durham, I have incurred the displeasure of the 'powers that be;' but had I failed to accord my approbation of the course his Lordship has pursued, I should have been wanting, not only in proper regard for my own country, which is Canada, but also in common honesty to myself, and duty to those to whom I should have conceived accuracy of information was an essential consideration. I was fully apprised that the line of policy pursued by the journal for which I furnished information was opposed to the Ministry at home, and I am not aware that there is a single letter of mine in which even the shadow of approbation of their measures has found admission. I did not, however, conceive it to be imperative on me to condemn Lord Durham purely in a spirit of party, when I entertained the fullest conviction that he was doing for the country what no other Governor had attempted in furtherance of its permanent interests. I moreover concluded that, although a mistaken impression of the real state of Canada, and the measures in operation for its benefit might, for the moment be entertained in England, still that a time might and would arrive when it should be proved that that impression (such as has recently found its way into the House of Lords), was in every sense an erroneous one; when the paper would have had the satisfaction of knowing that, whatever its own politics, the information of its correspondent in Canada had at once been the best and the most impartial. Furthermore, I did not feel myself called upon to confine myself merely to facts, without coupling them with the effects produced upon the country by those facts. In one of your letters to me, prior to my departure from England, you thus write—'With the opportunities you will have, and your experience in composition, it will be hard if you do not enable us to outstrip our con-

temporaries. I should add, however, that it will require extreme caution and diligence, on your part, to satisfy the tribunal to which your productions will be submitted. You will, of course, make yourself acquainted with our politics in regard to Canada, and keep your views, to a certain extent, in harmony with them, not meaning thereby that you should be other than strictly impartial.' How far this agrees with what I now extract from your letter I leave yourself to judge—'It was also impossible for him (the chief editor) to admit such strictures as those you have sent regarding the policy of uniting the two provinces, and your approbation of Lord Durham's administration, seeing the course the paper had taken, would have made it look perfectly ridiculous. He remarked it was quite inconceivable how you could have taken such a course, if you had seen a single copy of the paper since you left England. To have seen the "Chronicle," even, would have been enough, since that paper was constantly referring to the attacks made by us on Lord Durham's policy.' However, be this as it may, it will have been known to you, before this can reach England, whether I have correctly described Lord Durham's administration to have been satisfactory to such of the people of this country as are not openly hostile to the British Government—confirmed and irreclaimable rebels. From every part of Canada, it will be seen, addresses of approbation of his policy, and in condemnation of want of proper support by the Ministry who had sent him to this government, have been passed. Of the burning in effigy of Lords Brougham, Glenelg, and Melbourne, amid the deep execrations of a numerous body—nay, almost the whole community of Montreal—I have already acquainted you. These are unusual manifestations of the popular indignation, and it certianly proves no slight excitement in the popular mind when they are resorted to."

It was to me, I confess, a source of great regret that my opinions (which, by the way, that journal has since adopted), should so far have clashed with those of the "Times" as to have led to a disruption, on the score of dissatisfaction with my public commentaries. I would far rather have continued in favor with it, and been entrusted with its private correspondence, than have accepted any situation in Canada which Lord Durham, or any other Governor, could have bestowed upon me. The salary was sufficient, with my half pay, for all purposes of necessary expense, and even of comfort, in the country, and, had my services been transferred to another theatre, would doubtless have been doubled, while the influence the position gave me far surpassed anything that could have been offered by any provincial political situation whatever.

I, of course, acquainted Lord Durham with the manner in which my defence of his policy had been visited, and received both from himself and Mr. Charles Buller the strongest assurances of their sense of the sacrifices I had made.*

Being anxious to take a personal leave of his Lordship, whose departure for England it was reported would very speedily take place, I wrote to Mr. Buller to know what precise day had been fixed upon. His answer stated the 1st of November, and I accordingly left Montreal for Quebec in such time as to arrive early on the morning of the day of embarkation. Everything was bustle and confusion when I called at the Parliament Buildings, which had been fitted up and used as a private residence during the continuance of the Governor-General at Quebec, and carts, and drays, and waggons filled the court, and were being used for the transport to

* See Appendix Nos. 8 & 9.

the Lower Town of all sorts of furniture and effects. I threaded my way through this labyrinth, and soon found myself in the lower apartments, where aids-de-camp and servants were alike actively engaged in packing up whatever was to be removed. This internal demolition (if I may so term it) of the building where I had been accustomed to see everything in the most careful order of arrangement, had in it, associated as it was with the eternal leave-taking of His Excellency, something exceedingly dispiriting, and I could not but be sensible, independently of the political consequences it involved, that in the departure of Lord Durham I was personally and deeply interested. There was not much time, however, for these discouraging reflections, and, handing my card to the aid-de-camp in waiting, I requested him to take it up to his Lordship. He replied that he believed I was expected, for, although Lord Durham had given instructions to admit no one that day, an exception had been made in my favor. I followed him up the staircase to his Lordship's study, half denuded of its furniture, where, having announced my name, he retired.

Lord Durham, who was then engaged in writing, rose from his table, advanced to meet me, and taking and warmly pressing me by the hand, said with much feeling, addressing me by name, "I had not intended to receive any visit on this the day of my departure, but, at the same time, I could not for a moment think of leaving Canada without seeing you."

This was the first time we had met since the commencement of his annoyances, consequent on the singular proceedings in the British Parliament. His Lordship was paler than usual, and I thought I could trace a certain nervousness in the working of his lip, and in the general expression of his countenance, which betrayed the deep mortification he could not but experience.

We conversed for some time on this topic, and, during his remarks, his Lordship manifested a bitterness and contempt for the indecision and want of energy and character of the Ministry, which I thought was well deserved by them, and asked me if I still entertained the same opinions in regard to his resignation which I had expressed in my last letter to him, adding each time that he would have compromised his own self-esteem had he consented to remain, after so glaring an indignity had been offered to him, as that of the disvowal of measures which all parties in the country were agreed in pronouncing to be the most calculated to insure its tranquillity.

As any arguments I might urge to the contrary, could necessarily weigh but little on the mind of one who had already pronounced his unalterable decision, I did not feel disposed to be in the slightest degree the cause of his being ill at ease with himself, and I replied that his Lordship's frank and condescending explanation, in answer to the advice which, presuming on the confidence reposed in me, I had ventured to offer to him, had been of a nature to remove some of my doubts regarding the propriety and even justifiableness of the resignation, but that I still feared the course, which had in a great degree been forced upon His Excellency, would prove a source of infinite triumph to his enemies at home.

We had been standing all this time near a window of the study which overlooked the beautiful harbour of Quebec, Point Levi, and the country beyond; and as I cast my eyes on the stately frigate which was to convey his Lordship to the noble land for

which I myself sighed, I was reminded of the lapse of time, and motioned to withdraw. As I did so, I could not refrain from adverting to the altered position in my circumstances, occasioned by my rupture with the "Times," and the additional force with which this would press upon me by reason of his Lordship's departure from the country. I added that I trusted I should be pardoned for expressing a hope that he would bear me in mind on his arrival in England.

Delicately as this hint was conveyed, (and it seemed to me to be a duty which I owed to myself and mine to say something on the subject which would lead to a final and determined pledge,) I could perceive that Lord Durham was slightly nettled, for he answered rather impatiently, "Depend upon it, as I have already said, everything that I can do for you shall be done; but I do not like to be reminded of my promises: I AM LIKE MR. CANNING,—I NEVER FORGET MY FRIENDS."

I confess I was somewhat hurt. I remarked to his Lordship that I was fully convinced this was the case, and that had he continued in the country I would not have alluded to the subject; but as he was about to return to England, where in the multiplicity of other demands upon his attention, the recollection of his trans-Atlantic friends might escape him, I had thought it advisable to allude incidentally to the pecuniary embarrassments which my support of his government would entail upon me.

Again His Lordship warmly expressed his sense of what I had done for him, admitted the undeniable claims I had upon his consideration and good offices, and avowed his intention to lose no opportunity, wherever he might be, of advancing my interests, repeating that, "like Mr. Canning, he never forgot his friends." A few remarks in relation to his approaching departure changed the subject of conversation, and I soon afterwards took my leave, His Lordship conducting me to the door, and once more cordially shaking me by the hand, as he bade me what I little then deemed would prove to be an eternal farewell.

The embarkation took place that afternoon. The several Societies of St. George, St. Andrew, and St. Patrick, had turned out on the occasion, and, with the battalions of Guards then in Quebec, gave something of liveliness to a departure which was in itself a source of solemn and painful recollection. I was in no mood of mind to join in the apparently gay procession, but stood aloof, waiting for the appearance of the Earl, whose carriage was drawn up near the grand entrance hall ready to receive him. At length he came, followed by the Countess, the amiable and unaffected Ladies Lambton, and the remainder of his family and immediate suite. As His Lordship's carriage issued from the court-yard and entered the avenue formed by the extended ranks of the Guards who lined the streets leading to the Lower Town, loud acclamations burst from the throng of people who doubled that line on the outside of the troops, which the Earl acknowledged by taking off his hat and bowing repeatedly from the open windows. But how differently, it occurred to me, must those cheers have vibrated on his heart, to those which, scarcely six months previously, had, in the very same streets, greeted his passage. *Then* he was arriving in the country, charged with a mission that gave him almost princely authority in it, and in the just pride of anti-

cipation of the fullest success. The cheers that were then pealed forth seemed to be of right his own, and he received them as evidence of the homage of a people whose destinies were in his hands, and whose weal and tranquillity he was about permanently to establish. *Now* he was departing with the objects of that mission unaccompished, his hands fettered, his energies paralyzed, his authority mocked, and the almost regal attributes of his high office shorn of their lustre! True, the same cheers accompanied his departure that had hailed his arrival, but they were no longer proferred or received as a *right*. They were tendered as the ebullitions of a generous sympathy—evidences of a commiseration for one who, instead of standing high in the favor of his Government, had (however undeservedly and unjustly) incurred its censure, and whose mode of administering the affairs of a country which he came, armed with unprecedented powers, and in the full and flattering confidence of his Sovereign, to govern, had been such as to lead to his resignation of the important trust.

The contrast of these positions could not fail to occur, in all their force, to a mind so sensitive as that of Lord Durham, and to impress him, at his departure, with feelings of deep pain and disappointment. Such at least were the reflections which the more than usual paleness and seriousness of manner I fancied I had detected on his Lordship's countenance, as he issued from the court, led me to ascribe to him; nor was the chain of thought into which I had unconsciously fallen interrupted until some time after the procession had disappeared in its descent to the Lower Town, where a salute of artillery from Cape Diamond, in announcing the embarkation of His Lordship, caused me to wend my steps to that part of the rampart which immediately overlooked the Queen's Wharf. When I reached this point, the boats of the frigate (that containing His Excellency being distinguished by a Union Jack) were nearly alongside. The ladder ropes, at which stood two officers in full uniform, were extended as His Lordship drew near; and then, amid the thunder of the guns of the Inconstant, whose smoke soon enveloped the whole party, embarked the first Governor-General of British North America, to all outward seeming gratified with the pomp and circumstance which surrounded him, but inwardly nursing that corroding gangrene which terminated in his premature death,—the bitter consciousness that he was returning to England, not in triumph as he had anticipated, but as he had so feelingly expressed himself in his letter to me, A DEGRADED AND DISAVOWED GOVERNOR.

And here I cannot, even at the risk of being charged with prolixity and repetition, avoid again referring to the unjust and infamous manner in which this distinguished Nobleman, the founder of a system which has, through the wise interpretations of its provisions by a Statesman not less eminent in diplomacy than himself, at length restored harmony and quiet to Canada.

Of all the sinister strokes of policy which had marked the conduct of the opposition in England, bent upon the condemnation of every measure, right or wrong, which should emanate from the envied possessors of office, none could be more contemptible than that which aimed at the destruction of Lord Durham's power in Canada. Not ten men, I will venture to affirm, were to have been found among those factious Lords, who, if conscientiously

answering the question, would have ventured to deny that the course pursued by the noble Earl in this country was precisely that which would have been adopted by themselves, had they possessed the power they were so anxious to overthrow in others. True, the Bill which was adopted, in direct censure on Lord Durham's conduct, had its origin, not with the Tory party, but with Lord Brougham, a character somewhere happily described as an "unprincipled political gladiator." They (the Tories) would never have detected the illegality—a mere quibble—of the act of banishment; and as a proof of this, not one word was uttered on the subject, until Lord Brougham, with the sly malignity of a Metistopheles, came forward backed by musty statutes of William and Edward—statutes passed in the days of barbarism—to shew that Lord Durham had exceeded his powers, and violated the rights of men whose acts of rebellion had deprived them of all right. And why did Lord Brougham state this? Was it because he really sympathized with the parties whom he declared to have serious cause for complaint on the subject? Not at all. He was anxious only for a display of the two dominant passions of his nature,—his unamiable love of sarcasm, and his proud assumption of superior legal knowledge. No matter, however, what the cause may have been, the horn was sounded, and up rose a host of opposition Peers, who had never previously dreamt of this flaw in Lord Durham's act, and these, hallooing and cheering like huntsmen after a newly-started stag, determined, at all hazards, to run the noble animal down. Had they any personal animosity against Lord Durham? Had they even a well-founded objection to his mode of administering of the affairs of the colony? None in the world. But they were hostile to the *then* Ministry, and provided they could weaken the influence of that Ministry, they cared not who or what was sacrificed to their clamor.

Then again, what was the conduct of the Ministry itself? The first instance of their neglect of support arose from certain appointments made by Lord Durham, soon after his arrival in Canada—appointments the most professedly obnoxious of which, I have no hesitation in affirming, on the authority of that nobleman, *had been recommended by Ministers themselves.* When the question relative to Mr. Turton's appointment was put to Lord Melbourne, by the Earl of Winchelsea, His Lordship expressed the most decided conviction that such appointment would not take place? What necessity was there for Lord Melbourne to reply to the question? or, if replying at all, why not have prudently disavowed all interference with appointments which had been left to the discretion of the Governor-General of British North America? And later, when positive information had been received of the appointment of Mr. Turton to a situation of responsibility under the Government, Lord Melbourne thought proper, with a view to the preservation of his own character for consistency, to express regret that such appointment had taken place! If this be not political treason and tergiversation, what is? Was such a declaration made as earnest of a desire to support Lord Durham? But let the public judge, from the following, whether the surprise and regret expressed by the First Lord of the Treasury was real or affected:—

"Mr. Turton (said the "Globe," Lord Melbourne's paper), who accompanies His Lordship (Lord Durham) in the Hastings as *legal ad-*

vice, is the son of Sir Thomas Turton, Bart., and lately arrived from Calcutta, where he was a practising barrister in the Supreme Court."

It might have been presumed that Lord Melbourne, profiting by the experience of the past, would have felt the necessity for a little more caution and reserve on the subject of Canadian appointments. How was this manifested? When a report reached England that the well-known Edward Gibbon Wakefield, who has since rendered himself even more notorious by pocketing some fifteen thousands obtained through his jobbings on the Beauhornois Canal, had been appointed to some situation of trust, the Earl of Winchelsea put the same question to Lord Melbourne that he had propounded in respect to Mr. Turton. Again the First Lord, with the most *Lamb*-like *naïveté*, replied that "he did not believe that such an appointment had taken place." Well indeed might Lord Durham exclaim "Heaven save me from *such* friends."

Nor were those the only instances in which a want of proper support of Lord Durham, by Her Majesty's Ministers, had been evinced. The very Act of Amnesty passed by the Governor-General, and which at the time gave so much offence, from its lenity, to the British population in Canada, was in a great degree the fruit of the temporizing policy of those Ministers. If any one should entertain a doubt on this subject, let him peruse the instructions which were sent out, first to Sir John Colborne, and subsequently to Sir George Arthur. Couched in a spirit of indecision and weakness as they were, yet carrying with them an imperative mandate of fulfilment, what Governor or Governors could, in following them up, fail to be visited by the marked dissatisfaction and discontent of that portion of the loyal population of the country which had most suffered, and necessarily deprecated a course of clemency as ill-timed as it was undeserved. And if such instructions had been given to the noble Earl's predecessors, have we not reason to assume that the same advice, if not absolute commands, were conveyed to him, and that the result had been that Act of Amnesty which in the outset was impugned by the loyal population, not because of its *severity* and *injustice*, but by reason of its seemingly undue mercy, yet which in itself, coupled with the Act of the banishment of certain traitors who, if tried, would assuredly have been acquitted, was the only step likely to restore tranquillity to the Province?

Considering the vast importance attached to the mission of Lord Durham, and all the sanguine results that were anticipated from his acceptance of the office, it might have been expected that a Ministry, really desirous of essentially benefitting a country distracted by the evils of rebellion, would have conferred on their envoy an *ad libitum* power, to amend or rescind old laws, and to frame new, as the exigencies of so pressing a period (with the true nature of which they could not, by reason of distance, be properly acquainted) might require. Instead of this, however, an act was passed which narrowed the Governor-General's sphere of action, even more than would have been the case had it never existed; for one of its leading provisions was, that it should not contravene the established law of the land. I repeat that, had no such restrictive act been passed, Lord Durham might, and would, have felt himself authorized, under the general tenor of his special instructions, to have deviated from the usual observances in a country where, in point of fact, and by the very circumstance of a rebellion and civil

war, all established laws had for the moment ceased to be in healthy operation. The very impossibility of judging of the measures necessary to be adopted in the country, should have rendered all parties interested in its preservation, and particularly the Ministry, not only cautious that the power conferred on their delegate should be both ample and discretionary, but of a character of construction not to be misunderstood either in the province or at home. To govern a country, while in a state of profound peace, by established laws and usages, is simple and proper enough, but in one that is subject to all manner of anarchy and confusion, a ruler would be highly culpable in not travelling beyond the strict interpretation of these laws, if satisfied that his neglecting to do so, would entail upon society all those evils which it is the province of the law to avert.

When Lord Durham visited Canada, the country was precisely in the condition I have just described. The law, or rather that which was done under the name of law, was so utterly a perversion of justice, that his Lordship was induced, in his anxiety to restore peace to the province, to depart from the observance of mere forms, and to adopt such measures as under the discretionary power vested in him, he conceived himself authorised to use. True, the trial by jury was law—strict, orthodox, sound law—but Lord Durham had penetration enough to perceive—and a very remarkable trial had shortly afterwards borne out the correctness of his impression—that the rebel leaders would, if subjected to the ordeal, be acquitted, even through the violation of that which is most sacred in law—an oath—by a jury composed of their own immediate countrymen; in which event there was every reason to apprehend that impunity and immunity from punishment would again prove a means of plunging the country into discontent and civil war. Hence the amnesty, with its provisions and exceptions, than which a more efficacious, and, at the same time, a more humane measure, could not have been framed.

And how was the intelligence of this measure received by the Imperial Ministry? Did they condemn Lord Durham for what he had done? Did they pretend that he had exceeded his instructions, and did they state boldly in their several places in Parliament that, having thus acted, Lord Durham was not a man whom they could safely entrust with their confiidence, or with discretionary powers, and that they therefore should immediately send out letters of recal? Did they fearlessly and conscientiously state this? No! They were glad enough to concur in the wisdom and expediency of these measures, as long as they were unassailed, but the moment Lord Brougham began to wield his sledge-hammer—to open the torrent of his vituperative eloquence, backed as he was by a host of place-hunters, Lord Melbourne and his colleagues, unable to stem the tide of their clamor, and trembling for their seats, which nothing short of an abandonment of Lord Durham's interests could enable them to retain, basely joined in the unmerited condemnation. Had they been men of high feeling and unbending integrity, they would have gone at once to Her Majesty, and pointing out the inconvenience to which they were subjected by the vote in the House of Lords, have justified the act of their absent delegate on the ground of iron necessity, and avowed their readiness to stand or fall with him. Had this been done, a royal proclamation, or a bill in parlia-

ment, might have successfully met and overcome all the difficulties of the question.

CHAPTER VI.

On the day following that of the departure of Lord Durham from Quebec—November 2nd – I embarked in the steamer Charlevoix, on my return to Montreal. A very heavy snow-storm succeeding the almost glass-like calm of the preceding day, had fallen during the night, and the aspect of the country was fully in keeping with the gloom thrown over the minds of those who seemed to look upon Lord Durham's departure as the signal for some new and threatening disaster. Towards the close of the afternoon, however, the weather again cleared up, and, on the following day, the sun once more shone in all the softened splendor of an Indian-summer; while the waters, except where ploughed up by the paddles of a steamboat—the oars of a batteau—or the paddle of a canoe, were smooth as the unbroken surface of a dazzling mirror. The Charlevoix being a small boat, took, what is called, the narrow channel, and I remarked that wherever she stopped the Captain, who had been for some time suspected of secreting rebels and transporting them from one point to another, always conversed in a low tone, and with seeming mystery, with the groups that surrounded him as he stepped on shore. This was the case, particularly at Berthier, the inhabitants of which were avowedly disaffected, and at the village of Boucherville, which we reached about seven o'clock in the evening. Here the Captain (Chenier) held a very animated conversation on his own deck with several persons who (it being then dark) had come on board to visit him. Although this was conducted in so low a tone that I could not overhear what was said, my suspicion was strongly excited by the circumstance of their hurriedly retiring, when on my making some slight noise with my feet, they discovered that they were not alone. Subsequently, and as the boat was under way, one of the proprietors, who had embarked at Boucherville, entered into conversation in French with me on the subject of the late disturbances, justifying, in the course of his argument, which he rather hotly maintained, the murder of Chartrand. He affirmed, in the name of the French population, that the acquittal of Nicolas, and the brothers Pinsonnault,* (which had recently taken place,) was only a matter of duty with the jury, inasmuch as, on two previous occasions, French Canadians had been killed almost without provocation by Englishmen, who, on trial, were acquitted; and, in fine, the whole tenor of his language went to shew that such had been the exasperation created in the minds of his countrymen by these and similar acts of injustice, that they had been driven into rebellion. He, himself, I subsequently understood, had been confined in the gaol of Montreal, and, as will be seen presently, was deeply implicated in another outbreak which, even at the moment of his conversation with me, was on the brink of explosion, if not actually commenced.

* These men had been tried for the murder of Chartrand.

On our arrival at Montreal, about nine o'clock, everything was confusion and alarm, in consequence of intelligence which had been received that an immediate rising, not only in the country, but in that city, was to be apprehended. The active chief police magistrate, Mr. Leclerc, to whom the merit of early discovery of the plot is due, boarded the Charlevoix the moment she touched the wharf, and anxiously inquired if Sir John Colborne was on board. His disappointment was great on finding that he was not, and he then informed me that numbers of affidavits had been taken before him, setting forth that that very night, or on the following day, the outbreak would take place. This accounted for the mysterious conferences I had witnessed on my way up, and I thought myself lucky to have escaped the fate of those who had been captured in the Sir Robert Peel. The Charlevoix was instantly seized and detained.

Notwithstanding the intense anxiety which naturally prevailed in Montreal, where the depositions stated the chief rising was to take place, the night of Saturday passed away without tumult; possibly knowing that the authorities and military were on the alert, the rebel leaders were afraid to move, or because they had intended to make their attack on the following day, when the troops should be in church, and only in their side-arms.

The next morning (Sunday,) was one of the most dull and sombre that I remember ever to have witnessed. The atmosphere was low, thick, and obscured; and yet it could scarcely be said to be fog that prevailed, for it was unlike anything of the kind I had ever witnessed. There was no curling vapor rising from the ground, and wreathing itself in fantastic folds around whatever it embraced, but the chill atmosphere was, up to a certain altitude, clear, though dark, and that sort of light was emitted which is usual on a starry night in the absence of the moon. It seemed as if a heavy black curtain, excluding the sun's rays, had extended over the city, and there hung stationary in middle air.

Fatigued from the want of proper accommodation in the Charlevoix, I had felt no very great inclination to allow the prevailing alarm of an insurrection during the night to curtail my slumbers. It was late when I awoke, and then the shrill blast of bugles, the clanging of arms, the hoarse sound of voices, the ringing of bells, and the occasional galloping past of a horseman, led me to imagine, amid the darkness I have described, that that which had been apprehended was actually in the course of execution. A reference to my watch, preceded by an announcement that breakfast had been sometime waiting for me, satisfied me that, according to the calendar, it was no longer night, but ought to have been broad day. I made a hasty toilette, swallowed a cup of coffee, and then sallied forth, marvelling as I walked at the strange and unusual darkness, to that part of the city whence the chief sounds of commotion seemed to proceed. It was nearly twelve o'clock, when, following the Rue Bonsecours from the neighbourhood of the Bishop's Church, I reached a corner of the Rue Notre Dame, and yet there was no change in the deep gloom of the atmosphere. Bodies of dark forms, which were soon discovered to be regular troops, were to be seen posted at various distances along the main streets, which, moreover, were filled with small knots of the inhabitants conversing earnestly in a low tone. Parties of Volunteers were also busied in entering

the houses of such of the French Canadians as were suspected, and securing what arms and ammunition were to be found in them. All seemed intent on the fulfilment of some assigned duty. But the most imposing part of this lugubrious spectacle was in the Place d'Armes, which seemed to be the principal theatre of interest. Here the Artillery were drawn up with lighted matches, the muzzles of their guns facing the Catholic Cathedral, the *bourdonnement* of the bells of which had summoned the people to mass as usual, and among these a number of individuals of influence and high standing in the city, whom having been included in the list of those denounced to the Chief Magistrate, it was intended to seize as they issued from the sacred edifice. The guns were on the ground to awe down any attempt at rescue on the part of the people.

It was impossible to witness this part of the military demonstration without being forcibly impressed with a sense of the anomolies that spring from circumstances. The scrupulous respect that is, at all times, exacted from British soldiers towards the ceremonies of the Catholic Church, and particularly to that of the procession of the Host, is too well known to need comment. The uncovering of the head, if not absolutely the bending of the knee, to that which not only *they* look upon as a species of idol, but *those* who compel them to the act regard in the same light, has ever been most rigorously enforced from officers serving in whatever country, subject to the dominion of England, the Roman Catholic religion prevails. In Malta, Sicily, Jersey, Guernsey, and Canada, the observance of this respect has ever been most emphatically enjoined, and there has been an instance, nay, if I mistake not there have been instances, where officers have been dismissed the service for refusing to pay an homage which their conscience denied and rejected. How far this is just or politic or necessary, it is not my intention here to inquire; but, I repeat, it was impossible to behold those troops, who had been tutored to look with awe and veneration upon the ceremonies of the Romish Church—that Church in many individual cases their own—now obeying the order which had been given them, and pointing the muzzles of their loaded guns towards the very temple which contained the symbols they had been taught to regard with veneration, without feeling how completely a soldier is the creature of the circumstances which surround him, the plaything of Fate, and the changeling of the hour.

When the service was concluded, the arrests were made, much, it will be presumed, to the dismay of those who preceived that their designs were discovered; and by one o'clock numerous persons, including those who had been taken from their own residences, were lodged, on that and the following day, in the gaol of Montreal.* Confidence had in the meantime been, in a great degree, restored, for Sir John Colborne, under whose orders the troops were thus summarily acting, had reached Montreal about nine o'clock that morning. He had left Quebec some hours after myself, in the John Bull

* The principal among these were Messrs. Denis B. Viger, now, or very recently, President of the Executive Council; his brother, Louis M. Viger; Louis H. Lafontaine; Francis H. Desrevieres; John Donegani; &c. &c. &c.. and the whole number of prisoners lodged for high treason in the gaol of Montreal, between the 4th of November, 1838, and the 25th of January, 1839, amounted to not less than one thousand two hundred and eighty three persons. Of the parties we have named above, all were liberated after a detention of a few weeks in prison, with the exception of Denis B. Viger, who remained in confinement until May 16th, 1840, when he was released by Mr. Poulett Thomson.

steamer, and having met the St. George, bearing despatches to him conveying the important intelligence of the threatened outbreak, caused all possible exertion to be made to reach the destination where his presence was so much required.

As the second rebellion, although occurring at different points of the frontier, was not of very long duration, and can be comprised in a few pages, it may not be inappropriate here to introduce a *resumé* of the whole, and in the order in which the several risings took place.

While the proceedings to which I have just alluded were going on in Montreal, the standard of revolt was raised at Beauharnois, Laprairie, and L'Acadie and that at an hour which renders it even more probable that the attempt was to have been made in Montreal on the night of Saturday, when it was known Sir John Colborne would be absent. At La Tortue, a hamlet distant a few miles from Laprairie, a body of the rebels attacked the residences of the loyalists of the neighborhood, and among others the house of a respectable farmer named Vitty. Another farmer—Walker—had only shortly before taken refuge with him, and he assisted in defending the house. Walker was killed, and Vitty would in all probability have met with a similar fate, had it not fortunately happened that a party of the 7th Hussars, stationed at Laprairie, were made acquainted with what was going on in the neighbourhood of La Tortue by those who had been fortunate enough to make their escape. They galloped up to the scene of action, and succeeded in dispersing the rebels with the loss of two of the latter. Vitty, though nearly exhausted from the effects of five wounds, they found alive, and transported to Montreal, where he subsequently recovered. The widow of the unfortunate Walker was also conveyed across the river to Montreal, which she entered with every mark of distraction on her countenance, and carrying in her arms a child, which, like herself, was spotted over with the blood of the murdered man.

At Beauharnois, about two o'clock the same night (Saturday,) for it scarcely could be called morning, an armed force of rebels —four hundred in number—attacked the house of Mr. Ellice, the proprietor of that Seigniory; making prisoners Messrs. Brown, Norval and Ross, Mrs. Ellice and a Miss Balfour, who was with her at the time, were entrusted to the Curé of Beauharnois, by whom they were treated with all possible respect. The insurgents then moved on to Chateauguay, which had been fixed on as their Head Quarters.

The most interesting occurrence, however, took place on the following day (Sunday,) at Caughnawaga, about seven miles from Laprairie, and picturesquely situated on the St. Lawrence. While the Indians, who principally inhabit this village, were attending their morning service utterly ignorant of the rebellion that had commenced, a squaw who had gone into the woods in search of a stray cow, fancied as she approached a particular spot that she perceived the glimmering of arms. She looked more closely, and with that keenness of glance for which the Indian is remarkable, when she discovered that her impression was correct, for she now distinctly saw several men moving cautiously among the trees, while others were lying down apparently in ambush. With characteristic presence of mind, she affected not to have seen anything extraordinary, but continued her way, diverg-

ing gradually from the party, yet seemingly in search of some lost object. In this manner she continued to make such a circuit as brought her at once near the church, and out of view of those whom she had so opportunely discovered. She now entered the building and apprized the Indians of the danger that threatened them. A young Chief—a tall and muscular fellow of about five and twenty—volunteered to take upon himself the direction of the affair, and having given the necessary instructions to his warriors, they hastened home and armed themselves with what weapons could be found. These being quickly collected, and the warriors again assembled, the Chief led them to a spot where, he placed them all in ambush, with the exception of four men with whom he advanced to that part of the wood where the concealed rebels were lying. As he approached, they became revealed to him, and accosting the person who seemed to be, and was, their leader, demanded to know why an armed force was thus concealed so near the village. "This is my answer" replied the leader presenting a pistol at the Chief's breast. In an instant the Indian dashed the weapon aside, and took the man firmly by the collar of his coat, pealing forth at the same time the astounding war-whoop which brought the warriors he had secreted, bounding and with fierce yells to his side. The terrified rebels lost all power of resistance, and suffering themselves to be disarmed and made prisoners to the number of seventy-five—were bound tightly with cords—tumbled into boats and conveyed to Montreal where, of course, they were instantly imprisoned. Very few of the Indians, who were moreover inferior in point of number, were armed with any other weapons than their knives. The heroic young Chief, whom I saw, and who naturally exulted in the success of his exploit, offered to bring in the scalp of every rebel in his neighborhood, if Sir John Colborne would but give him authority to do so.

On the 5th of November (a fitting day for the apprehension of conspirators), numerous other arrests took place in Montreal, and the 24th Regiment, with several guns, were pushed forward to Laprairie, preparatory to a grand movement of the whole of the disposable force, intended by Sir John to be made upon Napierville, near St. Johns, on Lake Champlain, where the main body of the rebels, nearly four thousand strong, were known to be concentrated. The 71st Regiment and the main body of the 7th Hussars followed the next day. During these operations, the enemy made an attack, not far from Napierville, upon the weak militia force stationed near Odelltown, which was under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Taylor,* Inspecting Field Officer on that frontier, but they were repulsed in a very gallant manner.

On the 7th, the Grenadier Guards, who had been hastily sent for on the Sunday preceding, reached Montreal from Quebec, bringing with them a prisoner of some note who had been delivered into their custody at Three Rivers.

This person had been arrested while in the act of exciting the people to rebellion, and although a Scotch Canadian, represented himself as an American General, stating that his countrymen had every where risen in arms, with a view of assisting the oppressed Cana-

* This officer has since been killed in Scinde.

dians, from whom they expected a corresponding exertion. While on his way up, in custody, he accosted Sir James M'Donell, the commander of the brigade, and claiming relationship with him (he bore the same name), requested him to interpose his influence in his favor. The veteran was exceedingly indignant, and told him that if he was a M'Donell and relative, which he very much doubted, he was the first of the family who had ever disgraced himself by turning traitor to his Sovereign—consequently that he might expect neither favor or protection from him. On being landed at Montreal, General M'Donell (the younger) met with no such flattering reception as greeted his relative. He was known in the city which was indeed his place of abode, and it required all the vigilance of the small detachment of Guards, composing his escort, to prevent him from being stoned to death by the exasperated populace. As it was, he received several severe blows from missiles, and such was the animosity with which he was followed that the Guards were compelled to ensure his safety by entering the barrack yard of the Royals, the gates of which were with difficulty closed against the threatening crowd. While here, he fainted as much from shame as from fatigue and bodily pain, and fell to the ground partly dragging with him an American sympatizer, (Isaac Negus, a contractor,) who had been taken with him, and to whose wrist his own was manacled. A cart with a little straw was then procured, and in this humiliating manner, and chained to one who had more the appearance of a convict than anything else, the man who had filled a respectable situation in Montreal was conveyed amid the hootings and insults of his fellow townsmen, (and among whom there were many well dressed people,) for upwards of a mile to the already thronged prison of the city.

At the period of his capture, several papers of the highest importance were, independently of a box containing flags and commissions for aspirants in the Patriot army, found in his possession. What these papers were has never publicly transpired, but so important were they considered by the party who arrested him at Nicolet, where he was taken into custody, that they were immediately conveyed to Sir John Colborne. Soon after their receipt, a rumor was spread abroad that among the documents had been found a plan for the summary disposal, by the leaders of the rebellion, of the principal loyal merchants of the city. The Jews —and they are numerous in Montreal—were, according to to this statement, to have been completely proscribed. Mr. Benjamin Hart, a wealthy merchant of that persuasion, was to have been elevated to a gibbet.—The Montreal Water Works, the property of Mr. Hayes, another wealthy Jewish merchant, was to have been confiscated to the use of the Provincial Government, while the proprietor himself, with numerous other Christian merchants, were to have been kept as prisoners until ransomed at high prices, to benefit the Provincial Government also. Hence the bitterness with which Mr. M'Donell, who was a lawyer in good practice at Montreal, was visited by the inhabitants of the city generally, as above shown. It was further stated that his house, situated in an obscure street in the Fauburg St. Antoine, and particularly adapted from its locale, for purposes of secrecy, was the great theatre at

which the rebel chiefs had been in the habit of holding their midnight conferences.*

On the same day (the 7th,) there was a partial rising at Terrebonne, but this, the inhabitants being generally well affected, was speedily put down.

On the 8th, Sir John Colborne and his staff, with the Brigade of Guards, crossed over to Laprairie, in the midst of a drenching rain which was the more unexpected as there had been a severe frost the preceding day. The whole force then moved on to St. John's. Meanwhile, that morning, the insurgents commanded by a Doctor Nelson—the only person who, as well as Mr. Bouchette, seems to have evinced any spirit or resolution during the rebellion—anxious to repair the reverse sustained by the rebels on the 6th, returned to the attack of the small militia force at Odeltown, but again sustained a signal defeat, and were compelled to retire upon their head quarters at Napierville.

The following day (the 9th,) was devoted by Sir John Colborne to the completion of his dispositions for attack, and on the 10th the main body of the troops advanced upon Napierville—Colonel Love with the 73rd moving and arriving nearly at the same time from St. Valentine, in an opposite direction. On reaching Napierville, they found that the enemy had fled, two thousand having evacuated the place the preceding day, and the remainder of the force only two hours before the troops entered. The 7th Hussars were sent in pursuit, but did not come up with them.

This delay of five days, from the 6th to the 10th inclusive, when the troops could have been pushed on to Napierville in two nights, might, had the rebellion attained any serious height, have proved disastrous in the extreme. The destruction of this force, which contained the chief strength and sinew of the insurgents, was of paramount importance, not only as paralysing their present measures, but because its dispersion by the bayonet could not fail to discourage them from future attempts. Fortunately, however, the country was not so ripe for open revolt as the leaders desired, and although, as will be seen later, the American sympathizers were, as had been concerted, on the move to second their efforts, their natural indolence of character prevented them from following up

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* The account here given of the circumstances connected with Mr. M'Donell's capture varies somewhat from what appears in my notes taken on the very day of his being brought into Montreal; and for this reason. On looking over these a few days ago, I came to that portion of them which alludes briefly to the second rebellion, and feeling that it would be an act of delicacy as well as of justice to acquaint Mr. M'Donell with my intention to publish what was an essential portion of my subject, I sent him a copy of the remarks immediately relating to himself, with a note stating that, unless good reason could be shown to throw a doubt upon its truth, it would appear as a part and parcel of my short summary of the events of the rebellion. From Mr. M'Donell I received the reply which is subjoined, and from the statement of its inaccuracy charged upon me, I have since been led to make a more minute inquiry into the matter, from which has resulted the statement which appears above, and which varies slightly from that of which I forwarded to him a copy.—I need scarcely add that, had Mr. M'Donell's communication supplied me with any good reason for the entire suppression of the paragraph, I should have made the sacrifice of historical truth to a disinclination to give pain, where I could perceive pain was likely to result from the prosecution of a contrary course:—

"Mr. M'Donell has to acknowledge the receipt of a note from ————————, enclosing an extract purporting to be 'a portion of his remarks upon the rebellion,'—he, Mr. M'Donell, can of course exercise no influence on ————————'s conduct in this matter, but has to inform him that almost every word of the said extract, having reference to his Mr. M'Donell's, arrest in 1838, is either false or exaggerated—evidently, in short, the absurd rumours of the day.

Montreal, 17th October, 1846."

any advantage that might have resulted to them from the dilatory movements of the troops. In all probability Sir John Colborne anticipated the dispersion which followed, and indisposed to the unnecessary shedding of blood, especially where an undisciplined and misguided rabble were his opponents, had rather preferred making such a display of his preparations as would awe them into submission. The strong humanity of his character forcibly adds to this belief. His enemies have accused him of being bloodthirsty and cruel. Never was there a more unjust or ungrounded charge. Sir John Colborne was too good a man—too religious a man to have been guilty of an act of unnecessary cruelty. Even where his own impartial judgment has pointed out to him that mercy were a compromise of duty, more than one life, which had been forfeited to the Crown, has he restored to the prayers and entreaties of a despairing family.

While the troops were advancing upon Napierville in the order above shown, Colonel Carmichael, the Inspecting Field-Officer of that District, having under his command about a thousand of the Militia of Glengarry and a company of the 71st, made a forced march upon Beauharnois, for the purpose of releasing the prisoners taken on the night of the 3rd. But with the exception of one or two, whom they found on board of the Henry Brougham steamer, which had also fallen into the hands of the insurgents, all had disappeared. They had been sent on to Chateauguay, and finally to Napierville, where, on the abandonment of the place by the rebels, they were released, and allowed to make the best of their way, by Laprairie, to Montreal.

On the 11th, the Indians entered Chateauguay, which the rebels had also deserted, and plundered and burned the village. At the head of this party was the young chief who had behaved so well at Caughnawaga on the preceding Sunday, and of whom another noble trait is to be recorded. Among the inhabitants was a respectable old lady who had two trunks containing some valuable property. Amid the general confusion and plundering, she of course entertained no hope of saving what she most prized, yet in her despair entreated a gentleman of Montreal, who was present with a few Volunteers, to do what he could to preserve her property. This gentleman immediately sought the chief, whom he well knew, explained to him the alarm of the old lady, and begged his interference in the matter. To prevent his people from plundering where they could, was not so easy a task, but there was no reason why the chief should not anticipate them by plundering himself. He entered the house, laid his hands upon the trunks in question, and, much to the discomfiture of their owner, who could not be made to believe his object was to secure them for her, carried them off. Her joy was, however, equal to her regret, when, on the following day, quiet having been in some degree restored in the sacked village, the young chief made his appearance before her, bringing with him the trunks he had taken, and depositing them in the house in precisely the same condition in which he had found them.

The 12th was remarkable for one of the best-executed manœuvres which took place during the whole of the rebellion,—namely, the passage of the St. Lawrence, and occupation of a strong position below Prescott, in Upper Canada, by a numerous band of rebels and sympathizers, under the command of the Pole Von Schoultz. No

spot could have been selected so well adapted to the purpose, not of permanent defence, for that was never contemplated, but of holding out until joined by the great body of the population, who, they had been led to believe, were ready to flock to their standard the moment that a footing should be obtained. The windmill itself was a perfect tower of strength, and occupying as it did, and still does, a most commanding position on the elevated bank, might have defied the strongest artillery that could have been brought to bear against it. As it was, the shot from the guns of light calibre that were used on the steamers sent from Kingston, scarcely left their impression on the surface of the wall. The ultimate failure and capture of this expedition, were results, not of of any excellence in the measures adopted by the officer in command, Colonel Dundas, of the 83rd, but of the good conduct of the Militia under their several officers. Lieut. Johnson, of the above-named regiment, had on the first intimation of the landing, been despatched with forty men, and Lieut. Parker, of the Royal Marines, with thirty of his corps; and these officers, supported by the Militia, had very gallantly attacked the enemy, then posted in several stone houses and behind the stone walls that adjoined the windmill, but a heavy and destructive fire of rifles drove them back with the loss of Lieut. Johnson and several men. That *afternoon*, and not till then, Colonel Dundas left Kingston with a reinforcement of three companies of his regiment and a demi-field-battery; but finding that these guns were wholly useless, he withdrew the regular force to Kingston, intending to return on the following morning with heavier metal for a renewal of the attack. Now, this, it must be admitted, was a most unusual military proceeding. To withdraw a force upwards of sixty miles from the scene of action, under the plea of obtaining guns of a heavier calibre, when these might have been sent to him without, in any way, weakening the besieging force, has in it something so incomprehensible to a soldier, that I confess I have never been able to understand the tactics which induced the measure. True, he left a gallant and determined Militia to watch them during the night; but men rendered desperate by the hopelessness of their position, and fighting with a cord around their necks, it was natural to suppose would have made a fierce effort to cut their way through their enemies, or perish in honorable combat in the field. Moreover, knowing that there were no regular troops against whom to contend, but a militia force nearly as undisciplined as themselves, there was the more to induce this course of proceeding, and the only matter for surprise is that it was not attempted. Colonel Dundas ought to have known that, if their leaders were possessed of the commonest resolution and judgment, this was the course to be pursued; and when he returned from Kingston on the following day and found those still there to whom he had afforded so favorable an opportunity for escaping, he must have been sensible that it was owing to no foresight or judiciousness of arrangement of his own that this had not been effected. Even as it was, a number of the brigands did escape on the night of his departure, and the attempt, although made furtively, and with a caution which baffled the vigilance of the Militia, there is every reason to believe, was suggested to them by the withdrawal of the troops.

It has been sought by the friends and apologists of Colonel Dundas to justify this unparalleled military error, by imputing to

him an apprehension that, on the night when he *did* so singularly return to Kingston, the presence of the troops was absolutely necessary there, as an outbreak was to be expected. This is a libel on the people of Kingston than whom, with a very *very* few exceptions, a more loyal population is not to be found in any part, not only of Her Majesty's colonies, but of the empire itself, and Col. Dundas must have been well aware of that fact.

Be this as it may, the attack upon the windmill was renewed on the return of the regular force from Kingston, and after a great many of the besieged had succeeded in effecting their escape. After a very faint resistance the enemy, reduced to eighty-six in number, exclusive of sixteen wounded, surrendered at discretion, with three pieces of light ordnance. Colonel Dundas, as senior officer, reaped the laurels, and Her Majesty honored his victory with a Companionship of the Bath.

On the 14th, and the day previous to the surrender of Von Schoultz and his force, the remainder of the "Grand Napierville Army of Occupation," and now dwindled down to eighty men, hearing of the approach of Major Johnston and a company of the 66th, abandoned the position they had taken up at Boucherville, leaving behind them three guns—a quantity of powder—thirty muskets, a great number of pikes, and artillery-cartridges made up in bags, containing some dozens of musket-balls. And with this exploit terminated the insurrectionary movement in Lower Canada. Sir John Colborne, with the 24th and 73rd Regiments, and the heavy artillery, had now returned to Montreal, leaving at Laprairie the Guards, the Hussars, and a few light guns.

The above, taken from my notes recorded each day, is a brief account of the second rebellion, from the commencement to its close. Independently of one other act of aggression, to which I shall allude presently, the whole outbreak was not more than a ten day's affair.

Some private business requiring my presence in Upper Canada, I left Montreal for Toronto a few days after the Prescott invasion. Everything was tranquil in the neighbourhood of the late scene of contest, and but for the dilapidation of the windmill, there was no evidence of its having been used for a military purpose—unless, indeed, I may except the appearance of a sentinel, one of a small militia piquet posted in the mill, who was pacing to and fro with an air of very justifiable importance, which seemed to announce to each passing stranger, "Behold in me one of the captors of the redoubtable Von Shoultz." As for the windmill itself, it stood unharmed, and apparently as much undefaced by the shot which had been directed against it, as that which sustained the shock of the lance of the Knight of La Mancha. It struck me forcibly at the time that the selection of this position must have been the work of a soldier, who had well calculated his chances before moving in his game.

On reaching Kingston, I found a court-martial already assembled for the trial of the prisoners, and composed of the principal militia-officers of the district. Their proceedings were summary, and conviction speedily followed—sentence of death having been passed on Von Shoultz and several of his chief officers. I had a great curiosity to see the Pole, who, with his fellow-prisoners, was confined in Fort Henry, then occupied by a detachment of

the 93rd Highlanders. Availing myself, therefore, of an opportunity which presented itself, I mounted the tedious hill leading to the elevated and rather picturesque fortress, and soon found myself in the presence of him I sought.

I confess I was particularly and favorably impressed with the manner of this unfortunate man. No intimation whatever had been given to him of my intended visit, and yet when the bolt of the prison was withdrawn, and we suddenly appeared before him, his whole demeanor and attitude were such as could not fail to command respect. It being near the close of November, it was, of course, cold; and around a stove of sheet iron, made intensely hot, were clustered a band of shivering wretches, one half of them without coats, and either warming their fingers or cooking some article of food—the whole exhibiting an appearance of despair and misery which left on the mind a sentiment of disgust. But the relief to this picture was in the back ground. Beyond these squalid and contemptible-looking beings, with folded arms, and evidently acknowledging no moral assimilation with those by whom he was surrounded, paced Von Shoultz, with the dignified manner of one whose spirit not even in adversity, in her most hideous aspect, could bend into an association with vulgar minds. There was, moreover, a placidity and quiet resolution about his fine countenance, that could not fail to interest, while the glance of a moment was sufficient to satisfy the beholder that, whatever his political faults—however misdirected his career of adventure—the man was a gentleman and a soldier. He was dressed rather neatly, wearing a dark frock coat, and a forage cap lightly and becomingly thrown over his brown hair, and his face, naturally pale, as much from the consciousness of the position in which he stood, as from the effects of his confinement, exhibited a mildness of expression which led me to wish that he had either died in the field or never entered it—at least with American sympathisers and Canadian *soi-disant* patriots. Had this composed and half-melancholy air—this winningness of manner, been assumed for effect, it would of course have been estimated at its true vulue, but as I have before remarked, he knew not of the approach of any visiter, and not a minute had elapsed between the time the officer of the guard applied the key to the lock, and that to my introduction into the prison.

On seeing me, Von Shoultz suddenly discontinued his meditative walk, and looked inquiringly, for my appearance had, as I soon after learnt from himself, impressed him with a belief that I was a countryman of his own, come to visit and console him in his hour of extremity. I had on at the time a travelling dress, consisting of a Spanish zamara, or fur jacket, with a velvet cap, tasselled, and hanging over the side of the head *à la Polonaise*, and these, with my moustachios, certainly gave him every right to assume that I was a foreigner. I went up to him, and accosting him in French, which language he spoke very fluently, expressed my regret to see a person of his appearance in such a situation—adding, that I felt the more surprise that a Pole, and in all probability a refugee, who had often shared her bounty, should, of all other people, have armed against England—a country that had effected so much in amelioration of the condition of his exiled countrymen. This seemed rather to startle him, yet he

replied that he had imagined he was rendering a service to England, instead of injuring her, by adopting the course he had pursued. He said that he had been fully given to understand, before embarking in the expedition which had terminated so unfavorably to him, that the whole of the Canadian people were anxious for liberty and independence, and that he had fully expected, on landing and gaining a temporary position, to be joined by armed thousands in a few hours. This, he concluded by asserting, had been the impression industriously circulated among those it was thought desirable to attach to the ranks of the invaders, by certain secret committees and lodges, which he declared existed everywhere throughout the American Union (and particularly in the State of New York), to an extent of which I could have no possible conception.

The pretence of rendering a service to England, by invading and republicanizing her colonies—lame as it was—was, of course, the only one that could suggest itself in apology, and I did not persevere in what I saw was an unwelcome topic. To my enquiry whether he had ever been in the Polish service, he replied that he had attained the rank of captain in the cavalry, and had been engaged against Russia—that, like many others of his countrymen, he had been compelled to flee into exile, and was glad to obtain service wherever it could be found. He added that he bitterly regretted having embarked in the Canadian disturbances, into which he had been committed by false promises and falser hopes—that, however, he knew his fate, and was prepared to meet it.

During all this time Von Shoultz spoke with a mildness of voice that was perfectly in harmony with the repose of his features, and when he remarked that, at my *premier abord*, he had been led to believe I was a countryman, he seemed to feel disappointment at his mistake. He, however, politely thanked me for having been interested enough in him to pay him a visit, and remarked, with a faint attempt at a smile, that it would soon be all over with him.

I could say nothing—I could offer him no word of hope or consolation, and I confess that I felt deeply pained, not more at the certainty of the fate that awaited him, but at the quiet and uncomplaining manner in which he resigned himself to that fate. I extended my hand, wishing him farewell. He grasped it energetically, and for the first time, betrayed anything like emotion. This, however, was subdued—so much so as to be almost imperceptible to any one not closely watching the workings of his countenance. I withdrew to the door, where the two young officers of the 93rd (Lieutenants Hay and Studdert—the former a son of Sir Andrew Leith Hay, who introduced me,) lingered spectators of the short scene, and as I once more turned, preparatory to leaving the place, I saw that Von Shoultz had again resumed his limited walk. A moment after, and the heavy and creaking door had shut him from my view for ever.

For several days, I could not get the image of this interesting man out of my memory, and I half regretted my visit to the Fort. His sentence had not yet been made known, but no one could for an instant doubt what it would be, and what justice demanded it should be. The day subsequent to my interview with him, I left Kingston

for Toronto, and it was only on my arrival there, that I knew his sentence to be death. Although I was prepared for this, I felt nevertheless grieved and, anomalous though it may appear, disappointed; for with that strange tenacity with which we often cling to the hope of realization of that which, howeve. improbable, we earnestly desire, I had indulged in the possibility of his reprieve from the capital sentence to transportation.

I remained three or four days in Toronto, and on that which preceded my return, had the pleasure of dining again with the amiable family of Sir George Arthur. There was only a small party present, and consisted principally of commanding officers of regiments and heads of departments. Among the former was the gallant colonel Love of the 73rd, who, with his regiment, had been ordered to Toronto immediately after the return of the expedition to Napierville, and who in consequence of intelligence just received of an attack by the brigands on the unprotected village of Windsor, opposite to the American fort of Detroit, had that day received orders to push his corps to the western frontier without delay. The conversation, deriving a strong stimulus from the recent invasion, naturally turned upon matters of an almost exclusive military character. The summary act of Col. Prince, who had ordered four prisoners taken at Windsor, in defiance of his orders to give no quarter, to be shot when brought before him, was fully canvassed, and I could not perceive that the majority of the officers present dissented much from the opinion I had formed on the subject,—namely, that of complete justification of the act under the circumstances. The sympathizers taken were not recognized soldiers of any acknowledged power, but pirates and brigands come to despoil and murder those who had never given them the slightest provocation. These men were completely out of the pale of the law of civilized nations, and had there been nothing else to justify the most severe measures against them, the inhuman murder and atrocities committed by these lawless marauders on the body of the first of their victims, and he (Dr. Hume) an unarmed one, rendered it a matter of stern necessity and uncompromising duty. In order to prevent the unoffending inhabitants of the district from being made a prey to their rapacious and cruel acts, and to prevent a recurrence of these attempts at invasion, it was imperative to inflict such a punishment as would effectually deter others from entering upon the same course. In causing the prisoners to be shot, I conceive that Colonel Prince was perfectly right. It had been his peremptory order that no prisoners should be taken, and if there were those who presumed to disobey that order, the wrong was with themselves. To have saved the lives of those men would not only have been a mistaken humanity, but would have subjected the country to future acts of aggression. Once convinced that they incurred no other penalty than the chances of an honorable death in the field, or the lenient punishment of imprisonment if taken, each month, each week might have witnessed a repetition of their efforts, until in the end perseverance or some fortuitous accident might have crowned their enterprise with success. There can be no doubt in the mind of any military man, conversant with the peculiar exigencies of the country, and the constant state of excitement in which the minds of the inhabitants had been kept for a series of months, that Colonel Prince was perfectly justified in issuing the order he did, for it must be recollected that he was dealing, not

with an honorable foe, but a brigand and a midnight assassin, the first intimation of whose approach was the torch applied to the dwelling of the slumberer—the rifle bullet to whose heart. Had I been placed in the same position of responsibility, I should have acted precisely as Colonel Prince did, and my only surprise is that he should have since disavowed the propriety of the act—the necessity for the execution.

In its turn, reference was made to the affair of the windmill, and the court martial then being held on the prisoners. I repeated to Sir George the conversation I had had, a day or two previously, with Von Schoultz, and the interest with which his superior manner had impressed me, concluding with the expression of a wish that it had not been necessary, for the sake of example, to put so noble a fellow to death. Sir George seemed interested in my account, but of course it was wholly out of his power, whatever might be his personal inclination, to do other than confirm the sentence of the court. Least of all of the prisoners, could mercy be extended to their leader, and the greater his qualifications, the less was he a subject for sympathy. Even that day he had been executed.

But the conversation, although still of a military character, at length turned upon a more agreeable theme,—the services of the gallant Sir John Colborne. It was delightful to hear Colonel Love —an old 52nd man himself—who wore the well-merited reward of his valor upon his breast, expatiate on the feats of arms of Sir John in the Peninsula. He tracked him throughout his brilliant course, dwelt upon every dashing enterprise in which he had been engaged, and related so many amusing anecdotes of his service, that the whole party were disappointed when he had closed. To Sir George especially, to whom the details seemed entirely new, it afforded great interest, and he listened with deep attention. There was no petty jealousy exhibited in implied doubts, neither was there perceptible any of the coldness of the mere assent of commendation of one who had been more fortunate in his military career in the field than himself. His ear drank in all that Colonel Love related with an earnestness that proved how much he was absorbed in the narration, while the smile that lighted up his features, whenever some signal success of the gallant veteran was alluded to, bore evidence of the internal approbation he accorded. On the whole, I never passed a more agreeable or satisfactory evening. Colonel Love was the soul of the party, and infused his animation into all around him.

Being desirous of communicating the earliest intelligence of the Windsor affair to Sir John Colborne, I applied for and obtained permission to convey the despatches from Sir George. Furnished with these, I left Toronto for Kingston in the armed steamer Traveller, but, the day of my arrival at this last place being Sunday, there was no immediate conveyance downwards, and I was compelled to wait nearly twenty hours before I could resume my journey. To make me agreeable compensation for this delay, I had the pleasure of dining with the agreeable family of the Town Major Fitzgerald, an old soldier who had seen much service, and who well knew how to exercise the hospitality of "auld lang syne." Dearly, and with the ineffable gusto of a connoisseur, did he love his glass of port wine, and nothing disconcerted him so much as to see his guest commit the sin of neglecting to put the stopper in the decanter when the wine remained with him. He is gone: peace to his memory.

My delay in Kingston was fatal to the object for which I had requested to be entrusted with the despatches. Captain Arthur, the son and Aide-de-Camp of Sir George, and to whom I have already alluded, had also given me a note for Colonel Dundas, commanding at Kingston, conveying to him the substance of the intelligence contained in the despatches, and, as I subsequently understood from Major Fitzgerald, that officer had immediately sent off an express from himself to Sir John Colborne. Pressing my arrangements for departure, I got into the mail about four o'clock on Monday morning, the weather being bitterly cold. Some snow had fallen within a day or two, but this was so partial for the first ten miles of the road out of Kingston, that the bumping upon the frozen ruts and the uncovered rocks was as good a substitute for the punishment of purgatory as well could be imagined. This distance passed, the snow became deeper, and the roads consequently better, while my persuasions with the driver were so effectual, that when we had got about two thirds of the way down to Montreal, I found that the express (which, as there were many relays on the road, had been frequently changed) was little more than half an hour in advance of me. I confess I was extremely desirous of anticipating Colonel Dundas' communication, and therefore urged the drivers to renewed exertion. There was no lack of inclination, or of the whip on their parts; but such were the execrable arrangements of the Post-Office Department, that the delay in delivering the mails was great beyond credibility. The smaller the hamlet too, the more protracted was the period of exchange. At Brockville, Prescott, and Cornwall, we experienced little comparative detention, but I remarked that wherever we stopped at a pitiful village where an apology for a post-office had been established, and in which there were not half a dozen houses or rather cabins altogether, the delay was invariably greater and more disproportionate. It seemed to me that they must have been in the practice, as they opened the bags, of emptying them of their contents and feeding their curiosity, by looking at the superscription of every letter, if not of examining the newspapers for the latest intelligence. I was annoyed beyond measure on two or three occasions, for although I told these officials calling themselves postmasters that I was charged with important papers for Sir John Colborne which admitted not of delay in the delivery, nay, although my name appeared on the way-bill in the character of a bearer of Despatches, there was not the slightest disposition manifested to depart from their accustomed system; and indeed the only thing I found efficient was a threat to report the unnecessary detention of the mail to the heads of the Post-Office Department. Not less than *five* hours of the time occupied in the route from Kingston to Montreal—altogether performed in forty—were consumed in the way I have described; and indeed this very journey formed the basis of a communication to the Post-Office Commissioners which I subsequently, at their request, addressed to them, and which appears in pages 47, 48, and 49 of the "Post-Office Enquiry for British North America."

