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TRANSACTION No. 4

*WOMEN'S
CANADIAN HISTORICAL
SOCIETY*
OF TORONTO



1. Some Elections and the Battle of Hastings.
A Paper by (Mrs.) Agnes Chamberlin, read on January 4th, 1900.
2. Letter Concerning the Election for the County of Essex to the First Parliament of Upper Canada.
3. Speech of Indian Chief, "Me-tawth." (1813.)
4. Speech of Indian Chief, "Ope-kai-e-gan." (1836.)
5. Leaves from an Officer's Diary. (1836-1840.)
6. Penetanguishene.
A Poem written by a Subaltern. (1840.)



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DEEDS SPEAK!

Women's Canadian Historical Society

OF TORONTO

CANCELLED

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SOME ELECTIONS AND THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

To those who live in these days of moderation a sketch of the political excitement during the years subsequent to 1837 will be interesting. It is not necessary to enter into the question of who was right or who was wrong. The Radicals (or Rebels as they were called by their opponents, Reformers as they called themselves) and the Tories were each as violent as the other.

The three great questions to be decided were responsible government, the union of the provinces, and the settlement of that bone of contention, the Clergy Reserves.

In the spring of 1841 Mr. Baldwin had been brought by the Reform Party to run for the County of Hastings. No resident of that constituency could have had a ghost of a chance against Mr. Murney, the Tory member—the most popular man in the county, very handsome, a popular speaker, with a splendid voice. He belonged to the town, and had married a Belleville girl who was also a first cousin of the Baldwins. This made the situation more difficult.

In the good old days an election for member of Parliament being held for a week in the County Town enabled men who had property in more than one town to record their votes in each. I once heard a lawyer boast of how he voted in five counties—drove to Kingston on Sunday, voted as soon as the poll was opened on Monday morning; drove on the ice to Prince Edward (Picton), got there before the poll closed; on to Belleville, voted there on Tuesday morning; drove to Cobourg, voted there on Wednesday; on to Peterborough to vote there on Thursday afternoon, and was back to Belleville, before the poll closed, on Saturday evening. He probably needed refreshments by the way, and his excitement increased as he proceeded.

The number of immigrants, principally Roman Catholic, arriving by every ship, alarmed the ultra Protestants, and many joined the Orange Society, as they supposed, in self-defence. These, like all new converts, were very enthusiastic, even violent. They evidently thought no one was loyal to the British crown but themselves. Mr. Murney was not an Orangeman himself, but was supported by them. Mr. Baldwin was the apostle of responsible government. He was returned for both Hastings and the east riding of York in 1841, the first session after the Union, and decided to sit for Hastings.

Lord Sydenham died in September, 1841, the day before the close of the first session after the union of the provinces. The new governor, Sir Charles Bagot, following as nearly as he could in Lord Sydenham's steps, called upon Mr. Baldwin to form a government. In October, 1842, there was a new election in Belleville, the county

town of Hastings. It is of this election I will try to give my recollections. I was under ten years of age at the time, but children often hear and see more than their elders think.

There had been violent scenes at elections in various parts of Upper Canada. A man named Kelly was shot in Toronto. In Huron the military were sent for, John Galt, jr., having walked sixty miles through the forest to London, the nearest garrison town, to summon them, as they feared to send an ordinary messenger by the road, lest he should be waylaid and prevented from accomplishing his mission. Miss Lizars, in "The Days of the Canada Company," says of this election that the local constable was reported to have said: "*Now, when the row begins, do some of you fellows knock me on the head, so that I won't be of any use.*" And a justice of the peace said: "*Boys, for God's sake don't let me read the Riot Act—don't; for as sure as I do the soldiers will fire at you.*"

In Montreal, to quote from "The Life of Lord Sydenham," by his brother: "There was not a doubt that, at these elections, a good deal of violence occurred, and that without it the result, in some cases, would have been different."

"Each party threw on its opponent the responsibility of having been the assailant, and, in the midst of the conflicting assertions maintained by each, it was impossible then, and would be still more impossible now, to decide with confidence on this point.

