

the command other than myself. For most assuredly I, of those then present was best qualified to plan, arrange and successfully make that attack. In me, above all others, was full confidence placed by all. For three days and two nights was I incessantly employed in putting all in a state of preparation in the City. I was best known in the Province as a disciplinarian, and in me all had most confidence—and to me would their obedience be more readily given than to any other man in Upper Canada. It is painful to be obliged to make this statement of myself. But not having a shadow of doubt of its truth, and Sir Francis Head having wronged me as he has, I feel myself constrained to so defend myself.

The meeting at length broke up, the Lieutenant-Governor having decided on having the attack made during the next day—but he did not then decide who should have the command.

I rode round the Piquets and in the advance until one o'clock, when I returned to my office in the Parliament House and slept till four—being three hours' sleep—I had had one hour's sleep the preceding night, but I had not slept at all on Monday night. Never before, even in my youth, did I undergo so much hardship and privation in so short a time, nor previously thereto did I think myself capable of it. At four in the morning of Thursday December the 7th I arose and sketched in writing a short plan of the attack, arranging the divisions, their commanders, &c., &c., and at half-past four, being yet uncertain who should command, I requested Mr. Justice Macaulay and the Hon. John Macaulay, Surveyor General, to wait upon His Excellency and obtain his decision. They went to his room in the Parliament House, and soon Col. MacNab and I were summoned, and we attended. His Excellency then, at great length, gave his reasons for having promised Col. MacNab the command, and from the tendency of his observations I feared he would confirm the appointment. I interrupted His Excellency and requested he would hear me before he pronounced finally on the question—and he did hear me—I said that at my time of life, with my rank in the Militia, of such long standing, being then the Senior Colonel in the City, and my character in the Province, I could not have expected that any Militia Officer in Upper Canada would rise up to compete with me. I spoke strongly and vehemently, and His Excellency requested us all to withdraw—except Col. MacNab—and after the loss of about another half-hour of the most valuable time we were again called in, when his Excellency took many minutes more to explain the tenor of his conversation with Col. MacNab, and at length decided that I should command, Col. MacNab having released him from his promise.

It was now broad daylight, and I had to commence an organization of the most difficult nature I had ever known. I had to ride to the Town Hall—to the Garrison and back again, repeatedly. I found few of the officers present who were wanted for the attack. Vast numbers of Volunteers were constantly coming in from the country without arms or appointments of any kind, who were crowding in all directions in my way. My mind was burning with indignation at the idea of Col. MacNab or any other Militia Officer being thought of by His Excellency for the command, after all I had hitherto done for him. My difficulties multiplied upon me—time, of all things the most precious, was wasting for want of ammunition—for want of officers—for the want of most of my men from the Town Hall—whose Commander was yet absent—till at length the organization appeared impossible. I became overwhelmed with the intensity and contrariety of my feelings: I walked to and fro without object until I observed the eyes of many

fixed upon me, when I fled to my room and locked my door, exclaiming audibly that the Province was lost—that I was ruined—fallen. For let it not be forgotten, that it was admitted at the conference at the Archdeacon's the evening before, that if the attack of the next day should fail that the Province would be lost. This, however, then was not my opinion, but I thought of my present failure after the efforts I had made to obtain the command, and the evil consequences likely to flow from that failure, and I did then despair.

In this extremity I fell upon my knees and earnestly and vehemently prayed to the Almighty for strength to sustain me through the trial before me. I arose and hurried to the multitude, and finding one Company formed, as I then thought providentially, I ordered it to be marched to the road in front of the Archdeacon's House, where I had previously intended to arrange the force to be employed—and having once begun I sent Company after Company and gun after gun until the whole stood in order.

Then for the first time I learned that His Excellency intended to place himself at the head of the Militia, which he did, and gave the word "March." This was the only command he gave till the action was over. I led the column to the attack; directed every movement personally, and so were they combined that the Rebels, finding their flanks unexpectedly attacked, soon after they were all warmly engaged in front, they became panic struck and fled from the field. The Militia then surrounding Montgomery's House broke the doors and windows and some time after set it on fire.

I then led on from point to point in the hope of finding the Rebels reassemble, drawing my men after me by sounding the "Advance." I had recourse to this expedient rather than lose time in reforming the Companies, which under the excited state of the men would have been extremely difficult, and I doubted not that by riding onwards with my Bugler, occasionally sounding the "Advance," I should soon draw them after me, and the Rebels being dispersed I was confident the show of any Force, however irregular, would make them continue their flight. At length, hearing that the Rebel Mackenzie was a short way from me, Lieut.-Col. Halkett, Lieutenant and Captain in the Coldstream Guards, Captain Mathias late of the Royal Artillery, a very gallant young man named Maitland, a son of the Chief Justice, a son of mine, both lads of eighteen, and two mounted Militiamen—pursued, full speed, for upwards of three miles, until he took shelter in the woods beyond Shepherd's Tavern and in rear of the other Shepherd's Farm House.

On returning to the main road I met a detachment marching outwards, and asking why they were not going back to Town, was answered that they were going to burn Gibson's house (Gibson was a Member of Parliament and a leading Rebel). I let them pass and proceeded homewards—but soon met a messenger from His Excellency with an Order that Gibson's house should not be burned, whereupon I sent Captain Strachan to recall the party—and he did recall them.

Another messenger from His Excellency now met me desiring to see me immediately. I rode after His Excellency whom I soon saw at a considerable distance returning rapidly towards Town, and I had to ride above a mile before I could overtake him—when he ordered me to see that Gibson's house was burned and then return to Town. I was about to pray of His Excellency not to have Gibson's House burned, but he would not hear me, and repeated the order to burn it.

It was now late in the afternoon, and the house was nearly four miles distant. I then directed Lieut.-Colonel Duggan to take command of a party, which I wheeled out