Thwarted and baulked as I was by these village post-masters, it may be presumed I did not gain much on the express.—He was always half an hour before me, and when I at length arrived in town, about nine o'clock on Tuesday evening, and jumping from the sleigh, hastened to Government House, I found that my news

had been half an hour anticipated by the communication from Colonel Dundas. This, although not unexpected, was mortifying enough, for I had taken all possible trouble in the matter, and had borne with the obstacles offered to my rapidity of progress in any other than a spirit of philosophy. I explained the cause of my detention to Sir John, throwing the whole blame, of course, upon the Post Office. He saw that I was annoyed and disappointed, and I presume with a view of putting me in good humour with myself, observed that, after all, the despatch happened not to be of a nature that made its early delivery to him a matter of very much importance.

The next day I dined at Government House, and as Sir John did me the honor to request me to take my seat next to him, we had full leisure when the conversation turned on the subject, to enter upon the condition of Upper Canada. He seemed to be of opinion, (and this proved to be correct,) that the late attempt of the sympathizers, at Windsor, would be found to be their last effort, for although he did not absolutely express his sense of the summary course pursued by Colonel Prince, (this I think was not alluded to in the despatch, but communicated from myself,) it was obviously his impression that the severity exercised by that officer would—putting aside all considerations of propriety or humanity—have a direct tendency to check the infamous spirit of *brigandage* which had been manifested to such an alarming extent, by the more reckless citizens of the United States. From the affair of Windsor, we adverted to that of Prescott, and I naturally recapitulated the circumstances of the interview I had had on my way up with the leader, Von Schoultz,—following up the account with an eulogium on the military skill I thought he had displayed in the selection, as a place of temporary defence, of the windmill.

Sir John however expressed a different opinion, quoting, in support, the fact of the mill being within the range of the guns of the Fort at Prescott, and the building itself so constructed as not to admit of offensive operations being carried on from it, while the stone houses by which it was surrounded, instead of affording cover to the besieged, would if forced (as they necessarily must be in the end,) be converted into shelter for their assailants. This was certainly putting the matter in a new light. The objections offered by the gallant veteran were such as could not well be refuted, had the windmill actually been within effective range of, and commanded by the guns of Fort Wellington, and had it been the object or design of the invaders simply to entrench themselves and fortify the position. But neither of these were the facts, and I ventured to point out to Sir John that, as the windmill had been almost unharmed by the shot thrown against it, at almost musket range, from the steamers which had conveyed the troops from Kingston, it was not likely that metal from guns of even a heavier calibre would have made much impression upon it if thrown from so great a distance as the Fort at Prescott; and, that, moreover Von Schoultz had not expected to be in the country more than twelve hours without having such an accession of force as would render a position of defence unnecessary. Then again, their near proximity to the river afforded the brigands every facility for obtaining supplies and reinforcements from Ogdens-

burg—an American town nearly e . . e—under cover of the darkness of the night, or, if unsuccessful in the object of the invasion, for effecting their escape.

Sir John was not at all inclined to be convinced of the solidity of my argument, nor did he abandon his own original impression. I had not, of course, the presumption or vanity to put my military experience and judgment in competition with that of so distinguished a soldier, but nevertheless I could not think I was wrong in ascribing to Von Schoultz a good deal of military tact in the selection he had made of a place of landing, where he was not subject to the disadvantage of fighting his way to a position; but where, on the contrary, he found one already formed to his hands without moving fifty yards to occupy it.*

One astounding piece of information I received from Sir John Colborne on this occasion, and while alluding casually to the distribution of the troops along the frontier—particularly to the extraordinary desertions which were daily taking place in the 15th Regiment, stationed at St. John's, and then in utter disorganization. It was this—that from the close of the last war with the United States in 1815, up to the period at which he was speaking, not less than *five thousand* men had deserted from the several British corps serving in Canada! I scarcely thought I heard aright, but when I put the question to him, Sir John repeated the number. What an army of deserters to be sure! and who could have imagined the British soldier to be so wanting in honor and principle! But, while on the subject of desertion, I must not overlook facts which have come to my knowledge through other official channels, and which every commanding officer bringing his men to Canada should transcribe from this volume into the regimental order book.

The three principal posts in Upper Canada from which desertions take place, are Amherstburgh, Niagara, and Kingston. The 34th and 89th Regiments lost a great many men from the former garrison; and the 43rd—the gallant and crack 43rd—were, while occupying Drummondville, near the Falls of Niagara, so much infected by the mania—a mania which is repented almost as soon as indulged in—that Colonel Booth, the then commanding officer of the regiment, has been known to shed tears before his men, conjuring them not to continue to bring disgrace on themselves and upon him who had shared their glories and dangers from boyhood, by persevering in the guilty and disreputable course. At Kingston, however, the facilities for gaining the American shore are so many, that this post may be said to be the head quarters for desertion. The 14th, 23rd, and 24th, lost, during the period of their being quartered there, a vast proportion of their strength. Nor was this owing to any undue severity in the discipline, or to any particular dislike of their commanding officers. On the contra-

* It has been asserted by some that his original intention was to have seized upon another windmill at Maitland, some six or seven miles above Prescott, where equal advantages were not offered to him; and by others, that the fort at Prescott itself was his object; but, that he had been foiled in his view, in consequence of his vessels being carried by the current lower down the river than he expected, when the alarm having been given, he was compelled to throw himself into the postion he actually did occupy. This may, or may not be the case, but if it was so, it in no way derogates from his decision and military tact. It is when the plans of an able leader are disconcerted by influences over which he can have no control, that he profits most by those means which are yet within his reach.

ry, in the case of the 43rd, where the desertions were so numerous, the colonel was beloved by his men, and yet the strange and seemingly irresistible infatuation continued, as though some unseen power urged them to the commission of an act which, as will be seen presently, brands them with infamy even among the most unprincipled of those with whom they seek refuge. Neither in the 14th was there any of that severity of duty or martinetism which frequently prompt men to attempt an amelioration of their condition. But I now arrive at the important part of the subject.

One might be induced, from the frequency of occurrence of the crime, to suppose that the man who is guilty of desertion, leaves his post and forfeits the solemn obligation he has entered into with his Sovereign, in the assurance that he exchanges a service of tyranny and oppression for the enjoyment of unbounded liberty, and the respect of those among whom he re-casts his destiny—that, as a British soldier, his services when made available in the armies of his newly adopted country, entitle him, from his greater experience, to take rank before his comrades, and to command their esteem; or that whenever he exercises the trade or profession which he may have originally been taught, he is entitled to all the civil privileges and immunities from wrong of the American citizen.

Let the soldier who anticipates such advantages thoroughly disabuse himself. The very contrary is the fact; and they who coolly meditate desertion will do well, before leaping the chasm from which there is no honorable return, to look at the real, not at the artificial, side of the picture which is presented to their view. God has set his seal upon the perjurer as well as upon the murderer, and man is made the instrument of his will, in marking his hatred and contempt of the crime. It is on this immutable principle that, although we may love the treason, the traitor can never command our respect, and even among the depraved, they who deliberately violate the sanctity of an oath are looked upon as being even more depraved than themselves. So it is especially with the British deserter. Instead of enjoying that liberty for which he has perilled his eternal peace, he finds his condition even worse than that of a slave. If he works for hire, and honestly earns his wages, he is dependent solely on the caprice of him who has engaged his services, for, by legal process, he cannot recover a shilling. And thus, rendered abject and base by the inequality of position he finds to exist between himself and his new associates, he loses sight of the last sentiments of dignity common to man, or, if he descends not deeply and rapidly in the scale of infamy, sighs in vain for the recal of those days when, in the pride of a soldier's chivalrous profession, he walked erect upon the earth, and in the first and noblest land of freedom—England—an honored member of the human family.

Nor is the man who depends upon the exercise of his trade in a more enviable condition than the mere laborer. True, for a brief season, his mechanical dexterity and address may command countenance and support, and, if his transactions be of a ready-money kind, he may contrive to secure a bare existence; but ready-money transactions are neither usual nor profitable, and if with a view to extend his business, he adopt the system of giving credit, he must trust wholly to the good faith of those to whom he accords it, or be prepared to lose sight of that privilege which is not denied the meanest American citizen—the power of compelling restitution. If

he threaten an appeal to the courts of justice, insult will be added to injury. The person threatened will laugh in his face, and ask him whether he is not a British deserter, and if so, how he can presume to expect that his oath will have any weight, after having perjured himself to his Sovereign. But even among the mechanics, the proportion of good workmen is comparatively small, and therefore they who devote themselves to it are few.

A number of these deluded men enlist in the American army, where security for their fidelity is given in the utter impossibility of their ever returning home; but they are not treated with any consideration, and scarcely ever attain to the rank of a non-commissioned officer. Even while there is assurance that they cannot desert, they are looked upon with a distrustful eye. They are sensible of this, and may be distinguished by a sullen and desponding expression of countenance. They are, it is true, better paid and better fed than the English soldier, but the system of discipline is much more rigid, and the punishments more severe, and more frequently administered. During the Florida wars, they were invariably sent to encounter pestilence and hardship in every shape, and thousands of these unhappy men have left their bones amid the swamps and fastnesses of that inhospitable region.

On one occasion, a gentleman connected with one of the public departments in Kingston, visited French Creek, in the vicinity of the Thousand Islands, and the great rendezvous of deserters. During his short stay there he saw about eighty of these unfortunate men working in a ditch nearly mid-waist in mud, and their bodies covered with pustules and ulcers. He described the sight as being in the highest degree disgusting. He was personally known to most of the men, several of whom approached, and told him that they were so heartily tired of the miserable change in their position, that they would cheerfully undergo any punishment that might be inflicted, provided they should be suffered to return. They stated to him, what was the universal complaint, that although they toiled like slaves, they could not obtain remuneration for their work, for their task-masters invariably taunted them, when pressed for a settlement, with the assertion that their oath would be without weight in a court of justice.

And what food for reflection is here afforded! When I first entered the service the soldier was looked upon as the hardy veteran, and not in the light in which he is now regarded. There was the same attention to his comfort, but not to his luxurious ease—there was the same *esprit de corps*, but it was one of rivalry in the field; nor was there ever such an absurdity dreamt of as the soldiers of one regiment giving a "sumptuous and distinguished entertainment" to the soldiers of another, and drinking over wines of the "choicest kind" the health of the Queen—Prince Albert—The Army and Navy—the Duke of Wellington—their respective Colonels—the Ladies, followed by the farce of publication, in the newspapers of the locale, of their misplaced orgies, as if the public could feel any other sentiment than ridicule for these "high-life-below-stairs" proceedings. A rasher of pork—a basin of pease-soup, with bread, and a moderate portion of spirit, were the substantials of the men of those days, and in these the officers often partook with a gusto equal to any that is now derived from an indulgence in these "luxurious viands." Their minds had not been subjected to the influence of a

mistaken refinement. As long as a soldier got his food regularly, and his pay—when he could, he thought only of being in the presence of his enemy, and desertion from his colors was, at that period, almost wholly unknown. He knew no greater happiness than to embark in scenes of enterprize, whatever the incidental privations attending them, because he was aware that his officer would share equally in whatever hardships it should be his lot to encounter. The same rude bivouac contained them; their bodies reposed on the same sward of in the same forest; their heads were often pillowed on the same rude log; the same fire warmed their feet; and the same laugh was provoked from them by the quaint and characteristic tales of those who passed the midnight hours in stirring the embers of the dying fire, and relating what they felt would afford amusement to their officers. Here was a fellowship—a companionship, which, without one moment losing sight of the relative positions of the parties, blended all in concord, and left with the soldier not the most distant desire for change. He knew his duties, and he performed them; and when these were faithfully discharged, he enjoyed the intervening hours in a spirit which could leave no cause for lament that he had chosen the noble profession of a soldier. How such a man would have indulged in his rude witticisms, could he have anticipated that a time would arrive when a new "dynasty" of military men should arise, whose chief object it should be, not to seek laurels for themselves, but to compliment each other on the gallant deeds performed by their regiments long before they were born, or, at least, out of leading-strings; and to assume a credit for these deeds to themselves.

These were the good old days of simplicity in the character and bearing of a soldier; but war and peace necessarily render that character dissimilar. In the former state, too much vigor is infused into the physical and moral man, by a constant series of exciting scenes, in which he finds himself an important actor, to admit of his entertaining any more predominating feeling than that of proud identification with the glorious results achieved by the common valor. He feels that he is looked upon as one of the connecting-links in the great chain which binds the glorious destinies of his country—that he is respected in proportion to the service he is enabled to render to her—however humble the mode—and it is his pride to know that, when a nation's praise goes forth in thanks for an important victory, he is *one* of those to whom that homage is paid. With such inducements for adhesion to the standard of his country—such means afforded him to vary the scene of his dangers and of his service, to indulge in that desire for change which is natural to man in every condition of life, and yet to know that, if there be any perceptible or lengthened diminution of his comfort, it is because it is beyond the control of his officer to prevent that which is equally inflicted upon himself—with such inducements, I repeat, to be true to the flag of his country, the soldier feels that it would be a blindness of infatuation to forsake the manifold advantages he enjoys, for the purpose of following an *ignis fatuus*, which may lead to his utter destruction, and certainly cannot better his condition. Hence it is that in war, when the mind and the body are actively employed, desertions are of far less frequent occurrence than when no such state of honorable excitement exists.

But, during a period of profound peace, when there is nothing to animate the mind or to excite interest—when no vista of glory is

dimly seen in the distance—when a soldier's life is consumed in an unceasing round of drills, parades, and guard-mountings—when the same unvarying roster of duty is presented to him, likening his toil in a great degree to that of the slave—and when, if change of scene be offered, he finds it unaccompanied by any of those strong excitements which are inseparable from a condition of war, it is the less surprising that a morbid feeling, inducing listlessness and apathy, and even loathing of his condition, should eventually take possession of his mind, until recourse is finally had to that step which he thinks will lead to his relief, but which, experience satisfies him, not only makes real that suffering which is fancied, but shuts him out from every prospect of a return to the enjoyment of those actual benefits he has so thoughtlessly and so guiltily relinquished.

Another superinducing cause of the frequency of desertion in the British army at the present day is, in my opinion, the institution of libraries (by no means, in many instances, select) in the several corps; and the direction of the minds of the men to subjects utterly unsuited to their position. These, in expanding his intellect, tend to give to the soldier—especially if he be a young man—an unduly exalted opinion of himself, and to induce a contempt for the position he occupies. Gradually he is led to infer that his education and talents are far beyond his present limited sphere, and looking on the uniform he wears as a badge of servitude, determines on seizing the first favorable opportunity to rid himself of it for ever. Nor is this desire in any way diminished by the practice to which I have, in strong deprecation, alluded, of giving dinners to each other, and indulging in sentimental toasts and opinions which are, I maintain, misplaced in the condition of a soldier.

I may offer, in illustration of this view of the subject, a circumstance that occurred in the 23rd Regiment, not long previous to their embarkation for the West Indies. Two corporals' guards were in the habit of mounting daily in Kingston—one at the hospital, the other at the ordnance, and a plan was laid by both non-commissioned officers on duty, on one particular day, to desert with the whole of their command. However, the men, who had necessarily been tampered with, disclosed the intention, and it was defeated. The corporals were confined, tried by a court-martial, convicted, and sent to the penitentiary. And here it is to be remarked that they were both young, good-looking and intelligent, had received a tolerable education, and were not only able penmen, but possessed of that shrewdness and sagacity which so often obtains for a clever soldier the *soubriquet* of "Lawyer." Their guilt, therefore was, in all probability, the result of that desire to better a condition which the estimate they had formed of their own capabilities had led them to believe was not what it ought to be. It was fortunate that the men, not acknowledging the same refined influence, conceived it to be a duty incumbent on them to regard their oath.

I have stated, on the authority of Sir John Colborne, that the number of deserters, between 1815 and 1838 inclusive, was at least 5,000. Correct statistics of desertion since that period I have not been able to obtain, but they cannot be much less than 500, for at Kingston alone, I know the number up to the 20th of September 1844, to have been 215. This mania has, as I have already remarked, been carried to a greater pitch in Kingston than in any other part of Upper Canada; insomuch that every per-

son owning a boat of whatsoever description, was at one time compelled to adopt the utmost precaution to prevent it from falling into the hands of deserters.

That there could be no other cause for desertion, to the enormous extent we have seen, than the mere caprice of men tired of the monotony of their position, and eager for change, is obvious from the fact that Sir Richard Armstrong, the commander of the troops in the Western section of the Province, had from the first moment of his assumption of the charge in 1841, directed his earnest attention to the subject, and caused every measure to be adopted which could possibly have the effect of lessening the evil: and courts martial, which had heretofore taken place to a very great extent, were only resorted to on urgent occasions, while the means taken to remove all ground for this tribunal, were many and efficacious. The most scrupulous regard was moreover had to the comfort of those who, long experience had taught the gallant General, might occasionally be subject to the petulance of their Officers, or to the much more decided severity of the non-commissioned ranks; and at his periodical inspections, the men have at all times been enjoined to make known the slightest ground of complaint.

It was not therefore owing to oppression, or injustice, or any neglect of their comfort that these men cast themselves upon their adventurous course, but simply with a view to the indulgence of that wayward love of change—that vain and unreasonable desire of bettering their condition, which the near proximity of the United States—the land of presumed liberty—seemed most calculated to gratify.

Two other motives are assigned by Sir Richard, who seems deeply to have studied the subject, for the extreme prevalence of an evil, which, it seems, no caution can anticipate or prevent. The first of these, is the addiction to drunkenness which prevades almost all classes of people, and is the besetting sin of the country; and which naturally extends itself to the soldiers who are invited to spend their money in that manner. The second, is the persevering efforts of American citizens, having constant communication with the Canadian shore, and with whom it seems to be a pride and a duty to seduce as many men as they can, from their allegiance to a country they conceive to be hostile to their own. Nor this with any view to avail themselves of their services, for as has been seen, no sooner is the treason accomplished, than the traitor is held up to ignominy, and made to undergo all the humiliation consequent on his credulity. In the moment of his intoxication, he greedily clutches the false hopes held out to him by the artful deluder—compromises himself by a pledge, and then, without energy to disenthral himself, and at once ashamed and afraid of the intention being discovered, even if it be not put in execution, blindly yields himself to the infatuation, and takes the step that leads to his ruin.

In supposing that they are precluded from returning to the country, as the majority of deserters do, they labor under a misconception. Very many have returned—subjected themselves to the penalties imposed by a Court Martial, and then resumed their duty. But the most inconceivable thing of all is the conduct of those who with the experience of all the obloquy which attaches

even to a first dereliction from duty, have the hardihood not only to repeat the offence, but even a *third* time to pursue the same course. A second desertion should, in my opinion, seldom be pardoned—a third never; for the ranks of a Regiment are only disgraced by the restoration to them of men whose villainy is of the most hardened kind, and whose unblushing example cannot fail to operate unfavorably on those who, although now untainted, may at some future period, indulge in the same propensity, with the same hope of impunity.

It has ever appeared to me (and I confess my surprise that no officer of the British army, serving in Canada, should have promulgated the same opinion,) that it would be good policy to issue a proclamation of pardon to all those soldiers who have deserted *once;* but that wherever a second case occurred, the party should be condemned to the Penitentiary for a certain number of years, and if taken a third time, he should, after having been tried and convicted by a Court Martial, be shot. The punishment of the Penitentiary, for a few years, has nothing appalling in it, to the outward eye, but surround a man with the imposing ceremonies of a military execution, and the lesson will go far to check the evil. Even for a first offence, committed under aggravated circumstances, a deserter should be made to suffer death.

The proclamation I suggest, being an act of oblivion of the offence, would have the effect of removing that stigma which now attaches to the deserter voluntarily surrendering himself, and the dread of encountering which is one great objection to his return among his comrades, from whom he may expect taunts little dissimilar from those which he had found to attach to him in the land for which he had incurred all the odium. Moreover, the cost of these deserters to the Government, independently of the humiliation they bring upon the service, is so enormous that an attempt *honestly* to reclaim the erring soldier becomes almost a feature in political economy. No man can well be enlisted, clothed, fed, and moved from clime to clime, at less than an average cost of £20 to the country. Therefore, if we add five hundred deserters to the number stated by Sir John Colborne as having gone off between 1815 and 1838, there is a dead loss of upwards of £110,000.

The following anecdote, for which I am indebted to the Town Major of Kingston—Captain Bouchier—is certainly most cool and unique. During the former service of the 71st in this country, a man had been seduced by an American farmer of some wealth to desert, and take up his residence with him for five years in the capacity of a laborer—the stipulation being that he was to receive certain wages, food, clothing, &c. He served his engagement, but during the whole time, although well fed and otherwise provided for, he could get no money. At length he became urgent for a settlement, and, notwithstanding many evasions, succeeded in bringing his employer to a consideration of his claim.

"I'll tell you what it is now," said the farmer, in his nasal twang, "money is out of the case: I've got none: but I guess I'll give you so many acres of land, and what is more I'll help you to build a house upon it, and then you may fix it the best way you can."

The proposal was accepted, a log hut was built, a clearing was effected, and the deserter remained in occupancy during the space

of four years. But there was neither deed nor title of the slightest description given to him. At the expiration of the term just named, the farmer died, and the son, his heir, who must, of course, have been fully aware of the whole transaction, called shortly afterwards on the tenant of the log hut and demanded rent.

"Rent! for what?"

"Why for this ere land you have located for the last four years. I guess the rent isn't paid."

"Of course not: I owe no rent: this land was given to me, and this house put upon it by your father, for whom I worked five years."

"Don't know nothing of that," retorted the son. "If you ha'nt got the deed, I guess you must clear out, and I claim four years' rent of you." And turned out he was, forthwith.

This was his well-merited reward for deserting, and placing himself in a position of which men scrupled not to take every unworthy advantage. He had perjured himself to his God and to his country. He had toiled five years with the sweat of his brow for him who had seduced him from the path of honor, and in addition had assisted in building a house, and had cleared and cultivated a considerable portion of land. For all this he had been allowed barely the means of subsistence, and was withal called upon to pay four years rent for that which was in fact his own. This surely should be a lesson to all soldiers cursed with the spirit of desertion.

But the most amusing part of the story remains yet to be told. Annoyed and disgusted with the treatment he had received, the dupe hearing of the return of his regiment to Canada, conceived the design of honoring it with his presence. He accordingly recrossed the lines, gave himself up as a deserter, and demanded to be taken to his regiment. The application was forwarded to Colonel Grey, then commanding the 71st, but that officer very properly refused to have anything to do with him, ordering, on the contrary, that his immediate discharge should be made out. The refusal to receive him was regarded by the deserter as very extraordinary, and his ideas had become so expanded during his long residence in the States, that he absolutely considered himself to be a very ill-used individual.

One of the most singular cases of desertion, however, occurred in the 15th Regiment, while quartered on the Lower Canada frontier, and this so completely upsets all one's preconceived notions as to the influencing causes of desertion that it merits a record. A servant of one of the officers had been sent on one occasion to Montreal with some valuable property belonging to one of the ladies of the family, and having executed his trust with the utmost fidelity, returned to the Isle-aux-Noix, where his master was quartered. During his absence, or shortly subsequent to his return, his fellow-servant, the groom, had deserted taking with him his master's horse. A sergeant of the regiment was immediately despatched in pursuit, and with him went the servant, already mentioned, for the purpose of identifying the animal. They crossed over into the States, found the horse, which had been left in pledge by the deserter at a tavern, and, after paying the charges of the landlord, recrossed the lines and returned with the

recovered animal to the British post. Two days afterwards, the same servant—who had only a few days previously been entrusted with a parcel of some value, and with which he might easily have absconded, who had moreover since that been in the States, where no power but his own will could have withdrawn him—deserted also, and has never since been heard of on this side of the line.

It might be inferred, from the uniform steadiness of the Artillery, and the superior mental attainments which soldiers of this arm usually possess, that desertions from this body are comparatively unknown. I confess it was with the deepest surprise that I learnt, from an authority which could leave no doubt on the subject, that the crime of desertion exists with them to an extent (taking into consideration their fewness of number) not exceeded by the average of regiments of Infantry. Nor was I less amazed, when, from the same source, I was informed that the 93rd Highlanders have not been an exception to the general delinquency. The strong feeling of nationality which pervades this extremely fine corps, the personal and remarkable pride of appearance of the men, who bear themselves as if conscious of the classic garb they wear, added to the fact of their general good and steady conduct, one would have imagined to have been such guarantees of their fidelity that no temptation could shake it; but the infatuation has been too powerful even for them, and if *they* have yielded to it, who shall say on what description of troops to rely?

A most singular—nay inexplicable fact in the chronicle of desertion, and one which almost overthrows all reasoning from causes is, according to the same authority, evinced in the case of the Incorporated Battalions, raised during the rebellion, and only a few years since discontinued. One would have imagined that, if any troops could be exempt from all inducements to desertion, they would have been those, the very limited term of whose enlistment ought to have caused the service to be one rather of pastime than of toil. The men composing them were, moreover, not only not newly arrived in the country, and therefore not likely to be hurried away with a false estimate of the advantages awaiting them on the other side of the line, but were principally old soldiers, or young men, either born or long resident in the country, who were no strangers to the American shore, and for whom the mere novelty of change could offer no attraction sufficiently powerful to counterbalance the infamy of violation of the oath which they had taken. And yet, strange to say, although the men serving in these corps had every reasonable expectation of receiving a fresh bounty at the expiration of the two years for which they were engaged, or, if they should prefer it, of leaving the service altogether, desertions were with them even more frequent, and on a more extended scale, in comparison with their strength, than with the regiments of the line. In proof of this, the returns of desertion from the Kingston garrison, from January 1838 to September 1844, exhibit, as I have before stated, a total of 215 men; and of this number, from January 1839 to August 1841, (five years back) there were, of the Incorporated Battalions, no fewer than 121. This immense disproportion is the more manifest when it is taken into consideration, that in Kingston, there are usually stationed one entire regiment, and the wing of another, independently of a strong force of Artillery.

The only way in which Captain Bouchier could account for this most glaring absence of principle, and indeed even of common sense, was by attributing the evil to the improper selection of men. The allowance usual on these occasions was withheld from the recruiting officer, before his quota of men had been completed, and as in most instances they (the officers) were not in a position to make heavy outlays, or of long standing, it necessarily became an object with them to fill up their numbers as rapidly as possible, and consequently without the exercise of that nice discrimination which might have been kept in view by them had this difficulty not interposed. True, there is no good excuse for this, but it nevertheless in some degree explains a fact which were otherwise utterly incomprehensible. Incorporated Battalions properly selected, and officered by men who understand the art of infusing a becoming pride into the soldier, while zealously alive to his wants, would be most efficient troops for the frontier—Kingston only excepted, which, as the Head Quarters of the Army in Upper Canada, should of course be garrisoned by the regular forces. Their removal from so important a position, would imply a dishonoring want of confidence which, would not much tend to the diminution of the will, if it did of the power, to desert; and, therefore, the evil here is almost irremediable, or at least not susceptible of any other modification than that which has been carefully suggested for the comfort and well being of the soldier, by Sir Richard Armstrong.

In the selection for the Canadian Rifles, now stationed along the Western frontier, of soldiers of not less than fifteen years service, the Government have acted judiciously. If any men will remain true to their colors, they must be found among the number of those who have the reputation of past years to support, and who, from their long association with military life, are almost disqualified for any other employment. This is almost the only guarantee, but it is a powerful one, of their fidelity. Men who have numbered fifteen years of service in the army, and passed through a long and trying ordeal, with unblemished conduct, are not likely to forego the proud recollection, unless it be in a moment of inebriety to which the soldier is so unhappily led in this country, not more from inclination than example.

But the Canadian Rifles, to be made thoroughly efficient in Canada, must have a considerable accession of strength. One battalion is not sufficient for the very extensive frontier over which they must be diffused throughout both sections of the Province. There should be a brigade of three battalions, the formation of which would, on any sudden emergency, admit of the withdrawal of at least three regiments of the line. The inducement to desertion would also be lessened. The longer the men remain in the country, and the greater the opportunity afforded them for detecting the fallacy and insincerity of American promises, the more confirmed will they become in the good course which they have hitherto pursued.

Before dismissing this important subject, I cannot but advert to the extreme impolicy of giving publicity to the destinations of regiments ordered from the country, while they are yet in Western Canada. For instance, when a corps receives its route for the West Indies, the mania of desertion increases in a tenfold degree, and then the best of men will, in order to escape that grave of the

European, lose sight of every other consideration in effecting their object. There had been comparatively few desertions in the 23rd, prior to the arrival of the order for their embarkation for the West Indies, but from the hour that order was promulgated, until the moment of actual departure, they were of nightly occurrence. Nothing, I should assume, could be more simple, when a regiment leaves this country than to continue it, for a period, under the impression that the destination is—home. When however Quebec, the point of final embarkation, is gained, and the facilities for desertion removed, the route of the regiment, if intended for further colonial or foreign service, might be made known. This would save to the country hundreds of men who might as well be made to take their chance of perishing by yellow fever with their more honorable comrades, as to swell the ranks of the American army, or to cultivate their soil.

It is singular enough that, while penning these remarks, I should have seen an article in the United Service Magazine from the able pen of Sir James Alexander, than whom there is no officer in Canada more capable of treating of this subject. With the opportunities for personal knowledge afforded him by a lengthened residence with his regiment (the 14th,) in Kingston, added to his acute observation, and aptitude in the study of the impelling motives of the human heart, Sir James is eminently qualified for the discussion of a subject to which he has lent much attention, and to which he cannot fail to succeed in directing that of the Horse Guards, with a view to the adoption of his valuable suggestions.

No doubt—and we add these remarks to the foregoing, which were written at an earlier period—many of these lost deserters are at this very moment in Mexico, and this seems the more probable from the following fact, which has been communicated to me, within the last ten days, by Captain Bouchier the Town Major of Kingston. A soldier (Philip Lee by name,) was discharged from the reserve battalion of the 71st, at Kingston, and this for no fault whatever, he having been soon afterwards taken into the service of the Assistant Quarter Master General. Subsequently he went over to Sackett's Harbor, where American parties were, and still are, recruiting, and from thence found his way back to Kingston. From the fact of his being constantly prowling about the barracks, at a period when desertion was very frequent, it was assumed that he had crossed over for the purpose of inducing these men to enter the American service.

The rates of pay in the American service are, at the present moment, so much higher than in the British, that a strong temptation is held out to the latter to listen to the offers and suggestions of those who are doubtless employed to seduce them from their colors. The American regular now receives ten dollars a month, two suits of clothes a year, and rations free—a difference so remarkable that, independently of the desire a soldier must naturally entertain to see something of active service—and this is offered to him on joining the American army in Mexico—the increased means of adding to his personal comfort must have a material influence on his conduct. No men are worse paid than the officers and men of the British army, and yet from them is

expected more than in any other service in the world. This is surely not more unjust than it is humiliating. A decent laborer would spurn the idea of working for the pittance the Ensign receives, and yet that Ensign is compelled, on a stipend of five and sixpence a day, to make an appearance in public, and to keep up the credit of his regiment at the mess table much more, in comparison with their respective rates of pay, than the Lieutenant Colonel himself.

No one can be ignorant of the opposition ever offered by Joseph Hume to all unnecessary expense in the army, and yet no man seems to have taken a more liberal or comprehensive view of the policy and expediency of employing men of their fixed habits of order, in the more civil departments of public life. Were his system adopted, and officers, both commissioned and non-commissioned, permitted, on retiring from the army, to occupy those posts which are now filled by reckless and improvident clerks, the public service both at home and abroad would be most materially advantaged.

Lord Fitzroy Somerset has frequently paid me the compliment of questioning me in regard to the management and conduct of troops in Canada; and the last time, only a few days before I embarked for this country. I feel perfectly assured that His Lordship will, aware as he is of my former services in this hemisphere, gave me credit for having treated the subject not only with the serious consideration it deserves, but in a spirit of accuracy, the result of some close application to its study; and therefore this portion of my book do I especially devote to His Lordship's consideration.

CHAPTER VII.

My engagements with the "Times" having now finally terminated, and tranquillity having been restored in the Province, I once more set out for Upper Canada, directing my course to Amherstburg, the extreme point of the British military possessions in the West. But how different were the feelings with which I now approached this most picturesque portion of the country, from those which had filled my young and ardent mind at an earlier period of my existence. Embarking at Buffalo, a flourishing American town which, while a mere village, had been burnt by our troops in 1813, but which Phœnix-like, had risen from its own ashes with renewed splendor, I ascended Lake Erie to the point of my destination. As we passed a cluster of islands which are about two-thirds of the way from Buffalo, my memory forcibly recalled the morning when (a prisoner myself, and taken in a subsequent affair,) I had seen the gallant Barclay, the commander of the little British fleet, lying severely wounded in the ward room of his own ship—herself a crippled and dismasted wreck, her cannon dismounted, and her timbers so torn with shot, that a hand could not be placed on that side exposed to the enemy's fire, without covering some portion of a wound. There too, around that gallant and well fought ship, had been clustered others which

had nobly sustained her in the unequal conflict, but which an adverse fortune had equally consigned to the guardianship of a triumphant foe. I had been, in boyhood, the favorite of the joyous, brave, but unfortunate leader, and distinctly could I remember the cheerful smile which animated his intelligent countenance, still preserving its freshness of color even in suffering, and the faint pressure of the mutilited hand with which he greeted me, as he expressed his pleasure at seeing his "little warrior" once more.

But the devoted Barclay is not to be thus summarily dismissed. It is with unfeigned pleasure that I transcribe three, among many, of that gallant and noble minded officer's letters, written at a subsequent period. These letters are not only precious to myself, as conveying the expression of his regard for my high spirited father, who, hastily ordered to join the squadron on the eve of engagement with the enemy, was made prisoner, and was present with him at the moment of my visit; but important to the public because they breathe that high toned and chivalrous spirit which are the characteristics of the generous British seaman. Who can fail to esteem and love the memory of the man who expresses himself so feelingly on the subject of his successful rival in glory! Commodore Perry is now no more, but his relatives will hail with satisfaction a fellow-hero's tribute which I have not hitherto had an opportunity of giving to the world.*

Independently of my vived recollection of the generous Barclay, a thousand others flitted across my mind, as I found mysef in the vicinity of the scenes of my early service. Every object that I beheld offered some exciting reminiscence of the past. *There*, in the heart of winter, and on firm and seemingly enduring ice, we had crossed with heavy artillery, and surrounded by hundreds of stealthily gliding Indians, to the attack of an American army which we defeated and destroyed. *Here*, in summer, we had crossed the lake in batteaux on an expedition of a similar kind, and attended by a similar result; and ever, on these occasions, enjoying the rude song of the men, or their quaint recital of some anecdote, provoking the laugh of their officers, as, in treating of the differences of condition of the soldier in war and in peace, I have already remarked.

When we had crossed the bar, and drawn nearer to the river at the mouth of which the little town of Amherstburg is situated, the feeling of desolation which had been gathering in my mind, amounted to absolute painfulness. There was a stillness—a nakedness—a vacuity about everything, as we approached it, that, but for the leading features of the beautiful scenery, might have led one to doubt its identity. Before the town, and bounding with it the narrow channel for vessels of the deepest burden navigating the lakes, had once pleasingly arrested the eye of the stranger, a small island of extreme beauty of shape, and covered with a dense and luxuriant foliage. Nothing could *then* have been more picturesque than this island, which is about three-quarters of a mile in length and half a mile in breadth, covered as it was with the wigwams and watchfires of the Indians. Now it had been disfigured in every direction by the bad taste of the commander of

* See Appendix, Nos. 10, 11 & 12.

the garrison, who, in consequence of the patriots having sometime previously landed on the island, had hesitated not to sacrifice a scene of surpassing beauty to their apprehension of a danger which in fact existed no longer. In order to deprive them of the possibility of shelter in the dense cover of the tall and verdant wood, he had caused the axe to be laid at the root of trees which had existed for ages, and in removing the dark curtain which the sun invariably goldened with his rays, before dipping finally from the view, destroyed a beauty which no human hand—no human ingenuity can renew.

Then, again, in the harbor, where so often had resounded the busy hammer of the ship-builder, and where had floated seven goodly barks of war, manned by crews eager for an encounter with their enemy, and where had waved the proud pennants of England, scarce a sound was to be heard—scarce an evidence of human life was to be seen. Beyond the fort the same monotonous stillness prevailed. Then, gathered around the house of council which had since disappeared, had been collected three thousand warriors taken from at least twenty different tribes. These, clad in their wild costume, and formidable in their war paint, had contributed by their presence to give an air of animation to the scene, which was furthermore increased by that of their wives and children. At the period at which I had last seen them assembled on that ground they counted not less than ten thousand souls. Now there was not the faintest vestige of an encampment, and if a solitary Indian exhibited himself, he was so changed in character and in appearance from the warriors of those days, and presented so uninteresting an exterior in his unbecoming garb of civilization, that his presence only added to the melancholy of the feelings induced by the contemplation of the change.

Nay, the very town itself had altered its character, and, instead of making that progress which should have been looked for in a new and enterprizing country, had, by the operation of very unfavourable circumstances, retrograded in the exact proportion in which it should have advanced. The streets were dull and dirty, the houses of wood, which *then* were bright and pure in tasteful colors, were *now* almost without a shadow of the paint which, formerly, had adorned them, and ruin and dilapidation seemed to have done their slow and quiet work of destruction in every object that had once been familiar to my eye. Often, in my dreams, had I revisited this spot, and imagination had treacherously, and with startling fidelity, decked it in the hues which were most familiar to my mind—nay, so vividly had the future been represented, that I could not but feel deep pain when the chilling reality stood, in all its nakedness, before me.

But who has ever returned to the home of his boyhood, after an absence such as mine had been, full of the confidence of meeting its well remembered scenes, and yet not felt his heart to sink within him, when, instead of the warm greeting of familiar acquaintances—animate and inanimate—he finds himself almost a stranger to everything he beholds.

How is it that the sympathies cling so fondly, and with such tenacity, to the early past? There are certainly no very pleasant impressions with the maturer man arising from the recollections of his boyhood. The lecturings of parents, the flagellations of tutors,

and the spirit of pugnacity which every where throughout the universe prevails among children, whether of the same family or strangers, marking the incipient cruelty and selfishness which characterizes his after life, leave, one would incline to believe, little cause for regret that these scenes never can be renewed: and yet, notwithstanding all the alacrity with which we threw off that *then* hateful thraldom—in despite of all the pleasure with which we leaped into new life, dissociating ourselves from all that tended to clog our early hopes and aspirations, when Time has woven the web of wisdom or experience around our vision, causing the eye no longer to view, through an illusive medium, the things of life such as our young imaginations had loved to paint them, but to gaze on the stern reality—how do we incline to recal those days of our infancy, which we then regarded with loathing and dislike, but which a long and intimate communion with the selfish world, had taught us to discover was but the state of early preparation for the after trials of the heart, and the least unhappy of the existence of unhappiness accorded to man.

I had first breathed the breath of life near the *then* almost isolated Falls of Niagara—the loud roaring of whose cataract had, perhaps, been the earnest of the storms—and they have been many—which were to assail my after life. My subsequent boyhood, up to the moment, when at fifteen years of age, I became a soldier, had been passed in a small town (Amherstburg) one of the most remote, while, at the same time, one of the most beautifully situated in Canada. I had always detested school, and the days that were passed in it, were to me days of suffering, such as the boy alone can understand. With the reputation for some little capacity, I had been oftener flogged than the greatest dunce in it, perhaps as much from the caprice of my tutor as from any actual wrong in myself—and this had so seared my heart—given me such a disgust for Virgil, Horace, and Euclid, that I often meditated running away, and certainly should have gratified the very laudable inclination, had I not apprehended a severity from my father—a stern, unbending man, that would have left me no room for exultation at my escape from my tutor. It was therefore a day of rejoicing to me when the commencement of hostilities on the part of the United States, and the unexpected appearance of a large body of their troops, proved the signal of the "break up" of the school, or college, (for by the latter classical name was known the long, low, narrow stone building, with two apologies for wings springing at right angles from the body), and my exchange of Cæsar's Commentaries for the King's Regulations and Dundas. The transition was indeed glorious, and in my joy at the change which had been wrought in my position, I felt disposed to bless the Americans for the bold step they had taken.

Time passed—I had seen a good deal of active service during the war which succeeded, and had glided through nearly fifteen months, emancipated from the hated shackles of a scholastic life, and growing daily more and more wedded to my new pursuits, when, at length, notwithstanding the stupendous efforts of my regiment to continue the defence of that particular section of the country entrusted to them, they were overwhelmed by numbers, and defeat and capture were the result. The last time I passed through the home of my boyhood, it was as a prisoner of war. The

place was filled with American irregular troops, and the usual excesses and spoliations had been committed. It could not therefore have been with much reluctance that I quitted a scene offering so little temptation to remain in it, nor can it be supposed that, with the feelings I have just expressed, I *then* entertained any great desire to return.

But notwithstanding all this—even although my after life had been passed amid scenes of excitement, in which a recollection of the simple and unobtrusive events of my early years could scarcely be expected to enter—albeit the fascinations of the most polished capitals of Europe had thrown their potent influence around me, to such a degree that, in the meridian of life's enjoyment, I had never cared to revisit it: and even during periods when the pleasures or business of life had diverted the attention into a different channel, often and often, had memory recalled those scenes,—every street—every house—every remarkable incident connected with the past, and this with so great fidelity and force, that I have had difficulty, on awakening, to satisfy myself I had but dreamt. Dreams have insensibly a tendency to excite an interest in the human heart for the object dreamt of, and the oftener this be repeated, and the more vivid the picture, the more endearing will be the feeling of attachment for the original. Thus, to cite an instance which must be familiar to every mind, it often happens that a person of one sex will dream of one of the other, for whom, previously, coldness, or indifference, or even aversion, had been entertained, but by the operation of an influence over which there can be no possible control of the will, and which, in contradistinction to the "animal," may be considered and called "moral" magnetism, the most radical change is effected, and a most powerful passion for the person dreamt of thereby engendered.

If so, then, in regard to those who are originally indifferent to us, how much more powerful must be the desire of beholding them once more, when we dream of scenes that were endeared to our infancy, no matter what the circumstances of disadvantage under which we became familiar with them. They whom a proximity to the home of their boyhood robs of the pleasing, painful, aching desire of beholding it once more, and of feasting the eye on each well-remembered feature, know not the deep, the intense gratification of the wanderer who, after an absence of years, rendered oven more exciting by distance, finds himself at length about to realize the anticipations of a life, and approaching that goal which nature, who directs the love of the individual man for his home, even as she does that of the mass for their common country, points out to them as his proper haven of repose.

With what mixed, yet glowing feelings had I drawn nearer to this spot, so often reverted to in my dreams, as I had known it in my boyish days, and how sadly, how painfully were they now thrown back upon my heart. The very people seemed to me, as I landed from the American steamer, upon the decayed wharf, to have shared in the general ruin and desolation of the place. Some familiar faces there were, but these were cold, unmeaning, and cheerless as the aspect of the town itself; and although, in one or two instances, the hand of an old school-fel-

low was held out to me, it lacked energy, warmth, vitality. The animal spirits of the man appeared to have been withered up, and the *decadence* of the moral energy of the inhabitants to have been in proportion with the desolation that reigned around.

There was no enduring this, and having seen my baggage landed and disposed of, I hastened to find my way into the town. As I entered the principal street, which ran parallel with the river, a thousand recollections of by-gone days flashed upon my mind. *There* was the spot on which had stood the house (since burnt down) in which my younger days had been nurtured. Close to it had stood the "cage" or prison with which I had so often been threatened while yet in the nursery, and in which the "Simon Gattrie" of my Canadian Brothers (soon afterwards published) had so frequently been made to do penance for his inebriety. *There* was the gate leading to the wharf (distinct from that on which I had landed, and also tumbling to decay) where my youthful piscatorial prowess had so often been tested; *here* the well-remembered "store" against which I had so often pitched my marbles, causing me many a pinch of the ear from the occupier by reason of the disturbance I created. But why multiply examples? In every part I saw something to remind me of the past, and yet to remind me painfully, for my feelings were no longer the feelings of my youth, and I half blushed to think that I, a man of the world and imbued with the world's selfishness, should have had my infancy nurtured in so primitive a spot, and amid so generally uncouth a population as that which greeted my eye at every turn How truly applicable to my condition at that moment are the following lines, by whom written I know not, but taken subsequent to this event from a periodical of the day:—

"The beautiful is vanished, and returns not."

A youth rode forth from his childhood's home,
Through the crowded paths of the world to roam,
And the green leaves whispered, as he past,
"Wherefore, thou dreamer, away so fast?

"Knewest thou with what thou art parting here,
Long wouldst thou linger in doubt and fear:
Thy heart's light laughter, thy sunny hours,
Thou hast left in our shades with the spring's wild flowers.

"Under the arch, by our mingling maid,
Thou and thy brother have gaily played.
Ye may meet again, where ye roved of yore;
But as ye have met, oh! never more!"

On rode the youth, and, the boughs among,
Thus the free birds o'er his pathway sung:
"Wherefore so fast into life away?
Thou art leaving for ever thy joy in our lay.

"Thou mayest come to the summer woods again,
And thy heart have no echo to greet their strain:
Afar from the foliage its love will dwell:
A change must pass o'er thee. Farewell! farewell!"

On rode the youth, and the freshets and streams
Thus mingled a voice with his joyous dreams.
"We have been thy playmates through many a day;
Wherefore thus leave us? oh! yet delay!

"Listen but once to the sound of our mirth:
For thee, 'tis a melody passing from earth:
Never again wilt thou find in its flow,
The peace it could once on thy heart bestow.

"Thou wilt visit the scenes of thy childhood's glee,
With the breath of the world on thy spirit free:
Passion and sorrow, its depth will have stirred,
And the singing of waters be faintly heard.

"Thou wilt bear in our glads me laugh no part:
—What should it do for a burning heart!
Thou wilt bring to the banks of our freshet rill,
Thirst which no fountain on earth may still.

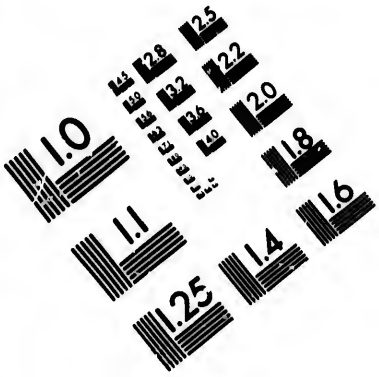
"Farewell! When thou comest again to thine own,
Thou wilt miss from our music its loveliest tone.
Mournfully true is the tale we tell:
Yet, on, fiery dreamer! Farewell! farewell!"

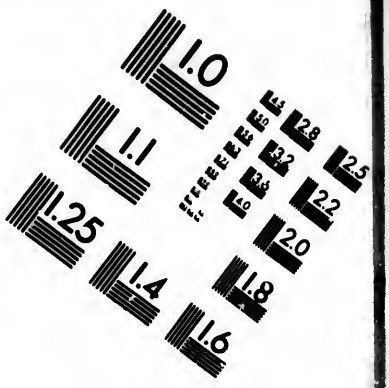
And a something of gloom on his spirit weighed,
As he caught the last sounds of his native shade:
But he knew not till many a bright spell broke,
How deep were the oracles Nature spoke!

But although the town was, as I have already remarked, merely the ruin of what it had been, such had been the effect of the introduction of troops into the country, that it was gradually emerging from the state of supineness and inactivity into which it had fallen; and indeed so great was the demand for houses, notwithstanding the erection of so many new buildings, that I could not hire one, however small, at any price, and had the utmost difficulty in obtaining a suitable accommodation. And here it may be observed, that if the rebellion has been attended with no other good to Canada, its military occupation has been in itself a boon which leaves it difficult to determine whether the province has most gained or most lost by the events of the past few years. Until that period, the country had been regarded at home with an indifference that could well account for its rapidly increasing poverty and its degeneration; and when we consider the vast importance of Canada to the empire, furnishing as its trade now does a nursery for three fourths of the seamen of Great Britain, one cannot but entertain surprise at that absence of political economy which should have left to the working of faction and discontent, the true means of developing its rich resources. My remarks in regard to Amherstburgh, apply equally to all those towns in the province which had formerly enjoyed the advantage of military and naval stations, but which a long interval of peace had, in depriving them of that means of enriching themselves, also deprived of the spirit of enterprise. No sooner were the troops again quartered in these places, then they sprang up in renewed strength, and the vigor infused into them gave earnest of the commensurate return to the Empire which had at length awakened to a sense of its own interests, in promoting those of the colony. The Government of Great Britain will do well to bear in mind, that if the enormous trade of Canada constitutes an enduring nursery for her seamen, in no less degree does its soil afford the same advantage to her soldiery. As a large standing army must be kept up, there is no country where a great portion of it can be maintained at a

less cost (putting aside the question of desertion) than in Canada; and, as a matter of political economy, the greater that army, the better for the interests of the empire; for the consumption of home manufactures is necessarily increased, not only by this force, but by the additional emigration which will be induced, under its protection, to settle in the country. Not this alone. There would ever be an army present to awe down disaffection, and to maintain British supremacy inviolate; and surely if our possessions in India and in other parts of the world, require the presence, and by the protection afforded to commerce, amply repay the expense of a large body of troops, there can be no good reason assigned why a similar establishment should not be maintained in Canada. The very proximity of the province to the United States, renders it as much a measure of precaution that the one should be guarded against foreign aggression and domestic discord, as that the others should be surrounded by the imposing military strength which, not only keeps the conquered natives in subjection, but defends them against the fierce enemies who dwell on their outskirts. The larger the army in Canada, the more will the empire, both in a political and in a commercial point of view, be benefitted.

While at Amerstburgh, I went on two or three occasions to its small Episcopal Church, at which by the way officiated a clergyman of very austere manners, and unjustifiably prone to indulge in personalities against particular portions of his flock; sometimes compelling parties to leave the service with a mixed feeling of indignation and disgust which it ill comported with the duties of his position to excite. The first time I visited it, I was struck by the appearance of a beautiful willow tree, its sea-green branches floating gracefully, in the gentle breeze of a summer day, over a grave the sward of which was bright and fresh as the first bloom of beauty, and occasionally shading the light thrown upon the pulpit, that adjoined a window looking on this part of the burial ground. When the service had terminated, I inquired over whose grave this beautiful and drooping tree had been planted, and was told that he who reposed under its branches was my next and favorite brother. He had been wounded in action at the early age of fourteen years, had lingered long and painfully for many months, yet had gradually and, to all appearance, wholly recovered. Consumption, however, had resulted from the constant exfoliation from a limb which had been severely shattered, but which he never would consent to have taken off; and death had terminated, a few years afterwards, the existence of as gallant a youth as ever entered the service of his Sovereign. He had received a positive order to remain behind on an expedition of some importance undertaken against the enemy, but, generously disobeying that order, he joined the army about an hour before it was engaged, and was almost one of the first who fell, both bones of the right leg having been shattered by a musket ball, while in the act of applying a match to a field-piece. When we last parted, at the conclusion of the American war, he had just thrown aside the crutches which he had used for nearly a year, and expressed to me the most sanguine expectation of his speedy recovery. The hope proved delusive, and it was fated that I should never behold him more.





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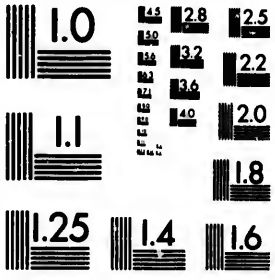

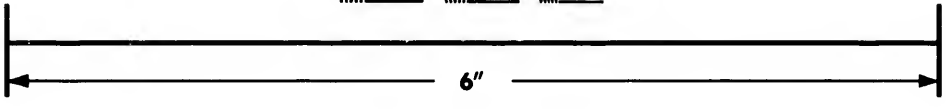

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I relate this anecdote chiefly with a view to shew how truly it has been remarked that the romance of real life is often more stirring than that of fiction. During the greater part of the time occupied in the church service, my eye had continued to dwell in admiration upon this beautiful tree, which cast its high shadows at intervals upon the window I have alluded to; but little did I imagine at the time that it drooped over him who had been the companion of my boyhood, and a sharer in the military glories which had commenced even at that tender period of our existence. Life to me had lost most of those charms with which, in the exuberance of our bright and youthful anticipations, we had too sanguinely invested it; and as I afterwards visited the grave and marked the stillness, the beautiful repose of all around, broken only by the faint and almost inaudible whispering of the light air through the gracefully yielding foliage of the willow, I half desired to share in the lonely resting place of him whom it seemed to mourn.

CHAPTER VIII.

Finding it impossible to procure a house in Amherstburgh, we made our dwelling of a den in Sandwich, a small village about twenty miles up the river, and the spot from which General Brock embarked on the occasion of the capture of the American fortress of Detroit, nearly opposite. The gable end of this house fronted the street, and was ornamented, at the angle of the sloping roof, with a suspicious looking projection and pulley that very much likened it to the residence of a hangman who does business on his own account. The two rooms below were just large enough to enable the body to be turned, without rubbing the coat or petticoat which covered that body against the white-washed, or rather yellow-washed, wall; but the twin brother, or twin sister, rooms above, it required some dexterity, and not a little practice in the art of dodging and stooping, to move in without bumpings innumerable on the cranium. In all, there were four rooms and an apology for a kitchen, the whole occupying the space of a moderate-sized drawing-room, and for this bountiful accommodation I was only charged at the moderate rate of forty pounds a year. Still, as it was the only house to be had, we were glad to have wherewithal to shelter our heads for the few months we purposed remaining.

The town and people of Sandwich, I found precisely in the same condition of apathy and poverty with those I had so recently quitted, so that I was glad to avail myself of all opportunities of crossing to the American shore, where I was much better known than in Canada, and where I ever experienced a hospitality and kindness which I can never forget. At Detroit, and in its immediate vicinity, was laid the chief scenes of my Indian tale of "Wacousta," and as the Americans are essentially a reading people, there was scarcely an individual in the place who was not familiar with the events described in it, while, on the contrary, not more than one twentieth of the Canadian people were aware of the existence of the book, and of that twentieth not one third cared a straw whether the author was

a Canadian or a Turk. Nor is this remark meant to apply simply to the remote region I was now visiting, but to hundreds of the more wealthy classes in all sections of the province.

It has been the custom in all ages, and in all countries, for men of education and acquirement to join in testifying regard for their authors, however mediocre their talent; and even in the United States—the last country which has given birth to men of genius and literary accomplishments—we find the caterers to the republic of letters treated with that consideration, which the civilized world has agreed in according to them. In Canada, they have this yet to learn and practice. Not, be it remembered, that I accuse the whole of my countrymen of being so absorbed in the pursuit of pounds, shillings, and pence, as to have utterly lost sight of the *convenances* of life. There has been one exception, and this I have the greater satisfaction in recording, because it occurs among those who, not being so richly endowed with the gifts of fortune, were the last to have been expected to take the initiative in the matter. The compliment conveyed to me through the following letter, which was sent to me while absent from Sandwich, is no doubt far beyond any incidental merit I may possess, still it is the only document indicative of honor or approval that I have ever received since my return to my native country. It is the only bays that has been offered to me in Canada, and I must be permitted to wear it, for when I die this book may survive me:—

GOSFIELD, *February 20th*, 1846.

SIR,—A Committee, composed of John Scratch, J. P.; Thomas Hawkins, M.D.; and Thomas Brush, Esquires, appointed to make all necessary preparations, in order to commemorate the battle of Point-au-Pelée Island, by a public dinner, request me to make known to you a hope that you will honor them with your presence on the 3rd of March next, at the Gosfield Hotel, yourself, Colonel John Prince, M.P.P., and the Reverend William Johnson, Rector of Sandwich, being invited as the guests of a highly respectable portion of your fellow subjects of the county of Essex.

The Committee would beg, through me, to inform you, that this small testimony of the esteem entertained for you by your grateful countrymen, is but another way of evincing their respect and admiration of the man of talent, the gallant soldier, and the accomplished gentleman.

For myself, accept of my warmest wishes for your future welfare, and rest assured that I shall ever feel proud, as an adopted Canadian, to hear fame distinguish the character of a gentleman who, by the splendor of his genius has shed an additional lustre on his native country.

I have the honor to remain, with high consideration, &c.

MAJOR RICHARDSON, Sandwich. L. C. KEARNEY, Secy.

The above is certainly couched in strong language, and were it not, as I have already remarked, that it is the only document indicative of a desire to do honor to me in my native land, I should have hesitated to publish it. Let it not, however, be supposed, that it has had the slightest tendency to create in my mind any undue estimate of my "genius," as the letter flatteringly terms the pourtrayings of my pen. No man less than I do, possesses the vanity of authorship. I look upon the art of ingenious writing, not as a merit, but a mere incidental gift, for which one is more indebted to nature than to judicious application. The mechanic possesses the same in a variety of ways, and I regard the works of many of these with a wonder and admiration surpassing even those which are produced by

a contemplation of the more elegant and accomplished arts of painting and sculpture, and yet I am familiar with the *chef d'œuvres* in both. Painting and sculpture are, after all, but imitations,—splendid, I grant, but still imitations. The exquisite beauty of the perfect human form is placed before the artist as a model, and the whole secret is to copy with accuracy and fidelity. I am far from wishing to convey a belief that nicety of execution, in those more refined occupations, does not require both inspiration and genius; but the inspiration is one of thoughts which are familiar to the mind, and the genius has a tangible foundation on which to build. But in mechanics how different! There is no model no design on which, or after which, to erect a structure. For instance, in the construction of the higher orders of mechanism, both of an ancient and modern date, what inexhaustible powers of imagination have been put forth in order to invent, combine, mould, harmonize, and finally give life and motion to that on which the eye has never hitherto gazed, and which has alone been woven on the labyrinthean meshes of the brain. Such have ever been my sentiments, such my views in regard to the relative bearings of the fine arts to the more complicated mechanics, and even at the hazard of being accused of having "no music in my soul," do I now avow them. Not, be it understood, that I look upon mechanics with anything approaching to the enthusiasm with which I have gazed on the breathing Venus de Medici in the Louvre, or the glowing Madonna of a Raphael; but because I conceive that there is more of absolute genius in one than in the other. If, therefore, I regard painting and sculpture as requiring far less ingenuity than certain complicated operations in mechanicism, how much less in the scale of comparison must I necessarily class literature, and particularly that lighter literature which is embraced in works of fiction. The power so to weave together the incidents of a tale that they may be made comprehensible and attractive to the reader, is a mere gift, which some persons possess in a greater or less degree than others; and can reflect no more credit upon him who is endowed with it, than can reasonably be claimed by any man or woman who has been, by nature, fortunately gifted with personal beauty and attraction superior to that enjoyed by the generality of their kind. A man who chances to possess this advantage, cannot write ill if he would; neither, if nature has been lavish of her bounties, and made him what is called a man of talent, can he employ that talent in a less luminous way, whether for good or evil, than nature herself has designed and willed. It costs him no effort, and therefore there cannot be said to be much merit.

