

reached the ears of the authorities. They fully believed that the notorious rebel was being harbored by Burke's Dr. Low who at that time lived in Whitby and was in command of a troop of Militia was instructed to take steps for his capture. So one night while Mr. Burke and family were enjoying their usual repose, totally unconscious of an impending danger, were suddenly aroused some time in the early morning by violent knocking and urgent demands for admittance. After hurried dressing and reaching the door he was surprised to find the premises completely surrounded by a military guard and the officer in charge told him that they were creditably informed that Lett was about the place. To this Mr. Burke at once gave denial, he knew nothing about him or his whereabouts. They made a most rigorous search, going through barns, stable and cellars and at last gave up the chase. It had rained during the night and the troopers made a pretty sorry show. Mr. Burke gave them a hearty breakfast and bid them good-bye. The true inwardness of the performance did not come out till some years afterwards.

Another incident in this same connection happened on the western farm then occupied by a whole souled burly Yorkshireman, Mr. John Frank, who came to Bowmanville in 1831. He occupied it a greater portion of his lifetime. He will be remembered by many now living, familiarly called 'Big John.' His son Charles is still on deck. I am glad to say. I was told this as a fact. He went out one morning to his cornfield where he descried a man sound asleep evidently so worn out and so soundly in the arms of Morpheus as not to be easily aroused. His gun lay at his side and he was also otherwise armed to the teeth. Mr. Frank quietly slipped up, grasped the gun and awoke the sleeping owner, claiming him as his prisoner. Knowing that he was the man so badly wanted, but with the true nobility of an Englishman, he gave him something to eat and told him to leave as soon as possible. The large moneyed reward could not tempt him to take advantage of the helpless outlaw.

While writing about Lett, I stated in a former letter that I intended giving an outline of his Darlington career. I was then under the impression that his connection with the rebellion was truly that of a misguided patriot, one among hundreds of others who sacrificed life

and means in the honest belief that they were doing it in the best interests of the country. I was more than surprised to find from a conversation with Mr. James Heatlie of Soil. a., whose father knew the whole circumstances, that he was the individual who so brutally, in cool blood assassinated Captain Usher at Niagara Falls shortly after the burning of "The Caroline," and that he also was the man who committed the dastardly act of blowing up Brock's monument. I found it impossible to find out from any information I could glean, how he first became identified with this movement.

It would seem that after the battle of Montgomery's Tavern, Toronto, a refugee came down through Darlington. He looked and acted like a gentleman, one who had occupied a good position in life but presenting the appearance of a hunted deer, without boots and only partly clothed. Ben took him under his protection. They went east and caught the Kingston stage and finally landed in the United States. Ben turned up at Navy Island. I find his brothers, at least one of them tried to excuse the foul act of killing Captain Usher by saying that it was done out of revenge for the cutting out and sending "The Caroline" over the Falls, but nothing on earth could justify the act. Usher was entertaining a party of friends at his house, when the assassin called him out under a pretext of wanting to speak to him and shot him dead.

The late Mr. Robert Armour, so long a resident of Bowmanville, was one of the parties who boarded that ill-fated steamer and helped to break up the Navy Island enterprise. I hope to speak of Mr. Armour at greater length later on.

The Lett family apart from Ben were cultivated people. His sister was educated in the school-house near their residence in the western part of Darlington. They went to school with the Licks and evidently the school master was as broad even at that early date. She with the other members of the family were passionately fond of this unfortunate brother as is shown by the many things written by them about him. The following beautiful line of which she was authoress, having reference to the little rivulet in the Darlington farm, now Mr. Ever Millson's, show high poetic talent and are worthy a place in any Canadian publication. They delineate the romantic appearance of the little brook and give a good idea of the native trees of which the woods were then encompassed: