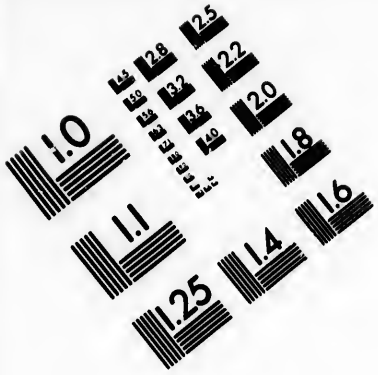

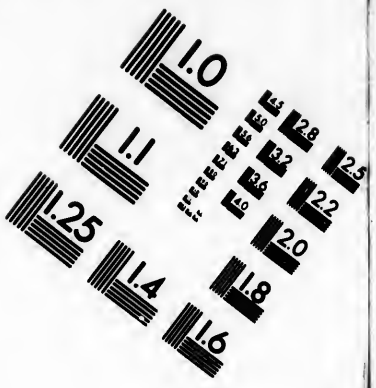

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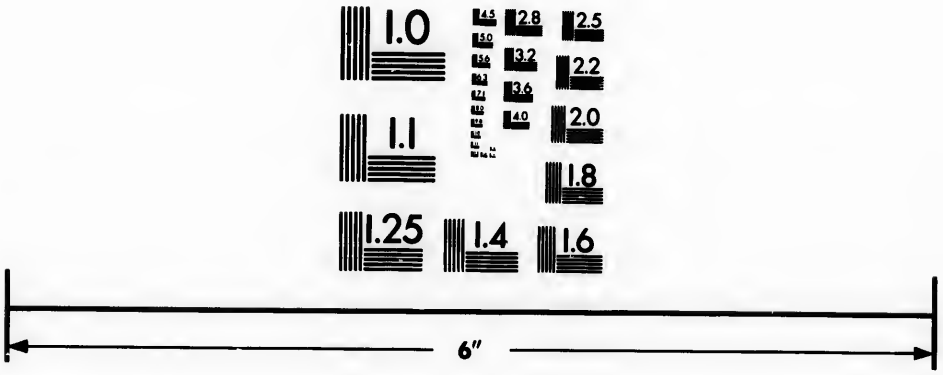

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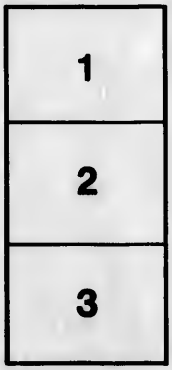

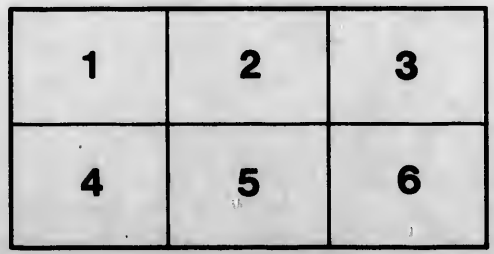

SC

PENINS

TRIFLES

FROM

MY PORT-FOLIO,

OR

RECOLLECTIONS

OF

SCENES AND SMALL ADVENTURES

DURING

TWENTY-NINE YEARS' MILITARY SERVICE

IN THE

PENINSULAR WAR AND INVASION OF FRANCE, THE EAST INDIES, CAMPAIGN IN NEPAUL, ST. HELENA DURING THE DETENTION AND UNTIL THE DEATH OF NAPOLEON, AND

UPPER AND LOWER CANADA.

BY A STAFF SURGEON.

" _____ retrorsum
Vela dare atque iterare cursus
_____ relictos." _____
HORAT.

IN TWO VOLUMES.—VOLUME II.

QUEBEC:
PRINTED BY WILLIAM NEILSON, MOUNTAIN-STREET.

1839.

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TRIFLES FROM MY PORT-FOLIO.

CHAPTER I.

BEAUTIFUL RIDES AND FINE VIEWS IN ST. HELENA.—A DISAGREEABLE BRIGADIER.—ILLNESS AND DEATH OF NAPOLEON.

"Æris in magnum fertur mare."

LUCRETIUS.

"Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean, roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the Earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore; upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When for a moment, like a drop of rain
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined and unknown."

CHILDE HAROLD.

THERE is a wooded mountain-ridge in St. Helena, called "Diana's Peak," three thousand feet above the level of the sea, from which the view is wonderfully grand and vast. It commands the whole circumference of the Island, with a circle of three hundred miles of ocean—the distant horizon mingling with the sky. This is a celebrated spot for Pic-Nics; although the labour of clambering to the top is no trifling undertaking for a lady, and the narrow ledge, or back-bone at the summit, with its nearly perpendicular sides, affords a very nervous promenade. The whole mountain is covered with wood; chiefly the Geoffræa or Cabbage Tree, shaped exactly like an um-

brella, and enormous Polypodiums, twenty feet high ; but here, as all over the Island, there is a dearth of wild flowers. At the base of the Peak, several fine springs of the purest and coolest water gush out ; feeding long leaden pipes, which were put down in our time, to convey the water to Longwood and Deadwood.

The rides on the highlands, generally, were remarkably agreeable—the air cool, the road good, and every turn or fresh elevation presenting some new and striking combination of picturesque objects. The road running round Diana's Peak to Sandy Bay Ridge was a general favourite, as it afforded almost at every step the most wild and extraordinary prospects. On attaining the top of the ridge a scene of singular sublimity expands at once ; looking quite unearthly, and like a bit of some strange Planet at first ; until the old association with our own Globe is renewed by the names of two rocky obelisks standing boldly out of the vast hollow. These are called Lot and his wife ; for the uncanonical people here have made a pillar of the gentleman as well as the lady. Sandy Bay is seen in the distance with its line of white surf—here and there a pretty patch of cultivation strikes the eye, niched in some sheltered nook ; fantastic, peaked and splintered mountains rise all around, and beyond all, the illimitable ocean, with the cruizing vessels like white specks upon its surface—perhaps stretching out to arrest the course of some strange ship coming right down on our Island.

Sir William Doveton, the only Knight, I believe, that St. Helena ever produced, had a pretty cottage at the bottom of the ridge. He was a respectable gentleman, who went to England in our time, and was Knighted by the Prince Regent. Sir William came home soon after to sport his new dignity amongst his brother Yarn-stocks, to tell them the wonders of England, expatiate on the affability of the Court and the whiteness of the Prince's hands ; and to assure the Islanders that London was *not* particularly dull, as they had heard, and that people of fashion *could* live in it even after the East India Fleet had sailed.

The second in command, Sir George Bingham, an officer much and deservedly liked, had gone to England in 1819, and

was succeeded by a man of a very different character—of narrow mind and sordid disposition; in short, an unamiable combination of miser and martinet. He quarrelled with our Commanding Officer, because he could not get unlimited fatigue parties from the regiment to work on his grounds, gratis; and in consequence annoyed us all as much as he could—harassed the corps with drills and field-days, and availed himself of any trifling irregularity to insult it in General Orders.

This officer resided near our Head Quarters at Francis Plain, where he farmed some acres of land from a poor octogenarian widow; which he cultivated *à la* Cincinnatus; but he beat the old Roman hollow in fattening his own cattle and making money of his mutton. Poor Mrs. P—— thought at first she had found the nonpareil of tenants, for she received every week nice presents from the General—a dish of sweet-breads, a neat little roasting bit of beef, or a leg of lamb; but she soon had reason to change her opinion, when she saw every article charged at the highest rate, and deducted from the rent. Major H——, the Brigade Major, was also taken in like the old lady. He found on his table one day after coming in from riding, a kind note from ——, accompanied by a quarter of mutton, which he ate in due time, with all the relish that unsuspecting credulity and fine flavour could confer—but was horrified by a memorandum of its price before the end of the month.

Now, not having the fear of the Commander in Chief before his eyes, the writer determined to expose and raise a laugh at the Brigadier for all these shabby proceedings. Accordingly, a number of placards were secretly printed and stuck up one night all over the town. One of these was sent to Plantation-House, another to the Flag Ship—each Regimental Mess in the Island got one, and the General himself had the pleasure of finding one next morning on his breakfast table. The notices were as follows:—

"ADVERTISEMENT.

"The public are respectfully informed that Brigadier General —— will kill a fat bullock at his house on Wednesday the 10th instant, and three fat sheep on the Friday after. Beef, from 11d. to 1s. per pound, according to the piece. Mutton—Hind Quarter, 1s. 1d.—Fore ditto, 11d. The General farther gives notice that Tripe is to be had at a reasonable price, and Geese are grazed on his grounds at one penny a-head per week—the Ganders to pay double.

"By Command."

The reader who can enjoy a joke, may judge of the sensation these placards excited next day in the limited circle of St. Helena, where ——'s stinginess was notorious. The risible muscles of the community certainly had no sinecure for four-and-twenty hours. Even the Governor laughed, but the Brigadier stormed, and Commanding Officers were directed to assemble their officers, and take every step to find out the audacious wag. It was with the gravest complacency that I listened to the lecture Colonel Nicol gave us on the occasion. Measures to ensure secrecy had been carefully taken, however, and the author of the libel was never discovered.

The beginning of 1821 passed away with little change in our Island affairs; but in February it began to be known that Napoleon was seriously ill; and, in addition to his bodily sufferings, had lately undergone much mental distress from certain reports of the infidelity of the Empress Maria Louisa, that had found their way to Longwood. He complained of constant pain at the pit of the stomach, with sickness and total loss of appetite; and suffered great agony from two or three emetics in succession, which his surgeon, Antommarchi, prescribed. At length he declined all medicine, and flung the last potion that was offered out of the window.

Signor Antommarchi had been a pupil of the celebrated Mascagni, at Florence, and was a good anatomist, but not remarkable for a profound knowledge of the other therapeutic sciences. There is good reason for believing that the Emperor never had any confidence in him. General Montholon told me that on the arrival of Signors Bonavista, Vignali and Antommarchi, at Longwood, they respectively underwent the keen scrutiny of Napoleon. The two latter gentlemen were Corsicans; and, according to my informant, Cardinal Fesch, who conceived the Emperor's countrymen would be agreeable to him, had made a great mistake in sending them, as he could not endure them. However this may be, Bonavista, who was a South American Bishop and a learned man, passed the ordeal creditably; as did the Abbé Vignali, though a man of far inferior attainments. But the Doctor being an inferior Chemist, broke down when undergoing an examination in that science, of which Napoleon had picked up some of the elemental principles. Montholon farther stated that

on this occasion the Emperor waxed very wroth and ordered Antommarchi out of his presence, with the courteous mittimus—"*Va-t-en* —— *bête!*" The poor Doctor came immediately to Montholon to complain of the treatment he had received, saying he was *un homme perdu.* He was told not to despair, and assured that the fit of passion would soon be over. Montholon farther advised him to solicit an interview the next day, acknowledge his imperfect education and deficiency in Chemistry—throw himself on the mercy of Napoleon, and promise to improve himself, if his Master would condescend to lend him some of the Chemical books in the Longwood Library. The story goes on to say that this plan succeeded; but I doubt the fact of his ever having acquired any considerable part of the Emperor's good opinion; as Antommarchi was the only individual of his suite at St. Helena who was not mentioned in his Will, though afterwards pensioned by the family.

The state and ceremony which the Great Man still maintained amongst his dependants at Longwood were sometimes carried to a ridiculous extent. No one was ever allowed to be covered in his presence in the garden or about the Longwood premises, we were informed; nor even in his blandest mood, when conversing in great good humour with his suite, was any of the highest rank—even the Grand Marshal Bertrand—permitted to be seated. Up to the last hour of consciousness this etiquette was preserved, and Antommarchi more than once alluded to this in conversation with me on our voyage home; declaring that he had been often exhausted to the verge of fainting, by preserving a standing posture during his long attendances in the dying chamber of Napoleon for the two or three last days.

In March matters began to look serious at Longwood; and towards the end of the month, Buonaparte having now become very weak and being in great pain, consented that an English medical gentleman should be sent for. In consequence, Dr. Arnott, Surgeon of the 20th Regiment, then quartered at Deadwood, was requested to attend.

From the first, Napoleon appeared to be aware of the nature of his malady; referring it to disease of the stomach, of which his father died, and with which the Princess Borghese was

threatened. There is much ground for believing in the hereditary transmission of a tendency to stomachic ulceration in his family; for exclusive of himself and his father, the Princess Borghese and his other sister Caroline, formerly Queen of Naples, are stated to have died of this complaint. His own feelings appeared to confirm this idea, and Arnott assured me at the time that his patient would often put his hand on the pit of his stomach and exclaim—"*Ah! mon Pylore—mon Pylore!*"

The 4th of May was an unusually stormy day in St. Helena, where the wind not only always blows from the same quarter, but is also for the most part of uniform strength. During the night it increased to a strong gale; and although the barracks at Francis' Plain were much sheltered, our little wooden houses shook as with an earthquake, and we were in momentary expectation of being blown into the neighbouring ravine. At two o'clock in the morning an officer of ours, who had slept at Plantation-House the night before, came galloping to my door, bare-headed, and only half-dressed, with a summons for me to go instantly to the Governor's—his youngest child being taken suddenly and dangerously ill. Messengers had also been despatched to James's Town, and night-signals made by telegraph for farther medical assistance.

I found the little patient—an infant of eight months—apparently gasping its last under a terrible attack of Croup; and the peculiarly distressing sound of the spasmodic and stridulous breathing audible over half the house. It was plain that without prompt relief the poor child would be lost. "The child must instantly be bled," I said. "Good G——, Sir," said Sir Hudson, "bleed an infant of this age!" "Yes," was the reply—"else the child will be dead in ten minutes." "But, Doctor, you won't be able to find a vein." "We'll try." So the little sufferer's arm was bandaged—a tiny vein opened, and when three ounces of blood had flowed, the breathing became comparatively quiet and easy; and after some medicine had been given, the child fell into a sound sleep. In this state it was when the other medical men arrived.

During my residence in St. Helena, opportunities of observing minutely the character of Sir Hudson Lowe, were not wanting; and I believe nobody could fill all the ordinary relations of domestic life and of society better than this much calumni-

ated man. He was, to my certain knowledge, a kind husband and father, and I believe an excellent Magistrate and Civil Governor. He obtained the consent of the Slave Proprietors in the Island, with some difficulty, to abolish Slavery prospectively in 1818, without receiving any compensation ; and carried the humane instructions of the British Government into effect on this delicate question with much address and talent. The abolition was dated with grace and propriety from Christmas Day ; after which doubly auspicious day for the blacks, no slave could be *born* in the Island, and the supply by importation had long been stopped. Perhaps this cautious and judicious disenthralment would have been a good model to follow in the great change that has lately been effected in the West Indies, and might have prevented some of the evils that have already ensued—and more that are yet to result from a sweeping and premature emancipation.

The morning of the 5th of May continued very blustery and stormy, and, according to the old notion already alluded to, the conflict of the elements was symbolical of the violent struggle of a master-spirit with the last enemy that was then going on at Longwood ; for Buonaparte was dying.

I remained at Plantation-House with my little convalescent patient. The Governor went early to Longwood, staid there the whole day, and did not return until all was over. The important event of the day was naturally the chief topic of conversation in the evening, as Sir Hudson took a hurried dinner previous to writing his despatches ; and in bare justice to an ill-used man, I can testify that notwithstanding the bitter passages between the great Departed and himself, the Governor spoke of him in a respectful, feeling, and every way proper manner. Major Gorreguer, I think, observed that the deceased was the most formidable enemy England ever had ; and the writer, that Providence appeared to have taken that favoured Country under its special guardianship, and covered the Island for many centuries with a shield of adamant, against which all hostile Potentates, from Philip of Spain to Napoleon, had shivered themselves to pieces. " Well, gentlemen," said the Governor, " he *was* England's greatest enemy, and mine too ; but I forgive him every thing. On the death of a Great Man like him, we should only feel deep concern and regret."

CHAPTER II.

EXAMINATION OF THE BODY OF NAPOLEON.—FATAL DISEASE.—FUNERAL.—EMBARKATION OF HIS SUITE FOR ENGLAND.

" Raro antecedentem scelestum
Deseruit pede pœna clauso."
HORAT.

" So may he rest—his faults lie lightly on him."
SHAKSPEARE.

" The triumph and the vanity,
The rapture of the strife—
The earthquake voice of Victory,
To thee the breath of life ;
The sword, the sceptre, and the sway
Which man seemed made but to obey,
Wherewith renown was rife,
All quell'd !" ————
BYRON.

THE close of the great Drama had now taken place ; the career of the greatest man of modern times was over. It only remained to satisfy the curiosity of mankind respecting the disease that destroyed him ; to pay his corpse all fitting funeral honors and consign it to the tomb.

The body was examined in the presence of Bertrand and Montholon, one or two officers of the Governor's Staff, and all the Medical Officers of the garrison, with some of the Navy, and Antommarchi, Surgeon to the deceased. Sir Walter Scott's account of the persons present on this occasion is not accurate, as two or three gentlemen who attended are omitted in his history. The principal medical officer, Dr. Shortt, Physician to the Forces, directed the Writer to minute down the appearances and to write the bulletin which was afterwards published ; although his name was not appended to that document, because he was then only Assistant Surgeon, and the Governor had

directed that no officer under the rank of Surgeon should sign the bulletin.

Death is often a mysterious beautifier of human lineaments. All turbulent and violent passions are calmed within the breasts of the spectators in its presence, and the workings and traces softened or even obliterated in the expression of the deceased—

> " Before Decay's effacing fingers
> Have swept the lines where Beauty lingers."

Death had marvellously improved the appearance of Napoleon, and every one exclaimed when the face was exposed, " How very beautiful;" for all present acknowledged they had never seen a finer or more regular and placid countenance. The beauty of the delicate Italian features was of the highest kind; whilst the exquisite serenity of their expression was in the most striking constrast with the recollection of his great actions, impetuous character and turbulent life.

As during his eventful career there was much of the mysterious and inscrutable about him, so, even after death Buonaparte's inanimate remains continued a puzzle and a mystery; for notwithstanding his great sufferings and the usual emaciating effects of the malady that destroyed him, the body was found enormously fat. The frame was as unsusceptible of material disintegration as the spirit had been indomitable. Over the Sternum, or breast-bone, which is generally only thinly covered, there was a coat of fat an inch and a half thick; and on the Abdomen two inches—whilst the Omentum, Kidneys and Heart were loaded with fat. The last organ was remarkably small and the muscle flabby, in contradiction to our ideal associations, and in proof of the seeming paradox, that it is possible to be a very great man with a very little Heart.

Much anxiety was felt at the time to ascertain the disease of which Buonaparte died. Mr. O'Meara had represented the Liver as the faulty organ, and this had been echoed by Antommarchi; though, as was said before, the illustrious sufferer himself, with better judgment, referred the mischief to the Stomach as its seat and source: and he was perfectly right, as the event proved. This organ was found most extensively disorganized: in fact it was ulcerated all over like a honey-comb. The focus of the

disease was exactly the spot pointed out by Napoleon—the Pylorus, or lower end where the Intestines begin. At this place I put my finger into a hole made by an ulcer that had eaten through the Stomach, but which was stopped by a slight adhesion to the adjacent Liver. After all, the Liver was found free from disease, and every organ sound except the Stomach.

Several peculiarities were noticed about the body. He appeared at some time to have had an issue opened in the arm, and there was a slight mark like a wound in the leg; but which might have been caused by a suppurating boil. The chest was not ample, and there was something of feminine delicacy in the roundness of the arms and the smallness of the hands and feet.*

The head was large in proportion to the body; with a fine, massy, capacious forehead. In other respects there were no remarkable developments for the gratification of the Phrenologists.

The diseased state of the Stomach was palpably and demonstrably the cause of death, and how Napoleon could have existed for any time with such an organ was wonderful, for there was not an inch of it sound.

Antommarchi was about to put his name to the bulletin with the English Medical gentlemen, when he was called aside by Bertrand and Montholon, and after this conference declined signing. The reason was, no doubt, that such proceeding on his part would contradict the diagnosis of Mr. O'Meara as to disease of the Liver. With the object of supporting O'Meara, and also of throwing odium on the British Government, a new insular disease, called *Gastro-Hepalitis*, was found out for the nonce, of which Buonaparte died. Now, I will broadly assert that we had no such disease, nor any other endemic in St. Helena. We had some rare instances of Hepatitis, or inflammation of the Liver, amongst the soldiers, when much exposed to the sun in the valley of James's Town, but not one twentieth part of the number we used to have in India. At night, too, from wet and exposure the men would catch Diarrhœas; as under similar circumstances they would any where else, with Pulmonary complaints, besides; from which we were remarkably exempt. But, as was before observed, that cannot be an

* Partes viriles exiguitatis insignis, sicut pueri, videbantur.

unhealthy climate where a twelvemonth passes without a death amongst 500 men—as was once the case at Deadwood—and where during five years, and with an average of about forty officers, we did not lose one by disease.

The body of the deceased Emperor lay in state all the 7th of May in full military costume, during which time almost every respectable person in the Island paid Longwood a visit. On the morning of the 8th, all the Garrison off duty, the Governor and Admiral, with their Staff—a great number of Naval Officers, the Foreign Commissioners—many ladies and gentlemen, and half the population of St. Helena attended the funeral.

When the Hearse bearing the body came to a point whence there was only a foot-path down to the grave, the Coffin was removed from it and carried to the willow-trees at the bottom, on the shoulders of twelve Grenadiers of the 20th, and twelve of the 66th Regiments. Two Protestant Clergymen attended as well as the Abbé Vignali, but only the latter officiated. After the funeral service, the body was deposited in the grave—the Heart being sealed up in a silver vessel full of Alcohol and put in the Coffin. A signal was then made and three salvos of fifteen guns, and three volleys of musketry from a line of three regiments—repeated grandly in a succession of fine echoes from the hills and ravines—sounded the requiem of NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE!

It was truly a spectacle of extraordinary and intense interest. There lay the helpless corpse of him whose nod had long swayed the destiny of nations—the Conqueror of an hundred battles—the Legislator—the Creator of Kings and Princes—the Hero of the Age—there he lay—borne to his narrow home in the course of most righteous retribution—not with Imperial pomp, over roads palled with sable escutcheons—but carried along a goat-path by the soldiers of that great Nation which he had hated all his life with rancorous bitterness; that had stood sternly in his path to universal Empire, and whose prostration and ruin it had been the unrelenting purpose of his heart and chief aim of his life to accomplish. There moved his body, borne by British Grenadiers; whilst the golden letters of "Minden" and "Talavera" and "Albuera" and "Vittoria" and "The Pyrenees" flaunted over it from the Colours in strange mockery

as it passed. There it slowly moved—to be buried in an obscure but appropriate nook—the crater of an extinct volcano—on a dreary Rock, amidst an immeasurable wildness of Ocean—without Cenotaph or Mausoleum—and even beneath a nameless Tomb.

All people capable of reflection, returned thoughtful from the funeral, for such a lesson of the vanity and instability of earthly grandeur none had ever before received—as none could receive thereafter. Even at our Mess at Francis Plain, the spectacle we had that day witnessed sobered the most volatile; and we all retired to repose in a vein not far removed from melancholy.

Two days after the final obsequies, an officer of the 66th and myself were taking our favourite ride towards Sandy Bay Ridge, when we met the Bertrands and General Montholon going to Plantation-House, and turned to accompany them as far as the gate. Madame Bertrand informed me that their object in visiting the Governor, was to convey to him the Emperor's last request that the past might be forgotten, and that a reconciliation should take place between the parties. Such was their story; and we found afterwards that Sir Hudson Lowe, although doubting its truth, acted on the supposition that such had been the dying wish of Napoleon. The tale was too evidently got up from interested motives, and too inconsistent with the inveterate hostility Buonaparte had manifested towards the Governor to the last, to be very credible. The man who could, in the near approach of death, deliberately pension the assassin of his great enemy in his Will, was not very likely to act so amiably. However, the story answered its purpose—peace was made between the Suite of Napoleon and Sir Hudson and Lady Lowe—the party lunched at Plantation-House, and dined there the day after, when the *élite* of the Island, the Garrison and the Fleet, were asked to meet them; and several subsequent large parties were made for them, both in the country and at the Governor's residence in town.

The Island appeared relieved from an incubus by the death of Napoleon, and that disagreeable state of watchfulness, restraint and coercion, under which all had felt themselves so long, was at once relaxed. The sentries were withdrawn from the numerous commanding points about the rock—the cruizers

ceased to interfere with strange vessels—the fishermen resumed their labours without police surveillance; and the *taboo* was every where taken off. Yet St. Helena, on the whole, had been much benefitted by the presence of Buonaparte—great sums of money had been disbursed by the Garrison and the Fleet; an improved tone had been communicated to the insular society—the blot of Slavery removed—agriculture stimulated; and the wretched goat-paths turned into good roads by military labour—to say nothing of prospective advantages from future visitors, attracted to the rock by the celebrity it had now obtained.

When about to quit St. Helena, some of the foreigners were found to be considerably in debt to the shop-keepers in James's Town, and one of the highest rank amongst them owed no less a sum than between nine hundred and one thousand pounds. Payment being delayed, legal measures were threatened, and all was consternation at Longwood. In this dilemma, application was made to the Governor, who handsomely guaranteed payment of the debt; thus removing the principal difficulty in the way of their embarkation. I have heard that the amount was paid soon after their arrival in Europe, and I should expect nothing else from the high character of the distinguished debtor. This generous behaviour of the Governor, together with other acts of kindness to the exiles after Napoleon's death, notwithstanding the abuse they had all, publicly and privately, showered upon his character, shew that Sir Hudson Lowe was a very different man from what he was represented by his enemies at the time, and what the world still believes him to be.

And now that the strong Garrison was no longer required, preparations were made to send some of the troops to England. The 66th was directed to prepare for embarkation, after a high compliment in General Orders from the Governor—contradicting in the most ludicrous manner some splenetic Brigade effusion of our worthy Brigadier, the mutton-monger, of the day before. The French people, too, were to be disposed of; and the Camel, a good ship of five hundred tons, commanded by a Master in the Navy, was got ready for their accommodation. Mr. Ibbettson, the Commissary, laid in an excellent stock, and Head Quarters of the 66th, two Companies and the Regimental Band, were sent on board, with the writer to take care of them.

On the 21st of May, after dining with a farewell party at the Castle, the Suite of Napoleon came down to the wharf in the Governor's carriages, accompanied by himself, his Staff, and a large *cortége* of respectable persons. A barge from the Flag Ship was in waiting, which immediately brought them to the Camel, attended by Colonel Nicol. In the course of a couple of hours, the baggage and stock were safely on board; and the same evening we weighed anchor and sailed for England.

CHAPTER III.

VOYAGE WITH ITS VARIETIES.—DOLPHIN FISHING.—A GALE OFF THE AZORES.—ARRIVAL AT SPITHEAD.

"The morning watch was come ; the vessel lay
Her course and gently made her liquid way ;
The cloven billow flashed from off her prow
In furrows formed by that majestic plough—
The waters with their world were all before ;
Behind 'our rugged Island's rocky' shore."

BYRON.

THE Suite of the deceased Emperor, consisted of Marshal and Countess Bertrand and their four children, Napoleon, Henri, Artus and Hortense—Count Montholon, Dr. Antommarchi, the Abbé Vignali—Marchand, Buonaparte's principal and favourite valet—besides four or five other servants. The Bertrands, Montholon, the Priest and the Doctor, messed with the Captain and our four officers. Marchand presided at a good servants' table.

The run of six hundred miles from St. Helena to Ascension is plain sailing, and the wind always as fair as possible. The sea-sickness soon wore off our friends—the Band played all the evening—our fare was good—the weather fine, and our voyage thus commenced auspiciously. But, when we approached the Line, we lost our refreshing breeze, and were tossed about helpless by the swell in the mirror-like ocean. I had no enjoyment, except in looking out for Sharks, and killed fourteen of these monsters during this voyage.

The young Bertrands were remarkably fine, good-looking children—Napoleon and Henri, handsome and sprightly boys—Hortense, a very lovely little girl of eleven—but the youngest, Artus, a sweet fellow of three years old, was a great pickle. He had learned several naughty words from the soldiers about the Longwood stables, and these he would often apply to his

Mamma, when she refused him any thing he asked at dinner, after a fashion that was laughable enough. There was a large white Newfoundland dog on board, that had been given to Madame Bertrand by one of our officers. This noble animal was Artus's horse, and carried his little master regularly for an hour or two every morning and evening along the quarter-deck; and, indeed, Cæsar appeared to enjoy the promenade fully as much as Artus; allowing his long silky hair to be pulled about, and all kinds of tricks played on him with the most philosophic good humour possible. It was very pretty and interesting to witness the perfect harmony between the petulant child and this fine dog; and great was the pity that we had no Landseer on board to sketch them. As the weather became warm, the pitch that exuded from the seams of the deck marred the beauty of Cæsar's sleek sides sadly, covering them with black, unsightly lines, so that the servant who attended Artus was obliged to provide the dog with a saddle, to save the little gentleman's white trowsers.

When Artus saw me catching the first Shark with a piece of pork, he insisted on trying his hand at the same amusement. As every whim of the child was instantly gratified, a tiny bit of pork was put on a hook, fastened to a line, which he always carried when taking his ride on Cæsar, and took into his little cot every night. Few children could have been more petted and spoiled; and if he has not turned out a self-willed and passionate young man, it certainly was not for the want of careful cultivation of these amiable qualities.

Hortense was a general favourite—very amiable, sweet tempered and lively, and extremely handsome—giving promise of becoming a magnificent woman. She has been married, it is said, to an American gentleman of good fortune and character; who will not be displeased, I hope, to hear such good reports of the girlhood of his wife, nor to be informed that I possess a beautiful lock of her hair, which was one day cut off in a frolic on board ship.

Our conversation often turned on the events in St. Helena. Madame Bertrand was very frank and communicative generally—now that reserve was no longer necessary—and acknowledged that the Longwood people had found no difficulty in

maintaining a clandestine correspondence throughout with their agents in London. She told us, to our surprise, that two British Officers of the Garrison had been the chief agents in contravening the regulations of Government, and in forwarding letters and parcels to England. General Montholon made himself very agreeable; being clever, courteous, and most gentlemanly—besides being an admirable *raconteur*. It is true that he was occasionally a little hyperbolic, and some marvellous stories he told of his exploits with the French Army in Spain, and certain scandalous anecdotes concerning the private history of the ladies of the Thuilleries under the Imperial regime, required to be listened to, *cum grano salis*.

I believe that Marshal Bertrand was the most honest and honourable man of the Longwood Establishment—perhaps of the whole Court of Napoleon; and on all other subjects than those immediately referring to the Emperor himself, of unimpeachable veracity. But falsification, deliberate and systematic, had been so firmly and thickly wound round the Imperial portals, that every person privileged with the *entrée* became, voluntarily or involuntarily, involved in its meshes. Marshal Bertrand has made unfounded assertions respecting Captain Blakeney, of the 66th, contained in a letter to Count Las Cases, and published in the Eighth Volume of that gentleman's Journal. There are also several exaggerations, and some positive mis-statements; which he was, no doubt, commanded to promulgate—such as, snares laid for the Emperor to insult him when riding—affronts intended for him by the sentries, &c. &c. There never could exist in any British soldier's breast, a wish or thought of insulting Napoleon—the desire and the act would be to respect the fallen greatness of his unhappy condition.

During one very interesting conversation with Marshal Bertrand respecting the Battle of Waterloo, and the last advance of the *Moyenne Guarde* up the slope of the English position in the evening, I presumed to state my opinion, that on that great occasion Napoleon had been wanting to his own illustrious name as much as to the French Army, in failing to lead them on to the attack. "Why, M. Le Marechal," it was asked, "why did not the Emperor, in this very agony of his fate, act over again the heroism of Arcola or Lodi? When he knew that

all was now at stake—his last reserve brought up, and the Prussians clustering thickly on his right; but that one daring burst through the English centre might in an instant change the aspect of the whole battle, and perhaps enable the Emperor to break up the Coalition and dictate Peace at Brussels. When he must have been aware that his presence at the head of this chosen Column would inspire the men with a burning enthusiasm scarcely to be resisted, O, why did he abandon them from an ignoble apprehension of personal danger? How differently would we speak of him at this moment, had he then perished at their head! It was become absolutely necessary for his own character then to dare the worst, for the world had begun to doubt his personal intrepidity in action."

To this appeal, made under the influence of strong feelings, the Marshal replied that the Staff around Napoleon had seized the bridle of his horse, led him aside, and prevented him by force from heading the Guards when mounting the position. To this it was replied—"This is a poor subterfuge, M. Le Marechal—which of you would have dared to stop him, if the will to go on had impelled him? No—no. When you saw him blenching, and perceived that the violence would not be unacceptable, you forced your Chief into shelter, and kept him there, whilst Fate was mowing down his last hopes on the slope of the English position! Yes, M. Le Marechal—you know in your soul that Napoleon—however a plausible sophistry may try to excuse him—was then wanting to himself, to his devoted Army, and to France."

This was the truth, and the honest heart of Bertrand felt its force. I even saw a tear gather in his eye; but, true to his Master, he defended him to the last.

After stagnating for five or six days under the Line, and seeing nothing but the sun and the sea—covered with the empty bottles that had been thrown overboard; which undulated on the calm surface around us much longer than we wished—we at last got a gentle air, which freshened into a steady breeze, and bore us along in high spirits. During the greater part of the voyage the writer enjoyed a delicious shower-bath in the mizen-chains every morning before any body was up. A couple of sailors, having each a bucket and a long cord, got

into the rigging over his head, and poured water on him from the height he wished—sometimes as far up as the yard-arm—which was the *altissimum*. Dr. Antommarchi tried the same experiment one morning ; but being of delicate frame the shock was too great and half killed him, so as to require two or three tumblers of Champaigne to set his blood once more in motion.

One day when going very smoothly through the water, we fell in with a shoal of Dolphins, which immediately attached themselves to the ship, and gambolled about the quarters and stern very playfully and picturesquely. I tied a couple of Salmon-hooks on a line of whipcord, and commenced fishing with a small bit of pork fat. The shoal formed a wedge of forty-five fish ; for occasionally they would swim in such close and quiet order under one of the quarter-boats, that we could count them with great ease in the bright sunshine. One large fellow, who appeared to be the commodore, was conspicuous at the apex of the triangle, swimming along leisurely with the ship—then only going three or four knots an hour. I singled him out for my prize, and dropped the bait close to his nose. On seeing the white object descending through the clear water, two or three fish made for it ; but when they perceived their leader shew a wish to gorge the tempting morsel, they dutifully retired. The commodore then seized the pork, and when he was well hooked he was hoisted up from the head of the squadron—to their great astonishment, no doubt. He was a fine shaped and very large Dolphin, weighing thirty-four pounds.

Let not the sentimental reader be utterly shocked at the sad and unromantic sequel. Alas, the barbarous truth, how painful soever may be its avowal, must be told. Instead of watching the beautiful play of colour in the rich golden skin, which is developed as life leaves these classic fishes—the poor commodore was handed over to the black cook, and ordered forthwith to be converted into chops ; for it was dinner time. The fish turned out excellent, with much salmon flavour.

There were many opinions on board as to the reception which the Suite of Napoleon would meet on their arrival in England; and some even doubted whether they would be permitted to land. Madame Bertrand herself anticipated rough and rude treatment, but her husband's good sense, which was always

conspicuous, induced him to laugh at her fears. The Writer never had the shadow of a doubt in the matter, and often represented to the desponding lady that fidelity, such as theirs to their fallen Master, would, probably, be better appreciated and more highly esteemed in England than any where else: for if any attribute pre-eminently distinguished the great people she was now about to visit, it was generosity. The English nation would not stop a moment to consider—as might be done elsewhere,—whether, in attaching themselves to Napoleon and following his fortunes in the hour of his distress, they had not adopted the most prudent course which their proscribed state and desperate circumstances admitted. The English would solely view them, after alleviating and sharing their Emperor's exile and sufferings, as martyrs of high and chivalrous devotion to him. They would be respected by all parties in England, for it would be the wish of all to compensate now in some degree for the necessary severity of the measures in St. Helena, by acts of kindness to the friends and followers of Napoleon, when that great Disturber of the world had ceased to exist.

Near the Azores we met a very heavy gale, which rose suddenly and very nearly threw the ship on her beam ends; blowing every stitch of canvass to ribands, except a new foresail, in five minutes. The dead lights had not been put in the stern windows soon enough, consequently one terrific wave beat in through the cabin, and set poor Madame Bertrand and her family afloat in all directions, to the imminent risk of one or two of the children's lives. Bertrand, the Captain, our Colonel and myself, remained on deck, whilst my two brother officers, happy rogues, were asleep in their cots—Montholon was paralysed by sickness—Antommarchi and the Priest were dreadfully frightened; and the latter in particular. Poor man, he must have thought it was all over—so piteous were his ejaculations, and so fervent his Latin prayers.

Our breakfast the next morning, after the gale, was uncomfortable enough; for there was still much swell, and the stomachic agitations of most of the passengers rose and fell in unison. Sea sickness, however, being an " ill of life" which neither Captain Webb, Colonel Nicol nor myself was " heir to," we sat down to the meal as usual; and at length had it all to ourselves.

The cabin of Madame Bertrand was a sad scene in the morning; but mops and swabs and brooms being set to work, and every assistance afforded, the half-drowned inmates began gradually to revive; and we even heard a giggle from Hortense at the remembrance of the calamities of the night, before our breakfast was over.

We made the Land's End on the 29th July, and after a couple of days' delightful sailing along the coast of England—which looked a hundred fold more fertile and attractive than ever—contrasted with the black desolation of the Rock we had just left, we anchored at Spithead on the evening of the 31st July, 1821.

CHAPTER IV.

EVIL EFFECTS OF OYSTERS AND GOOSEBERRIES.—ARREST OF GEORGE THE FOURTH.—RECEPTION OF THE ST. HELENA EXILES.—SUNDERLAND.

" Ever changing, ever new,
When will the landscape tire the view ?
The fountain's fall, the river's flow,
The woody valleys warm and low ;
The windy summit wild and high
Roughly rushing on the sky.
The pleasant seat, the ruined tower,
The naked rock, the shady bower—
The town and village, dome and farm,
Each gives each a double charm,
As pearls upon an Æthiop's arm."

DYER.

We arrived at Spithead at the time George the Fourth was at Portsmouth on his cruize to Ireland. As soon as that courteous Prince heard that the Suite of Napoleon had reached England, he despatched two Noblemen of the Court to the Camel, to make inquiries as to the health of the Countess Bertrand; a piece of Royal condescension that made a great impression on that Lady, and tended much to dissipate her fears of an unkind reception. Still she was apprehensive of rudeness from the lower classes, if permission to land were granted. Madame Bertrand observed that she had often heard that the King of England was the very first gentleman in the world, and she was now convinced of the fact. So much value lies in a bit of civility.

Oysters had just begun to make their appearance when our good ship dropped her anchor, and we were next morning surrounded by several shore boats with these delectable little fishes—besides fruit, eggs, milk, fresh bread and butter, and other edibles likely to find favour after a long voyage. Conse-

quently, I am sorry to be obliged to disclose the fact, that at breakfast we had a scene of indiscriminating and somewhat hazardous voracity; for scarcely any animal but an adjutant or an ostrich could have escaped subsequent inconvenience from so large and heterogeneous a meal. Oysters were prime favorites with all the foreigners, and were first attacked—then all other eatables in rotation or combination—and *such* combination. First, oysters—*soli*—then oysters and gooseberries—strawberries and poached eggs—beef-steaks and cherries—mutton cutlets and red currants—black soles and green apples—with fresh rolls, new potatoes, &c., &c., were devoured by all—children included—and as for Artus, he ate like a little cormorant. The result was more inconvenient to the parties than its detail would be agreeable to the reader.

About one o'clock the Writer availed himself of the return of the Health Officer's boat to go to Rhyde; intending to spend the day with a friend at Newport. The place we had left was not celebrated for its tailors, consequently we had deferred getting plain clothes until our arrival in England, and he now went ashore in uniform. This rather *outré* costume in a Rhyde boat gave rise to an odd enough circumstance.

George the Fourth in his Yacht, attended by a couple of Frigates and a Tender, besides several private Yachts, had come out of Portsmouth as we stepped into the boat; and was now making a sweep round the Roads towards the Needles on his way down the Channel. From a wish to get as near a peep as we could of His Majesty, our boat was steered for the Royal Yacht, whose course we were now crossing. At this time the vessel was not more than two hundred yards from us, and we saw the King, dressed in his blue jacket, white trowsers and foraging cap, reconnoitring us through a spy-glass. As our boat still kept its course towards the Yacht, and the Writer's red coat and cocked hat were conspicuous and rather puzzling objects, (ugly and anomalous as the Surgeon's dress then was), and the vessel was leaving us fast, the civil persons on board backed the foresail and lay to. Probably they wished to examine the non-descript in the boat more narrowly, or imagined that something had been forgotten at Portsmouth, which we were now hasting to bring on board—or that despatches had just

arrived from town. From whatever cause it originated, we felt very much obliged to Sir Charles Paget or His Majesty, for it gave us a clear view of all on board. We passed close astern, taking off our hats, which was gracefully returned; and it may be added that few persons can thus say with truth, that they stopped the course of a King of England, sailing in his own ship, under his own Royal Standard, and on his own waters.

The Isle of Wight appeared a Paradise after St. Helena; and the drive from Rhyde to Newport delightful. When walking after dinner with some ladies through a flowery field, the Writer threw himself down in the velvet grass and clover, from sheer enjoyment once more of the English soil, and rolled over like a horse or an ox.

Far from receiving them with coolness or incivility at Portsmouth, and refusing them permission to land, intimation was given the French people, that whenever it would suit their convenience, the Admiral's Barge should await their pleasure to bring them ashore. This was accompanied with an invitation to dinner. Eleven o'clock on the morning of the 3rd of August was the hour fixed on; and at Madame Bertrand's request the Writer agreed to dress himself in red and accompany the party, as a kind of protection from the apprehended rudeness of the mob—a chimera which still haunted her imagination.

At the appointed hour, the Barge was in waiting and the whole party went ashore. The Fortifications were covered with a very large crowd of spectators, and when we landed—as had been predicted to Madame Bertrand—the most respectful silence was observed, and the foreigners appeared, as they deserved to be—the objects of interest and respect.

It was necessary to go to the Alien Office to pass through certain formularies of enrolment, &c. When we landed at the Point, carriages were in waiting, but the party preferred walking. The Countess took the Writer's arm—the Marshal gave his to Hortense, whilst Montholon conducted two of the boys, and Antommarchi and Vignali brought up the rear. The Priest must have imbibed strange notions of English ferocity, for he was in as great a fright as if about to be roasted in some Cannibal Island. He stuck so close to the Writer's skirts, that his panting breath was felt moist on the neck, whilst the toes of

his boots were very inconvenient to the hinder part of the white trowsers.

After the business at the Alien Office had been concluded we all repaired to the Crown Inn, when the Admiral, Commandant, and principal people of the town waited on the exiles, and every civility possible was paid them.

Marshal Bertrand and Count Montholon dined with the Admiral. The Writer remained for the day at the Crown with the Countess, and in the evening we took the children out for a walk on the ramparts. The little people expressed great surprise at the redness of people's faces in England. As we were returning up the High-street, a well dressed, foreign-looking gentleman passed us slowly; stopping for an instant to clap Napoleon on the back, and addressing him—"*Mon petit ami sois toujours fidèle comme ton père.*" Next morning the Writer bade the whole party (now reinforced by the arrival of Mr. O'Meara from London) good bye, and returned to the Camel.

The ship weighed anchor for the Nore the next morning early, and a delightful sail we had up Channel in company with some hundreds of vessels; all of which we passed with ease. When off Dover the Flag, half-mast high, shewed us the Queen was dead; which few on board regretted, as she had become the tool of faction and was likely to do mischief. Finally, we left our good ship, and arrived in Chatham on the 13th of August.

Who does not instantly run up to town on setting foot in England after a long absence, and what Cynic can there be who will not then enjoy its pleasures? A friend and myself got a week's leave and started the morning after our arrival. At this time the controversy about the Queen was the great topic in England: a lady, the only other passenger, entered warmly into it, and abused the King lustily for a whole stage of ten miles. She called him a tyrant, an adulterer, a glutton, and a whole host of bad names; and concluded by expressing a wish he might be drowned and feed the fishes on his way to Ireland. We did not interrupt her for an hour; but then gently informed her she had talked all this treason a little imprudently in the presence of total strangers, who happened to be Officers

in His Majesty's Service. The poor lady was much frightened, and continued mute as a mouse all the remainder of the day.

We arrived in London the day of the Queen's Funeral, when serious riots, with loss of life, had occurred, and much more serious mischief was apprehended. The day was dark, with mizzling rain; and from many long faces we met, it seemed as if people were apprehensive of some great calamity. But the day passed; and next morning the mighty tides of human beings rolled eastward and westward through the vast city as quietly and as regularly as before.

The regiment was ordered, soon after, to Sunderland. In passing through Lincoln a couple of the officers ascended the Bell-Tower of the beautiful Cathedral on a windy day. We found a prodigious vibration at the top, and during one strong gust, as we were preparing to retrace our steps, there was no small ground for apprehension that great Tom might take a fancy to accompany us down stairs. To those Cognoscenti who make it their business to hunt after new sensations, we would recommend a visit of this kind as a probable source of novel excitement.

There is not much, except coals, to be seen at Sunderland. The iron bridge over the Wear, however, is a fine object—its span large—the structure gracefully light, and the elevation and position, striking.

One is reminded of Paley at Bishop Wearmouth, of which place he was Rector. The Writer often traced this eminent man in his trouting excursions along the banks of the Wear, half-way to Durham; and heard many stories from the old country people, of the good Doctor's affability on these occasions. By all accounts, Dr. Paley was a better philosopher than fisherman, and more skilful in persuading his delighted readers to follow the line of his induction, than remarkable for success with the illogical trouts in any other line.

We had a dreadful gale from the south-east when quartered at Sunderland, and three or four vessels were driven ashore close to the town. The sea ran frightfully high, and the piers of the harbour and line of coast were covered with thick masses of spectators, anxiously watching some ships in the offing that were making for port. The Life-Boat was got out in the very

crisis of the storm, and we had the delight of seeing the gallant fellows that manned her, impelling their craft in the most admirable manner through the surf, and picking off half a dozen men from a brig that had been driven on the rocks a little while before, and was now going to pieces.

Soon after this happy escape, a ship was seen a mile distant, making for the harbour, which has a very narrow entrance. Down she came before the wind, under a close-reefed topsail—her hull and half her rigging now and then hidden from sight by some monstrous intervening wave. As she approached we could perceive either that she was steered unskilfully, or obeyed her helm very badly, and the sailors on the pier began to be alarmed lest she should broach to, before she made her port. On she came, however, labouring and pitching dreadfully in the terrific sea; whilst the assembled crowd, holding on their hats and bathed in the spray and rain, watched her progress most anxiously. When the vessel came close to the mouth of the harbour, a tremendous wave, as if determined that the prey should not escape, burst over the stern, and by its irresistible force sheered her in a direction straight for the head of the southern pier, against which, if she struck, she must be dashed to pieces. "Up helm! Up helm!" shouted a thousand voices, silencing for a moment the roaring of the storm; and we saw three or four sailors obeying the injunction with the force of desperation. Providentially her fatal course was changed, only in the very nick of time; for she actually brushed the pier-head, but passed harmless into the quiet water of the harbour amidst loud huzzas from the multitude.

Ten modern years produce wonderful changes in this whirling world of ours, and it is not easy to keep up with the progress of society, even at home, "with all appliances and means to boot," how much more difficult to march with any liberal science, away from England and Europe. To endeavour to save his distance in the race of therapeutic knowledge, and to rub off the rust contracted during a ten years' absence, the Writer obtained six months leave, with the intention of passing that period in London and Paris, enjoying himself amidst the medical schools, and making "dainty comparisons" between the impressions of his juvenile years and the more reflective judgment arising from experience and advancing life.

CHAPTER V.

LONDON.—CONFESSIONS RESPECTING PAINTING AND STATUARY.—SUNDERLAND.—MARCH TO LIVERPOOL AND EMBARKATION FOR IRELAND.

"Happy Augusta! law-defended town;
Here no dark lanterns shade the villain's frown,
No Spanish jealousies thy lanes infest,
Nor Roman vengeance stabs th' unwary breast;
Here Tyranny ne'er lifts her purple hand,
But Liberty and Justice guard the Land:
No Bravos here profess the bloody trade,
Nor is the Church the Murderer's refuge made."

GAY.

NATURE, ever wise and beneficent, intended there should be no idle people in the world, but that occupation and enjoyment should go hand in hand, mutually enhancing each other. Even the laziest people must find or make some employment; and the gross Yorkshire boor, whose *beau ideal* of happiness with £1000 a-year, was to have nothing to do but "eeat fat beeacon," found it necessary to add—"and swing upon a gaeate." Business is as necessary food to the mental constitution as animal pabulum to the corporeal; and when we add a little harmless pleasure occasionally, to season toil and give it a zest—like green pease to our roast beef—we ensure a healthy condition. Acting on some such notion as this, the Writer during this winter devoted five days in the week to medical observation and study—the sixth altogether to miscellaneous sight seeing and theatrical enjoyment, and the seventh to its own peculiar objects.

The mornings of the London pleasure days were spent at the British Museum, the Exhibitions at Somerset House, one or two private collections of works of *vertu*, and the Picture Galleries of Lords Stafford and Grosvenor, to which he had the entrée. In these the Writer found great enjoyment—not unmixed with a shock to his anatomical perceptions occasionally,

on seeing a manifest fracture in the limb of some *chef-d'œuvre* of a great Master, from incorrect drawing. One day he well recollects he saw Rogers, who was a frequent visitor, frowning at a magnificent Titian Venus in the Stafford Collection, and afterwards endeavoured to trace the cause of such misplaced expression on that pale but placid brow. The Poet's displeasure was well founded, for the Goddess had her right arm broken just above the elbow; yet was looking unconscious or reckless of her misfortune, and smiling with celestial magnanimity.

The Writer is somewhat singular and unfortunate in his notions respecting Statuary and Painting; which, probably, after all, are about as valuable as the speculations of a young gentleman, three years old, concerning the basso relievo in the moon. For the whole ideal tribe of Jupiters, Junos, Minervas, Dianas, Apollos, and all other Gods and Goddesses that ever were invented—Vandal and sinner that he is, he would not give a brazen obolus. All Olympus, in marble or on canvass, is as totally worthless in his eyes as the ethnic mythology is fabulous: the good-looking likeness of one natural human being is better than all the deities of the Greek Poets. Allegorical representations stand in the same category. All the quaint conceits, extravagancies and dainty devices of Justices, with eyes blood-shot from tight bandaging—Hopes at single anchor—firm Fortitudes—melting Mercies, &c., &c., are not worth a rush.

But, to do himself justice, it should be added that the Writer is not a total barbarian in these matters. He is an Utilitarian in painting and sculpture—loving the real and tangible, though without relish for the ideal. He can look with much complacency on a fine Landscape, or an Animal group, admire a Historical or Battle Piece—dwell with veneration on a Scripture Painting, and even stand entranced for hours before a Cartoon, a Last Supper, or a Crucifixion. Here is glorious scope for the Artist; for the mighty deeds of the Saviour and his Apostles are the noblest subjects of the pencil; and in seeing them start again into reality beneath his plastic hand, the Painter may not irreverently consider, that his own work will tend to perpetuate the Religion of whose truth it is an evidence, and extend the sacred influence and inestimable blessings and benefits of the Christian Faith to unborn generations.

The Writer joined the regiment in May 1822, at Hull, on the move for its old quarter, Sunderland. During the summer the Duke of Sussex came to Lambton Castle on a visit; and, a day or two after his arrival there was a grand procession down the Wear to Sunderland, with much display of flags, pretty boats and well dressed women—the whole winding up with great eating, drinking, toasting and speechifying. The Duke praised the fine bridge and eulogized his liberal Host, and Mr. Lambton bowed and returned the compliment in neat terms. This gentleman lived in good style, and at the Newcastle Races this year, he sported the handsomest equipage in the field—his four beautiful blood bays in harness, and two mounted by outriders, harmonizing in colour and shape to a hair.

This summer our worthy old Peninsular Brigadier, Sir John Byng, now Lord Strafford, who commanded the northern district, inspected the 66th at Sunderland. At the Mess dinner, after asking me to take wine, he said—"Doctor, I regret to see you still in the same rank as when we were acquainted in the Peninsula"—to which the reply was, "you are very good, Sir John, but I assure you, you cannot regret it *much* more than I do; at the same time—if you will excuse the *tu quoque*—I don't perceive that you have got a slip since yourself." This was a slight *gaucherie* on the part of the good Brigadier; for nobody likes to be reminded that his name has an Ass prefixed to it in the Army List.

Lord Strafford is a clever man and a first-rate officer—clear-headed and cool in action, and brave as a lion, as several of us had more than once witnessed during the Peninsular Campaigns, and as has been since demonstrated at Waterloo: yet, notwithstanding these good qualities, and doubtless many others—there is one small shade—

"———— Surgit amari aliquid."

His Lordship owes the Writer a sack of oats, with compound interest, since the spring of 1814.

The case stands thus. On the heights of Garris, near St. Palais, there was, as has been mentioned already, a brilliant little affair, and we took a few hundred prisoners—many of whom were wounded. Next day on our advance, these poor

people were left in the charge of a very young and inexperienced medical officer. Two days afterwards Sir John Byng said he had misgivings as to the case of these unfortunates, as he had no confidence in the young Doctor who attended them—"So Mr. H., I request as a favour of you that you will ride back to Garris—you have a good horse and can soon overtake us—see all the wounded dressed and sent carefully to the rear, then join the Brigade as fast as you can, and I will direct Edwards the Commissary, to issue you a bag of oats in consideration of this extra work." The Writer executed his mission with despatch; returned and reported himself to the General—but—*cætera desunt*—his horse got no oats.

In the middle of March we received the route for Liverpool; there to embark for Ireland. The weather was very cold and inclement at this time, and in the course of one long and circuitous march to avoid Durham, where an election for a Member of Parliament was going on, the men were up to their knees in snow and sleet half the way. In consequence, almost every man caught a severe cold; and many contracted bad chest inflammations; dangerous at the time, and in some instances productive of evil consequences in the shape of subsequent consumptive complaints.

It is not alone in combatting their enemies in the field that British Soldiers risk their lives. Here we had four hundred men at once knocked up by the elements, in obedience to a municipal regulation, and under the visionary apprehension of interference with the freedom of election.

Dr. Granville in his Russian Travels, tells a story of a German Physician in St. Petersburgh, who treated his military patients in the Hospital of the Russian Guards, in a compendious manner. At the hour of his morning visit he had them arranged in line, and proceeded from right to left—"*Un, deux, trois, quatre, cinq, six*—saignés—*sept, huit, neuf, dix, onze, douze*—purgés—*treize, quatorze, quinze, &c.*, émétique." Whether this practice was successful or not does not appear—at any rate it was regular; and to a certain extent the Writer adopted it on this occasion. When we reached Leeds the whole regiment began to cough, as if from one common impulse; and on examination the great majority were found feverish, with pain of

chest and impeded respiration. The Writer collected all the sick in the large yard of the Inn where the officers messed, and having opened a dozen veins at once, he bled them nearly to a man. This was repeated in some of the worse cases at the end of the next day's march; and having procured carts for those who could not march, we took them all with us convalescent to Liverpool. Now, in this instance Dr. Sangrado fearlessly asserts "that he did the State some service"—though unfortunately they don't "know it."

We stayed a couple of days at Liverpool, admiring the rising grandeur of that great commercial emporium; and were then put on board some miserable schooners, and had a very disagreeable passage to Dublin.

CHAPTER VI.

DUBLIN.—CAVAN.—CASTLE SAUNDERSON.—ENNISKILLEN. SLIGO.—A LATE DINNER.

> " Some sterner virtues o'er the Mountain's breast
> May sit, like Falcons cowering on the nest;
> But all the gentler morals, such as play
> Through Life's more cultured walks and charm the way,
> These, far dispersed, on timorous pinions fly
> To sport and flutter in a kinder sky."
>
> GOLDSMITH.

THE observation is more true than original that the city of Dublin is a striking emblem of the country whose metropolis it is. It exhibits extravagant finery, contrasted with the most squalid and extensive suburban misery—magnificent edifices, appropriated to purposes not contemplated at their erection—enormous squares, with no two houses of equal height—and grand quays and bridges of granite adorning a stream fit only for a cock-boat.

The transition from English wealth, comfort, cleanliness and neatness, to Irish beggary, slovenliness and filth, is very painful to a stranger, but much more to a rational and observant Irishman. Although by no means disposed to join in the vulgar outcry against the Saxon domination, nor to place the existing poverty and misery of Ireland entirely to the English account; yet I fear that England is now suffering, in the constant embarrassment of her relations with the sister Island, for her own former criminal neglect in one weighty matter. In the course of the world, from the earliest times of authentic history, we see a stern and retributive justice punishing national crimes by their own proper consequences—as we observe, on a small scale, with respect to the vices of individuals.

England found Ireland the scene of cruel civil wars between barbarous rival Chieftains, and made an easy conquest of the

Island. The Pope blessed the enterprise and liberally gave over the country to the British Crown; and the first grateful act of England, afterwards, was to assist his Holiness in establishing there the Papal supremacy, and in suppressing the ancient and simpler form of Christianity that had before prevailed.

But, farther—when the Reformation was spread through England, and the Protestant Church was firmly established in the times of Elizabeth and James the First, the English Government took the worst possible way to extend its benefits to the Sister Island. The English Ministers proscribed, according to the general custom of the age; and thus made it a point of honor for the natives to adhere to the Roman Catholic Religion. After three centuries of coercion, the plan was changed; but it was too late. In a word, England might have made the whole of Ireland what the North now is, had she set about it in a spirit of mild wisdom and the purest primitive Christianity—studied the language and customs of the people—sent exemplary Missionaries, like Bishop Bedell, amongst them, and ruled them with impartial justice. She chose to use force in propagating a Faith that disclaims and abhors it, and in the just retribution of a superintending Providence, the turbulence and pauperism of Ireland are now paralyzing her arm and eating into her heart.

But I must quit these grave matters, and proceed with the 66th to Cavan. This is a poor town, but we found the neighbourhood most respectable and hospitable, and many comfortable houses within an hour's ride of the place—amongst which we were disposed to place Castle Saunderson in the first rank; and the visits of ten days or a fortnight under old Colonel Saunderson's roof, are recorded in golden letters in my memory. This gentleman was advanced in years and of infirm health; the kindness of his disposition therefore, induced him to attach a professional character to these visits; although the numerous *agremens* the house afforded, far more than compensated any little services I might be able to render him. First and foremost, there was an excellent Library, in which I luxuriated—often wishing for a Briarean power to read fifty books at once—then all the Periodicals of note; with the backs of the chairs and the fender covered with drying newspapers before the

blazing turf fire when we came down to breakfast. Next a pack of hounds—then a billiard table—then fishing in the lake—and a preserve of hares, woodcocks, and snipe, in their seasons.—Lastly, some pleasant people always in the house; with good wines, excellent *pottheen*, and a good table.

I recollect with great gusto, but at the same time a melancholy feeling, my last visit to Castle Saunderson, accompanied by a valued friend of some thirty years' standing—Colonel Goldie. The worthy host was a little deaf, and so was his son, Captain Bassett Saunderson, of the 44th. It so chanced that more than any of the party, Colonel Goldie and I found out the pitch of sound that suited the Governor's auditory nerve; and one of us was generally placed at table on his good ear side—but bad was the best. Although this position was not particularly agreeable—being the medium of communication between the master of the house and the company at table; and the office no sinecure—yet I liked the old man so much, that the fatigue of my post, as confidential minister on these occasions, was not at all regarded. Colonel Saunderson and his deaf son used, when I sat between them, to complain mutually of each other's bawling. "Well, I *do* wish Bassett would speak a little lower—he thinks I can't hear a bit"—and, "Certainly I should make out the Governor better if he reduced his voice by an octave—why, I declare he'll split the little nerve I have left."

Bassett was an excellent Chess-player. After the peace he went to Paris, and one of his first visits was to the *Café de la Régence*, the great evening haunt of the Parisian amateurs of that noble game. Enquiring of one of the waiters, he found that a number of players had assembled in the chief Salon, and were already hard at work: when, determined to have a little fun, he desired the *garçon* to take in a message that an English gentleman, just arrived in Paris, requested to have the honour of a game with the first player in the room. Instead of waiting until called up by the general voice, as would be done in a more modest country—instantly six or seven of the players started from their seats, and a comic scene of pretending to cede the *pas* to each other ensued—which my friend witnessed through a

side door. At length, after five minutes of grotesque gesticulations, one gentleman came out and played with the stranger.

The Colonel had several times offered me a fee on leaving his house, which I always declined, from a feeling that I could not decently pocket his money after the good things I had enjoyed under his roof. The last morning I left Castle Saunderson my horse was at the door, to ride down to the bottom of the avenue to await the mail-coach, when the old gentleman accompanied me into the hall. In shaking my hand I felt a bundle of bank notes pressed into it, which I returned to his, and he thrust them again in mine ; and thus we bandied them about for half a minute. At last, when he shut both hands against them, I dropped them at his feet—mounted and cantered off. Now, I happened to be particularly poor at that precise time ; and such is the weakness of human nature—or, begging its pardon,—of mine, that before I reached the high-road I began to be sorry that I had not the notes snugly filling up the ugly hollows in my pockets. However, I gulped down the regret, jumped into the coach, and went off to Enniskillen.