"It is probable, however, that the blame might not unfairly be divided. Thus, at the election for Montreal county, the French-Canadians, on the first day, took possession of the poll, and in the struggle of the British party to record their votes two Irish electors were struck down, one of whom died on the spot. The body having been brought into the city, the most violent excitement was naturally produced among his fellow-countrymen, and on the following day the English and Irish voters having flocked in great numbers to the polls, the French-Canadians, apprehensive of the consequences, abandoned the struggle and their member retired without further contest. There, at least, the first violence appears to have been on the part of the French Canadians, although the triumph 'was eventually with the British party.'

"Again, at Terrebonne, M. Lafontaine, who admitted that the 'great bulk of his followers had come from their homes armed with cudgels, and those who had not had halted at a wood to provide for themselves,' withdrew without polling a vote because he found that his opponents, though, according to his own showing, not more numerous than his followers, had seized what appeared to him the most advantageous position for a fight. In this instance no collision took place at the hustings, but as the French-Canadians showed themselves at least as much prepared for a conflict as the English, there is no ground for imputing to the latter any greater disposition to break the peace than the former.

"The consequence, however, having been the return of the English candidate, he and his friends were, of course, denounced as having brought about the result by violence and intimidation.

"It is, indeed, probable that at both these elections, and especially at Terrebonne, where, as it was afterwards shown, some of the French-Canadians had armed themselves with bayonets and knives, a fierce contest, not without bloodshed, must have ensued had both parties stood their ground. Fortunately for both parties the French-Canadian candidate refused to do so."

After the return of Mr. Baldwin in 1841, the whole town, and, I daresay, the county, was in a state of fermentation. People hitherto life-long friends cut each other in the street. Doctors were written to by many of their oldest patients "to send in their bills." I know in one case two children questioned the butcher and baker, when they called for orders, as to whom they voted for, and, when they answered "The Reform candidate," these youthful partizans told them not to come to that house again, as they did not deal with rebels.

At the private schools—there were no public schools then—the rival parties had to be placed on opposite sides of the room. At the girls' school the pupils brought their lunch, and the moment the governess left the school-room at noon one girl jumped on a certain table and another on an opposite one and the names "Baldwin" and "Lafontaine" were the key-note to a war of words, which seems amusing as I look back and see how little we knew about the matter, in spite of the violence with which one's own member was defended and the abuse his opponent received. Among the children the new election was regarded with more than usual interest.

The town of Belleville has changed so much, the march of improvement has so altered its natural features—especially in the matter of cutting down hills and filling up valleys, obliterating almost all old landmarks which have been lost under fine buildings—that it will not be amiss to describe it as it then was.

It was little more than a village of about two thousand inhabitants in 1842, when the "Battle of Hastings," as we called it, was fought. The town proper was built in a valley, through which the River Moira flowed. At some distance, on either side, were hills, probably the ancient banks of the river. On the west side the hill was entirely composed of limestone.

On the east was the town, which filled the valley. The hill above was nothing but sand. To the north of it, slightly lower, was a hill or bank of sticky clay, which adhered to everything when wet, and when dry was almost like slate. Indeed, we often used it to write on our slates.

On the south, where the river emptied, was the beautiful Bay of Quinte. A road had been made from the bridge over the river to the top of the hill on the east, where stood St. Thomas's, the Episcopalian Church; it was called Bridge Street. A street ran

below this building called Church Street. On this were the churches of all denominations except the Methodist, which was in the valley. The houses on Front Street, the main street of the town, were built, as so many are in Canada, with the back to and abutting on the river. The next street parallel to it was Pinnacle Street. This ran just below the hill, which was very steep.

On the highest point, the pinnacle, which no doubt gave the name to the street below, some early settlers had built a castle. But, alas ! it was only of wood—a green two-story house on the further side but three towards the slope of the hill—with a wooden parapet surrounding the flat roof like the battlements of a castle. The offices, some twenty feet below, were hidden by a high wooden screen finished in the same way. As the steep hill was covered with oak and maple trees and very green grass, the house was a very picturesque one. In this house we lived, and it commanded a view of all the surrounding country. On the town side of Church Street there was but one other house on a level with ours, and that a cottage. A street led up the hill to the Court House, a new stone building on the brow of the hill. It was known as the Court House Hill. That building also overlooked Pinnacle Street. Opposite the Court House, on the east side of the street, the Scotch church stood, a modest wooden building with a square tower. At the turn, or shoulder of the hill, at some distance, on the same side of Church Street, was the Roman Catholic Church with its tall spire showing over the precipice. This gave the continuation of the street—which ran down to the river, where there had once been a bay—the name of Catholic Church Hill.

