

THE DEVIL.

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Men don't believe in a devil now, as their fathers used to do;
They've forced the door of the broadest creed to let His Majesty through.
There isn't a print of his cloven foot, or a fiery dart from his brow
To be found in earth or air to-day, for the world has voted so.

But who is mixing the fatal draught that palsies heart and brain,
And loads the bier of each passing year with ten hundred thousand slain?
Who blights the bloom of the land to-day with the fiery breath of hell,
If the devil isn't and never was? Won't somebody rise and tell.

Who dogs the steps of the toiling saint and digs the pit for his feet?
Who sows the tares in the field of time wherever God sows his wheat?
The devil is voted not to be, and, of course, the thing is true;
But who is doing the kind of work the devil alone should do?

We are told he does not go about as a roaring lion now;
But whom shall we hold responsible for this everlasting row
To be heard in home, in church and state, to the earth's remotest bound,
If the devil, by a unanimous vote, is nowhere to be found?

Won't somebody step to the front forthwith, and make their bow and show
How the frauds and the crimes of a single day spring up? We want to know.
The devil was fairly voted out, and, of course, the devil's gone;
But simple people would like to know who carries his business on!

THE VOLUNTEERS AND INCIDENTS OF 1837-38.

BY G. S. P. QUEBEC.

The causes, effects, and results of the Rebellion in 1837-38 form an interesting and important chapter in the history of Canada, with which most of your readers are doubtless familiar. It is, therefore, the purpose of the writer only briefly to record some reminiscences of a few incidents chiefly concerning the volunteers and citizen soldiers who were called out and enrolled in the ancient capital on that memorable occasion.

The regular troops stationed at this garrison consisted of a few regiments of the line, among whom were the gallant 32nd, and were immediately ordered to proceed to that portion of Lower Canada where hostilities had already commenced, leaving the strong fortress of Quebec chiefly in charge and defence of a volunteer force.

The military organization (with a few exceptions) was, as might be expected at that time, very incomplete and inefficient; the roll on paper certainly looked very formidable indeed with a long array of colonels, majors, captains, lieutenants, and ensigns, but their knowledge of military discipline, tactics and drill, was thoroughly imperfect and useless. No training or muster of militia had taken place for several years, many of the men having never handled a musket. When it was decided to withdraw the troops from the garrison, the old country portion of the community were enrolled into companies and quite a martial spirit prevailed. Colonel Gore's defeat at St. Denis having become confirmed by despatches to the Governor General, Lord Gosford, several gentlemen were sent for, among them the Hon. D. Daly, Messrs. Jas. Hastings, Kerr, A. Campbell, T. Lloyd, Lt. Col. Irvine, and Mr. (now Col. J. Dyde, A.D.C.), being empowered by His Excellency to raise at once, for an indefinite period, companies of 54 men each, to be formed into a battalion and styled the "Loyal Quebec Volunteers," to have army pay, but to receive extra rations; namely, the wives of the men, full, and the children half, with a quart of peas to every family. Capt. Dyde filled up his company, the Grenadiers, in 24 hours, (being the first company raised at this time in Quebec), and Lt. Col. Irvine had the "Light Company." This was the first paid corps raised, consisting of labourers, mechanics, and tradesmen, chiefly Irish and were called the pork eaters, forming a regiment of about 600 strong, able, resolute fellows, who, on being equipped, at first presented a motley, awkward squad; but after a period of thorough drilling by the non-commissioned officers of the regulars, and subjected to strict military discipline, they became quite efficient, and before many months elapsed, presented a very soldier-like appearance, going through their evolutions almost as well as the regulars, and had occasion required, would have proved a formidable body for an enemy to encounter. Col. Baird of the 66th was nominally the Colonel, and Capt. Hale, of the 52nd, on leave from Gibraltar, volunteered to take the Adjutancy, and had the rank of Major, but Col. Dyde had virtually the command of the regiment, which was immediately placed in barracks, having been augmented to nine companies by the addition of a company of "Highlanders" from Megantic. A fine cavalry corps of well mounted active young volunteers, under Major Barnett also served during that period. The next corps was a unique body of men called the Queen's pets, comprising seaman and seafaring men who happened to be in the port of Quebec, and were enrolled under the command of Capt. Rayside, a veteran officer well known as the Captain of one of the Montreal and Quebec steamers, and afterwards as harbour-master

of the port. Their uniform consisted of blue pea-jackets and trousers, equipped with pistols, cutlasses, and a small cannonade. Had they been called into action, either for land or water warfare, they would have proved a resolute, brave and useful means of defence. Their services were frequently called into requisition, hunting up for concealed arms, ammunition and disaffected parties, accompanied by the late Robert Symes, an active and zealous magistrate.