These, then, being my honest impressions, it may be asked wherefore it is that I allude, in a spirit of censure and complaint, to the absence of honoring notice by their countrymen, of the literary effusions of the few Canadian writers we have? The answer to this is very simple: Because it is the custom of the civilized world, and has been such for ages; and however I may differ from that world in my estimate of the lighter literature of the day, still as *all* are agreed in rendering honor to those whom they have invested with an overrated merit, the exception is so gross and glaring as to form a proper subject for animadversion. Where nations unite among themselves to elevate their men of letters, and when it is universally admitted that their efforts reflect favorably upon the land of their birth, and tend to raise it in the scale of civilization,

any deviation from a principle so sacred and acknowledged, can only be regarded as a slight, whether originating in ignorance or in wilfulness. True, I have elsewhere remarked that the Canadians are not a reading people. Neither are they: but yet there are many hundreds of educated men in the country, who ought to know better,—who possess a certain degree of public influence, and who should have been sensible that, in doing honor to those whom the polished circles of society, and even those of a more humble kind, have placed high in the conventional scale, they were adopting the best means of elevating themselves. England prides herself on her innumerable host of literary men; France, on hers; Scotland renders homage to the shades of Scott and Burns; Ireland boasts of the versatility of talent of her many eminent writers. Every nation in the Old World has done honor to the profession of letters, and the United States, in the New, glories, and justly glories, in the well-won reputation of her gifted Cooper; nay, if I mistake not, the land of recipiency of pollution and crime—New South Wales—has not shown herself so degraded as not to seek for honorable estimation, by producing and encouraging one or two native authors who have recently flourished amongst them.

Canada, alone, in the wide universe, forms the exception. The few men of talent who exist within her bosom, have never met with that attention which it is the pride of the nations to which I have alluded to bestow upon those who undertake to instruct, inform, or amuse their minds; and so far has this apathetic feeling been carried, that in my own case it was left to the people of the United States to inform them that they possessed a writer not less favorably known in Europe than among themselves, of whose existence they (the Canadians) were ignorant, and to whose success they were indifferent.

As this is the last time I shall ever allude to the humiliating subject, I cannot deny to myself the gratification of the expression of a hope, that should a more refined and cultivated taste ever be introduced into the matter-of-fact country in which I have derived my being, its people will decline to do me the honor of placing my name in the list of their "Authors." I certainly have no particular ambition to rank among their future "men of genius," or to share in any posthumous honor they may be disposed to confer upon them.

The gratification which I have elsewhere stated I experienced in my communicaton with the hospitable people of Detroit, had nearly now been interrupted by a not very welcome invitation, which emanated from one exercising high influence on that border. All the world know, or have heard of, the famous General Theller, who won his way to much renown by escaping, in 1838, from the citadel of Quebec, while immediately under the surveillance of the Guards; and who, after a diligent and fruitless search of many days, had secretly left the vicinity of the city about the time I returned from my farewell visit to Lord Durham. He was now once more in Detroit, the point from which he had originally invaded Canada, and while editing a paper entitled the "Spirit of '76," denunciatory of British ascendancy, was anxiously awaiting an opportunity when some future demonstration on the part of the disaffected Canadians might enable him to renew his hazardous course.

The distance from Sandwich to Windsor is about three miles, and between the latter place (the scene of action during the invasion I have already described, when Colonel Prince ordered the prisoners to be shot) and the American town of Detroit immediately opposite, plies a small steam ferry-boat. Intending one morning to cross over in this, as was my wont, I chanced to go into the "store" of Mr. Dougall, the proprietor of a large establishment on the Canadian side, which is much resorted to by the inhabitants of both shores, when that gentleman inquired if I had seen Theller's paper of that morning. I replied I had not, when he handed it to me, pointing out the following paragraph:—

"☞ *Hunters—Look out! What does this mean?* We copy from the 'North American' the following:

"'MAJOR RICHARDSON, *alias* STEVENS, THE SPY.*

"'Immediately after the troubles of last fall, a man, calling himself STEVENS, made his appearance on the Vermont and New York frontier, who called himself a lumber-merchant from Michigan; said he had been arrested at Sorel, Lower Canada, and thrown into the Montreal jail, on account of his friendly feelings to the patriots. While at Champlain, he repeatedly endeavoured to get Colonel Gagnon into Canada, under pretence that he wished to purchase his (Gagnon's) farm, and it was necessary that the business should be done before a notary in Canada. His conduct looked suspicious, and, consequently, measures were taken which very soon led to his detection as a SPY—*and well did he merit the fate of a spy.*

"'He was afterwards recognized as the ridiculously famous Major Richardson, so well known for his cowardice in a certain affair of honor with Mr. LeBlanc Marconnay, of Montreal. The unhanged villain has now gone on a tour along the Michigan frontier, and is, no doubt, at his old tricks, of spying out the sayings and doings of the patriots. Give him a peep into *futurity*, and he'll be satisfied.

"'DESCRIPTION.—He is a man of middling height, rather inclined to corpulency, florid complexion, sandy hair and whiskers, of easy manners and martial carriage.

"'Look out for him along the New York and Michigan frontier.'"

There are some men so singularly unfortunate, and as it were predestined to notoriety, that, go where they will, court what privacy they may, they are certain of being dragged before the public by the dastardly malevolence of fools and scoundrels, and made to undergo the influence of that leprous curse of human society, the blistering foul-mouthedness of a loathsome and insatiate scandal. I could have felt disposed to smile at the paragraph, overcharged as it was with my accomplishments as a spy, but when I reference made to another matter of a more private character, and, from the

* The following are the remarks, while giving it a place in his columns, of the editor of the Montreal Herald, upon the paragraph:—"The above is copied from The Spirit of '76, of the 19th ultimo (Sept. 1839), a paper published at Detroit by the infamous Theller, who escaped from the Citadel of Quebec. Its object was, no doubt, to induce some of the Sympathizers or refugees about Detroit to assassinate Major Richardson, who is at present residing at Sandwich, and who was for some time a resident of this city. It is not at all unlikely that the article in the North American was concocted in Montreal, by some of those individuals who might have felt afraid that their characters and conduct would be gibbeted in the work which the Major announced a short time ago that he was about to publish. The charge against him of having been a spy is ridiculous in the extreme as we know, and equally so is that of his having shown cowardice in an affair of honor he had with Mr. Marconnay. That he was guilty of precipitation and indiscretion in that affair we cannot deny, but his character for courage was too highly established to suffer from the malignant efforts of any set of men."

very fact of the allusion, formed the same surmise that appeared in the commentary of the Montreal Herald, as given in the note I have appended, that it had emanated from certain beings whom I held in the most thorough scorn and contempt, I could ill suppress my indignation and disgust. But then, there was a manifest error. I had neither sandy hair nor whiskers; neither were my mustachios, which I had constantly worn for the last five-and-twenty years, alluded to, and yet these composed a feature (if such it could be called) which was remarkable enough to have claimed a place in the very detailed description. I reviewed in memory all those persons who, from their peculiar position in the country, were most likely to have been thus employed, and finally became confirmed in the opinion that the present Queen's Printer in Canada, who had been employed by Lord Durham in some secret service on the lines, was the party for whom I had been mistaken, and who had been thus charged: his person completely corresponding to the description: —"middling height, rather inclined to corpulency, florid complexion, sandy hair and whiskers, and of easy manners."

But, whoever the offender, I was the individual to whom had been attached the odium.* Although I had never been near Lake Champlain; had not set my foot on the Vermont frontier; knew no more of Colonel Gagnon than I did of the Emperor of China, and had taken no part whatever in the affairs of that troubled period, I had been too markedly pointed out by name to the formidable 'Hunters," who abounded on the American shore, not to apprehend personal violence of some kind, even although I might escape the rifle bullet or the bowie-knife. I could not quite reconcile to myself the idea of shrinking from the danger that threatened, but prudence and my better judgment came in to the support of Mr. Dougall's earnest recommendation, and I resolved to discontinue my visits to Detroit until I should be enabled to satisfy all parties there, and particularly my immediate friends, that I was not in reality the spy I had been represented. Feeling the necessity of "holding a candle to the devil," I accordingly enclosed though the agency of a gentleman in Detroit, a note of explanation to the Generalissimo of the Hunters, and the Editor of "The Spirit of '76," from whom I received the following guarded reply:—

"DETROIT, *September 20th*, 1839.

"SIR,—I acknowledge the receipt of your communication of yesterday from Sandwich, marked 'private,' through the hands of Alfred Brush, Esquire, of this city, with the accompanying documents, which, by your request, are herewith returned.

"The publication in the 'Spirit of '76,' to which you allude, is extracted from the 'North American,' a respectable journal of the State of Vermont. How far it is correct in imputing infamy to the individual whose name is mentioned, is not in my power, nor am I called upon to decide. In republishing the same in my paper, I am not actuated by any design against any individual as yet known to me in this quarter. I am free, however,

* Since writing the above we learn from Mr. Derbishire himself that he was not the party; and therefore we feel it our duty to express our regret at having connected him with a suspicion we were anxious to repel from ourselves. We learn that Mr. Derbishire left Quebec for Fredericton and Halifax with Sir John Colborne's despatch to the Lieutenant Governor of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia a day or two after the outbreak of Nov. 3rd, 1838, and that immediately on his return, which took place in December, he proceeded to Toronto, where he remained until March, 1839. These dates will shew the impossibility of his having been present on the Vermont frontier at the time that the alleged attempt must, if at all, have taken place.

to say, from the careful perusal I have given the documents, that in my estimation there is not foundation for the slightest doubt of your courage in the affair alluded to.

"I will take notice of the first paragraph of the publication, when enabled to do so by a further insight into the subject matter, and you may rest assured that my sense of justice will ever prompt me to disabuse the public mind on that or any other subject in which due reparation is necessary from me.

"I am, Sir, your most obedient,

"E. A. THELLER.

"MAJOR RICHARDSON, Sandwich."

It could not, of course, fail to prove particularly flattering to my self-love to have the admission of the conqueror of the walls of Quebec, that there was not the slightest groundfor reflection on my reputation for courage, although I was sensible that, like Cæsar's wife, that reputation ought not to have been suspected. Furnished, however, with the certificate of the renowned Patriot leader, I was placed in a position to bid defiance to those who should presume to question that courage hereafter; or to deny that, like a servant bearing a good character from his master, I was entitled to all the advantages that certificate could confer. But the General's liberality did not end here. He forthwith issued a decree to the effect that, having made inquiry into the charge brought against me in a recent number of "The Spirit of '76," he had discovered that I was not the guilty party, and therefore the Hunters were on no account to offer me hindrance or molestation. And thus was the threatened hostility avoided, and I ventured over as usual to Detroit.

Theller having expressed, through the gentleman named by him as having conveyed my communication to his hands, a desire to see me, I, bearing in memory that he was a man not to be slighted with impunity, assented to his proposal, and an interview accordingly took place in the house of our intermediator. The first and only time I remembered to have seen him previous to this meeting, was when he landed with his fellow prisoners at Quebec, preparatory to confinement in the Citadel. I was, on that occasion, standing at some distance from the crowd which had gathered in a spirit of curiosity to witness the disembarkation of the prisoners, and the action of the "General," as he slowly and gracefully threw his cloak around him, while he cast a look of supreme contempt and defiance upon the assembled and not very courteous multitude, had in it something that was intended to be at once so careless and so dignified--was so completely meant to convey the impression of the presence of a second Napoleon in misfortune, that it would have been difficult not to have selected him as I did for particular remark. Such as he *then* was I now beheld him,—a man short, heavy, thickset, with a mouth indicative of firmness, a quick and penetrating eye, and a general expression of feature that incontestibly denoted the man of energy and resolution.

After conversing a short time on the subject of the paragraph which had appeared in his paper, he adverted to his recent capture, trial, and captivity, and entered into a most detailed account of the circumstances attending his escape from the citadel of Quebec, which were, in every respect, as he then related them, what he has since described in his "Canada in 1837-38." I listened with that deep attention which his extraordinary narrative could

not fail to excite, and when he had closed I told him (not being aware of his intention to print his memoirs) that if he would write out a memorandum of the events he had so startingly detailed, I would throw them into a form that might render them acceptable to the public. He made no reply to my offer at the time, but on a subsequent occasion informed me that he had come to the resolution of publishing himself, and promised to send me a copy of the book to a part of Canada where I then proposed to reside. This copy, however, although the work has been now some years in print, I have never received, and it was only by pure accident that I recently fell in with it.

Many persons have been disposed to doubt the accuracy of Theller's statements of extraordinary incident, as connected with his escape from Quebec. I do not participate in that doubt. Independently of the fact of his publication agreeing, in every essential particular, with what he verbally stated to me in Detroit, I am fully of opinion that the man who could have the boldness to conceive, and successfully execute, a plan so daring, and so seemingly fraught with insurmountable difficulty as that embracing an escape from the prisons of the citadel of Quebec, and in defiance of the presence of two fine battalions of Her Majesty's Guards, could have found no need of descending to invention. The evasion was, of itself, of too absorbing an interest not to throw all extraneous and auxiliary matter into the shade, nor is there any one circumstance detailed in his narrative, as having occurred *after* his escape, which at all approaches in boldness of design to that which undeniably *did* take place—namely, his successful exit from the fortress. I believe every word he has related in regard to his evasion, in as far as he himself was concerned. There are, of course, some parts of his narrative which must necessarily have been given from the statements of others; as, for instance, where he alludes to the unbounded rage of Sir James Macdonnell, on hearing of his escape. This he adverted to, while relating the circumstances to me, in nearly the same language as the following, which appears at page 191, volume 2:—

"If the fury of a demon ever had possession of a man's heart, we might with truth say it was the case of 'the old Highland Chief' (Sir James Macdonnell), at the receipt of this intelligence. Enraged beyond bounds, it had the effect of first depriving him of utterance, but when he did speak, he poured forth such a volley of blasphemous oaths against the guards, the officers, himself, the government, the country, the rebels, and worse than all, the d——d Yankees, whom, had he the power, he would have sent to sulphureous regions below. His manner, his oaths, shocked all who saw or heard him. Like a madman, he mounted his horse and rode to the citadel, to wreak his vengeance on the guard. When he arrived, he ordered the officers of the guard under arrest, and the soldiers and sergeant Norman into immediate confinement. When he saw the stupid sleeping sentinel,* who was then undergoing the treatment of the surgeon, he muttered:—

"'Would that I had the power, I would drive this steel into your heart.'

"At the first sight of Norman† he again burst out afresh with the most

* This man was so drugged by Theller during the half hour previous to his escape from the casement, both with porter and spirits mixed with laudanum, that he was literally insensible.

† The sergeant especially intrusted with the care of the prisoners.

threatening oaths, that he would not be satisfied until he saw him hanged, and when Norman, with tears in his eyes, and frightened all but to death, strove to assure him that when he left the room, and locked us up, we were all safe and well, he stopped him.—

"'Speak not, or I may be tempted to do you an injury, traitor! I will have your heart wrung out, but I will find the truth of all this: your conduct has brought disgrace upon me, and upon your whole battalion. You, and every man connected with the whole business in this damnable plot, I will cause to sup sorrow.'"

All this is, of course, highly overcharged, but there is no doubt that the indignation of Sir James Macdonell was very great indeed, and that he taxed the Guards with having brought disgrace upon themselves and upon him by suffering the escape of their prisoner. Be this as it may, so much did the brigade feel their military character to be compromised by the unpardonable want of vigilance, that, independently of the five hundred pounds reward offered by the Governor-General for the apprehension of Theller, not less than the enormous sum of one thousand pounds was added by the officers of the regiments of Guards then in Quebec.

Before taking my final leave of Theller, I may as well remark, that although, as I have already stated, I am disposed to accord him every credit for accuracy in all that he has published in relation to his own personal adventures, I am far from pinning my faith on the correctness of all his statements, contained in the two somewhat lengthy volumes he has produced on Canada. For instance, his account of the different affairs between the Patriots and the troops and loyal volunteers betrays exaggeration in the enumeration of the forces of the latter, as well as of their several casualties in action. Moreover there is a labored desire to shew that, as he passed through the province on his way to Quebec, there was a disposition on the part of the inhabitants generally to sympathize with him, and to testify attachment to those principles for the maintenance of which he had so recently contended. This is unjust to the Canadians, the majority of whom, however deficient they may be in other respects, most assuredly lack not loyalty. A few instances of individual interest may have been manifested, but I rather incline to think that the vanity of the writer, or rather of the hero, in leading him to believe that he was the observed of all observers (as indeed in a certain sense he undoubtedly was), also, led him to infer indications of sympathy where a contrary feeling was sought to be expressed. As for the waving of the pocket-handkerchiefs of the women, to which he repeatedly and in a spirit of much satisfaction refers, it is quite possible that this action was as much the result of rejoicing at his captivity and contemplated punishment, as of commiseration or concern. Self-love often induces us to view things through a deceptive and flattering medium. I was once marched a prisoner of war, and handcuffed as Theller was, through an enemy's country, and a good many pocket-handkerchiefs were waved by bright and smiling beauties, as I then supposed in sympathy for *me*, but subsequently I had good reason to believe, that what I had taken as a compliment, was intended in a very different sense.

The country around Sandwich and Amherstburgh is exceedingly fertile, but a great proportion of the farms extending between the two places, a distance of about eighteen miles, being the pro-

perty of French Canadians, who are proverbial for their dislike of innovation, the country presents an unbroken uniformity which palls upon the eye of the traveller. For instance, along what is called the *Petite Côte*—although I confess I never could discover the slightest undulation of ground which can fairly entitle it to the appellation of a hillock or even a slope— a series of some twelve miles occurs, where the farm-houses—altogether of wood, some clap-boarded, others of squared logs, and very few of them painted—are chiefly constructed near the edge (for it cannot be called the bank) of the river; while each farm, forming a strip intersected by the high road, which passes near the front of the dwelling, runs for about a mile and a half to the rear, and is there bounded by interminable, or at least hitherto unexplored forests. Formerly these houses stood within a few score yards of the river, but those inundations having, in later years, occurred, to which I have alluded in a former part of this volume,and while treating of the immense body of Canadian water, the occupiers were obliged to move their houses some hundred yards farther back. I could not at first, while passing a *locale* well remembered, and much frequented in my boyhood, account for the position of most of these habitations, until told that they had been removed for the reason just named. This operation, almost unheard of in Europe, is one of very common occurrence in America. By means of pullies, ropes, chains, rollers, levers, oxen, horses, and a score of pairs of human hands, a frame house of ordinary dimensions may be moved to any given point within a reasonable distance, and, along good roads, in an incredibly short space of time, and without injury or accident. Indeed it is by no means uncommon, on issuing from your residence in the morning, to find the street darkened by the shadow of a house advancing towards you in in a way that recals the idea of the Burnham wood on its march for Dunsinane The following embraces the adventures of a house on its travels.

Opposite to Sandwich, and about three miles below Detroit, stands the handsome and commodious dwelling of General Schwartz, which was removed from the latter place, not by land, but by water. A large raft was constructed for the purpose of receiving it, and on this, properly secured, it was directed towards its future *locale*. The novelty of a house moving along the water —perhaps the first since Noah's ark—of course excited a good deal of curiosity among the people, and the occasion was one of jubilee among the immediate friends of the family. All went smoothly enough until they got opposite to the intended point of disembarkation, when suddenly they who conducted the raft found themselves in the midst of a strong current, which, despite of their exertions to extricate the cumbrous machinery, carried them rapidly by, and lodged both ark and raft on the sands of Fighting Island, about three miles lower down the river. Although a few hours would have sufficed to transport the house to its destination, had not the rapid current interposed to thwart the efforts of the people in charge, it took upwards of a month, and infinitely more labor, to got it back against the stream to the desired point. And now the white building, with its neat verandah and green shutters, stands as tranquilly and innocently in the midst of its inviting grounds, approached through a winding parterre of sweet-smelling

flowers, in the arrangement of which the cultivated taste of the beautiful Miss Schwartz is everywhere perceptible, as though it had never been guilty of a coquetish flight, or wantonly tempted the dangers of the deep.

The partial cultivation of the land, which I have stated to form the characteristic of the French Canadian farmer in the west, is not confined to the small section of country I have named. For many miles beyond Sandwich, and considerably higher up again on the River Thames, which is separated from Detroit by the Lake St. Clair, the farms have the same uniformity and limitation of aspect; and even on the American shore, where hundreds of French Canadian families had been settled before the Treaty of 1763, when the country was ceded to England by France, the same system prevails. Thus, it results that much excellent land is left untilled, and, indeed, wholly lost, from want of inclination or capital to put it in such a state as would render it productive. And these observations apply, as far as the inhabitants of French origin are concerned, nearly as much to Lower Canada as to the Upper Province. There is something of simplicity, however, about the houses of these people, which in a great degree compensates for the absence of that solidity which is observable in the building of the EnglishCanadian farmer, and if all things else were wanting to create an interest in them, their love of flowers, as exhibited to the passenger from almost every window of their rustic houses, and their fondness for the geranium in particular, would assuredly produce that effect. I trust the day may never arrive when either the French language or the French Canadian people will become as remembrances of the past.

As the western part of Canada is, from the richness of its soil and comparative mildness of its temperature, even in winter, considered superior to the eastern section of the Province, so is the country, from the commencement of the shores of Lake Erie to the termination of those of Lakes Huron and St. Clair, so far superior to that which immediately surrounds it, as to have obtained for it the designation of the "Garden of the West." Everything flourishes here in an abundance and perfection that is unknown in the colder latitude of the East; and fruits of the most delicate kinds, such as peaches—nectarines--the green-gage—grapes, &c., obtain a size and lusciousness which one would scarcely expect to find out of a tropical climate. The pear-tree grows to a very great height, and the fruit is exquisitely mellow, while the apple offers a variety not to be surpassed in any country in the world. But nothing more proves the genial nature of the climate than the production, within its bosom, of the tobacco, which is grown very abundantly in this part of Upper Canada. Even the maple-tree of the forest, from which the *habitans* extract their sugar, yields a sap more plentiful, and delicate, and refined, than the same invaluable wood does in other parts of the province.

Then again, as a game country, it is almost without equal. Partridges are abundant. Bevies of quail are more like flocks of chickens feeding round the skirts of the wood, and in the vicinity of farm yards; and the snipe is so common in the marshes that a sportsman need not travel out of a direct line to enable himself to bag, in the course of a morning, as many couple as he can well carry home. The woodcock abounds during the months of July

and August, and one has only to cross the water into Michigan to find the prairie hen, which is nothing less than the grouse of Europe. Except with this bird, which is nearly as large as a barn-door fowl, and which, from its lazy flight, it is almost a sin to kill, and with the snipe which, as in Europe, frequents the more open grounds, the sporting is at the best indifferent. The partridge is never to be found in a stubble field, but on the margins of very small rivulets which intersect the woods, and where the osier and the willow afford them cover, and a particular berry supplies them with food. A pointer or a setter is here of no use, for as the cover is dense, the best shot can only be a random one, the sportsman necessarily firing more at what he *hears* than what he *sees*. The dog most prized by the Canadian sportsmen for partridge shooting is a small cocker, which, where the object is simply to secure the bird, is invaluable. Whenever the animal turns up a covey, he begins to bark and runs after them as, frightened at the noise, they seek the shelter of some tall tree. The dog still pursues, and stopping where they have alighted, looks up into the tree and increases his furious barking. His master, guided by the sound, then comes up, and it is said that it often occurs that, when taking the lowest bird first, he has been enabled to bag the whole covey, for the attention of the frightened partridges being engrossed by the dog, it takes no heed of its destroyer, and consequently becomes an easy prey. It is somewhat remarkable that the principal game in America bears a relative physical proportion to the grandeur of its inanimate nature. For instance the prairie hen, which in every respect resembles the grouse at home, as the quail does the partridge, while the snipe and woodcock are if any thing rather smaller. The pheasant is not a native of Canada. Colonel Prince, some years ago, had a few brought, at a good deal of risk and expense, from England, and introduced them into the woods adjoining his own grounds; but they were speedily shot down, and sold chiefly in Detroit. The breed is now extinct.

Independently of the more legitimate sporting, there is wild turkey shooting, deer shooting, and duck shooting—the latter in great abundance in the spring and autumn seasons of the year. Fish are plentiful enough, but with the exception of the white fish, the most delicate of the finny tribe in the West, and the salmon trout which frequents the smaller streams, there are none which can be compared with what are obtained on the coast; and as for sporting, one never thinks of killing a fish *a la* Walton unless it be in the case of the small salmon trout above named, which affords some resemblance to its European brethren. The markets are supplied with fishes taken principally with the net and spear, and which, in Upper Canada, may in addition to those I have named above, be confined to the following,—the maskinonge, the sturgeon, the codfish,(these three, the largest caught, and something in size, and the two latter especially, in their *veal* flavor and firmness, like the tunny, which is taken off the western coast of Spain), the pickerel, the pike, the black-bass, the white-bass, the sucker, the shad, the eel, the perch, and the rock-bass. These, if I mistake not, embrace the whole of the fishes of the Upper Canadian waters worth noticing.

The maskinongé, although large, is exceedingly delicate, but what obtains general preference as an article of food, is the

white-fish, which, albeit resembling it in size and color, is very different in flavor from the white bass. It inhabits the western waters only from Lake Ontario upwards, and is distinguished from the other finny tribes in this peculiarity, that the farther you proceed westward, the more deliciously flavored is the fish. Thus, for instance, the white-fish of Lake Erie is superior to that of Lake Ontario—that of Lake Huron to what is found in Lake Erie, while in Lake Superior, the farthermost point, the fish is to be had in its fullest perfection. The white-fish is taken with a seine, chiefly in the autumn, when they migrate to and from various points like the herring. They are cut open, cleaned, placed flat, with the back downwards, in a barrel—a little salt is sprinkled over each layer, on the inner surface of the fish, and, thus prepared, they are sold, according to their abundance or dearth, at from three to seven dollars a barrel. During lent, which occurs at a season when fresh fish are not to be had, they constitute an indispensable article of food.

The Americans have been truly said to be a go-a-head people, and but too prone to sacrifice the ornamental to the useful. Notwithstanding the many attempts which I made to discover the site of the old fort—built originally by the French, and a picturesque feature in the scene—which we had taken possession of in 1812, I never could trace the slightest clue to its situation, not even a ditch remaining to call up a recollection of the past. True, they who accompanied me pointed out what they affirmed (and no doubt correctly enough) to be the spot, but this did not render the matter in the slightest degree more evident to myself, and yet I fancied I had known every part of the immediate neighborhood. I could not but deeply deplore that the fort no longer existed, for associated with it were stirring recollections of an early period of the history of the country. At Detroit was laid a great part of the scene of my "Wacousta," and I confess it was with bitter disappointment that I beheld the ordinary habitations of men covering ground which had been sanctified by time and tradition, and hallowed by the sufferings of men reduced to the last extremity, by a savage and vindictive enemy. Another object which naturally excited my interest was the ruined bridge, about two miles above the town and bordering on the river, where the execution of Frank Halloway is made to take place, and where, during that disastrous war, when eight out of nine of the English forts were captured by the Indians, a company of the 42nd was surprised, and literally annihilated by the tomahawk. Here everything was changed. The ravine remained, but on its sloping sides were to be seen evidences of rich vegetation, while the bridge itself, known in those days as the "Bloody Bridge," had disappeared beneath the action of the water which had risen and overstepped its ancient boundaries.

To my "Wacousta," I had written, but never published, a continuation of that tale under the title of "The Canadian Brothers," and as much of the action of this was laid in the same neighborhood, at a more recent period, I was strongly urged by my American friends to publish it forthwith. Having nothing else wherewith to occupy my time, I assented; but aware as I was of the great pecuniary responsibility of the undertaking in a country so indisposed to the encouragement of literature as Canada, where the chief

sale of the work was to be looked for, I stipulated for a list of subscribers which should in part guarantee me from loss, even although I did not expect to derive much profit from the publication. This was promised, and in a few days I found about a hundred names appended to a prospectus that had been left at one of the bookstores. The number was quite as great as I could have anticipated in so small a place, and more than trebled anything that emanated from my countrymen, in cities containing a much greater population.

As there was no place in Canada where I could have the work published so well as in Montreal, I determined to continue there during the preparation of the volumes, and accordingly embarked for Buffalo in one of the very superior American steamers which ply on Lake Erie,* and which are some twelve or fifteen in number. From Buffalo, I took the car which (drawn by horses) leads to Lewiston, the great point of embarkation for the central and eastern portions of Canada. This trip was to me a rather nervous one. The road, on approaching the point which is opposite to the heights of Queenston, runs for upwards of a mile on the very verge of an abyss of great depth. With a view of seeing the country to greater advantage, I had quitted the body of the car and perched myself near the driver; and as I glanced downward and felt the shaking and yawing of the coach, which was pulled by two sluggish horses that seemed to have done duty on the same road for the last twenty years, I expected at every moment that it would overturn. Indeed, had there been anything to startle the horses (and yet from their appearance this seemed to be an impossibilty), or had a stone or any other inequality found its unwelcome way in the track we were following, no human skill could have prevented us from being precipitated into the bowels of this not very inviting cavern, compared with which the Devil's Punchbowl on Portsdown Common is but a Queen Mab's tea cup. If we had gone over, I should certainly have fastened in the top of some tall tree of the forest that was far beneath us, and possibly I might have floundered into an eagle's nest, affording unexpected promise of a rich repast for the family. Be this as it may, however, I confess I felt that extreme dizziness which is common to many people, and which invariably assails me when on the edge of a precipice, and during our descent of the hill I kept my body painfully inclined to the opposite side, as if that movement could have the slightest effect to neutralize any undue leaning the car might have towards the abyss. Had there been a railing of any kind against which the coach might have fallen, and afford even a chance of escape, appearances might not have been so bad; but there was no barrier of any kind, and a coach overturned towards the abyss, must, with all appended to it, have been dashed to pieces. We were nearly half an hour enduring this purgatory, and I was by no means sorry when the coach had gained the bottom of the hill.

Being desirous of conveying a compliment to Sir John Harvey, who, independently of his having borne a distinguished part in the American War of 1812, had, while Adjutant-General of the Canadian army, evinced the most marked kindness and attention to my brother, to whom I have already alluded as having been severely wounded in action against the enemy, and being furthermore aware

* Good as they were then, I am told that they are now absolutely floating palaces.

that the introduction of this gallant officer's name on the title-page would do more than any intrinsic merit of its own, to induce the Canadian people, professing to be of any standing in society, to *patronize* the book, I wrote to him to request the honor of inscribing this second historical tale of the Canadas to one who was so familiar with its incidents, and who had so largely participated in them. The following post from New Brunswick, of which Sir John was then Lieutenant Governor, brought me His Excellency's reply:—

"GOVERNMENT HOUSE, FREDERICTON, N.B., *November 26th*, 1839.

"DEAR SIR,—I am favored with your very interesting communication of the 2nd instant, by which I learn that you are the brother of two youths, whose gallantry and merits—and with regard to one of them, his sufferings—during the late war, excited my warmest admiration and sympathy. I beg you to believe that I am far from insensible to the affecting proofs which you have made known to me of this grateful recollection of any little service which I may have had it in my power to render them; and I will add that the desire which I felt to serve the father, will be found to extend itself to the son, if your nephew should ever find himself under circumstances to require from me any service which it may be within my power to render him.

"With regard to your very flattering proposition to inscribe your present work to me, I can only say that, independent of the respect to which the author of so very charming a production as "Wnconsta" is entitled, the interesting facts and circumstances so unexpectedly brought to my knowledge and recollection, would ensure a ready acquiesence on my part.

"I will cause the subscription lists to be sent to different parts of the province, and will do what may depend on me to promote its success, having first put down my own name for six copies.

"I remain, dear Sir, your very faithful servant,

(Signed) "J. HARVEY.

"Major Richardson, Montreal."

Singular enough to state, I had never seen the gallant officer who had thus flatteringly borne testimony to the little merit attached to the early initiation in arms of my lamented brother and myself. Sir John had always been actively employed with the centre division, while I continued, until made a prisoner, to serve with a distant division (the right) of the army. Notwithstanding, therefore, the uniform kindness which he, as well as Sir George Murray, who was then at the head of the Quarter-Master-General's Department, extended to my brother, whose sufferings and manly conduct, at so early a period of his existence, had rendered him an object of much interest to both of these gallant and distinguished officers, Sir John could have known me only through private or official report. It was evident from his reply that he had in some degree misinterpreted my letter, and that he was not aware that his present correspondent was *one* of those two brothers to whose services he had alluded. My answer conveyed the explanation, and this I here transcribe, not so much because the explanation itself is a matter of much moment, but because it will be seen in the course of that letter that my denunciation of the Canadians as a people wanting in literary taste and national spirit, has not been the result of any subsequent disappointment, but was made before an opportunity had been afforded for testing its accuracy as far as I was immediately concerned.

"MONTREAL, FRIDAY, *December 20th*, 1839.

"May I be permitted, Sir John, to lose sight, for a moment, of the Governor in the soldier and the man, and to express the deep gratification with which your very kind and flattering note, dated 26th of November, has inspired me.

"To have had it in my power, in any way, however slight, to acknowledge the favors conferred on certain members of my family, now no more —and which I doubt not would have been extended to myself, had I ever summoned resolution to solicit them, is indeed to me a source of much gratification. The work which I am about to offer to you, whatever its merit or demerit, will at least contain that which must cause your name to be remembered in this country as long as the book itself shall endure—even assuming that time may so obscure all recollection of the past, as to leave a doubt, with succeeding generations, of the identity of those who were the most conspicuous among its defenders, during the era it embraces.

"I trust I shall not lay myself open to a charge of undue vanity, when I express a belief that the book which I am about to give to the world, will live in this country long after its writer shall have been gathered to his forefathers, nor this from any intrinsic value in the production itself, but because I think I can perceive, through the vista of years, a time when the people of Canada having acquired a higher taste for literature than they now possess, will feel that pride in the first and only author this country has yet produced, which as a matter-of-fact people they do not now entertain; yet which may then induce them to perpetuate the only two tales connected with the early history of these provinces.

"With this object principally in view, I shall distribute circulars, and thus make the existence of the work known in almost every town, no matter of how little note, in Canada; and gratifying is it to me, to think that in so doing, I shall at the same time be the means of bringing before the more vivid recollections of its population, the debt of gratitude Canada owes to her most prominent defenders.

"I yesterday received the garrison list, which you were so considerate as to send me. I had not intended submitting it to the Commander of the Forces, but as it occurred to me, on seeing the names which were attached to it, that the omission might be deemed discourteous, I enclosed it last evening to that officer, with an explanation of my reasons for so doing. I have not yet received the list back, but should the Commander of the Forces use it in the manner you have been obliging enough to do,* I shall, on its return, enclose it to Sir George Arthur, to whom I have the pleasure of being personally known.

"I feel much the very kind and flattering manner in which you express yourself in regard to my gallant and lamented brother, who indeed is in some measure one of the leading characters in my tale—although of course, not historically so—I am the second youth to whom you have been pleased to allude in your note. I was fifteen years of age at the commencement of the American war, and served as a volunteer in the 41st Regiment, while waiting to be gazetted to an Ensigncy, for which I am proud to have been indebted to the noble Chief whose gallant feats of arms I am so inefficiently endeavoring to describe. It is indeed a source of unfeigned pleasure to me, to have it in my power to devote what talent I possess to the perpetuation of the deeds of those who have conferred benefits upon me and mine.

"My brother was never married, and has left no son. The youth, Harvey,† to whom I allude, is my youngest brother—a remarkably fine boy, and who, if moving in the sphere of life he ought to occupy, would

* Sir John Harvey had obtained the signatures of almost every officer of the several corps serving in New Brunswick

† Named after Sir John.

fulfil the promise he gives. I find the condition of my father's family much changed, however, in consequence of his widow not having obtained that pension to which I should have conceived his great length of service entiled her.

"I enclose herewith a rough copy of the dedication which I submit for your approval. Should it prove unexceptionable, as I trust it may, perhaps you will have the goodness to return it to me with as little delay as possible, as the work will be out immediately,

"I have the honor to be, Sir John, with sentiments of esteem,
"Your very faithful servant,
"J. RICHARDSON.

"Sir John Harvey, &c., &c., &c."

That I was not wrong in assuming that the Canadian people would (however indifferent to the success of the book itself) follow the example of the military, which seems to be as binding on them as the laws of the Medes and Persians, I actually obtained among a population little exceeding a million of persons, not less than two hundred and fifty subscribers—two thirds of whom even went so far as to take their books when published. The other third had been kind enough merely to lend me the encouragement of their names, and nothing, therefore, was more natural when called upon, to decline their copies— some under the pleas that the volumes, the price of which had been made known to them on subscribing—were too dear; some, that they had been too long delayed in the publication; and not a few, that they did not feel inclined to take them at that moment.

This complaint of the dearness of books is, *par parenthese*, one of the rich fruits springing from the outrageous system of piracy which prevails in the United States. Accustomed as the American bookseller is to pounce upon every new English publication, and to reprint from it forthwith, he is, of course, enabled to sell the work at very little more than the cost of paper and printing, and, until very recently, these re-publications found their way into Canada, where they have naturally created a desire for cheap literature. That an author should be paid for the fruit of his brain, or indemnified for the hours of application devoted to his composition, are considerations foreign to their purposes. Provided they can obtain what they want at a reduced rate, they care little for the injustice done to those from the perusal of whose writings they profess to derive amusement and instruction. The law, however, as it now exists in Canada in regard to books, is such, that neither the English author nor the English publisher can sustain much harm. The first obtains the full value of his copyright, while the latter sells for the English market alone. He could not, and does not, expect to dispose of any part of his stock in the United States, and as the introduction of American reprints of English works into Canada, or any other British colony, is prohibited, these colonies must necessarily look to the English publisher alone for a supply. But in the case of one who does not dispose of his copyright, but publishes on his own account, and for a very limited market, it is unreasonable to demand that his books shall be sold at the same nominal price at which the American pirate can re-produce them, and without his enjoyment of any of the profit which accrues to the English author of previous remuneration for his labor, which is so much deducted from the profits of the publisher.

One advantage, however, and it is an important one, which the British publisher derives from the recent interdiction of American reprints of the works of British authors into British colonies is, that where a colonial writer publishes in England, his works, if at all valuable, become to the former, who has purchased all right in them, an increased source of profit, from the fact that no other has the privilege of competing with him in the colonial market. For instance, a book purporting, as this does, to treat of the manners, habits, political and moral character, of a colonial people, cannot fail to find readers among that people, not from any innate love of literature which may prompt them to the purchase, but because they will entertain an eager desire to know what is said and thought of them. Curiosity is a wonderful quickener of human impulses, and frequently accomplishes what, from the absence of better and more ennobling sentiments, is otherwise difficult of attainment.

CHAPTER IX.

Towards the close of February, the object for which I had visited Montreal having been completed, and the necessary instructions left with my publisher, I prepared for my return to Sandwich, where I still retained my "nut-shell." As the distance to be travelled over was upwards of six hundred miles by land, and as I had my usual misfortune of being much encumbered with baggage, of which the stages carry only a limited quantity, I resolved to travel in my own vehicle, and thus render my journey one of ease and convenience. A box-sleigh, of a particular construction, was therefore made, for the express purpose of affording suitable accommodation for my baggage, and I purchased a pair of black Canadian ponies—a most useful and untiring description of animal—for the very moderate sum of five-and-twenty pounds. Black harness I had made to match, so that the whole turn-out, the sleigh and all its appurtenances, being painted black also, and only relieved by an almost imperceptible double line of red along the several borders, was sombre enough. As my ponies are rather conspicuous agents in my adventures throughout this and other long journeyings in Canada, they merit a passing introduction to the reader. Both were about thirteen hands high, and the horse—a very strong and sturdy animal—had a round full carcase, a short but arching neck, and a shoulder that required a collar nearly as large as that of an ordinary English dray horse. He was an excellent draft animal, and although his speed was not equal to that of his companion, there was scarcely any load which could be drawn by a horse that he could not drag after him. The mare, rather slighter in figure, but an excellent match notwithstanding, had more quickness and intelligence—an extremely lively eye—much sensitiveness of the whip, which she never required to stimulate her exertions, and could not endure to be passed on the road. Owing to her great impatience, she was always in advance of the horse, whose absence of ambition, induced by his comparative sluggishness of character—a fault common to horses as well to men—she used invariably to rebuke by a spiteful bite at the head, which he, seemingly conscious of his offence and the punishment that was to follow, used most amusingly to dodge, or turn aside, the moment

he observed the ears of the mare wickedly thrown back in earnest of meditated mischief. The ponies had never been together until they came into my possession, but their friendship became in the end so great, that they could not endure even five minutes' separation, and if one happened to be in the stable and the other out of it, there was no end to their neighing and whinnying until they were again united. They were very great pets, fed from the hand, and although they had never been regularly led to the baptismal font, answered freely to the name of "Pony." If at the close of a hard day's travelling, I but uttered the word "Ponies," either in an encouraging or a reproachful tone, their spirits were sure to be aroused, even if their speed was not, from exhaustion, materially increased.

Such was the "turn out" which was paraded before Rasco's Hotel about six o'clock on a certain morning towards the close of February, 1840. Everything was comfortably "stowed away," and my tiger—a little fellow whose size was in strict keeping with that of the ponies—sat with his chin buried in the collar of his great-coat, and his hands thrust into its pockets, apparently as though he never intended to alter his position, until he should at least have attained the end of the day's journey. But if this was his impression, he counted, as will be seen presently, without his host. I took the reins from the ostler, jumped in, tucked the buffalo robe closely round me, and slightly cracking the whip, away went the ponies on the Lachine Road, the route to Upper Canada. I had unfortunately, yet unavoidably, protracted my departure so long that it was now nearly the close of the sleighing season, and not much snow remained even in the Lower Province. There had been a thaw the preceding day, and some rain had fallen, which, freezing during the night, had rendered the roads extremely hard, rough, and (contradictory though it may seem) slippery. Many parts of the road were as smooth as a mirror, thus not only causing one's seat in the vehicle to be exceedingly disagreeable, but allowing the sleigh to sway to and fro in a manner that threatened an upset, notwithstanding our heavy "ballast" of baggage. As we approached Lachine, I observed that the surface of a long and rather steep hill over which the road passes, and which it was impossible to avoid, was like polished glass. I did not much admire the appearance of this, especially as my ponies, who had been harnessed in a slovenly manner, seemed to be rather loose in their traces. However, trusting more to good luck than to any careful supervision of my own, I resolved to try the descent, seeking such inequalities as the sides of the road might present. But no sooner had the horses turned the brow of the hill, when finding the sleigh pressing upon their heels, for they were without breechings, they started off at their utmost speed, dashing down the slope as though it had been the Montagnes Russes in Paris, and naturally inspiring me with some dread least we should meet and come in fearful collision with an ascending sleigh. Fortunately the road was clear, and, as I seldom lose my presence of mind on these occasions, I continued to pull steadily at the reins in a manner to enable me to guide the horses in their present course. At length, we reached the bottom of the hill, and the pressure upon the horses was consequently lessened, but they had become too much excited to abate their furious speed, and I was compelled to rein them with all the strength I possessed. This threw them even-

tually on their haunches, and as the sleigh had not yet wholly lost its forward impetus, but still kept touching their heels, they commenced kicking most furiously, dashing in the strong front of the sleigh, and leaving the prints of their shoes on a small packing case which was closely wedged in front. In order to avoid having the vehicle dashed to pieces, I again gave them the rein, and they had just started forward again when the sleigh came against something—I could not learn what—which upset it in a twinkling, and sent me bounding some half-a-dozen yards over my servant's head, upon the hard and ice-covered road.

I felt myself to be a good deal bruised, yet rose as fast as the weight of two or three overcoats would permit, to see what had become of the sleigh, which I fully expected, now that the horses had no one to guide them, to find dashed to pieces. Much to my surprise, I beheld the latter, still harnessed to the overturned vehicle, within twenty yards of the spot, and quietly approaching a shed adjoining the cottage opposite to which the accident had occurred, and to which they had evidently been invited by the tempting appearance of some hay which lay within. My next care was to see how my tiger had fared. He did not complain much at the time, nor had I the slightest idea that he had sustained any other injury than severe fright, and yet (as will appear later) an arm was dislocated. As for the sleigh, it was still on its side emptied of half its contents, which were strewn about on the road, and in no condition to rise without assistance. This was soon afforded to it by the man who inhabited the cottage, and the baggage having once more been collected and replaced, I had leisure to think of my own injury.

I entered the cottage, at the door of which was standing the wife of the habitant, who had been a spectator of the upset, and requested her to assist me in removing my coats, with a view to the examination of the arm on which I had fallen, and which from an old wound, was rendered particularly susceptible of pain; but such was the agony I endured in the attempt, that I resolved, if the coats must come off, to defer their removal until I should have reached the house of an apology for a medical man, who was named to me as being the only one in the village of Lachine, and to whom I felt it would be necessary for me to apply for the means of relief. The place was about half a mile distant, and the habitant having driven my sleigh thither, the erudite culler of simples stripped my arm of innumerable, and rather tightly fitting coverings, the united thickness of which had, in all probability, prevented more serious injury—applied some warm aromatic decoction to the injured part, and strictly enjoined that the arm should be supported in a sling.

This was, it must be confessed, an excellent beginning to my journey of six hundred miles, and it now become a matter for serious consideration, whether I should proceed in my present disabled state, or return to Montreal for the purpose of procuring proper surgical assistance. I did not much fancy the idea of returning; firstly, because of a certain apprehension of ridicule; and secondly, because I foresaw that if I did not avail myself of what little snow remained, I should not accomplish my journey on runners as I meditated. My mind was therefore soon made up on the subject, and I started from Lachine with a determination,

route qu'il coute, to reach the Côteau du Lac (nearly forty miles from Lachine) that night. I had only one hand (the right) with which I could exercise any guidance or control over the horses, who never, during that day, lost sight of the excitement of the morning, and yet with this I hazarded the journey. My tiger had never had a rein in his hand, and even could he have driven, his feebleness —for he was a mere boy—would have rendered it impossible to place any trust in him.

The winter route from Montreal to Western Canada is from Point Claire, about fifteen miles above the city, and across an arm of the St. Lawrence to another island, called Isle Perrot, after traversing which the Ottawa is gained, a few miles beyond its junction with the St. Lawrence. The route is somewhat circuitous, but as the ice is there generally firm, a few miles of extra road becomes a matter of secondary consideration. At Point Claire I first quitted what might be called the land, for the frozen surface of the river, and as there was a gentle declivity on approaching this, I made up my mind for another run-away. The ponies had made up their minds also, it appeared, for, as I expected, they set off once more at a pace which compelled me to use my teeth as well as my hand for more than half a mile, before I could succeed in stopping them. I had taken the precaution to tie a knot in the reins, and this afforded me a capital purchase, without which, indeed, I never could have checked them. About mid-day I left the ice for the Isle Perrot, and the country over which the track lay was so uneven and cut up by cahots,* that I despaired of getting across it without accident. Nor was I wrong. I had reached nearly the middle of the island, and was in the heart of a dense wood, far removed from any human habitation, when a sudden jerk of the ponies, who were pulling to disengage the heavily-laden sleigh from between two deep and short cahots, broke the off whipple-tree, and left me in the most hopeless condition. I had neither axe nor knife, nor, had I even possessed these, could I, with a single hand, have made any efficient use of either. What was now to be done, I could not advance until I obtained a new whipple-tree, and night might, for all I knew to the contrary, overtake me in this position, without food or shelter for either "man or beast." These, however, were but fleeting anticipations, for scarcely had I formed them when I observed at some distance, and moving through the wood, a man who, from his costume, I knew to be a French Canadian. I called lustily out to him, and, when he drew near, promised him a dollar if he would contrive to mend my whipple-tree in such manner that I could proceed on my journey. He assented, and went to work with an axe which he carried on his shoulder, with such good purpose that, in a very short time, with the assistance of a rope from one of the packages, a new whipple-tree was produced much stronger than its fellow. Acquiring caution and foresight from experience, I now asked the man if there was any sudden descent from the island upon the ice of the Ottawa. He said there was a slight one, but that if I would give him something in addition, he would relinquish the work on which he was employed (wood-cutting) and accompany me until I got upon the ice. This proposal I gladly embraced, and we proceeded onward. Before coming to the spot designated by him,

* Abrupt undulations of snow, resembling the waves of a short sea, and one of the greatest nuisances in Lower Canadian travelling.

my new friend had an opportunity of witnessing the run-away propensities of the ponies, whom, by the by, he admired very much,—as much I believe because they were, like himself, French Canadian, as from any other reason. We had cleared the wood, and reached the high road which runs near the edge of the Ottawa, when a deep ravine, approached on both sides by a gradually increasing slope, appeared before us. Here I was perfectly assured the wicked young rogues would make another trial of their speed, however I said nothing to the man, beyond telling him that my boy and myself would get out and lighten the sleigh, which had to cross a bridge and ascend the opposite bank, while he drove the horses. I cautioned him to keep a tight rein on them, and to place himself in such a position that their heels—should they be inclined to kick—might not reach him. Away he drove, and, as I anticipated, the animals had no sooner attained the downward inclination, when they rushed onward as if the devil himself, instead of the sleigh, had been at their heels. Out flew one or two packages, and so certain did I feel of the total destruction of the sleigh and its contents, that I turned my back upon the scene, determined not to witness the mischief that should be done. Jean Baptiste was no doubt rather startled by this unexpected outbreak, but he kept his seat manfully, and when, a few minutes afterwards, I heard my tiger exclaim delightedly that every thing was right, and that the Frenchman was ascending the hill with the horses at a trot, I turned again and rejoiced to see that it was the case. Of course we were not long in getting to the brow of the opposite bank, where he had now stopped, waiting for us to come up. At a couple of hundred yards beyond, was the auberge at which travellers usually bait their horses before getting on the Ottawa on their way to the Cascades, and here we passed half an hour until our horses had eaten their oats.

While they were thus occupied, I examined the descent to the ice, and found that, although exceedingly abrupt, it was little more than the length of the sleigh; however, well knowing from my experience of the past, that if the splinter-bar should touch their heels, the excited ponies would again start off at their speed, I directed the Canadian to place one or two rails across the descent, in order that the runners might drag as they went over them. This was done, and, when everything was prepared, off we started, my new friend in the front, and holding the reins. And well it was that I had taken the precaution, despite of the careful placing of the rails as a drag, to take him part of the way on the ice. Unchecked by the obstacles which had been placed in its way, the sleigh, in its descent, again touched the sensitive heels of the ponies, which, finding themselves on the open field of smooth ice, and seemingly breathing renewed freedom, carried us at their fullest speed for upwards of a mile before the driver could succeed in reining them in. This at length done, however, they were now quiet enough, so that I was enabled to dispense with the further services of my guide, who, having received the stipulated sum, left me on his return home, with a good-natured "Bon voyage, monsieur," which, however, I fancy he did not anticipate would be as good as it subsequently proved.

Although my left arm continued to be so painful as to render the hand for the moment unserviceable, the remainder of the day

passed over without further accident, and about nine o'clock I reached the hospitable dwelling of Mr. Simpson, (the father-in-law of Mr. Roebuck the present member for Bath,) at Côteau du Lac—a distance, as I have already remarked, of forty-nine miles from Montreal. This certainly, considering the long chapter of disasters which had attended me during the day's journey, was not so very bad travelling after all. My arrival had been expected some hours earlier, but none were prepared to see me in the character in which I now presented myself—that of a comparative cripple. The inflammation of the limb had been greatly increased by excitement and fatigue, and I now suffered so much that I was glad to get my clothes off at an early hour, and to seek relief in bed. To this I was eight and forty hours confined, and the severity of the hurt may be judged of from the fact that, during the first night, I could not rise or turn in my bed. On the following morning Mr. Simpson proposed, as there was no regular practitioner in the neighborhood, to send for a man self-taught in anatomy, who was proverbial for his successful treatment of bruises of this description; and who, although he had not received the least education, and consequently was without professional knowledge beyond what he had himself studied in the great book of nature, evinced as much acquaintance with the human frame as if he had served half a life's apprenticeship at Guy's or Saint Thomas'. This character of the old Canadian, as given to me by my host at the time of making his proposal, excited my interest, and I assented, not so much because I placed reliance on his skill, as that I felt curious to see how he would proceed in his vocation. A messenger was forthwith despatched on horseback, (one of the Roebucks being kind enough to undertake to find the man of simples,) and in the course of the morning he made his appearance. He was a venerable looking man, apparently between sixty and seventy years of age, without any of that forwardness or pretention which are so common to the medical empiric; and notwithstanding his bronzed cheek was marked by hard lines, there was an expression of quiet benevolence on his countenance, which insensibly won on the attention. His dress was a gray capot, surmounted by a hood of the same material (Canadian cloth), and his waist was encircled with a sash such as is worn by the habitans also. He calmly approached and saluting me, uncovered the arm,—he then sought with his long, bony, dark and shrivelled fingers the various nerves and muscles, and at length after a good deal of the usual manipulation, pronounced that the limb had not been broken as I had almost begun to apprehend, but that it had sustained an injury which had only not terminated in that serious manner by reason of the quantity of clothing with which, as had been stated to him, it had been covered. He correctly described the nature and situation of the pain I experienced, and then issued his directions for certain embrocations to be made and applied. My servant was next submitted to his inspection.—He bared his arm, which was exceedingly sore, passed his fingers rapidly over it—pronounced that it was dislocated, and then without violence, but also without hesitation, twisted the disunited parts into their proper places The next morning the boy was perfectly well, and the application to my own arm proved so far beneficial that, at the end of three days, I was in a condition

to resume my journey. It was with some reluctance that I tore myself from such excellent quarters, but the snow was fast departing, and I dreaded any change in my mode of travelling.

On the fourth morning, the ponies, who had all this time been luxuriating in oats and rest, were brought to the door, looking as saucy in their harness as though they meditated some new mischief. They pricked their ears—champed their bits—and pawed the little snow there was, beneath their feet, as though they were impatient to repeat the scenes in which they had been such conspicuous actors only a few days before. For the first twelve miles of the road, most of which was over ice, they went at a pace that required all the strength and address I could, in my convalescent state, muster, to prevent from turning into another runaway. However, as the day advanced, and the sun acquired power, the roads almost destitute of snow, became so extremely heavy, that every mile subsequently passed, became one of severe draft; and here was the excellent mettle of this peculiar race of horses most fully tested. The sleigh was, as I have elsewhere remarked, heavily laden, and as the runners now dragged through the half mud—half snow—the strong draft powers of the horse were put forth, as though he had reserved all his energies for the occasion, while the mare on the contrary, although possessed of a spirit which would have prompted her to "die in harness" rather than yield, and who, on good roads, always led—now slackened in her traces, and allowed her companion full opportunity to put forth his remarkable strength.

That evening, however, notwithstanding the execrable state of the roads, we reached Cornwall, forty-one miles from the Côteau du Lac, where, in compliance with a previous invitation, I took up my temporary abode with an old brother officer, who had served with me in the King's Regiment. The gay soldier was now transformed into the sober judge, but this did not prevent him, as we lingered over our wine each day, when the ladies had retired, from recurring to past scenes, when our mutual wild oats had not yet been sown; and we particularly dwelt upon a circumstance that had occurred at the reduction of the second battalion of the regiment which made some noise in England at the time—namely, the burning and burial, with funeral rites, of our colors—an act of insubordination which brought down upon us the *expressed* displeasure of the Duke of York, who was then Commander-in-Chief.

In emphasizing the word "expressed," I mean it to be understood that, although His Royal Highness was, in vindication of the offended discipline of the service, compelled to issue a general order, condemnatory of the act, there is every reason to disbelieve that he impugned the spirit which had actuated us. In no other way can we account for the fact, that notwithstanding we were all very young men (the whole having seen active service, however), and that there were numerous second battalions reduced at the same time, whose officers were incessantly besieging the Horse Guards, a very great number of us were restored to full pay within a few months from our reduction. My friend Jarvis, who was then, like myself, a junior Lieutenant, and who had been one of the most active in the praiseworthy destruction of the colors which had been rendered sacred to us from recollections of past triumphs obtained under their folds, and which we vowed should never be sullied by a

touch from other hands than those which had unfurled them before the enemy—I repeat, my friend Jarvis, although a ringleader, if I may so term it, in the affair, was appointed to full pay in the 104th Regiment within five months and Sir Henry Torrens, then Military Secretary, procured my appointment to his own regiment (the Queen's), serving in the West Indies, within less than six from the period of reduction of the King's. Nay more, Captain Simmonds, who was the officer who read prayers over the ashes of the colors, buried in the barrack square at Portsmouth, was also within a short period gazetted to the 61st Regiment, from which corps he had originally joined us. These appointments, with numerous others that took place from disbanded corps about the same time, could scarcely be said to indicate any *serious* displeasure at our conduct on the part of His Royal Highness, although a sense of public duty called upon him to censure the insubordination.

As may be presumed, we did not, while destroying the colors, fail to reserve what would later form a gratifying remembrance of the past. The moment they were brought from the commanding officer's quarters to the mess-room (for it was after dinner, and over our wine, that we entered upon the ceremony,) a couple of carving-knives supplied each officer with a relic, and before the burning of the mass, with their poles, had commenced. My old companion now showed me his portion, which he had religiously preserved, but I had unfortunately lost mine, even since my return to Canada.

Although, since my short stay in Cornwall, almost every trace of snow had disappeared, and my friend strongly recommended me to exchange my sleigh for a waggon, I still cherished the hope that winter had not yet wholly disappeared; but that some opportune fall would enable me to continue the use of my runners. At length my anticipation seemed gratified. The snow began one afternoon to descend, and in such large flakes, that the ground was speedily covered. Delighted at the prospect, I rallied my friend on his seeming want of knowledge of the caprices of his native climate, and expressed my intention to be off on the following morning at daylight, and before any of the family were up. He shrugged his shoulders with a dryness of manner peculiar to him, and replied that, if I expected to derive any advantage from the snow which was then falling, I literally "counted without my host"—that it was what is termed a "wet snow," the wind coming from the wrong quarter to render it lasting; and that moreover, as the roads were not frozen, the morrow's sun would dissipate the thin veil, and leave me to flounder through mud and "slush," until I should heartily repent that I had not followed his advice, and exchanged my sleigh for some more appropriate vehicle. I, however, persisted, and on the following morning the ponies, who had had four days' of good food and rest to restore them, were once more on their way to the West. For the first four or five miles we went on smoothly enough, but as the day advanced, and the sun, then acquiring power, imparted its warmth on the earth, the snow began gradually to disappear, and was only to be met with in detached parts, and where the deep shadows of the woods, through which we occasionally passed, prevented its rays from penetrating. Finally, as we gained the more open country, the journey became one of infinite distress, and such was the severity of punishment to the ponies, that, in order to relieve them, I was compelled to walk at their side

for hours, ankle-deep in mud, with the reins in my hands. The distance from Cornwall to Brockville is between sixty and seventy miles, and this it took me two days to accomplish, with hard labor to the horses, and scarcely less fatigue to the driver. My tiger occasionally walked, but much oftener rode.

