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REBEL OR PATRIOT.

"I have read, some where or other, that History is Philosophy teaching by example" BOLINGBROKE

BY S. M. HAYLIS.



AS it then come to this? Are a people's aspirations to be laughed at as the vaporings of a morbid imagination, their just demands spurned with contempt, and their dearest rights trampled under the heavy heel of a brutal alien, who, by the fate of conquest, now

rules in this land of our love, and seems to think that the Treaty of Cession gave him the souls of a people to despoil as he did their land and goods! The veriest cur that scuttles along the alleys of the city will turn to bay in desperation if cornered by his pursuer, and shall not we, in whose veins flows the best blood of France, rise in the strength of a righteous cause and avenge the studied insults heaped upon us? We would live in peace, forget the mistaken past, and, hand-in-hand with him, strive together to work out the new destiny that God has in store for our beloved Country. He will none of us or our ideas, his haughty notion of going hand-in-hand with the "besotted *habitants*," as he contemptuously calls us is thus" and the speaker, with a quick, fierce motion, grasped his left wrist with his right hand, the intensity of his emotion being shown in the marks of his fingers thereon imprinted as he flung his hands apart in an expressive gesture of protest and despair.

"What does it then mean" he continued, "when the voice of a people through their elected representatives is stifled, and their complaints ignored?"

'War, war, my noble father'
Thus I fling it;
And fair-eyed peace, farewell!

"But they tell us we are not prepared for this, point to the garrisons of British soldiers ready at a moment's notice to sally forth and crush the first attempt at sedition in the blood of our deluded dupes, who shall be shot down in the field, or reserved for the traitor's death on the gibbet. What of it! 'It is the cause and not the death that makes the martyr,' and were the dangers a thousand times as great,

'My voice is still for war.
Gods! can a free-born people long debate
Which of the two to choose—slavery or death!'"

Strange words these, surely treasonable, and, one would think, hardly suited to the time of the first year of Her Gracious Majesty's reign, or proper to the speech of a loyal subject in Her growing Canadian colony. However *we* may judge of them, there was no mistaking the meaning of them to the speaker, or interpreting the fiery ejaculations and impassioned gestures as other than the outward signs of a noble spirit stirred to its profoundest depths.

The time was towards the evening of the 24th of November, 1837. A dull, leaden sky threatening snow; the hard frozen ground and fast forming ice; the ungainly limbs and branches of the trees rising gaunt and bare, save for the few shrivelled leaves that still clung to their stems in spite of the whistling winds that had dispersed their scattered companions, all betokened a typical day of early Canadian winter. The scene was the valley of the Richelieu River, truthfully described as the "Garden of Canada." In the verdant beauty of its summer dress, or the golden richness of its ripening fields of grain, it would seem as if the appellation was fitly bestowed, but in its preparation for a long winter