Between the Scotch Church and the English Church was a level plain. There the hustings was erected at which the votes were to be recorded, also sundry small booths for supplying refreshments. There were no other buildings except an old frame house at the back of the lot that was used as a hospital. Near the English churchyard was a grave where a poor old man who committed suicide had been buried without the pale of the church.

The election commenced on Monday morning, and went on without unusual incident for some hours. It was then noticed that as one party had voted they tried to prevent the other from getting to the hustings, and that nearly all carried canes or sticks of some kind. The returning officer, hearing threats, ordered that every man who came up to vote must first give up his stick. This they seemed to do willingly enough. The sticks were piled at the back of the hustings.

The following day this went on till nearly the close of the poll, when a man who had been obliged to give up his stick saw another with a pistol. Upon accusing him of having it the man ran to one of the booths, and, leaning over the counter, dropped it behind a barrel. In one moment the crowd were upon him and down went the booth. The man fell, and his head, in a very short time, was like a

red nightcap. Sticks and "handy billies" (a stone or piece of lead in the top of a stocking), were flying about the heads of the crowd. The man would have been killed (he was an Orangeman) if it had not been for the arrival of an unexpected rescuer.

A shout of "Hold there!" and the Catholic priest leaped into the midst of the melée, a good stout shillalah in his hand. Placing a foot on each side of the wounded man, he twisted his stick in a manner that suggested Donnybrook Fair, and called to his own people "to touch the man if they dare." When they became a little calmer he had the man carried into his own kitchen (which adjoined the church), and had his wound dressed. We were told, later on, that he had nine men brought in and cared for. In the meantime, when the row began, every man who had been obliged to give up his stick made a rush to the hustings to regain it, the result being that the hastily-constructed building came down like a house built of cards.

Of course no more votes were polled that day. Numbers of stories were told of different men in their excitement attacking harmless people. An old man who sat quietly apart on the "suicide's grave" was struck with a sword by a man called "King Dan"—why thus named I do not know, except that he wore a long scarlet cloak, carried a sword, and rode a white horse in the Orange procession, as representing William III. The sword of state, being probably rusty, did not do the old man much harm. He raised his arm to protect his head and it received rather a bad cut. He was one of the wounded taken to the priest's house.

The next day was to be the decisive one. The farmers had been told, if they had no pistols or guns, to bring their axes and pitchforks. A number of Orangemen slept on the field in order to take possession of the hustings the first thing in the morning. In the early morning, when the people began to come in, the children were forbidden to go out of the gate; and, of course, we younger ones immediately betook ourselves to the highest point of observation—as the novelists might say, "we betook ourselves to the ramparts." Did we not live in a castle? From that vantage-point we could see the three hills, the street below, and the plain where the hustings was being reconstructed. The first thing we noticed as strange was the number of people on crutches.

"There goes another lame man," one of the boys said, "the seventh man on crutches, and grand new ones too!"

He had hardly spoken when the man, who seemed very awkward, looked all about him, and seeing no one on the street before him (he did not look up), tucked his crutches under his arm and ran to the top of the hill, where he resumed them and went carefully along Church Street.

There was anxiety in the air. Towards noon some people looked expectantly towards the Bay, an action which we did not then understand. About two o'clock men began to gather on the top of the hill

near the hustings and at the back of the Court House. Hearing a stir in that direction, we turned and saw one side of the Court House Hill covered with a crowd drawn up in battle array in a semi-circular form, one man among them carrying a green banner with a harp on it, which we recognized as having been displayed on St. Patrick's Day. A little man, an old soldier, was drilling these men, who were armed with sticks, flails and "crutches." Little boys were running between the ranks, filling the men's pockets with the sharp stone chippings left on the ground from the newly-erected Court House. As we looked, a second crowd marched up the hill, with bayonets fixed and an orange flag (which looked rather like a silk pocket-handkerchief), fastened to a bayonet. They formed in line of four or five deep opposite the first crowd, and little boys performed for them the same service they had done for the others.

