

with excitement over the trial of Captain Jalbert for the murder of Lieut. Weir of the 32nd, who had been cruelly killed by the rebels while a prisoner in their hands. I was present throughout the trial. Public feeling was at fever heat, and the result of the trial was waited for with the utmost eagerness by all parties. The jury, half French and half English, would not agree on a verdict. At 12 o'clock at night on the last day of the Assizes they filed into the court room, and the foreman announced that they could not agree; no verdict was possible in the case. The French part of the spectators loudly cheered and clapped their hands. The English immediately attacked them. An inkstand struck the foreman, a rebel sympathizer, on the head, and felled him to the floor. Then broke out such a row as I never saw before or since. The Judges precipitately fled from the Bench, the court room was emptied in ten minutes, and the angry English who had won in the struggle, placed the English jurymen in chairs, and carried them shoulder high through the city the rest of the night amid torches and cheering, until morning. May such scenes be never again witnessed.

I saw a good deal of Montreal, but could not let it win my love like Quebec. The spirit of the rebellion had struck deeper into the dual people of Montreal, and society was more decidedly split. I could hardly realize it. I heard much that offended me.

The 15th Regiment of foot was quartered at Montreal, and commanded by Lord Wellesly—a son of the Duke of Wellington. I stood one day among a crowd of spectators looking at a parade of the regiment on the Champ de Mars. I stood close to a couple of Frenchmen—not Canadians. One of them pointing at the Colonel, said to the other: "*C'est la le fils du bourreau!*" I caught his words and felt angry at the insult to the great Duke, who was my beau ideal of a modern soldier. I said to the man: "*Monsieur, vous n'osez pas dire cela en Anglais.*" He gave me a savage look, but made no reply, and moved off leaving me to digest what I had heard.

I had a pleasant time in Montreal, but Upper Canada pulled hard for my return thither, although I would have liked to return to Quebec about as well. Both were sweethearts and I found it hard to decide between them, as old John Bunyan says,

"So was I in a strait and could not see,
What was the best thing to be done by me."

To end my indecision I said: I will do as chance or Providence decides. I tossed up a coin, with heads I go to Upper Canada, with tails I return to Quebec,—and heads won. I was perfectly satisfied, and bidding my friends in Montreal good-bye, I returned to Upper Canada and cast anchor in Old Niagara, where I have lived content-

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