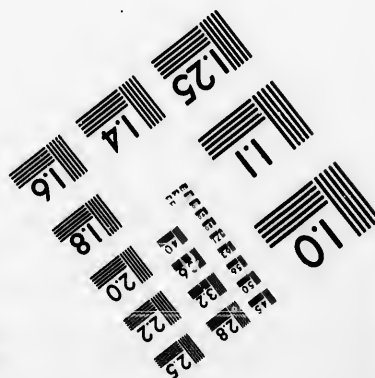
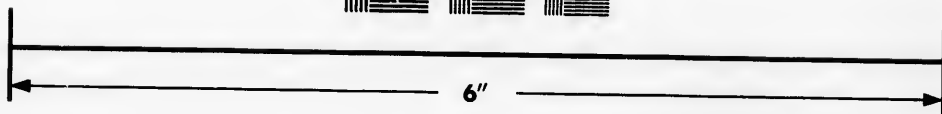
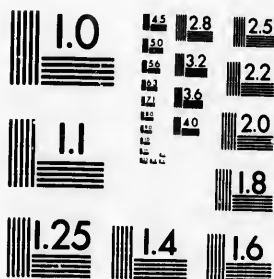


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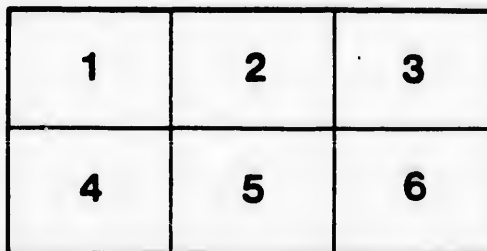
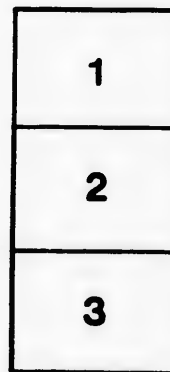
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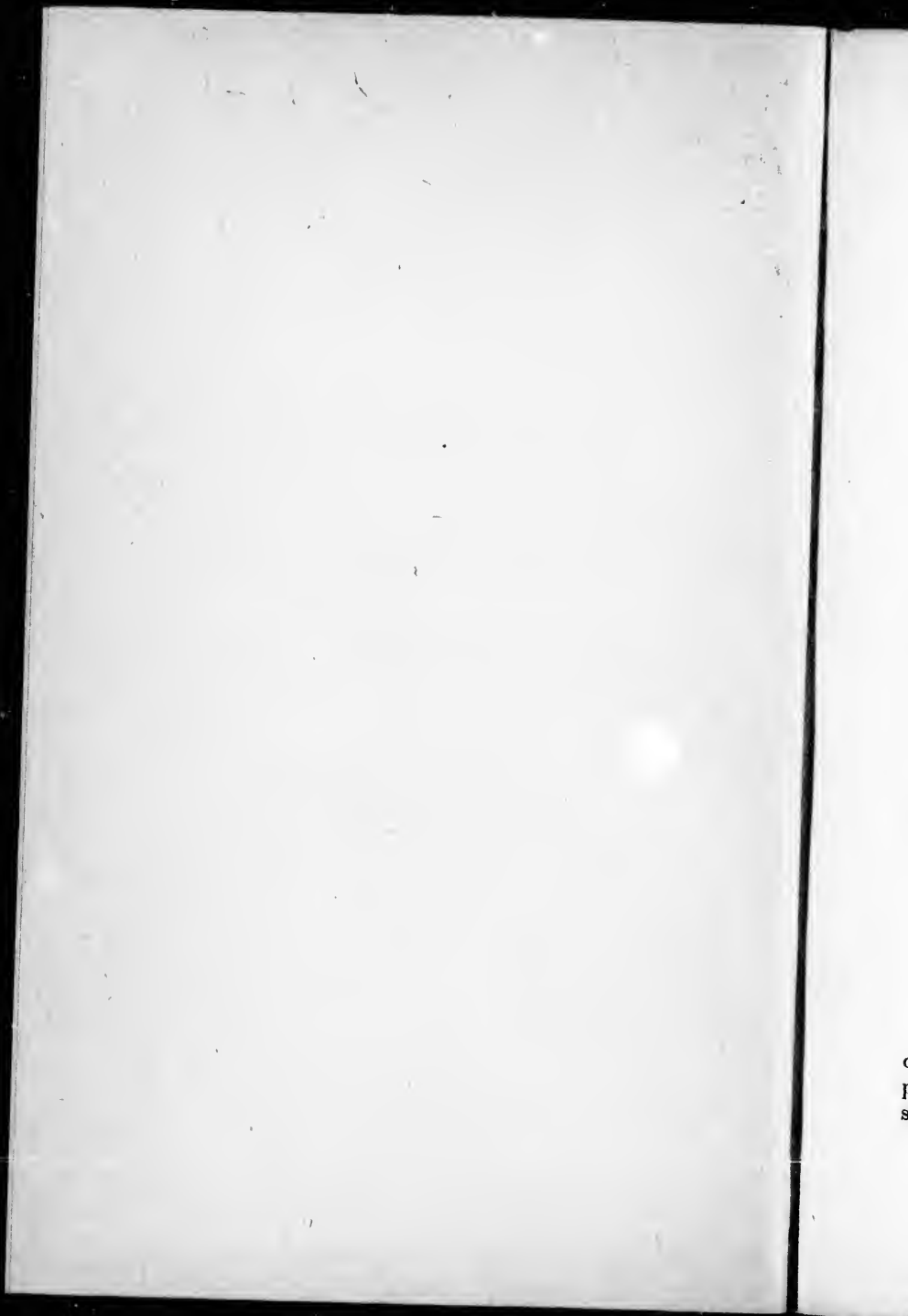
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SOME REMARKS

