

the glance of a moment was sufficient to satisfy the beholder that, whatever his political faults—however misdirected his career of adventure—he was a gentleman and a soldier. He was dressed rather neatly, wearing a dark frock coat, and a forage cap lightly and becomingly thrown over his brown hair, and his face, naturally pale, as much from the consciousness of the position in which he stood, as from the effects of his confinement, exhibited a mildness of expression which led me to wish that he had either died in the field or never entered it—at least with American sympathisers and Canadian *soi-disant* patriots. Had this composed and half-melancholy air—this winningness of manner, been assumed for effect, it would of course have been estimated at its true value, but as I have before remarked, he knew not of the approach of any visiter, and not a minute had elapsed between the time the officer of the guard applied the key to the lock, and that to my introduction into the prison.

On seeing me, Von Shoultz suddenly discontinued his meditative walk, and looked inquiringly, for my appearance had, as I soon after learnt from himself, impressed him with a belief that I was a countryman of his own, come to visit and console him in his hour of extremity. I had on at the time a travelling dress, consisting of a Spanish zamara, or fur jacket, with a velvet cap, tasselled, and hanging over the side of the head *a la Polonoise*, and these, with my moustachios, certainly gave him every right to assume that I was a foreigner. I went up to him, and accosting him in French, which language he spoke very fluently, expressed my regret to see a person of his appearance in such a situation—adding, that I felt the more surprise that a Pole, and in all probability a refugee, who had often shared her bounty, should, of all other people, have armed against England—a country that had effected so much in amelioration of the condition of his exiled countrymen. This seemed rather to startle him, yet he repined that he had imagined he was rendering a service to England, instead of injuring her, by adopting the course he had pursued. He said that he had been fully given to understand, before embarking in the expedition which had terminated so unfavorably to him, that the whole of the Canadian people were anxious for liberty and independence, and that he had fully expected, on landing and gaining a temporary position, to be joined by armed thousands in a few hours. This, he concluded by asserting, had been the impression industriously circulated among those it was thought desirable to attach to the ranks of the invaders, by certain secret committees and lodges, which he declared existed everywhere throughout the American Union (and particularly in the State of New York), to an extent of which I could have no possible conception.

The pretence of rendering a service to England, by invading and republicanizing her colonies—lame as it was—was, of course, the only one that could suggest itself in apology, and I did not persevere in what I saw was an unwelcome topic. To my enquiry whether he had ever been in the Polish service, he replied that he had attained the rank of captain in the cavalry, and had been engaged against Russia—that, like many others of his countrymen, he had been compelled to flee into exile, and was glad to obtain service wherever it could be found. He added that he bitterly regretted having embarked in the Canadian disturbances, into which he had been committed by false promises and falser hopes—that, however, he knew his fate, and was prepared to meet it.

During all this time Von Shoultz spoke with a mildness of voice that was perfectly in harmony with the repose of his features, and when he remarked that, at my *premier abord*, he had been led to believe I was a countryman, he seemed to feel disappointment at his mistake. He, however, politely thanked me for having been interested enough in him to pay him a visit, and remarked, with a faint attempt at a smile, that it would soon be all over with him.

I could say nothing—I could offer him no word of hope or consolation, and I confess that I felt deeply pained, not more at the certainty of the fate that awaited him, but at the quiet and uncomplaining manner in which he resigned himself to that fate. I extended my hand, wishing him farewell. He grasped it energetically, and for the first time, betrayed anything like emotion. This, however, was subdued—so much so as to be almost imperceptible to any one not closely watching the workings of his countenance. I withdrew to the door, where the two young officers of the 93rd (Lieutenants Hay and Stoddart—the former a son of Sir Andw. Leith Hay, who had introduced me,) lingered spectators of the short scene, and as I once more turned, preparatory to leaving the place, I saw that Von Shoultz had again resumed his limited walk. A moment after, and the heavy and creaking door had shut him from my view for ever.

For several days, I could not get the image of this interesting man out of my memory, and I half regretted my visit to the Fort. His sentence had not yet been made known, but no one could for an instant doubt what it would be, and what justice demanded it should be. The day subsequent to my interview with him, I left Kingston for Toronto, and it was only on my arrival there that I knew his sentence to be death. Although I was prepared for this, I felt nevertheless grieved, and, anomalous though it may appear, disappoint-

ed; for with that strange tenacity with which we often cling to the hope of realization of that which, however improbable, we earnestly desire, I had indulged in the possibility of his reprieve from the capital sentence to transportation.

I remained three or four days in Toronto, and on that which preceded my return, had the pleasure of dining again with the amiable family of Sir George Arthur. There was only a small party present, and consisted principally of commanding officers of regiments and heads of departments. Among the former was the gallant colonel Love of the 73rd, who, with his regiment, had been ordered to Toronto immediately after the return of the expedition to Napierville, and who in consequence of intelligence just received of an attack by the brigands on the unprotected village of Windsor, opposite to the American fort of Detroit, had that day received orders to push his corps to the western frontier without delay. The conversation, deriving a strong stimulus from the recent invasion, naturally turned upon matters of an almost exclusive military character. The summary act of Col. Prince, who had ordered four prisoners taken at Windsor, in defiance of his orders to give no quarter, to be shot when brought before him, was fully canvassed, and I could not perceive that the majority of the officers present dissented much from the opinion I had formed on the subject,—namely, that of complete justification of the act under the circumstances. The sympathisers taken were not recognized soldiers of any acknowledged power, but pirates and brigands come to despoil and murder those who had never given them the slightest provocation. These men were completely out of the pale of the law of civilized nations, and had there been nothing else to justify the most severe measures against them, the inhuman murder and atrocities committed by these lawless marauders on the body of the first of their victims, and he (Dr. Hume) an unarmed one, rendered it a matter of stern necessity and uncompromising duty. In order to prevent the unoffending inhabitants of the district from being made a prey to their rapacious and cruel acts, and to prevent a recurrence of these attempts at invasion, it was imperative to inflict such a punishment as would effectually deter others from entering upon the same course. In causing the prisoners to be shot, I conceive that Colonel Prince was perfectly right. It had been his peremptory order that no prisoners should be taken, and if there were those who presumed to disobey that order, the wrong was with themselves. To have saved the lives of those men would not only have been a mistaken humanity, but would have subjected the country to future acts of aggression. Once convinced that they incurred no other penalty than the chances of an honorable death in the field, or the lenient punishment of imprisonment if taken, each month, each week might have witnessed a repetition of their efforts, until in the end perseverance or some fortuitous accident might have crowned their enterprise with success. There can be no doubt in the mind of any military man, conversant with the peculiar exigencies of the country, and the constant state of excitement in which the minds of the inhabitants had been kept for a series of months, that Colonel Prince was perfectly justified in issuing the order he did, for it must be recollected that he was dealing, not with an honorable foe, but a brigand and a midnight assassin, the first intimation of whose approach was the torch applied to the dwelling of the slumberer—the rifle bullet to whose heart. Had I been placed in the same position of responsibility, I should have acted precisely as Colonel Prince did, and my only surprise is that he should have since disavowed the propriety of the act—the necessity for the execution.

In its turn, reference was made to the affair of the Windmill, and the court martial then being held on the prisoners. I repeated to Sir George the conversation I had had, a day or two previously, with Von Schoultz, and the interest with which his superior manner had impressed me, concluding with the expression of a wish that it had not been necessary, for the sake of example, to put so noble a fellow to death. Sir George seemed interested in my account, but of course it was wholly out of his power, whatever might be his personal inclination, to do other than confirm the sentence of the court. Least of all of the prisoners, could mercy be extended to their leader, and the greater his qualifications, the less was he a subject for sympathy. Even that day he had been executed.

But the conversation, although still of a military character, at length turned upon a more agreeable theme,—the services of the gallant Sir John Colborne. It was delightful to hear Colonel Love—an old 52nd man himself—who wore the well-merited reward of his valor upon his breast, expatiate on the feats of arms of Sir John in the Peninsula. He tracked him throughout his brilliant course, dwelt upon every dashing enterprise in which he had been engaged, and related so many amusing anecdotes of his service, that the whole party were disappointed when he had closed. To Sir George especially, to whom the details seemed entirely new, it afforded great interest, and he listened with deep attention. There was no petty jealousy exhibited in implied doubts, neither was there perceptible any of the coldness of the mere assent of commendation of one who had been more fortunate in his military career in the field than himself. His ear drank in all that Colonel Love related with an earnestness that proved how much he was absorbed in the narration, while the smile that lighted up his features, whenever some signal success of the gallant veteran was alluded to, bore evidence of the internal approbation he accorded. On the whole, I never