

arriving at Quebec just in time to be included in the first draft of Militia made in view of the anticipated rupture between Great Britain and the United States. In June, 1812, war was declared, and it was seen that wilderness as Canada then was, and which many old country people in their miserable delusion still imagine to be, it was nevertheless a country in whose defence there were thousands willing to die.

Uncle Kit was one of the four hundred militia whom, along with three hundred regulars and double that number of Indians, the "Hero of Upper Canada" led from York to Amherstburg, and after chasing the Republican General, Hull, to Detroit, compelled him to surrender with 2,500 men. He was present at Queensston Heights on the 13th October, where the gallant Brock, leading on his brave six hundred of the 49th, fell mortally wounded.

In the campaign of the following year, Kit went back to Detroit again with Colonel afterwards General Proctor. After capturing the Yankee, Wilkinson, with 500 men, they remained in possession of the place until the month of September, when they were attacked by Harrison's mounted Kentucky riflemen and forced across the river. On being followed by the American army they retreated up the Thames. On the 5th October, the Yankees came up to them at Moravian Town, and in the battle which ensued the British to the number of 800, along with 500 Indian allies under the brave Tecumseth, were defeated.

After being engaged in the burning of the frontier towns of Lewiston, Black Rock and Buffalo which wound up this campaign, Kit was promoted to the rank of Captain, but almost immediately after, in some frolic on the Yankee side, had the misfortune to break one of his long legs. Poor Kit was in a bad fix—for six weeks he lay on his broad back in a log house in what was then the backwoods of Buffalo, an enemy's country; and had it not been for the tender assiduity of a certain little round-faced German girl, whose father found him in the woods helpless and starving, he never would have crossed the Niagara again. One

moon light night, however, with the help of crutches and a boat, he did cross it, in company with his little nurse too, who soon afterwards nursed his children, and became his faithful companion for full forty years.

Kit got well enough to fight one other regular battle, at least, that of Lundy's Lane in the campaign of 1814.

On the 25th July, General Riall advanced towards Chippewa where the American General Brown had retired with 5000 men. The two armies met at Lundy's Lane. After six hours hard fighting the Yankees fled in confusion to Fort Erie.

Brown's evacuation of this place on the 5th November, after dismantling the works, was the last scene of this eventful war, so honorable to the Canadians, but in which, the Americans, against the voice of the best men of their nation, suffered themselves to imitate a certain ancient custom of the "weasel, Scot," who, "the eagle, England, being in prey to her unguarded nest came sneaking."

After the treaty of Ghent, large tracts of land were distributed among the militia. Uncle Kit received four hundred acres as his share, and like a sensible man took his little German wife, and settled down at once. Two of his brothers came out to him, and there they are to this day, rich and respected.

Dada was of a different turn from the rest of his brothers—the very antithesis of uncle Tom, the Reuben of the family. He had a mass of what phrenologists call continuity, which, along with a vertical extension of six feet four inches (the normal height of the Croziers) a broad chest and deep bass voice, helped to determine him in the choice of the police as his proper sphere of action. And, no doubt, a man like him with a fixed idea, respectable talents, and more than ordinary presence, may live to carve out for himself, even in the police, a fair position, although I could count in this part of Canada at least twenty men, to state the fact with numerical exactness, who, in half the time my father gave to the police, and with nothing like his devotion, have risen to affluence and a much higher social position.