

I stopped a day at the town of Niagara, quite unconscious of the fact that my future wife was living near the town, and not in the least did I think that here was to be my home for the rest of my life.

Niagara was a busy flourishing place in those days. It was the capital of the whole Niagara District and the emporium of trade for all the Province west of Hamilton, and the head quarters of the regular troops of whom a regiment was stationed there and a large force of incorporated Militia at that time.

I went on the steamer Transit across Lake Ontario to Toronto. I noticed that it and all other Canadian steamers were armed. Racks of pikes and muskets were standing on the deck, ready to repel attacks from the "sympathizers" on the American side.

I stayed for a few days in Toronto. The 93rd Regt. of Highlanders were in garrison there. I went out to Gallows Hill, the scene of McKenzie's rout and flight, and saw the spot where the loyal Col. Moodie was shot from Montgomery's Tavern by a rebel bullet, as he was riding past the house on his way to Toronto. This was the first blood shed in the short futile rebellion of Wm. Lyon McKenzie and which drew upon it the swift destruction that followed.

In the latter part of July I resolved to go down to Quebec. I went on a steamer down the lake and river to Montreal, passing through the Thousand Islands which were at that time quite uninhabited and their wild beauty untouched by the hand of man. An armed vessel lay in one of the bays commanded by Capt. Drew, the same who had taken and destroyed the Steamer Caroline used by McKenzie at Navy Island. The "sympathizers" had recently taken and burnt the large Canadian steamer Sir Robert Peel at the Thousand Islands, and Capt. Drew was sent there to prevent further similar outrages by the gang under the notorious Bill Johnson.

I looked with interest at the windmill near Prescott and the blackened ruins of the houses where Van Schoultz and his army of invaders had a few months before been defeated, and taken prisoners, some of whom, with their chief, were afterwards executed at Kingston as pirates.

I stayed at Montreal for a short time, where I formed acquaintance with an English gentleman, intelligent and sympathetic with my ideas. He agreed to accompany me to Quebec. About the last of July we boarded the new steamer Lady Colborne. It was her first voyage. Sir John Colborne, the Governor, and his staff, were on board. I looked admiringly at the brave old warrior, who, at the head of his regiment outflanked the Imperial Guard of Napoleon in their last grand charge upon the British line at Waterloo, and put them to flight, helping to decide that great battle.