While we watched, expecting "we knew not what," a window opened in the Court House above them and the sheriff appeared, and read to them what we afterwards learned was the "Riot Act." There was a cheer of defiance from both sides, and a pause, but only for a moment or two. Then, at the crown of the hill appeared a tall officer in full regimentals followed by a company of the "Twenty-third" marching quietly and steadily in between the hostile crowds and then wheeling into position from each side. Then the "dissolving view" began. Where or how the would-be combatants disappeared it would be hard to say. They seemed to "melt into thin air," and in a few minutes the hill was in the sole possession of the red-coats.

The night before, when the authorities saw that the Orangemen had possession of the ground and appeared determined to prevent the other party from recording their votes, it was deemed prudent to send to Kingston for the troops. There was no telegraph or telephone in those days, and Mr. Ross (afterwards Hon. John Ross, who later on became Mr. Baldwin's son-in-law), drove to Kingston during the night and chartered the boat to bring them up. They arrived just in time to prevent what might otherwise have been a serious riot. This battle that was *not* fought was on the anniversary of the great Battle of Hastings, the 14th of October; and, as the county was Hastings, we always spoke of it as the "Battle of Hastings." The officers and men remained till Saturday night, and, though they were worried by many false alarms, there was no other disturbance.

The ground returned to its natural appearance with one exception: the poor suicide's grave was no longer to be seen, which rather saddened us, as we had a sort of romantic interest in it. But as another church has, I believe, been built on that plain, he may have his bones in consecrated ground after all.

The two officers were Captain Crutchly, afterwards a general, who distinguished himself and wore many marks of his sovereign's approval, and last, but not least, married a Canadian girl; and Watkin Wynne, afterwards Captain Sir Watkin Wynne, who met

a miserable death in the Crimea. After one of the engagements was over, he stooped to give a wounded Russian a drink and was cut to pieces in the same dastardly way that characterized the tactics of the Boers.

Later on, Mr. Baldwin sat for Rimouski. M. Lafontaine, of whose election I quoted, sat for York. One of the first bills he brought in when he came into power was an Act confining the poll to two days and the voters to their township or ward. Even then this was passed with much opposition.

To quote again from a contemporary article: "The third Act passed under the auspices of the Baldwin administration was one by which flags may not be carried within three miles of a polling-place during a general election."

This measure was saluted with a vast deal of patriotic indignation. It was called an Algerine law, a statute fit for the Medes and Persians. Mr. Baldwin and his ministry were accused of trampling on the Union Jack, hauling down the Royal Standard, etc., etc. But why has it not been blotted from the statute book? It has prevented many a fearful scene of riot and carnage.

"All hail," we say, "to the Algerine measure!" Had Mr. Baldwin done nothing else, he is entitled to our respect and admiration. Now that the party strife is over the very people who resisted the measures for responsible government enjoy what he fought so hard to obtain.

The accession of Queen Victoria to the throne was a greater benefit to the colonies than we perhaps realize to the full. To her gentle and wise rule we are, no doubt, indebted for responsible government. This has made Canada what she is to-day, and enabled her people to show their gratitude by sending their sons to fight for the honour of the Old Flag in other climes.

AGNES CHAMBERLIN.

II.

Letter Concerning the Election for the County of Essex to the
First Parliament of Upper Canada.

NIAGARA, 14 August, 1792.

MY DEAR SIR:

All the letters I get from Detroit give me favourable hopes, except those I receive from McNiff.¹ They assure me of the interest and influence of Messrs. McKay, Macomb,² Park, Leith, Sharp, McIntosh, Elliott,³ La Morte, McDonel, and several others, for sure.

There is, I understand, however, powerful influence against me. However, if I have fair play I don't fear, as I am assured that the settlers on Lake Erie and River La Tranche will vote for me. "Nemini Contradictæ"—at least those are the words in which their assurances are represented to me.

Perhaps I should have done better to have set up Macomb, who is to be proposed; but I did not then know they would be entitled to vote; besides, were I thrown out on the 20th⁴ I might have had a chance on the 28th.

The French people can easily walk to the hustings, but my gentry will require some conveyance. If boats are necessary you can hire them, and they must not want *beef* and *rum*—let there be plenty, and in case of success I leave it to you which you think will be best to give my friends, a public dinner, and the ladies a dance either now or when I go up. If you think the moment the best time you will throw open Forsyth's tavern and call for the best he can supply.

