

frantic multitude around him, varied by the occasional flash of fire-arms and the whistling of a ball, Colonel Gagy was a mark which no man could miss. He could at any moment have been killed, even with a brick bat, and as every man has his friends and his enemies, he must have felt that his time was at hand. He knew that within 150 yards were two guns charged with grape—and upward of 200 soldiers loaded and capped, and he must have heard the officer in command press on the troops the *necessity* of firing with effect. He must have felt that any half dozen imprudent or drunken fellows might have brought all that fire upon him. Yet, for two long hours and more, despite continual interruption, he never faltered. Avoiding all irritating topics—gently insinuating a respect for order—appealing to the hearts of his audience—drawing affecting pictures of desolated hearths, widowed mothers, and helpless orphans,—soothing this one, cracking a joke with another, then provoking the laugh which indicates the calming down of irritation; he eventually induced the assembled thousands peaceably to disperse. He performed the same part on several evenings, always at more or less risk, and it is undeniable that it was owing to his efforts that no blood was shed.

On the night above referred to, considering the proximity, number, and disposition of the soldiery, with the dense mass of closely packed thousands in the street, no one can affect to rate the killed and wounded, had the troops fired, otherwise than by hundreds. No credit was ever given him for these services, but the *Pictorial Times* contains engravings of scenes far less striking and momentous. Eminence has been achieved by more fortunate actors on occasions of less peril as well as less interesting to humanity, than the position at that period assumed by the gallant Colonel. Who has not heard of the heroic deeds of Col. Gagy at St. Eustache and elsewhere? The deeds of some men, however, whose lives are one continued scene of active courage, seem to excite less admiration or wonder than a single, and perhaps accidental act of heroism of an ordinary or obscure individual; whereas, any act at which the most trifling exception could be taken, is frequently distorted and magnified, and vigorously retailed by the centilingual monster of scandal. Such has too often been the case of Colonel Gagy.

Yours &c.,

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