

THE HISTORY

Of the destruction of the Colonial Advocate Press, &c.

It was at Queenston I had the news of the destruction of my property on the 8th June, and I instantly took such measures as appeared to me most judicious in order to obtain redress. Mr. Small had been retained as attorney by my foreman, and I lost no time in collecting all the testimony I could obtain, bearing upon the transaction, a copy of which I sent down to my legal adviser, Mr. Bidwell at Kingston. As the names of Messrs Allan & Heward had been omitted in the action for damages, I was not enabled to offer them that conspicuous niche on the trial, which their merits deserved, but I did hope that the result of that trial would enable me to do them still more ample justice with the public thro' the medium of the press and my anticipations have not been blasted.

The accounts published in the Canadian Freeman, and Kingston Herald of June last were substantially correct, I therefore make such selections from their columns as may serve to introduce the statements of individuals who saw the outrage.

(From the Canadian Freeman of June 15.)

Atrocious Outrage! total destruction of the Printing-Office of the Colonial Advocate. On Thursday last, a set of men holding high and honorable situations under the Colonial Government in this town—a set of men, not irritated by distress, disappointed hopes, or political degradation—but wallowing in ease and comfort—basking in the sun-shine of royal favour—enjoying every right and privilege of freemen—and chased by the toils of a loyal, peaceable, and industrious population—formed themselves into a conspiracy against the laws of the country—a conspiracy against THE LIBERTY OF THE PRESS—a conspiracy against the public peace—and between the hours of six and seven o'clock in the evening, while the great enemy of guilt as yet lingered above the horizon to restrain the arm of the ordinary desperado—they attacked the Printing-Office of the *Colonial Advocate*—broke open the door, in the presence of several witnesses, and demolished Press, Types, Forms, Sticks, Cases, Frames, Gallies, Stands, &c. &c. until the whole materials, which were new and of the first quality, exhibited nothing but one heap of ruins. Lest the types might be picked up again and turned to some advantage, large quantities of them were carried down on the Merchants' Wharf and thrown into the Lake! All this, we are informed, was carried on in the presence of two magistrates, who viewed the work of destruction with silent complacency!—Two *British magistrates*—*O! clarum et venerabile nomen!*—two police magistrates of little York—it is said, stood coolly gazing on the open violation of all law, both human and divine—while the son of one of them was engaged in the work! *O! tempora! O! mores!* Where is the majesty of *British Law*, which says “every man's house is his Castle?” Where are the thunders of *British Protection*—whose peals have been heard in the uttermost ends of the earth, and struck terror into the hearts of the most distant, and most ferocious of the children of Adam?—Are they to be des

The



12

Lake.

