

CHRONICLES OF CANADA. 1818.

Principles and Proceedings of the Inhabitants of the District of Niagara, for addressing his Royal Highness the Prince Regent, respecting claims of Sufferers in War, Lands to Militiamen, and the general benefit of Upper Canada.—Printed at the "NIAGARA SPECTATOR" Office—1818.—Price, one shilling, c'y.

TO THE INHABITANTS OF UPPER CANADA.

St. Catharines, Niagara District, 5th May, 1818.
FRIENDS AND FELLOW SUBJECTS!

WE lay before you the Principles and Proceedings of the People of this District, and example being better than precept, we have now only earnestly to entreat you to join in the cause. You will here find that we have been opposed, but opposition has strengthened us. It would swell too much this little Publication to give a list of Subscribers; but they will be found, week after week, in the Niagara Spectator, as room will admit. They already amount to upwards of nine hundred, and are daily increasing. Many have awaited for the Address, which is only this day prepared, and will be found below.

ROBT. HAMILTON, } *Representatives for the*
WM. ROBERTSON, } *District of*
CYRUS SUMNER, } *Niagara.*
JOHN CLARK, }

A true copy. WM. J. KERR, Secretary.

TO THE RESIDENT LAND OWNERS OF UPPER CANADA.

Niagara, April 2nd, 1818.

GENTLEMEN—Your Parliament is broken up—a second time broken up, from employment of the most vital import to the

honor and well being of the Province!!—Good God! what is to be the end of all this?

For my own part, gentlemen, I had little hope of satisfaction from the sitting of Parliament, after perusing the Administrator's speech from the throne; and this little was entirely extinguished with the disgusting reply made to that speech, by your representatives. That a man who had spent the best part of his life in Upper Canada—whose every interest and affection rested here, should even read a speech, not only containing mean sentiments, but notifying a measure, provoking in the extreme to the feelings of a large body of his suffering countrymen, was indeed heart-sickening; yet this was not all: What could we expect—what sensation could swell in our breasts when we found men, employed and paid by these very sufferers, to guide their affairs and watch over their interests, bowing down to kiss the rod of affliction, and in return for a most insulting offer, granting a receipt in full for demands, equally just and well authenticated?

Gracious Heaven! Did we, the offspring of early civilization—the first hope of genuine liberty—the favored wards of Divine revelation, come to this new world, only to witness the degradation of our kind, and be humbled beneath the rude savage who ranges the desert woods? Surely, British blood, when it has ebbed to its lowest mark, will learn to flow again, and yet sustain on its rising tide, that generous—that noble—that manly spirit which first called forth applause from the admiring world.

It has been my fate to rest here nearly two months, viewing at a distance, the scene of folly and confusion—by turns serious, and