

has never forsaken me, will strive to labour on for the sake of my children and for the good of the country I love so well, as long as I can.

My dear daughter-in-law, the Duchess of Albany, who bears her terrible misfortune with the most admirable, touching, and un murmuring resignation to the will of God, is also deeply gratified by the universal sympathy and kind feeling evinced towards her.

I would wish, in conclusion, to express my gratitude to all other countries for their sympathy—above all to the neighbouring one where my beloved son breathed his last, and for the great respect and kindness shown on that mournful occasion.

VICTORIA R. and I.

### THE UNITED EMPIRE LOYALISTS.\*

**T**HE condition of the American colonists who, during the Revolutionary War, remained faithful to the mother country, was one of extreme hardship. They were exposed to suspicion and insult, and sometimes to wanton outrage and spoliation. They were denounced by the local Assemblies as traitors. Many of them were men of wealth, education, talent, and professional ability. But they found their property confiscated, their families ostracized, and often their lives menaced. The fate of these patriotic men excited the sympathy of the mother country.

Their zeal for the unity of the empire won for them the name of United Empire Loyalists, or, more briefly, U. E. Loyalists. The British Government made liberal provision for their settlement in the seaboard provinces and Canada. The close of the war was followed by an exodus of these faithful men and their families, who, from their loyalty to their King and the institutions of their fatherland, abandoned their homes and property, often large estates, to encounter the discomforts of new settlements, or the perils of the pathless wilderness. These exiles for conscience' sake came chiefly from New England and the State of New York, but a considerable number came from the Middle and Southern States of the Union.

What is now the Province of Ontario, at the close of the Revolutionary War was almost a wilderness. The entire European population is said to have been less than two thousand souls. These dwelt chiefly in the vicinity of the fortified posts on the St. Lawrence, the Niagara and the St. Clair rivers. The population of Lower Canada was, at this time, about one hundred and twenty thousand. It was proposed by the Home Government to create, as a refuge for the Loyalist refugees, a new colony to the west of the older settlements on the St. Lawrence, it being deemed best to keep the French and English populations separate. For this purpose, surveys were made along the upper portion of the river, around the beautiful bay of Quinte, on the northern shores of Lake Ontario, and on the Niagara and the St. Clair rivers.

To each United Loyalist Empire was assigned a free grant of two hundred acres of land, as also to each child,

even to those born after immigration, on their coming to age. The Government, moreover, assisted with food, clothing, and implements, those loyal exiles who had lost all on their expatriation. Each settler received an axe, hoe, and spade; a plough and one cow were allotted to every two families, and a whip-saw and cross-cut saw to each group of four households. Sets of tools, portable corn-mills, with steel plates like coffee-mills, and other conveniences and necessaries of life were also distributed among those pioneers of civilization in Upper Canada.

Many disbanded soldiers and militia, and half-pay officers of English and German regiments, took up land; and liberal land-grants were made to immigrants from Great Britain. These early settlers were for the most part poor, and for the first three years the Government granted rations of food to the loyal refugees and soldiers. During the year 1784, it is estimated that ten thousand persons were located in Upper Canada. In course of time not a few immigrants arrived from the United States. The wilderness soon began to give place to smiling farms, thriving settlements, and waving fields of grain, and zealous missionaries threaded the forest in order to administer to the scattered settlers the rites of religion.

### THE LACROSSE TEAM IN ENGLAND.

#### A TRIP TO THE OLD COUNTRY.

BY FRED. W. GARVIN.

**O**N the morning of Friday the 4th May, 1883, a party of fifteen young Canadians sailed from Portland, Me., by the good ship *Sarita*, of the Dominion S. S. Co., for a protracted tour through Great Britain and Ireland with a three-fold object, viz, the acquiring knowledge of and securing the wonders of the mother country, the distribution of literature respecting our own great Canada, and last, but certainly not least in the estimation of the young men composing the party, to show to our English brothers how lacrosse, our grand national game, should be played; for the party went as the Canadian Lacrosse Team of 1883. The morning was a cheerful one, although all the night before fog had hung over the bay, but at 7 o'clock all was bustle and stir, and the members of the team all on deck to see the last of America for months. The captain and officers were at their posts on the bridge. At last the signal was given, the captain gave the command, "Let go aft," and we were at last fairly on our way, and before breakfast-time were almost, if not quite, out of sight of land, and settled down to enjoy the pleasures, or suffer for the next ten days the horrors, of a transatlantic voyage.

Our company was a happy one, consisting of some forty or fifty-five persons, amongst whom I should mention the Rev. D. V. Lucas, (whom I should call the chaplain, for he took such a lively interest in our welfare, both temporal and spiritual) and his wife, of Montreal; the Rev. M. Fawcett and Mrs. Fawcett, of Scarborough; Mrs. Youmans, the temperance lecturer and advocate; a clergyman of the Church of England, and a number of others who, with our team, went to make up a very jolly party. The trip across was a most delightful one, with the exception of

two or three days in which we were all more or less prostrated with that most dreadful of all complaints *mal de mer*. On the morning of the 15th May we steamed into Alexandria Dock, Liverpool, and we were once more on *terra firma*. We were tendered a reception by the Liverpool Y. M. C. A., in their elegant and luxurious rooms, after which we were escorted to the Liverpool Gymnasium, where an entertainment was given in honour of our visit. The same evening we took train for Scotland, where we remained for a few days, visiting in rapid succession Dumfries, (the home of Robbie Burns) Glasgow, Aberdeen, Inverness, (where we were pleased to meet our old friend Mr. Lucas again, and where a grand reception and banquet was tendered us), Dundee and Edinburgh, where we arrived on the morning of the Queen's Birthday, in time to witness the procession of the Queen's High Commissioner to the opening of the Assembly of the High Church of Scotland. At Edinburgh we visited the castle, St. Giles' Cathedral, Holyrood Palace, Calton Hill, and the other attractions in that delightful city.