ON THE

PAMPHLET

OF

WILLIAM FOSTER COFFIN, ESQUIRE,

&c., &c., &c.

(To the Editor of the Morning Chronicle.)

SIR,—Mr. Coffin must permit me to take this public mode of thanking him for the amusement which the perusal of his pamphlet has afforded me. He did not, it is true, honor me with a copy, but I procured one yesterday, and shall take leave to publish a few remarks upon it in pamphlet form. Meanwhile a grateful and discriminating public may call for a second edition. In that case, though it may savor of presumption, I beg permission to suggest as a motto the following lines:—

“The importance of a man to himself”

or

“Much ado about nothing.”

Your obd't. serv't.,

A. GUGY.

Quebec, 26th April, 1855.

Mr. Coffin has printed a “memorial,” or application for office, to which it appeared to me to be necessary to direct public attention. I was especially anxious that those who should honor me so far as to peruse these lines, should have read,

or should read, Mr. Coffin's work. The few words prefixed were accordingly inserted in the *Chronicle* as a sort of whet, to stimulate the public appetite. For reasons, which Mr. Coffin will probably afford me an opportunity to state, I thus hoped to excite and predispose it to imbibe the intellectual food prepared by Mr. Coffin. He cannot be displeased with this humble effort, still less with the obvious intention. Be that as it may, having written, published, and widely circulated, in pamphlet form, a sort of autobiography; having thus, contrary to the practice of *great men*, challenged the opinion of his contemporaries and anticipated that of posterity, Mr. Coffin must be prepared for criticism. I must premise, however, that the practice of place-hunting, in so elaborate and importunate a manner, appears to me to be quite indefensible. The holder of every office possesses more or less power; and it is natural that he who stoops to obtain it should secure some sort of compensation—it may be by domineering over those subjected to his influence. Office-seeking, after the manner adopted by Mr. Coffin, cannot be agreeable, and he probably relies upon the future to make himself some amends. Then, when a man condescends to make interest with every one possessed of power or influence, he incurs obligations which, by necessary inference, he must desire to return. Some gentlemen who have lately acquired political importance of whom Mr. Coffin, the protégé of Lord Sydenham, has always been the antipodes, will no doubt have marvelled at finding themselves at this particular juncture the object of Mr. Coffin's tender solicitude,—*Mais nous avons changé tout ça!* There are means of obtaining place which are likely to affect the decisions and conduct of a public functionary; and, in the event of a contention between any one of those to whom he is indebted for office and any one of any other class, the impartiality of the incumbent may well be doubted. One can understand that the conviction of fitness, the general admission of desert should justify a claim to some particular office. But what does Mr. Coffin claim? Is it the reversion of the Bishopric of Quebec—of the Chief-Justiceship of the Queen's Bench—or the command of the Militia

—or the Commissionership of the Constabulary—or the post of Lord High Admiral, now held by that amiable man, Mr. Fortin? —for each of which offices Mr. Coffin is as far as the others equally well qualified.

Upon the subject of past services, too, pretensions of the kind set up by Mr. Coffin must be taken with a grain of salt. The first question is, or should, in every case, be one of qualification. Now, whatever may have been the offices filled by Mr. Coffin, it does not follow that he is entitled to reckon them as services; and he may nevertheless, also be quite incompetent, quite unfit for many other offices which are or which may sooner or later be vacant. Putting his claim upon that footing, too, is somewhat injudicious, at least until Colonel Hanson is provided for. Without disparagement to Mr. Coffin, he might, on that score, as well attempt to compete with Admiral Sir Edmund Lyons as with the distinguished veteran who has lately brought himself in print under the notice of the public. It does not follow, I say, because Mr. Coffin has held several offices, for which he may or may not have been qualified, that he should now obtain another office, for which, whatever may be his opinion of himself, he may be quite unfit. But let us presume to examine the foundation of his claim. Were the offices which he previously held forced upon him—and did he perform the duties gratuitously? From his present modest assurance and the pains he has taken to assure His Excellency, in particular, and the world at large, in general, of his meritorious services, it may be assumed that formerly as well as now he petitioned, memorialized, wrote, spoke, and carried favor by all the means in his power. It is to be presumed, also, that he took care to be well paid for what he did. Does Mr. Coffin mean to argue as follows?—Being an Advocate without practice and in want of an income, I sought, I prayed for and obtained place—consequently, I am now again entitled to place. I so obtained place and enjoyed the emoluments thereof. I was thus amply remunerated—consequently, I am entitled to other emoluments, to further remuneration. Mr. Coffin is, doubtless, a logician—if he does not mean that—what does he mean?