All the world knows how common rows, as they are termed, but in plain truth, absolute battles, are at Irish fairs, and how briskly the shillelahs jump from one head to another. All the world knows this ; but only a select few have any notion of the cause why so few heads are broken, or lives lost, on these occasions. A friend of mine thus explains it.

Beneficent Nature has kindly accommodated animals in all countries to the necessities of climate, or other imperious external circumstances. She turns wool into hair within the Tropics, and hair into wool, besides making a present of an additional blanket, towards the Poles. She provides white dresses and cloaks for creatures that require such covering, to screen them from notice that might end in their destruction, and for other good reasons. It would be hard, therefore, if she were not correspondingly indulgent to the necessities of the Hibernians, since to the inhabitants of hyperborean regions she is so lavish in her gifts. Accordingly, we find the important physiological fact demonstrated by Cuvier in his last great work, now printing, intituled, " Recherches Physiologiques Nationaux," that the Crania of Irishmen, or at least of three hundred and eleven

which he had examined and carefully compared with others, are nearly double as thick as those of the Celtic tribes generally, and excel those of the other European races in a somewhat larger proportion. It is remarkable that this is more noticeable about the Frontal and Parietal bones, and particularly along the course of the Sagittal suture, than any where else. Nature has thus, in beautiful accordance with her operations in hyperbrumal countries, fortified and defended the skulls of her favourites of the "first Flower of the Earth," and enabled them to stand, without serious inconvenience, the manifold beatings and belabourings to which she foresaw they would be liable.

We had the pleasure of witnessing one very respectable fight on a fair day at Enniskillen, about three o'clock, when the whiskey was beginning to develop the pugnacious qualities of the crowd. It was very confined in its origin, being only a simple duel between two men with shillelahs at the door of a public-house, but the quarrel extended like wild-fire, and soon pervaded the whole multitude. Thump ! crack ! crack ! whack ! thwack ! crack ! went the sticks on the heads and shoulders of His Majesty's liege subjects ; but in consequence of the beautiful endowment discovered by Cuvier, the thwacks and the thumps produced no more effect than a racket-ball against the wall of the Court. In the very height of the battle we saw a stout man, riding on a strong Punch, threading his way amidst the infernal tumult, regardless of the din of oaths and execrations and wood of sticks—knocking at the sconces right and left, and every body shrinking and ducking when they saw him. In five minutes he had cleared the street of the combatants, and restored peace by his sole exertions. It was impossible to see the "*argumentum baculinum*" more energetically or more successfully used. "He floored the fight in a crack," as my servant had it. This vigorous peacemaker was Lord Enniskillen.

Loch Erne is the largest Lake, I believe, in Great Britain or Ireland, and eminently beautiful, but in a style different from the perfect Killarney. It is full of green and wooded Islands, and abounds in fish—particularly Pike and Perch ; and Trout in some parts. Salmon also run up in large numbers from Ballyshannon. The Trout are thinned by the rapacity of that fresh-water Shark, the Pike ; and the stories told of this rave-

nous fish's boldness in Loch Erne, are almost incredible. One day, when landing a Trout of about a pound, a large Pike darted after it with such force, as to project himself two yards on the shelving sand; where he was made prisoner.

My friend, Colonel Nicol, gave a farewell party at Enniskillen Barracks, when we received the route for Boyle, and the dancing was kept up vigorously till day-light. We marched early the next morning, and half the population of the town escorted us for two miles, giving nine hearty cheers at parting.

In May, 1824, the Head Quarters of the 66th were stationed at Boyle, with three companies at Sligo; a flourishing little sea-port, situated in a semicircular sweep between two mountains. A lake called Loch Gill, feeding the river on which the town is built, is next to Killarney, I think, in all the attributes of picturesque beauty. Hazlewood, on the north bank, the seat of Mr. Wynne, is one of the prettiest places in the kingdom.

Lord Palmerston has Estates in the County of Sligo, and in September 1824, he paid the town the honor of a visit to inspect their condition, when a large dinner-party was got up for him by Mr. Abraham Martin, a gentleman of wealth and enterprise residing in Sligo. The hour was seven o'clock—we came a quarter after and found the company assembled, but his Lordship had not yet arrived. Half-past seven, three-quarters—eight o'clock struck—still no Lord Palmerston. Then commenced a new quarterly series and went on to nine, but still no Lord. By this time we were all in abominable humour, and I, for one, was ravenous; but the appetite of many of the party had gone off, leaving behind disgust and lassitude and a sense of personal insult. Cake and wine were now handed round, and our sufferings were thus made endurable for another hour. But at the horrid sound of ten o'clock, the whole party rose in open rebellion, took the law in their own hands and rushed down stairs to what should have been dinner.

Half an hour after, when some signs of returning animation had become visible under the champaigne, in marched Lord Palmerston, and shuffling up to the head of the table, apologized to the Hostess for his want of punctuality—his hacks had knocked up—and then—putting on one of his blandest smiles, sat down, saying, "But I'm glad you did'nt wait!"

The regiment moved to Athlone in August 1825. The Shannon is here a noble stream, and a little way above the town expands into a fine lake called Loch Rae, studded with green Islands, like most of the Irish lakes, and abounding in large Pike and Trout.

From Athlone to Ballinasloe is only a ride, and two or three of us went to see the Fair. Fancy a huge dusty or muddy plain covered with twenty thousand cows and bullocks, and a hundred thousand sheep; with nine or ten thousand people poking their hands into their ribs—and you have Ballinasloe Fair before you.

We marched to Dublin in October.

CHAPTER VII.

SIR COLQUHOUN GRANT.—SIR GEORGE MURRAY.—DEATH OF AN OFFICER OF THE 58TH.—BIRR.—LIMERICK.—EMBARKATION FOR QUEBEC.

> " It is an actual fact that he, Commander
> In Chief, in proper person deigned to drill
> The awkward squad, and could afford to squander
> His time, a Corporal's duties to fulfil."
>
> DON JUAN.

WHEN we arrived in Dublin in 1825, Sir Colquhoun Grant was in command of the Garrison; a strict disciplinarian and the terror of officers commanding corps. " Your men ride like tailors, and awkward tailors too, Sir," was a remark often applied by him to Cavalry Colonels—and " Do you call that handful of men a regiment? Why it is only a detachment, and a dirty detachment, Sir," would be a polite speech addressed to a *chef de bataillon* of Infantry. Yet, as they would say in his own country, " his bark was aye waur than his bite;" and although he rather seemed to enjoy making a commanding officer of a regiment tremble in his shoes, or his boots, in front of his men, he was too upright and honest to do him an injury in a report to the Horse Guards, unless he richly deserved to be sent about his business.

Sir George Murray was at this time the Commander of the Forces in Ireland; a man of rare qualities both civil and military. I never saw a finer face than his: such a pleasing combination of intelligence, sweetness and spirit, with regularity and beauty of features, is rarely found in human physiognomies. Nor did the lineaments do discredit to Lavater. He was universally respected and loved; and, but for one blot, Sir George would be very nearly a perfect character.

We were much in society in Dublin in the winter of 1825, which was a very gay season. The Marquis of Wellesley,

then Lord Lieutenant, had fallen in love with a pretty American widow and married her sometime before. Being a Roman Catholic, the proceeding pleased the majority of the metropolitans, and the lady managed to disarm the Protestants of any different feeling by her very graceful deportment and fascinating manners. The Vice-regal Court patronized the manufactures of the country, and several large parties were given with this object: amongst the rest a grand subscription ball was got up at the Rotunda, under the patronage of the Marchioness of Wellesley, where the ladies were all dressed in Irish tabinets. The 66th officers wore blue scarfs of that peculiar stuff, looped up with gold cords and tassels; which according to the first authority in the room, looked very elegant. We were rather inconveniently placed for enjoying the gaieties of Dublin, being quartered in the Richmond barracks, two miles off: notwithstanding, we managed to come in to two, three, and sometimes four parties a week.

About this time the Surgeon of the regiment, having imprudently indulged at a supper in some doubtful oysters, was attacked with indigestion which was followed by a bad fever that cost the poor fellow his life, notwithstanding the assistance of the Physician General and another Physician. The Writer succeeded to the Surgeoncy of the regiment.

Whilst we were quartered at the Richmond barracks the 58th occupied the other side of the square, and the greatest harmony prevailed between the two corps, who dined frequently together and had whist parties at each other's Mess Rooms. There was a billiard table at the bottom of the hill, on the road to Dublin, where we used often to meet. One day I had been playing with a remarkably fine young man of that corps, named Bell—quite an Apollo in face and figure, and much liked by all who knew him. We played till the dinner bugle sounded, and then agreed to meet at the same place for a conquering rubber next day. The morning after I cantered down the canal towards Portobello Strand, where I saw the 58th at ball-practice. As I rode up I perceived a group assembled, and individuals hurrying towards it from all parts. A vague presentiment of evil, which I have sometimes felt before great calamities, came over my mind. On reaching the ground I was shocked beyond expression to find my poor friend Bell just breathing his last, with the

blood streaming from his side! He had heedlessly passed in front of some awkward recruits that were firing, with their eyes intent upon the target, and was shot through the body.

In 1826, we were ordered to Birr—or as it is now called, Parsons Town, in honor of Lord Ross, the principal landlord, whose name was Sir Lawrence Parsons. I cannot say much in its favour, for one of our men had his skull broke by a stone held in a man's hand, and another was shot whilst on sentry. The ruffians, however, failed in their murderous object, for both the men recovered.

Our residence at Parsons Town was enlivened by a certain fracas between a Catholic Priest named Crotty, and the Titular Bishop of the Diocese, against whom he had rebelled. Mr. Crotty had formed a party of the town's people in his favour, and, to conciliate the Protestants of the place, his adherents made their band play every night the most notorious Orange tunes; which, from them was almost as absurd as the silly act of pledging the "Glorious and immortal Memory" in a bumper of Boyne water on the part of Mr. O'Connell. The refractory Priest told the Bishop that his spiritual instructions were as little calculated to benefit his Diocese as a farthing candle on the heights of Dover would be to illuminate Calais. There was no making light of this, so the Bishop excommunicated Mr. Crotty; but he was supported by the majority of the congregation: and when the new Priest, who happened to be the Bishop's nephew—arrived at Parsons Town, and prepared to officiate in the Catholic Chapel the following Sunday, he found Mr. Crotty already in possession, and could not get in. In this predicament he applied to Lord Ross, exhibited his credentials and asked for magisterial support. His Lordship called on Colonel Nicol for military assistance, and two hundred of the 66th were marched to the Chapel to put the right man in possession.