On reaching Brockville, about nine o'clock the second night after my departure from Cornwall, I found myself in quarters very different from those I had just quitted. There was not a good hotel in the place, and the best of the indifferent was kept by a Yankee, who had long resided in the town, and whom a successful business—the stage-house being his—had rendered "pretty considerably independent"—a condition which, by the way, is applicable to most persons in Canada who keep inns, and (what are meant to be) houses of accommodation for travellers. Here, after having seen my horses properly attended to, I sat down to a not very choice supper, which had been prepared under the expectation that my servant and myself were to eat it together, yet which, in following our respective inclinations, we devoured separately. I was then shewn, at my request, to one of the best bed-rooms my host had to give me. Completely knocked up with my day's work, I was so disposed to sleep that I could with difficulty keep my eyes open during supper. I had not, therefore, much time, nor did I experience any inclination, to criticise the apartment which had been allotted to me, and which, on the following morning, I found was bounded on all sides, save that which admitted the light, by a thin unpainted wooden partition, the loosened and shrunken joints of which allowed the eye to explore the mysteries of two adjoining sleeping-rooms, in one of which, as was evidenced by scattered petticoats and bonnets, some interesting and not "too-devilish-particular" female had reposed. No sooner had my head touched the pillow than I fell deliciously asleep. But it was not fated this luxurious state of repose should last. I could not have been more than an hour in bed, when I was awakened by the most infamous noises that ever assailed the quiet of a slumbering man. A party of dissolute and dissipated fellows of that class which is known, both in Canada and the United States, under the expressive designation of "loafer," were carousing in a room not far from that in which I lay; and one of them—a ventriloquist—was amusing himself and his equally intellectual friends, by imitating the braying of asses—the lowing of oxen—the mewing of cats, and the crowing of cocks, in such a manner, that I could not but believe the object of this horrible din was to disturb me. I got out of bed, threw on my dressing-gown and slippers, went into the passage, and, in no very amiable tone, I confess, demanded to know who it was who presumed to raise such a disturbance in the house at that hour of the night, to the great annoyance of those who preferred sleep to being tormented with their blackguardism. There was a discontinuance of the noise, but no answer, and taking it for granted that my expostulation would prove a sufficient check upon their unseemly conduct, I returned to my bed, but sleep was no longer to be met with there. After passing a most wretched night, in vain endeavors to renew the sweet slumbers from which I had been so cruelly awakened, I rose at an early hour, for the purpose of repeating my task of the preceding day, until I should reach Kingston (fifty miles from Brockville), where it was my intention to stop for a few days, until

I could have a waggon prepared for the long journey which was yet before me. Apologies were made to me by the delinquents, but these were no recompense for the heaviness and ill-humor with which I had risen from my miserable bed, to the untempting appearance of which fatigue alone had blinded me.

How seldom and how imperfectly can we r into the page of the future, and how often do the most important actions of a man's life take their rise in the most trifling causes. Little did I conceive at the time that this display of ventriloquism would prove to have been the first link in the chain of events which was to make this Brockville—a place I had so much reason to detest, and which I entertained no desire to behold again—my resting-place in Canada. Yet so it was. I had ordered my horses to be harnessed, and given other necessary instructions to my tiger, when an old half-pay officer and friend of my own entered the room where I was packing u my trunk, and entreated that I would delay my departure until I ha.. seen the father of the youth who had disturbed my night's rest, and for whose conduct he was anxious to make some excuse. Not caring or thinking more of the matter, I urged that this was quite unnecessary, but that I should feel pleasure in delaying my departure for an hour or two, and waiting, as he suggested, on the old gentleman, who was then residing with his relative, Colonel ———, Collector of the Customs of the place. We called. The answer was "Not at home"; and we had handed in our cards to the servant, and were some paces from the house on our return, when the door was again opened, and a young lady, fat, fair, and eighteen—in short, all but in years, a George the Fourth style of beauty—made her appearance, who, after apologizing for the mistake of the servant, very politely insisted on our re-entering. The invitation, coming as it did from such a quarter, could not well be declined. We walked in, and were soon surrounded by the whole of a very large family. Colonel ——— particularly urged me to dine with him that day, and to defer my departure until the next. The invitation being warmly seconded by the family, I was not sorry to yield to the temptation to remain, and test the hospitality which had been so freely tendered to me. Indeed such was the extraordinary *empressement* of all to detain me, that it was not without some difficulty, and only on giving a promise that I would return immediately afterwards, that I was suffered to depart with my friend, for the purpose of countermanding the instructions I had given, and ordering my horses back to their stable.

That night I was detained a not very unwilling prisoner among those with whom I had dined, and who, in lieu of the luxury of ventriloquism, offered me that of a temptingly clean bed, from which I arose far more refreshed than I think I should have done had I occupied my room of the preceding night. Breakfast over, Colonel ———, who, like a sensible man had an "eye to business," and had also advised my providing myself with a waggon at once, without waiting until I got to Kingston, took me to examine one which he had seized a few days before, laden with smuggled goods, and which he strongly recommended as being suited to my purpose. I consented to take it at the price he named—twenty-six dollars—and as the box was both slight and shallow, I handed it over to a wheelwright who had been sent for

to give his opinion, with directions to place the box of my sleigh upon the wheels, and so to mould the whole together as to give to the vehicle both durability and lightness. This job, he observed, could not be performed in less than two days, and my departure was consequently again delayed. In the mean time, Colonel ———, who had insisted on my leaving the inn, and removing my horses, servant, and baggage to his own place, was good enough to offer to shew me whatever was worthy of notice in the neighborhood, and among other things a "villa" nearly adjoining his own grounds, which he stated was to be sold for a mere song. These grounds, embracing fourteen acres (not more than one half of which were under, or susceptible of, cultivation, the rest being barren, but rather picturesque and elevated, rock,) were enclosed by a close board fence, not two lengths of which were alike, while the frame dwelling-house, which fronted and adjoined the river, exhibited as uninviting an appearance as a building which had nearly lost the thin coat of paint with which it had once been adorned, and moreover stood in need of much repair, could well assume. There was a prodigious shell of a stable, which had been intended originally for a barn, placed in a position the most favorable to deface the grounds, and everything else, which had been raised by the hand of man was in strict keeping with what I have already described. Still the place was beautiful and romantically situated; so much so indeed, that the same property, bordering as it was on the water, would, in England, have readily commanded some thousands of pounds. There was a deep sandy bay on one side of the house, which was completely shut from view on every hand, even on the river, until you closely approached it, and this bay afforded excellent shelter for boats in stormy weather; while on the other, was one of the most perfect sites for a fish-pond that ever was formed by the caprice of nature. This was effected by a narrow arm of the St. Lawrence which runs into the grounds between two oblong masses of rock terminating at the point where the stable stood, and a dam across the mouth of which could have been constructed at a cost little exceeding five-and-twenty pounds.

This property, at the rate at which lands were selling in the Johnstown District in which it was situated, was worth about two hundred pounds, at which it has been repeatedly valued by competent parties. But, as my very kind friend, Colonel ———, who expressed a most flattering desire that I should become his neighbor, declared it was "dirt cheap" at five hundred, which was the amount demanded of me, I yielded to his presumed better judgment, and agreed to pay that amount. The deed was drawn —the transfer made, and, by the nicest little arrangement in the world, (although I knew nothing of this latter, for I had not taken the trouble to read the dry and wordy document,) a mortgage was given in exchange, the purport of which was the reversion of the property to the seller—one Hayes, a clever and acute yankee,—on failing to pay any one of the instalments, which were at rather short dates—of equal amounts with interest—and five in number. Thus my accidental visit to Colonel ———, who, by the way, was one of the witnesses to the deed and mortgage which had been executed, and who never would have known me had it not

been for the interesting ventriloquism of his relative, had been the immediate means of altering the whole course of my existence, and causing me to be what I never was before, and trust I never shall be again, a fixture in any place; and one especially that has little more than its natural beauty to recommend it.

I had now been nearly a fortnight on my route from Montreal, and yet more than three-fourths of my journey remained to be accomplished. This was undoubtedly travelling at one's leisure, but certainly not at railway speed, and independently of the time dwindled away in this manner, the fatigue of guiding horses through so long a succession of bad roads, was harrassing in the extreme. I was not very sorry therefore when the waggon builder came to announce that his job was completed, and to ask for the ponies to drag up the hermaphrodite thing—half waggon half sleigh—which, painted black as it was, very much resembled a hearse in appearance, although it united every advantage for the journey that I could reasonably desire. Taking my leave of Colonel, ——— who had promised to see things put in order in my new place, and to prepare for my arrival in the summer, I mounted into my high waggon, from the driving seat of which my ponies looked very much as though they had come from Lilliput, and with my tiger at my side, and my baggage carefully disposed of, once more set off on my adventures.*

The road from Brockville to Gananoque—a distance of from thirty-five to forty miles—runs parallel with what are called the "thousand islands" of the Saint Lawrence, and a great portion of this road is, like the islands themselves, extremely rocky. This is by no means a rich portion of the country, but on the contrary, considering the length of time the district has been settled, wears a character of poverty, if not of actual sterility, that offers but little temptation to the enterprizing settler. This description indeed applies in a greater or less degree to the chief portion of the country along the immediate banks of the Saint Lawrence, from Brockville to Kingston, where the river takes its rise. As you retire into the interior, and strike the more inland streams and rivers, the quality of the soil is much superior, although the facilities of transportation are necessarily fewer. Not being particularly hurried in my movements, or desirous of distressing my ponies, I passed the night at Gananoque, one of the most miserable, and yet one of the most picturesquely situated villages in Canada. Here there are (what are prized beyond anything else in the country,) "good water privileges," formed by the discolored and narrow river from which the place derives its name, near its point of junction with the Saint Lawrence. A clan of M'Donald's own the greater part of the village, which (opposite to Frenchtown on the American side, and the great rendezvous of of the celebrated Bill Johnston, I have alluded to on a former occasion as being the head quarters of deserters from the British army,) has the reputation of producing the best flour in Canada, or even in the United States. It is fortunate that it can boast of something of which one may write favorably.

* The amiable Colonel accompanied me a short distance on the road, and on taking his final departure, pleasantly remarked to a gentleman who was with him—"D—n the fellow, I like him. D——d fine fellow; d——d rich too, (would that he had been correct in this particular). He has given lots of presents to the girls.—D——d sorry he is gone." So at least I afterwards understood.

The journey from Gananoque to Kingston—a distance of twenty-four miles—my ponies accomplished on the following day in good time, and as in consequence of my having been so opportunely supplied at Brockville with the proper vehicle in which to continue my route, I had now no inducement for delay. I pushed on immediately for Toronto, passing through Belleville, Cobourg, Port Hope, &c., and over a tract of fine country which increased in richness and fertility as I approached the then Seat of Government in Upper Canada, (Lord Sydenham had not yet carried his act of union,) and hot-bed of what the radicals and disaffected of the Province term Toryism. I was five days in reaching this fine and rapidly improving city from Kingston, the distance being one hundred and eighty miles, for with the exception of four leagues of beautiful plank road leading into Toronto, which my waggon rolled over as though it had been an English bowling-green, the roads had been execrable throughout the greater part of the way, and I seldom felt inclined, after a hard day's journey, to continue out at night, unless the distance to the place at which I intended to stop should render it necessary. The plan I had adopted, and pursued, during this trip, was as follows:—I caused my servant, who otherwise enjoyed a far more luxurious ease then his master, and who always slept near me, to rise before daylight, and see the ponies watered and fed in such time as would admit of our starting about sunrise. I then pushed on until twelve o'clock, when I stopped at the first inn which seemed to promise —and not only to promise, but to be supplied with—the best "accommodation for man and horse," and here I ordered breakfast, while my ponies (always under my own superintendance,) regaled themselves with their second feed of oats. After an hour's rest I resumed my journey, until the close of the day, when having ordered dinner at the house where I purposed remaining until the morning, and ascertained by personal inspection of their stalls that my faithful and generous little steeds were well littered down with clean straw, watered, fed, and supplied with hay for the night, I made myself as comfortable as the absence of a companion, in whose conversation I could take pleasure, would admit. The accommodations for the "beast" were usually good, but those provided for the "man" were not always of the most tempting kind. The beds were sometimes good, but much oftener bad, while the meals, except in the cities and some few of the towns through which I passed, were the least inviting that could have been placed before a hungry traveller. Let the reader imagine to himself—sour, home-made bread—tea which resembles, in flavor, a decoction of hay, and sweetened with what I never could endure, the maple sugar of the country,—a rasher of bacon or ham exceedingly salt, and oftener rancid than sweet, and as thick as a beef-steak ought to be, but never is in this country—potatoes infamously cooked—eggs fried and overdone in grease—a saucer or two filled with preserved apples, embrowned in the same eternal maple sugar—a few other fruits, such as raspberries, currants, &c., spoiled in the same manner—a couple of large plates of potted butter, with huge particles of salt oozing from them like drops of hoar frost from a damp wall—cheese resembling hard prepared bees' wax, and tasteless and tough as leather,—let the stranger, I repeat, imagine this galimatias of eatables, (he must not

forget to add huge slices not of crisp, but soddened toast,) and he will know what sort of a breakfast or supper he may expect to find in Canada, should he ever be induced to travel through it. Sometimes a fowl is added to what they pertinaciously insist upon calling "supper," if you partake of it after one o'clock in the day, but which you, having only breakfasted, may incline to regard as your dinner; and this, if plainly roasted, is passable enough, but I confess that I never saw a piece of beef, (for they have no joints) or mutton, or veal, placed on one of those "country inn" tables that was not smothered in grease, and altogether most uninviting in appearance.

While in Toronto I had again the honor of dining with the amiable family of Sir George Arthur, and on the following evening the pleasure of attending a very brilliant ball given by the Chief-Justice Robinson, whose *savoir vivre* not less than whose *savoir faire* ever render his parties the most agreeable that are given by any private gentleman in Canada. I moreover again dined, for the third or fourth time since my arrival in the province (and I had passed but little of the interval in Toronto) with the truly hospitable Colonel Jarvis, the Superintendent of Indian Affairs, to whose son, now in the Canadian Rifles, Lord Morpeth was indebted for preservation from death by drowning, during his excursion with Colonel Jarvis in 1843 to the Manitoulin Islands. This gentleman has, like the Chief Justice, an amiable and promising family, and he who likes good dinners, good wines, and a cordial welcome, may dream of something worse in his philosophy than passing an evening in the domestic circle of the gallant Superintendent.

I had now travelled more than three hundred and seventy miles by land, and being heartily sick of the unavoidable jolting over rocks, ruts, and roots of stumps, which had presented themselves in multitudinous profusion, determined to escape at least that portion of the land route which lies between Toronto and Hamilton —a distance of forty-five miles—and to cross the Lake Ontario, which was now beginning to be navigated between those two points. Waggon, ponies, baggage, master, and tiger, were therefore, on the fifth day of their arrival in Toronto, duly shipped or rather *steamered* on the deck of the Britannia, which in a few hours carried us across the lake to Wellington Square, the ice in the bay not permitting us to reach Hamilton, the usual place of landing. The captain charged me what I thought was, according to the rates of steamboat travelling in the country, rather an exorbitant sum, namely, seven dollars, nor did he make any deduction when he found the state of the bay at Hamilton was such as to compel him to land his passengers at least six miles from that place. Indeed this part of the journey, yet to be performed before reaching Hamilton, was the worst of the road.

Leaving Hamilton at an early hour on the following morning, I passed along several miles of a macadamized road, and through an extremely fertile country to Brantford, where I purposed stopping for a day or two. The view from the high bank on which this town is built, overhanging as it does the Grand River, is exceedingly beautiful. The small stream which bears this imposing name, waters a broad, rich, and winding valley, hemmed in by lofty ridges of an arable, yet wooded land, which give

to the whole a picturesque character not to be equalled in Upper Canada. Nor has the beauty of this scenery, amid which were cradled the infant years of Brandt, immortalized by Campbell in his Gertrude of Wyoming, and the favorite resting place of the present remnants of the once renowned and warlike Six Nations, of which he was their head, been wholly lost sight of by those whose more refined taste might be supposed to lead to the selection; for in this part of the country, as well as the neighborhood of Woodstock, in the Oxford District, which adjoins, reside some of the most really aristocratic, because really well born, families of the colony,—the Vansittarts, De Blaquieres, Winnietts, Lights, &c.

From Brantford to London, distant nearly seventy miles, the traveller passes through an exceedingly rich tract of land, lying principally in the Oxford District. About six miles beyond Brantford, while pursuing the route I did to London—for there are two roads—one's dormant recollections are suddenly awakened, by tumbling upon what you are told, on enquiry, is Paris, a small village of some half dozen houses, which lies at the foot of a deep declivity. It required no little dexterity on my part to cause my ponies to decend in safety. The valley reached, I found myself once more on the Grand River, and at a point where I could command a view to my right. Confined and shaded as the river was between its high and precipitous banks, it reminded me of certain portions of the Ebro. Crossing a plank bridge there, and urging my ponies up a long and winding ascent, I observed for the first time a feature which is peculiar to this part of the country,—namely, that the woods, instead of partaking of the character of the dense forest, usually impervious from overgrown brushwood, resembled rather an English park, so open were the tall oaks and beeches, and so wholly unhampered by creeping vegetation or rotting logs. This is a character so dissimilar to that of the Canadian forests generally, as to be worthy of especial remark. It applies chiefly to the banks of the Grand River, which are so high as to be almost mountainous, and is attributable in a great degree I presume to the comparative sandy nature of the soil. In only one other instance did I remark this, and that was on subsequently entering London; but this distinguishing feature was on a much more limited scale.

In London, the capital of the county of Middlesex, which is upwards of five hundred miles from my original point of starting, I remained some days under the hospitable roof of Colonel Hamilton, the sheriff of the London district, who, on hearing of my arrival, insisted that my horses should be removed from the inn to his own residence, a short distance without the town.

London may be said to have grown out of the woods, within the last quarter of a century, and reminds the traveller of Captain Basil Hall's description of Rochester. It is literally a city of stumps, for many of the houses are surrounded by them, and the barracks durable, neat, and well-finished, although constructed in an incredibly short space of time, and affording accommodation for a couple of regiments (a regiment and a wing, with a detachment of artillery, usually composing the strength of the garrison), may be said to have been erected in the very heart of a forest of stumps. The river Thames winds its silvery and serpentine course around at least

three-fourths of the town, to which it may be said to form the boundary, and has a very imposing-looking court-house built on an elevation overhanging the prettiest part of the stream. The effect of the whole, verdant as are the sloping banks, is in pleasing contrast with the opposite extremity of the town, where the ground is flat, and where the defacing excrescences I have named so principally prevail.*

After the delay already named I again recommenced my journey, but had not proceeded far on my way before I found myself in a position which had nearly brought my travelling adventures to a close. Hitherto, and since the day of my first series of disasters, my ponies had conducted themselves quietly enough, for I had made it a rule, each morning on starting, to see that their harness was in good order, and their collars well brought up to the end of the pole, so that on descending a hill there might arise no danger of whipple-trees or splinter-bar from again touching their heels. On this particular morning, however, I had neglected this precaution, and was not aware until it was too late to remedy the evil, that the pole-straps had not been buckled sufficiently short. I had advanced some miles from London, and was driving at a smart trot, the ponies seeming to feel all the beneficial effect of their rest, when I came suddenly on the rise of a steep hill. Before I could check my horses they had turned the brow, and the waggon was upon their heels. Restraint was out of the question. Again they set off at full speed, and at a glance I perceived the imminent danger which awaited me, if I should suffer them to continue their course, for at the bottom of the descent the road made a sudden turn, so that there was almost a certainty of the horses dashing forward in a straight line, and carrying the waggon over an angle of the small bridge, and into the ravine it overhung. I had once before been in a position of similar trying difficulty, where presence of mind alone saved me from destruction, and this circumstance, to which I shall presently refer, coming vividly upon my memory, suggested the course I should adopt. This was to upset the waggon before it could reach the point of greatest, and seemingly unavoidable, danger. Even, therefore, while the excited animals were going at a speed, which the heavily-laden waggon, pressing forward on their haunches, rendered it impossible to check, I sawed the reins in such a manner that I compelled them to quit the road and dash the vehicle against a projection on one side of the bank between which it ran. The collision was fearful, and the waggon was so instantaneously upset, that I found myself lying on my back a few feet from the vehicle, almost before I was aware that what I had sought had been effected. That I had not been killed, falling as I did, was certainly marvellous, yet so far from this, and so little inconvenience did I suffer, that I was on my feet in a few seconds afterwards, endeavoring to ascertain the extent of injury which had taken place. A few paces from me lay my unfortunate tiger, with his face downwards, and apparently without sense or motion. A dreadful presentiment that he was dead came over me, and, with a beating heart, and a cheek that I felt to be blanched, I approached and turned him over. He, too, was very pale, but although I soon found that although he moaned a good deal on being touched, and

* The greater part of this place has since been destroyed by fire, and rebuilt.

complained of a violent bruise in his stomach, that he was much more frightened than hurt. I gave him a few drops of brandy from my flask, which had escaped unbroken, when his color returned, and he was enabled to rise and assist in collecting the packages, which were strewed upon the road. The waggon was lying on its side, and the ponies were standing as quietly where it had been overturned and checked, as if nothing of the kind whatever had occurred. Fortunatety, a farmer passed at the moment when we most needed assistance, and through his aid, principally, we managed to get the waggon righted—the baggage once more "stowed" away, and the harness properly arranged, when we resumed and completed our day's route without further disaster.

The accident—a fatal and distressing one—to which I have alluded, as having called for the exercise of similar presence of mind, occurred in England in 1831. Captain Gordon, of the 51st Light Infantry, and his young bride, had been spending the day with my wife's family in Essex. I was then "vegetating" in the neighborhood while writing my "Wacousta," and composed one of the small party. The evening looked dark and lowering, and I observed that Gordon, who had ordered his phæton and horses to the door at an early hour, so that he might reach his cottage, near Epping forest, before it became dark, looked pre-occupied and anxious, as though he dreaded some coming evil. This was the more remarkable, because he was naturally of a gay and rattling disposition. His horses, moreover, appeared to be very impatient, and this might have been one reason for his evident nervousness of manner. When all was ready, and he had taken his seat and the reins, I handed Mrs. Gordon to her place, and he drove from the house. He had previously offered to set me down at my own door, at the opposite extremity of the town, but noticing his absent and anxious mood, I thought it better not to be any clog upon his evident desire to make the best of his way home, and therefore, as he did not renew his offer, abstained from getting into the carriage. But they had not proceeded many yards when Mrs. Gordon, perceiving that I was not in the back seat, reminded her husband, who reined in his horses, and beckoned me to join them. I did so; and we passed rapidly through the town, the attention of all parties being too much attracted to the uneasiness of the horses to leave much inclination for conversation. It seemed, indeed, as though we were all under the influence of some strong presentiment of danger, and I confess, selfish as it may appear, that I was not sorry that my seat in the carriage was so soon to be relinquished. But fate had willed it otherwise We were within a few yards of the spot where Gordon was to put me down, when some Savoyards, who had just stopped opposite to the house, began playing on the hurdy-gurdy. The sound seemed to infuriate the horses, who dashed off at full speed, soon leaving the house at which I was to have alighted far behind. "Richardson, assist me with the reins," were the first and only words pronounced by Gordon. I, of course, added all my efforts to his own, but although we both pulled at the beasts with all the strength imparted by a full consciousness of the impending danger, we seemed to have no more power over them than we could have had over a whirlwind. Suddenly Gordon stood up in the phæton, relinquished the reins, and sprang sideways from the vehicle. He passed from before our eyes like a shadow, but there was no time

to look round, and his wife's gaze, as well as my own, continued to be intently fixed upon the horses. The guidance of these maddened animals was now left to myself, and it required a coolness and presence of mind to follow the windings of the narrow by-roads, without bringing the wheels of the phæton in collision with obstacles which must inevitably have dashed it to pieces, that I did not think I possessed until put to the trial. The great danger to be apprehended was the advance of some waggon or other vehicle coming into the town. Narrow and winding as the road was, the best whip in Christendom would have found it difficult, if not impossible to pass anything moving along it in safety. Providentially, however, we met none—overtook none—for it was so late in the day that all the country market people had been some time since returned, and thus we so far escaped. Still we dashed on at the unabated speed of the excited horses, which were thorough-bred, and as I recollected in particular a short narrow bridge in a sudden turn of the road which was guarded on each side by a slight railing, I had summoned all my address to pass it without touching the latter. To my own surprise, I cleared it, but there was neither time nor room to congratulate myself on the occasion, for there was yet, within a few hundred yards, a point of greater danger. On passing this narrow bridge, the ground gradually ascends for about three hundred yards until the top of the short ridge is gained, the descent from which is rather abrupt, and over a bridge at the bottom not much unlike that I had just crossed. I felt satisfied that if the horses once gained the brow of this acclivity, nothing short of a miracle could prevent us from being dashed to pieces, and it therefore became necessary that our great velocity of motion should, *coute qu'il coute*, be checked on the rise we were now ascending; and in order to effect this, to work the horses under the hedge, even at the risk of an upset, became a matter of paramount necessity. With some difficulty, and not without the exercise of a force of which I had not thought myself master, I continued to saw them gradually across the road and towards a piece of ground which I knew to be wet and heavy, and consequently the most likely to act as a check upon the foaming animals. In this I was successful beyond my most sanguine hopes, for scarcely had the horses felt themselves clogged by the mud in which they sank over their fetlock joints, when, as if incapable of further exertion, they suddenly came to a full stop, their tails quivering, their ears pricked forward, and the sweat pouring from them as if they had just been drenched in a river. I left the reins in the hands of Mrs. Gordon, who, ever since her husband's evasion, had continued, yet without uttering a syllable or exhibiting any symptom of alarm which could embarrass my exertions, to lend me her feeble aid, and springing from the phæton was in a moment at the horses' heads, the bridles of which I firmly grasped, while, not knowing how soon they might not again be off, I entreated her to descend. This she did, but with the same coolness that had characterized her conduct throughout. Such calm courage, bordering upon apathy, I have never before or since witnessed, and in so young a woman, for she was only eighteen years of age, was especially remarkable. One or two persons now came up to our assistance, and to these I confided the horses, with directions to have them led back to my own place, while, with Mrs.

Gordon on my arm, I hastened to see what had become of her husband. She had not had more time to regard him, after his disappearance from the carriage, than I had, yet we had both taken it for granted that he had reached the ground without accident, and was even then enduring extreme anxiety for her safety. We approached the spot where he had jumped out, and met several people approaching, one of whom imprudently announced that Captain Gordon had been taken up insensible, and was then dying at my lodgings. This was a severe blow to his young wife, but her great moral fortitude supported her, and she manifested little outward emotion, merely urging me to quicken our pace. On arriving at the house, I found it was but too true. Gordon was then extended on a sofa, and in a state of stupor arising from concussion of the brain, from which he never recovered. Blood was attempted to be taken from him, but it would not follow the lancet, and all human aid proving unavailing, he died within a few hours from his fall. Poor fellow! little did we think, at the moment that he had flitted from before us, that he had even then met that death which we were endeavoring to shun ourselves. He had evidently fallen backwards, and, losing his hat, must have touched the ground first with the back of his head, which was sorely bruised. He had on his boots at the time a pair of long brass spurs, and these no doubt had considerably tended to give that insecurity to his footing which led to the catastrophe. In addition to those unlucky spurs, I subsequently received from his widow an antique ring set with a beautiful Indian pebble, which he also wore on that day. This is now on the hand with which I write.

The strength which I put forth on this occasion, and which, of course, is common to every one under similar circumstances of impending danger, was a source of astonishment to myself, and shows how completely the brute force of man is qualified and kept in check by the reason which prevents its unnecessary manifestation. I had, without any effort of which I was conscious, at the time, driven in the back of the phæton, which was strongly enough built, by the mere pressure of my knees against it as a *point d'appui*, while my arms were, from the excessive tension of the muscles, positively black, and continued sore and stiff for some days afterwards. And, during this exertion of physical strength, how was the mind engaged? A thousand recollections seemed to crowd upon my brain during these few minutes of fearful suspense. Even while my whole attention was given to the horses and the points of danger we approached, I thought of all the accidents that had taken place under similar circumstances, and felt as perfectly assured that I was going to certain destruction as that I sat in the vehicle, the difficulty of conducting which, by the way, was greatly increased from the fact of my being in the back seat, where I had no proper purchase for my feet, and was moreover too far removed from the horses, to exercise proper control over them. Once I was tempted to follow the example of Gordon, drop the reins and let myself down behind. This, as the seat was low, might have been done with great ease, and had I been alone, or with a man for my companion in danger, I should certainly have attempted it, but I could not well abandon to her fate the woman who so courageously, yet silently, lent all her feeble aid to second my efforts, and whose admirable presence of mind merited a better acknowledgement.

There was a remarkable circumstance connected with the fate of poor Gordon, who perished, as I have described, at the early age of five-and-twenty. One of his horses had been lost or stolen from pasture about ten days previously. A reward was offered for the animal, and when all expectation of his recovery had been given up, he was (would he had never been found!) restored to his master. This was only a day or two before the accident occurred which cost him his life.

As the unfortunate young officer had been gazetted to a company, by purchase, only the preceding week, I waited on Lord Fitzroy Somerset, explained to him the whole of the melancholy occurrence, and submitting the very peculiar condition of Mrs. Gordon, who had no other provision than what should accrue from her pension, solicited that he would obtain from Lord Hill some indulgence in her favor. Lord Fitzroy warmly interested himself in the matter, and was successful enough to obtain from Lord Hill the remission to the young and bereaved widow—who was the daughter of an Austrian Consul in the Mediterranean, and whom Gordon had married there while quartered with his regiment at Malta— of four hundred pounds of the purchase money, while her claim to the pension of her husband's new rank was fully acknowledged. This was a trait of generosity and good feeling on the part of the Commander-in-Chief and his Military Secretary, which is not generally known, yet which I have great satisfaction of having an opportunity of here recording.

The disaster I experienced on leaving London had rendered me rather more circumspect about the harnessing of my horses, and I pursued my journey with all necessary precaution. But although my ponies had no further opportunity of running away, there was not yet an end to the *contretemps* I was doomed to endure. In the midst of a sea of mud through which they (the ponies) were endeavoring to force it, one of the springs of my waggon gave way, and, like a ship on her beam ends, the body of the vehicle fell on one side, and rubbed against the wheels. Here was misery in the fullest acceptation of the term, for the accident had occurred some distance from any habitation, and there was no "returning wave" to right the "hull" of the waggon. At length, as it began to grow dark, two men, who had been engaged cutting timber, emerged from the forest near us, and coming to our assistance, applied the never-failing remedy adopted in all emergencies of the kind, both in the United States and in Canada. They detached from an adjoining fence a strong rail, which they lashed "fore and aft" in such fashion upon the axle-trees, that it would have greatly puzzled a Long-Acre coach-builder to divine in what school they had acquired their ready art. This so strengthened the waggon, even while it robbed it of a portion of its elasticity, that I almost felicitated myself on the fracture.

Soon after recovering from this difficulty—that is to say, on the following day—I passed through what are called the "long woods," the road being the worst I had encountered during the whole of my journey upwards, and strongly reminding me of my trip from Utica to Syracuse, as described in an early chapter of this volume. Never had I experienced an impatience more complete than on this occasion, for as the wheels now became imbedded, one after the other, in stiff and clayey soil, I began to fear that my ponies, fatigued as they

were, could never find the strength to extricate them. To add to the desolation and discomfort of my position, the road was straight as an arrow, and could be traced, both in front and rear, as far as the eye could reach; while a rank dense vegetation crept along the foot of the swampy and monotonous line of wood closely skirting what had been a high-way, and forcibly impressing me with the belief that its only tenants could be the most slimy of the creeping tribe.

I was now, I knew, not far from a scene which had been endeared to my young recollection, yet which since my boyhood I have never had an opportunity of approaching:—this was the spot on which the great Indian chief, Tecumseh, had fallen; and where I, with the greatest part of my regiment had, as I have before remarked, been captured by the Americans. The "forty mile woods," through which I had just passed, had been celebrated, at that period, for the pursuit through it, by a party of mounted Kentuckians, of the General who commanded us,* and who had basely deserted his men at the very commencement of the action. On emerging from this, I, for the first time, beheld the Indian village, situated in a small plain, whither it had been the original intention to move the army and our Indian allies—some three thousand warriors—in order that we might take up a position from which the enemy could not easily have dislodged us, protected as we should have been by the river (Thames) on the left flank, by a morass on the right, and by a ravine in front. But weightier considerations had prevented the carrying into effect of this excellent plan of arrangement, by which an entire division of the army might have been saved, and much injury and annoyance spared to the subjugated country. It had, unfortunately, happened that the waggons containing the General's kitchen utensils, and other "plunder," as a genuine Yankee would have termed it, had not been able to get beyond this point in the line of retreat, when the enemy were announced as coming rapidly up to us. Here was a perplexity, and what was to be done to extricate the endangered culinary and other domestic household goods? Pots and kettles and frying-pans were not to be found everywhere in those times of scarcity, and it was deemed advisable to cover their retreat at all hazards. The plan of defence was therefore changed. The *batterie de cuisine* was forthwith put in motion, while the troops received the order to halt where they were, and form two extended lines in a forest which rendered them a most easy prey to the enemy, while the latter moved among the trees and foliage almost unseen by their less practised adversaries. But although what men were not knocked on the head were made prisoners in defending the approach to the General's main battery—the aforesaid *batterie de cuisine*—this latter did not the less fall into the hands of the triumphant enemy who, had the party pursuing succeeded in capturing their gallant proprietor, would, without a doubt, have cut him to pieces and boiled him in one of his largest saucepans.

As I passed from the plain into the wood where we had been attacked, I anxiously sought to discover any traces of the particular ground on which we had rested. For this purpose I alighted from my waggon, leaving the reins in the hands of my tiger; but in vain did I seek any indication of the precise spot. The general features of the wood bore so monotonous a resemblance that I was completely at fault, and after a fruitless attempt to discover the grave which

* General Procter.

was said to contain the bones of the well-known but unfortunate Tecumseh, I moved along the road which I had last traversed as a prisoner of war, in the hands of an exasperated and insulting enemy, with feelings deeply imbued with painful recollections of the occurrences of that eventful day. There was no one who could point out to me the grave of the indomitable warrior who had sealed his faith to England, and his unbending determination to avenge the great and manifold wrongs of his oppressed race, with his heart's blood, and I felt deeply disappointed. I had known Tecumseh well. During my boyhood he had ever treated me as a young favorite, and I had experienced a good deal of pride in what I considered a very great condescension, for I had always entertained a deep and enthusiastic admiration of his generous, fearless, independent and warlike character. Not an hour before he fell, he had passed along our line in the elegant deer-skin frock, fringed, and ornamented with the stained quills of the porcupine, which he usually wore, and which, on this occasion, surmounted a shirt of snowy whiteness. In addition to this, he wore a plume of white ostrich feathers, and the whole style of his costume was such as to impart to his dark features an expression, and to his eagle eye a brilliancy, which the excitement of the occasion rendered even more remarkable, and which had been so forcibly impressed upon my memory, that whenever the image of the noble Indian has appeared to me, it has been as he *then* looked, when, for the last time, he cordially shook me by the hand.

Numerous Americans have ventured, in a spirit of political hostility, to deny that Colonel Johnson, who commanded the Kentucky riflemen on that day, was the slayer of Tecumseh. This, it seems to me, is unfair. I sincerely believe that the noble chieftain fell by the hand of that officer, for it was so stated and understood at the time, not only among the American officers who were present in the engagement, but by the British officers who fell into their hands, and surely if any merit can attach to the act, it is rather unjust to refuse to Col. Johnson what has been so generally admitted by so many participators in the action, when they who maintain the reverse position must be disqualified from pronouncing, from personal knowledge, any correct opinion on the matter. Soon after my arrival in this country I had occasion to address Colonel Johnson, then Vice President of the United States, on a particular offer made to the American Government, and in the course of a few private lines which accompanied the official letter, took the opportunity to allude to the circumstance of Tecumseh's death, which I stated I perceived, not without surprise, had been attributed to a different party.

Now it is evident that, had Colonel Johnson entertained any doubt whatever on the subject, or been in the habit of vaunting unnecessarily or unbecomingly of his immediate agency in the fall of Tecumseh, he would have been but too glad to have availed himself of the testimony of one who had been opposed to him that day in the field. So far from this, however, he, with the modesty of truth, refrains from all allusion to the disputed circumstance, but taking my remarks as a matter of course, confines himself, as will be seen from the following letters (all I ever received from him), to the demi-official parts of my communication, addressed to him very soon after my arrival in Canada.

"SENATE CHAMBERS, *8th May*, 1838.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I have received your *note* and communication, which I will without delay place in the hands of the President (Mr. Van Buren), as you desire. If the matter should be referred to the Senate, as a branch of the Executive, it will always give me pleasure to promote your views, so far as may be consistent with my duty and benefit to my country.

"You had better correspond direct with the President on the subject, as he has the power.

"With great respect,

"R. M. JOHNSON.

"Major Richardson, Niagara."

"UNITED STATES SENATE, 31*st May*, 1838.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I have received your kind reply to my answer to your first. I performed the promise made, by enclosing your first letter and communication to the President of the United States, and I find that you have taken my advice, by writing direct to him, as he has the power of acting on your proposition; and I have no power unless transmitted to the Senate for action. I do not know any mode in which I can serve you more than I have. The subject of your letters, &c., is embraced in the power of the President and the Navy Department. The only way in which you could succeed in your wish is, to convince the President and the Navy Department that it would be their duty to make some arrangement or contract with you. It would be indelicate for me to interfere further than I have.

"Most sincerely yours,

"R. M. JOHNSON.

"Major Richardson, Niagara."

About a mile beyond the scene of action, I came to a house which had ever been vividly impressed on my memory, by reason of a ludicrous circumstance which had occurred in it the day after our defeat and capture. When our baggage was overtaken and stopped by the enemy, our own women were the first to plunder it, so that the linen of the officers adorned some of these Amazons in much greater profusion than it did those of our tall Kentuckian captors. On the morning following the action, we were marched back to the house to which I have alluded—a sort of inn, which was kept by one Sherman—and were warming ourselves by a stove in the apartment into which we had been ushered, when some eight or ten of our soldiers' wives unceremoniously entered and threw themselves into chairs, while they unblushingly displayed some of the trophies they had obtained, coolly asking us at the same time if we would purchase them. Now, under ordinary circumstances, the appearance of these women among us would scarcely have been regarded as an intrusion; but as we were fully sensible, from their manner, that they were desirous of insulting us in our altered position as prisoners, the impertinence was not to be tolerated. One officer in particular remonstrated with them, and commanded that they should leave the room instantly, but this order, so far from being obeyed, called forth all the billingsgate powers of the ladies. They jumped up, snapped their fingers, put their hands on their hips, and favored the offender with such a volley of "slang" as had never before greeted his ears, politely intimating that they would be d—d if they left the room for "such as we were," who

stood in the same position with themselves, being only prisoners and without any power to compel them. And thus they went on, until the uproar terminated, not in their expulsion, but in our withdrawal from the reach of the venom of their tongues. Often and often since had that scene occurred to me, and the very position of the house in which it had taken place was so forcibly impressed upon my recollection that I recognised it at a glance. As I looked up at the sign—which doubtless had continued to hang there since I last passed the spot—I beheld the same name—Sherman—half visible in the dimness of a paint that had perhaps been washed by a thousand rains, and every feature of the dwelling was precisely what my memory had retained.

Pursuing my route from Sherman's, I soon came upon the banks of the pretty river of the Thames, which I had first seen at London, and had occasionally since crossed on my journey, but which I now followed for some distance until I reached Chatham, in the county of Kent. Finding, on my arrival here, that the navigation was entirely open; and not only my ponies but myself being in need of some repose, I embarked my waggon on the steamer Brother, and quietly pursued my way down the river to the place of my destination, Windsor, about three miles from my residence. No part of the Canadian scenery is more lovely than what is presented, on leaving Chatham, by the windings of the narrow and picturesque Thames. For about twelve miles this river runs between not very elevated but sloping and verdant banks, until these latter suddenly recede, leaving nothing visible for several miles farther, and until the stream disembogues itself into the Lake St. Clair, but a forest of tall rushes, affording shelter and nutriment, at the proper season of the year—spring and autumn—to myriads of wild ducks of every description and quality, and from the largest to the smallest in size. For miles around, as you at length issue into the lake, the surface of the latter is seen darkened, at short intervals of space, with huge flocks of these migratory birds, which afford not only abundant occupation to the sportsman, but constitute an important article of food. At the point where the beautiful banks of the Thames terminate, there is an auberge, overhanging the river in such a way that the passenger may step from the deck of the steamer to the covered gallery of the house, which is kept by a French Canadian, who has two or three very pretty and well mannered daughters; and therefore, it may be presumed, that the sportsman who feels inclined to devote a few days to the pursuit of his game, does not consider it to be any very severe penance that, after the fatigues of the day, he should enjoy the meal, and luxuriate in the bed, which has been prepared for him by these very charming girls. Multitudinous *parties de chasse* resort, in turn, to this house, and the name of Dauphin is unknown to few, gentle or simple, in the district.

It was late in April when I landed at Windsor, having been altogether nearly two months, including my stoppages at Côteau-du-Lac, Cornwall, Brockville, Toronto, and London, on my route from Montreal, and during this period my ponies had brought me, a great part of the way through most execrable roads, a distance of upwards of five hundred miles. Indeed, after their rest on board the steamer, they seemed as fresh and as eager as ever,

and although they had but three miles further to go, they would I am sure have accomplished another five hundred in much less time than had been taken to perform the recent journey. But they were never doomed to undergo this trial. I had written to have their stable well supplied with wherewithal to indulge themselves at the end of their toil; and here, after having made acquaintance with a very splendid Newfoundland dog whom I had left behind as a guard to his mistress, and who on recognizing me, and observing this addition to the domestic establishment, had manifested unbounded delight, they were for a season left to their straw beds and well earned repose.

CHAPTER X.

My return to Sandwich by no means involved a termination of my wanderings. The lease of my "den," with the hangman's projection to it, which I had taken for only twelve months, was to expire in a few weeks, and I should then be at liberty to retrace a great portion of my journey, and enter upon the occupation of "Rock Cottage," my new purchase at Brockville. The first consideration was the disposal of my furniture, and this was effected in a manner to impress me somewhat forcibly with the very wide difference which exists between the two simple acts of buying and selling. Owing to the utter impossibility of procuring the most common articles of household furniture on the Canadian shore, I had been under the necessity of supplying myself at Detroit, and at prices which were far from low. The whole was sold for about one fourth of what I had paid for it, and thus was my first initiation into the economy of housekeeping effected. True, these being the good old times when Responsible Government had not started up like a bugbear to frighten the Collectors of Customs in Canada into vigilance and attention to their duties, I had managed to cross much of my furniture without being subjected to the very disagreeable process of being interrogated as to whence it came, and consequently had been spared some additional charges. But this advantage had been rather the fruit of dexterity and address on the part of the bold French Canadian whom I employed, and who was quite a character in his way, than a necessary consequence of being drawn to the American shore for what could not be procured on our own. Had I paid duty on *all* that I purchased, the fourth which I obtained on a subsequent sale, would have dwindled down to a mere shadow indeed.

Before leaving the Western District of Canada, which had served to revive so many of my earlier recollections, I accepted the invitation of a gentleman in Detroit to pass a few weeks with him, prior to attending a "monster" meeting which was to be held for the express purpose of manifesting the popular feeling in favor of General Harrison, then a candidate for the Presidency of the United States. Delegates from every State in the Union were to assemble on a ground which had been the theatre of the display of some resolution, less active than passive, on the part

of "Hard Cider," as the Americans familiarly termed him, and which was not without interest to me, as having been one of those against whom he had defended himself. A very numerous body of people (Whigs) marshalled for the occasion in Detroit, and one fine yet sultry morning, under a salute of artillery, amid the waving of the handkerchiefs of the agreeable and lady-like women for whom the capital of Michigan is celebrated, and who now lined the balconies and windows overlooking the river, the steamers, five in number and literally crowded with people, unmoored from their respective wharves and glided down the river. The sky was clear and bright, although the atmosphere was insufferably warm, and as the prow of each boat, which was decked with gay flags and alive with music, rippled through the still and waveless current, it seemed as though its course were propelled through the yielding, but hitherto unbroken, surface of a mirror. Crowds of spectators collected on the populous and verdant shores, evidently wondering at the cause of the unusual display, which, albeit known to a few, was a mystery to the mass; and as we moved, in succession, past the British fort at Amherstburgh, the bright scarlet uniforms of the guard, who, in the midst of their less gaudily attired comrades off duty, lingered near the gateway, or thronged the ramparts, strongly brought to my memory the contrast of a *past* position with the *present*, and yielded abundant materials for reflection not of the most soothing or satisfactory nature. *Then* I had marched from the spot around which those soldiers lingered, and glided down the river on which I now found myself, for the express purpose of investing and destroying the very place to which I was *now* hastening as to a festival; nay more, with the object of capturing or slaying the very man whom it was intended that festival should honor. I had endured hunger, and thirst, and privation of every kind, during that close seige, and had deeply rejoiced whenever a bursting shell, falling into the works, threatened to spread havoc and destruction among those they sheltered, and to give promise of the extermination of their stronghold. *Now* I was about to visit the same spot, to be a spectator of rejoicings at the imputed defeat of all our plans, and of the bestowal, by assembled thousands, of homage upon him who claimed a victory over us, and against whose claim there was no one present but myself who could, even if imprudent enough to do so, demur. The position was a curious one, and yet as we advanced there was even more cause afforded for contrast and reflection. At length, we entered the Miami River, but how different was the appearance of the country, and how dissimilar the mode of ascent, to what it had been at the period when I last visited the scene. It had been my fortune to be upon this river on three several occasions, during the last war between Great Britain and the United States, and at a time when one unvarying wilderness presented itself on either shore to the eye, as far as the commencement of the beautifully green and sloping bank which, for about twenty yards, formed the boundary between the forest and the river. We had, on the first occasion, penetrated almost to its source, and far beyond the point to which curious thousands were now repairing to celebrate what was intended to be a national jubilee; and during that expedition—some seventy or eighty miles into the interior—we had seen but one

solitary cabin, which, in apprehension of the outrages of our Indian allies, had been deserted by its inhabitants,—and the ruins of an old English fort, one of those alluded to in my "Wacousta" as having fallen into the hands of the same race of people, then our fierce and uncompromising enemies, and united in exterminating confederacy under the renowned chieftain Pouteac. We had, it is true, then penetrated far beyond this ruin, but not an evidence of civilization had met our view.

On the second occasion, when our light-hearted and joyous soldiery, who ever found, in expeditions of the kind, indulgence for that wholesome spirit of adventure which is peculiar to the profession of arms, pulled, with cheerful song and jest, the batteaux in which we were embarked, it was for a more hostile and decided purpose than that which we previously entertained. As we rowed up the river, the country was, for a series of miles, precisely as we had found it on our first approach, the wild turkey occasionally winging its lazy flight from shore to shore, and presenting a tempting and seldom neglected mark to the rifles of the Indians who flanked our advance on either bank, and to the less effective musket of the soldier, fired by some eager and imprudent officer; but when we had traced about one third of our former route, and approached the point where had stood the deserted cabin to which I have alluded, we discovered that around *that*, and extending over ground where, on the first occasion, we had amused ourselves with shooting down the hogs, which, untended by their owner, had become absolutely wild, had now risen, in imposing strength, fortifications, against which our present efforts were to be directed. This fort was commanded by General Harrison, the very man whom a strong political party were now assembling to honor in the immediate theatre of his assumed military achievements, and in order that the reader may fully understand the value of these, I will refer to the circumstances as they took place.

On taking up our position about a mile below the fort, which was reconnoitred and found impracticable except by breach, the necessary batteries were immediately thrown up opposite to the American defences (the river or "foot of the rapids" separating the armies,) at a distance of about eight hundred yards, and in a few days, protected by strong covering parties, they were in readiness to receive the battering guns which had accompanied the expedition. Two of these were long twenty-four pounders which we had previously taken at Detroit, and well do I recollect the immense exertion it cost us to drag them from the point where they had been landed, to the batteries. The distance was a mile, and the roads so bad that it required many yoke of oxen and nearly two hundred men, (the latter furnished with drag ropes,) from nine o'clock in the evening until three in the morning, to effect this important duty, which, at one time, had nearly been abandoned in very hopelessness of success. A principal object was to get the guns into battery before the Americans could be aware of their advance, for the range was so short that they could not fail, in day-light, to have caused us serious molestation. This, after extraordinary effort, was accomplished, and at a given signal from a gunboat anchored abreast of the encampment, and the hoisting of the union jack at the batteries themselves, a furious cannonade

was opened upon the enemy, who returned it with spirit, but not with the same efficiency. Well did these beautiful twenty-four pounders throw their metal. They were, in comparison of one arm with the other, as true as rifles, and at whatever point the gun was directed, *there* the shot was sure to fall. I had more than once, while forming one of the covering party, prevailed on the bombardier who had charge of these pieces to allow me to point them, and I remember feeling all the delight which is natural to a young soldier on occasions of the kind, and during his earlier days of service, wherever I perceived the destruction I had been instrumental in effecting. There was one point at which the twenty-four pounders were principally aimed, and this was the roof of the powder magazine which the enemy were busily engaged in endeavoring to render bomb-proof. Most gallantly did they acquit themselves of this dangerous duty, for although our heavy and hissing shot struck the roof at every discharge, tearing up the new laid earth, and occasionally mixing with it the blood and limbs of those who were employed in placing it there, no sooner were they extricated from the shower of wet earth which, scattered high in air, fell enveloping their persons as in a dark cloud, than they recommenced their task with an undiminished ardor that astonished us, nor ceased until they had accomplished their object. The magazine was, in spite of our incessant fire, rendered bomb-proof; and then, and not until then, did the workmen retire from their exposed position. For four consecutive days we continued, with little intermission, to bombard the place, throwing into it shells, and red hot, as well as the ordinary round, shot; and such was the number of these that we could not possibly conceive how the enemy was enabled to hold out as he did. But the resources of these brave men were in proportion with the magnitude of their danger. With the same indefatigability and resolution they had manifested while covering their powder magazine, they prevented that destruction in their force, which must else have resulted from our fire, by excavating obliquely in the earth, and forming burrows in which the Indians used to say they buried themselves like "ground hogs,"—thus finding shelter from our shells. The state of the earth itself had greatly contributed to their exemption from serious loss, for in consequence of the heavy rains which had fallen since our arrival in the neighborhood, the clayey soil of the newly dug fort had become so saturated, that the area was one continuous paste reaching to the ankles, and as the shells dropped in this, the fuzes were generally instantly extinguished, while the hot shot fell equally without effect.

Thus stood matters in relation to the seige itself, when, on the fifth day from the opening of our fire, the affair occurred which gave to General Harrison, according to American history, a victory some sixty thousand persons, from most parts of the Union, were now about to celebrate in presence of the assumed victor, and on the very theatre of contest.

General Harrison being uncertain as to the ultimate results of the seige, and moreover extremely annoyed by our guns, resolved upon an attempt to silence these latter; and with that view despatched a messenger to General Green Clay who, he had been apprized, was a few miles up the river, advancing to the relief of

the garrison with a force of fifteen hundred men, and some ammunition and stores. The orders now sent to him were to move forward without delay; land within a short distance of the British batteries; carry and spike the guns, destroy the carriages, and instantly recross the river, and join him in the fort.

It should have been previously mentioned that, prior to the opening of the guns from our batteries opposite to Fort Meigs, two companies (the grenadier and light) of the only regular regiment employed in the expedition, had been detached, with two guns of light calibre, to the right bank of the river with instructions to take possession of, and entrench themselves in, a ravine, about half way from our encampment and the American fort, and thus distract them by a cross fire. This party, supported by a few militia and Indians, it was the intention of General Harrison, as intimated to General Clay, to attack, while the latter executed the important duty assigned to him, on the opposite shore. Now this plan was, beyond all question, an admirable one, and as far as General Harrison was concerned, reflected great credit upon his military judgment; but it will be presently seen with whom the merit of victory, in reality, rested. No sooner was the American commander made aware, by the report of the first desultory firing, of General Clay's approach to the batteries, when he directed a sortie upon the light battery thrown up on the brow of the ravine which sheltered the little detachment, on his own side of the river. This was instantly carried, five and thirty men and two officers—all of the light company—falling into his hands. The remainder of the party, hotly pursued, succeeded in crossing, not without difficulty, in the boats which were ready to receive them. On the right bank of the river, therefore, everything was decidedly in favor of the besieged. But how stood matters of the opposite shore? General Clay had surprised the batteries so completely, that the first intimation in our camp of the proximity of the enemy was given to us by the artillerymen, who had naturally abandoned their guns at the approach of a force against which resistance was utterly hopeless. General Clay had, in my opinion, badly chosen his moment of attack. I could have wished him to have deferred his movement at least an hour. We had only just seated ourselves in our tent of boughs to partake of a very scanty breakfast, and this, consisting of a tough steak of lean and half cooked beef, and a piece of dry bread, moistened with an apology for tea made of the root of the sassafras, and sweetened with sugar from the maple tree, it was hardly fair to compel us to abandon untasted. I had ever been of the opinion of much older soldiers than myself, that in order to do duty properly in the field, it was indispensable that the cravings of the animal man should not be suffered to interpose themselves between his sublimer aspirations after glory; and as mine was an appetite that was seldom gratified to its full extent, when sharing the bivouac of those who were older, and less diffident than myself, and who always assigned me any other than Benjamin's portion, I was scarcely ever exempt from the gnawings of hunger. I recollect well, that, during our forced march on this occasion to the batteries, I thought a great deal more of the untouched breakfast, and its probable fate, than of the enemy we were about to encounter. I was a confirmed Oliver Twist in those days, and "always asking for more."

But another direction was given to my reflections. As we advanced along the road I have already described, at a pace as rapid as its heavy nature would permit, and flanked on the forest side by a body of Indians, we could distinctly hear the firing going on on our left, and see the enemy advancing rapidly upon the small battery of six-pounders. Instead of discouraging, this however animated our own immediate leaders the more, and they urged their men to the re-capture of the heavy guns. In a few minutes we were on the spot, and saw the enemy in possession of and determined to retain them. We had not three complete companies on the ground, or engaged in the affair at all; and yet when the order was given to charge, we advanced and drove from the batteries the masses that occupied them, in a manner that, on subsequent reflection on the fewness of our numbers, astonished ourselves quite as much as it must have disconcerted the enemy. They retreated into the woods, and being there met by the destructive fire of the warriors under Tecumseh, were speedily broken, and, as a force, literally annihilated. Of thirteen hundred men whom General Clay had brought with him to the attack of the batteries, not two hundred effected their escape; and independently of the many who fell, we took no less than four hundred and sixty prisoners. The moment the firing had ceased, and these latter had been marched off under as strong an escort as could be spared, we again returned to the batteries, whither the artillerymen had again promptly repaired, and assisted them in undoing the injury which had been done to the guns. Owing to some confusion in the advance of the assailants, the man charged with the spikes could not be found, or had not come up; and, too impatient for delay, the Americans had only partially effected their purpose by thrusting ramrods into the touchholes and breaking them off short. These were now removed without much difficulty, and the fire of small arms had not been discontinued an hour when our batteries re-opened on the fort. Before half a dozen rounds had been discharged, however, the enemy hoisted a white flag, which we at the batteries supposed was a signal of their surrender. The firing consequently ceased, and it was not until we saw a few boats of General Clay's division (the greater number had been captured and plundered by the Indians) moving down the river, and anchoring as close beneath the fort as they could, that we suspected a ruse, and renewed our fire. But this again was instantly stayed, as we saw a party issue from the fort dressed in scarlet, and evidently prisoners who had been captured that morning on the right bank. The movement of these under an escort toward the river, where we saw them embark, announced to us at the batteries that the white flag had been hoisted only with a view to an exchange of prisoners; and our disappointment became extreme as we perceived another important movement on the part of the enemy, which the momentary truce was intended to cover. No sooner had we for the second time ceased our firing, when, availing themselves of the exchange of prisoners which was being then effected, several hundred unarmed men issued from an angle of the fort, under the cover of a detachment, and rushing hurriedly to the boats, loaded themselves with what they could bear away. This was principally shot and shells and stores of various kinds, for the supply of the garrison,

which the Indians had neglected to destroy; contenting themselves with the handsomely ornamented swords, rifles, and pistols, as well as the linen and rich epaulettes and uniforms of the officers, with which many of the warriors afterwards decked themselves, not a little to the amusement of the camp. Nor was it until *after* the prisoners had been landed, and the supplies introduced into the fort, that we were again at liberty to open our fire.

I have been diffuse in the historical detail of these proceedings, because I am aware that the Americans are generally impressed with the belief that the affair of the Miami was, to General Harrison, one of unqualified victory; and as this book will, of course, be republished in the United States, I am desirous of correcting the error into which they have fallen. Of General Harrison's merit as an officer, and of his very able dispositions on that day, there can be no question, but victory is not always to those leaders whose combinations and enterprise are best calculated to ensure it. Had General Clay obeyed the order so emphatically given to him, and, after spiking the guns, retired across the river without further loss of time, there would have been every fair claim to complete victory; but surely it will not be pretended that the capture of a weak battery, supported merely by two companies of troops, with a few militia and Indians, can as a military feat, be placed in comparison with the utter destruction of a force of thirteen hundred men by one-third of their number. Then let us look at the results. The Americans issuing in force from the fort, succeeded in capturing thirty-five men and two officers, while four hundred and thirty-five men and thirty-two officers fell into our hands. Nor can it be said that General Harrison's success on the right bank of the river has nothing to do with, or can be affected by the defeat of General Clay on the left, which was only the result of unlooked-for disobedience of orders. As well might it be said, if we compare small things with great, that Napoleon's was not a defeat at Waterloo, because Grouchy is stated to have disobeyed his instructions, and by his absence, mainly contributed to the loss of the battle. Had the Duke of Wellington, on the contrary, failed in any of his numerous engagements, solely through the fault of one of his commanders of divisions, victory would not the more have been ascribed to him, because his dispositions had been proved by results to have been good, and that the fullest success should have crowned those operations which he immediately superintended. It is true that the siege was subsequently abandoned, but this was because it was found impracticable to effect a breach for an assault. Had the enemy been surrounded by stone walls, they would have crumbled about their ears, but as it was, the shot merely passed through, without levelling or even seriously wounding the strong loop-holed pickets which formed the stockade, and the capture of the place could only have been effected by the expenditure upon it of more time and ammunition than the necessity for its reduction demanded. Furthermore the Indians, laden with the spoils they had secured from the captured boats of General Clay's division, were in conformity with their usual practice on such occasions, and in defiance of the noble yet severe Tecumseh (who, with a small band of chosen warriors—chiefly of his own tribe—remained with us to the close), deserting us hourly for a brief season; and without their united support, the force was much too

weak to effect any important object. But although we retired, it was without the slightest show of precipitation. The batteries were regularly dismantled, and the heavy guns removed and placed on board the boats prepared for their reception, precisely in the order in which they had first been landed from them, nor was anything left behind which could at all advantage the enemy. Neither, when the battering train, stores, camp equipage, &c., had been all re-embarked, and the troops followed in their open boats, was the slightest obstruction offered by the Americans during any part of our descent of the river. No attempt was ever made at a sortie, which, in our exposed position, must have greatly annoyed us.