Mr. Coffin certainly is a very amusing person, and not the less so, because having the gift of words and the pen of a ready-writer, he gravely introduces himself, with considerable parade, pomp, and circumstance—and he prefaces every event relative to himself with a flourish of trumpets, altogether irresistible.

The rail road mania offered many favourable opportunities for amassing wealth; and Mr. Coffin, seeing or fancying that he saw a good prospect of making money by the rail, resigned the Shrievalty. He daintily refers to this *characteristic* move as a return to the ordinary “avocations of civil life.” As Mr. Coffin held no military rank, the term “civil life” as contrasted with his former employment of Sheriff is suggestive—for, in that situation, the *civility* of his life was certainly much questioned. Such is his ingenuity, Mr. Coffin is never at a loss. Thus he founds his claim to office, among other things—firstly, upon his having been Sheriff, and, secondly, upon his having ceased to be Sheriff. It appears to strike him, however, that these facts may neutralize each other,—and he may have mentally admitted that the resignation of an office bestowed on him, as that was, tends to defeat his present claim. To remove that objection, Mr. Coffin seriously affirms that he resigned the Shrievalty “reluctantly.” It is an affirmation by no means uncommon, and I dare to say that most of the Cyprians who, in the dusk, solicit the favors of the way-farer, are prepared to testify that they resigned themselves “reluctantly.”

In arresting a ruffian highwayman, not alone, but conjointly, with Judge Day and Mr. Young, he certainly performed a gallant and a useful action! But it is inconceivable, that, in common with true courage, which he unquestionably possesses, he should make such efforts and take such means to sound his own praise—not in vindication of his character—not merely casually—not in reply—not in explanation—but spontaneously, and in print—*to sustain a claim to office!* Most men would have considered the presentment of the Grand Jury, which he cites, a rich reward. It conveyed no salary, however—and Mr. Coffin expects to be paid for everything. How could Mr. Coffin,

or any man of ordinary spirit, being witnesses of the robbery and in close proximity to the robber, have allowed him to escape? But Mr. Coffin was then a Sheriff—a conservator of the Peace—a Peace Officer—whose especial duty it was to apprehend a malefactor, caught *flagranti dilecto*. If he did not do so—who would? He barely did his duty, no more: and as he enjoyed one or two thousand a year for doing it, he certainly fought under happier auspices than many of those who perished before Sebastopol. That apprehension, too, was a result of his position at the time; it was an inevitable consequence of masculine instincts, urged into activity by the occasion. He deserves credit for the act; but the public would have allowed him more, had he not himself taken so much.

In preparing Reports, the ability of Mr. Coffin is such that he has invariably given satisfaction to those who employed him. I doubt, however, whether his account of the Toronto Election was quite as agreeable to the opponents as to the friends of his patron, Lord Sydenham—I heard the subject much discussed at the time, and I wonder whether Sir Allan MacNab and his friends thought it quite as impartial as it might have been.

But Mr. Coffin had a colleague in that mission—a colleague who was employed by Lord Sydenham, among other jobs, in managing the Terrebonne Election, as Sir Louis Lafontaine doubtless recollects. His noble patron did not, at that time, know Mr. Coffin sufficiently to trust him entirely. Why has Mr. Coffin omitted to refer to that interesting colleague? Was he restrained by the fear of awakening a train of reflexions unfavorable to his pretensions? Mr. Coffin specifies the names of those who conjointly with him arrested the robber—was he ashamed of his associate in the enquiry touching the Toronto Election? He was not alone—*he knows* he was not. Was he apprehensive that reference to one of those leeches who in search of place always infest the Colonies would be, just now, prejudicial to him?

It is out of the Turnpike Roads, the cahôts and the sleigh ordinance, however, that Mr. Coffin has extracted the principal subject

of self-glorification—and he places his claim to favor emphatically upon that foundation. It is certainly true that, moved by Mr. Coffin's peculiarly *winning ways*, Lord Sydenham, as Mr. Coffin himself says; "imposed on Mr. Coffin the duty and the responsibility of carrying the sleigh ordinance into effect." Mr. Coffin laments the repudiation of the law, and he is to this hour apparently ignorant of the causes of the evil which he affects to deplore. Possessing upon his own showing great influence with Lord Sydenham—having prepared model sleighs, and being in habits of daily intercourse with His Lordship on the subject, recording as he now does, with pride, the thanks of Lord Sydenham "for the services *in this particular*," which he, Mr. Coffin, takes credit for having rendered,—it is perfectly marvellous that Mr. Coffin should be still ignorant of the defects and insufficiency of the ordinance. Mr. Coffin styles it *an enlightened endeavor to abolish cahôts*. No wonder; that ordinance was conceived by Mr. Coffin and begotten by Lord Sydenham, his patron—yet was it a miserable hotch—and, though he does not suspect it, Mr. Coffin is alone to blame for the failure of the attempt.