I trust you will feel very young on the occasion of the dance, and I wish that Leith and you should push about the *bottle* and the promotion of the settlements on the Detroit.

The more broken heads and bloody noses there is the more election-like; and in case of success (damn that *if*), let the white ribbon favors be plentifully distributed—to the old, the young, the gay, the lame, the cripple, and the blind.

Half a score cord of wood piled hollow, with a tar barrel in the middle, on the common, some powder *pour tirée*—and plenty of rum.

I am sure you will preside over and do everything that is needful so far as my circumstances will admit. There must be no want, and I am sure you will do everything handsome and plentyful. Elliot, I am sure, will give you a large red flag to be hoisted on a pole near the bon-fire, and some blue-colored tape may be sewn on in large letters, **ESSEX**.

Thus talked the woman to herself when she carried her eggs on her head to market—she sat them, she hatched them, she sold them for a crown apiece, and then down she fell, eggs and all, and the anticipation of a warm and fruitful—

The remaining sheet of the above letter is wanting—unquestionably that of D. W. Smith (late 5th Regiment) to John Askin at Detroit.

(Signed)

A. W. ASKIN,
Feb. 12th, 1897.

NOTE 1.—McNiff, a land surveyor who had recently been engaged in laying out the surrounding country.

NOTE 2.—William Macomb, with Francis Baby, elected member for Kent at this election. The pamphlet, "The First Legislators of Upper Canada," p. 113, gives further particulars regarding him.

NOTE 3.—Colonel Mathew Elliott, one of the great men on the Lake Erie Shore in the old days.

NOTE 4.—From a memorandum of the dates of his appointment, prepared by himself, we learn that Smith was elected on the 27th of August, 1792, through his important services as Secretary of the Land Board of Hesse. Early in 1792 he had been transferred to Niagara, whence he writes, arranging the details of his election.

The writer of the above letter, David William Smith, of the 5th Regiment, had for two years been stationed at Detroit, where, in addition to his regimental duties, he had held the position of Secretary to the Commandant of that post, and had acquired great influence with the settlers in that region.

III.

(Numbers III., IV., V., VI. were read by Rev. A. U. De Pencier, on February 5th, 1902.)

SPEECH OF INDIAN CHIEF, "ME-TAWTH." (1813.)

In the month of November, 1813, a great "Talk" or Council was held at the Castle of St. Louis, Quebec, between His Excellency Sir George Prevost and the representatives of the several Indian tribes inhabiting British North America and those tribes in alliance with the British. Among these were several influential chiefs, sent by the Indians inhabiting the Michigan territory. At this Council the Chief, who spoke in the name of all the others there assembled, delivered himself as follows:—

Speech of Me-tawth, Soc Chief.

Father,

We have often heard of you from our young men, but we never saw you before.

Father, we are come now a long distance to smoke the Pipe of Peace with you.

Father, the Long Knives¹ are our enemies as well as yours; but, Father, when you made peace with them we buried the tomahawk in the ground.

Father, you have sent to us to say that you are now fighting with the Long Knives and want us to fight beside you.

Father, we wished for peace, we love our hunting; but, Father, we love you and our great Father across the Salt Lake. We will tear the tomahawk from the bowels of the earth, to bury it in the bosoms of the Long Knives—our enemies and yours.

Father, when the Long Knives made war with you last year, they drove us from our hunting grounds because they knew we loved you and our great Father across the Salt Lake.

Father, send across the Salt Lake and tell our great Father to ask the Great Spirit that sits in the clouds to give us victory.

Father, we will not bury the tomahawk again until our great Father desires us. But, Father, you must never make peace with the Long Knives until we have conquered back our hunting grounds, from which the Long Knives have now driven us.

Father, we have no more to say. We smoke the Pipe of Peace with you.

To this speech Sir George Prevost replied that he was glad to see his Red Children; that he would send word to their great Father that his Red Children were going to assist him in the war, and he would ask their great Father to pray to the Great Spirit in the clouds to give them victory; that he would ask their great Father not to make peace with the Americans until they had restored the hunting grounds² they had taken from his Red Children, and that he would never make peace without attending to their interests.

NOTE 1.—The Americans were called "Long Knives."

NOTE 2.—The ninth article of the Treaty of Ghent secured peace and restoration to the Indians, as a note states, written by Earl Bathurst to Sir George Prevost, from Downing Street, 27th December, 1814.

