

II.

Letter Concerning the Election for the County of Essex to the
First Parliament of Upper Canada.

NIAGARA, 14 August, 1792.

MY DEAR SIR:

All the letters I get from Detroit give me favourable hopes, except those I receive from McNiff.¹ They assure me of the interest and influence of Messrs. McKay, Macomb,² Park, Leith, Sharp, McIntosh, Elliott,³ La Morte, McDonel, and several others, for sure.

There is, I understand, however, powerful influence against me. However, if I have fair play I don't fear, as I am assured that the settlers on Lake Erie and River La Tranche will vote for me. "Nemini Contradicte"—at least those are the words in which their assurances are represented to me.

Perhaps I should have done better to have set up Macomb, who is to be proposed; but I did not then know they would be entitled to vote; besides, were I thrown out on the 20th⁴ I might have had a chance on the 28th.

The French people can easily walk to the hustings, but my gentry will require some conveyance. If boats are necessary you can hire them, and they must not want *beef* and *rum*—let there be plenty, and in case of success I leave it to you which you think will be best to give my friends, a public dinner, and the ladies a dance either now or when I go up. If you think the moment the best time you will throw open Forsyth's tavern and call for the best he can supply.

I trust you will feel very young on the occasion of the dance, and I wish that Leith and you should push about the *bottle* and the promotion of the settlements on the Detroit.

The more broken heads and bloody noses there is the more election-like; and in case of success (damn that *if*), let the white ribbon favors be plentifully distributed—to the old, the young, the gay, the lame, the cripple, and the blind.

Half a score cord of wood piled hollow, with a tar barrel in the middle, on the common, some powder *pour tirée*—and plenty of rum.

I am sure you will preside over and do everything that is needful so far as my circumstances will admit. There must be no want, and I am sure you will do everything handsome and plentiful. Elliot, I am sure, will give you a large red flag to be hoisted on a pole near the bon-fire, and some blue-colored tape may be sewn on in large letters, **ESSEX**.

Thus talked the woman to herself when she carried her eggs on her head to market—she sat them, she hatched them, she sold them for a crown apiece, and then down she fell, eggs and all, and the anticipation of a warm and fruitful—