Had Mr. Coffin taken the pains to acquire the least practical acquaintance with the subject which he justly deems important—had he not relied altogether on gentle, social arts, and clever writing, he could, and would have enabled his patron, Lord Sydenham, to confer inestimable benefits on Lower Canada. To make this clear, a few words of explanation are necessary.

It was intended and enacted that whosoever drove a single horse should harness it to the vehicle in such wise that the horse should travel in the track of the left runner. It is quite manifest that, unless this course were followed, that double track, which is the main feature of the excellent Yankee road so justly lauded by Mr. Coffin, would be impossible.

Now, during the operation of the ordinance, the docile *habitants* tried to conform to its provisions, it is true; but the horse was not harnessed in the Yankee fashion, with traces and a tongue, as it is called, or Pole; but with shafts, and *tug-pins!*

Even this primitive method might have sufficed had the shafts been immoveable, and had the sleigh followed them in parallel lines. Every one conversant with the subject knows that the Yankee sleigh moves in the same line as the horse and tongue; but that escaped the observation of Mr. Coffin, and he overlooked the important fact that the *habitant* sleigh was fastened to his shaft by two little rings—popularly called *argarauds*. The result was that the *habitant* sleigh followed diagonally: the horse *moved, not on the edge, but in the centre of the track—and that centre, instead of being raised, was scooped out and hollow,—* Mr. Coffin never noticed that. So much for the single sleigh. Now, in attempting to drive Mr. Coffin's model double sleigh, the two horses, finding that the hollow in the middle was the only hard part of the road, *crowded*, as it is popularly called, to occupy it, and driving with satisfaction was impossible. But two stout horses, travelling a-breast, with a pole between them, require a breadth of not less than three feet and a half; and ignoring this fact, Mr. Coffin's model sleigh was only two feet and a half broad! That was indeed the general extreme breadth of the French Canadian track, and, of course, driving two horses a-breast was simply impracticable. Thus, the repudiation of the ordinance became a matter of necessity in most localities. In the neighbourhood of the Townships, and in the routes of Yankee travel, it was not repudiated, because the greater breadth of the double sleigh as well as the manner of fastening the tongue to the single sleigh enabled two horses to find room in the roads. In the Yankee double sleigh, the average breadth of which is not less than forty inches, two persons can sit comfortably; but when people found themselves close packed, in Mr. Coffin's model sleigh, like herrings in a cask, the double sleigh fell in the estimation of those Lower Canadians who judged of the double sleigh by Mr. Coffin's model, and the ordinance lost many supporters. So soon as it became unpopular, the Law could not be enforced, and the attempt to improve the system of Winter driving having failed, the object to be attained is necessarily more difficult and more distant now than before the abortive

attempt of Mr. Coffin. Now, this is clearly the fault of Mr. Coffin, "who assumed the duty and the responsibility of carrying into effect" what he has the courage, even at this day, to call "an enlightened endeavor."

Assuredly, there never was a more signal instance of mismanagement and incapacity. It is for this, however, that Mr. Coffin bespeaks public gratitude and official reward: but it is easier to champoo a Governor, and, with honeyed accents, to win his favor, than so to conduct oneself in office as to secure public approbation. I know that there are entire classes who invariably worship the Governor General for the time being, and Mr. Coffin is one of those who venerated His then, Excellency, as he no doubt professes to regard the present. The majority, however, still guided by stubborn fact, will not be dictated to. To that majority, the question is not who or what Lord Sydenham favored or approved, but whether the ordinance was a judicious and sufficient measure or not. Inseparably connected with that enquiry is the candidate for office who plumes himself upon his performance of duties which he *so executed as to defeat the much desired end!* Combining this proof of an unsound judgment with this manifestation of over-weening self-love, it is not impossible to arrive at a correct estimate of the value of Mr. Coffin as a public officer. He managed to ingratiate himself with Lord Sydenham; it is true he became a favorite of Lord Sydenham's; and history tells us what favorites invariably have been, as well as what favoritism invariably produces. If Lord Sydenham were here, Mr. Coffin would doubtless obtain a good office; but the present Administration is not bound to follow in the footsteps of Lord Sydenham, still less to repeat his blunders. The country will scarcely forget the defeat of Sir Louis Lafontaine at Terrebonne, or of Mr. Franchere at Rouville; each having a majority of ten or perhaps twenty to one over his successful competitor: nor, I presume, are Sir Allan MacNab and his friends quite oblivious of the treatment which they received at his hands.

To exclude cavil, however, I shall just add that the creation, by Lord Sydenham, of the several Turnpike Trusts is not denied,

and I admit that he had a mind of a very high order; but he required, he *would* have tools, and in the matter of the sleigh ordinance and Winter roads, a subject with which he could not himself be conversant, he was *assisted* by Mr. Coffin.