I should be induced to apprehend that I had dwelt too long on so apparently unimportant a subject, were it not that I am desirous to shew with how little foundation the Americans so frequently claim advantages over the troops of Great Britain. Where they are fairly entitled to victory, let their claim be allowed; but it is unjust to assume *that* to themselves which is not warranted by facts. While their whole Union was ringing from one end to the other with rejoicings at the asserted triumph of their arms over those of Great Britain at the Miami, the gallant regiment—a small but daring portion of whom drove, at the point of the bayonet, a vastly superior number of the enemy from the batteries on the left bank—were wearing, still wear, and ever will continue to wear, the word "Miami," on their colors and appointments.*

The third time we ascended the Miami, and some account of this is necessary to the understanding of certain American proceedings at this celebrated convention, was in the following August—little more than three months afterwards. Tecumseh had conceived a plan for the withdrawal of the Americans from the cover of the fort, which it was hoped would prove efficient, and in which he obtained a promise of co-operation on the part of the British General. We accordingly moved up the Miami river in our boats as before, and with the Indians skirting the woods on either flank. Instead, however, of occupying the ground we had previously rested on, we effected a landing on the right bank, and gaining the cover of the woods, remained for many hours stationary, and out of view from the fort. Meanwhile Tecumseh, who, at the head of his warriors, had, by a circuitous route, gained the high road by which the garrison received its supplies and reinforcements, opened a desultory fire, accompanied by fierce yells, apparently on a party coming towards the fort. This fire gradually increased until it eventually became an incessant roar of small arms; and now had arrived the critical moment—that of the success or failure of his plan. It was known that General Harrison had some days previously left the place, entrusting the command to the next in rank to him, and was then lying with a body of troops at a short distance from Sandusky (another stockaded post not far distant from, and connected with, Fort Meigs, by the road just alluded to), and it was expected that the garrison of the latter, inferring that the General had been attacked while coming to their

* There is a circumstance connected with this subject of so curious coincidence, as to merit a passing notice. The storming of the batteries on the Miami took place on the *5th of May*, 1813, when I served in the company of as gallant an officer as ever entered a field. On the *5th of May*, 1836, I assisted at the storming of the Carlist lines (three in number, and sustained by batteries) drawn around San Sebastian, and on this latter occasion one of my subalterns was a son of the very man under whom I had entered the enemy's batteries in 1813.

assistance, would sally forth and cover their entry. We waited patiently, or rather impatiently, on the skirt of the wood, half-soaked through with a drizzling rain, and looking earnestly for evidences of a sortie on the road, when it was our intention to have taken the force composing this in the rear, but all in vain. The American commander was too prudent, and although we opened a fire in return to that of the Indians, with a view of further misleading the enemy, the attempt proved fruitless, and we re-embarked the same afternoon, and descended the river for our ultimate destination — which was Sandusky, the fort I have just mentioned, and on which our storming powers were again, although by no means successfully, tried.

Such had been the condition of this interesting tract of country on the three several occasions on which I had traversed its banks a quarter of a century before, and such as I have described had been the mode of navigation of its waters. But what a change had been effected within that comparatively short period. It seemed as if the wand of enchantment had passed over a region which I had in some degree enshrined in my recollection as hallowed ground, and I, at a first glance, contemplated with feelings of painful disappointment the abundant evidences of the destroying, yet renewing, hand of a matter-of-fact civilization, which had removed from view those land-marks of primeval beauty, once forming such prominent features in the attractive scenery. On we dashed with our steamers decorated with their gay flags, and enlivened with music; and as the ponderous paddle wheels threw the waters aside, startling them even from their own beds, I could not but draw a striking and unfavorable contrast between their turbulent intrusion and the subdued action of the light oar which, formerly, had almost insensibly, divided the placid water, and formed ripples so slight as to be discontinued almost at the moment of their creation, leaving scarce a trace behind of the burden they had so recently borne. The destructive effect produced on the natural beauty of the shores, by the fierce and unchecked paddle wheels—and this is an evil peculiar to every narrow river on which steam navigation prevails—was here disagreeably evident. The eternal lashing of the disturbed waters had worn away the verdure from the more abrupt banks, and the gray dry earth, divested of that clothing which had formerly constituted the leading charm of this ascent, fell and crumbled as each heavy swell dashed against and dislodged some portion of its body. After proceeding a few miles up the river we came to Toledo, a large and thriving town, furnished with piers, wharves, &c., and altogether exhibiting marks of a commercial prosperity which, notwithstanding my preconceived ideas of the go-a-head system of the West, excited my utmost admiration and surprise. While advancing towards the mouth of the Miami River, which we did shortly after we had sustained the loss of one of the "enlightened," who threw himself from the upper deck and found the death he sought before means could be found to lower a boat, we had seen numerous steamers, decked with gay flags similar to our own, and equally freighted with a mass of living matter, moving from various points, indicating the several harbors on Lake Erie, which they had left, and wending their way to the narrow entrance leading to the place of rendezvous. Some of these we now overtook at Toledo, where, in consequence of the shallow wa-

ter above, it was necessary to leave several of the largest steamers (and amongst them was that in which I had embarked) and perform the remainder of the route in others of a smaller class. It was with a deep interest—as boyish in character, perhaps, as it was irresistable—that, as we threaded the windings of the river, I watched every thing which could indicate our near approach to the spot most familiarly impressed upon my memory. At length, after making a sudden turn in the river, we came within view of the immediate scene of our own and the enemy's operations—the foot of the Miami rapids—but how unlike was it to the wild country I had once known. True, the water was the same, and the earth was the same; but on either bank had arisen, on the extinguished fires of men who had been arrayed in deadly hostillty to each other, two large divisions of a flourishing town, connected by an elevated and extensive bridge, which bore the same evidence of commercial improvement that I had remarked at Toledo. The site of the town on the right bank was some few hundred yards on the side of the ravine, nearest the mouth of the river, which had sheltered our troops; and on the brow of which our enfilading battery had been erected, and must have been about the point where, with the exception of the prisoners taken by General Harrison, the detachment had succeeded in gaining their boats and crossing the river. At the base of this, studded with piers and wharves, with their adjacent store houses, were moored the numerous steamers that had been enabled, from their lightness of draft, to get up with their living burdens; and these now lay, with their broadsides opposite to that part of the stream where had been anchored the gun boats employed in the expedition, and contributing by their fire to the annoyance of the enemy. Beyond this point, no boat of any tonnage could proceed, the shallowness of the river rendering it only navigable for batteaux.

It was night when we landed from the steamer, and as we were to pitch our tent on the very ground where had stood the fort—about a mile distant,—no time was lost in the necessary preparation. A bullock waggon was soon procured, and in this were deposited, not only our capacious tent and the good things that were to be enjoyed under it, but the bedding and portmanteaus of the party who, compelled to walk, flanked and brought up the rear of the "camp equipage." In about an hour, after passing through the town of the Miama, and winding our way among carts and waggons, laden like our own, and so alive with human beings that, in the gloom of the evening, a very little stretch of the imagination might have conjured up a repetition of the scenes of the past, we at length found ourselves within the circle in which had been comprised the defences of the fort. Here the waggon was unloaded, and the experienced servants of the gentleman whose immediate guest I was, and who, with several other of the principal citizens of Detroit, had "clubbed" to provide the indispensables of the expedition, soon had the tent raised and put in order. Finally, we were so comfortably disposed of that it was with no slight reluctance we quitted the cold fowl and ham, accompanied by Madeira, and followed by cold brandy and water and cigars which were set before us, as we squatted ourselves, after the fashion of the Indians, on the ground, for the comparatively comfortable beds which had, in the meantime, been prepared for us.

That night was to me one of an excitement—unworldly and ridiculous enough at my matured years—which I vainly strove to banish. Owing to the lateness of the hour at which we had entered on our place of bivouac, I had not been able to obtain any thing like a distinct view of our position, and I waited impatiently for the approach of day, when my curiosity should be fully gratified. It was not, however, until the sun had appeared above the horizon in the morning, and the bustling of my companions who were making their rude toilet, warned me of my tardiness, that I rose, half dressed myself, and sallied forth for the purpose of entering the shallow stream that flows lazily through the valley beneath. It was not, therefore, until after I had returned from my ablutions, and partaken of an excellent breakfast which had meanwhile been prepared for our hungry party, that I had an opportunity to examine the position. The scene at this time, when the whole of the surrounding encampment, containing some fifty thousand souls, had breakfasted, and were in motion in various parts of the ground, was highly animated. Bugles and drums and trumpets sounded from every quarter, summoning the several corps of "Guards" to their morning parade within a space formed by the peculiar disposition of their tents; while the numerous bands of music which had accompanied the delegates from their several States, rent the air, otherwise stilled by the influence of a burning sun, and were, in the occasional pauses, succeeded by a confused hum of human voices, which gave a juster estimate of numbers to the ear, than was afforded even to the eye. The most of these bands were elevated in carriages, drawn by four, six, eight, twelve, and in one instance sixteen horses, two abreast,—these latter conducted with so much ability, that a single postillion, mounted on one of the centre horses to reach the leaders with his whip, was all the aid the driver required. Then there were displays of gorgeous flags, and shows, and refreshment tents, and, in short, of everything that is usually found in a fair, but the fair themselves, a very slight sprinkling of whom were discernible in the throng. These were confined almost exclusively to the belles of the Maimi who, although not quite so graceful or so beautiful as many of those we had left in Detroit, enjoyed at least this advantage—that being the only wearers of that inflammable symbol of womanhood—the petticoat—they were looked upon with all the interest that mystic garment, thinly scattered among the many thousand of wild men there assembled, could not fail to inspire. Plain women were at once transformed into good-looking; while these latter, in their turn, were invested by the willing imagination with every attribute of beauty, and enjoyed a triumph which, inasmuch as it was unprecedented, and can never since have been renewed, must, even at this hour, cause them to dwell with unmingled satisfaction on the "Three Day's Celebration," and ardently desire its repetition.

Among this moving mass, a great portion of which was within the precincts of what had constituted the defences of the fort, it was not easy to thread my way so as accurately to define its limits; however, with the assistance of some of my American friends, I accomplished the circuit. But with the exception of finding here and there the stumps of a few pickets, and following the traces of the slightly raised ground which had rested against them, there was no

evidence of a fortification. Everything had been levelled, and the grass grew thickly over the whole of that surface which had once been a bed of clay—extinguishing our shells, and affording shelter from our shot.

The spot of greatest interest to me was that on, or within a few feet of which, our tent had been pitched. Here, it was obvious from various indications, had stood the powder magazine against which our fire had been unceasingly directed, and as I gazed on the surrounding scene, the contrast between the past and the present which had forced itself upon my mind from the outset, became more marked. There was something piquant too in resting and sleeping on the immediate ground on which had been concentrated the whole of our attempts at destruction, and on which, at that time, we should have deemed it the highest object of our ambition to set foot. Where had stood our batteries on the opposite banks, were to be seen three or four scattered dwelling-houses painted white, as most of the buildings in the town were; and the wood that had skirted the bank, and masked the road by which our heavy cannon had been dragged up, was now cut down, and fair fields and pastures greeted the eye in its stead, until the point was gained where had stood our encampment. Here again, instead of rude tents, or rather wigwams made, by the practised hands of the willing soldiery, from the boughs and bark of trees, which afforded us shelter during the siege, was now erected a portion of the town of Miami. This, as already described, was connected with the greater mass of buildings on the right bank by an elevated bridge which, even while I gazed, was thronged with men and horses, passing to and fro as business or inclination suggested; and as the eye circumscribed its range, resting on the long line of steamers, with their gay flags hanging droopingly in the waveless air, and embraced the well constructed piers to which they were moored, my mind could not resist a certain melancholy and sentiment of regret, that these solitudes, in which some of the most stirring incidents of my life had occurred, should have been thus invaded and destroyed. I could have loved to have beheld every feature of this scene precisely in the order in which *all* had been exhibited on the several occasions when I had previously made acquaintance with them, but now everything was so altered, so *civilized*, that I regarded whatever met my eye with a feeling of bitter disappointment, scarcely exceeded by that which I experienced on remarking the striking change which had been effected in the character, dress and demeanor of those who had once been the lords of this wild and picturesque region. True, there was, notwithstanding, a certain interest excited in me, but that interest was not the result of what I saw, but what I vainly sought to disoover. I loved the ground, not for what it was, but what it had been.

I had some desire to be re-introduced to General Harrison, whose prisoner I had been so many years previously, yet whom I had never since seen, and attained my object, through Governor Woodbridge, of Detroit, who made me the offer of an introduetion. I found the "Hero of Tippecanoe" a very plain and unpretending person, whom one must have known to be a soldier before venturing to pronounce that he was such, yet who seemed pleased to meet with one who had been opposed to him in the battle, the celebration of which he was there to assist in. As the introduction took place

while he was in his carriage, and waiting to see the several bands of delegates, guards, &c., to pass in review before him, our conversation was fortunately of a general character, so that I escaped much of the awkwardness that must have resulted from a detailed reference to the occurrences of the 5th May, 1813. I was the more pleased that no particular allusion to the subject should have been made by him, as I had expected would have been the case, because as the General was to address the people, I was the more willing to hear his version of the story as he intended narrating it to them.

A platform, some ten or twelve feet high, had been erected in the very centre of what had been the fort, and at one o'clock precisely General Harrison, attended by many old officers—one or two of these sharers in his earlier campaigns—ascended it and addressed the auditory. A meridian sun was casting down its scorching rays upon the heads of tens of thousands, from whose brows the perspiration ran literally in streams, yet who, even amid the close pressure to which, wedged in as they were, and overtopping each other as some slight declivity in the ground permitted, all were more or less subjected, preserved a quiet and decorum of conduct worthy of the utmost commendation. Before General Harrison commenced, one or two of his supporters and military friends addressed the meeting, and they naturally gave a most vivid and one-sided description of the victory obtained on that very ground on which all were then congregated. Hurrahs, and cheers, and waving of flags, and shrill soundings of trumpets attested the delight of their excited hearers, and "Tippecanoe and Tyler too"—words which had been shouted at least a thousand times a day since the first agitation of the question "who shall be President," again rent the air from some twenty or thirty thousand parched and husky throats. But when the General came forward this excitement was, even amid the order which prevailed, greatly increased. This lasted a few minutes, and then the utmost stillness prevailed.

The old warrior was habited in a plain frock-coat of home-made cloth, of the light description usually worn in summer, nankeen waistcoat and trowsers, and a dark straw hat; his whole appearance being that of one who, as was indeed the fact, had, Cincinnatus-like, been taken from the plough to preside over the destinies of a confiding people. He had removed his hat, and, as he held in his hand an umbrella, which slightly cooled while it protected him from the ardent rays of the sun, his venerable, grey, and scanty hair, attenuated features, and stooping person, seemed to claim a respect and attention which a more youthful candidate for popular favor might not have commanded. His speech was a very long one, and treated of a variety of subjects, which were touched upon with a modesty that well merits to be recorded. He began by disclaiming the vanity of assuming to himself the possession of the qualities necessary to enable him to discharge with efficiency the high trust which his countrymen were desirous of reposing in him, and stated that, in yielding to the urgent entreaties which had been used to induce him to come forward as a candidate for the important and responsible office of President of the United States, he had done violence to his own inclinations, which had rather led to the continuance of enjoyment of those rural pursuits from which he had been taken, than to the turmoil of public life. He reiterated his conviction that he had been selected by his countrymen, not so much for any fitness to

fill the office which had been so flatteringly tendered to him, as because his name and political principles were deemed of advantage to their cause.

Among other topics, he naturally reverted to those services which had rendered him popular with his countrymen. This part of his discourse was of course replete with interest to me, and I listened, fully prepared to hear, from his own lips, a repetition of all that had been been ascribed to him by the previous speakers. But nothing of the kind met my ear, and I must do General Harrison the justice to say that no man could have evinced less egotism on the subject of his military services than he did. In fact, he scarcely alluded to his victory "over the British;" but principally referred to the neglect which he, as well as other old officers of the United States army, who had, at an earlier period of American history, fought under General Wayne, had experienced at the hands of the Government; and in deprecating this injustice, he pledged himself, when he should be called to the Presidential chair, as he could not after the present demonstration doubt he should be, to remove the evil. When he had concluded, he shook hands with many of the rough yeomen who pressed forward to obtain the honor, and then descended to his carriage, which was drawn towards the town, followed by the dense mass, ploughing up the hot dust which lay some inches thick on the road in so abominable a manner that, long after they had passed, it hung like an impenetrable veil in the atmosphere, and shut out the town wholly from the view of those who remained in the encampment.

But the most startling feature in this jubilee was enacted on the second night after our arrival. Oppressed with heat, and fatigued with witnessing proceedings which excited in me neither curiosity nor interest, I had, at an early hour, thrown myself upon my buffalo skin in the tent, which had then no tenant but myself, and was meditating on the humbug of the whole "celebration," when I heard several sharp cracks of the rifle, which, momentarily increasing in number, were answered by the independent fire of musketry, occasionally broken in upon by vollies, and by discharges from one or two field-pieces. I jumped up, and thrusting my head through the opening of the tent, beheld a sight that did indeed recal to me the scenes of the past. The whole of the side of the camp which bordered on the ravine where we had constructed our light battery, had suddenly assumed an appearance of great brilliancy, as if the largest description of fire-flies were playing in myriads around, while the cries of combatants and the report of fire-arms, reverberating through the woods, and multiplied by echo, gave an air of *vraisemblance* to the manner of an Indian night attack, which amply repaid me for what previous disappointment I had experienced. The only thing wanting was the correct delivery of the scalp-cry, which I had often heard in my youth, and had faithfully retained in memory.

It was not difficult to surmise, as proved to be the fact, that this was a sham-fight, intended to commemorate that through which we had, on a former occasion, attempted to draw the enemy from the same defences. A number of young Americans had secretly prepared themselves for the occasion, and disguised in paint and blankets, with handkerchiefs on their heads, had taken their position near the point where we had remained secreted during the movement of the Indians under Tecumseh, and extending themselves

gradually, under cover of the darkness, had formed a semi-circle around the tents. Upon this, they, at a given signal, commenced an attack which was promptly met in the manner I have described. Nothing in the shape of a battle has to me a greater interest than the beautiful effect of small arms, when the gloom of night is invaded by the fitful and lurid flashings they send forth, accompanied, as they ever are, by reports, whose multiplied reverberations fall upon the ear with a distinctness, almost with a character, that seems to result from the general slumber and stillness of nature alone.

To the victors themselves this mimic representation of scenes long since enacted, could not have imparted half the interest it produced in me. They had never practised that part they were thus seeking to describe, while I, on the contrary, with an imagination vividly impressed, recurred to it more forcibly as each war-cry was shouted, and each rifle discharged. What contributed to favor the delusion was the gloom of the evening, which while it hid from view the white and staring edifices in the distance, brought the river and adjacent forest dimly under observation. This sham fight lasted for about an hour, when the British and Indians being (by proxy) "considerably well whipped," the Americans ceased firing, and I went to console myself for our defeat by partaking of the hospitality of the Buffalo Guards, in whose charge were the field-pieces that had just been used.

On the afternoon of the third day, the convention having terminated, tents were everywhere being packed up preparatory to departure, and all the bustle, without much of the regularity of movement of an army about to change its ground, was apparent. Our own was one of the last tents struck, but it was very speedily and correctly done. Our hampers and provision baskets, which had been originally filled with good things, being now quite empty, and consequently forming a very light portion of the "camp stock," were thrust unceremoniously into the bullock waggon that once more had been called into requisition for the transport of our baggage, and that night we again embarked in the small steamer in which we had left Toledo. We did not, however, owing to the intricacy of the navigation of the river, leave until the following morning. About mid-day we were again on board the steamer that brought us across the lake, and our consorts being ready, we took our leave of General Harrison, who proceeded on a different route; and with our gay colors still flying, and our bands of music fully engaged for the amusement of the party, made the best of our way back to Detroit.

CHAPTER XI.

During the few days I remained in Detroit, after my return from Fort Meigs, an accident happened which had nearly disconcerted my plans of travelling to the centre of the Province.

The fourth regiment of United States Artillery were quartered in the city, and with the officers of this corps I passed nearly as much of my time as I did with the gentleman at whose house I was an immediate visitor. They were a pleasant, hospitable set

of fellows, and Colonel Fannin, who commanded them, possessed a soundness of information and conversational powers of a very high order. He had seen a good deal of service; was a captain in command of the artillery, at the capture, by the Americans, of Fort Erie in 1813, and had passed a great portion of his after life in the inhospitable and unhealthy region of Florida, from which indeed his regiment had only recently been returned. The utmost harmony and unanimity existed among the officers, all of whom were men of good education and manners, and it was particularly gratifying to observe the respect, without adulation, with which they regarded their gallant and estimable colonel while he, on the other hand, ever treated them with a kindness and indulgence which lost none of its value from his scrupulous exaction of the performance of their military duties. There was nothing of that servile cringing and self abasement—that apprehension to express an opinion, contrary to one pronounced by their commanding officer,—which so often is to be found in our own service, and which, when practised to the extent I have sometimes remarked, assimilates the position of an officer of inferior rank more to the condition of a base and fawning slave, than to one placed on a perfect equality, by the commission of the Sovereign, with the proudest dignitaries of the land. And yet, I do not remember a single instance, during my frequent visits to their mess table, where the propriety or decorum of conduct, tacitly exacted by the presence of their commander, was ever lost sight of by an officer of the 4th regiment of United States artillery. I feel a deep pleasure in thus alluding to them, not only by reason of the marked civility I had ever received at their hands, but because I was, at the time, most forcibly impressed with the almost brotherly feeling which subsisted between all ranks from the colonel down to the youngest officer; and had wished that, if I ever had the good fortune to be in permanent command of a regiment, such unanimity might be the model on which our social relations should be based.

Falling into the general habit of the country, the officers of this regiment dined about two o'clock, and thus had full leisure to enjoy the long and beautiful evenings peculiar to an American summer, which, from their comparative coolness, compensate for the previous intense heat of the day. Some walked—some rode—these, more or less, enjoying the society of the very charming and accomplished women with which Detroit in a marked manner abounds; while others, too indolent either to ride, walk, or flirt, preferred adjourning from the mess table to the drawing room, and there with closed verandahs, admitting just enough of light for the purpose, discussing the intricacies of whist, aided by the very acceptable stimulant of a mint julep (such as Wooster of the 4th alone could excel in) a cold and delicious sherry cobbler, or a more exciting cock-tail, as the taste or caprice of the individual might desire.

On the third or fourth afternoon of my return to the city, I had dined with the colonel, and was in the middle of a rubber with him and two other officers—Wooster brewing his exquisite mint julep for the players—when some one entered the room, stating that a fire had broken out at Windsor, on the Canadian shore, and was then raging so furiously, the wind having suddenly risen, as

to threaten destruction to the entire village. This was alarming intelligence to me, for, since leaving my den at Sandwich, I had taken lodgings at the principal hotel at Windsor, and while my baggage was strewed about the rooms of this, my ponies were left in the stable under no other surveillance than that of my tiger, whose youth and general thoughtlessness prevented me from placing much confidence in him. To add to my inquietude, it was stated that, from the direction of the fire, it was tolerably certain the hotel in which I had taken my apartments was the house then burning, it being nearly obscured by smoke. Of course there was an immediate end put to whist and mint juleps for the present, and accompanied by the great brewer of the latter,—I made the best of my way to the ferry, the small steamer of which was just on the point of crossing when we arrived.

There was no question as to the quarter whence the fire proceeded. The smoke came in black and curling volumes from the direction of the hotel, and I suffered an anxiety which may well be supposed in one whose all was, in a great degree, at stake. My only hope was that the boy might have had the good sense to have caused my baggage to be removed the moment the alarm of fire had been given, but even this expectation was a very faint one, for knowing as I did his propensity to play the truant during my absence, I could scarcely "lay the flattering unction to my soul" that he was not absent on the present occasion. As we advanced across the river, a puff of wind blew in a contrary direction and revealed in flames, not the hotel, although it had been so long enshrouded in smoke, but the barn or stable immediately behind it, in which were my unfortunate ponies. My distress at this was even greater than what I had previously entertained: I had become so attached to my horses that I could not endure even the thought of parting from them, therefore the idea of their perishing in this dreadful manner was not one calculated much to soothe me. As we neared the landing place, one vast sheet of flame burst from the now completely enveloped barn, which, fed by the straw and hay with which it was filled, tossed its large flakes into the air as if in proud rejoicing at the havoc it was creating. Still I saw no vestige of my ponies—no tiger to inform me whether they were saved or destroyed. Some person, however, from the hotel, recognizing me, ran down to the boat as she drew up to the wharf, and called out to me not to be alarmed, as my servant had, in the most active manner, saved both ponies and harness, and was then occupied in securing them in another stable. This certainly was a great relief, and I felt a degree of gratitude to the boy, so much the stronger in proportion to the injustice I was sensible I had been guilty of towards him. Hastily stepping on the wharf and following my informant, I went to the stable named by him and was not a little delighted to see the ponies eating their hay as calmly as though nothing had occurred to disturb them. Of course, my tiger was very garrulous, and very proud of his conduct, as he fully merited to be, and gave me an account of what he had done for the rescue.

It appeared that I was not far wrong in assuming him to have been at play with the young idlers of the village. but this circumstance had, in all probability, saved the ponies. They had assembled near the barn, which was far enough from the house not to have drawn early attention to the accident, and my boy chanced to

be the first to observe the outburst of the fire. He immediately, with great presence of mind, forced open the door, and while the flames were ascending at a distant part of the barn, ran into the stalls of the ponies, which were rather near the entrance, and untying their halters led them forth without resistance on their part; and having removed and tied them, once more returned and succeeded in saving every portion of the harness, with the exception of one or two unimportant straps, which were soon and easily replaced. My waggon, which lay at some distance in the yard adjoining the barn—then rapidly consuming—had been removed without difficulty, and had sustained no injury. That evening, on my return to my friends of the 4th, I renewed my rubber and the mint juleps, with a gusto not at all diminished by the fortunate escape of the day.

It was now the close of June, and although the weather was extremely warm, as indeed it ever is in the West about that season of the year, I began to make preparations for my departure. Having, however, no fancy to renew the misery of my "Long Woods" journey, I resolved to change my route altogether, and instead of returning by Lake St. Clair and Chatham, to take the road bordering on Lake Erie; and thus, by performing a sort of circle of about a hundred miles in extent, until arriving at what are called "the five stakes," where the roads again meet on their way downwards, not only to escape the monotony of going over ground already traversed, but of seeing more of the country. My heavy baggage was therefore shipped on board one of Mr. Dougall's vessels, then about to sail for the East, for its ultimate destination, while that which I retained as indispensable to the comforts of a journey which was not intended to be a very hurried one, was so disposed, as well as other conveniences intended for the road, that the mode of arrangement requires, in justice to my inventive genius, a passing notice.

The body of my waggon I have elsewhere stated to have been an oblong square box, about two feet deep; and to the back and front of this I had caused two packing cases, each nine inches in depth, to be fitted, of precisely corresponding size. These, with hinges, and straps that were secured by small iron padlocks, were secured to their several places by means of strong straps, passing through staples screwed on to the body of the waggon. Both—the one containing my wife's apparel, the other my own—rested on ledges that protruded from the back and front, and fitted, when properly strapped on, so closely to the waggon, like which they were painted that it was difficult for a stranger to know that they did not absolutely form a part of it. Nothing could be more perfect than this arrangement which, moreover, afforded abundance of room inside, the waggon, already sufficiently filled in the following manner.

My past experience having induced in me but little desire to frequent the "houses of accommodation" along the road more than well could be avoided, I had determined, as the season was fine, to enter them only at night, and leave them on the following morning as soon as we had breakfasted. Accordingly, I had another oblong square box divided into compartments, and of sufficient depth to contain a ham, three or four fowls, a tongue and all corresponding et ceteras; and in order to admit the air to this, without at the same time giving ingress to the flies which abounded, I had lined the lid, which was perforated with numerous augur holes, and fastened like the cases with a padlock,

with a coarse stiff green gauze, through which the air found easy entrance. This box was made wide enough to fit closely across the bottom of the waggon, where it formed a resting place for the feet. A second small case contained dishes, plates, and drinking cups, as well as a pitcher with which to supply ourselves with water when dining under the shade of some tall and umbrageous tree. Nor were other comforts forgotten. I had purchased and filled a five gallon cask with excellent cider—a delicious beverage when oppressed by thirst in travelling—and a few bottles of wine and brandy, with a moderate portion of good cigars, and all this, to be renewed as required, composed our travelling stock.

Thus provided, I commenced my journey, and in a manner that "astonished" even "the natives." Without my being made aware of the fact, the mare had been in foal when I purchased her in Montreal, and she had thrown a colt about a month previously. This addition to my family had occasioned me a good deal of annoyance at the time of its occurrence, and believing that it was utterly impossible for a creature of that tender age to perform the journey I meditated—nearly five hundred miles—I had half formed the resolution to destroy it, but the little thing was so full of life and spirit, in short so much resembled her dam, that I had not the heart to give the order for its removal, but finally decided that it should take its chance on the road, particularly as it would have a guard and companion in my faithful and noble Hector, the splendid Newfoundland dog to whom I have already alluded, and with whom it was on the best of terms.

Thus started the caravan—for it could scarcely be called anything else—from Windsor, the whole forming a tableau that had as much of the useful as the ornamental about it. The people, as we passed, ran to the doors to admire the ponies, the curs ran after the colt, whom they seemed not much to admire, and Hector ran after, and upset right and left, the curs who had the temerity to insult his little friend and charge. The whole route through the villages and more densely settled parts of the country was marked by much of the same confusion, and it was only as we passed through some thick wood, or extensive valley, that our four-footed followers were allowed to proceed in peace.

The journey, along the lake shore especially, was really delightful. Although the heat of the day was great, and the musquitoes as teazing as they were abundant, we had generally the advantage of a gentle breeze from the southward, which blew balmy and fresh as the liquid plain over which it rolled. Between two and three o'clock in the day, when its sultriness was at its height and the air partially stilled, my search was directed for some green and shaded spot, where our usual halt was to be made, and when this could be made in the neighborhood of a a farm-house, or near a stream of running water, it was invariably taken possession of, without much regard to the meum or teum right of the property thus invaded. Generally, however, we stopped as near the road side as possible, and on one or two occasions on the border of the lake itself. Some amusing scenes were the result of this gipsy mode of travelling, and among others the following:

One beautiful day, after quitting the Talbot District, and gaining

the high road leading through the Township of Mersea, in Essex, we found ourselves about the usual hour between a continuous chain of fences skirting the highway, and offering no other shelter than what was afforded by a few fruit trees overhanging the latter. We chose the neighborhood of an orchard where a number of thickly planted cherry trees, teeming with fruit which was, at that time, in its full perfection of ripeness, promised us the shade we wanted, while, from the farm house which adjoined, we could obtain the necessary water for our horses. I accordingly drove up to the side of the road, under cover of the cherry trees; and as there was some fresh and inviting grass crowning a small elevation formed by the gradually sloping side of what had once been a ditch, we here alighted, and having, much to the surprise of those whom business or curiosity drew along the road, opened our provision-box and spread out our ham, fowls, &c., we did ample justice to our dinner, while my tiger, who had taken the ponies to some little distance, and under cover of the same shade, gave them their oats, a feed of which was always placed in the waggon on starting in the morning from the place at which we passed the night. While thus dispatching our mid-day meal, occasionally moistened with a draught of the cool and thirst-slaking cider, and looking at the tempting cherries above us—much in the same spirit with which an *habitué* of the classic precincts of St. Giles discusses his potatoes and point, a waggon drove up in which were several persons, and among others one who proved to be the proprietor of the farm house near us. This man jumping out, and approaching us, made a low bow, saying at the same time, "Pray, Sir, may I be so bold as to ask where you come from, where you are going to, and what you are doing?" This was out-Jonathaning Jonathan with a vengeance, and I looked up to see more particularly what sort of an animal my questioner was. I beheld nothing remarkable in his features but an expression of very surpassing impudence, which, being in no mood to gratify his curiosity, I in some degree checked by slowly repeating his words, and inquiring "if indeed it would particularly interest him to know where I came from, whither I was going, and what I was doing?" He replied it would, for that no stranger ever passed that way without his making it a point of inquiring his business in that neighborhood. I kept my temper, while I remarked, that if other people chose to be silly enough to gratify his impertinent curiosity, I certainly did not intend to do so, and therefore he need not give himself further trouble on the subject. This little colloquy had of course taken place within hearing of those in the waggon, who seemed amazed to see one, who I afterwards found was considered to be the bully of the neighborhood, put down by a caravan driver or pedlar, for aught they knew to the contrary: and much whispering and shrugging of the shoulders ensued. My hero, evidently crest-fallen at the non-success of his inquisitorial power, now joined his companions, and while I was smoking the luxurious weed which ever crowned my frugal dinner, a gentlemanly looking young man, who had been a distant observer of the scene, came up, and addressing me by name, apologized for the rude behaviour of the person who had just left me,—stating that it was a practice with him to annoy every one who passed in the same way. I thanked Mr. Ambridge, who was the Postmaster of the township, for his attention, in seeking thus to explain what in some degree

reflected unfavorably on his immediate neighborhood, but observed to him, I had experienced no annoyance whatever; but had rather derived amusement from the consequential language and bearing of my unceremonious interrogator. I promised as soon as the horses were put to, and our journey of the day resumed, to call at his house, about half a mile further on our route, and he left us to return home.

A few minutes afterwards, and while eating some of the tempting-looking cherries which I had despatched my tiger to purchase, the waggon returned, and the Grand Inquisitor again jumped out. He did not however, venture to renew his questions to me, but playing with a roll of papers which he held in his hand, and which in some degree gave him the appearance of being the *savant* of the village, or rather settlement, approached his own house, about twenty yards distant from us, and in a tone of much condescension said as he passed, and addressing a lad who stood near, and who had gathered the cherries for us, "I cannot learn who these people are, or where they come from, or where they are going to, or indeed anything about them, but if they choose to send in for any clover for their horses, they may have some; or if they like any milk for themselves, there is plenty, and they can have it; not indeed that I intend to make any charge for the accommodation which I offer them."

Now, all this latter part of his discourse was exceedingly fair, as far as expression went, but we had been put sufficiently on our guard by Mr. Ambridge, and had too much penetration ourselves not to perceive that the object was to obtain through an affected kindness, that gratification of his curiosity in regard to our names and business in the neighbourhood, which had been refused to his abrupt demand. I therefore took no notice of his remark, but desiring my boy, who had now finished his dinner, to put the ponies to the waggon, performed my portion of the day's duty by packing up the remnants of the "feast" in their several compartments in the box, and lifting it, cider-keg, cushions, cloaks, &c., into the vehicle. Hector, who lay at some little distance, eating the fragments of the dinner which were appropriated to himself, did not seem half to like the appearance of the Grand Inquisitor, and the occasional growl which escaped him, as that personage still lingered near watching our movements, led me to fear he would eventually get me into a serious scrape. Fortunately, however, hostilities were not declared in form, and shortly afterwards the re-invigorated ponies dashed off under their accustomed weight, leaving the "tormented" to mutter audibly as we drove off, "Although they won't tell who they are, they are glad enough to take shelter under my trees." And no doubt we were, for nine days at least, the subject of his abusive gossip to all upon whom he was in the habit of inflicting it.

The journey downward was so completely a transcript of the journey upward, with the exception of our humble dinners which, eaten as they so frequently were, under the incentive of a keen appetite sharpened by fatigue, and in some shady spot where every variety of verdant foliage played around us, that it can scarcely be necessary to dwell upon it. One discovery we, however made in domestic economy, which it may not be unimportant to reveal, for the information of those who are interested in the science. At London we passed several days with the amia-

ble and hospitable family of Colonel Askin, a short distance out of the town, and near neighbors of Colonel Hamilton with whom, it will be recollected, I had sojourned on my way up in the earlier part of the year. On the morning of our departure from the residence of the former gentleman, Mrs. Askin had added to our stock of *comestibles*, which had here been re-supplied, some raspberries and cream, which she justly thought might, as the day was particularly hot, prove highly acceptable as a dessert to our lunch or dinner. We passed over some rather rough and corduroy road, and were so well shaken into an appetite, that when the usual time arrived I was glad to draw up my horses beneath a splendid oak which threw its majestic shadows temptingly around, empty the waggon, spread the cloaks, and draw forth the provender from its place of confinement. When this had been discussed, we proceeded to our raspberries and cream, but so effectually had the corduroy roads performed that office which is usually effected by means of much patience and manual labor, that, on opening the bottle in which the cream had been deposited, we found in its stead some excellent butter, which, however *hors de saison* with the bruised and bleeding raspberries, might if we had ventured to taste it, have proved an excellent accompaniment to our cheese. This hint should not be lost. All farmers wives desirous of saving the expense of churns, and the trouble and time necessary to bring their butter to perfection, have simply to fill a few jars with milk,—place them in the waggons in which they wend their daily way to market, choosing, of course, those roads where there is most jolting, and on their return home at night they will find their butter made, without effort. How this is to be extracted, if the jars are provided with necks, I leave it to themselves to discover. I only undertake to point out in what manner butter is to be made on a corduroy road, in Canada.

I have already said that I fully succeeded in "astonishing the natives," not only with my hearse-like looking waggon and ponies, that appeared, from the contrast, even smaller than they actually were, but with the other travelling members of my family—namely my large Newfoundland dog, and the active and high mettled colt, with whom Hector seemed to have formed not only a durable friendship, but an alliance offensive and defensive. Whenever the latter, guided by the instinct of fun and frolic, put back her ears and dashed into a flock of sheep or geese feeding by the roadside, the dog was sure to follow up the attack, and on more than one occasion I feared least the exasperated owner should lodge a bullet in his brain, and thus stop his gambolling for ever. On the other hand, whenever some surly cur or mastiff would pounce forward at the colt, not only would the latter kick out at her assailant, in the most furious manner but with a whining cry, evidently understood by its colleague, call upon him to the rescue. The appeal was never made in vain, and a sound drubbing to the offender was generally the result. On one occasion Hector had nearly got both himself and me into a serious scrape. We had stopped for the night, I think at Ingersoll, at an inn, the landlord of which did not seem to me to be the most amiable person in the world, and while my tiger was busied in putting up and disposing of his horses, the epicurean taste of master Hector was

tempted by the appearance of a rabbit confined in a wooden cage, the door of which was but imperfectly closed. The difference between a wild rabbit and a tame one was almost as much unknown to the dog, as that of the right of property, and he paused not to consider to whom it belonged, or whether it came under the strict denomination of game. He made a dash at the door of the cage, seized the poor animal, and craunched it between his capacious jaws. Now all this might have been kept a secret until the following morning, when we should have been far removed from the indignation of the landlord, but it unfortunately happened that, in its last agony, the rabbit uttered a shrill shriek which immediately drew its owner to the yard in which the murder had been perpetrated, and there he beheld the guilty Hector with his victim in his mouth, and in all probability preparing to satisfy, with its delicate carcase, that hunger which his long journey that day had created in him. Thus caught in *flagrante delicto*, there was no pretext for evasion, and the first intimation I had of the mischief which had been done, was when, at the moment of my issuing from the stable which I had visited for the purpose of seeing my horses littered down, I saw a broomstick descending on the head of the dog, who seemingly conscious of his guilt, dropped the rabbit and ran crouching towards me. But the fury of the landlord was not expended. He swore fearfully, not only at the dog, but at all who brought dogs with them to his house, and declared that he would shoot mine that instant. Still cursing and storming, he entered the house in search of his gun, but fortunately could not find it, while I, taking advantage of the delay, led the dog to the bedroom that had been assigned to me, and thrusting him in, locked the door, and put the key in my pocket. Returning to the landlord, I apologized for the destruction of his pet, attributed it to the instinct which it was impossible to subdue, and offered to pay him whatever he conceived to be a suitable recompense for the loss of the rabbit. But the more I sought to pacify him, the more boisterous he became, nor was it until the following morning, when sleep had in some degree cooled the fumes of passion, that he listened to reason—accepted my apologies—money he refused,—and finally forgave the erring Hector.

But Hector, although but too often guilty, was once unjustly accused, and experienced all that obloquy which attaches to a dog that has the misfortune to have a bad name. Colonel Prince, who, I have already remarked, is a great amateur of field sports, and loves, moreover, to people his grounds with such birds and beasts as can be domesticated—the stately and graceful wild turkey being of the former—had a number of very fine rabbits, which were, however, nightly destroyed by an animal that was cunning enough to delay his nocturnal visits until the family had all retired to rest. On one occasion the Colonel was awakened by the noise made by the intruder into the warren, and rising and seizing his gun, beheld a large white dog slowly retiring. He might have easily shot him, but believing him to be my dog, and knowing how much I valued him * he had the generosity to refrain, and satisfied himself with calling the next day, denouncing the delinquent, and requesting

* I had given ten pounds currency for him in Quebec.

that he might be kept tied up at night. It was in vain he was told that it was perfectly impossible Hector could have been the destroyer of the rabbits, as he always slept in my own room, and never left it until I rose to dress in the morning. The Colonel could not be convinced. He had particularly remarked the dog, which was a large one with black spots on a white ground, and knew of no other in the neighborhood which resembled him. Some time elapsed. The rabbits still disappeared, and the Colonel watched more closely. At length he beheld the intruder again, but a doubt having crossed his mind as to his identity, he examined more attentively, and found that the animal was smaller than my dog, and of a different figure. A hasty glance, in the deceptive moonlight, had led to his former error; and now all scruple being removed, he either shot him himself, or desired one of his people to do so. The dog belonged to an individual residing in what is called the Irish settlement, some distance in the rear of the Park Farm, and used to travel thus far to enjoy the delicacy of a rabbit. I was not sorry to find that the gallant Colonel had had an opportunity of fully undeceiving himself, for Hector had too often accompanied me, when partaking, after a hard day's sporting, of the excellent "home brewed" that was liberally tendered, not to suffer all the deserved odium of deep ingratitude, in thus repaying the hospitality extended to his master in the parlor, and to himself in the kitchen.

Such was Hector, and his companion, the colt, was no less a character in her way. On our arrival at Toronto, the little creature, which had commenced her journey at a month old, and had now traversed three hundred miles of road, not only drank water, but ate her oats, with the same eagerness with her older and more practised companions. It was curious enough, whenever the ostler appeared with a measure in his hand, to hear her whinnying and scraping the floor of the stable with the utmost impatience until her portion had been given. This addiction to water and oats, even while sucking the mother, was considered so singular that they even who were the most conversant with the habits of horses, expressed no little astonishment on witnessing the fact. It being the period of the races, and the stable where I had put up the ponies being owned by the proprietor of several race horses, there was of course a constant influx into it of men connected with the turf, and my little steeds were naturally to them, from the scarcity of the breed in Upper Canada, a subject of some interest. Without a single exception, all whom I found remarking on the circumstance, admitted they had never known or heard of an instance of a colt of that tender age even touching oats, much less devouring them in the impatient manner they had witnessed. It was confidently predicted, however, that not only the growth of the animal would be checked thereby, but that she would lose her hoofs. Neither the one, nor the other evil, however, resulted. Indeed, but for the taste she had acquired for hard food, the colt never could have performed the journey. On reaching our final destination, she was just two months old, and had travelled upwards of five hundred miles of ground, the journies being from five-and-twenty to forty miles a day.

An amusing occurrence took place at a later period, when, on leaving Toronto and approaching Kingston, we came within sight of the village of Napance, or the creek of that name. We had stopped

about a mile from this, for the purpose of dining as usual under the shade of a tall tree, and were already engaged in our meal, when a person came up driving a team of broken-kneed horses that had counted more summers than they could ever hope to see again. He stopped his waggon near my own own, and then advancing to the ponies, which were feeding at some little distance, began to examine them with an air of much interest and curiosity. At length, when he had completed his inspection, he drew near to me, and throwing the handle of his whip across his arm, and squirting his tobacco juice some yards, not exactly in front of him, but rather on one side, commenced in a drawling voice, which at once betokened him to be, it not exactly a Yankee, of Yankee extraction, to question me as follows:—

"Well, now, Mister, them is nice little horses of yours. I should'nt care much to swop mine agin'em, if you'd give me something to boot."

"I guess you wouldn't have much objection," I replied, "but I have no great desire to swop with you."

"Well, I guess," he resumed, "my horses would suit your purpose better. They'd draw your wan better."

"That may be," I returned, "but I have no great fancy to deprive you of such serviceable animals. I am quite contented with these."

"You may say they are good uns," he pursued, "I guess that white un is a buster. But still I don't care if I swop, because I want them ere litte critters."

"Do you indeed: I guess though I like them too, and once for all, we don't swop, so there's an end of the matter."

"Ah! they're part of the show, I suppose," said the fellow, squirting his fragrant tobacco juice once more. "May I be so bold as to ask what you have got in that wan," and he turned and nodded his head towards it.

"All kinds of strange animals," I returned, "and that colt and dog you see there are the principal performers. They can play all sorts of tricks."

"Indeed," exclaimed the man, arching his eyebrows, "so I guessed."

"Now, I'll tell you what it is, my good friend, I think you can render me a service if you will do it. Are you going into the village?"

"I guess I am," he replied, "that is my hum" (home).

"Then will you, as you go along, apprize the people that there is a show coming into the village, and that it will stop at the tavern near the bridge. I should like to have a good audience, and you might help a poor fellow to make some money. If you do, you shall have a free admission for yourself and sweetheart, if you have one."

The yahoo seemed delighted, and promising, as he once more repaired to his team, to let the whole village know what was coming after him, flourished his whip, and succeeded in getting his unladen steeds into a jog trot.

In the course of an hour we had dined, and followed him into the village, and from the anxious and curious faces we beheld staring at us as we passed, from almost every door-way, it was easy to perceive that our arrival had been heralded by our acute Yankee

friend. We, however, deemed it prudent, with a view of avoiding importunity and annoyance, not to stop in Napanee, as we had originally intended, but to pass on to the first respectable-looking inn we should find, some eight or ten miles further on, thus disappointing the good people of the village of their anticipated treat. What had greatly tended to the belief that my waggon was provided with the indispensables of a show, was the circumstance of the annual migratory circus, which comes from the United States, and traverses almost the whole of the Upper Provinc , taking vast sums of money out of the country, having preceded me only a day or two. It was doubtless supposed that I was either a sort of "camp-follower," and entrusted with the exhibition of the least important of the "hanimals," or doing business on my own "hook," as an humble satellite of the great caravan.

In the early part of July we reached Brockville, the place of our future residence, and I confess I felt more like a man going to be hanged, than one about to enter on the possession of a property which, however incomplete in many respects, had at least the much coveted advantage of privacy and quiet. My life, however had ever been so completely one of excitement, and I had been so much in the habit of roaming unfettered about the world, that the idea of burying myself in this secluded spot, to which I felt myself tied down by the act of purchase, had in it something appalling, and I can safely say that, during upwards of two years of my residence on it, I never was a single day utterly free from a vague and indefinable lowness of spirits which, I am convinced, arose from my painful sense of the imprisonment I had doomed myself to undergo. It was however vain to repine, and since I could not recal the excessive and inconsiderate folly which had led to my purchase of the property, I even resolved to make the most of circumstances, and bury myself alive.

Contrary to the promises made to me by the person from whom I bought it, and the declaration of my very dear friend Colonel ———, that he would take great care to see everything was properly arranged before my return, (and this I had stated would be about the present period,) not one of the several alterations, which it had been agreed should be made during my absence, had been attended to. Not, however, that those portions of the soil which were susceptible of bearing fruit, and which constituted about five acres out of the fourteen, had been left untilled. On one side appeared a large patch of oats, nearly ready for the sickle; and on the other, an equal proportion of oats and field-peas, in the same state of forwardness. Between this, in the true Yankee taste of the planter, were to be seen, interspersed with carrots, onions, turnips, parsnips, beets, cucumbers, and melons, a host of pumkins and squashes, sufficient to feed half the beasts in the country. It really was a curiosity to behold this melange of "kitchen stuffs," and had Lodiage suddenly tumbled from a balloon upon this spot, he would have found some difficulty in comprehending the vile distortion to which his favorite art had been subjected.

My first work was to cause the removal of the huge barn, to which I have already alluded as overhanging the prettiest part of what was eventually intended for a fish-pond. This was taken to pieces, and *razee'd* into a stable of more moderate dimensions, which I

caused to be built on the surface of a broad and almost imperceptibly sloping rock, about two hundred yards in rear of the house, and in a line with the outer edge of the field just described. This finished, the oats and peas which proved more useful than I had anticipated, were cut and housed, and the ponies thus supplied with hard food nearly sufficient for their winter consumption.

Nor were other accessories of a farm wanting. A milch cow—pigs—ducks—fowls—rabbits—a plough, harrow, waggon, and all the lesser adjuncts of a miniature farm were procured, to which was added a handsome pleasure boat, the stern of which, in remembrance of her whose successful debut at the Italian Opera I had first witnessed, bore the name of "Fanny Elsler."

As ice could be obtained within a few feet of my own door, and as the summer gave earnest such building was desirable, I now resolved to build an ice-house, and for that purpose selected a spot shaded by a cluster of pines, which grew near the edge of what I have previously described as Sandy Bay, and within fifty yards of the house, on a line parallel with the river. This was of the most simple construction in the world, and did not cost me, including labor, more than ten dollars. The man who undertook the job first dug an excavation some six feet in depth, built his frame work of pine trees, taken from an overhanging ridge beyond the field, where they could be best spared, filled the interstices between the layers of logs, fastened together by notches at the end, with slips of timber, and then placing tan bark and brush-wood, covered the whole with earth and sod, so as to render it impervious to the outward atmosphere. The door was then added, and this facing the north, was sufficiently exposed, when necessary, to the action of a cold temperature, without admitting the warmth produced by the rays of the sun. This ice-house, the most rude and simple in its construction that can be conceived, answered all the purposes required of it. During the two following summers, it was closely packed with huge blocks of ice taken from the water below, not twenty yards off, and drawn up by the ponies on a flat sledge, and lasted so well that, throughout the season, we were never without the luxury of ice. Upon each layer had been thrown water which, freezing as it fell, and filling up the interstices, formed a compact and solid mass, which the axe alone, and that not without some trouble, could break up.

My position soon became nearly as critical as that of the Creator of Frankenstein. I had formed an image which carried terror to my own soul, and I felt an utter hopelessness of freeing myself from the new ties which bound me to the spot. It seemed to me as if all power had been taken from me to overleap the narrow circle I had drawn around my future fortunes, and I experienced all that painful *serrement de cœur* which the certainty of coming evil invariably produces. There were moments when the idea of being buried alive, as it were, in this spot, without a possibility perhaps of ever again seeing the beautiful fields and magnificent cities, and mixing in the polished circles of Europe, and of matchless England in particular, came like a blighting cloud upon my thoughts, and filled me with a despondency no effort of my own could shake off. It did not once occur to me that I could, by disposing of the property, again shake off the incubus which weighed me down even from the very outset, and once more obtain that liberty of which I was sensible I had been deprived through my own consummate folly alone.

And the greatest act of folly in that series of absurdity was the disposal of my commission in the Service. But so confident did I feel that Lord Durham had, in compliance with the principle he had energetically avowed to me, and on which he appeared so much to pride himself, named me to his successor, Mr. Poulett Thompson, as one who had strong claims on the Government, and had received his promise to be provided for, that I had conceived that the retention of my half-pay would in a great degree debar me from the enjoyment of the reward to which I had confidently looked forward. Under this impression I had written to Lord Fitzroy Somerset, requesting to be re-appointed to some regiment, and suffered to sell out from full pay. His Lordship promptly complied with my wishes, and soon after my arrival at Brockville, (for I had made the application while in the West) I saw the Gazette which announced my appointment from the 92nd Highlanders to the 44th Regiment and retirement from the same corps. Here, then, was my all at stake, and doubtless it was this conviction that tended so strongly to confirm me in the lowness of spirits from which I was never thoroughly exempt while a resident on my new acquisition.

The necessity for self exertion, however, was obvious, and as I had neither the habits, taste, nor aptitude to become any thing that had not some connexion, more or less, with literature, I suffered myself to be influenced by the strong persuasions of several friends who expressed themselves perfectly confident that if I would undertake the publication of a newspaper, I should secure at least a couple o thousand subscribers, and determined on editing a publication in support of responsible Government, yet rather literary than political.

The mode of conducting a newspaper in Canada is very different from that at home. There an editor, as we all know, invariably enjoys a fixed salary for the management of a journal in which he has no immediate interest as a proprietor, but in Canada, with perhaps not more than three or four exceptions out of upwards of sixty newspapers, the Editors are the sole proprietors of their papers, and of the mechanical mysteries of the craft necessary to produce them. I therefore resolved, like Benjamin Franklin, and, more recently, the King of Bavaria, to purchase a press and take lessons from my own people, in an art which proved to me to be full of interest and amusement, and in which, although I could never perfect myself in it, I subsequently made progress enough to satisfy my own not very ambitious desire of excellence.

How true it is that what we are *compelled* to do, we ever perform with reluctance and distaste; and never was this fact more obvious than in the very art to which I am now alluding. The best of compositors—those who work with the greatest ease to themselves—have as inveterate a dislike to "setting up," as a man who has been any time in the West Indies, has for pine-apples, and turtle cooked in all its varieties. He goes to his work with the same sort of feeling with which a hired wood-chopper sets about his daily toil, and leaves it, when the time comes for the cessation from his labors, with quite as much delight and absence of care for the work on which he has been engaged. No matter how interesting the subject, he looks merely mechanically at the letters composing the words, seldom at the words as a whole, and never at a consecutive sentence. And yet this man is endowed with an education, an intelligence, which the wood cutter has not!

CHAPTER XII.

It being necessary to obtain, from New York, what was indispensable for duly installing me in my meditated character of "Editor aad proprietor of a newspaper," and as every man in Canada who has important business to transact, must depend, not upon others, but upon himself, I determined on setting out immediately, although the advanced state of the season, it being late in November, promised any other than an agreeable journey. Crossing to Morristown in the Fanny Elsler, I took the stage for Utica, intending thence to go by railroad to Albany, and to take my chance of the manner of accomplishing the remainder of my route to New York, as the state of the river might permit.

A heavy fall of snow, the first of the season, having covered the ground during the night of my transit to Morristown, we were fortunately enabled to proceed in a sleigh; and this mode of conveyance I found much more agreeable when, on gaining a chain of mountains, forming a spur of the Alleghanies, we repeatedly dashed into short and steep hollows, where the wheels of a coach or waggon would have acquired a dangerous velocity, which even the abrupt elevation of the opposite face might have proved almost insufficient to check. A smooth ice-road might, it is true, have been attended by the same disadvantages, but an upset from this would not have entailed the same danger of broken bones, or impalement on the sharp rocks around, besides the snow was sufficiently deep to act as a check upon the runners, which, even as it was, went rapidly enough to keep the spirited horses on their mettle.

Apart from the bumping and jolting consequent on our passing over these abrupt and interminable undulations, there was a wild and romantic character about the scenery that forcibly impressed the imagination. The various descriptions of the pine, the cypress, and the hemlock, wore, amid the snows that fringed their boughs as with trellis work, an appearance of loneliness and sternness, leading one to expect, at every moment, the appearance of some savage beast of prey, that, emboldened by the solitude which reigned around, should feel disposed to avenge the violation of its privacy by a bold and reckless attack upon the intruder. Never were the characters in Cooper's "Leather Stocking" and the "Pathfinder" more vividly brought before my recollection. This was the sort of scene in which he loved to introduce them, and, I know not how it was, but with that dreamy state of half consciousness which a solitary traveller awakened early from his slumbers, feels in a situation of this kind, when the fancy is fully at work, I looked, at each moment expecting to see a deer or a wild turkey arrested by the crack of a rifle, and a hunter, equipped as the charming Indian novelist has painted him, issuing in pursuit of his game. And, singular enough to remark, we had not proceeded many miles after this idea had entered my head, when the crack of a rifle *did* resound near us, and a wild turkey was seen to plunge and flutter in its last agony. A moment afterwards, and a tall hunter, dressed a good deal in the Indian fashion, was seen wending his way, through the open trees, towards the bird, and the driver, at a signal from him, reined in his horses. The hunter, lifting his

prize into the sleigh, stepped in afterwards on his way to the village at which we were to change horses, and which lay at the extremity of the Adirondacks we were then traversing. Entering into conversation with the hunter, I found he had been absent two days in quest of deer, which was to constitute the chief luxury of his Christmas dinner. He was a fine-looking fellow, well made, active, and just the style of man I should have conceived to be the best suited to the fatigueing mountain chase, from which he was just unsuccessfully returning. About an hour afterwards we reached the termination of the chain, the descent from which was rather abrupt, and seemed to require all the dexterity of the driver to pass over without accident. At the base lies the village of Hammond, where we breakfasted and changed horses. Passing through numerous villages, distributed along the road, we came finally to the brow of a lofty hill from which is commanded a most extensive view of the vast plain in which Utica is situated, and through which the picturesque little river of the Mohawk runs. Utica is a flourishing commercial town, its houses principally built of brick, and its streets exeedingly wide. It has, besides being the centre of the great western rail route, many roads branching off to other parts of the country. If they are all like that by which I proceeded to Syracuse a few years before, they are highly capable of improvement. There is an excellent hotel—The Eagle—at which the stages usually stop; and here the traveller is certain of meeting with a comfort and civility which are not, any where, surpassed throughout the State.

From Utica to Albany, the railroad travelling is all that can be desired. The only nuisance being the change of cars, which occurs once along this road before reaching the latter place. During the last day's journey, previous to arriving at Utica, I had been joined by an American gentleman and his wife, who were then returning to New York from a visit they had been making to some friends on the banks of the St. Lawrence. Both appeared to me to be possessed of very superior manners and address, and a few hours passed in the discussion of various topics with which the majority of people whom one encounters in a public stage-coach are but little familiar, soon satisfied me that I had met with those whose acquirements, not less than their *savoir faire*, would have done honor to the best European society. We soon fell into that sort of intimacy which a communionship of the pleasures, not more than of the annoyances, of travelling, so often induces between people of kindred minds, and by the time we had reached Albany, which we did in the same car, our sentiments of preference for each other's society seemed to have been confirmed.

