

American mind, that all the world is lost in envious admiration of their unrivalled constitution, and that every nation would be only too happy, if not controlled by the iron hand of despotic rulers, to come under the shadow of the stars and stripes. Canada especially was supposed to long for the benefit of annexation. Never perhaps was the feeling of a people more utterly misunderstood than that of the Canadians in 1812. In Lower Canada, it is true, great dissatisfaction reigned. It has been by many historians assumed that the rule of Sir James Craig, by the exercise of too great severity, had weaned the French-Canadians from their love of British rule. Garneau grows eloquent over the tyranny of that remarkable man. Rogers follows in his footsteps; even Christie cannot forbear censure of what he considered an overstraining of the prerogative. These gentlemen all seem to have lost sight of the fact that Canada was not then blessed with responsible government; that the Constitution of 1791 did not, and never was intended to give the Canadians constitutional liberty such as was then enjoyed in Great Britain; that the French-Canadian people were then and even now are not, in consequence of their ignorance and subservience to their priesthood, fit to be entrusted with such a government; and that in consequence arbitrary acts, rendered wise by the dangers of the times, which would have been in England or in Canada to-day illegal and unbearably despotic, were at the time and under the circumstances allowable, justifiable and proper. The stand made by the French-Canadians against the Americans in the war of 1812, is often thoughtlessly assumed to be a triumphant refutation of Sir James Craig's accusation against them, that they were treasonable and seditious. So they were. But their treason was in favor of France, not of the States; their sedition was intended to favor Bonaparte, not Madi-

son. The Americans they hated with a hatred bitter and deep, which had descended from father to son for generations. With the English colonies, La Nouvelle France had ever been at war. In 1775, though the French-Canadians disliked the English and would have been delighted to shake off the rule of their conquerors, they hated the Americans still more; they looked upon both countries as English, and of the two preferred the English from England to the English from the States, the Union Jack to the Star-spangled banner.

In 1812 the star of Napoleon was at its zenith,—the whole of Europe was at his feet; his brothers and favorite generals occupied the thrones of deposed sovereigns, and his power was supposed to be irresistible. One little island stood out, and almost single-handed fought on in Europe the fight of liberty against universal despotism. The world stood aghast while England and France, the rivals of centuries, struggled together in the last death-grasp. In Canada among the French-Canadians there could be, it was firmly believed, only one result: the subduer of Egypt, Italy, Germany, Austria, Holland and Russia must once more prove successful, and then, as a matter of course, the tri-color must go upon the flag-staff of the citadel, and once more French rule govern the land. So thoroughly was this felt to be the case that Brigadier Brock, a man neither easily deceived nor intimidated, writing to his brother from Quebec on the 31st of December, 1809, says:—"A small French force, four or five thousand men, with plenty of muskets, would most assuredly conquer this province. The Canadians would join them almost to a man—at least the exceptions would be so few as to be of little avail. It may appear surprising that men petted as they have been and indulged in everything they could desire, should wish for a change. But so it is, and I am apt