Mr. Coffin introduces himself as an Advocate, heretofore Assistant Civil Secretary for the Police Department, Stipendiary Magistrate, Commissioner of Police, and Joint Sheriff of Montreal. Undismayed by this imposing array of titles, I would enquire whether these five offices were not enough for one man? But since, laboring under a sort of monomania, he believes every event relative to himself to be interesting to the universe, one would be tempted to wonder that, having, by his own account, firstly, held the office of Assistant Civil Secretary, he lost it, and, subsequently, became a Stipendiary Magistrate. The retentiveness of his memory is miraculous—his powers of rhetoric admirable—he has furnished every other link to the chain—Why was that one omitted? Had it suited his purpose, the circumstances attending that translation might have been substituted to the record of a very common-place event, to be found in the fifth and sixth pages of his book.

Mr. Coffin informs His Excellency that he “had the good fortune to discover, in a closet, apparently burst open by the heat, several articles of Church Plate—it is presumed, *the Sacramental Service*—which were secured, and, on the return of the expedition to Montreal, deposited with Mr. Quiblier.”

I am not about to cavil with the philosophy of Mr. Coffin. The expansive power of heat would have burst open a metal casket, or closet hermetically sealed; but I can't understand how the heat should have burst open a wooden closet in a room. That, however, may be my fault or my misfortune, but I do conscientiously marvel at Mr. Coffin's going out of his way, twelve years afterwards, to procure a certificate that he restored to the rightful owners “the Sacramental service” in question. Assuredly, bearing, as he does, the stamp of a gentleman, (which cannot be said of very many very important personages in this community.) Mr. Coffin could not suppose that any one, however

inimical, would have suspected him of stealing any one of the several articles which he so discovered. He did what was simply necessary—no more. The kind and amiable Priest, so certifying, whom I well knew and loved, with characteristic generosity and politeness, much over-rated the deed: but if, as he expects, Mr. Coffin is to obtain office because he did not purloin Church Plate, any one forbearing from priggish a watch whenever opportunity offers, must be said to have strong claims.

Since, however, Mr. Coffin, a perfect master of the English tongue, has condescended to lay the facts, in his own words, before the public, I shall take leave to analyze them. He says that he discovered *several* articles of plate,—I shall not pause to enquire why Mr. Coffin chose the verb to *discover* instead of the verb to *find*—as I presume that he had his reasons. It strikes me forcibly, however, that most gentlemen would have said nothing about it, or have said “I found,” or rather, perhaps, merely, “I saw.” To *find*, is “to meet with, to fall upon, to obtain something lost, to hit on by chance, &c.” A discoverer, however, is “one who *finds* anything not known before”—as HARVEY, to use Mr. Coffin’s phrase, “*had the good fortune to discover*” the Circulation of the Blood,—as COLUMBUS “*had the good fortune to discover*” America,—so Mr. Coffin “*had the good fortune to discover*” several pieces of Church Plate in an open cupboard in the Parsonage House!—But the word *several* means *divers*—*many*. In this case, it cannot be understood in a confined sense, inasmuch as Mr. Coffin, who *presumed* the plate to be the Sacramental service, no doubt knows that the service is composed of *six* articles. Now Mr. Coffin says he *discovered*—but he does not say that he secured. The articles were secured, however, and were delivered to Mr. Quiblier—by whom does not in terms appear—nor are we precisely told that every one of the *several* articles was so delivered. Comparing the fact, however, as stated by Mr. Coffin, that he found *several* articles of plate, presumed to be the Sacramental service, considering that the service generally consists of six pieces, with the certificate of Mr. Quiblier that he received only three articles, namely, a *chalice*, a *patene*, and *crucifix*, those who are not

acquainted with Mr. Coffin will stare with astonishment. They will naturally exclaim, if there were only three pieces, why did not Mr. Coffin say three!—why did he say *several*?—what matters it whether there were three or three hundred!!—assuredly, the result would not have been influenced by the number. I, however, know Mr. Coffin—his ingenuity and in all that relates to himself his inveterate habit of grandiloquence. I know, too, that in 1849, some complaints were preferred against him, which made him desirous of propitiating French Canadian Members of the Legislature and Government. To that end he procured the certificate, upon the potency of which he relies; and, calculating that men of business would never read it, or would read it with the favorable impression made by his previous statement: he used the little word *several* in order that his acts might appear to be very grand and magnanimous. He thus overlooked the consequence that the certificate of the Priest contradicts the statement which he, Mr. Coffin, affects to make, not upon his own word as he ought to have done; but upon the proof which he produces, which proof, it is thus demonstrated, is, strictly speaking, insufficient. I acquit Mr. Coffin of every other motive; but really if he obtains office, and manages the business of the public as he does his own—what are the benefits which the country may not expect?*

Commencing at page 9, Mr. Coffin undertakes to found a claim to office upon the apprehension of some forgers in the District of St. Francis. He acquitted himself of that duty in the oriental fashion, with a terrific beating of Tom Toms and a blowing of furious blasts upon his indispensable trumpet;—but, in his relation of the facts he has not been so circumstantial as on other occasions. Thus, he says briefly—“That in December, 1849, he (Mr. Coffin) was directed to proceed to the Eastern Townships—and there, under information received from the United States, to take measures for breaking up a gang of

* Since these remarks were delivered to the Printer,—another Pamphlet has reached me—from which, as well as from other sources, I learn that Mr. Coffin's Railroad speculations and management have not been very particularly profitable or pleasing to the Stockholders. That, however, will probably add to Mr. Coffin's chances of success—for is not this the kind of man for whom it has been usual to provide in the Colonies?

