

So bidding adieu to my family and friends, I started alone by way of the Ohio river and canal to Cleveland, thence by Lake Erie to Niagara Falls. I was full a week on the journey.

Some odd instances of squabbles between the mule men and boatmen and the bad diet for all, reminded me of Horace's memorable trip from Rome to Brundisium, on a boat drawn by mules along the fetid canal of the Pomptinian marshes. A long western rifle and a trunk filled with classical books and a wardrobe composed my baggage. It was with a loyal heart and glad that I set foot in dear old Upper Canada, being the last, almost, I fancy, of the U. E. Loyalists who came in.

At first sight of the Canadian shore I saw the Union Jack flying, and the pickets of the red coated militia along the river bank on the watch for marauders from the other side. I recognized my own country's symbol, and hailed it as the true flag of Freedom, Justice and Christian Civilization.

It was with a glad heart that I set foot in Upper Canada. I landed at Chippawa, the first thing that met my eyes was the ruins of the large Episcopal Church that had recently been burnt down by midnight incendiaries in the lawless war they made upon Canada.

I stayed at Slater's Hotel. Two ladies in deepest mourning sat opposite me at the supper table. They were the widow and daughter of Captain Usher, who had lately been murdered, shot through the window of his house near Chippawa by "sympathizers" from the opposite shore.

I saw Navy Island—the theatre of Mackenzie's grotesque republic of six hundred acres in extent, and of three weeks' duration. The Island was thickly wooded and its defences of brushwood still remained, a monument of its silly ruler and of the mad project he had undertaken to carry out.

Next day after viewing the Falls, which presented a wild primitive appearance at that time, I went on to Queenston. Passing through the village of Stamford, I saw the blackened ruins of Danby House, the late residence of Dr. Mewburn, which had been burned also by midnight incendiaries.

I stopped to view the splendid column erected on Queenston Heights by the people of Upper Canada, in memory of General Brock and his Aide de Camp, Col. McDonell, who fell on the field of battle and were buried there. Their names are forever enshrined in the hearts of Canadians. That monument was blown up and destroyed a few months after my visit by another incendiary and sympathizers with the rebel cause. Scenes like these were enacted along the Frontier of Canada from Windsor to the Eastern townships.