IV.

SPEECH OF INDIAN CHIEF, "OPE-KAI-E-GAN." (1836.)

(Translation of a speech from the Pottawattamie Chief—"Ope-kai-e-gan" (Rib), residing at St. Joseph's Lake, Michigan, sent through the Ottawa tribe to their English Father, requesting permission to emigrate to and take up their residence in Upper Canada.)

July, 1836.

We salute you!

Hear us, Father. Open your ears, Father. We shake hands with you from our hearts. You, who are called English. You, who are red-coated! Father, we are the same; we are one; the same One made us all—the Great Spirit made all things, everything that we see, even the birds. You are not ignorant of our foolishness, Father,

of us called Pottawattamies. We have now brought upon ourselves misery; we have courted a flower which presented all the beautiful colours; we are even like little children in our Indian state—we who are called Indians. If we take one of these beautiful flowers and present it to a young child, he will take it and tear it in pieces; this is the manner in which our Chiefs, the Pottawattamies have acted. Father, they are not now without feeling miserable and poor. Observe now our situation, we who are called Pottawattamies. It is with us, at present, as a dark night. The time has arrived that we are kicked under by your fellow-whites. On looking all around us, we find even our thoughts hemmed in on all sides, and know not where our children can be taken that they may live. It gives us anxious thoughts. It is true, when we look towards the rising sun, we see your fires smoking; the appearance is a great brightness. You, called the English, Father! For this reason our Wampum goes from our women, our children, and our young men, to convey their thoughts to you. Regard it as if they were standing at your door, Father.

Our Father, Jesus has told us that, if a younger brother (or inferior), comes standing at our door, we are immediately to assist him; for this reason we are inclined to trust you, who are called English, Father, that you will save our shadow (remnant). It would be like throwing one into the fire if you were to do as they (the Americans) desire, or wish us to drive the Indians away to that place. For this reason I say to you, Father, to save our shadow. We love our Father, the Great Spirit's instruction (religion). Perhaps it would be well if you, Father, would stretch your arm towards us. You could reach us, Father, before we be cast beyond your reach, if you will be kind to us. Is there anything beyond your power, you called English? You are, as it were, Spirits in power, Father. This is all the words we send, Father. Our ears will be open to receive anything you may say in answer to our words. We salute you!

OPE-KAL-E-GAN.

(Rib.)

NOTE 1.—On October 28th, 1814, at Michilimackinac, Waindaway, of the Pottawattamies, said: "We were the first of your Indian children who took up the tomahawk against the Long Knives."

NOTE 2.—The year 1836 was marked by a great emigration to Michigan. We learn that the Indians at St. Joseph's Lake feared that their lands were to be taken from them.

LEAVES FROM AN OFFICER'S DIARY. (1836-1840.)

(From the original diary of Major Dartnell, with an account of the march of the Royals from Montreal to London.)

LONDON, 20 May.

The Royals reached this by two divisions from Montreal, on the 15th and 16th inst., having experienced, in the short space of a fortnight, every variety of season and climate from July to December, from Siberia to the torrid zone. The first half of the route, from Montreal to Kingston, usually traversed by the Rideau in four to five days, occupied nine, and was marked by a series of misadventures sufficient to try the temper and patience of Job himself. The embarkation at Lachine was accomplished amidst a drizzling rain; at Ste. Anne's a gale was encountered, during which the steamer, after having failed in towing up the barges, drove from her anchor and well-nigh escaped (to) destruction in the rapids. The captain and all the crew but one man being employed ashore, here there was a detention of thirty-six hours. At Bytown, again, another provoking delay of two entire days occurred, there being no steamer to take the boats in tow. Had the weather been at all favourable this would have been a source of gratification, at least to the lovers of the picturesque, as affording an opportunity of enjoying the beautiful scenery of the Chaudière; but snow, sleet, wind and rain, and an unspeakable depth of mud, left the officers no alternative but to make the most of the pleasures of a country inn, and sent the still less fortunate soldiers, with their wives and children, a steaming, saturated mass, into the holds of the crowded batteaux. The *Hunter* at length arrived with the 85th going down. From Bytown the progress, tho' slow, was uninterrupted except by the tedious lockage of a long line of boats. The weather was generally cold, wet and cheerless; but this was, perhaps, in harmony with the wild and, at this season, dreary scenery of the Rideau, some parts of which are very remarkable.

