

THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW

although "green" was so willing and quick at lending a helping hand when possible, that he rapidly became a general favorite. But the fever of unrest was upon him, and ere long he tramped through the forest roads of New Brunswick and reached Quebec. Work on the docks was readily obtained, and wages were easily earned. But the Viking blood was astir, and the dollars secured by skill and honest labor, were flung around with prodigal waste in the Shebeens of Lower Town. The instinct which cried "Go West" was obeyed, after a few months, without a hesitating doubt, and Bill reached Montreal. Here he found a pressing demand at liberal wages for hands to work on the new St. Lawrence canals, and in a few days was taken with many others up the broad stream to a point opposite "The Cascades," where large gangs of men were engaged in the huge excavations then progressing. Bill worked like a Trojan, earned full wages and freely spent them, for the Scandinavian love of mead and wassail, living through many generations and surviving in Bill, had degenerated into a craving for strong Canadian whiskey. The contractor was pressed for time, and men were driven like machines. Some felt the spirit of revolt, and found it easy to extend it amongst their comrades. "Store pay" was a crying evil in the minds of many, although it may have afforded convenience to some of those who received it. Meetings were held amongst the workmen—the bulk of whom were Irishmen—but Bill, an Englishman, was not entrusted with the secrets of the conspirators. A strike was agreed upon, and after a few days' incubation took active form. Bill and a companion, who had been a volunteer during the trouble of '37, and had proudly carried with him

the scarlet jacket which he then wore, and sported yet on rare occasions, were drinking together in their shanty, when shouts were heard, and a loud knocking at their door caused them to spring to their feet. Looking out they saw a tumultuous crowd of angry men, who invited them to join in a demand for an increase of wages. They were on their way to the residence of the contractor, and every man in the works must join their ranks, or take the consequences. Bill growled dissent, but was quickly overpowered by the vociferous arguments of the insurgents. He and his companion "fell in," being pleased because of superior strength in the front rank, and the ex-volunteer, by order of the rioters, assumed the red jacket which he had worn in '37. The crowd pressed on, gobbling up willing and unwilling alike, from the various shanties on the way, and arrived opposite a tavern, which had previously swallowed their dollars, and looted it. Fired by liquors thus openly stolen, the rioters rushed towards the residence of the contractor, resolved upon a further violent destruction of property. Then there suddenly appeared upon the scene a small party of cavalrymen, who had been engaged in patrolling the works and acting as a mounted police. The riot act was read, the mob refused to disperse, and an order was given to fire one vollep rang out, and the howling crowd of malcontents vanished without more ado. There, lying upon the ground, was the dead body of the red-coated volunteer of '37, and Bill found himself otherwise alone. A horseman rode at him, and Bill ran before him until he had reached the edge of a clump of trees. Here he seized a rough fallen branch of a tree, and stood his ground. The trooper slashed with his sword, and