

## VIVE LA GUERRE.

Loud they cried in her streets  
Over the summons to war,  
Students, idlers, *gamins*, Reds,  
Scenting their triumphs afar;  
Spending for country, not blood, but breath,  
Calling on others to do and dare,  
Praying for life to the work of death  
Shouting: "Vive la guerre!"

Look to the city now;  
Foes round her leaguer wall;  
Tower and turret, and done and spire,  
Standing only to fail,  
Tears for the dying, dumb grief o'er the dead,  
Weeping and wailing, and hopeless prayer,  
Which of these mourners would raise her head,  
And echo: "Vive la guerre?"

Look to each mourning home  
In the homelike Fatherland,  
Husband or brother, sire or son,  
Gone—and his strong right hand,  
Look to the mothers' mute despair,  
And think of the cause of their help'less fears—  
The cry of "Vive la guerre!"

Is there not death in life,  
That it must be sought—and found?  
That the light of a million hearths is quenched,  
For the sake of a piece of ground?  
Ask not death for brothers, then;  
They have enough of sorrow and care;  
Emperors, statesmen, monarch, *men*!  
Cry not; "Vive la guerre!"

## THE LATE HON. H. RUTTAN.

The late Hon. H. Ruttan was the third son of Mr. William Ruttan, a U. E. Loyalist of Adolphustown. His family was of French origin, from the old Seaport Town of Rochelle 93 miles north of Bordeaux, and 76 miles from Nantes, a strongly fortified place which held out against Richelieu's powerful Army for 14 months. It was a Port, remarkable in History, and was for some years in possession of the English, from whom it was taken in the year 1224. During the Religious War, and especially after the massacre of Saint Bartholomew on August 24th, 1572, it was a stronghold of the Protestants.

Mr. Ruttan's family were Huguenots, a word that was used as a term of reproach by the French Catholics, to nickname their countrymen of the reformed Churches, or Protestants. For 12 years, they were a happy people, until driven to despair by the cruelty of Catherine de Medecis, Mother to the Imbecile Charles the Ninth. 70,000 Huguenots or French Protestants were cruelly massacred throughout the Kingdom, by secret orders from the King, instigated by the Queen Dowager. A considerable number emigrated after that event, to north America, and settled on the Delaware, and in the Carolinas, nearly the earliest emigrants from Europe. Twenty-six years after that frightful event, the people's minds were pacified, by the celebrated Edict of Nantes, which arose from the liberality of Henry the fourth of Navarre, who granted toleration to his Protestant subjects in 1598. This liberty of conscience, they enjoyed for 87 years, when Henry's famous Edict was revoked by Louis the 14th, 1685. This injudicious, and unjust Policy, lost to France 800,000 Protestants, and gave to England 50,000 Industrious artisans. Some thousands, who brought in with them, the art of manufacturing silk, settled in Spital Fields, London, where their quiet descendants yet remain; others settled in Soho, and St. Giles, pursuing the art of making Crystal Glasses, and various fine works, in which they excelled; among these, Jewellery, then but little understood in England. There being no longer a place of refuge for liberty of conscience, Mr. Ruttan's great Grandfather fled with his family to England in 1685.

The first founder of the Rotan, or Ruttan family, of whom we have any Historical record, was Jean-Baptiste Rotan, pastor of the reformed Church of Rochelle, who publicly

disputed the Dogmas of the Christain Faith with the learned Mongs, du Peron, an Ecclesiastic of the Roman Catholic Church, and one of the King's attendants. This event occurred in 1593; it took place at Sully's House at Nantes. The controversy was carried on with great spirit; but the best of the argument, was evidently in favor of du Peron, and thus the affair terminated in a friendly way.