“forgers,” &c. The inference is clear,—he, Mr. Coffin, received the information, or at least he was to break up the gang, and nobody else could do so, or was in any way to interfere.—Furthermore, he was to break up the whole gang and the only gang of “forgers and coiners, who, for many years, had prosecuted their operations within the Canadian frontier.” Let it be noted, at least, that he does not state *by whom he was so directed*. At page 13, however, he does not fail to inform the civilized world that he received the order relative to his famous model sleigh “through Major Campbell, C. B.,—then “Captain in Her Majesty’s Seventh Hussars,” &c. Most people who read Mr. Coffin’s effusion will possibly ejaculate—what has this to do with it? Provided the order was conveyed, whether it was so transmitted by Major Campbell or the eternal Dominick Daly—whether Major Campbell was in the Cavalry, the Artillery, or the Infantry—in the Hussars—the Lancers, the Carbineers, or Dragoon Guards—in the Life Guards, or Royal Regiment of Horse Guards Blue,—what, Mr. Coffin, does it matter? The uninitiated, in their simplicity, will never suspect that there actually is something in a name—and that to persons not self-sustained, it is something to be associated with a real live C. B. But there is something more in it—for that C. B. is known, since he settled in Canada, *to have had the ear of every Governor*, and the opinion of every new Governor is necessarily influenced, more or less, by persons having had the ear of his predecessor. The C. B. has, lately too, been engaged as a Commissioner in a little enquiry very interesting to Mr. Coffin, and to propitiate that C. B., to secure his countenance and support in exalting Mr. Coffin and in depressing his rivals, is, with Mr. Coffin, sound policy. Hence the introduction of all these titles. The omission which I have noted is a result of the operation of the same causes—but I shall supply it.

It is now, unfortunately, necessary to place Mr. Coffin in a painful position—alas, even in close contact with a person not in the Army or Navy—not in the Marines or Coast Guard—not even in a Nigger Regiment in the West—or in the irregular Horse in the East Indies,—with a person without a title—without

distinction of any kind, and what is more lamentable, born and educated in Canada! I am that person,—I was then Commissioner of Police, and, to quote Cock Robin—I gave the order. There were several gangs of forgers along the line from Missisquoi Bay to Hereford—I received the order to suppress and capture them,—and I thought it possible that they might all be secured on the same day. Long before Mr. Coffin had distinguished himself in the Montreal Riot, I knew him to be a brave, active man—I could not embrace the whole frontier, and, reserving for myself what was understood to be the most difficult and important post and duty, I deputed Mr. Coffin, (the selection was bad for me though not for the public,) to act in my stead in the District of St. Francis. Mr. Coffin has given to this mole hill the proportions of a Chimborazo; but it is, in reality, a very little matter. In publishing his account of it, he has, however, reminded me of a little circumstance which had escaped me. Adhering to my programme, I arrested some twenty-eight forgers, each of them in bed in his own house, all on the very same morning. Having made preliminary arrangements of a most comprehensive kind—having taken every necessary precaution, I completely surprised every one of them, and captured their presses, tools and paper, as well as themselves. There was no danger that I particularly noticed—no resistance—no necessity for noise or bustle—or for the interposition of any officer, or non-commissioned officer of the Queen's forces. It was lucky for me since there was not even a lance corporal within forty miles. In justice to Mr. Coffin, however, I must confess that I met with no buggaboo—no ogre—no Adolphus P. Barker. I now see what a beautiful episode in my life, I have allowed Mr. Coffin, after the manner of Mrs. Radcliffe, to appropriate to himself. With Adolphus P. Barker, the great criminal famed for personal strength, on the one hand, and Colonel Sir Robert Nickle, commanding in Australia, (and not elsewhere,) on the other, I might have gone down to posterity like Napoleon with his immortal code, or like Mr. Coffin with his pamphlet in his hand. 'Tis true that I did all that could be done; but woe is me! I said nothing about it. Mr. Coffin, being

wiser, elicited and secured a letter of thanks, which, like the small beer of an economical house-keeper, he bottled up for future use.*

At page 19 will be found a letter written by Boston & Coffin, reminding one forcibly of the celebrated annals of P.P., Clerk of the Parish. It is on the whole a funny production, considering that the encomiums of Mr. Coffin and his better half Sheriff are lavished exclusively on Mr. Coffin. It is a long story all about a ride which Mr. Coffin took to Lachine one day; and the style, I say it under favor, is not that of Mr. Boston. Why, I could name a mere boy who, in the month of March, during the last American War, carried despatches from Kingston to the officer commanding at Niagra, riding post, and crossing over rivers in all conditions (there were no bridges then,) never stopping either by day or by night until he delivered them. That same boy, too, with a detachment of his Regiment, in sight of the Yankee fleet, which then had the command of Lake Ontario, took what was called a brigade of boats containing flour and pork for the troops, from Kingston to Toronto. If the Honorable Mr. Wilkins be yet alive, he will probably recollect the boy who, so to speak, carried the boats and their "contents upon his back over the carrying place." And Mr. Coffin boasts of a ride to Lachine! Talk of the labors of Hercules, or of the heroism of John Shipp, after