Of the discomforts of the "Hunter" I shall only say that the accommodations were wholly inadequate to the numbers embarked (this probably could not be avoided), the cabins dark and dirty, the berths without bedding, the fare poor and scanty—so much for monopoly.

At Kingston, which was entered during a gale of wind, the Regt. (all but one company) embarked on board that splendid boat the *William Fourth*, and had a fine run of 24 hours, the first cheering stage of the journey, landed at Hamilton in sunshine on Sunday, the 10th May.

The march from Hamilton to London occupied 6 days and, from the fineness of the weather and the richness and beauty of the country, formed a most pleasing contrast to the preceding part of the route.

Hamilton has a splendid site and must one day be a place of considerable importance. The whole line of country from thence to London is rich and varied in scenery, undulating in beautiful hill and dale, well cleared and in many parts highly cultivated. Brantford, especially, and Paris, are delightfully situated on the Grand River, and the neighbourhood of Woodstock will remind any Englishman of his home.

London is a large, straggling town, containing already upwards of 2,000 inhabitants, the streets well laid out, but the buildings all of wood; even the gaol and court house, which are in one, is of the same inflammable material, tho' plastered to represent stone. This building occupies the centre of a fine open space called the Square, on high ground above the river, and at a distance has rather an imposing effect, notwithstanding the sorry taste of the architecture and its unhappy position in the centre, instead of on one side, of the square. The country immediately around is flat, but elevated several feet above the level of the Lake, the soil light and dry, and the climate remarkably healthy. The highest ground in the Province is found about five miles from the town in a S.-W. direction. This spot was visited 40 years ago by General Simcoe, who is said to have descried with a powerful telescope, from an elevated platform, Lakes Huron, St. Clair, Erie and Ontario. He predicted at that time the occupation of some point in the neighbourhood, at no distant day, as a grand military depot, which London is now becoming. The situation of London, too, is so central and so obviously the most eligible spot possible for a great military depot, that Governor Simcoe, so long ago as the period of his Government . . . its becoming within 30 or 40 years . . .

VI.

PENETANGUISHENE.

To ye, who, tired of war's alarms,
 In garrison or camp,
 Are sighing for the many charms
 Of march, route, or a tramp—
 Or who, on board batteaux or ship,
 Delight to vent your spleen,
 I hereby recommend a trip
 To Penetanguishene.

Oh! 'tis the place for youthful sprigs
 Whose epaulettes grow dim
 With city wear, whose rose-oil'd wigs
 Want combing into trim,
 Whose elbows are a little out—
 Such thing have often been—
 They will be bettered by abo ut
 Of Penetanguishene.

'Tis here you learn true jollity,
And scorn the march of mind,
And live in fond equality
With beasts of every kind ;
The Indian with his scalping knife
Diversifies the same—
Oh ! 'tis a mighty pleasant place
At Penetanguishene.

You shake a wild-cat by the fist
When in your path he halts,
With beavers take a hand at whist,
And gallopade and waltz—
With shaggy bears, who, when you roam
Afar in forest green,
Remind you that your nearest home
Is Penetanguishene.

Upon the article of grub
You must lay little stress,
For here with grief the starving sub
Bemoans headquarters' mess.
His pound of junk and "Tommy"³ bare
But makes the diner lean ;
For surfeits they are very rare
At Penetanguishene.

And then for swipes, poor d—l, he
Must look and feel quite glum,
Since now a sober Treasury
Has docked the ration rum ;
Unless it be with maple juice,
A drink that's thin and mean,
He cannot shake a top-screw loose
At Penetanguishene.

NOTE 1.—Penetanguishene was a small military frontier post on the south shore of Georgian Bay in Canada, in a wild and almost uninhabited part of the country.

NOTE 2.—The name "Penetanguishene" in the Chippeway language signifies the falling or rolling of the sand, literally, "Behold how the sand rolls!"—an exclamation made, it is said, by a party of Indians on first beholding the extraordinary manner in which the loose sand was falling over the high bank that forms the entrance to the little bay.

NOTE 3.—The reference to "Tommy" is a use of the nickname for the pudding which was served for dessert—sometimes without sauce.

ARY