His Great Grandfather became a loyal subject under King James the second. In 1686, Monsr. de Denonville, then Governor of Canada, says, that some Huguenots arrived at Boston in North America, from England, and about 60 from the West Indies, whom Colonel Dangan, then British Governor, sent to Michillimackinac, a distant settlement. The Grandfather of Mr. Ruttan emigrated to America about the time of Sir William Jobson, Bart., in 1734, and settled at a town called New Rochelle, in West Chester County New York. This town, or tract of land, was purchased in 1689, expressly for a Huguenot settlement, by Jacob Leisler, Commissioner of the Admiralty under Governor Dangan of the Province of New York. It soon increased, and in 1700 had a vast number of militia officers, loyal to the King. To this settlement, his Grandfather repaired soon after his arrival; his Father and uncle Peter were born here about, 1757 and 1759. Both entered the army, in the 3rd Battalion of Jersey Volunteers, one as Lieutenant, the other as Captain. This was about the year 1775. In 1778, his uncle Peter accompanied the celebrated Brant from New York to Western Canada, on a tour of observation. Brant was very intimate with Sir William Howe, who succeeded General Gage, in the Chief Command of the British forces in America, having landed at Boston, with Generals Clinton and Burgoyne in 1775. In 1776 he was joined by his brother Lord Howe who took New York from the Rebels, leaving Sir William in Command there. These two brave men were brothers of Lord Howe, who was killed at Ticonderoga in 1757. It was at that period, that Brant, who belonged to the Loyalist Party, made himself extremely useful, it being to the interest of the British Government to retain his confidence; he was consequently employed in various ways. On this particular occasion referred to, Captain Peter Ruttan accompanied him, being a great favorite, so much so, that he named his son, Joseph Brant Ruttan as a pledge of friendship. As a further token of his esteem, Brant, at parting, presented him with a handsome brace of pistols which he highly valued. At his decease they came into his brother's possession. Being driven out of the country with thousands of other loyalists, Brant was provided for, by a grant of land at the head of lake Ontario, in addition to the general grant on the Grand River, for the Six Nations, in which he had an interest, as Chief. The father of Mr. Ruttan and his uncle, had grants of 1200 acres of land each, at Adolphustown, in the Midland District, this was in 1783 or 1784. The family, like all settlers in the Wilderness, experienced at first incredible hardships, but the remembrance of the distracted and unsettled Country they had quitted, at times soothed their cares, and gave them fresh cause of thankfulness for their preservation. In 1843 his father died at the good old age of 84. In 1816, the subject of this memoir married Miss Mary Jones, the eldest daughter of Elias Jones Esq., by whom he had nine children, of whom five survive.

His uncle Peter brought two negro servants with him, a male and female, who were very faithful, hard working people, so that the clearing of the land and other labor went

on briskly.

The difficulty at times in procuring provisions was very great, for there were no roads through the forest but what the settlers made themselves, and Catarqui, now Kingston, then in its infancy also, from which they were distant many miles, was their only resource to obtain a barrel of Pork, or have their grain ground at the Government mills. They had the luxury of a cow, which the family brought with them, and had it not been for this domestic boon, all would have perished in the year of scarcity which happened about 1788, or 1790. The crops had failed the year before, and the winter that followed was most inclement and severe. The snow was unusually deep, so that the Deer fell an easy prey to their rapacious enemies the Wolves, who fattened on their destruction, whilst men were perishing from want. Nothing could be had in the woods, and something had to be done, so keep the little company from dying of hunger. Five individuals in different places were found dead, including one poor woman, with a live infant at her breast which latter was cared for and protected. His uncle, who had saved some money from the sale of his Captain's commission, despatched two men, all the way to Albany, a distance of 200 miles, for four bushels of Indian corn; a dreadful hazardous journey, through the Forest, with no road and the snow very deep. They executed their mission and returned in safety. On this scant allowance for eight persons, the family with the assistance of the cow, lived until next harvest. The corn was pounded in a hollow stump, before the process of making cakes and bread commenced, and then dealt out carefully, knowing they could get no more, for famine was throughout the land and, even the soldiers rations in Garrison at Frontenac, now Kingston, were reduced to one biscuit a day. The season for roots and nuts came on, with wild berries in abundance which assisted those denizens of the Forest, during their privation. When those days of dearth and famine passed over, affairs began to brighten, and in the year 1792 about the time that Governor Simcoe arrived as first Governor, the subject of this memoir was born. At 14 his education was finished, this was in 1806. He then went to Kingston as assistant in a store to learn the art and mystery of trade and commerce. Some of the military being stationed here, there was more life and activity than on a sequestered farm. Most of the young people imbibed a taste for military life, as being manly; he was among the number, so after the war broke out with the States in 1812, he obtained his commission at the age of 20, in the militia, who were all enthusiastic in the defence of the country.

In the month of July, 1812, they first heard of the declaration of war by the United States against Great Britain. In the same month a body of the first Regiment of Northumberland militia, commanded by Colonel Peters, called flank companies, drafted from the Regiment, marched to Kingston under orders from General de Rotenburg. Those flank companies were under the immediate command of Captain Asa Burnham, and Captain John Spencer. The alarm of an invasion by the enemy in the neighborhood of Kingston, having subsided the Northumberland militia, together with other flank companies from the Bay of Quinte, were ordered home after a few weeks absence. General Brock assembled the legislature, and amongst other acts, one for the organization of a Battalion of "Incorporated militia" was passed. The number of men required to be raised by each officer