

thieves and robbers now." "Well," said the General, "you are all that I called you, but you are not cowards"—Old Tom said to me, "Sure, Mr. Steele, sure he was big enough to ate me, but he hasn't the heart of a flea." The alarm was caused by some volunteers returning, having heard that the rebels had been dispersed, and in passing the hotel belonging to a man who had joined the rebels, they (the volunteers) fired off their guns at the sign over the door. We continued our march to Newmarket and were quartered among the inhabitants. I, with others, was at a hotel kept by Atheneas King, and during the night I heard a crash as of broken glass, and getting up to find out what had caused the noise I found that a poor fellow who had been sleeping on the floor had dreamed that the rebels were upon him, in his fright had jumped through the window into the street, taking the window sash with him. As the poor men who composed our company had left their families quite unprovided for, our Captain saw no use in staying any longer, and the men were marched home. My old friend Mr. William Wilson and myself having friends in Toronto, we thought we would walk down, and in passing Montgomery's tavern, the headquarters of the rebels, the ruins were still smoking, as it had been set on fire by the volunteers from Toronto. So ended my military experience. The next winter, of 1838-39, there was quite a number of men belonging to the several townships of the county stationed at Penetanguishene, to the number of four or five hundred, under the command of Colonel Davis (an old army officer.) I never could see what use they were there, for the ice and old Father Winter was a defence which no Yankee filibusters could face, and as soon as spring opened and the navigation of the lakes, the poor men returned home to their families, having lost time very valuable to them in clearing up and chopping down the forest. I remain, yours truly,

JOHN C. STEELE.

Coldwater, May 24th, 1895.