

ardent lover of his country and a true British subject he always kept His or Her Majesty's birthday, and marked the occasion by loyal toasts at his dinner table; and we find recorded in his journal for 1838 (the Rebellion year): "November 19th.—This morning came Messrs. Walton and Capreol, under the resolutions adopted by the Common Council, to visit all the male inhabitants of the city of Toronto who had not been enrolled for the defence of the city, dated 15th inst., when they were pleased to receive me as a volunteer for the Ward of St. George—my own patron saint!" Mr. Chewett was then within a month of completing his eighty-fifth year. After this there was still before him nearly eleven years—eleven years of healthful, pleasant life. No sickness, pain or trouble that too often renders the closing years of the aged, years of labour and sorrow. To the day of his death he was up and about, making notes of little trifles of interest to himself alone—one of which was winding his watch, which he daily did at noon. On the 24th September, 1849, appears in his own handwriting the last words he ever wrote, "Wound up." Four hours and a half afterwards he laid himself down on his bed, dressed as he was, and quietly fell asleep in death.