On the evening of May 25th we started for London, the great metropolis, which place we reached the next morning about eight o'clock, and of course it was raining. They say it always rains in London; it looked very much like it, but the three weeks for which we made it our headquarters must have been an exception as it only rained some three days during that time. We remained, as I have said, three weeks in London, visiting the different points of interest—St. Paul's, the Abbey, the Tower, Spurgeon's Tabernacle, the Houses of Parliament, Old City Road Chapel, the Fisheries Exhibition, the Crystal Palace, Hyde Park, Hampton Court, Kew Gardens and Wimbledon, and, of course, Madame Tussaud's waxworks, where the wax policeman at the door was respectfully questioned as to this or that, and we were caught in the act of asking the pardon of the little old lady sitting near the sleeping beauty.

While sojourning in London we visited in succession Reading, Cheltenham, Clifton, (Bristol), Pontypool (in Wales), Portsmouth, and Nelson's old ship the *Victory*, Canterbury and its wonderful Cathedral, the great university cities of Oxford and Cambridge, at the latter of which places we were privileged to witness the annual bumping or inter-collegiate races on the Cam, a river about the size of our Don or Humber.

On the 21st June we started northward for a tour through the midland and provincial towns, visiting Nottingham, renowned for its lace; that wonderful hive of industry, Birmingham; the writer spending the Sabbath with friends at Kidderminster; Coventry, the shrine of Lady Godiva, of whom we have all heard; and while here we took advantage of a portion of a day and drove to Kenilworth Castle, Warwick Castle, Guy's Cliff, Leamington, Stoneleigh Abbey and back, the drive taking from eight to ten hours, one of the pleasantest and most delightful, and at the same time thoroughly interesting and instructive drives in Great Britain. Walsall was the next place visited, thence on to Sheffield, where we spent the Sabbath and rested. Leeds and other towns we visited the next week, playing before large crowds everywhere.

We have now reached our starting-point, Liverpool, again; but have only just got well into our travellings. After remaining in Liverpool a couple of days, we again set out visiting and playing at Chester. What a quaint old place this is, with its half-timbered houses, Rows, Cathedral, the city wall with its Phoenix Tower and other landmarks.

From Liverpool we go across "the right little, tight little island" to Newcastle-on-Tyne. While here a party of us went down a coal mine 365 yards below the earth's surface, and three went some fifteen hundred yards to the end of the cutting, where we ourselves mined some coal, transferring it to our pockets as mementoes of the visit; we also visited the ordnance works of Sir Wm. Armstrong. After visiting many places in the north we returned to Liverpool, which place we reached just in time to take a special tender for the good ship *Oregon*, which was to take us to Ireland. We reached Belfast Lough on the morning of the 27th and boarded the tender, and after a most delightful sail of some six or seven miles up Belfast Lough we reached the good city of Belfast. Our reception here was most cordial, and it did not seem as if they could do enough for us. While in Ireland we visited, in quick succession, Belfast, Port Rush, and the Giant's Causeway, Derry, Enniskillen, and Dublin, Phoenix Park; and on the morning of the 3d August, at seven o'clock, we again sailed down the Lough, where we boarded the s. s. *Dominion*, and in a few minutes we had said our good-byes to our friends of the past three months and were on our way home, which we reached after a delightful passage of some nine days. During our trip we visited from forty-five to fifty towns, played sixty-one matches, and travelled about 11,000 miles. It seems, and there can be no doubt but that a gracious Providence had been watching over us, as, with one exception, we had not a day's sickness, a single accident, nor did we even lose a piece of baggage. During the trip the team were the means of distributing at the different points visited some half million copies of a special number of the *Canadian Illustrated News*, giving illustrations and descriptions of Canada and our great North-West, and, in addition to these, several cases of pamphlets on and concerning Canada were distributed. It is to be hoped that the trip of the Canadian Lacrosse Team of 1883 to Great Britain and Ireland may be, if not at once, at some near date, of some benefit to Canada.

The late Lord Thomond met, in one of his country walks, a half-witted man who went among his neighbours by the name of "Silly Billy." With an indistinct idea of playing the agreeable, Billy said to his lordship, making at the same time a low obeisance, "I hope your lordship is quite well." "Thank you, Billy," said he, "I'm getting on; but I have been so ill that I have been obliged to keep my bed." "Ah, your lordship," replied Billy, "you've done much better than I did, for when I was ill I was obliged to part with mine!"

"I go through my work," said a needle to an idle boy. "But not until you are *hard pushed*," said the idle boy to the needle.

\* Abridged from Withrow's History of Canada, 8vo. Toronto. William Briggs.