

about their Canadianism, for Canada is all they have known since the last immigrants from France arrived in Quebec about 1700. Whatever may be their outlook and their defects, they are nothing but Canadians, even if they maintained, long after the facts were against them, that Canada could live in isolation from the rest of the world.

There were next the United Empire Loyalists, a large and influential group which, from the beginning, though they retained a massive resolve to remain British, preferred to live on this continent than to return to the land of their forebears in England. If they were not Canadians, in the Quebec sense of the word, they were certainly not English. They were, in fact, Americans, if we use that term in the broad, and not the narrow, sense; and their fellow-citizens, though not their compatriots further down the St. Lawrence, were Americans too. Here was the first small beginning of that common factor of which I spoke a moment ago.

If you remember the French Canadian resistance to Arnold and Montgomery in 1775, it's as well to remember that when John Macdonald was a young man in Kingston in 1838, as Donald Creighton reports in his great biography, "the reports of assemblies and drilling on the American side became more frequent and detailed -- the Kingstonians assembled in public meetings, divided the town into five wards for protective purposes and re-established the night watch which had been formed first nearly a year before. Four days later, Sir George Arthur issued his proclamation warning the people of the possibility of invasion -- the second regiment of Frontenac Militia was called out; the volunteer company of artillery at Fort Henry was called out; and at night the civic guard perambulated the streets and cavalry patrols trotted through the silent streets." Creighton's narrative goes on to tell of the battle of Windmill Point, a mile and a half below Prescott, and of the successful Canadian repulse of the raid. It goes on to tell how "it was nearly midnight when across the dark harbor, the citizens could see at last the twinkling lights of the approaching steamers. The houses were illuminated; the crowd rushed down to Brock Street to Scobel's Wharf. And then, between guarding rows of red-coats, a long double file of prisoners began to wind its way down the dock to the street. A tall, well-formed darkly handsome man strode at its head. His clothes hung in ribbons around him; his shirt had been nearly torn off his back. A great rope was knotted round his chest, and behind him plodded his followers, in two long silent rows, each with his right or left hand tied to the rope. They marched through streets which were lurid with lights and torches and excited faces, and clamorous with exultant cheers. They marched past the town and over the bridge, and out through the friendly darkness to Fort Henry."

Young Macdonald, Creighton, that ornament of the University of Toronto, goes on to tell, defended the leader of this abortive raid on Canada at his court martial and listened to the sentence of death by hanging which was imposed. He concluded:

"The rebellion had made him as a lawyer; it had given him the reputation of a conservative who was not afraid to battle for liberal principles; and it had left him with one clear and uneffaceable general impression. For him, and for Kingston and the whole Midland District,