

excepting the Orangemen, "the vile Orange faction", and the Family Compact there were very few loyal Canadians. He writes: "Nor did I meet during all my stay in Canada with but two Roman Catholic Irishmen who were loyal or wished well to the British Government". He seems never to have heard of the Irish Roman Catholics of Peterborough, who marched from that place to Toronto in the depth of winter to offer their services to the Governor.

Theller was determined not to violate the laws of the United States by taking any part in levying a force or joining one in the United States. Taking advice from the United States District Attorney, he considered that joining out of the United States, an expedition which had come from there, even though it might have been previously and unlawfully set on foot within the jurisdiction of the United States, was perfectly legal and did not violate the American statutes. Accordingly, upon the day agreed upon for a rising opposite Detroit, he crossed over to Canada in a ferry boat and landed at Windsor.

The "rising" did not rise, and after a wordy encounter with the redoubtable Colonel Prince, Theller returned to Detroit. This was not the first that these two met nor was it to be the last time. Theller had previously been the cause of Prince being arrested in Detroit for a debt alleged to be owing to an Irish servant for wages; and the men were bitter enemies. Prince he describes as follows: "Dark and mysterious, cruel and vindictive, plausible but to deceive, he spared neither money, nor time, nor art to crush the spirit of reform and blight the hopes of the friends of Canadian independence". Prince in turn describes Theller as a "d—d piratical scoundrel".

An invasion was then planned from Gibraltar, about twenty miles below Detroit, and Theller made his way thither, still determined not to join the force or do anything except be-

yond the legal jurisdiction of the United States; so far, however, as his "advice was of service it was freely tendered and accepted"; this he calls being "nicely scrupulous about the law", but many a man has been hanged for less.

He crossed over from Gibraltar in a small boat into British waters and took command of the stolen schooner *Ann*. The following day, January 9th, 1838, when discharging the cannon with which the *Ann* was armed he received a blow on the head from the recoiling gun that felled him to the deck and down the hatch-way into the hold. Before he could recover himself, the *Ann* had been captured by the gallant Canadian militia. Stunned and senseless, Theller was dragged out by the victors, and upon partial recovery he found himself and his comrades under the charge of Lieutenant Baby. He was taken to the hospital, and when enjoying a refreshing and invigorating sleep was awakened by a kick on the ribs from his ancient enemy Colonel Prince who ordered him to be tied and taken to Fort Malden.

Next day, tied two and two and thrown into the bottom of a wagon, Theller and his captive comrades were sent off to Toronto, accompanied by a strong guard of soldiers and a dozen of the St. Thomas volunteer cavalry riding alongside and going ahead as scouts. The officer in charge of the escort was found to be an old acquaintance of Theller's, Dr. Beakenridge, who had studied his profession in Detroit in the office of Dr. Fay. Theller's former partner. But Beakenridge was "the son of an old revolutionary Tory" and "was well worthy of his sire"; and "this most ungrateful wretch", although Theller had "for months saved him from literally starving", treated the prisoners even worse than his instructions from Prince warranted.

After a tedious journey of five days they reached London, an "apparently flourishing village . . . on the