* I was aware that Mr. Coffin suffered under inflammation of the throat, which, at page 10, he takes care to report, as well as of its cause; but, until now, I had not imagined or had forgotten that he could have officially applied for permission to follow my instructions, or that Mr. then Assistant Secretary Montizambert, could have played with so much affability into his hands. It was Mr. Coffin's duty to have reported to me, as the Head of the Department, by whom, in Volume IX. of the Appendix, of 1850, he admits that he was directed to repair to Stanstead; but I see through the manoeuvre and its object. Since that period, Mr. Montizambert has, in his own person, proved that Provincials have "a great alacritty at sinking." This allusion to the preference over the natives, invariably given by our European Governors to men of European birth, will be generally understood. It is a Colonial grievance of long standing, which the old Colonists found intolerable. How long will it be endured here? The French Canadians were urged by that cause into Rebellion, and, as a result of it, have acquired political power and numerical preponderance, enabling them successfully to contend with the Metropolitans:—but, in Lower Canada, every man of every other origin, whatever his devotion, his capacity or his services, must be prepared to yield to the superior claims of imported virtue and merit. I shall, probably, shortly say, or print, a few words on this subject.

that, if you can. The writer of these lines might perhaps have some facts of a rather more serious nature to relate, but then he does not lay claim to lawn sleeves—or to the Ermine—or to an Admiral's flag.

Without having access to documents in official hands, it is impossible to enter into minute details touching the prodigious "reduction of the expenditure and saving effected," of which Mr. Coffin assumes the merit, at page 14. He proves it, he says, by Document No. 11;—but, unhappily, he does not print No. 11, and, as he withholds the proof, he must permit me to doubt that he deserves all the credit which he takes. I could also wish that he had printed the "Rules and Regulations," (No. 12,) which, by implication, the world is to understand that he composed. I shall be greatly surprised if, in both those statements, he has been perfectly ingenuous; but, kissing goes by favor, and Mr. Coffin will, no doubt, obtain his object.* Meanwhile, he will permit me to tell him that, unmoved by the imposing array of offices and appointments which he enumerates, I called at the proper office and caused strict search to be made. I, consequently, venture to tell Mr. Coffin plainly that there is no record of any Commission creating him either "Assistant Civil Secretary for the Police Establishment of the Province," or of "Assistant Civil Secretary for the Police Department!" He affirms that he held those appointments: he sets out with that statement, making it part, and an important part, of the foundation of his claim to some other office. According to the Public Registers, Mr. Coffin was appointed Stipendiary Magistrate, on the 26th June, 1839, Commissioner of Police, 8th July, 1840, and Joint Sheriff of Montreal, 1842. His ingenuity is miraculous; but there are the Public Records and their eloquent silence contradicting him.

At page 7, Mr. Coffin observes that "his services led to the offer, by Sir John Colborne, of the office of Assistant Secretary, with a view to the organization of a Police Force

* After these lines had been written, I found that he had already insinuated the point of the wedge; and, Commissions, conferring on him some appointment, are now in course of preparation!!!

“for the Province.” What may have been said, or intended, is beyond my “*ken*”—but, in short, it was I, as Commissioner and Inspecting Stipendiary Magistrate, who organized the Police. Eventually, Mr. Coffin became one of those Stipendiary Magistrates, over whom, my right of inspection extended. It is true that, owing to the alarm caused by the Rebellion and the dread of incendiarism among others, and the facility with which Sir John and his advisers created offices in the Police, much unnecessary expense was incurred—which I would, if I could, have prevented. On the reduction of all the Rural Stations, the expenditure was necessarily reduced. This may be the reduction for which Mr. Coffin takes credit; but “the notice which he says was taken of his *services* by the officer in command of the expedition” cannot be overlooked. The officer was Colonel the Honorable John Maitland, a scion of a noble house, who, no doubt, required “a sort of a *Civil Aide de Camp*,” inasmuch as he was not himself by any means *civil*. Officers under the rank of Brigadier are not generally entitled to *Military Aide-de-Camps*; but a *Civil Aide-de-Camp* might suit a person like him, devoid of those martial instincts which shed eternal lustre over the humblest names. Captain Griffin will remember the whistling of the Rifle-balls from the Church, and how, just as I rode up, one poor fellow of his Company, or at least of his Regiment, was hit in the face. Proceeding from thence until (I did not *discover*, but) *found* Colonel Maitland; I pointed out to him a weak point, at which the Church could be successfully assaulted, and urged him to take it. He might have done it with one wing of his magnificent Regiment; *but the proposal seemed to offend him*, and he treated me rudely. On his refusal, I carried my information to Colonel Wetherall, by a part of whose Regiment, the thing was done. I may add that the Artillery could make no impression on the walls of the Church; and I heard Captain Holroyd, R. A., (I think that was the name,) just then report that all the ammunition was expended. Had every officer, then, been like Colonel Maitland, Her Majesty’s Forces might have been still bivouacking round the Church. Not at all doubting the justice of his estimate of

the "services of sort of *Civil Aide-de-Camp*;" I, for my part, should have disdained to receive a compliment from one, as a Soldier, so thoroughly inept.