After crossing the river on foot and on the ice, to a small village on the east side of the Hudson, opposite Albany, we had continued to rise gradually above the river until, eventually, we found ourselves many hundred feet above its level, and then having traversed twenty-seven miles, passing through the village of Kinderhook, descended, by a similar inclination, to the picturesque city of Hudson, where it was expected we should find the river sufficiently open to admit of steam navigation. In this, however, we were disappointed, and after having recruited our-

selves with a substantial dinner, once more resumed our journey, intending to stop at Rhinebeck, where, we were informed, a steamer was momentarily expected.

On leaving the city of Hudson we ascended nearly two hundred feet, and pursued our way along the high road to Rhinebeck, seventy-one miles distant from Albany, and in a rich and productive flat bordering on the river. Here we were assured a boat would arrive in the course of the night, at the landing about two miles below the town, and accordingly prepared ourselves to pass the intervening hours in the not very comfortable hotel in which we had supped. Hour after hour passed in this manner; fatigue weighed down our eyelids, and yet no one ventured to retire to bed, for every one seemed to know that the act of embarkation and starting would so immediately follow the announcement of the arrival of the boat, that to go to bed would, in all probability, be to lose the passage for the next eight and forty hours at least. We were nearly all in one room—the only room in the house that could be spared to the passengers—and after sitting up as long as exhausted nature would permit, each dropped on the carpeted floor with a cloak, or portmanteau, or carpet bag for a pillow, as suited the means at command of each. Mrs. Newbold, who had as much of the power to reconcile herself uncomplainingly and good-humouredly, to circumstances, as she had of the manner and appearance of a sensible Englishwoman, threw herself upon a cloak near her husband, and sustained herself to the last, endeavoring to make herself amused, and kept awake by the facetiousness of an acute Yankee, who had entered into a discursive conversation with a young lawyer of New York, one of our immediate coach companions, and who kept the whole party alive with the roars of laughter his dry remarks and drolleries elicited. Insensibly, however, the influence of the drowsy god made itself felt, and gradually, one after another, the voices were hushed, and powerful indications attested that more than one of us slept as profoundly as if there was no anticipated interruption to his slumber. About an hour before the dawn of day the door was opened, and the announcement of the arrival of the steamboat, and the readiness of the coaches to take us to the landing, soon drew all to their feet—the snorers included—and, before the day had well broken, we found ourselves on the deck of a small steamer very unlike in appearance and accommodation what is usually found on the noble Hudson; but selected at this particular season of the year, as being less likely to sustain injury from the floating ice through which she was compelled to force her way to the Rhinebeck landing.

We passed successively on our route down, Poughkeepsie, West Point, and Sing-Sing, near which village the celebrated penitentiary of that name is situated, forming an imposing feature, though not by any means elevated in the view from the water. The former place, which has in it about one thousand dwellings, and from five to six thousand inhabitants, is celebrated in American history, from the fact of the convention of 1788 having met in it for the adoption of their constitution. Although having so small a number of inhabitants, Poughkeepsie appears to be divided into every stage of sectarianism, for of thirteen churches, there are not less than ten distinctions in the mode of

worship practised in them, as for example, one Presbyterian, one Congregational, two Episcopalian, one Baptist, two Friends, two Methodist, one Dutch Reformed, one Universalist, one Roman Catholic, and one African. The soil around is a mixture of sand, clay, and loam, forming a super-stratum over a bed of limestone.

Sing-Sing, besides its penitentiary, the main building of which is eighty-four feet long and forty-four feet wide, containing five stories, in which are a thousand cells, has a fine marble academy for boys, and a seminary for girls. Both of these buildings are pleasantly situated. Above the village is the great Croton Aqueduct Bridge, an especial object of attraction to the eye of the passenger from the water. The penitentiary, which is conducted on the silent system adopted in Auburn, is however admitted to be less perfect.

So many writers have described the Academy at West Point, that it is almost a work of supererogation to introduce any remarks of an extended nature upon it here. Be it sufficient, therefore, merely to observe that the buildings composing the barracks are two in number and of stone, the one three stories in height, the other a story higher; the whole of the grounds appertaining thereto being not less than two hundred and fifty acres in extent. There is, independently of the barracks, above named, a large stone buildling for military exercises in winter, and for the reception of the different models, &c., and another built in the Gothic style, with three towers, for the reception of astronomical apparatus, the middle tower being a revolving one. There is, moreover, a chapel, an hospital, a mess-room, two cavalry stables, a magazine, a laboratory, soldiers' barracks, a store, and numerous dwelling-houses, some of them for the officers of the institution, others for more private families connected therewith.

The whole of the ground attached to the academy, and exclusive of the sites of the different extensive buildings, was ceded to the General Government by the State of New York. For those who love to roam in this neighborhood, or to pass their time in examining at their leisure the several component parts of this excellent establishment, in which the number of eadets is limited to one for every acre of ground, may obtain good accommodation in a spacious hotel overlooking the landing.

We reached New York about two o'clock in the afternoon, and at the recommendation of my new formed American acquaintances, desired the driver of the hack in which my luggage had been placed, to proceed to the Globe Hotel in the Broadway, and not far from the Battery, one of the most fashionable promenades in New York. The Globe is kept wholly in the French style, the lodgers dining at small tables, and *à la carte*, but this system of dining is, in New York, far more expensive than it is in Paris, while the price for rooms is most exorbitant. I had only a bed room (not a very large one either) on the second or third floor, and yet for this I paid as much as one would for a suite of rooms in London. Namely ten dollars a week, and this exclusive of fires which were charged at a good rate, as extras. There are, however, comfortable baths, both hot and cold, belonging to the establishment, and the former I found on landing from the steamer a very great luxury, as I had only to

go from my room, in my dressing gown and slippers, in order to reach it. A very pretty girl superintended these baths, thus completing the resemblance of the style of them to similar establishments in the fascinating French capital.

During my stay here, which was about a fortnight, and indeed only a few days after my arrival the young American lawyer, to whom I have alluded as being one of my *compagnons de voyage*, on the route from Albany, left his card with a note inviting me to dine with him on the following day. This was a piece of politeness I was not prepared to expect, but the mere invition to dinner was not the only mark of attention I received. We were to dine at seven o'clock at some Italian restaurateur's whose name I do not now recollect, but my provident host came to me by appointment, as early as three, in a handsome carriage in which he proposed we should visit, before dinner, the most fashionable and remarkable streets at the west end of the town. Every thing worth seeing was pointed out to me, during our drive through streets and squares that would do no discredit to the West end of London. But the object which particularly attracted my attention was the vast reservoir then in a train of completion for the reception of the waters of the Croton—a river whose course has been, by the aid of numerous aqueducts, turned into New York, supplying the whole of the city with this necessary of life.

The Croton waters are among the wonders of the world. The undertaking is one of great magnitude and utility, and reflects the utmost credit on the public and enterprising spirit of those who first planned the introduction of this mighty mass of water into the city. The tunnel is of solid mason work, seven and a half feet wide, nine feet high, and not less than forty miles in length. The dam across the river is placed at its point of entrance, and after having meandered through a more level country, between two hills. One of these hills—that on the south side—is of solid rock, the other offering excellent earth for the construction of the dam. This last is not of any great length, but is ingeniously made of the most substantial masonry. Its greatest elevation exceeds fifty feet above the natural bed of the Croton, while the water thus thrown back, forms a lake of nearly four hundred acres in extent, three feet in depth, and containing on an average 100,000,000 gallons for each foot in depth from the surface. The water is conveyed into the aqueduct by means of a tunnel cut into the rock, forming the south side of the hill. At the distance of every mile, there is erected over the aqueduct, for the purpose of ventilation, a hollow tower of white marble the effect of which, when seen from the river, is highly picturesque. There are, moreover, at intervals of three miles, means constructed for turning off the water whenever any necessary repairs may render such a course desirable, but the most magnificent part of this stupendous structure is, as I have elsewhere observed, the great arch at Sing Sing which, traversing a deep ravine, has a span of not less than eighty-eight feet. The land purchased for the erection of these works embraces nine hundred acres, at an average cost of five hundred pounds an acre. The water is conducted over the Haerlem river which separates the island of New York from the mainland, by means of a bridge 1,420 feet in length, and having sixteen stone piers, six of which have their foundations laid in the bed of the river. The main reservoir is situated near Bloomingdale, a beautiful spot a few

miles north of the city. This covers thirty-five acres of ground, and is divided into two sections—the north having twenty feet of water when full, and the south twenty-five feet—both containing more than 160,000,000 gallons. From this vast reservoir the water is conveyed through what is called the fifth avenue to the distributing basin at Murray Hill, covering about five acres of ground and containing 20,000,000 gallons. From this point, the various dwellings are supplied, by means of iron pipes. The descent from the dam of the Croton is very gradual, and averages not fifteen inches to the mile. The whole cost of this gigantic and most useful undertaking, was originally estimated at 10,000,000 of dollars, but even this large sum was insufficient for the magnitude of the works, and $4,000,000 more were expended.

At the time I was in New York the works had not yet been completed, but in the course of the following year the basin at Murray Hill, at which numerous hands were employed, was finished, and the aqueduct opened with great ceremony, and in the presence of a vast assemblage of persons. It required some time to convince the inhabitants, generally, of the great benefit which had been conferred upon the city by this magnificient and stupendous design, but its usefulness is now every where acknowledged, and there are few houses in New York that are not supplied with the clear pure water which the people may well feel proud to see forced from its native bed into their cisterns, and from a distance so great.

A day or two after dining with the young lawyer, my earlier acquaintance, Mr. Newbold, came by appointment, and taking myself and portmanteau into his carriage, drove me to his handsome and picturesque residence at Westchester, a few miles out of the city. Here I remained three days. The weather was bleak and damp, and I had not the advantage of seeing the extensive grounds in that state of perfection which, from the beautiful view they commanded of the Hudson and East rivers, it was clear was their attribute in the season of foliage. The whole of the rich loamy valley in which the house was built was hermetically closed, and a garden tastefully laid out extended from the house to the pebbly shore; but although there was scarcely any evidence of vegetable life along the serpentine walks, the eye and scent were gratefully regaled on entering the spacious hot-house, where almost every description of plant and flower had been gathered in a profusion rarely to be met with in a private gentleman's conservatory, and were then being subjected to the inspection and pruning hand of their elegant-minded mistress, who having no other family to attend to, invariably devoted an hour or two of each morning to the nursing of her sweet-smelling favorites.

If I found Mr. and Mrs. Newbold amiable in their character of travelling companions, and courteous to one whom they knew only as a stranger in the country, and who they were consequently desirous of setting at his ease; much more strongly was this amiable feeling developed now that, a guest under their roof, they felt called upon to render to me every rite of hospitality. Nothing could exceed their delicate care and attention. My bedroom had been fitted up in the most elegant, nay, luxurious style. The bed was soft and deliciously inviting to repose, and before retiring to this, I always found a foot-bath, with nap-

kins white as the pure sheets which nightly received my willing limbs. Then there was always a cheerful fire blazing in the shielded grate, without which it was impossible at this chilly season of the year, to have appreciated half the comforts by which I was surrounded; and on this fire bubbled the pure liquid contained in a neat and polished brass kettle, the very appearance of which induced a desire to "brew something hot" before getting into bed. And this it evidently was intended I should do, if so inclined, for, on a small round table near the luxurious arm-chair which fronted the fire, and on a silver tray, stood decanters containing both wine and spirit, with sugar, lemon, and all the necessary appliances.

With all these temptations to sit late, it might be inferred that my hour of rising was not particularly early, but such was not the fact. The Americans generally are fond of early breakfasts, and at eight o'clock every morning—the servant having always entered my room soon after daylight, stealthily and with as little noise as possible, for the purpose of renewing my fire, which was never wholly extinguished—I found myself seated at the breakfast table, and sipping the delicious coffee made by the hands of the fair mistress of the mansion herself. And what a profusion of good things crowded the breakfast table! Ham, eggs, rump-steaks, mutton-chops, roasted clams (these latter being a description of oyster, though much inferior in flavor), hot rolls, toast, corn bread, buckwheat cakes, the richest and most highly flavored dried venison, and preserves of the rarest kind—all these, with delicious tea added to the coffee, formed such a tempting assemblage, displayed as they were on the snow-white breakfast cloth, that it really was a matter of some difficulty to choose from them.

Nor were the dinners less *recherchés*, even while they were served up with all absence of ostentation. Every delicacy of the season, and the choicest wines, were absolutely given here in a profusion scarcely to be exceeded by the entertainments of the sergeants of a British marching regiment of the present day. Fishes of the most delicate kind, made dishes after every manner of Parisian cookery, the canvass-back duck, and game of all descriptions, were in daily profusion, while the port and madeira which I sipped like dew from Heaven, each day after dinner, had been forty years in bottle, and was reserved for those whom my excellent host delighted most to honor. The port was a little tawny and somewhat thinned with age, but the flavor was notwithstanding delicious, while the Madeira was such as Ganymede might have handed to Jupiter when returned from the battle of the Gods.

Tea was the only meal which succeeded dinner, but this again was marked by that profusion which is so usually to be found on an American table at every repast, and which on that of an American gentleman embraces every delicacy. It was the absence of supper, which they presume an Englishman cannot dispense with, that in all probability led to the forethought of supplying me with the means of brewing a "night-cap," while luxuriating in my easy chair before the fire in my bedroom.

One wet day I passed entirely in the house, yet not without amusement. Mr. Newbold's armoury was a complete museum

of curiosities. Here were guns, double and single barrelled, rifles long and short, duck guns, pistols, flasks, moulds of all descriptions, rods, lines, flies, gimp, hooks, landing and minnow nets, and in fact all the minutiæ of the piscatory art. Then there were carpenter's tools, and blacksmith's tools, sticks, hats, umbrellas, whips of every variety of fashion, and in short the room was so completely filled with every imaginable and unimaginable thing that it would have taken a whole day to have enumerated them all. In this room I passed an hour examining the guns and fishing tackle of my host, which were all orthodox of their kind; but Mrs. Newbold having promised me a greater treat in the library, I was curious to know what she had in reserve for me, and promised to join her as desired.

And it certainly was a treat of no common kind that awaited me—no other than the splendid volumes of Audubon's birds, which, for the first time, I glanced into beneath a roof, the elegance of the distribution of which was in perfect keeping with the intellectual habits of the amiable owners. The refined taste of Mr. Newbold, in securing to himself so interesting and valuable a work, may be inferred from the fact, that a single copy cost the large, but not overrated, sum of two hundred and fifty pounds Halifax currency. I had the pleasure of meeting and being introduced to the venerable ornithologist in the course of the following year, during the session of Parliament in Kingston, when he appeared for the purpose of applying to have a copy of his work taken by each House of the Legislature, and I am aware that two hundred and fifty pounds a copy were voted by each branch. Thus, Mr. Newbold, as a private individual, paid for a work embodying vast talent, and close and patient research into the habits of the animal kingdom, the same amount that had been voted by an united people, and which, no doubt, was by many conceived to be a heavy tax for unnecessary information.

The volumes being too ponderous to inspect in the ordinary manner, a strong but light and neat mahogany frame had been made expressly for the purpose, and supported the huge tomes, as, seated before the open fire-place, above which appeared to frown upon me a portrait of the dark-featured and intellectual Webster —a near relation of Mrs. Newbold—I opened in succession the interesting and splendidly executed representations of the feathered world of America. What a life of unadulterated simplicity must be that of the venerable Audubon, whose hair has been whitened in revealing to the world the wondrous art of the Creator, as manifested in this most gorgeous portion of his works, and the benevolent expression of whose countenance denotes an almost utter exemption from the vainer pursuits of that worldly life, with which a contemplative mind like his own can have no sympathy. Never did I experience more profound sentiments of love for the works of the Creator, than while gazing on the faithful representations of the surpassing beauty with which He has clothed so many of the birds Audubon has sketched, and of which it may be observed, as of the lilies of the field, that "Solomon in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these."

My three day's visit to Westchester having terminated, and being anxious to complete the business which had brought me to New York, I was even compelled to tear myself from the luxurious ease

with which I was surrounded, and prepare for my return to the city, prior to setting out again for Canada. My kind host finding me firm in my intention of departing, ordered his carriage again to the door on the morning of the fourth day, and drove me up to town himself. Never did a comparative stranger meet with more marked—not merely attention—but kindness than was displayed towards me, during the whole of the period I had the pleasure of enjoying the society of this amiable couple, both of whom added to an intellect of a high order, manners that would have reflected no discredit on the most aristocratic Europeans. Yet with all their frank and open hospitality, there was no straining after effect—no ostentatious exhibition, tending painfully to impress a guest of any discernment with the conviction that the rites of hospitality were tendered, not so much from regard for the recipient, as through a love of display of the donor.

Subsequently I experienced much renewed attention from my young friend, Mr. Howe. He took me to see all the lions of New York, and as I had expressed a curiosity to taste the oysters which are to be found there in great variety and abundance, afforded me ample opportunity to dive into the cellars of the most noted professors of the art of cooking them. Here they were certainly to be found in perfection; and stewed, broiled, plain, and roasted were successively placed each night, upon a small table covered with a cloth of purest whiteness, and provided with rolls of delicious bread. On these occasions my companion made it a particular point to enjoin upon the several cooks to out-vie themselves, as a stranger was present whom it was necessary to impress favorably with the mode in which the mysterious delicacies of the oyster tribe were revealed by them to the public. The darkies—for they were generally such, and seemingly fattened with their own fat oysters—grinned assent, showing their white teeth in the act, and promising their utmost efforts to please the "gentleman," soon re-appeared with dish after dish of their several preparations. The most luscious of them was a large fat oyster nearly equal in circumference to a common breakfast plate which fried and browned in bread crumbs, something like an English sole, constituted a dish worthy of the most Epicurean palate. A glass of warm brandy and water, as indispensable to the digestion of this oyster feast, invariably followed, and this accompanied by the fumes of one the best cigars the city could afford, generally soon induced a desire for repose, which rendered these suppers as indispensable for the comfort as they were grateful to the appetite. Of course they were eaten late at night, often towards the morning, and always after we had returned from some previous evening engagement.

A few days after my return from Westchester, and on going to my room to dress for dinner, my glance fell on a neatly embossed note, evidently addressed by a lady. This, on opening it, I found to contain an invitation to a ball to be given that evening at a private residence on the western extremity of the Broadway. Being a stranger to the parties, I could not divine how they had found me out, and thus honored me, unless it was that my indefatigable friend, Mr. Howe,—indefatigable in his most kind endeavors to render my brief sojourn in New York one of amusement and gratification,—had been the means of procuring me the unexpected invitation. I made it a point to see him, when, on my questioning

him, he admitted that conceiving I might like to have an opportunity of seeing a fashionable party on a large scale in New York, he had mentioned the fact of my being in town to the gentleman giving the entertainment, who was to have called and left his card with an invitation. He added he regretted extremely he could not go himself, as he had an engagement elsewhere, but that a friend of his would either call for and take me with him, or failing in that, would meet me at the door of the house to which we were going, and introduce me to the host. He however thought the former.

Ten o'clock came, but no one appeared, and I finally gave up all idea of seeing my friend's friend. I confess I did not quite reconcile to myself the idea of entering a house, to the proprietor of which I was an utter stranger, however as I had taken wine enough after dinner to give me the requisite "Dutch courage," I resolved at all hazards to venture, and trust to the promised rencontre, for an introduction to my host. I therefore ordered coffee and a cab, and while I sipped the one in the smaller and more private room of the restaurant of the Globe, the other was brought to the door. I threw on my cloak and cap, gave the driver the number which he seemed perfectly to know, and soon arrived at the residence which was strikingly indicated by the profusion of light thrown upon the broad street from almost every window.

I looked, while uncloaking, for my medium of introduction, who, I presumed, would know and address me, even although I could not recognize him, but no one seemed to notice me with sufficient interest to induce the inference that he was the man I sought. I waited a few moments in the dressing room, and then sent a card up by a servant to the gentleman of the house himself. The latter quickly made his appearance, received me with a great deal of cordiality, expressed himself delighted with the honor I had done him in accepting his invitation at so unavoidably short a notice, and requested me to precede him to the ball-room, at the entrance of which stood his wife and daughter, who were evidently awaiting my approach, and to whom he now presented me.

There was a very large and brilliantly dressed party assembled, consisting of nearly three hundred persons, among whom were several exceedingly beautiful women. Most of these, with the loveliest faces that can be imagined, and of pure soft delicate complexions, were yet sadly wanting in that fulness of contour of person—that seductive *embonpoint* which gives to woman a charm far surpassing that of mere beauty of feature, and awakens emotion, where the other only commands the admiration, and yet there were two or three exceptions to this too general deficiency in the American style of beauty. These were in the full meridian of womanhood, while their rounded proportions fascinated the attention, and insensibly awakened feelings of adoration for that Master hand from which has issued the most splendid work the human imagination can conceive.

Everything in the suite of apartments, comprising the theatre of the dance, was in the perfection of good taste. The walls were hung with a drapery of white and gold, which harmonized admirably with the prevailing color of the dresses of the women, and gave to the whole—illuminated as they were with handsome and numerous chandeliers to correspond—an air of lightness and elegance not to be surpassed. The crowd however, as may naturally be

supposed from the number I have named, as having been assembled together in the drawing-rooms of a not very remarkably spacious house, was much too dense for comfort; and the flushed cheeks and disordered ringlets of many of the fair dancers, as well as the continued application of cambric to the overheated brows of their partners, sufficiently attested that their pleasure was not purchased without some toil.

My host, Mr. Jones, introduced me to a number of persons, ladies and gentlemen, and at one time pointed out, either Washington Irvine or my far greater favorite, Cooper—I do not recollect which—who was at the opposite extremity of the room conversing with an elderly lady. On my stating that it was the first time I had had the pleasure of meeting the celebrated author whom he named, he offered to introduce me the moment the crowd would admit of our passing to the point to which he seemed riveted the whole evening. But before my host again thought of his promise, or could find leisure to fulfil it, the "unknown," or rather the "unrecollected," had taken his departure, and I was thus deprived of what would have proved to me a great gratification—the more particularly, if it was indeed the gifted delineator of Indian character as, from the desire I had to know and converse with him, I am almost persuaded it must have been.

I was well enough entertained to be among the last of the departing guests; but as I prepared to make my bow to the lady of the house, she begged me, in a tone that was pleasing and gratifying in its friendliness, not to leave them yet as the family, and a few intimate friends, intended sitting down to some oyster soup after the others had departed, and hoped that I would do them the favor to join them.

At supper we were accordingly seated in the course of half an hour, and as promised, some most delicious oyster soup was served up. There was only one other gentleman, who seemed to be on intimate terms with the family, and therefore this invitation I could not but regard as a personal compliment. There was an end of all that *gêne* and ceremony, that unavoidably attend a formal reunion like that we had just witnessed, and the conversation flowed as freely and unreservedly upon the ball, the management, the appearance of one, the manners of another, and the graceful dancing of a third, and other light topics, as if no stranger had been present to criticize the remarks that fell from their lips. There was something winning, loveable, in this confidence, and I felt myself (as it is ever my delight to be placed in a position to feel) so perfectly at home with those whose courtesy and kindness I was enjoying, that I was extremely sorry when a tell-tale clock striking three, reminded me that I owed something to *bienseance*, and must, if I did not wish to lose caste, as a well bred man, make a movement to retire. The eldest daughter, a charming and unaffected girl, declared it was not late—as having passed the usual hour of going to rest, she was not in the least sleepy. The younger members of the family joined her in declaring that "it was not too late," and that "I must not go yet," but even, if their renewed invitation could have tempted me to be be unreasonable enough to remain longer, I could perceive, in the half-drooping eyelid of the amiable host and hostess, that although their lips gave expression to a confirmation of the request preferred by the younger branches of the family, they

would not be particularly sorry if I should refuse their invitation, and leave them to the repose they seemed so much to require. I shook hands with them all, and they returned my pressure as though we had known each other for years, expressing a hope that I did not yet intend to leave New York. The carriage of the gentleman to whom I alluded, which had been waiting during this time at the door, conveyed us to his residence, where he alighted, desiring his coachman to drive me to the Globe. This I reached not long before daylight, smoking an excellent cigar, tendered me by Mr. ———, on parting from him, and ruminating on the vast difference of the reception I had invariably met with by the *reading* Americans, and the *non-reading* Canadians.*

Indeed, if I have been particular and detailed in my account of the personal attention shown to me by all parties, during my second brief visit to New York, it has not been only with a view to repay, as well as I can, with a public acknowledgment the debt of hospitality I had contracted, but to prove the utter want of nationality and refinement in those whom the accident of locality of birth have made my countrymen.

It cannot be supposed that the very marked attention which I received from all those parties of whom I have written, was the result of any mere personal or abstract merit of my own. Neither was it reasonable to expect that to an absolute stranger, they would have extended an hospitality so marked as that of which I had been the subject. But the truth is—how discovered I know not, for I am the last man in the world to herald the announcement myself—Mr. Newbold was made acquainted with my being the author of publications which have commanded the attention and, in many instances, met with the unqualified approbation of the American people; and by him the same information was no doubt conveyed to Mr. Howe, who succeeded in making my stay in New York as gratifying to me as the effort was honorable to himself. In this they complimented not so much the man as the author, who had been the means of presenting them with a picture illustrative of an important epoch in American history, and of amusing and interesting their minds, albeit only for a brief hour, and therefore sought to render to him that return, for the bestowal of mental recreation, which they felt, perhaps more than was necessary, was his due. They offered that meed of homage to literature which the cultivated mind is ever prompt to tender, and investing one of its

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* No better evidence can be given of the literary tastes and pursuits of the Americans, than is afforded by the following statistics of the State of New York, for 1845:

"The New York State Register contains a mass of information, valuable to all classes of the citizens, from which we learn that the number of colleges in the State is 12; students, 985; academies and grammar schools, 501; scholars, 34,563; primary and common schools, 10,871; scholars, 501,156; scholars at public charge, 26,266. There are 48,745 white persons over twenty years of age who cannot read and write.

There are three hundred and ninety one periodicals published in the State. Of these, there are thirteen daily, six semi weekly, two tri-weekly and eighty-three weekly Whig newspapers. There are eight daily, three semi weekly, and ninety-five weekly Loco-Foco papers. There are nine daily, five semi-weekly, one tri-weekly, and eighty-three weekly newspapers which are neutral, religious, literary, &c. There are two daily and one weekly Native papers in the State. In glancing over the list, we notice five Agricultural, five Temperance, five Abolition, four Irish, four German, two French, one Welsh two Odd-Fellows, one Masonic, one Miller, one Mormon, one Fourier, two Tailors', one Military, and three Bank Note publications. There are also five republications of British Magazines and Reviews in the City of New York. It is difficult to ascertain the exact number of publications issued at any one time, owing to the mortality among newspapers.

humblest disciples with all the attributes which are properly those of its grand masters, thus proved their readiness to sacrifice unrestrainedly at its altar. Were I to live a hundred years in Canada I should never, and after what has passed, *would* never receive one tithe of the delicate attention which the people of New York paid to me even during my short visit of three weeks—and that purely on business—to their beautiful and flourishing city.

Christmas was fast approaching, and I was desirous of returning to Canada before the end of the year. My great difficulty—namely, that of procuring a person to superintend my pres—having been removed, there was now no obstacle to my movements, and I only waited for a fall of snow to enable me to cross the Highlands, between New York and Albany, with that comfort, of which travelling over a winter road on wheels could afford no promise.

During my stay in New York I attended two of the churches. The one a French Protestant, the preacher at which was a great favorite. He was a young man of good address and delivery, and, if rumor spoke truly, much in esteem with the ladies of his congregation, to whom generally (that is to say the congregation) he inculcated the principle of doing as he desired them, without any reference to exemplary conduct in himself. This chapel was exceedingly neat, and fitted up in good taste. I observed that many more women than men attended the service, and, indeed, to confess the truth, this may have been one reason for my repeated visits to it. It is, *selon moi*, always pleasant to look on a beautiful woman, whether in the House of God or in a more worldly Theatre, nor can we render to the Deity a more perfect homage than what is involuntarily exacted by what we have already declared to be the most perfect work that has issued from His hands.

On Christmas Day—and one or two preceding my departure, I was resolved to gratify my curiosity as much as my devotion by visiting the church of St. Pauls, immediately opposite the Globe Hotel in the Broadway. I had remarked that numerous dashing equipages, containing the most fashionable women in New York, drove each Sunday up to the door at the usual hour of morning service, and had, on enquiry, been informed it was considered the Episcopalian Church *par excellence*, in the city. I have an innate horror of going into a place of worship, and looking round like a beggar for some good Samaritan to pity my condition, and relieve me by offering me a seat in his pew.—I therefore took my stand near the large procelain, or Russian, stove near the entrance, and under the pretence of warming my feet, looked at each new arrival in the expectation that some one would enter to whom I was not unknown, and who would do the amiable by inviting me to a seat. I had not waited many minutes before my friends, of the Broadway and the oyster supper, drove up and alighted from their carriage. It was the first time I had seen them since the night of their entertainment, for although I had called a day or two afterwards they were from home, thus compelling me to leave my card, when I should have preferred a personal meeting with those who had so politely treated me. The young lady, whom I have before stated to be a very fine girl, and wholly without affectation in her manner, expressed her delight at seeing me again, and insisted on my going into the family pew—an invitation which, of course, I was not there to decline. The church

was not only neatly fitted up,but in a style of elegance not usually, seen in London—not even in the Quebec chapel, or St. Philips'. The service differs from that of the English Protestant Church, and of course wholly so in the national prayers. The clergyman, I forget his name, who read the sermon, gave one appropriate to the occasion, and in a tone of voice which led me to infer that he was an Englishman, and not a native of the country. In fact the whole style of thing was strictly orthodox. And here by the way I must, while on the subject of churches, take occasion to remark on what I have not had an opportunity of noticing in its proper place—namely, the head of the Episcopalian Church in Detroit. Few preachers unite a more commanding and dignified person, with a more imposing delivery than the Bishop M'Coskry, whose powers of oratory are acknowledgedly very great, and whose impassioned appeals to his congregation are ever clothed with an eloquence and truthfulness which impart irresistible force to his arguments, and render him at once the awe and admiration of his flock. But although this gentleman, who is a man of deep reading and conversant with almost every subject, is strict in his sacerdotal character, and stern in the exaction of what he considers to be the moral obligations of his charge, he is, in private life, of an amiability and even cheerfulness that would scarcely lead any one thus meeeting him, and ignorant of his pastoral character, to suppose that he was the uncompromising lasher of human vice, and the thundering organ through which the anathemas of the church are poured forth, carrying conviction to every heart. The Bishop M'Coskry is about six feet high—of a good and well proportioned figure, with blue eyes, light hair, and rather florid complexion, while his manners and carriage are distinguished by an ease—even elegance—that is much more frequently observable in the man of the world, than in the servant of the church.

On the following Sunday, at an early hour, I had my baggage removed to the stage office, but instead of starting immediately as I had expected, there were so many delays from the asserted inability to stir the drivers into action, or to procure the necessary horses—many of these having been lamed on the previous journeys to and from Albany—that it was nearly ten o'clock in the day before we could get off. The stage house was a filthy place, filled with people of a low description, whom I found were to be my fellow travellers, and whose vulgar and impertinent curiosity gave me ample earnest that I was not to hope for the enjoyment of the same comfort of society with which I had been favored on coming down. As in such cases I generally enshroud myself in a veil of taciturnity which is not easily penetrated, I took my assigned place in the stage, in a spirit of dogged sullenness and ill humor that promised little "word of speech" from me, at least until we should arrive at Albany.

The journey was tedious, and to me a very unsocial one; however, notwithstanding I did not exercise my tongue more than absolute necessity required, my ear was sufficiently on the alert, so that although not particularly edified or instructed by the conversation of my fellow passengers, there were local subjects canvassed in a spirit that often excited in me a passing curiosity. They were particularly free in their discussion of public men,

and of their Governors especially, and as we approached Mr. Van Buren's residence, near Kinderhook, their quaint strictures on that celebrated functionary were perfectly in accordance with the bias of their political opinions. While some averred him to be the most exemplary, and wise, and virtuous statesman that had ever presided over the United States, others denounced him as an incapable tyrant, whose whole object was his own personal aggrandizement, and an utter recklessness of the interests of the people. This topic was so warmly discussed, while in the neighborhood of its subject, that I at every moment dreaded some unfortunate explosion, nor was it until some new scene, breaking upon the view, changed the subject of conversation, and afforded a temporary truce.

I reached Albany in time for the cars of Tuesday morning, and exchanged with pleasure the society of those I had been confined with during the route from New York, for that which I found on the railway, not that there was any particular difference in the style of passengers, but because I was desirous of change, whatever the garb in which it should present itself. One circumstance occurred, however, during this part of our route which I with pleasure record, and should these volumes ever fall beneath the notice of the individual referred to, he will at least have the satisfaction of knowing that his civility was not extended to one insensible of the service he sought to render.

In changing cars at Schenectady—one of the greatest bores of this mode of travelling, from the very hurried manner in which that change is effected—I had used so much haste, that my purse, which I had in my hand for some purpose or other, slipped from my grasp without my being at all sensible of my loss, or even of the manner in which it had disappeared. I examined my pockets and shook my cloak, which was upon my knees, but no purse was forthcoming. The passengers, some twenty in number, were ranged along the sides of the car on seats disposed lengthwise after the fashion of an omnibus—I sat at one of the ends, and therefore the search and its result could not fail to be noticed by nearly all those within the car. In answer to some questions asked about my loss, I stated that I regretted it the more because my purse contained the only American money I had with me for defraying the expenses of my journey. Here, a passenger very respectably dressed, and, as I afterwards learned, a merchant residing somewhere between Buffalo and Detroit, was kind enough to say that any money I desired he would be most happy to place at my disposal to be returned to him whenever it might suit my convenience, on my arrival in Canada. This was certainly a piece of courtesy one does not often meet with in travelling as a stranger in a public conveyance, and to be met with among few other people. But the Americans, whatever their public repudiation, are in the more private and social relations of life, a hospitable and generous people, and although the strong speculative bias which is inseparable from their enterprising character, may when those speculations prove abortive, lead them as a body to disclaim a public or national pecuniary responsibility, I am quite satisfied that many of these men would be far more forward in tendering private aid, from which they were to derive no benefit, than the punctual supporter of the pub-

lic credit, who would in all probability pay his just debts to the uttermost farthing, yet on whose cold heart and calculating head the more generous sympathies of our nature have no power. Far be it from me to justify those who have pledged the solemn obligation of their good faith, in exchange for pecuniary benefits derived through reliance upon that good faith, but most assuredly, I should far rather esteem the feelings of the man who, alive to the more generous impulses which adorn poor human nature, should extend his hand to render individual service, than those of him who, disdaining every thing that is not based on his immutable principle of reciprocal benefit, should, with the most scrupulous exactitude, repay the pound of flesh required of him.

I could not but be deeply sensible of the generous confidence of the American, whom I warmly thanked for his offer, stating however that I hoped, on reaching Utica, to exchange sufficient of my Canadian notes, without any material sacrifice. No more was said on the subject, and the purse was for the moment forgotten. Some time afterwards, on rising to get out of the car, which had stopped a few moments on the road, and while removing the folds of my cloak so as to throw it across my arm, down dropped something which I did not myself notice, but which a lady at my side saw, exclaiming delightedly, as she picked it up, "Here, sir, is your purse." It was so indeed. In removing from the last car, it must have got fastened in some fold which I did not shake out, and there remained *perdu* until, extending the cloak, it had fallen to the floor of the car.

Under any other circumstances, this asserted loss of a purse, which had never been out of my possession, and its accidental *exposé*, might have appeared awkward enough; and indeed I could not but feel, at the time, that it was extremely fortunate I had not been under the imperious necessity of accepting the generous offer which had been made to me, of supplying its presumed loss. However, I did not look very guilty, but, on the contrary, not a little pleased, and I believe none of my fellow travellers were uncharitable enough to impute to me what I certainly did not merit.

On leaving Utica the same afternoon, I found myself the solitary occupant of the stage sleigh, and resigned myself to the prospect of having my own reflections only to commune with for the next eight-and-forty hours. I was, however, very agreeably disappointed when, on being driven a short distance, the sleigh stopped, and an officer in the undress of the American army came to the door, escorting two young ladies, who were proceeding to Watertown, near Sackett's Habour: the one, to join her husband, to whom she had been recently married; the other, as her companion and friend. The day was rather bitter, promising a night of increased coldness, and accordingly the young officer, after carefully tucking the buffalo robes around the delicate persons of the travellers, bade them take care of themselves, and left them under my charge, not absolutely requested, but implied by his manner.

The ladies of the American officers have, in general, more of tact, more of the *savoir faire*, and less of *mauvaise honte*, than is usual among their countrywomen. The fair friends and myself were very shortly on the best of travelling terms in the world, and I found their conversation so agreeable and unaffected, that I half resolved, as the journey was little more than forty miles longer, to

accompany them to Watertown, and thence, by a circuitous route, reach the point of departure for the Canadian shore, without the disadvantage of recrossing the Rossie Mountains. We stopped about nine in the evening to supper, and then re-entering the stage, where I imitated the example of the American officer in inducting my companions hermetically into the buffalo robes, proceeded on our journey. Not a great deal was said, for fatigue now began to exercise its influence over the senses of my fair charge, and by the dim light within I could perceive the young wife pillowed on the bosom of her friend, and her redundant hair partially escaped from its confinement. Whenever we stopped, either that the driver might get his dram or change his horses, the slumberers were generally aroused, and then we conversed for a short time until the renewed motion of the sleigh, added to the natural fatigue of the frame, once more closed their eyelids, and continued them in their state of dreamy, half unconsciousness. In this manner we proceeded during the whole of a very cold winter's night, and after having, since leaving Utica, passed successively through Rome, Boomville, Leyden, and Turin, finally reached Martinsburgh, the proper point of separation, about seven o'clock in the morning.

Here a tall fellow having announced that his stage was ready to leave for Hammond and Morristown, I thought of my lady liege, and my promise to be home on New-Year's Day; and desiring him to remove my baggage into his sleigh, took a final leave of my fellow travellers, whom I recommended to the especial care of their driver, and found myself once more *en solitaire*, and wending my way to the Rossie Mountains. We passed successively through Denmark, Copenhagen, Carthage, Wilner, and Antwerp, at which latter place we stopped for the night. The next day took us through Rossie, Hammond, over the Rossie Mountains, and finally to Morristown, which we reached about two o'clock in the day. The St. Lawrence was not more than half frozen over, the ice projecting from the land on either shore to a distance of about one fourth of the width of the stream; but the centre of the river was filled with cakes of floating ice that were being carried rapidly down by the current, which in this part is of extreme swiftness. Still, as the ferry boats were crossing, I adopted the customary mode of transit. I took a boat for my own especial use, and this containing what baggage I had with me, was placed upon a sledge, with notches cut into the transverse bars, for the purpose of receiving and securing the keel. Thus the sledge was pushed along, both the ferryman and myself having a hand on the gunwale of the boat, in order to be secured from danger in the event of the ice giving way beneath us. But this, so far as it had hitherto formed, was so firm that we gained the extreme edge without difficulty. The boat was then taken off the runners, which in their turn were placed uppermost, and pushed into the stream; and when we had succeeded in getting through the floating ice, and gaining the opposite edge, the ferryman jumped out, hauled the boat up, and then replacing the runners on the ice, fitted the keel to the grooves, and we moved onward as before. About four o'clock on the 31st of December, I once more gained my cottage.

Soon after my return I sustained one of the most bitter losses I have ever known. I had left my faithful Hector as a protector to his mistress, during my absence, but the poor dog, ever accustomed to

be with me, feeling anxiety and restlessness at my prolonged absence, could not overcome a new desire which had been created in him for roaming abroad—doubtless in the hope of meeting his truant master. On my arrival I was made acquainted with his change in his habits; but so far from his now absenting himself, I could scarcely induce him to leave the place. One day as I prepared to go into the town, I called to him to follow, but he merely accompanied me to the gate conducting outside of the grounds, and then returned to the house slowly, and without any seeming attention to my whistling. Conceiving this to be obstinacy, I punished the dog rather severely. The poor creature seemed to reproach me with unnecessary cruelty, and from that moment I observed that he was gradually sinking. He ate but little food, wore an expression of mingled pain and sorrow in his large, soft, and beautiful dark eye, and seldom wandered a hundred yards from the door. My feelings were deeply interested. I saw the dog was in pain from some cause which I could not fathom, and bitterly did I reproach myself for the flogging I had given him. I at length suspected he was poisoned by some of the scoundrels with whom Brockville abounds, and whom the dog had been principally instrumental in keeping off the grounds. In this belief I was soon confirmed, for at a later hour the same day, the poor suffering creature trailed himself through the door-way to the snow, on which he rolled himself incessantly, uttering a low howl, as if under the influence of extreme internal torture. Towards the evening he seemed to be more at ease, but he was so reduced that, whenever he attempted to move, the rattling of the claws of his powerless feet, which he had not strength to raise, was painfully audible. During the greater part of the time he fixed his eyes upon my face with an expression full of melancholy, and indicative of the pain he suffered, while frequently, as he thus gazed, he placed (not without effort) his large paw in my hand, and continued it there as if desirous of proving to me his deep attachment. I confess I was as much grieved at the condition of the noble animal, and the too probable loss that awaited me, as though some dear and intimate friend lay dying at my side. Previous to my retiring to rest I had, in strong apprehension of his death during the night, caused a thick layer of straw to be placed in the hermetically closed porch, which had been raised before the hall door, and to this I conducted the suffering creature, who seemingly thankful that his bed had been placed in a situation which afforded coolness, amid the fire which seemed to consume him, again tendered me his paw on parting. That night he died.

I had thought it impossible that my sensibilities could have been awakened in the powerful manner they were, but I confess that I shed more tears on that occasion than I ever previously had at the death of any human being. Few people will understand this, because there are few people who take the trouble to draw out the affections of animals, or to unfold in them that intelligence which they possess, and which requires but the hand and voice of kindness to elicit. I am fully convinced that there are certain animals, in what is called the brute creation, who with the exception of the gift of speech alone, possess a reason, feelings, perceptions, prepossessions and recollections, which far exceed those attributes in the merely animal portion of the human family.

On the following morning, I sent for a person to remove his beautiful skin, and to discover the immediate cause of his death.

The body was accordingly opened, and in the stomach, the coats of which were corroded and black, were found particles of *nux vomica* which had not yet been dissolved. This, at once, clearly accounted for all the protracted suffering of the poor creature. How should I have acted had the brute, who had perpetrated this inhuman deed, lain writhing at my feet in all the agony he occasioned my faithful friend and companion, I can scarcely trust myself to say. I do not really think, in the mood of mind I then experienced, that if the movement of a hand, or a word of mine could have saved the wretch from dying the lingering death of that dog, I would have stirred to save him. My first care was to have the remains of the poor animal nailed up in a case in which a bed of snow had been placed, and buried under a locust tree adjoining the ice house, where a turf-covered mound was erected over him in the spring. His splendid skin, a white ground with large dark spots interspersed, was also sent to be dressed, and is now suspended before my writing table, conveying the strongest reminiscence of the noble creature who loved me so well. I offered a reward of fifty dollars for the discovery of the *murderer*, but without effect.

In the early part of the month of June, the canal from New York being open, the person whose services I had engaged to superintend the mechanical arrangements of the paper arrived, bringing with him the necessary materials for the "New Era,"—a name that had been selected in consequence of the important political changes which had taken place in the country, and the new principle of government then being followed up, on the recommendation of Lord Durham, by Mr. Poulett Thomson. The paper was necessarily not large, but its contents, and principally its political articles, all of which were from my own pen, were written in a tone which, if I am to believe my fellow laborers in the same vineyard, rendered them as unexceptionable in spirit, as they were of use to the government.

It occupying me merely an hour or two each day to prepare my leaders and other matter necessary for the "New Era," which, like most papers in the smaller towns of Canada, was published weekly, I amused myself principally with fishing and shooting. But the latter sport was not to be had in the abundance in which it is offered in the beautiful West. Partridges are very scarce, woodcock almost unknown, and the snipe to be found only during a few days in the spring and "fall," as the autumn is invariably and figuratively called in Canada. My great amusement therefore was in my boat, which offered the advantage of anchoring at some distance from the shore, and making use of the rod and line, or of trolling for the fishes (chiefly the pike) which bury themselves in the dense weeds with which this part of the St. Lawrence abounds. Often too, during the season most devoted to trolling, a third means of amusement was afforded in the occasional surprise of a flock of wild ducks, when it was only necessary to drop the oars, and take up the loaded double-barrelled Manton, which reposed against the bow of the boat, to secure my game.

The mode of trolling in Canada is worthy of a passing description. A strong line, about ten fathoms in length, is fastened to the leg of the rower (for one person only usually occupies the boat), and to the opposite end of the line is attached a hook, affixed to a

piece of brass, resembling as much as possible in form, the bowl of a large spoon. This being always brightly polished, and revolving on a piece of stiff and strong wire, securing it to the line, presents a brilliant appearance which seldom fails to attract the attention of the black bass or pike that may be secreted in the weeds over which it passes. The proper motion is given to the boat by a quick jerk of the oars, and if the bait is taken, that fact is soon known by the strong pull upon the leg made by the captured fish. The oars are immediately dropped, the line pulled in, hand over hand, and occasionally the eye of the fisherman is delighted at seeing the lash of a tail upon the surface of the water, indicating the approach, as a prisoner, of a voracious pike of more than ordinary size, and his vain struggles to free himself from the strong and unyielding hook. Then what a leap he gives as he is raised from the water into the boat. Indignant at the treachery which has decoyed him to his ruin, he throws every obstacle in the way to prevent his captor from releasing the hook from his jaws, and practising the same deceptive art upon other unsuspecting fishes. Even when this is effected, he flounders about from stem to stern, occasionally striking the leg with his sharp, strong back fins, or splashing the whole person with the mingled slime and water with which he, and those of his companions who may have preceded him, have carried into the boat. The pike is a fierce fish, and extremely tenacious of life.

Such were my trolling excursions in the "Fanny Elsler," a light row boat, prettily built, and wholly adapted for oars, although there was a place for setting the tiny mast I had procured with her, whenever a light and favorable wind might render it desirable to hoist one. My trolling *ground* generally extended to three miles above my own place, and nothing in the world can be more beautiful or picturesque than this route, threading as it does the bottom of the group of the Thousand Islands. The channel through which I passed, was moreover an inner one—not the usual and practicable course of navigation, but one marked by swift and seemingly boiling currents, amid which it was not without exertion I forced my boat.

The intrusion of fishermen into my own waters—that is to say, into the bay designed for a fish-pond—I found to be a great nuisance; but annoying as this was, there was still a greater bore. Immediately beyond the line of demarkation of my grounds, and not twenty yards from the point where a small arm of the St. Lawrence, entering between high and jutting masses of rock, contributed to form the natural fish-pond, there is a point frequented by all the fishermen of the *locale*, young and old, and known as the "Devil's Rock," which significant name has been given to it from the fact of his Satanic Majesty's foot-print having been left there, on taking his flight from it, after a bath in the deep waters beneath. Had fishing from this been the only occupation of those who frequented it, there could have been little cause for complaint; even notwithstanding the incessant hooting and yelling that proceeded from the fellows of all descriptions who were in the habit of assembling there. But unfortunately there were too many of them who were close imitators of his Satanic Majesty, and as prone to bathing from the rock. Whether the Devil himself had been in the habit of shouting and whooping, whenever he indulged in his ablutions, the imperfect tradition of the Brockvillians does not inform us; but it cannot be denied that, if such had been his prac-

tice, they were not behind him in the vigorous exercise of their lungs. At all hours of the day did these scoundrels, heedless of the delicacy which the brute creation would scarcely have lost sight of, throw off every covering, and shrieking to attract the attention of my female servants, exhibit themselves in all the hideousness of their vulgar nakedness, even going so far as to call them (the servants) by name, and to offend their ears with the most disgusting language. Never could the patience of man have been put to a greater trial than mine was on these occasions, and it was often with difficulty that, when the domestics came to me with complaints of the insolence of the wretches, I could restrain myself from discharging my double-barrelled Manton, loaded with shot, into the midst of them. But the fate of poor Captain Moir of the 37th Regiment always occurred to, and deterred me. As it was, I often startled them by firing at some object near, yet sufficiently far not to touch them, and the rattling of the shot generally had the effect of making them gather up their clothes and retreat to some point where they could not be seen. To apply to the magistrates was vain, for they either could not, or would not interfere with effect, and I had already had other and sufficient evidence of the laxity of the morals of the people, not to feel assured that any failure on my part would only increase the abominable evil of which I had to complain.

The disgusting exhibition of these bathers was not confined to the "Devil's Rock," but to portions nearer to the town. On the left of my house, as it fronted the river—the "Devil's Rock" being on the right, and somewhat to the rear—was an elevated crag, forming the extreme end of my property in that direction, and this the shameless scoundrels would almost daily ascend, to plunge themselves headlong into the river, frequently coming opposite my own door, and calling out to attract the attention of those within. This display was ever more remarkable on Sunday than on any other occasion; and as several families, residing out of the town, were in the habit of going to church in their boats during the summer, their eyes were ever offended by several of these people thus infamously displaying themselves. There was, what was called, a corporation in the town, but of what use I never could learn.

As I shall not, possibly, recur to the subject of the immoral condition of the people of Upper Canada—a condition which is the result of the imperfections of the system of education which prevails in it—this extremely modified description of the social state in Brockville, must be taken as applying, although in a less marked degree, to all the smaller towns in that section of the Province, where the stringent prohibitions of active and effective corporations do not extend. In Toronto and Kingston, vice, though sufficiently enough exercising her baneful influence on the easily corrupted of both sexes, has at least the modesty to avoid that publicity and exposure which are so openly exhibited and so seldom discountenanced in the small town of Brockville, where certain of the magistrates themselves have been slow in setting an example calculated to produce in the people over whom they preside a sense of decency and decorum.

While on this subject, I may as well remark that the troops stationed in the country do much to increase the evil complained of. In almost every town in which they are quartered, the utmost diffi-

culty exists in the management of female servants, who caught, as well as their mistresses, by the glittering bait of a scarlet coat, fall victims to their seducers, and neglect their duties for the pleasures of criminal indulgence. I have heard it stated by several heads of families in Toronto, that while the 93rd Regiment were quartered there, the impression created by their sinewy and kilted limbs, when in full dress, and the graceful bonnet surmounting their stalwart frames, was such that there was not a single servant maid or woman who had not been debauched by them. As far as my own experience and observation enabled me to judge, this systematic ruin of servants is one of the most abominable nuisances in Canada.

In the course of the summer I planted an orchard, consisting of various kinds of fruit trees—the best apple, with plum and cherry—and furthermore inserted, in the rich shallow surface of soil which covered a large flat sloping rock much exposed to the rays of the sun, slips of grape vine which I was informed produced the most delicious fruit. On the same description of ground I moreover planted water-melons which, nourished by the sun's heat also, promised fruit of a superior quality. Nor were my grounds wanting in other productions, the seeds of which had been planted there by the hand of nature alone. The wild strawberry, the gooseberry, the raspberry, and the huckleberry, grew in abundance, on those parts of the grounds which had never been broken by the plough, and in small copses adjoinining the higher rocks in the rear, and overlooking the house and river, filberts or hazle nuts, and butter nuts, grew in uncultivated profusion. The place was susceptible of being made a little paradise, and yet to me it yielded neither pleasure, profit, nor satisfaction.

One beautiful and calm day, in the early part of the same summer (1841), the vacant place of my faithful Hector was supplied by a new introduction into my family. I had returned from church, and while lounging carelessly on the wild lawn that sloped gradually to the St. Lawrence, my attention was attracted by the appearance of a dark object moving through the water, and evidently making for my own rocks. At first I took it for a large loon skimming the surface of the river, and went for my Manton, which, as the wild-ducks came in the early morning to the very shore, and almost within pistol-shot of the house, I always kept loaded. But when I returned I distinctly saw two projections from the head, that satisfied me the swimming stranger was a young deer, which seemingly near exhausted with the long *trajet* across the St. Lawrence, was, reckless of consequences, intent only on gaining the nearest land. At once determining to seize and make him captive, the moment he should touch the bank, I made my arrangements, summoning and placing the servants in such a position that they could not fail to grapple with him as he landed. The creature advanced boldly enough, until he found himself seized and dragged up the rocks, when he made violent efforts to free himself. After some difficulty we succeeded in throwing him on his side, and then securing his feet with cords that had been provided for the purpose, raised and placed him in a wheelbarrow that was in readiness to receive him, although not without a struggle, in which the deer received one or two unimportant wounds from the sharp pointed rocks. He was then held tightly down, and wheeled into the stable, where, with a strap placed round his neck, he was duly fastened in a stall spread

over with a bed of straw, and the thongs being loosened, he was left to make acquaintance with the ponies, who regarded him with a good deal of curiosity and surprise, but manifested no disposition to injure him.

In the course of a short time he was tethered, during the day, on the lawn in front of the house, and there suffered to nibble the clover which was provided for him. His acquaintance with the human family, as well as with the canine, then commenced; but he never evinced half the alarm on seeing a stranger that he did whenever the wheelbarrow, in which he had been first imprisoned, appeared before him. At the sight and sound of this, he was always exceedingly restive, making the most violent efforts to free himself from his confinement, and trembling in every limb until the obnoxious vehicle had passed away. He never overcame this aversion.

During the three years that he remained with us, this deer, ever treated with kindness, became very tame indeed. He would take bread from my hand, insert his nose into my shooting jacket for food which I had purposely placed there, and which he was ever impatient to reach, and unceremoniously entered the house and took from the table whatever pleased him most. His great partiality was for bread, for although he ate oats, potatoes, green vegetables, &c., the former he evidently considered a luxury, devouring it with eagerness. Nor was he by any means of an unsocial disposition. He tolerated the larger dogs. and formed such an intimacy with a very small but intelligent cur I had, that they used to lie down together and lick each other for hours. It was often amusing enough to see the dog, in imitation of the servant, who frequently led the deer from spot to spot where the herbage most abounded, take the rope between his teeth, and pull with all his force to urge his companion to follow him. But although he was thus quiet and even familiar with my own dogs, he could not endure the presence of others. Any strange dog coming into the place always excited the fury of the animal, who curved his neck in defiance, stamped furiously with his feet, and throwing back his ears altogether evinced the strongest desire to get him within his reach. On more than one occasion he has, without hurting them, terrified strangers who approached too near to him by chasing them against the wall of the stable or some other out house, and there "pinning" them by the thigh, until the cries of the frightened prisoner has drawn the attention of the servant accustomed to feed him, and whom he ever obeyed, to the ridiculous position of the party, and procured his release.

His attachment to his feeder was very marked. He would follow her through the streets without the slightest difficulty, and without her being compelled to strain upon the rope by which she led him. I have known him on one occasion to follow thus for a mile, and over a bridge one-fourth of that distance, and this regardless of the curs which ran yelping at his heels, and could not be prevented from barking at him. When later, I removed to Kingston, he made his first trip in a steamer, but was so frightened at the strange noise of the machinery, that he manifested extreme impatience, and struggled so violently that his horns prematurely fell off. Those he had the ensuing year now form the handles of a carving knive and fork, which serve as a memento of my Canadian "deer taking." He was later sent to Montreal

secured in one of the osier crates used for crockery, and on the deck of one of the small steamers descended the whole of the boiling rapids—the distance being nearly two hundred miles—without accident of any kind whatever.

It may seem surprising that I should, aware as I was of my strong claims upon the existing Government, have so long neglected to have laid them, backed as they were by the written acknowledgments of the Earl of Durham, before his successor, Mr. Poulett Thompson. But I had several reasons for this. In the first instance, I could not endure the thought of running to seek favor from a new Governor, so immediately after the departure of him who had favored me with his confidence, and promised me his future support. Some there were not quite so fastidious on this point, but I perceived and felt all the grossness of the very unenviable position in which they had placed themselves. I had seen them dancing attendance, with endless rolls of paper in their hands, on Lord Durham, and I had seen the same gentlemen, not one week after Mr. Poulett Thompson's arrival in the country, wending their way with the same, or similar, rolls of paper, to Government House. I confess I am not made of such pliable matter. Moreover, it seemed to me impossible that Lord Durham, for whom I had made the serious sacrifice of an engagement of much pecuniary importance, should have failed to communicate to the statesman, who was following out the views of policy entertained and recommended by himself, my very strong claims upon a Government which, as admitted by the London leading journals themselves, I had so materially aided with my pen.

But delay was now a folly, and a few weeks before the discontinuance of my publication, I enclosed to Lord Sydenham several of Lord Durham's letters to myself, showing the nature of the sacrifices I had made in furtherance of the system of government which was now being established in the country; intimating at the same time that, in the course of a few days, I should do myself the honor of waiting on his Lordship to receive his reply. The following week I repaired to Kingston, and on presenting myself at Alwington House was introduced into his study. This was my first interview with Lord Sydenham, although he had been upwards of nine months in the country, yet he received me with a good deal of seeming cordiality. After some cursory remarks on the politics of the day, he took from the table, and handed to me, the small packet of letters I had enclosed to him, observing emphatically as he did so, "I have read these letters, Major Richardson, with a great deal of interest. Nothing can reflect more honorably on you than the position of confidence you enjoyed with Lord Durham, and you may rest assured that when the new appointments which are contemplated are filled up, you shall not be forgotten." This was said with a sincerity of manner that left me no doubt of the good faith of His Lordship, and I took my leave in the fullest expectation that my name would appear, as nominated to some public appointment, in the Gazette which was expected shortly to be published. But,

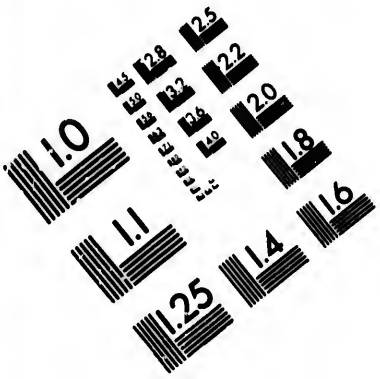
"Oh ever thus, from childhood's hour,
I've seen my fondest hopes decay:
I never lov'd a tree or flower,
But t'was the first to fade away:

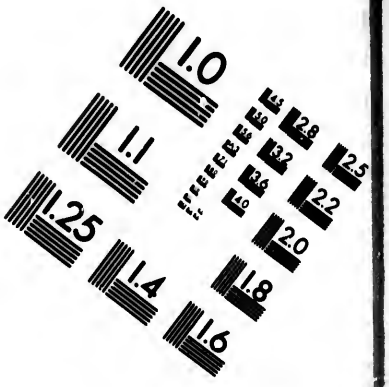
"I never lov'd a dear gazelle,
'To soothe me with its soft, black eye,
But when it came to know me well,
And love me, it was sure to die."