The Queen's Pets became, for a long time, quite a household word. The next arm of defence was composed of the Volunteer Garrison Artillery, a fine, able set of men, officered like the infantry by young merchants and professional men, who after being instructed by the regulars, acquired great proficiency, particularly in the art of gunnery, and handled the cannon around the battlement walls in a most creditable manner, forming an important branch of the service for garrison duty.

CITIZEN VOLUNTEERS.

This corps was made up of Nos 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 companies, the unpaid soldiers furnishing their own uniforms—a blanket, frock-coat, with caps and leggings of the same material, with red, blue, green and yellow facings.—Each company was distinguished by some particular cognomen, one of which was famous as the *Fough a Bull* lads.

No. 3 Rifles was considered a crack corps of young merchants and clerks, of which the writer was a full private. This company was officered by the late Hon. John Young, Captain, Henry I. Noad, Lieutenant; and William Patterson, Ensign. They acquired great proficiency in drill, especially that pertaining to rifle movements and skirmishing. Sergeant Wily of the 33rd (now Lt.-Col.) was detailed as drill instructor, with the rank of Adjutant to the unpaid volunteers under the command of the late Col. Sewell. The members of this company now living (alas! how few) still entertain a pleasant regard and happy remembrance of their gentlemanly and efficient instructor.

The Pot Bellies were composed of lower-town merchants of the elder class, who turned out manfully on this occasion, and subjected themselves to the drill and discipline of a soldier's life with becoming alacrity and good will. It was a caution to witness their portly figures as they marched up to the Citadel armory, and received their accoutrements of black leather belts and cartouch-box with twenty rounds of ball cartridge, and a flint-locked "Brown Bess." And, oh! the drilling! mark time—form fours—eyes right—left front—dress—such puffing and blowing excited many a good-humoured joke and smile as they moved about their heavy corporations at the word of command.

GARRISON DUTIES.

To garrison the fortress of Quebec would require a force of several thousand soldiers. Those who have visited the citadel and traversed the walls and battlement, and entered through the ponderous gates, can form some idea of the vigilance required to guard the several points around the city. But the present mode of warfare has completely changed the style of fortifications of former days, and those of Quebec, once famed as the "second Gibraltar" are now crumbling into decay; ere long, probably, to be removed altogether for the more utilitarian purposes of the age, the strong forts on the heights of Levis opposite being considered as a more efficient means of defence.

The guard room to the soldier is a place replete with many an interesting reminiscence, and proves a most welcome resort to the weary sentry, after walking for hours his lonely round. Here it was that we assembled to receive the orders of the day and to be told off to our several duties, some to the Citadel, some to the gates and other parts of the garrison. Those who have passed to and fro as sentry in the Citadel in winter, when the thermometer marks 32 degrees below zero, can call to mind the solitary hours before being relieved—the officer of the day coming stealthily along—the challenge—"Who goes there?" "Rounds!" "What rounds?" "Grand rounds!" "Stand grand rounds and give the countersign." "Pass grand rounds." "All right!" To relieve the monotony of our duties, our companions in arms would gather round and discuss the topics of the day, or some subject would come up for interesting and animated debate; songs and storytelling continuing far into the night, till, becoming weary, we turn in on the soft side of the planks of our bunks, and sink into a profound slumber, till aroused by the beating of the reveille.

INCIDENTS.