As has been seen, Mr. Coffin has levied contributions in all directions. He prints the polite acknowledgment of an amiable Priest: the circumstantial testimony of a gallant officer, who, so little is it got up for effect, certifies what took place "when he was at a distance," as well as divers letters and notes from former functionaries, all "Dear Coffining" him most gloriously. But he may not have deemed these testimonials sufficient, and he may himself, perhaps, have written the letter signed "*Boston*" and "*Coffin*," extolling him to the skies for riding to Lachine and back again. This certificate has at least the charm of novelty.

Plunging with poetic ardor, in *mediis res*, Mr. Coffin begins by stating that in the autumn of 1837, he offered his services to Government; that they were accepted; and that he was attached to the office of the Attorney General. He proceeds to say that in December, 1837, on the occasion of the military expedition to St. Eustache, he was requested by Colonel the Honourable John Maitland to accompany him as interpreter. Having thus opened his case, he produces the certificate of Captain Griffin, commencing, My Dear Coffin. He omits to inform His Excellency and the public in general, whether he returned the compliment, by giving a certificate commencing My Dear Griffin; and in his haste he has overlooked other facts of some of which I shall remind him.

From this exordium it is to be, or may be, inferred, that Mr. Coffin was requested by Colonel Maitland, at Montreal, to accompany him as interpreter; as also that this request was connected with or consequent upon his being attached to the office of the Attorney General. Mr. Coffin can always convey his meaning, and no man can be more happy in his selection of terms susceptible of different interpretations, when he sees fit. It is true that when I first knew Mr. Coffin he was a clerk in the office of Mr. Ogden, then Attorney General, (in which he had passed the five years of his clerkship)—a position which I should not have supposed to have required the formality,

or to have been the result of a tender of his services. Be that as it may, on the tenth or eleventh of December, Mr. Coffin, then a clerk in Mr. Ogden's office, in great apparent dejection and perplexity, applied to me to take him on the then projected expedition to St. Eustache. I was then attached to the staff of General Gore, whose displeasure I incurred by acquiescing in Mr. Coffin's request. I necessarily rode out, but I permitted Mr. Coffin to sit in the sleigh which I was allowed; and on the memorable night of the thirteenth, I gave him a share of my camp supper and bed. From previous exposure on the expedition to St. Charles, I was so racked with rheumatism and stiff in every joint that, on the next morning, I required the help of four men of the 32nd to assist me to mount my horse. Mr. Coffin drove comfortably in my sleigh. I am not about to give a history of the campaign, still less to refer to the part which I took in it; but I must briefly say, that while leading the Royal Regiment into the Church, by an accessible point which I had previously detected, I was badly wounded. I pause here to state a fact which made some impression on me at the time, and which is now fraught with importance. Mr. Coffin says that he was "attached to the office of the Attorney General." That is not a military office. Then at the request of Colonel Maitland, he accompanied him as interpreter. As such he was a mere non-combatant; and besides, it was not Colonel Maitland but me whom he accompanied to St. Eustache. Those who see the drift of Mr. Coffin's pamphlet, and the end to be attained by the production of Mr. Griffin's, (he was neither Captain nor Military Secretary then,) and other certificates, will comprehend that Mr. Coffin plumes himself upon his humanity. I contradict nobody; but I state what I saw myself. Mr. Coffin carried a rifle, for which when I consented to take him I was not prepared, and though I never saw him near the Church, at which point only resistance was made, Mr. Coffin will permit me to remind him that he came equipped purposely to shoot the habitants like sparrows. Will he say that he did not fire on them? A man of capacity and attainments, he knew perfectly well that desultory, individual, undisciplined efforts of that kind could

produce no effect on the result. For a non-combatant, this rifle was not necessary—for a man who piques himself upon his humanity it was something more.

In closing this notice of his pamphlet, I must add, that after I had received my wound, though the contest was ended, I saw nothing of the friend and companion whom I had brought out, until next morning: he then approached my bed to say simply that “he was off”—nor have I ever in any way received from him the slightest intimation that he remembered my having subjected myself to some inconvenience to please and serve him. I mention the fact for the benefit of those who are now attempting to propitiate, or has propitiated. I have, perhaps, dwelt too much on this subject; but without citing Mr. Coffin’s example, I may well be proud of having contributed to bring into notice so great a man as he is. He does not mention me, it is true, nor could he, seeing that I am neither *Colonel Sir Robert This, K. H.*, commanding in Australia, nor *Colonel the Honorable John That*; but plain,

A. GUGY.

Darnoc, 26th April, 1855.