Not one week from the date of this interview with Lord Sydenham, the accident occurred which later cost him his life, and for the second time deprived me, by death, of the only Governor General of Canada who I could reasonably expect to entertain the slightest desire to advance my interests in the country. Still I could not but believe that his Lordship had expressed his views in my favor to some one of his Executive, either verbally or in writing, and I fully expected that, whatever the result of the new infliction under which Lord Sydenham was now laboring, the Ministry had been duly instructed on the subject, and would take action accordingly.

The news of the serious accident which had occurred to the Governor General, was everywhere received with painful interest. It came like a sudden blow upon the people, and the minds of men were imbued with the gloom of apprehension. Learning that His Lordship suffered much from fever, and well knowing, from experience, how grateful to the parched palate is the flavor of cool and refreshing fruit, I sent His Excellency what I conceived to be the most acceptable gift I could offer. This was no other than a beautiful water-melon, weighing upwards of seventeen pounds, and grown from the seed I had planted early in the season among my rocks. I ordered a case, perforated with holes to admit the air, to be instantly made for the reception of this leviathan of my own culture, and transmitted it, packed in sweet hay, with a note for His Lordship's Private Secretary, Mr. Gray. A few weeks after Lord Sydenham's death, I met this gentlemen, with one of the Aides-de-Camp, Mr. Baring, on board the steamer which was conveying them down the St. Lawrence, on their way home; when the former, in alluding to His Lordship's sufferings and death, assured me that the palate of the invalid had been much gratified by the luscious coolness of the melon, almost the only food he had tasted. The fruit, though large, was it seems perfectly ripe, and from Mr. Gray's statement of the temporary relief afforded to the sufferer, I was not sorry that I had had the *prevoyance* to think of forwarding it. I had, however, recollected the intense longing I once had for a water-melon, while prostrated under the effects of yellow-fever in the West Indies; and the almost eagerness with which I had devoured one that my Colonel had, with the greatest difficulty, after sending over half the island of Barbadoes, obtained for me; and having ascertained that Lord Sydenham was in a state of feverish excitement, produced from the united pain from his wound, and his old enemy the gout, which had returned upon him with redoubled violence, it had occurred to me that my offering would prove, as it did, an acceptable one.

It is a singular evidence of the fertility of the soil, that a seed, planted in the very slight covering of earth with which the rock was clothed, should have produced so fine a melon; but a rocky country seems to be so peculiarly adapted to the growth of this particular fruit, that it has been known, in the same neighborhood to attain the weight of five-and-thirty—nay, even forty—pounds! The squash, however, grows to a far more prodigious size. I have seen a monster of this species, at a confectioner's in





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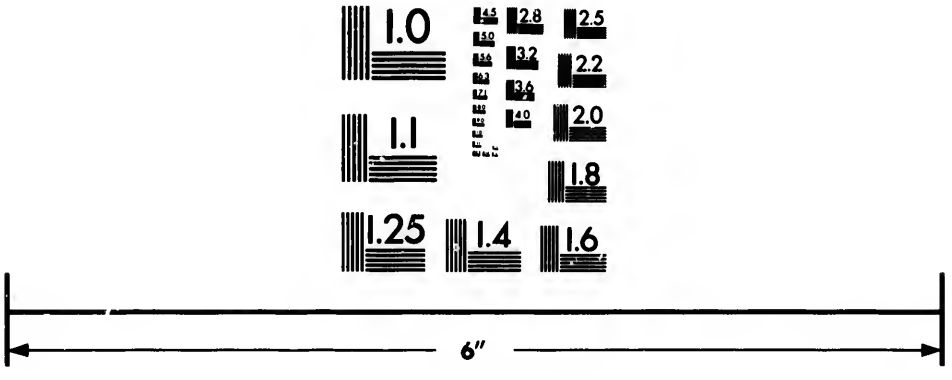

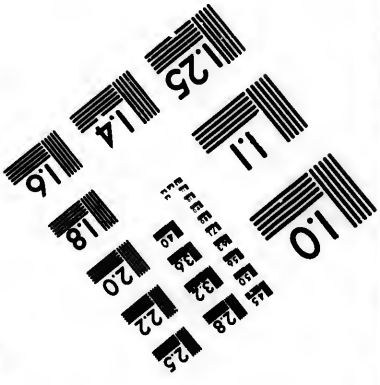

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Kingston, (exhibited as a curiosity,) and labelled as being of the enormous weight of one hundred and fifty-seven pounds.

What greatly contributed to render fatal the unfortunate accident which befel Lord Sydenham, was the free indulgence he had been in the habit of giving to his appetites. His Lordship, with all his activity and energy of mind, was a sensualist, and his sacrifices to Venus were scarcely less copious than those rendered to Bacchus. It was well known that his establishment at one time acknowledged the sway of at least one mistress, who, of course, was not visible, but with whom His Lordship found solace after the hours of labor devoted to his government. His Lordship, moreover, paid great court to several Canadian ladies, both in Toronto and Montreal. Married as well as unmarried—French and English—in turn, exited his homage. His attentions to Mrs. ———, of Toronto, were so very marked, that the scandalous circles rang with them; and each *belle*, jealous of the preference given to what she deemed to be her less deserving rival, was ready to die with vexation that the vice-regal handkerchief had not been thrown at *her* feet. It was said that Mademoiselle ———, of Montreal, rejecting a gallant lover who had long dangled after her, was to be elevated to the honor of being Baroness Sydenham; but there were those, again, who believed that the presumed attention to the young lady, was only a cloak to hide his unremitting devotion to her not less fascinating married sister. These were the *on dits* of the day; whether true or false, it is difficult to pretend to determine. Canada is, however, behind no country in the civilized world in keen love for scandal; and there was something exceedingly piquant in attributing to Governors those weaknesses which are common to our nature, and which in some degree reduce the man of intellect and intelligence to a level with the braggart and the fool.

At table, Lord Sydenham is said to have indulged, and fed the gout, by which he had been so long and so painfully afflicted, with every viand the most calculated to ensure its continuance. He invariably took his turtle, or mock-turtle soup; swallowed the seeds of early dissolution in the thick, fat, bottled porter, which was indispensable to his meal: and dived unhesitatingly into all the mysteries of champagne. In fact, Lord Sydenham was in every sense of the word a *gourmet;* so much so, that a wound which, in a man of temperate habits and uncorrupted blood, would have proved superficial, created in him an irritability, aided as the latter was by the dormant gout it had awakened, beyond what his weak and debilitated frame could bear, and principally tended to his demise. Had he not led the life of indulgence he had, the mere accident which occurred to him never would have deprived him of life at the early age of forty-two.

CHAPTER XIII.

In reviewing the political life of Lord Sydenham, it is impossible not to be forcibly struck with the fact, that nothing in the course of his administration was new or original. Energy, quickness

and pliability of mind, he possessed in all the degree necessary to the Governor of so turbulent a country, where, as he very properly remarks, (and I have stated the same thing in my notice of Lord Durham's administration,) there are nearly as many political prejudices and opinions to conciliate as persons; but these were qualities characteristic rather of the determination of the soldier, than of the sagacity and wisdom of the statesman. The way had been completely paved before him. Lord Durham's report was his text book, and it was chiefly by condescending to the little arts, (not very flattering by the way to the understandings, of the Canadian people,) to which the noble earl could not stoop, that Mr. Thompson owed his success in carrying out that which his predecessor had recommended. It was by playing with men's vanity, tampering with their interests, their passions, and their prejudices, and placing himself in a position of familiarity with those of whom he might, at once, obtain assistance and information, that he succeeded in carrying out what Lord Durham had left to some more practical person to effect. The Union was not the idea of Lord Sydenham, for, as elsewhere has been shown, this measure is recommended in the Report, although Lord Durham had been uniformily hostile to the plan up to the very moment of his departure from Quebec. Neither was the Municipal Bill, nor the Registry Bill, nor in fact any of those measures, on the passing of which the biographer of Lord Sydenham so much vaunts himself, the fruit of his own diplomatic invention, for it will be remembered, that not only these bills, but a Bill for Education, and a Feudal Tenure Bill had been in progress before Lord Durham's departure—some of them even being then in type—while, as of the Municipal Bill particularly, the disallowance of the clauses of which, during the discussion of the question in England had given his Lordship so much uneasiness, this had ever been one of the leading projects of Lord Durham, in his reform of the government of the country. The whole object of the Government of Lord Sydenham, and the whole end attained was, therefore, the fulfilment of the designs and recommendations of his noble predecessor. He invented nothing new, discovered no new source of complaint; and, consequently, sought not to apply any new remedy. By the exercise of some tact and ingenuity, and a not very straight-forward mode of enlisting the personal, or sectional, interests of those whose services could be of value to him, Lord Sydenham certainly succeeded in acquiring a very strange ascendancy in quarters where it was the least to have been anticipated. While, therefore, all due credit is due to him for his indefatigability of purpose, one cannot but lament that a person, holding the distinguished position of Representative of the Sovereign, should have been found committing himself in unworthy mystification of those with whom he was in the practice so frequently of conversing.—For instance, when asked by some person who happened to be in the same steamer which took him to the Upper Province, *where* he intended to fix the Seat of Government, the not very vice-regal reply was, "that any body might tell that, with half an eye." Now this familiar answer was not only in itself ambiguous, but *intended* to mislead. The object was to induce a Toronto citizen to believe that Toronto was the favored place; a Kingstonian, Kingston; a

Quebecer, Quebec; and a Montrealer, Montreal; and thus to secure popularity with all parties in the Province. And yet, it is quite clear that Lord Sydenham had decided upon Kingston as the definitive Seat of Government after the Union, for independently of the fact of the desire expressed shortly before his death, to be buried in what he conceived would be preserved as the future capital of Canada, the following significant allusion to the subject is made in a private letter, written in Upper Canada, and published in the account of his Canadian administration.—"I shall fix the capital of the United Province in this one, of course. Kingston will most probably be the place; but there is every thing to be done there yet to provide accommodation for the meeting of the Assembly in the spring."

To one, of his Lordship's somewhat satirical play of fancy, it must however have been most amusing to hear the remarks of the flatterers who obtained admission to his presence. Parasites have abounded since the time of Lord Dalhousie (and I believe he was pestered by the greatest toady in it—one who has since transferred his homage to every succeeding Governor) down to the present period. A very humorous story is told of one of these gentlemen. A certain individual who had been recently appointed to a lucrative situation in the Customs, called upon his Lordship, and after thanking him for the honor, expressed himself as being apprehensive that he was not in a sufficiently elevated position in life to merit the distinction. "Pshaw!" replied his Lordship with dry sarcasm, "as to that, there's not much difference between you. You are all pretty much alike in my opinion."

But practical and useful as were the measures of Lord Sydenham, founded on the report of his predecessor, they were marked by an injustice which would seem to shew that his Lordship's Government was purely one of expediency, and that he studied not so much the ulterior happiness of the people, as the speediest means of attaining that honor which, he could not but be sensible would be the reward of his adjustment of the difficulties of the country, even though that adjustment should prove merely a temporary one. One really might feel inclined to doubt this, were it not for the premature haste his Lordship evinced to be recalled the moment after the close of the session of the first Canadian Parliament under the Union. He evidently entertained distrust of the well-working of the machinery which he had set in motion, and was consequently anxious to leave the country before its flaws should be discovered.

The great, and manifest, and irreparable evil of which he was guilty, was the formation of an Executive Council who were, under himself, to preside over the destinies of a people in whose bosoms still rankled the bitter recollection of the undue lenity which had been extended to the guilty participators in the rebellion so recently crushed by them. Common justice demanded that they who had borne arms against the Government, or indirectly connived at the troubles of that period, never should have been permitted to insult the good and loyal of the land by their monstrous elevation to offices so important as those of Executive Councillors. The introduction of the principle of Responsible Government did not require so manifestly injurious a

course of action. It was easy enough to have said, and no one in the country could have impugned the correctness of the principle, "People of Canada, Her Majesty, yielding to the desire you have expressed, consents that the boon of Responsible Government shall be conferred upon you; but, just as she is gracious, she cannot admit to domination over the great mass of her Canadian subjects men who have been suspected if not absolutely attainted with treason—whose principles have been decidedly hostile to British connection, and whose actions have had a direct tendency to sever it. It is admitted that there may have been abuses in the administration of this country, which it is essential should be rectified by the application of a new system of Government, but the means of correcting those evils lie wholly within yourselves; and the preponderance of party must be governed by events. They who have continued loyal to their Sovereign will now receive the reward of their fidelity, by being placed in a position to remove existing abuses; and if they fail to do this to the satisfaction of the people, it will remain for the voice of that people to displace them from the position of distinction to which Her Majesty has called them, and to substitute in their stead those who have undergone the ordeal of a political purification."

Had this been the language used, or the principle adopted by Lord Sydenham, how much more brilliant must have been his Canadian Administration. As a high-minded and virtuous Governor, he would have scorned the intervention of mere expediency in the final settlement of a question involving interests of so paramount importance, not only to the people themselves, but to the Empire; but Lord Sydenham, as is evident from his own published letters, regarded nothing beyond the means by which a majority of supporters could be gained, and without reference to the public principles of those who constituted that majority. By this palpable leaning towards the rebel party, who styled themselves reformers, he finished by disgusting every loyal man in the Colony. It was an insult to these latter to ask them to coöperate with men whose every act had betrayed their aversion to British dominion, and the hands of whose partizans had been already steeped in the blood of their relatives or friends; nor was this amalgamation more necessary than it was unnatural. Had it been essential to prove the sincerity of the Government, Lord Sydenham might easily have selected, from the ranks of the moderate reformers, men with whom the conservative portion of those sought to be introduced into the Executive, could not reasonably have declined to act. But by nominating men of known disaffection, and more than suspected participation in the events of the recent rebellion, to act with them, he completely gained his end, by driving what he conceived to be the numerically weaker loyal party from any share in the Government of the country, and eventually composing it of those by whom he admits himself to have been principally surrounded, and who, in yielding him the majorities requisite to the temporary success of his measures, promised him the best prospect of success in the attainment of objects involving his own personal aggrandizement. There was altogether too much intrigue—too much, indeed, of

charlatanism about Lord Sydenham,* ever to have ensured that respect which his dignified position ought to have commanded, nor while he incurred the disapprobation of one party, did he wholly escape the distrust of the other. That he considered the settlement of the Canadian difficulties an affair of mere expediency, is evident from the tone of persiflage in which many of his private communications home are couched. He had obviously a great contempt for those he had been sent to govern, yet the vanity he experienced in successfully cajoling those whom it suited his purpose to gain over, is as obviously commensurate. This vanity at other times degenerates into puerility, as for instance, when he compares "My Parliament" with the House of Commons, and in all the fulness of self-satisfaction, vainly sought to be concealed by an affectation of humility, pities "poor Royalty as exemplified in his person"—talks of his cocked hat—and the bore of being obliged to wear it on the Throne, and finishes with the self-gratulation that his "Legislative Council beats the House of Lords hollow."

It may be remarked that these are merely the private impressions of the man, and can have no weight in deciding upon his political merits. But to this again it may be replied, that it is alone by these private indications of the secret motives of action of a statesman that the public have an opportunity of distinguishing between the tinsel and the gold which adorns their rulers, nor can one attach any great faith to the pureness or disinterestedness of motive of him who, in a spirit of mockery, alludes to his position as one calculated rather to provoke ridicule than to command esteem.

But Lord Sydenham had well nigh reaped the bitter fruit of a policy which sound reason, not less than common sense, condemned; and those disaffected men, whom he had the indiscretion to call to his councils, and place in authority over the well-intentioned and loyal of the colony, labored hard to sting the hand that had fostered them into the fullest attainment of their personal ambition, and to wrest from his grasp that prize which he regarded as already his own.

Mr. Baldwin, who had been in the Executive several months, and who had previously recorded his protest against the continuance in office of several of his colleagues not inclined to support his extreme or republican views, waited patiently until within a few days of the opening of the first session of Parliament under the Union Act. Then, in the full assurance that Lord Sydenham would, at that eleventh hour, find himself in such a position of embarrassment as to yield to his demands, he insisted on the removal of the obnoxious colleagues above referred to,† and the substitution of certain members of the French party who had shared his extreme radical policy. This was an unexpected blow to Lord Sydenham, but it must be admitted that he had in a great degree brought it upon himself. He had committed an irreparable fault in calling Mr. Baldwin to his councils at all, and now he was made to feel that political gratitude was not a quality inherent in the breast of a disloyal Canadian. He, however, had

* Mr. Draper is evidently his copyist.

† Messrs. Draper and Ogden.

the firmness to resist this insolent and Wat Tyler-like demand, and Mr. Baldwin retired from the Cabinet, a pretended martyr to the integrity of his public life! But this false position, in which Lord Sydenham had placed himself, might easily have been avoided, had his Government been based on those immutable principles of justice which are as indispensable to the well-being and prosperity of a whole people, as they are to that of individuals. The course, elsewhere pointed out, should have been that adopted by a statesman to whom his biographer (and it is well known that five hundred pounds were bequeathed to Mr. Murdock, his Civil Secretary, under the express understanding that he was to prepare an account of His Lordship's Administration in Canada) had ascribed, in language of high eulogium, tact, judgment, prudence, great natural sagacity, energy, firmness, determination, integrity, honor, and disinterestedness of purpose, such are common to few men, and to few Governors especially. Had stern and uncompromising justice, which should have taken the lead of, been added to, these qualities, and proved the guiding star of Lord Sydenham's political career in Canada, none of the heart-burnings which succeeded to his short-lived success would have occurred to mar or disturb the fabric he *might* have built. Petty intrigue, exercised not only by himself but by that host of satellites by whom he was surrounded, had done much to gain over several individuals of influence in the country, but there was a vast majority of those, who, immovable in their own honest right, and commanding respect from their high integrity of purpose, refused to be made the subservient puppets of a policy of expediency, and ought to have been made, by a prudent and just Governor, the leading men of his councils, instead of being artfully excluded from them. It is idle to pretend that seats in the Executive Council were offered to certain individuals of this party, and rejected by them. It could not be regarded in any other light than as an insult, or, at the best, a vain and idle compliment, to ask men who had come nobly forward to the rescue of the Crown, when threatened with the most imminent danger, to take their seats at the same Council Board with those who had assailed the dearest privileges of that Crown, and sought to trample it into the dust. Therefore, to attempt to form a Council in which these two parties should have equal ascendancy, was virtually to dispossess of all power those whose devotion to the Monarchy had saved the country. Nor can it be objected that there would have been a greater difficulty in governing according to the new principle intended to be introduced, by reason of the weaker numerical body of the loyalist portion of the people, as compared with the reformers. Recent events have shown that the loyalists are not, and *never were*, the least influential body in point of numbers. Had Lord Sydenham offered Responsible Government to the country, under the express understanding that the first Government, under the new system, was to be composed of those who had so nobly manifested their devotion to their Sovereign, he would have encountered none of those difficulties —none of that opposition of which he complained, as proceeding from what he is pleased to call the "Family Compact," nor would the rebel party have reasonable cause for complaint. But, so far from this, we see that, from the very first moment of his

arrival in Toronto, he threw himself into the arms of the extreme Radicals. The bias of feeling communicated by this movement was great. It naturally led moderate men, who would have been as ready to throw their influence into the opposite scale, to add strength to the favored party, and to obtain proselytes wherever they could. By this means the tables were for a time reversed, and the radical party, encouraged and supported by Her Majesty's Representative, became proportionately formidable. They had not been prepared for this excess of favor, and their confidence now became unbounded. Impressed with a consciousness of the guilty share they had borne in the recent rebellion against the Crown, they had fully expected to have been put down for ever as a party, and would have deemed themselves fortunate in exemption from punishment for the past. But when they found, not only that punishment was *not* to be inflicted, but that they were called upon to rule in a country they had so recently attempted to desolate with fire and sword, their boldness became commensurate, and interpreting the conduct of the Imperial Government into fear, they received the boon offered to them, not as a measure of general utility, but as a concession wrung from the Crown by their imperious demands. Strong in their new authority, they laughed at the impotency of those whom Lord Sydenham had thrown, bound hand and foot, before them, and from that moment a most rankling hatred animated the breasts of the two parties—a hatred that must sooner or later, but for the fortuitous advent of another statesman greater than he, have burst forth into glaring acts of hostility, and laid waste the Province in all the horrors of civil war—a policy which, however it might ensure his elevation to the Peerage, could nowise be found harmonious in its working, or beneficial in its results. With as much justice might Frost, the leader of the rebel Chartists, have been associated in the councils of the Home Government, with all the good and noble of the land, as Mr. Baldwin or Mr. Hincks introduced into the Colonial Cabinet. True, the latter individual had not yet been appointed, but had Lord Sydenham carried his favorite Bank of Issue project, he was to have been placed at the head of it, with a seat in the Council: nay, as it was, he, at the recommendation of His Lordship, and shortly after the death of the latter, was called to the Executive Office. I confess I was at one time a warm admirer of the energy, firmness, and decision of character displayed by Lord Sydenham, in moulding various discordant materials to his ends, and although it could not but be considered that he had been guilty of a grave error in surrounding himself with those who had been the secret, if not the avowed, enemies of the Crown, I had been willing to sink individual impressions in consideration of interests of a higher magnitude. The appointment of Mr. Baldwin, although, under all the circumstances, an injudicious one, was the less obnoxious because, whatever his extreme politics, his private character was of a nature to command the esteem even of his bitterest enemies, and his election, however unpalatable, conveyed no very marked slight to the loyal portion of the Province. Had Lord Sydenham confined himself to this, the lesson taught him by the imperious ultimatum of Mr. Baldwin, tendered as I have already observed on the eve of the session of Parliament, would

have been considered sufficient; but when, later, it appears that His Lordship had not only approved, but recommended to the Home Government as an Executive Councillor, Francis Hincks, the editor of the "Toronto Examiner," and the bosom friend of Mackenzie, with whom he communicated on the morning of the affair at Gallows Hill, when that traitor was in arms against the Government, no further doubt could be entertained of the system of expediency, at the utter sacrifice of every principle of justice by which he sought to govern. It is idle, therefore, for his (Lord Sydenham's) biographer to assert, as he does at the close of his volume, that His Lordship was an "example to future Governors, to guide and encourage them in their difficulties—to shew how the energy of one man may diffuse itself through a whole society, and how a straightforward and uncompromising firmness may confound the most inveterate opposition of its adversaries, and induce the sincere and generous attachment of its friends." Energy and firmness there were to be sure, but these were neither straightforward nor uncompromising in their application, or certainly, the country never would have been so grossly insulted as by the appointment of Mr. Hincks, whose character is thus described by a Montreal paper :—

> "We hate him as we do the adder,
> A thing whose head we'd crush beneath our heel,
> A fearful thing—but yet a reptile still."

"The career of this man is a libel on colonial politics. Without going back to the dark ages of his "history," when he is reported to have been a zealous orangeman, there is enough known of his sayings and doings to brand him as one of the most unprincipled adventurers on record. Found leading the life of a loafer in one of the West India Islands by a Quebec merchant, he offered the penniless outcast a free passage to Canada. On his arrival in Quebec he was saved from starvation by a shop-keeper of that city, who fed him, clothed him, and enabled him to make his way to the Upper Province. There he became first a clerk in a bank, and afterwards a retailer of small wares on his own account. But men of his caste never succeed in the paths of honest industry, and we soon find him, ending as he began, a pauper. His earliest appearance in public life was as a supporter of the Old Family Compact, but with all the faults of that party, its leaders were gentlemen and men of talent, and they soon discovered that our adventurer was not a person to serve their interests. He was, indeed, capable of doing any dirty work: but they were too shrewd not to see that his ingrained vulgarity, his recklessness and brutal temper would gain them the enmity of those whom it was their policy to soothe rather than to irritate. He is next found in the society of William Lyon Mackenzie; and, after aiding that traitor in fanning the flames of rebellion, his cowardice alone prevented him from embarking in the insurrection which was the fruit of their joint labors. His opposition to Lord Sydenham in the first instance, and the alacrity with which he ratted from his party when that nobleman offered to purchase him, are known to every body. His conduct at that period was the most pitiful, the most unprincipled, the most disgraceful that it is possible to conceive. When charged in the House of Assembly, by Mr. Aylwin, with having deceived and betrayed his old friends, his reply was,

that he, as a reformer, had no sentiments in common with the French Canadian party—the very party whose liberalism he now upholds, and praises with a flattery as insincere as it is venal. When Sir Charles Bagot offered office to Messrs. Lafontaine and Baldwin, the latter long refused to join a Ministry of which a man who had so cruelly deceived him should be a member, and it was not until Hincks humbled himself in the dust before him, that Mr. Baldwin could be induced to forgive the renegade and traitor to all parties."

And yet it is stated, of the Nobleman who had made an appointment, the obnoxious nature of which may be inferred from the foregoing commentary,—"that he left the Province in the most complete security and repose: safe not only against foreign aggression, but against intestine discord; hope and confidence revived in every bosom, and the union with the mother country cemented and placed on a broader and more secure basis."

It may be urged, in answer to the objection taken to the choice made of his Executive Councillors, that Lord Sydenham acted in consonance with the wishes of the majority of the people. But this, I have no hesitation in stating, was not the fact. The discontented of the country never, at any period, bore a proportion to the loyal; and when it is considered that these latter never would have objected to take office with the moderate reformers, had such been associated with them at the Council Board, and that the majority of these two parties when united would have been overwhelming, it undeniably was an act of the greatest wantonness and cruelty to select the enemies of the former and the well-known opponents of British domination. All the virtues his panegyrist has, after a careful review of his administration of the affairs of Canada, ascribed to him, Lord Sydenham may have possessed; but that essential one, without which the public acts of a Governor are weak and imperfect, and to which no allusion has been made in the category—namely, justice—was wanting; and without its healing influence, the minds of men could neither be soothed, on the one hand, nor subdued on the other. Yet, even admitting that the discontented composed the numerical strength of the country, it became the more necessary, in order to prevent the recurrence of similar scenes of confusion, that the leaders or promoters of the crime of rebellion should have been put down at all hazards. Had Lord Sydenham found difficulty in the outset (yet this, with his energetic mind, could not be) in commanding a loyal majority in Parliament, he should have applied to the task of Government that enduring patience, forbearance, and justice, which Lord Metcalfe has since used with so much beneficent effect, and which, slowly insinuating their influence into all reasoning and reasonable minds, would eventually have obtained for him all his most sanguine expectation could have desired. True, it might, and would have proved a work of greater time; but *time* ought to have been no object in the attainment of such an important result as the permanent tranquillity of one of the first colonies of the Empire; and it became the duty of the statesman sent out to govern it, to spend years, if necessary, in studying the best means of executing his trust in the strictest spirit of impartiality and justice, instead of making it a matter of pride to hasten through his arrangements in the least possible period of time. The impatience of Lord Sydenham to get through what he evidently regarded as a

"job," is everywhere manifest in his correspondence, official as well as private, and it was not reasonable to expect that measures so hastily concocted as his were, however of temporary usefulness they might seem, should be either satisfactory or enduring. True, he had succeeded in quieting the disaffected, by giving to them that which was strictly the property of the loyal; but in implanting the seeds of a deep consciousness of injury in the bosoms of these latter, he had created an evil far more to be dreaded than that which he had removed. In short, while conciliating the enemies of the empire, he had disgusted its best friends, and left behind him, at the close of his administration, all the elements of future trouble.

By those who seek to shield Lord Sydenham from undue and unstatesmanlike haste in carrying out the Union Bill, under the support of the Reform or Radical party, it has been urged that his Lordship, anticipating opposition from the old loyal party of the Upper Province, was vividly impressed with the necessity of immediate action in the matter if he would obtain success. But, not only is the neeessity for this brusque measure, as based on the reason given, not apparent, but the evident determination to carry the Bill through without even condescending to win over the supposed enemies of the project, but even to consult with them seriously on the subject, forms a reasonable ground for the subsequent distrust they entertained of his general policy. Lord Sydenham had allowed his mind to be prejudiced against what he, in common with the Radicals of the country, termed the "Family Compact," and therefore when on his arrival in Toronto, for the purpose of convening Parliament with a view chiefly to the passing of the Union Bill, he courted, not their support, but that of the disaffected, it was not marvellous that he should encounter the opposition he did. High spirited and proud men, who distinctly saw the rebels, whom they had sorecently discomfited, enjoying that confidence of the representative of the Sovereign which they could not but be sensible should rather have been extended to themselves, could not be expected to do other than seek to curtail the influence and the power to do harm of those who had thus monstrously been preferred.

Much has been charged against Lord Sydenham for his supposed intervention in the elections of Lower Canada, under the first operation of the Act of Union; but where the passions and prejudices of men are so warmly enlisted on their side, it is difficult to arrive, between conflicting statements, at an accurate knowledge of facts. Certain it is that Lord Sydenham, not only made such a change in the electoral limits of Montreal as to secure to himself two supporters in that city, but through the active agency of a well-known individual Mr. Fullam—greatly contributed to the defeat of Mr. Lafontaine, the Opposition candidate for Terrebonne, who had been offered, but rejected office. It is not likely that Lord Sydenham directly interfered in this election in the manner represented, but Mr. Fullam well knew that his Lordship was desirous of securing a majority *coute qu'il coute*, and that it is not always necessary for great men to compromise themselves by giving direct expression to their wishes. All that is known is that Mr. Fullam was an avowed partizan of Lord Sydenham, and had been employed by the latter on a commission of enquiry of some importance; that he headed a considerable force of determined men from Montreal to the theatre

of election, and that Mr. Lafontaine, the most bitter enemy of Lord Sydenham, was defeated. There was naturally and obviously a desire on the part of this nobleman to put down the French party, even although he had previously, and in a spirit of perfect impartiality and justice, overruled the desire of a certain clique in Upper Canada to lessen the French representation as compared with their own; since from their hostility he was principally to apprehend danger to his future schemes of Government. Such also had been the intention of Lord Durham, but *his* plan was one based upon a system of Government which, while it would have effectually accomplished this object, left not the slightest justifiable ground of complaint—namely, the General Union of the Provinces. And this is a measure which, however obnoxious to their own pride and interests, must eventually take place unless they, the French, party consent to withdraw that factious opposition to the moderate system of government in Canada they have hitherto so systematically displayed. Once call in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Newfoundland, to the general councils of British North America, and the French Canadians must, as a political body, necessarily sink into insignificance.

There is, however, one charge brought against Lord Sydenham, which common sense, and a correct reading of the principles of Responsible Government, practically introduced into the country by him, wholly repudiate as unjust and undeserved. It is that of arbitrary and tyrannical conduct in the dismissal of Mr. Berrie from the office of Clerk of the Peace at Hamilton, for having publicly avowed sentiments hostile to his Lordship's Administration. Had Lord Sydenham failed to dismiss Mr. Berrie, he would have been guilty of culpable weakness, nor was it to be tolerated that a public officer should array himself in gratuitous hostility against the Government that employed him. To pretend to govern a country under such a system—and it is deprecated by Lord Sydenham in the course of some previous correspondence—would be an absolute mockery. A man holding a public situation, should, if his political principles clash with those of the Administration he serves, at least have the prudence, if his retention of office be an object of pecuniary importance to him, to abstain from political discussion, or if incapable of this moral control, and sufficiently independent in his circumstances to reject the protection of the Government, to tender his retirement. Mr. Berrie, however, did not adopt the latter course, and it was impossible that Lord Sydenham could do other than dismiss him. The fault, therefore, was not with his Lordship for having dispensed with the services of Mr. Berrie for publicly expressing hostility to his Government, but for having taken into his favor, and into his councils, that party against whom the honest, but the unjustifiable and the imprudent, denunciation of Mr. Berrie was directed.

From the above strictures on Lord Sydenham's Administration, it will be seen that while possessed of all that energy, firmness, and indefatigability of purpose attributed to him by his biographer, and which, if properly directed, would have prevented the necessity of any future change of legislation, His Lordship did not succeed in giving that unqualified satisfaction to the people of Canada which he is represented to have done; but, on the contrary, that instead of eradicating the seeds of future jealousies and con-

tention in the colony, he only transplanted them into a soil where they might ripen into fuller luxuriance, and spread their numerous ramifications throughout the land. Yet how could it be otherwise? He visited Canada with a mind prejudiced against one party, and his sympathies enlisted in favor of the other; and while, by his public preference of those who were the more supple instruments of his will, he dishonored the services and the worth of some of the most faithful and devoted of Her Majesty's subjects, he raised up between the rival parties a spirit of bitter hostility and even fierce hatred, which was never more intense than during his Administration, and which ill justified his biographer in concluding as he has, and in the spirit he intends it, "that the impress of his influence on the future history of our North American Colonies, will form Lord Sydenham's most enduring and appropriate monument." That he rendered great and lasting services to the country cannot be denied, but they who state that the close of his Administration saw the Canadas in "the most complete security and repose," "safe against intestine discord," and "confidence renewed in every bosom," state that which was not. How far the assertion is correct will appear from the working of that party feeling which he has introduced into the country, at the price of the sacrifice of the first principles of justice—that great standard by which all human interests should be judged, and from whose fiat there can be no reasonable appeal. Would Lord Durham have stooped to this? Not more than Lord Metcalfe *did*.

It was some months after Lord Sydenham's death that, while indulging one evening in the blue-devils, one of my servants entered the room, stating that there were two gentlemen in the kitchen who wished to see me. As bailiffs had in some degree been associated with the peculiar train of my thoughts for the preceding half hour, I with some nervousness, and a slight palpitation of the heart, as much aproaching to fear as anything which is not fear can well be, followed the servant into the kitchen, and found myself in the presence of the gentlemen, the first *coup d'œil* obtained of whom did not go far to reassure me.

One was a stout and portly man, with a full face and florid complexion. His dress I do not particularly recollect, but it was neither extremely fashionable, nor was it put on the burly form of the wearer with any extraordinary nicety of arrangement. A large handkerchief was tied round his chin, after the fashion of one of the London fraternity to whom I have just alluded, or the driver of an English stage-coach. A huge stick was moreover in his right hand, and a lighted cigar between his lips.

The *premier abord* of this gentleman, such as I have described it, was certainly not of a nature to make me feel quite at my ease. However, the next instant set everything right. He introduced himself to me as Mr. Edward Gibbon Wakefield (whom he said, and truly, he presumed I did not recollect), and his friend as Mr. Colville, a nephew of Lord Auckland, just come out from England with him. Replying to my request that they would come into some more fitting part of the house, by a declaration that they had no time to lose, Mr. Wakefield added, that they had nearly broken their necks in the deep darkness which prevailed while getting up to the house—that, however, being charged with

a letter from Mr. Charles Buller to me, which he had promised to deliver into my own hands, he had determined to find me out, and had merely stopped at Brockville, on his way up to Kingston, for the purpose of effecting that object.

I certainly could not but feel thankful to Mr. Wakefield for the trouble he had taken, and assuming of course that Mr. Buller's letter contained matter of some importance to my future interests, I congratulated myself that they whom I had at first regarded as messengers of evil, should have proved to be the bearers of tidings of good. As I could not prevail on Mr. Wakefield or his companion to partake of the unpretending hospitality of my cottage, I was soon left alone to break the seal of a letter which, although couched in the usual tone of friendly interest which Mr. Buller has always been sufficiently mindful of my services to, and sacrifices for, Lord Durham, to entertain and express, contained no assurance that his exertions at home in my favor had been successful. After expressing himself disappointed in a certain object which he had been desirous of effecting in my favor, Mr. Buller, in this communication thus concluded,—"All I can do is to watch the course of events, and suggest you, if you should be in Canada when the occasion arrives. This you may depend on my doing, as I can assure you, that I, as well as Lord Durham's friends, are fully sensible of your great services to him. I write this in great haste, to send this by Mr. Wakefield, who starts to-night by the mail for to-morrow's Cunard.

Yours very faithfully,

CHARLES BULLER." *

CHAPTER XIV.

The period which elapsed between the demise of Lord Sydenham and the arrival of his successor, was marked by an interregnum that did much to injure Canada. For some time the Executive remained inactive, but no sooner had intelligence arrived from England that the Tory party, who had recently come into power, had nominated Sir Charles Bagot to the Government of Canada, when apprehending from the aristocratic character of the family with which the new Governor General was connected, that a change in the Canadian policy might be attempted by the Home Administration, they diligently set to work to strengthen their party, and to secure themselves in office. Sir Richard Jackson, who had temporarily been invested with the Administration of the affairs of the Province, was closely pressed by them to fill up the new appointments created by the passage of certain recent Bills, all of which were, of course, to be given to the friends of their parliamentary supporters; but this officer being naturally a cautious man, and little desiring to incur the responsibility of appointments, while acting merely as a *locum tenens*, could not at first be prevailed upon to accede to the wishes of his Council, to the extent they demanded. His reluctance was, however, subdued—still there was one appointment so pressingly urged upon him that he was staggered by the importunity, and he consented to make it, solely from the assurance given him that it

* A subsequent letter (see Appendix 13) was sent to me by Mr. Buller, couched precisely in the same spirit.

was of the utmost consequence to the country, and could not be dispensed with. And what, it may be asked, was that appointment, and where the urgent necessity of its being filled up at that moment? It was no other than that of Queen's Printer, of which there were already two persons bearing the title in the Province, and common courtesy to the new Governor General demanded that this, one of the most important nominations in the country, should have been reserved for his confirmation, whatever the promises made by him who was now no more.

But the appointments which were made before as well as after the arrival of Sir Charles Bagot, were all conceived in a similar spirit, and excited the indignation of every friend to good government. Some of the most notorious rebels of the Province, having influence with certain members of the Legislature, whose support the Administration was solicitous to secure, were gazetted to situations of high trust and importance. One individual in particular—a man who had been seen in company with the American sympathizers when they descended the St. Lawrence to the attack of Prescott, and had subsequently fled from the country, at a moment when his services were required for its defence—was especially obnoxious, from the general knowledge possessed of his defection, to the Loyal party, and yet the Executive had the effrontery to nominate this renegade to the Treasurership of the District of Johnstown, in preference to men who had strong claims, from their loyalty and good services—chiefly because he was a protegé of the Member for Leeds, in that District, one of their principal supporters! Nay, to such a pitch had this insulting preference been carried, that I have heard Mr. Sullivan, the President of that Council, more than once declare, that they would only give office to those who could, and would, bring to their support a certain share of Parliamentary influence. This fact is the more worthy of remark, because it has ever been maintained before the public by the Radical party, that they would adopt as a principle that office should be given to those who, from their talents or their services, were the most entitled to fill them, without reference to political considerations: but that if two candidates, having equal claims and equal merits, should come before them as applicants for a situation, they would naturally give the preference to him who adopted their politics. Now, this was all very fair and equitable if true, but unfortunately the theory and practice of every Administration in Canada, since the introduction of Responsible Government, has been widely dissimilar; and the actual system pursued in this instance was that enunciated by Mr. Sullivan. Repeatedly, had the ostensible leader of their party (Mr. Baldwin) made before the House the declaration which has just been recorded, but in almost every instance has a party man, irrespective of ability or qualification, been selected. True, at a subsequent period, and that after the arrival of Sir Charles Metcalfe in the country, they acquiesced in the nomination of Mr. Stanton, the Queen's Printer for Western Canada, and an old, tried, and faithful servant of the Crown, to the situation of Collector of Customs of Toronto, which office had been left vacant by an act of extreme injustice towards the incumbent whom they displaced to make room for him, but they could not, without increasing the general discontent with their policy, have acted otherwise. Mr. Stanton had been one of those sacrificed to their personal views and

interests, in the appointment of Mr. Derbishire to the office of Queen's Printer for United Canada, and in order to prevent that strict inquiry into the true cause of the remarkable haste displayed in making this appointment, they felt that it was necessary, much more in consideration for themselves than for Mr. Stanton, to exhibit a show of impartiality, by according him some office in indemnification for the glaring injury he had sustained.

Thus secured, on every hand, by the influence of the appointments they had lavished on the friends of their Radical parasites, the Administration were fully prepared to meet and neutralize any disposition that might be traced in the new Governor General to restore a more equitable order of things. But they had little to apprehend on that score. Sir Charles Bagot--the least efficient man that could have been selected for the Government of so turbulent a people as the Canadians—was of too weak and undecided a character—possessed too little energy—too much of the *vis inertiæ*, to combat the opinions and wishes of those whom he was contented to invest with the exercise of the administrative power, with the least trouble to himself. On his first arrival, he had been so closely besieged by the Radical Administration, who were desirous of creating a first and lasting impression on what they presumed to be his aristocratic prejudices, that it was not difficult for one of the opposite party to discover that he had thrown himself entirely into their hands. One great cause of this was the state of helplessness in which he found himself placed by the numerous appointments to office which had been so artfully made, under the plea of necessity, before his arrival; and of the annoyance felt by Sir Charles Bagot on this particular subject, I have some knowledge.

Finding that, notwithstanding the many appointments that had been conferred on the Radical clique—some of these the greatest political knaves and traitors in the Province—I, a loyal subject of Her Majesty, who had brought out letters of introduction from the Colonial Secretary, and conferred services on the country, had been wholly passed over by the Council, I resolved not to be influenced by the absurd delicacy which had kept me from Lord Sydenham, but to go at once to Sir Charles Bagot. I did so, and His Excellency, having been made acquainted with my relations with Lord Durham, expressed extreme bitterness of disappointment that the Council should, by this unjustifiable and indelicate interference with a privilege he considered ought to have been reserved wholly for himself, have put it out of his power to reward those whom he considered to be entitled, from their services, to consideration. I perfectly agreed with His Excellency in viewing the conduct of the Council as an impertinent interference with his rights, and told him frankly that it was notorious to the whole country, that their chief object in doing so was to fortify themselves in power, and to render him, as much as they could, subservient to their own views.

Sir Charles Bagot, however, declared that I should have the first suitable office that became vacant, and made a memorandum to that effect, promising to speak to Mr. Harrison, then Secretary West, about the Registrarship of the Johnstown District, which, it was supposed, would in a few days become vacant by the resignation of a gentleman who held, in addition to this office, that of Judge of the District Court. I mention this conversation because, although the Registrarship was not given up, but the Judgeship, which, of

course, I was not competent to fill, Sir Charles Bagot, on a subsequent occasion, and through his Military Secretary, disavowed all recollection of ever having made a promise of the kind. Whether His Excellency's advisers had recommended this answer, or it had proceeded from himself, it afforded a striking proof how little trust is to be placed in princes, or men in authority. However, it must be admitted that Sir Charles Bagot had fallen into such a state of profound obedience to the will of his tyrannical Council that, whatever his inclination, it was not in his power to bestow an appointment. I do not for one instant doubt that the letter of his Military Secretary to which I allude was written at the suggestion of those who so completely overruled him. He had surrendered himself wholly into their hands, and the loyal population of the country had the mortification of seeing the scion of a noble house moved, as though he had been a puppet, in the hands of a few designing men, against whose oppression—had the evident leaning of the mother country not favored and encouraged it—they were ready to rise in far more force and fearful energy, than when their dastardly opponents commenced a rebellion they had not the resolution to carry through.

A lamentable instance of this self-abasement, on the part of Sir Charles Bagot, occurred after his moral energies had been prostrated by the stern and sinister influence usurped over him by his "Council of Ten." Among the applicants for appointment in the country was Mr. M'Donald, a relation—nephew, I believe—of the Adjutant General at the Horse Guards, who was the bearer of letters of introduction to His Excelleucy Sir Charles Bagot. The unhappy victim of the tyranny of the Radical Executive was naturally desirous to bestow upon Mr. M'Donald some situation, which, without in any way affecting the support which it seemed to be the chief aim of his Councillors to obtain, might in some degree benefit the applicant—a gentlemen of quiet and unobtrusive manners, and one of whose appointment, albeit a stranger in the country, there were few men in Canada besides the Executive themselves who would have complained. But it was in vain that the enfeebled Governor sought the consent of his Council to the trifling appointment he had in view. They sternly and peremptorily refused, when Sir Charles, humbled and pained at the position of humiliation to which their brutal conduct, founded on his want of energy, had reduced him, burst into tears, and expressed his sense of the ingratitude of those whom he had hitherto invariably supported in all their views.

Thus was Canada governed, during the life of this unfortunate and weak man, until in the end the murmuring Conservatives cursed the usurpation of a power which, placed originally in the hands of the wily Executive by Lord Sydenham, who is said to have "left everything in peace and harmony behind him," threatened to excite a spirit of revenge and resistance among the loyal populatic , that would have tended more to retard the quiet and prosperity of the country than any of the puny attempts of the less resolute Radicals which had preceded. This feeling of exasperation was the stronger in their minds, from the fact of Sir Charles Bagot being the delegate of a Conservative Ministry, and one who, from his high aristocratic connexion, might have been assumed to possess little sympathy with men who had insolently dared to raise the standard of revolt against their Sovereign, and attempted all that their puny

force could effect, to dissociate themselves from the Empire. Never was injustice more crying and monstrous than the policy pursued by Sir Robert Peel's Government, in the instructions conveyed to its too weak and too willing servant at this period. Fortunately, however, the crisis of danger has passed.

Circumstances having, not long after the arrival of Sir Charles Bagot, induced me to change my banishment in Brockville for the somewhat more stirring life of the new Canadian metropolis, I resolved, on the opening of the ensuing Parliament, to petition the House of Assembly for a grant of money in furtherance of the object of completion of my "War of 1812," that is to say, of the operations of the centre and left divisions, for many interesting records connected with which I was indebted, not only to the Adjutant General of Militia in Upper Canada, Colonel Bullock, but to Dr. Winder, the Librarian of the House of Assembly, and an old brother officer of General Brock, who, feeling all the pride of the soldier in the recollection of the events of that period, was, independently of his acknowledged urbanity and desire to afford information to those who sought it, extremely solicitous that some such record as that which I had undertaken, should be given to the world before the last of the actors in those scenes should have passed away for ever.

Aware as I was, however, that a grant of this nature must originate in a recommendation to the House from the Head of the Government, I applied, by letter, to Sir Charles Bagot, stating the objects of the publication, the service it was likely to confer on the youth of the country, and the little doubt I entertained that, if recommended by His Excellency, the proposal would be adopted without difficulty by the House. In answer to this application, I received a long communication from the Civil Secretary, Mr. Rawson, of some three or four foolscap pages, the "sum tottle" of which was to assure me that His Excellency, however sensible of the value and importance of such a publication, could not possibly comply with my request. Whether His Excellency had so decided at the instance of his Radical Executive, I of course had no opportunity of ascertaining; but certain it is, that these tender and conscientious gentlemen gave, as a ground of objection to the encouragement of the work, that it had a tendency to revive unpleasant recollections with "our neighbors," the Americans, who would necessarily be pained to find that the assertions, contained in their various accounts of that war, and disseminated through the whole of the Canadian schools, that they had invariably "whipped" the British, were so unexpectedly to be refuted. Mr. Hincks, the friend of M'Kenzie, whose recommendation by Lord Sydenham to fill a seat in the Executive Council, had been, to the utter astonishment of all parties, confirmed at home, and now held the office of Inspector General, was particularly opposed to the publication.

Somewhat daunted by this attempt to throw cold water on my efforts, I was yet resolved, if possible, to baulk the Executive, by pressing the subject in the way of petition, as I had originally designed, before the House; and here I may as well observe, that in applying, in the first instance, to Sir Charles Bagot, I had not entertained the most remote idea that I should receive any other than a reply in the negative. I was perfectly aware that he would consult his Council on the subject, and these men I knew to be too indisposed to approve anything tending to reflect lustre upon the British

arms. But, as a mere matter of form, I felt this preliminary step to be necessary.

A few days before the opening of Parliament, and knowing the influence of that gentleman with the French Canadian party, who, from my politics, were likely to offer the greatest opposition, I applied for, and received a ready promise of, support from Mr. Aylwin, the Member for Quebec, who had undertaken to introduce the petition. Very shortly afterwards, however, and before the House met, this gentleman, who had been all along in opposition, was subjected to the mesmeric influence of the party in power, and accepted the office of Solicitor General East, when of course it became impossible that he, as one of that Government which had already denounced my work, should take the initiative in the matter. He strongly urged me to defer the introduction of the subject until the following year, when its chance of success would be greater, but as I had no intention to submit to such unnecessary delay, I took the petition out of Mr. Aylwin's hands, and placed it in those of one who was not likely to evince lukewarmness in anything that reflected favorably on the warlike and loyal spirit of the country,—Sir Allan M'Nab.

The petition was read by the gallant Knight, and in due time a motion was made for an address to His Excellency on the subject. Sir Allan had commenced reading from a mass of documents highly eulogistic of the volume, not only from the Superintendent and Deputy Superintendents of Education in the Province, but from many of the Wardens of Districts, whose Municipal Councils had passed the strongest resolutions in its favor. But the House would not suffer Sir Allan, who, by the way, was then one of a weak political minority, to proceed. They declared it was unnecessary to read further, as they had all made up their minds, and were unanimously in favor of the address. There was only one dissentient vote, and that was given by Mr. James Durand, the father or some near relation of whom, if not himself, was strongly suspected of loyalty during the rebellion. That this gentleman, then Member for one of the Ridings of Halton, whose attachment to the British Crown was such as to cause him to hold Radicalism in abhorrence, and the chief study of whose life was the *ars elegantiarum*, and the politer accomplishments of literature, could have recorded his vote against a work reflecting favorably upon the British arms, has ever seemed to me to involve one of those singular contradictions which, although they do sometimes occur in life, are notwithstanding not the less difficult of solution.

I confess it was not without secret triumph, that I heard read in the House, a few days after, a Message from His Excellency stating that, in compliance with the address sent up to him, he recommended that the sum of two hundred and fifty pounds should be voted to the author of the first series of the "War of 1812." I had been compelled to use some diligence in the matter, it is true, but I knew to ensure that success which I was so desirous to obtain, notwithstanding the avowed hostility of the Executive, it was necessary that I should exert myself particularly with the French Members. And my efforts were not thrown away. The result exceeded my most sanguine expectations, and it certainly was fair subject for congratulation when I beheld the Radical Ministry compelled to digest, and to recommend a sum of money for the encouragement of

that which they loathed, and which, only a few days previously, they had rejected, through their head, with affected regret but ill-disguised scorn.

Shortly after this victory over them, a victory for which Her Majesty's Canadian Ministry never forgave me, and never would had they continued in office for the next twenty years, I received the following letter in reference to the vote passed by the House, from Sir John Harvey :—

"GOVERNMENT HOUSE, ST. JOHNS, NEWFOUNDLAND,
22*nd November*, 1842.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I observe, with much satisfaction, the aid and encouragement which the Government and Parliament of Canada are giving you, to enable you to do justice to the work which you have undertaken, and for which I know no one better qualified.

"Of the operations of the Centre Division (the Head Quarters) of the Army of Upper Canada, the details will be found in the published Despatches, and in the General and District General Orders of the day. Of the plans and objects with which these operations were undertaken, I will, by the next packet, send you some extracts from a personal narrative or *precis* of the campaigns of 1813 and 1814, that will afford you more information on that subject than you could perhaps derive from any other source.

"With my best wishes for the successful accomplishment of the important object in which you are engaged,

"I remain, very faithfully, yours,

"Major Richardson, &c. &c. &c." (Signed) "J. HARVEY.

This certainly was great encouragement for me to proceed with the work I had commenced. The assistance offered me by the gallant and distinguished soldier, who had borne so conspicuous a share in the events of the period I was about to describe, could not but render the remainder of the publication as deserving of the public attention as the former, and Colonel Bullock had even gone so far as to search carefully over the public records, and place, seriatim, on slips of paper, memoranda for my guidance, containing the dates of all the actions fought, and all the General Orders issued, from the commencement to the close, by the Centre Division. But serious considerations induced me to change my mind, and to abstain for the present from entering upon a task which promised to be one of some labor, without yielding the slightest remuneration in return. One of the principal of these was the discouragement given me by a second letter, in reference to the same subject, from Sir John Harvey :—

"GOVERNMENT HOUSE, ST. JOHNS, NEWFOUNDLAND,
1*st February*, 1842.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Owing to the recent departure of my Aide-de-Camp to England, and the commencement of the Legislative Session, by which my Private Secretary is fully employed, I really have no amanuensis to transcribe the extracts which I had purposed to send you from a manuscript document of considerable length, and of a nature, in some parts, so confidential, that I could not allow it to pass out of my own possession.

"I make this communication in order to guard against any delay or inconvenience to which the publication of your work might be subjected by the non-receipt of the communication which I had proposed to send you.

"Trusting that the documents to which I pointed your attention on a former occasion, may have, in some measure, compensated for that which I had intended to have transmitted to you,

"I remain yours most truly,

"Major Richardson, &c. &c. &c." (Signed) "J. HARVEY.

In addition to the disappointment produced by the receipt of this second letter from Sir John Harvey, I had found so much apathy in the Superintendent of Education (the Vice Chancellor, Mr. Jameson, whose letters of approval of my project were among the documents confided to Sir Allan M'Nab), that I confess I found no reason to consider the sum of money which had been voted to me by Parliament in any other light than as a remuneration for what had already been completed of the publication. No recommendation was ever made by this gentleman of the volume, as one suited to those numerous schools in the province over which he exercised jurisdiction, and notwithstanding the various complimentary letters of the Wardens, the only one of the Municipalities of the country which seemed to take any practical interest in the matter was that of the District of Johnstown, over which the Hon. William Morris, the present Receiver General, and a Member of the Executive Council, presided. Here, in justice to the liberality of the members of that Council, I must admit that the sum of fifty pounds was voted for the purchase of copies of the first series of my account of the War of 1812, for the use of the several schools of the district; and although this vote was subsequently rescinded, on the discovery being made that the Municipal Council was not empowered to originate money votes for the purpose, it not the less reflected honor on those members who, by their support of the undertaking, had evinced a patriotic spirit which, if followed up generally by the country, might, in satisfying me that a work of the kind was really desired, have induced me to persevere.

I had, moreover, with a view to forming a final decision on the subject, tried another mode of testing the demand for the publication, and found it wanting. Independently of ascertaining from the several booksellers in the chief places in the province, to each of whom a certain number of copies, placed at a very low rate, had been sent, that they had not in all sold thirty; I found that, on obeying a fitful caprice, and sending them to the auction rooms of the then capital of Canada (Kingston), not a single bidder was to be found for a work which had been sanctioned by the unanimous voice of Parliament, and recommended by the acknowledged heads of the educational schools! But I must correct myself: one copy was sold, and not for less a sum than sevenpence half-penny currency, the liberal purchaser thereby redeeming his countrymen from the charge of utter neglect of literature, when left to their own option of acceptance or rejection.

I have been somewhat diffuse in reference to the motives which have induced me to abandon—at least for the present—the prosecution of my design to give a full and correct history of what is called in Canada the War of 1812, but not unnecessarily so. If the Canadian people do not, at this moment, possess a work commemorative of their really gallant achievements in both sections of the province, the fault is with themselves. Authors have their vanities as well as other men, and although, as I have already observed, I do not attach that importance to an accidental gift of nature which most other writers do, it does not afford much ground for encouragement, even to the most insensible to commendation, to write that which they know will never be read ex-

cept by the few. At present, the Canadian schools, particularly those of Western Canada, are stocked with the trash that is, from time to time, poured into them from the pens of the most incapable of American authors. They even see and admit the existence of the evil, and yet they possess not the public spirit to adopt a means of eradicating what is confessedly injurious to those sentiments of fealty to the Sovereign, which form the basis of everything praiseworthy in the province. I confess my disappointment at this lukewarmness of feeling in a matter so momentous, so essential to the correct formation of national character, to be so great, that I scarcely know whether most to entertain contempt or anger.

One closing remark on this subject, and I have done. While the present Superintendent of Education continues to occupy the highly responsible office now filled by him, no energy ever will be infused into those establishments over which it is his province to preside, and the Government never committed a greater mistake than when they removed Mr. Murray, the highly capable Deputy Superintendent of Education for Canada West, with the view of appointing to the vacancy the Rev. Egerton Ryerson, so deservedly celebrated for his able defence of the policy of Lord Metcalfe's Administration, and his overwhelming denunciation of the haughty and tyrannical views of the Radical Government which had assailed it. Had this gentleman been made the Chief Superintendent of Education, by the removal of Mr. Jameson, his energetic mind would have infused such a spirit, and effected such a thorough reform, in the present lifeless system of public education, that the value of the appointment would have been felt in its results. Mr. Ryerson has a powerful and master mind, and however much party jealousy might, at the outset, have been aroused in apprehension of the magnitude of the trust reposed in him, his own natural good sense, not less than a proper estimate of the important purposes for which that trust was reposed in him, would have taught him, while pushing forward every engine for the promotion of general education, to shun whatever might have a tendency to excite the slightest suspicion of an undue bias towards sectarian prejudices. It cannot, however, be doubted, if the interests of the country are consulted, that Mr. Ryerson will, not long hence, relieve Mr. Jameson from this portion of his trust, as Superintendent in Chief of Education in the Province.

CHAPTER XV.

Abandoning, under the circumstances of discouragement I have named, all desire of further interference with the Canadian history of the past, I now resolved to devote myself to the present; and to contribute all my aid to the talented Conservative press of the country, in writing down an Administration that was rendering itself daily more odious to the loyal and well principled of the land. The "New Era" had ever been characterized by a tone of moderation, but I now resolved to fall into

tho extreme of opposition, and to leave no assailable weakness of the party in power untouched. There was something piquant, moreover, in employing the money which I had forced from the Executive—to whom, by the way, I owed no favor in the matter, since the House of Assembly alone had made the grant—in establishing a paper condemnatory of their policy, and with a view to aid in their final overthrow. I believe my intention was more than suspected by Mr. Hincks, the Inspector General, from whom I found great difficulty in obtaining the money voted to me by the House. It was not indeed until I had conveyed to him my determination to apply to the Head of the Government, if he persisted in refusing to pay me the amount, that I succeeded in my object; and even then he intimated that he was desirous of letting me have the paltry sum by "instalments," but to this step I positively refused assent, when he finally, and with evident reluctance, handed me a warrant on the Receiver General.

The three first numbers of the "Canadian Loyalist" contained an address to the Conservatives of every portion of the Province, reminding them of their past honorable career—denouncing the system of tyranny which had been introduced by their traitor oppressors, and calling on them to establish, in the several townships of the Province, societies, large and small, for the purpose of canvassing the political opinions of those who should offer themselves as candidates for the ensuing election, and with a view to afford these societies every facility of taking and circulating the paper, it was offered to them at a mere nominal price of subscription. A very large edition of those numbers was thrown off, and sent to every remote village in Western Canada —where the Postmasters, all of whom with the exception of two or three confirmed Radicals, had ever evinced the greatest desire personally to oblige me, submitted them, as occasion offered, to the inhabitants of their several townships.