Business was almost generally suspended, and rumors of various kinds were rife concerning the Patriots, both in Upper and Lower Canada, which kept all on the *qui vive* for the latest intelligence. No lightning then flashed the news over the telegraph wires every minute as if events occurring thousands of miles away were within sight and hearing distance; no railway to transport troops in a few hours to the remotest scene of action. It may here be mentioned that during these dangerous and troublous times, Col. Dyde as agent of the Quebec and Montreal steamboats held a position of great importance, responsibility, and anxiety, having the whole and sole management and superintendence of forwarding all troops, arms, ammunition and stores from Quebec to headquarters at Montreal. Just about the time of Col. Gore's inglorious retreat from St. Denis, he had, late in the season, loaded the steamer "British America," Capt. Jesse Arm-

strong, with a large quantity of arms, and military stores of all descriptions, including a field battery six pounders, with which she was to leave at 4 p. m. when a report reached him that about 200 strange and suspicious looking men were on board ostensibly as steerage passengers for Montreal. Col. Dyde immediately sent an orderly to the Commandant requesting that a guard might be sent on board. In the course of half an hour a sub-division of the 66th Grenadiers arrived and the officer in command was requested to take up his position on the quarter-deck facing the bows and load with ball cartridge which soon had a marked effect, the whole party sneaking ashore by threes and fours. It was afterward learnt that a plot had been devised to seize the boat on her way up at Sorel and carry off the arms, &c.

ARRIVAL OF TROOPS FROM HALIFAX.

A Field Battery of Artillery, the 43rd. 34th. and 85th. Regiments had received a few hours notice to start for Canada; and embarking in winter vehicles proceeded to their destination, arriving at Levis. It was an interesting sight to witness the long string of carriages as they came over the hill on the opposite side of the River St. Lawrence and then crossing over amidst the floating ice, in wooden canoes, with flags gaily flying at the stern. The landing at Quebec, the weary and weather-beaten soldiers as they quietly fell into the ranks and answered to the roll-call, marching with military precision up mountain hill to their quarters for a brief rest, preparatory to proceeding to the seat of war.

AN ALARM.

By a preconcerted plan, it was arranged that should any suspicious demonstration be made by the Patriots during the night-time, the sentinel on duty was to discharge his musket, and two discharges of cannon would follow from the Citadel and one from the Artillery barracks at Palace gate, being the signal for the troops to meet at the rendez-vous in front of the Parliament buildings. Having retired to bed one night at my own dwelling, with my accoutrements and "Brown Bess" placed near my bedside, I was aroused at early dawn by the booming of cannon; and hastily donning my uniform, taking my gun with fixed bayonet, proceeded to the appointed rendez-vous where the volunteer troops were assembled ready for action. Scouts having returned from a lookout, reported the cause of the alarm to have proceeded from the burning of some straw, where a pig was being singed. The morning was hazy with a light snow falling, and the sentinel had mistaken the reflection for a signal of general rising of the Patriots.

ESCAPE OF GENERALS SELLER AND DODGE FROM THE CITADEL.

The sympathy of the people in the United States with the Patriots was very extensive; and no doubt in many instances really sincere. Their own struggles for freedom and independence ever burning fresh on their minds, naturally leading them to entertain, perhaps, exaggerated notions and mistaken views of the "situation" of their neighbors, caused some prominent parties to aid and sympathize with the Patriots, and men, arms and money were furnished to some extent; but want of concert and the partial interference of the United States troops frustrated their designs and operations. Among those who took an active part in assisting the Patriots were General Sheller and Dodge, both professional men, who were taken prisoners, and brought down to Quebec and lodged in the Citadel, under sentence of transportation. By some means, communication was kept up frequently during their incarceration with French Canadian and Irish Patriots in the city. The Coldstream and Grenadier Guards under the command of Sir James McDonald occupied the Citadel barracks, and the friends of the prisoners having conveyed to them some bottles of beer or porter, strongly drugged, the sentry was induced to partake so freely that he fell into a profound sleep and they walked quietly out of the place of their confinement to the bastion tower, on a dark tempestuous night. Cutting off the ropes of the flag-staff, they let themselves down on the glacis below; but owing to some mistake of preconcerted plans, they found themselves alone, without a guide or direction of any kind, in a strange city; and after wandering about for some time met a French Canadian on his way to work, by whom they were taken to the suburbs of St. Rochs for concealment. In the meantime the alarm had been given, and the Guards ransacked the city in every direction, the gates of the city being closed, and every person scrutinized as they passed through the wicket; but the vigilance of the friends of the Generals managed to protect them from discovery. In the meantime, horses saddled and bridled were conveyed by the ferry-boat to Point Levis, ready for their escape; and after remaining for several days in concealment they crossed over the river in a small boat, and guided to the place of rendez-vous, jumped into the saddles, and riding with great speed, reached the United States in safety.

