

Canada till several years after, I lay under the disadvantage of not having any personal recollection of what occurred in those stirring times. But considering the stores of materials and the sources of information at my command, perhaps this is no great loss; certainly it will be more than compensated by the impartiality with which an unconcerned spectator can pass in review the events of that troubled period.

In the private documents in my possession, containing the secret history of the frontier movements, I found much that had never seen the light; including projects of invasion and insurrection, of which the public has never had more than the vaguest notions. The use I have made of these documents will, I presume, not be regarded as unwarranted.

I first saw Mr. Mackenzie, in 1849, when he came from New York to Canada, on a visit. Our differences of opinion on the politics of Canada during the last ten years have been notorious. Still I knew his real views perhaps better than any one else. In private he never concealed his hand to me, during the whole of that time. By the hour, when no third person was present, he would speak with great earnestness and animation on the claims of justice, the odiousness of oppression, and the foulness of corruption. The offer of office under the Government was more than once obliquely—once, I think, directly—made to him after his return to Canada, and it always threw him into a fit of passion. He received it as an attempt to destroy his independence or to shackle his freedom of action. A thousand times I have heard him protest that he would rather die of starvation than descend to any meanness, or be guilty of any act that would deprive him of that title to an unpurchasable Patriot, which he deemed the best heritage he could bequeath to his children.