



AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM.

OR REFORMER OF PUBLIC ABUSES,
AND RAILWAY AND MINING INTELLIGENCE.

Vol. 1.]

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1846.

[No. 18.]

LITERATURE.

EIGHT YEARS IN CANADA, &c.

EMBRACING A REVIEW OF THE SEVERAL ADMINISTRATIONS OF LORDS DURHAM AND SYDENHAM, SIR CHARLES BAGOT, AND LORD METCALFE ;

And Dedicated to the Memories of THE FIRST AND LAST OF THESE DISTINGUISHED DEAD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ECARTE," &c.]

DE OMNIBUS REBUS ET QUIBUSDAM ALIIS.

[A difficulty of arrangement having occurred with the only two London publishers to whom the following pages have been submitted, the Author has decided on reversing the usual practice, and publishing in Canada first; thus affording that means of direct communication with other metropolitan publishers, which his absence from London renders a matter of much inconvenience. It will be borne in mind, therefore, by the Canadian reader, that what is now offered to his perusal, was intended for an English public.]

[Deposited at the Office of the Registrar of the Province.]

(CHAPTER X. CONTINUED.)

enjoyed at least this advantage—that being the only wearers of that inflammable symbol of womanhood—the petticoat—they were looked upon with all the interest that mystic garment, thinly scattered among the many thousand of wild men there assembled, could not fail to inspire. Plain women were at once transformed into good-looking; while these latter, in their turn, were invested by the willing imagination with every attribute of beauty, and enjoyed a triumph which, inasmuch as it was unprecedented, and can never since have been renewed, must, even at this hour, cause them to dwell with unmingled satisfaction on the "Three Day's Celebration," and ardently desire its repetition. Had one or two women whom I know, and whom I class as something more than human, suddenly appeared in the encampment at the close of the third day, one individual sentiment would have animated the hearts of the multitude, and they must have fallen down and worshipped them, as *chef d'œuvres* of the Divinity.

Among this moving mass, a great portion of which was within the precincts of what had constituted the defences of the fort, it was not easy to thread my way so as accurately to define its limits; however, with the assistance of some of my American friends, I accomplished the circuit. But with the exception of finding here and there the stumps of a few pickets, and following the traces of the slightly raised ground which had rested against them, there was no evidence of a fortification. Everything had been levelled, and the grass grew thickly over the whole of that surface which had once been a bed of clay—extinguishing our shells, and affording shelter from our shot.

The spot of greatest interest to me was that on, or within a few feet of which, our tent had been pitched. Here, it was obvious from various indications, had stood the powder magazine against which our fire had been unceasingly directed, and as I gazed on the surrounding scene, the contrast between the past and the present which had forced itself upon my mind from the outset, became more marked. There was something piquant too in resting and sleeping on the immediate ground on which had been concentrated the whole of our attempts at destruction, and on which, at that time, we should have deemed it the highest object of our ambition to set foot. Where had stood our batteries on the opposite banks, were to be seen three or four scattered dwelling-houses painted white, as most of the buildings in the town were, and the wood that had skirted the bank; and marked the road by which our heavy cannon had been dragged up, was now cut down, and fair fields and pastures greeted the eye in its stead, until the point was gained where had stood our encampment. Here again, instead of rude tents, or rather wigwams made, by the practised hands of the willing soldiery, from the boughs and bark of trees, which afforded us shelter during the siege, was now erected a portion of the town of Miami. This, as already described, was connected with the greater mass of

buildings on the right banks by an elevated bridge which, even while I gazed, was thronged with men and horses, passing to and fro as business or inclination demanded; and as the eye circumscribed its range, resting on the long line of steamers, with their gay flags hanging droopingly in the waveless air, and embraced the well constructed piers to which they were moored, my mind could not resist a certain melancholy and sentiment of regret, that these solitudes, in which some of the most stirring incidents of my life had occurred, should have been thus invaded and destroyed. I could have loved to have beheld every feature of this scene precisely in the order in which all had been exhibited on the several occasions when I had previously made acquaintance with them, but now everything was so changed, so civilized, that I regarded whatever met my eye with a feeling of bitter disappointment, scarcely exceeded by that which I experienced in remarking the striking change which had been effected in the character, dress and demeanor of those who had once been the lords of this wild and picturesque region. True, there was, notwithstanding, a certain interest excited in me, but that interest was not the result of what I saw, but what I vainly sought to discover. I loved the ground, not for what it was, but what it had been.

I had some desire to be re-introduced to General Harrison, whose prisoner I had been so many years previously, yet whom I had never since seen, and attained my object, through Governor Woodbridge, of Detroit, who made me the offer of an introduction. I found the "Hero of Tippecanoe" a very plain and unpretending person, whom one must have known to be a soldier before venturing to pronounce that he was such, yet who seemed pleased to meet with one who had been opposed to him in the battle, the celebration of which he was there to assist in. As the introduction took place while he was in his carriage, and waiting to see the several bands of delegates, guards, &c., to pass in review before him, our conversation was fortunately of a general character, so that I escaped much of the awkwardness that must have resulted from a detailed reference to the occurrences of the 5th May, 1813. I was the more pleased that no particular allusion to the subject should have been made by him, as I had expected would have been the case, because as the General was to address the people, I was the more willing to hear his version of the story as he intended narrating it to them.

A platform, some ten or twelve feet high, had been erected in the very centre of what had been the fort, and at one o'clock precisely General Harrison, attended by many old officers—one or two of these sharers in his earlier campaigns—ascended it and addressed the auditory. A meridian sun was casting down its scorching rays upon the heads of tens of thousands, from whose brows the perspiration ran literally in streams, yet who, even amid the close pressure to which, wedged in as they were, and overtopping each other as some slight declivity in the ground permitted, all were more or less subjected, preserved a quiet and decorum of conduct worthy of the utmost admiration. Before General Harrison commenced, one or two of his supporters and military friends addressed the meeting, and they naturally gave a most vivid and one-sided description of the victory obtained on that very ground on which all were then congregated. Hurrahs, and cheers, and waving of flags, and shrill soundings of triumph attested the delight of their excited hearers, and "Tippecanoe and Tyler too"—words which had been shouted at least a thousand times a day since the first agitation of the question "who shall be President," again rent the air from some twenty or thirty thousand parched and husky throats. But when the General came forward this excitement was, even amid the order which prevailed, greatly increased. This lasted a few minutes, and then the utmost stillness prevailed.

The old warrior was habited in a plain frock-coat of home-made cloth, of the light description usually worn in summer, nankeen waistcoat and trousers, and a dark straw hat; his whole appearance being that of one who, as was indeed the fact, had, Cincinnatus-like, been taken from the plough to preside over the destinies of a confiding people. He had removed his hat, and, as he held in his hand an umbrella, which slightly cooled while it protected him from the ardent rays of the sun, his venerable, grey, and scanty hair, attenuated features, and stooping person, seemed to claim a respect and attention which a mere youthful candidate for popular favor might not have commanded. His speech was a very long one, and treated of a variety of subjects, which were touched upon with a modesty