CONCLUSION.

The different epochs in the history of Canada have evinced the fact that this country possesses a valuable volunteer material in cases of internal or external war for efficient defence, unrivalled by any other nation, and with all the faults and shortcomings of our present crude military organization it has been amply demonstrated, on various occasions, that a reliable and effective volunteer force can be brought at any moment into action, and concentrated at the

remotest point of danger. The martial spirit and bold physique of our young soldiers, and the admirable discipline they have acquired within the last few years, have elicited the highest encomiums from the most distinguished commanders, showing that we possess the nucleus of a military organization, which, with a fostering care and proper regulations may become deservedly the pride of the Dominion of Canada.

CHARITY.

Mr. Sawney Jawbone sat in his comfortable drawing-room, surrounded by his amiable children. Outside the wind howled, and the rain poured down in torrents.

It was a state of things to provoke moral reflections, and Mr. Jawbone spake:

"Come here, my dear children," said he. "You hear how tempestuous the night is, and you perceive that here we have warmth, and light, and abundance of food. When we think how many of our fellow-creatures are at this moment perishing in the cold, and dying from privation, how thankful should we be!"

"Indeed, we should, papa dear," said James, the eldest of the boys: "and I assure you I esteem myself excessively fortunate in being so much happier than others, and, believe me, I am grateful to Providence."

"Nay," remarked Francis, a child of five, "it is not merely fortune, dear brother, that favors us with these blessings. Virtue is ever rewarded, and if you were a thief, or I a beggar, we should not now be sitting here in contentment."

"That is very true," said Mr. Sawney; "but at the same time we must remember that there are many destitute individuals who merit our compassion rather than our contempt. The depression in trade has deprived many deserving and hard-working persons of employment, who now starve merely because they are unable to obtain work. I myself have had to discharge many of my employes, because it would not pay me to give them work."

"Pray, papa," cried all the children in one breath, "can we not do something to help these poor creatures?"

"You can, my dear," replied Mr. Jawbone. "I am making a fund for that purpose, and I will take all you have to give."

"I will gladly give them all my nice tracts," said Maria, cheerfully.

"And I will give my bent sixpence, for I cannot pass it, and it is useless to me," said Jane.

"I have nothing," said James hanging his head. "for I spent all my pocket-money."

"No matter," said Mr. Jawbone; "I will stop your future supply, my dear boy."

The glistening eyes of the young gentleman testified to the emotion he felt, and Mr. Jawbone continued:—"It is in the power of all to assist in the good work, and with the assistance of Providence all shall. You Eliza, and Jane, and Maria shall make some pretty things for a bazaar, which will cost nothing and realise a good deal. You, James and Francis shall take a subscription card to the tradesmen with whom I am in the habit of dealing when it is inconvenient to go to the stores; and if they fail to treat you with becoming deference, or do not subscribe as liberally as I think they should, I will withdraw my custom, and so you may tell them. You shall keep Christmas Day this year like a Sunday, and the money which would have been expended in current wine shall be added to the fund. The servants also shall contribute their utmost, or leave my service. By these means I hope to receive a sum sufficient to build a chapel in which it will be my proud delight every Sunday to preach words of comfort to those poor, starving creatures who have elicited our generous sympathy."

COUNTERACTING A TENDENCY TO CONSUMPTION.—It is well understood by medical pathologists that a tendency to consumption may be transmitted from parent to child. To overcome this tendency is a task to which the ordinary resources of medical science too frequently prove inadequate. There is, however, a means of counteracting it, to the reliability of which physicians themselves have repeatedly borne testimony. Not only has it been demonstrated by results there is no disputing, that Northrop & Lyman's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda is a prompt and thorough means of relief when the lungs are already affected, but the proofs are equally positive that it imparts a degree of vigour to the breathing organs, which is the best guarantee against their becoming diseased. The constituents, phosphorus, lime and soda, are important elements in the physical structure, and these it supplies in a harmonious and easily assimilated form. A speedy gain in strength and flesh follows its use in all cases where the lungs are not hopelessly diseased. Sold by all druggists at 50 cents and \$1 per bottle. Prepared only by NORTHROP & LYMAN, Toronto, Ont.

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