One missive which I received in reply from a well-known Radical in that hot-bed of discontent in Upper Canada—the London District—I cannot resist the temptation of noticing here. This person, who rejoiced in the name of Thompson, wrote me a very angry letter, stating that he would not aid in circulating the paper, but recommending that I should rather shoulder an ax than take the place of his friend Mackenzie, and seek, by disseminating conservative doctrines, to agitate the country, which was now so "tranquil and contented."

Tranquil and contented enough for the Radical clique no doubt it was, and it certainly was exceedingly wrong in me to seek to disturb their pleasant little arrangements; however, although I coincided in opinion with my Radical Mentor, that to shoulder an "ax" is a much more profitable employment than handling a pen in Canada, I was ungrateful enough to neglect his advice, and to pursue my course with the same undeviating hostility to the men who were scourging the country to such a degree, that the Loyalists could scarcely find patience to endure their monstrous oppression. Mr. Derbishire, the present Queen's Printer, and the bosom friend of Messrs. Hincks and Sullivan, ventured to assure me that I might spare myself the trouble of attempting to write his party down, as they were too firmly seated to be thus easily shaken. Of course I did not pretend to assume that I

wielded more than a single arrow in the well-filled quiver that was being emptied against his patrons with such ability and force by the Conservative press generally, but I hesitated not to reply to the observation, that the "Canadian Loyalist" would *never* be discontinued until the expulsion from office of Mr. Hincks and his colleagues should no longer render it of benefit to the country. And I kept my word. The "Canadian Loyalist," which was published about eighteen months only, ceased shortly after the imperious demands of the Council on Sir Charles Metcalfe had compelled a retirement from office, which was received with almost universal acclaim by the hitherto sullen population—sullen because they had despaired that justice and right would ever reassert their outraged privileges. True, the greater part of the two hundred and fifty pounds which had been wrested from their exchequer was expended upon it, but this, of consequence to me even as the sum was, I made a secondary consideration. The Executive were deeply incensed at the course I had deemed it a duty to my country to pursue, and their venal organs, accused me of the blackest ingratitude in using the money I had obtained from their liberality (!) in the prosecution of an agitation which aimed at their overthrow. This certainly was rich—racy indeed, coming from men, who had by every means, sought to prevent me from obtaining the grant, and who only accorded it when they could not disobey the unanimous expression of Parliament

The course which had first opened the eyes of the conservative, or loyal, public to the apostacy from those principles which had ever actuated the family of Sir Charles Bagot, and the hopelessness of expecting anything from his firmness of conduct, or justice of action, was that pursued by him on the occasion I am about to describe.

I have already stated that the appointment of Treasurer of the Johnstown District had been given, by the Radical Council of Ten, during the interregnum that supervened between the death of Lord Sydenham and the arrival of his successor, to one Norton Buell, a violent Radical supporter of their policy, and one who not only had been in company with the American brigands, on their way to the attack which resulted in the affair of the Windmill, but who had abandoned the town of Brockville when called upon to defend it, for the more secure shore of the invaders. This most insulting atrocity, on the part of the Tyrant Council, had been regarded with equal indignation and dismay by those who had ever stood foremost to defend the authority of the Crown, but no reasonable or reflecting man, for one moment, doubted that when the case should be set fairly before His Excellency, he would at once annul an appointment which the Executive Council were not justified in making in the absence of their head; and, by removing this person Buell from office, afford some sort of earnest that the conservative population of Canada were not, with his sanction, to be trampled upon, or run over rough-shod by their enemies.

An address, numerously signed by the principal people of Brockville, to whom the disaffected political character of the man was well known, and setting forth, in undisguised terms, the suspicious circumstances connected with the attack by the Patriots, was presented to His Excellency by a deputation se-

lected for the purpose; but to the prayer of removal with which it concluded, he, whose once high family would have shrunk dismayed from the idea of bestowing favor on a base-born traitor, even as they would have done from conferring honor on the perpetrator of a sacrilege, blushed not to reply (of course, in obedience to the dictates of his Council), that he was not responsible for, and would not interfere with, any appointments made previous to his arrival. The answer so pained and disgusted every honorable and loyal man in the country, that, whilst cherishing feelings of deepest indignation, they looked upon the province as wholly lost to the Empire; nor were there wanting sagacious minds who came to the humiliating conclusion that the Ministry of England, Tory even as they were, were unscrupulously sacrificing not only the best interests of their Sovereign, but those of the colony, to a most unworthy principle of expediency. Drained as were their armies at that moment in the wars of Afighanistan and China, it was evident that the truculent policy of the British Ministry was to quiet the Rebels and Revolutionists of Canada, lest, making common cause with the people of the United States, they should seek to wrest from England her feeble hold on the province. To this shameful and degrading system of expediency, and a dread of encountering a new enemy, was attributed that spirit of reckless concession which, with a weakness unworthy of a mighty empire, yielded to the United States that portion of the territory of Maine, which, at a less pre-occupied moment, would have been refused.

The glaring leaning to Radicalism—compulsory, and therefore the more odious—as manifested by Sir Charles Bagot, in his implied justification of the appointment of Norton Buell, was not only deeply felt by the loyal inhabitants, but severely commented on by the Conservative press, ever—with one or two exceptions—conducted with greater ability, and having a strong numerical majority over their adversaries. Sir Charles Bagot felt their strictures the more, because he could not but be sensible that the Conservative papers were, with a very few isolated exceptions, edited by gentlemen, and men of education and talent—men who had been selected to express the opinions of the more influential and respectable portions of society, while, on the other hand, those which supported his policy, and that of the Radical clique by which he had surrounded himself, were the productions of obscure and illiterate men, who were incapable of writing a single article, without betraying throughout an ignorance as profound as the style was offensive; and it was well known, notwithstanding his affected disregard of the strictures of the Conservative press, that Sir Charles Bagot was keenly alive to them, and that he either read them all himself, or caused them to be read to him.

It was this sensitiveness to remarks, which he could not deny to be founded on truth, but which he had not the energy to avoid, by pursuing a course calculated to spare him the infliction, that tended to produce that restlessness—nay, almost imbecility of mind, which was observable in Sir Charles Bagot during the last days of his Administration. He could not but be sensible that, whatever the political motives of the party who sent him to govern the country, he, as the descendant of a long line of aristo-

cratic and anti-traitor ancestors, must incur the suspicion of having sacrificed his political principles to the desire to retain the emoluments of office, and for the sake of a few thousands a year was pursuing a system which his own feeling and principles disowned. On his first arrival in Canada, Sir Charles Bagot was remarkable, not only for his excellent spirits, but a general healthiness of appearance, the only drawback to which was his rather emaciated limbs, giving promise of the dropsy, by which he was subsequently afflicted. In public he was animated, cheerful, even playful, and while the pageantry of office, addresses, balls, receptions, reviews, &c., lasted, all went merrily as a marriage bell with him, and it seemed as if he thought that nothing more would be exacted of him than to receive the homage that was paid to his new station, and to show off his elegant and commanding figure in the handsome uniform of the Governor-General of Canada.

His reception was certainly most flattering. A brilliant ball, given by the United Services at Kingston, then the seat of Government, was the first public entertainment he attended; and here it was that he displayed those graces of light conversation and personal carriage, to which he was evidently more fitted to do honor, than the arduous and responsible duties of a wise and discriminating Governor. At Toronto, whither he soon afterwards proceeded, the loyal of the inhabitants of that city, looking upon him as one who had come to break the chain which had hitherto bound them, received him with every demonstration of respect and confidence. Triumphal arches were erected in various parts of the city, through which it had been designed His Excellency should pass on his way to the residence which had been prepared for him, and a very splendid ball was given to him at what had been the Government House—the chief people of Toronto lending their plate on the occasion, to grace the abundantly furnished supper tables, and emptying their saloons of all that could be found most *recherchè* in painting in the country, to deck the walls of the conservatory, which had been fitted up as a promenade room. Nor was the attraction of female beauty wanting to please the fastidious eye of His Excellency, and first among the candidates to favor was the retiring Miss F———, since married, whose attributes of loveliness were little inferior to, while precisely in the same style with, those of her fascinating namesake, the present Countess of H———.

The next day produced a *fête*, got up also for His Excellency. He had been invited to Toronto for the purpose of laying the foundation stone of King's College, a ceremony which was conducted with becoming eclat, and on one of the most lovely days of a Canadian summer. Great honor was morever paid to the classical attainments which His Excellency was reported to possess, by the respective heads of the Church, Bench, and College, and altogether he could not fail to discover that there was a spirit of good taste—a tact—and an intellectuality, among the Conservatives of the Colony, to which their Radical adversaries had not the slightest pretension.

Another day devoted to the pursuit of amusements which had been prepared expressly for him, and Sir Charles Bagot returned to Kingston, leaving the Conservatives of Toronto every reason to be-

lieve that one so evidently brought up in the school of legitimacy, and having the example of a high ancestral race before him would never suffer himself to be made the ignoble tool of a Radical Administration. But soon were they undeceived. They had seen and honored him during the early days of his advent, when he had yet given no indication of the course of policy he intended to pursue; and what subsequently rendered their disappointment and indignation the more complete, was the odious certainty, entertained by all, that his acquiescence with the views of the exacting and tyrannical men who held the reins of office, was not the result of his own unbiassed judgment or dispassionate estimate of what was best for the interests of the colony, but a consequence of disinclination to avow principles which might have the effect of bringing him in collision with his Council, thereby endangering the salary he derived from his coöperation with them. A high-spirited man would have spurned, with disdain, all coercion of the kind, and even although it might have been the policy of the Government whose servant he was to introduce a dishonoring spirit of expediency in the adjustment of the affairs of the country, he would have refused to have been made the instrument of the will of any set of men who were desirous of governing in a spirit of injustice, even if such refusal should have entailed his removal from office.

The answer to the remonstrances made, by the inhabitants of Brockville, against the appointment of Norton Buell to the Treasureship of the Johnstown District, was the first political step taken by Sir Charles Bagot, which fairly opened the eyes of the Conservatives to the weakness of their new Governor—that Governor who, while in Toronto, had laid his hand upon his heart on some particular occasion and exultingly proclaimed that it was that of a Tory; but numerous subsequent appointments, of a similar tendency, confirmed them in their belief of the check in which his naturally Conservative bias was kept by those who were insensibly weaving their meshes around him, in a manner to prevent all future exercise of his own free will. As has already been seen, the Conservative press, indignant and disappointed that so much pusillanimity should have been found to exist where firmness and energy had been confidently looked for, became loud and violent in their censure, and by the severity of remarks which Sir Charles Bagot could not but feel to be just, contributed to lay the foundation of a despondency, and keenness of self-reproach, which, there can be no doubt, tended much to accelerate his death.

But, glaring as was the case of Norton Buell, and deep as had been the astonishment of the Loyalists of the country when Sir Charles Bagot expressed his determination not to interfere with an appointment which had been made without his sanction, they were doomed to additional mortification in the same quarter. The Collectorship of the Customs at Brockville having become vacant, numerous applications were made for the situation, by men of high standing and respectability in the district, and it was, of course, supposed that it would be given to some one who had acknowledged claims upon the Government. To the surprise and dismay of every lover of consistency, it was bestowed on an individual of mean origin—a man having no public claim upon the country, and whose sole recommendation with the Executive was

the support given by him to Mr. James Morris (the Radical Member for the County of Leeds, in whose house he was a copying clerk), by writing strong, but vulgar and ungrammatical political articles, in a Radical paper of the town. Here was another of the rich fruits of Responsible Government, and a splendid illustration of the correctness and sincerity of the principle the Administration of that day attempted to put forth—that candidates should be appointed to office, only in proportion to their capabilities and their claims upon the country.

From the moment this last appointment was made, the disgust and contempt of every respectable man in the Province fell upon and reduced Sir Charles Bagot to such a position of humiliation that, combining as it did with physical disease, the effect was to shatter his frame and enfeeble his mind almost to idiocy. A bitter lesson had moreover been the result of his plastic bending to the iron rule of his infamous "Council of Ten." So completely had he succumbed to them—so unbounded had become their dominion over his every act, that as has already been seen, they even refused him the privilege of making one solitary appointment in favor of a Conservative, and that Conservative, Mr. Macdonald, the relative of a high military official in England, and a personal friend of his own. Well may he have shed tears, as he is stated to have done, on that occasion, for deep indeed must have been his mortification on finding he was so far humbled as to have subjected himself to be denied the privilege of appointment to the most petty office under his Government, by a set of men whose manners were as unpolished and repulsive as their knowledge of the world was limited, and whose vulgar and democratic views, could not but contrast strongly and inharmoniously with his own.

It was, of course, an object with this Council to seek to persuade the world that Sir Charles Bagot was the most noble and liberal Governor that had ever undertaken the management of the helm of Canadian affairs, and that all that was politically done in the country, emanated solely from his enlarged understanding and comprehensive mind. But the people of Canada knew better. They were fully aware that Sir Charles Bagot was a mere tool in the hands of his Council, and that these latter mourned for the condition to which he had been reduced—both physically and morally—for no other reason than because his removal from the state of coercion in which they kept him, might prove the means of weakening, if not of thoroughly destroying, the power they had so infamously usurped. So long as Sir Charles Bagot could be kept alive, their tenure of office was secure, and the *prestige* of his name as Governor General, given as it was to sanction their policy, could not fail to impose upon the less discriminating portion of the public, and, to a certain extent, induce a belief that there was the purest harmony existing between the head of the Government and themselves. But the mass of the people, and particularly the Conservative press, could not be thus deceived, and they at once saw through and spurned the mask with which it was sought to blind them. It was evident to them that the tyrants had full and absolute dominion over him whom they had rendered their slave, even while throwing their greasy caps in air, and shouting forth praises laudatory of the independence of spirit of the victim they had immolated on the altar of their selfishness.

How different the sentiments inspired by the closing career of Lord Sydenham, and that of Sir Charles Bagot! Although the former had incurred the displeasure of the Conservatives, they could not fail to admire the energy of cha acter of the man who had the boldness to will, and the resolution to carry out what he willed; and when the accident happened which threatened the loss of his Lordship's life, one universal gloom spread itself over the country, and was by none more forcibly manifested than by the extreme conservative press, hitherto his most strenuous opponents. Moreover, Lord Sydenham professed to be of the liberal school, and whatever his disregard of the claims of the loyal party, it was the less astonishing that he should have adopted a policy the most suited to the views of their enemies. With Sir Charles Bagot it was different, for few could fail to perceive that he was not the ruler but the ruled; and falling as he did into a system of Government which must have been so foreign to his nature, and ought therefore to have been insurmountable to the delicacy and high-mindedness of one in his peculiar position, it cannot create surprise that his illness excited no sympathy. Nay, I will even go so far as to affirm that, had the restoration to health of Sir Charles Bagot involved the certainty of his continuance at the Head of the Government of the country, there were not ten men among the thousands who had hailed his advent, in the fond hope that he would do justice to the insulted loyalists of the colony, who would have shed one tear, or evidenced the slightest mark of regret at his death. Nor is this surprising; for such had been the strong manifestations of the Radical Executive to root out the spirit of Conservatism in the country, that the only hope left to the loyalists, was, either the death of him who lent the sanction of his name to their measures, or his removal from their control; and, as it was not likely that such removal would be his own desire, it was obvious that death alone could accomplish their release from the thraldom which enchained them. This was a melancholy and appalling picture of the sentiments of the loyal yet insulted Canadian people at this exciting and critical period, but it is not the less true. It will be denied, of course, by those whose selfish and peculiar interests caused them to hold up Sir Charles Bagot as a pattern for Governors, as an idol whom the people they had enslaved should worship, but no Conservative will dispute the accuracy of the picture I have drawn. Even when Sir Charles Bagot *did* breathe his last, disarmed although he was of the power to continue the deep injuries he had inflicted upon the most devoted subjects of the Crown, such was the exasperation of the public mind, that they scarcely accorded to him the common sentiments of regret which the departure of a human being from among his fellowmen occasions, but received the tidings with an indifference which was ill concealed by the conventional and common-place expressions of concern which fell from the unsympathising public press. The "Toronto Patriot" in particular, the deadly and uncompromising enemy of the Administration of that day, hesitated not to proclaim that the Head of the Government was an imbecile and a slave, while other journals, even less guarded in their language, boldly pronounced a wish that his death might free the country from the state of thraldom to which it has been reduced.

CHAPTER XVI.

But a brighter day was now dawning on Canada. Universal report ascribed the future government of the province to one, the *prestige* of whose name had reached, and a knowledge of whose past public life was familiar, through its press, to the great body of the Canadian people. Suddenly the minds of men, who had brooded in sullenness and despair, and who had scarcely dared to look for a favorable change, became animated and full of hope, in proportion as the assurance was given them that the successful Governor of India, and the pacificator of the feuds of race in Jamaica, was to be sent out to them. But they did not base their confidence in him so much on the acknowledged ability which, necessarily cramped and coerced by the artifices of advisers, must, under the (even to him) new system of Government, in a great degree be shorn of its power, as upon that high spirit of integrity, justice, and impatience of undue interference with his authority by the Home Government itself, of which his long and brilliant previous public life gave ample evidence. Possessed, moreover, of an ample fortune, which rendered him independent of whatever Government might seek to induce him to rule on principles of mere expediency, an additional guarantee was given to the reviving Loyalists that those just principles, which had formed the noble sub-structure of his past political celebrity, would inevitably prevail in the new government, to the ultimate reëstablishment of those who grounded their hopes on the justice of their cause alone. It was impossible not to feel that that man *alone* could restore ultimate tranquillity to Canada, who, with high powers of accurate apprehension, and a corresponding degree of moral resolution, had refused to sacrifice his own sense of right to an authority little less than absolute; and that by the adoption of a course of policy, at once firm, and consistent with the necessities and claims of the country, he would insensibly and gradually restore the tone of political feeling into the true channel, from whence it had so strangely and so guiltily been diverted. Indeed, a contrary impression could not be entertained, for to have assumed that Sir Charles Metcalfe would, after having made himself acquainted with the real state of feeling in the country, continue the Government in the existing spirit, would have been to have denied to him either the existence of, or the power to exert, the very qualities of statesmanship which had constituted the germs of his previous success.

Perhaps there had never been a previous instance of a Governor—a personal stranger to those whom he was about to govern, and yet separated from them by an entire ocean—obtaining such a hold upon the affections and good will of a people, as Sir Charles Metcalfe did, from the very moment that his name was confidently mentioned as the future Governor-General of Canada; and in the same proportion that the drooping spirits of the hitherto insulted loyal population were revived, so were those of the Radical faction—diligently as they labored to conceal it—depressed. The existing Executive well knew the firm and just character of the statesman who was to succeed the puppet they moved at will, and perfectly understanding that the former would never consent to administer the government except in accordance with the spirit of the majority

of the people, labored hard, shortly previous to the arrival of His Excellency, to pour forth such fulsome eulogies, through their Radical press, on the excellence and worth and liberal principles of the Governor whom they ruled, endeavoring to make these appear as the effusions of the mass of the population, that it was not difficult to detect a desire to create an impression on the mind of the new Governor-General favorable to their own views.

But Sir Charles Metcalfe was not to be thus imposed upon, and the very first days of his arrival afforded him cause for doubting that, as intended to be impressed upon him, the conservatives were the most turbulent and partizan of his future subjects. He had crossed the ice into Canada from the American shore, at the close of the month of March, and was, on entering Kingston in his sleigh, received by the several national societies, and followed by them to Government House; and on this occasion his calm and intelligent eye had immediately detected, as by far the most numerous, and under the disguise of green ribbons and temperance badges, a body of Repealers, or Radicals, whom Mr. Hincks had assembled for the purpose of impressing the Governor-General with a false estimate of the existing bias of the country; but in this he had outwitted himself, for His Excellency dryly remarked, on his attention being called to their number and appearance, that he acknowledged the error into which he had been led, in assuming that partizanship was exclusively confined to Orangemen. This implied disapproval of the display did not escape the watchful Executive, and Mr. Hincks in particular; and from that day—the first of His Excellency's arrival in the country—were sown the early and almost imperceptible seeds of that antagonism which, subsequently and fortunately, broke out between the Governor-General and his Ministers.

To one of Sir Charles Metcalfe's acute penetration it was not difficult to discover, in the intercourse he coveted with all those whose position could afford him that knowledge of political parties in the country, that the radical portion of the population were far more unlettered, vulgar, and assuming than their conservative rivals; while in even greater proportion, the same distinction existed between the contending journals of the country. With such elements as these on which to work the change which his deep sagacity and reading of the human heart assured him was inevitable, provided a calm and enduring patience should be brought to his aid, in order to soften down the fermentation of disappointment on the one hand, and of undue exultation on the other, Sir Charles Metcalfe resolved quietly to await the course of events, and to model his Administration accordingly. Nor was this state of comparative quiescence the least trying to his personal feelings. While his deep sense of justice pointed out to him the harshness of the treatment the Conservatives had received from those who should better have rewarded exertions made at a crisis of great danger, and naturally induced a desire to restore to them an influence of which they had unjustly been deprived, His Excellency felt the impossibility to give effect, under the new form of Government, to his own wishes, unless the Conservatives should arouse from their apathy, and adopt those steps which, by giving them a majority in Parliament, could alone enable them to attain their object.

Meanwhile, the Executive watched with jealousy, and a diminished confidence in their own security, the proceedings of their

Chief, and although there arose not for many months any cause for serious collision, it was evident to them, from their very first meeting with His Excellency, that they could not hope to acquire anything approaching to that influence they had so recently exercised over his feeble-minded predecessor. To make an attempt to bolster up their own sinking authority in the eyes of the people became now a portion of their plan, and it was carefully set forth, through their worthy organs of the press, that the same perfect understanding existed between Sir Charles Metcalfe and his Council that had marked the Administration of his predecessor. But the country was not to be thus duped, and each succeeding day brought with it increased hope to the already revived hearts of the Conservatives.

Such was the condition of things and parties when, on the 12th of July of the same year (1843), Mr. Hincks' Repealers, under the designation of the Hibernian Benevolent Society, committed themselves by a gross outrage upon a number of Orange boys, who were amusing themselves with a mimic celebration of the day, while their parents dined peaceably at their several lodges. This outrage terminated late at night, in a very heavy firing on the part of the repealers, by which one or two Orangemen were wounded, and a a youth of sixteen, of no party at all, and a casual spectator of the turbulence of the repealers, was killed. In celebrations of this kind, and considering the warm state of parties in Canada, at the seat of Government especially, this was a result almost to have been anticipated, and the occurrence would, unconnected with other matter, scarcely be worthy of notice here, but as this circumstance formed a leading groundwork for the arguments which subsequently were urged to strike at the root of all loyalty in the Province, by the introduction of the Secret Societies Bill, which was intended to incapacitate an Orangeman from holding office, and which was with so much praiseworthy firmness resisted by Lord Metcalfe's able Secretary, Mr. Higginson, and left by himself for the consideration of Her Majesty, by whom it was disavowed—under this particular view of the case, I repeat, it is not unimportant to shew how the Executive acted in a matter in which they betrayed an interest that was vainly sought to be concealed.

Independently of one Foley—a violent repealer—who was taken up for the murder of the boy, there was a radical, of French Canadian origin, of the name of Thibodo—the chief agent of the Executive in the formation of the so-called Hibernian Society—on whom strong suspicion fell of having been one of the most active participators in the outrage, and he, on after information before the proper authorities, was arrested and brought before them. The sensation created among the Executive by this arrest was very great, and their anxiety was so ill concealed that it became a matter of general observation, and there were not wanting those who were of opinion that they dreaded important disclosures, on Thibodo's examination and conviction, which might seriously compromise them with the country. Mr. Derbishire, the Queen's Printer, was particularly active on this occasion, attending during the proceedings, and manifesting deep interest in the acquittal of the prisoners. Nay, to such an extent was the desire to favor them carried by the Executive, regardless of all prudence in the matter, that Mr. Sullivan, the President of the Council, whose boast it had latterly been that "his party had now their feet upon the

necks of the conservatives, and would keep them there," even went so far as to order the Sheriff of the District to dismiss his gaoler, because he had refused to permit communication with them, except at the stated hours prescribed by the prison regulations. In fine, every attention was paid to the assumed murderers—so much so indeed that the sympathy of these gentlemen seemed to be in no way with the poor youth who had been killed—but with those—one of whom, it was strongly suspected had advised the other—who had perpetrated the foul and pitiless act. Great efforts were made, at the well-known instigation of the Executive, to procure the admission of Thibodo to bail, but the Judges refused to entertain the application on the evidence which had been adduced; and the prisoners were detained in prison until the assizes, when, from the difficulty of proving the identity of the party who had fired the actual shot by which the boy had been killed, they were necessarily acquitted. A good deal of exasperation grew out of this affair, and subsequently led to a duel—a very bloodless one—between myself and Mr. Derbishire, who called me out on my refusal to apologize to him.

But the crisis was fast approaching when the downfall of the tyrants was to free the country, if not from excitement, from positive danger. The celebrated letter of Mr. Lafontaine to Sir Charles Metcalfe, and his able reply on the resignation of the former and his colleagues, was placed before the country, and every where won golden opinions to the noble and firm Governor to whom had been left the arduous task to undo all that had been done by his ill-judging predecessors. Addresses of congratulation poured in upon him from every quarter, and the grateful hearts of loyal men found even the warmest language cold and inefficient to convey the deep sense they entertained of the noble stand he had taken in defence of their interests. The pretext of quarrel, was with the wily Ministry, the fact of some unimportant appointments having been promised by His Excellency, without formally consulting those from whom he could not reasonably have expected the slightest opposition. But this was not the true motive. Their desire had been to tear up by the roots the tree of Orangeism, which, in Canada, is the principal safeguard of the authority of the Crown, and to substitute, in its stead, the rebellious principles of those who, under the guise of an Hibernian Benevolent Society, were its bitterest foes, and aimed at absolute ascendancy in the country. Foiled in this attempt, not less by the sagacity of Mr. Higginson, than by the unswerving sense of justice of the mild but firm statesman they evidently sought to browbeat, their indignation became unbounded for, passed as it had been by their creatures through both Houses of Parliament, they had exultingly looked forward to the ultimate triumph of this, to them, all-important measure. Incapable of denying the right of His Excellency to reserve the Bill for the consideration of Her Majesty, they fell back upon the question of appointment to office, and sought to impose such conditions upon the Governor General's future acts as would have virtually deprived him of even the semblance of authority, and to which they must have well known, after the antagonism admitted to exist, Sir Charles would never yield assent. Nor, is it to be supposed that they were serious in their intention of resignation. Every circum-

stance at the time tended to confirm the public mind in the belief, that the tender of their offices into the hands of His Excellency, was a mere trick to subdue his opposition to their rebellious views. They had hoped to place him in a position of difficulty, and to compel him to take them back to his Councils, at the sacrifice of the position he had assumed. But they were wrong. They little knew the character of the man they had to deal with, and they had the mortification to find that the appeals made by His Excelleny to all reasonable men in the country—conservatives not more than moderate reformers—were responded to with a warmth commensurate with the dignity, and the eloquence with which they were put forth. First among these in beauty of language and fulness of explanation, were the answers to the Gore and Russell addresses, which will ever remain imperishable records of that particular and momentous crisis in the affairs of Canada. Nor is His Excellency's reply itself, from which the following, bearing on the Secret Societies Bill, is an extract, less worthy of commendation for the clearness and distinctness in which the chief matter at issue is put forth:—

"Allusion is made, in the proposed explanation of the gentlemen of the late Council, to the Governor General's having determined to reserve for the consideration of Her Majesty's Government, one of the Bills passed by the two Legislative Houses, that is, the Secret Societies Bill. If there is any part of the functions of the Governor in which he is more than in any other bound to exercise an independent judgment, it must be in giving the Royal Assent to Acts of Parliament. With regard to this duty, he has especial instructions from Her Majesty to reserve every Act of an unusual and extraordinary character. Undoubtedly the Secret Societies Bill answers the description, being unexampled in British legislation. The gentlemen of the late Council heard his sentiments on it expressed to them. He told them that it was an arbitrary and unwise measure, not even calculated to effect the object it had in view. He had given his consent to its being introduced into Parliament, because he had promised, soon after his assumption of the Government, that he would sanction legislation on the subject, as a substitute for Executive measures which he refused to adopt on account of their proscriptive character. Although he deprecates the existence of societies which tend to foment religious and civil discords, the gentlemen of the late Council cannot fail to remember *with what pertinacity these measures were pressed on him*, and can hardly be unaware of what would have followed at that time. Even in addition to rejecting the proscriptive measure urged, he had refused to permit any legislation on the subject. Permission to introdnce a Bill cannot be properly assumed as fettering the judgment of the Governor with regard to the Royal Assent, for much may happen, during the passage of the Bill through the Legislature, to influence his decision. In this case, the Bill was strongly opposed and reprobated in the Assembly; but when it went to the Legislative Council, many of the Members had seceded, and it did not come up from that House with the advantage of having been passed in full meeting. Taking these circumstances into consideration, together with the precise instructions of Her Majesty, and the uncertainty of Her Majesty allowing such a Bill to go into operation, the Governor General considered it to be his duty to reserve it for Her Majesiy's consideration, as it was much better that it should not go into operation until it should be confirmed by Her Majesty's Government, than that it should be discontinued after its action had commenced.

"In conclusion, the Governor General protests against the explanation which those gentlemen purpose to offer to Parliament, as omitting en-

tirely the actual and prominent circumstances which led to their resignation, and as conveying to Parliament a misapprehension of his sentiments and intentions, which has no foundation in any part of his conduct, unless his refusal to make a virtual surrender of the Crown to the Council for *party purposes*, and his anxiety to do justice to those who were injured by the Union, can be regarded as warranting a representation which is calculated to injure him without just cause in the opinion of Parliament, and the people on whose confidence he places his sole reliance for the successful administration of the government."

Nor was that confidence misplaced. Although the garbled and one-sided explanation alluded to by Sir Charles Metcalfe, was, in defiance of His Excellency's protest, read by the tyrant ex-Ministers to the Parliament they had moulded to their will, and the vote of confidence in them, proposed by one of their ever ready supporters, carried by a majority of twenty-three, and that majority, most strange to say, including the Queen's Printer; His Excellency's subsequent appeals to the people, made as they were in the purest spirit of candour and mild reasoning, not only had the effect of overthrowing that disproportion, but of giving to him a working majority, in the ensuing Parliament; and this, notwithstanding every description of personal abuse had been heaped upon him, not only by the ex-Ministers themselves, but by the host of parasites who had basked in the sunshine of their favor, and who long continued to look forward to their restoration to a power, of which they (the Ministers) now bitterly repented they had dispossessed themselves. The victory thus gained by Sir Charles was great, and one which will ever endear him to Canadian posterity, as the bloodless avenger of wrongs which have never yet had a parellel in Colonial misrule. His enemies pretend that his government of Canada has tarnished the fame of his past years! Never had that fame attained the zenith of its glory until his foot steps pressed its shores, for never had the energies of his mind encountered, or more successfully overthrown, the same difficulties of position. By the bitterness of the hatred of those who, through their own intemperate folly alone, were hurled from the pinnacle they had so long toiled to ascend, and to which he avowed it to be his intention never more to raise them, must the magnitude of the boon Lord Metcalfe has conferred upon Canada, be measured.

Foiled in their wicked attempts to perpetuate, under his successor, the odious system of proscription which they had commenced under Sir Charles Bagot, the Radicals deeply deplored that the Secret Societies Bill had not been introduced during the continuance in office of the latter; when, they were well assured, no such reservation would have been made, no such stand against them taken, as that which had been manifested by the just and discriminating Lord Metcalfe. Yet what, had it passed, would have been the lamentable result of this most unprincipled and oppressive measure? There can be no question that it would have given birth to feelings on the part of the Orangemen, who are the most faithful of Her Majesty's subjects in Canada, that must have terminated in violence and bloodshed; and the world would, for the first time, have looked upon the astounding anomaly of the troops of the British Queen fighting side by side with rebels, against men with hearts brimful of loyalty, and who had preserved her possessions from the humiliating grasp of those

whom she had now taken under her protection! As it was, the effect of a second Bill, the object of which was to prohibit party processions, and which the Conservatives abandoned chiefly with a view to strengthen themselves against the first and most obnoxious measure, was to cause hundreds of young and loyal Canadians, who had never dreamt of Orangeism before, to swell the ranks of the Order, and proportionately to embitter them against its enemies. Most of them believed, and there was much ground for that belief, that the aggression by the Catholics, or rather the Repealers, on the 12th of July, had been planned, in order to provoke a resistance that might yield additional argument in support of a Bill which was intended to incapacitate from holding office all who were Conservatives,—for in Canada the terms are synonimous. I am no Orangemen myself, neither do I belong to any acknowledged party, therefore my remarks on this subject are utterly divested of prejudice.

The next cry of the ex-Ministers was raised against Sir Chas. Metcalfe for ruling unconstitutionally, and without the proper number of advisers, His Excellency had certainly great difficulty to compose a Council uniting efficient and moderate men, but this only affords evidence of a fact that has elsewhere been asserted, that Responsible Government, as it prevails in England, is not adapted to a Colony of so limited a field, and embracing so violent antagonism of parties as the two Canadas. Lord Durham, the great founder and advocate of the system, was sensible of this, and although he was at first desirous that a Federal Union of the whole of the British North American Provinces should take place, the following remarkable paragraph, which occurs at page 47 of His Lordship's Report, and which I have taken for a motto to this publication, will show that he did not at the period when he wrote, deem the country sufficiently prepared for the introduction of a system so all-important in its results. "When," remarks His Lordship, and this sentence should be particularly borne in mind by his commentators, "we transplant the institutions of England into our Colonies, we should, at least, take care *beforehand*, that the social state of the Colony should possess those *peculiar materials* on which *alone* the excellence of those institutions depends in the Mother Country."

This important extract surely affords unmistakeable evidence that Lord Durham never contemplated the action of Responsible Government at the premature period when it did take place; and that, although he was latterly in favor of a union of the two Provinces of Canada, it could only have been with a design to prepare them gradually, by a peculiar system of Government, for co-operation with other portions of the British North American possessions, in which similar preparatory measures had been introduced, for the development of that "peculiar material" necessary to the perfection of the system. But I have so fully treated of this matter in my review of Lord Durham's Administration, that to add anything further here would only be to go over the ground I have already trodden. Sufficient be it, therefore, to remark that the people of these several Provinces having now, as it were, been broken into the system, the difficulties forseen, and pointed out by Lord Durham, have in a great degree been removed by the practice of the years which have succeeded the publication of the Report. Hence the

policy I ever have upheld, and ever shall uphold, of utterly destroying the rancour of party in the United Canadas, and the spirit of nationality of the French of the Lower Province particularly, by the adoption of a grand Federal Union which, while giving effect to the comprehensive views of Lord Durham, will so merge the sectional spirit of faction in the more enlarged interests which would spring from the adoption of the measure, that the wheels of Government of the Colony would no longer be clogged by the same difficulties that have hitherto beset them. But to return to Lord Metcalfe.

Difficult as I have stated it to be, from the peculiar condition of the political system in Canada, for His Excellency to find immediate successors who did not share the ultra opinions of the two great antagonistic parties, there was corresponding trouble in completing an Administration such as he was desirous should hold the reins of Government in a spirit of moderation. He was, therefore, for some time under the imperious, though unavoidable, necessity of leaving several departmental offices vacant. But this involved no serious consequences whatever to the country, to whom it was rather a source of amusement to hear the interminable yelpings and snarlings of Mr. Hincks, who, a sort of Shylock in his way, but not half so respectable as his Jew prototype, most bitterly inveighed against this gross violation of the principles of his pet Responsible Government. The business of the country had been all settled in the recently concluded Session of Parliament, and as there was nothing to be done which could not be as well performed by the able and long-practised chief Clerks of the several Departments, Sir Charles Metcalfe was perfectly satisfied that no inconvenience could possibly arise from the delay. He had penetration enough, moreover, to foresee, that by waiting coolly and patiently until the keenness of the excitement created by his enemies had passed away, the minds of men would naturally be turned into the channel of moderation into which he sought to lead them, and the difficulties under which he labored he thereby removed. And they were removed, perhaps not so much to his satisfaction as he could have desired, but this was the result, not of any fault of his own, but simply of the absence of those proper elements on which to found such a system of Responsible Government as would offer any close similitude to that of the Mother Country.

Those who have made up their minds to cavil, are seldom without an excuse for exercising the propensity. When the Cabinet was at length filled up, and the Radicals deprived of the power of censure on this head, they changed their attack upon the men who had been chosen. True, the selection was, as I have before remarked, not exactly such as Sir Charles would have made in a wider field of material, but there was no alternative. Either he must have admitted the old refractory party to power, or he must have contented himself with such men as the Province could afford. In either case there was a difficulty; but he chose the least, and filled his Council with those who, while he remained to guide them, went on well enough, but who, from the moment his directing mind ceased to impose its salutary restraint upon their actions, contrived to incur nearly as marked public dislike as their adversaries had.

That Sir Charles Metcalfe had, in the government of Canada, pursued the proper course, is evidenced, not only in the well-

won reward that was subsequently bestowed upon him by the Sovereign, but in the almost unanimous commendation of the dignified stand he had taken against the tyranny of the Radicals, by the English press. This was a severe blow to the Decemvirate. During the early days of the rupture, they had looked forward with some interest to the decision the Imperial authorities would arrive at on the occasion; for so much had already been conceded to their insolent clamor, that there was scarcely any bound set to their expectations; but when, to their dismay, they found the policy of the Governor had been endorsed with a Peerage, their feelings of anger and revenge became commensurate with their disappointment. Strongly as the Conservative party had, on his manly appeal to them, flown to the assistance of the Governor-General, the hopes which the Radicals had continued to entertain until the last moment, now began to fail them; and incapable of venting their indignation in any other manner, they sent the most bitter of their number—Francis Hincks—to Montreal, recently become the Seat of Government, for the purpose of keeping up agitation through a print, almost every number of which was filled with the grossest personal abuse, not only of Lord Metcalfe, but of his able Private Secretary, Mr. Higginson, who having had penetration enough to read the character of Mr. Hincks from the very outset, had conceived for him an unconquerable, and but ill-concealed aversion. But this unprincipled man, rendered reckless by the loss of office, and hating all who were opposed to his ungentlemanly violence, did not confine himself to the abuse of those who had seen through, and frustrated, the wily artifices of himself and colleagues. These were insufficient to feed his venom. Nearly the whole of the merchants of Montreal were stigmatized by him as a race of fraudulent bankrupts, and ever, like the arch-fiend, planning some new mischief, he contrived, by playing upon the feelings of the Irish population of the city, and enlisting in his favor the numerous laborers of that race who were employed on the public works in the neighborhood, so to arouse a spirit of contention among the inhabitants, that Orangeism (so violently denounced by him a short time previously) which had, up to that moment, scarcely an existence in Lower Canada, was openly and boldly avowed; while hundreds of young men, of high daring and loyal feeling, even including Catholics in their number, banded themselves together under the appellation of the "Loyal Protective Society," whose chief object was to guard from violence the electioneering privileges of the city, which had been on several occasions invaded by the lawless ruffians Mr. Hincks had brought in from the canals. Such was the spirit manifested by this Society, that they were completely successful in imposing upon their adversaries, and checking their disposition to riot; whereupon the ringleaders had the presumption to declare, and even to bring it afterwards as a charge in Parliament, that Lord Metcalfe had, through Mr. Higginson, indirectly countenanced this Society, and were in fact the cause of every subsequent trouble. Never was there a greater untruth uttered. Mr. Hincks had only himself to thank for the institution of a force which never been raised but for the purpose of defeating his own base artifices, and which, in matters affecting not only the political rights of the people, but

their very safety from outrage, are by far the most active and efficient in the country.

It is idle, moreover, to pretend that Lord Metcalfe made appointments to office without consulting his Executive. This I know to be a fact, inasmuch as I had been seriously affected by his scrupulous adhesion to the principle. Sensible that my claims on the country, independently of my being a native of it, were great, His Excellency had, as he himself assured me, repeatedly sought to obtain the assent of his Council to my nomination to some office which should recompense me for the sacrifices I had made for Lord Durham, as communicated to him by Mr. Charles Buller, but without success. The Executive being a Colonial Responsible Administration, were compelled, in order to retain their places, to act precisely as their predecessors had done. They wanted Parliamentary support, and I could not well undertake to seek, and offer it to them, in exchange. At length his Lordship did manage to obtain their reluctant consent to my nomination to the command of a mounted police force which had been voted by Parliament, at a moment of great emergency, and for the suppression of violence on the part of Mr. Hincks' canallers; but the stipend attached to this was so small—not a Captain's pay, and without allowances—that His Excellency was almost ashamed to offer it. "Go," said the venerable and good man, addressing me by name, and pressing my hand as I took what I little thought would be my last leave of him—"this is the only appointment I have been enabled to obtain for you at present; but acquit yourself of your duty, as I know you will, and it will only be the opening to something better." And had he lived, no doubt, it would have been so—but, as I have elsewhere quoted,

> "I never lov'd a dear gazelle,
> To soothe me with its soft, black eye,
> But when it came to know me well,
> And love me, it was sure to die."

One month after Lord Metcalfe's departure, my force was reduced, while others which had been raised on a similar principle, and the continuance of which was not more imperiously called for, were kept up. I should not here have alluded to this circumstance, but for the purpose of affording the strongest personal proof of the falsity of the charge preferred against him whose memory will ever remain enshrined in my heart.

Filled as was this inflammatory paper with the outpourings of the base slanders of him who edited it, it must be confessed not without a certain degree of Machiavelian skill, it owed its subsistence chiefly to the heavy and repeated contributions which were levied for its support among the leading members of the ex-Ministry and their immediate followers. And well has it performed its ignoble and hireling office. The annals of newspaper literature can afford no parallel to the gross and disgusting abuse it has continued to heap, even long since his demise, on that great and good man Lord Metcalfe, by whose judgment, sagacity, and firmness, the republican views of his party had been destroyed for ever. But let me quit the nauseous theme.

Had it pleased Providence to spare the health, and, alas! the life of the deeply lamented noblemen, through whose enduring firmness and unswerving judgment the great evil, originally committed by Lord Sydenham, was repaired, and the natural and just rights of

the people of Canada restored to them, there can be no question—for he had repeatedly declared it to be his intention—that Lord Metcalfe would have long continued in his last Government, and by the exercise of that high sense of justice, and that pure spirit of benevolence which ever have their weight with a reflecting and confiding people, have so established himself in the affection of Her Majesty's Canadian subjects, that the bitter and vindictive clamor of an interested few would gradually have ceased to exercise its influence over the thinking portion of the people, and that spirit of moderation been infused into the public feeling which it was His Excellency's solicitude to introduce, and without which he knew that no Government could be carried on with ultimate advantage to the Province.

But, although this was not fated to be, not less high in the love and estimation of the great mass of the Canadian people does the memory of this great and good man—as remarkable for his talent as for his extreme amiability of character—continue to exist. His enemies have, in the impotency of their malice, attributed to ostentation and a desire of ensuring popularity, the princely donations, which were given by him to public charities, and the support of churches of every creed and sect, whenever suitable application was made for them: but even were it possible that any unprejudiced man could entertain so unjust a belief, the boundless private charities and aid to the indigent which Lord Metcalfe delighted to administer, and of which no living being, besides the parties benefited, has cognizance but his Private Secretary, Mr. Higginson, are bright and conclusive refutations of the calumny. He is gone, but has left behind him evidences so pure of a good and blameless life, that never in Canada will his memory be forgotten. Already are preparations being made to do honor to him by a grateful people, in the erection of a tablet to perpetuate his name; and although, with unexampled audacity, Mr. Hincks has sounded the note of preparation to his Irish hordes who are employed on the canals, to destroy any structure of the kind, it will soon be found that Canada has hands and hearts sufficient to shield from indignity, the memory of the only Governor whom they have sincerely loved. Let but the hand of desecration pollute a monument so commemorative of the deep disgrace of the radicals in Canada, and Mr. Hincks will be looked upon as the prime mover, the agitator, whom the "Loyal Protective Society" will not be slow to summon to retributive account for the violation he has, in unmistakeable language, recommended.

This book having, as I had originally intended, been brought down to the departure and death of the greatest of Colonial Governors, and the arrival of Lord Elgin—for what existed in the meantime could scarcely be called a Government—I shall content myself, in the present edition, with remarking, that from the latter nobleman much is expected—but expected precisely in the same spirit in which the Government was administered, and the prerogative of the Crown upheld by him, whose reward has been the unmixed gratitude of every loyal Canadian subject of this country. Lord Elgin is evidently gifted with the art of making himself popular, but it is not popularity alone that can secure the tranquillity of the Province. Justice is the foundation on which his policy must be based, for without that there must ever be wanting the dignity which is necessary to success. The

Radicals have already openly declared, even while disavowing all party spirit, that they will have no coalition. It is avowedly with them "*aut Cæsar aut nullis.*" The whole of their body must be restored to power, or they will not suffer a moderate Administration to remain unopposed by them. And it is fortunate that they thus betray themselves. Lord Elgin cannot venture to retrace the step Lord Metcalfe has taken, for to do so would be to destroy his yet incipient popularity with the great majority of the people, whose good opinion of him is based on their perception of his decision of character, which gives them promise that their enemies shall not again be empowered, in the language of Mr. Sullivan, to "place their feet upon their necks, and to keep them there." The crisis is one of interest, and the people of Canada will watch it closely.

APPENDIX.

(APPENDIX 1.)

QUEBEC, *October* 2, 1838.

DEAR SIR,

I thank you kindly for your account of the meeting, which was the first I received.

I fully expected the "*outbreak*" about the union of the two Provinces. It is a pet Montreal project, beginning and ending in Montreal selfishness.

With reference to your former letter, I beg you to be assured that I shall always avail myself of every opportunity that presents itself of forwarding your interests.

Yours truly,

(Signed) D.

Major RICHARDSON, Montreal.

(APPENDIX 2.)

LONDON, *February* 15, 1839.

DEAR SIR,

I have just time to thank you for your kind letter, and for all your good offices. The best answer to all my detractors is my Report, which I send you, and which will show the nature and extent of my labours.

I shall read with great pleasure the new work to which you refer, and readily comply with your desire to inscribe the following one to me.

Yours truly,

(Signed) D.

Major RICHARDSON, Montreal.

(APPENDIX 3.)

LONDON, *January* 22, 1840.

DEAR SIR,

I trust and hope that Mr. P. Thomson is going on successfully. However much I may regret that I was deprived of the opportunity of putting my own plans into execution, for the benefit of the Canadas, I shall feel it my duty to render every aid in my power to those who are willing and able to carry them out.

If the Canadas are pacified, and their prosperity secured, I am content.

Yours truly and faithfully,

(Signed) DURHAM.

Major RICHARDSON, Montreal.

(APPENDIX 4.)

QUEBEC, *August* 3, 1838.

DEAR SIR,

What you say respecting the proceedings in Parliament is too true. That conceited gentleman, Lord Ellenborough, seems to imagine that he is to govern North America from his place in the House of Lords. If he can do so, and is permitted to do so, the sooner I am released the better. If not, the absurdity of his pretensions ought to be exposed by the Ministry.

There is nothing new to communicate at present.

Yours truly.

(Signed) D.

Major RICHARDSON, Montreal.

(APPENDIX 5.)

QUEBEC, (Tuesday,) *August* 14, 1838.

MY DEAR SIR,

Lord Durham is so occupied at present that he has desired me to acknowledge your very obliging communication of the 18th. I have no doubt that you think me very negligent in not having complied with a similar request on your own part, made just before my departure for the Upper Province. But you have heard probably that during that journey I was seriously unwell. I was indeed too much so, even when most convalescent, to feel capable of any communication, requiring thought or care.

You might indeed be of considerable service in setting the public in England right on those points in which our opponents in Parliament take so much pains to misrepresent, and our friends so very little to support us. Lord Ripon's remark in particular appeared calculated very ingeniously to misrepresent the principle adopted by Lord Durham in the formation of his Executive Council. It is true, as Lord Ripon said, that the Canadians had complained that the Executive Council contained no Canadians. But what they meant by this was, that it was composed entirely of their enemies—the old English official set. Lord Durham, in composing it of persons who came out with him, avoided the evil of which they complained—that of throwing himself into the hands of the old official set. The Canadians admit that, in the present state of affairs, he could not call their leaders to his Council. He does the next best thing, in not calling their enemies. Lord Ellenborough's observation, that the Executive Council, as composed by Lord Gosford, was a popular body, shows an ignorance perfectly ludicrous to any one who has been five minutes in the Province. For, you could not talk to any one on the matter without learning that the Canadians whom Lord Gosford took in are beyond question the most unpopular men in it, and that the taking them damned the Council in the eyes of all parties.

The Duke of Wellington's remarks about Lord Durham's having no greater powers than previous Governors, must have been uttered in utter forgetfulness of the sole and entire legislative power which he had vested in him by the Act, and which no previous Governor had ever had. His Grace knows little of the real power of previous Governors if he does not see that Lord Durham effectually exercised a control over the other British North American Provinces, which no previous Governor really possessed. But I think you might point out that such remarks as these do harm to objects which all men of all parties ought to have at heart, and that any depreciation of Lord Durham's powers below what they are supposed by the people here to be, enfeebles the authority of his Government, and compromises the preservation of the Colonies.

Whatever you say in favour of Lord Durham, I think you may satisfy the Toryism of the Editor of the *Times*, by commenting on the weakness and perfidy of the Ministry who understood so little of the policy of their own Governor, in supporting it so weakly and insincerely.

Neither Lord Durham nor myself have been able, as yet, to get a sight of the *Times*, but we see from the "*Examiner*" that your obliging communications produced a different impression from the Editorial articles.

I am, with many thanks,

Very faithfully yours,

(Signed) CHARLES BULLER.

Major RICHARDSON,

Montreal.

(APPENDIX 6.)

QUEBEC, *September* 24, 1838.

MY DEAR SIR,

What do you think of the news from England? It seems to me that it is decisive of the fate of these Colonies. Whether Lord Durham did right or wrong, his success in his present mission was the last hope of keeping Canada, and he should accordingly have been supported, right or wrong, by all parties at home who profess to value the integrity of the Empire. I think you might give your friends of the *Times* a hint that this proceeding on the part of the Tories at home has done more to set people of all parties here against them, than years can undo. From all I can see I really believe this new display of faction and weakness at home has turned men's minds more strongly to the project of a separation than a thousand arguments could have effected.

Yours truly,

Major RICHARDSON, (Signed) CHARLES BULLER.
Montreal.

(APPENDIX 7.)

QUEBEC, *September* 23, 1838.

DEAR SIR,

Pray do not fancy that I can feel any thing but gratitude for the kind interest which you take in me.

You will see, in the *Quebec Mercury*, my answer to the Address from the Deputations from the Eastern Provinces.

I have come to the determination of resigning, not *because* I feel disgust and annoyance at the base malignity and treachery with which I have been assailed—that I should have borne cheerfully to the end, as I have done hitherto,—*but because* all weight, all real power is taken from my authority—all civil power is annihilated—nothing remains but military force, which I cannot wield so well as an officer, and would not if I could.

No confidence can now be felt in the validity of any one act of mine or my Council. The latter would meet with the certainty of being disallowed. In these circumstances I feel that I can be of more service to Canadian interests in the Parliament of England, than here, a degraded, disavowed Governor.

There I can speak the truth respecting the real state of Canada, which has been seldom told, and prevent similar acts of legislative imbecility from passing.

All my friends here agree in this view of the case, and I trust you will also, on reflection.

Yours truly,

Major RICHARDSON, (Signed) D.
Montreal.

(APPENDIX 8.)

QUEBEC, *October* 18, 1838.

DEAR SIR,

It is indeed most disgusting to see such proofs of malignity in those who ought to value truth and fair dealing as the best means of informing the public, of which they profess to be the "best possible instructors."

Your course has been that of a man of honour and integrity, and you can hardly regret the dissolution of a connexion which it appears could only have been preserved by the sacrifice on your part of truth and justice—by the *suppressio veri*, if not the *assertio falsi*.

Yours truly,

Major RICHARDSON, (Signed) D.
Montreal.

(APPENDIX 9.)

QUEBEC, *October* 18, 1838.

MY DEAR SIR,

I am truly sorry to hear of your rupture with the *Times*, and most grieved to hear of its being caused by your support—able and honest support—of Lord Durham.

Whatever he or I can do for you, on our return to England, you may be sure we shall do with all our power.

Lord Durham is not a man to forget those who have suffered in the attempt to serve him.

Believe me,
Very faithfully yours,

Major RICHARDSON, (Signed) CHARLES BULLER.
Montreal.

(APPENDIX 10.)

LONDON, 5, HANOVER STREET,
February 18, 1828.

MY DEAR SIR,

I only delayed replying to your letter on the subject of your Poem, because I expected to [illegible] your neighbourhood about this time. I did hope to meet the son of [illegible] excellent father, whose merits and devotion to the cause of humanity [illegible]uld make it strange indeed could I ever forget him. This hope of seeing you, however, I fear is past, as I am obliged to be in the City early, and indeed late, to-morrow.

Your very flattering notice of my poor exertion, but yet not dishonourable defeat, claims my most sincere acknowledgments and thanks, which I beg you will do me the honour to receive. Its merits, as far as I am able to judge, seem very considerable, and, if the world only knew it, you speak the truth—an ingredient not always to be found even in an epic poem, founded on facts. You have done ample justice to the merits of poor Tecumseh, whose self-devotion to the cause were worthy of a better fate;—had his opponent been endowed with the gallant generosity of mine, his remains would not have been treated with such savage indignity.

I return to Scotland on Wednesday, where the same address will find me; and if I can be of any service, I shall feel pleasure in being commanded. Had your work been ready some years ago, you might have found many more people interested in the period and scene, but we professional men are so easily scattered over the earth and sea, that it is difficult to catch us on the wing.

I am sure that you will be pleased to hear that I am wonderfully recovered from my severe wounds, and that I feel even equal to serve, should I be called upon. But my right arm is still feeble; I cannot make use of it over my head; and you will observe by my writing that my hand is not so steady as when you knew me first.

If any of your father's family are in your correspondence, pray offer them and him (if he is still alive) my most affectionate regards; and with every feeling of good-will towards yourself and undertakings,

I am,
Most faithfully yours,

J. RICHARDSON, Esq., (Signed) R. H. BARCLAY.
H. P. 92d Regiment.

(APPENDIX 11.)

SAXE COBOURG PLACE,
Edinburgh, *April* 17, 1828.

MY DEAR SIR,

I have been a good deal occupied since you very eloquent letter, with your Prospectus enclosed in it, came to hand; but I shall now endeavour

to thank you as you deserve for the kindness expressed towards both my person and services.

I am truly grieved to hear such sad accounts of your excellent father, whose latter days, however, will be soothed by the remembrance of a well spent life—spent in the alleviation of the sufferings of others. I still trust, however, that his valuable life may be spared, for the good of his fellow-creatures, as well as for the comfort of his family.

I well remember your visit to me while lying on my couch of pain, suffering much from my severe, but not dishonourable, wounds. I remember your sympathy, but I was not aware that feeling was to bud and bring forth fruit so highly complimentary. I do not remember if in your notes you remark my often-recorded sentiments of Commodore Perry's gallantry in action, and generous kindness when it was over. If you have not, I should be gratified if you could contrive a place for such a tribute of gratitude to him in my name,—if he had fallen the day was mine. I shall soon write again. If you see my friend Ogilvie, remember me in the kindest manner to him, and express my regret at being so near him without seeing him. With every wish for your success, believe me,

My dear Sir,

Very sincerely and faithfully yours,

(Signed) R. H. Barclay.

J. Richardson, Esq.,
H. P. 92d Regiment.

(APPENDIX 12.)

Edinburgh, *August* 24, 1832.

My Dear Richardson,

I was from home, like every body else who can get away at this season, when your very kind and welcome letter arrived; and as I was a sort of wanderer on the face of the earth and waters, I did not have my letters forwarded. Your letter has been by these means long unacknowledged.

I feel very deeply your continued kind feelings towards me, in your remembrance of times that are past. I never think of the period alluded to without raising the images of my kind old friends there and then, and amongst them your excellent father. I had heard of, or seen his demise in some way or other. His life was one of usefulness and credit, and he lived in the language of Scripture, "to be old and full of days." On the subject of your publication, I was very sorry to find that Tecumseth's name and gallant bearing had been too much forgotten, or perhaps like many other things in the Canadian war, never known, to assist you much in that work. I am no great critic, but to me many things in it are powerfully, graphically, and truly drawn, and some day it will be looked upon as a sort of metrical history of an eventful period of the very existence, *to this* country, of Canada.

Ecarté is assuredly an able and dreadful essay against the most insidious and ruinous of all sorts of dissipation and idleness, gaming; bad enough anywhere, but perhaps in Paris it holds its throne. I dare say, however, Crockford's or some others of the London hells, could turn out some, if not many, similar scenes of madness and despair, if not with the frightful addition consonant to the French character—ever a tiger or a monkey. I do not at this moment remember any story like that to which you allude as the subject of your next book, except it be connected with the Scottish Indian Major* who married a Squaw and brought her to this country. But it matters not, I shall probably remember the circumstance when I see your book, which I shall feel honor in receiving from your kindness. If I can contrive to interest Wilson† in your favor, I shall feel happy, but

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* Norton, alias, Teyoninhokorawen, Chief of the Six Nations.

† Professor Wilson.

cannot promise decidedly. He is at present on a cruise in the *Vernon*. In your next,* when you say that I may be brought in,—pray do me the favor and justice to exaggerate nothing, whether of difficulty or danger, but in all you say, be as calmly-correct as possible. I am not ashamed of any part of my conduct while on Lake Erie, but hyperbole might tend to make me so.

Neither I nor you would know Canada in its new and prosperous state. I trust it will be so governed as to induce a close intimacy with the mother country, at least, till it is able to secure its own independence without the assistance of the United States; then, perhaps Great Britain would be better off as a friend and ally, than as the head of its Government.

I am happy to say that I and my family are well, and should any event bring you in this quarter, you will receive a most hearty welcome. With every kind wish for your welfare and happiness,

I am dear Richardson,

Yours very truly and sincerely,

(Signed,) R. H. Barclay.

J. Richardson, Esq.,
H.P. 92d Regiment.

(APPENDIX 13.)

(Extract.)

2 Chester Place,
Monday, Aug. 24, 1843.

"Lord Durham, I know, felt this most deeply, and was very anxious to serve you. And as death has deprived you of the result of his good intentions towards you, I feel bound, as knowing the sense he entertained of your services, to do all in my power to repair your loss.

An application from me to Lord Stanley, made on the grounds I should have to place it on, would be of no service to you. But as I have the honor of knowing Sir Charles Metcalfe, I have written to him by this packet, to state your claims, and beg his attention to them. I should have written both to him and you by the last packet, had I not relied on sending the letters by a private hand,

Yours faithfully,

(Signed,) Charles Buller.

Major Richardson,
&c. &c. &c.

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* Canadian Brothers

THE END.