The regiment moved to Limerick in December—a good station, and a place of much intelligence and enterprise. They had just finished a new Gaol and Lunatic Asylum; each a model in its line. They had an admirable Club, formed after the regulations of the Kildare-street Club in Dublin, of which the Writer became a member. There were all manner of newspapers and periodicals—Billiards—Whist, but no Hazard—an erudite *Chef-de-Cuisine*, and a good and reasonable Cellar.

On the morning of Christmas Day an express was sent for the Writer from Killaloe, sixteen miles distant, to see one of our soldiers, who had his skull fractured in a fight in the streets the night before. The Surgeon in attendance had bled the patient, and was preparing to trephine—that is to bore a hole through the skull, near the injured part, so as to obtain a purchase by which to raise the fractured piece pressing on the brain—but waited for farther advice before undertaking so formidable a matter. The skull near the top of the head had been beat in, to the extent of half a crown, by the angle of a large stone, which a brutal ruffian had used, holding it in his hand; as is but too commonly done in Ireland. No bad symptoms had occurred, and the man was perfectly sensible, although there was a hollow in his skull that would hold half a large walnut. The *medico* wanted to set about boring his hole immediately, *secundem artem*, but was recommended to keep his trephine quiet for a little. In the morning he was advised to put it up altogether; the man having passed a good night, and the brain being evidently prepared to stow away its convolutions in a smaller compass, and accommodate itself to the diminished space. Finally, the patient recovered perfectly; though with an ugly hollow on his head that must sadly have bothered the subjacent organ of veneration.

One night after a party, as an officer of the regiment who had lately joined, and myself, were returning to the barracks, we heard an alarm of fire, and directed our steps towards the light, which was now beginning to spread far and wide. A large range of store-houses, seven or eight stories high, was bursting into a blaze. Immediately after, the Garrison was alarmed, and troops were put in motion to assist the firemen and protect property. We soon saw Sir C—— D—— Commanding the District, on horseback, riding about among the crowd, very busy doing nothing, as was not unfrequently his wont. When he recognized us, he accosted my young companion—"Pray, Sir, what's your name?" "H——y, Sir." "Very well, Mr. H——y, take that patrol of the 66th, and march them round yonder angle to protect those barrels of pork. Place a sentry on the west side of the store-house, one on the south and two on the north-east—Do you hear, Sir?" "Yes, Sir; but I

don't know how to set about it." "Not know how, Sir—why, what the d—— do you mean?" "I mean exactly what I say, Sir C——, I joined yesterday, and have only been six days in the Service." "Oh, Oh, Mr. H——y, that's very true—you can't know *much* about it yet—but get drilled, Sir; get drilled quick—in the meantime the Doctor will assist you." So the sentries were posted with all due regularity.

The Salmon of the Shannon bear some proportion in size to the fine river they inhabit, and in the neighbourhood of Limerick they are in full possession of all their marine strength and vigour, but the stream is so broad that the best casts can only be fished from a boat. This takes away much of the zest of the sport; for when one hooks a fine fish it is pleasant to stand firmly on the solid rock, or to feel the turf of the bank springy under one's feet.

In March I commenced my fishing operations, proceeding in a skiff with an old guide, who was well acquainted with the haunts of the Salmon. We trolled through some beautiful holes for an hour without seeing a fish; at last I hooked one, but soon perceived, by his want of liveliness and force, that it was a spent Salmon on his way down the river. I brought him to the shore, and landed him without injury; and although the old fisherman begged him as his lawful perquisite, I had compassion on his feebleness, and threw the poor valetudinarian back into the water, with an admonition to make the best of his way to the sea. Soon after I hooked another of the same description, and turned him also adrift. Next, a large Pike, at the imminent risk of my fly, which was a beauty of its kind—this fish was bestowed on the boatman, who appeared somewhat annoyed by the chivalry towards the distressed Salmon. Good actions by land or water are not always unrewarded, and the emancipation of the poor *Salmos* was recompensed by the good luck of hooking soon after a noble fish of twenty pounds, strong and active as a racer, which, after half an hour's interesting play, we secured; we then cut his gills and crimped him, and had him to dinner at the Mess the same day.

In April, we received orders to march to Buttevant, there to form our Depôt, previous to embarkation for Canada. Here we were inspected by our old friend, Sir George Bingham, who

dined with us at the Mess three days following. Poor Sir George—the grave has since closed over his warm and manly heart! He enjoyed himself with us at Buttevant, as one always does at a meeting with old and valued friends, and we gave him wine as generous as himself; for the last dozen of our noble Madeira, that had sailed with us on the Ganges twelve years before—ripened at St. Helena, and travelled with us ever since—here most appropriately exhaled its nectareous spirit.

The regiment embarked at Cove in June, 1827, on board the Romney, of fifty guns, and the Arab Transport, bound to Quebec.

CHAPTER VIII.

VOYAGE TO QUEBEC.—COD-FISH.—ARRIVAL IN THE ST. LAWRENCE.—CANADIAN WINTER.

" ———— I'll deliver all
And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales."

TEMPEST.

" Meantime the steady breeze serenely blew,
And fast and falcon-like the vessel flew."

CORSAIR.

EVERY body knows that the voyage from Europe to America is up-hill work, while that home is like going down an inclined plane. The reason is, the greater prevalence of westerly over all other winds; as is also notorious. But what is not quite so palpable, is the fact that there is a perpetual cause for this; or at least one that will continue to operate as long as the big Ball we inhabit spins from west to east—which, to us of the present generation, is much the same thing.

We stretched out into the Atlantic with a fine fair breeze, and went on all day as favourably as we could desire; but at night the wind chopped directly in our teeth, and we were obliged to stand away to the south. After this we had a succession of calms, and baffling little breezes, and all kinds of cross purposes, for nearly a month; by which time we were not more than two-thirds of our way.

At length we reached the Great Bank and got soundings, and one day when it was calm commenced cod-fishing. This was a bit of a novelty, but, after all, miserable angling. However we did much execution amongst these lubberly fish, which suffered themselves to be dragged out of the water without making the slightest resistance; killing three hundred of them; of which number twenty-five fell to my share. One of our offi-

cers amused himself in opening the stomachs, and a very odd and heterogeneous collection of items he discovered. One *Gadus*, who must have been an epicure in his way, had an oyster-knife in his stomach, but how he used it puzzled us all: another had a large Cuttle-fish—several had different kinds of shell-fish, and on examining one of the largest of them all—lo!

" ———— nascitur ridiculus mus "

for a mouse was turned out, perfect, as if recently swallowed—probably an unfortunate fellow-passenger.

We had here a gale of wind from the north-west, that rattled our crockery in good style. It lasted only seven or eight hours, and as the night was clear, with plenty of sea-room, a good ship, skilful Master and efficient crew—it was more a matter of enjoyment to most of us than of suffering.

Off the Island of St. Pauls, we fell in with a very gorgeous Iceberg, about the size of York Minster, and having a curious resemblance to that grand Cathedral. There were two towers, but also three extra spires, with half a dozen cascades of clear water tumbling brightly from the roof, and shining with prismatic colours. The cooling effect of this enormous mass on the atmosphere, was perceptible a couple of miles off.

At length we saw the low, desolate Island of Anticosti at the mouth of the St. Lawrence, but were a week beating up the river. The little European rivers hide their diminished heads, compared with this magnificent stream. As we advanced, the shores grew bold, and wild, and primeval; with the pines and the rocks as they appeared a couple of centuries after the Flood. This savage uniformity at length became fatiguing to the eye, for nothing was visible but Firs and Granite—not a morsel of a clearance, nor smoke, nor human habitation. At length a straggling house began to peep out of the eternal forest on the Gaspé shore; and as we approached Kamouraska the mountains on that side receded from the shore, and the country became flat and alluvial, but only to an inconsiderable distance from the water. On the north shore the aspect was still abrupt, high and bold, and we could just see the extraordinary fissure, or deep ravine, through which the Saguenay pours its copious

tribute. Then begin the long lines of white houses—and the narrow selvages of green along the banks, and every seven or eight miles a shining Church, and the picturesque islands—and the lofty cascade of Montmorency—till we drop anchor in the fine basin of Quebec.

I have never yet beheld that prospect, or heard that harmony, or met that celebrated person, or enjoyed that sensation which had not been previously amplified, beautified and exaggerated far beyond reality, by that false, but flattering limner—imagination. Quebec had been pictured in brilliant colours, as to its own appearance—the beauty of its site, and the imposing attributes of natural and artificial strength with which it was invested. We found the town an ugly cluster of houses, pitched on the extremity of a bald promontory—the streets narrow and crooked, and those built on made ground round the base disgracefully filthy—with zigzag wharves pushing irregularly into the noble stream, whose surface was dotted with shipping.

But, after a day or two, we find the place improving in our estimation. We gain the Rampart and ascend to the Citadel, and are delighted with the glorious views on all sides that spread themselves out before us. We visit the numerous sweet spots in the immediate neighbourhood—ride along the pretty banks of the delicate little river, and luxuriate at the prospect of Quebec from Lorette—awake the sleeping echoes of that gem of Lakes—St. Charles—explore the bold rocks of the Chaudière—or gaze up with straining eyes at the lofty torrent at Montmorency. We consider also the historical memorials and associations with which the place is rich—as the scene of the first planting of Civilization and Christianity on this Continent—the toiling and patient Missionary—the listening and wondering Savage—then the transference of dominion to England—the Plains of Abraham—the triumph of the British arms—the refulgent name of Wolfe! Last, but not least, we appreciate it as the impregnable Bulwark of British power, and at length arrive at the conclusion, that in the mind of an Englishman there is no City in North America so classic or so celebrated as Quebec.

On our arrival the regiment was quartered in the Jesuits'

Barracks, with the 79th Highlanders—a corps of great name and merit.

We found political agitation running very high when we reached Quebec. The Earl of Dalhousie, the Governor, finding the House of Assembly refractory, had just dissolved them; but he gained little by this step, as most of the old members were again returned, and the House once more chose Louis Joseph Papineau for their Speaker.

This person, since so notorious, had already made himself conspicuous in 1827, by violent attacks on the British Government and the Provincial Executive, both in Committees and at public meetings, altogether inconsistent with the moderation to be expected from the Speaker of the Assembly. The penetration of Lord Dalhousie saw even then the future Traitor in his true colours; for at his own table I well recollect hearing the Governor say—"Mark my words, gentlemen, that man is a political incendiary whose ambition will never be satisfied until he has hopelessly embroiled this Colony with Great Britain."

"Griefs," or grievances, were the order of the day with the discontented Canadians in 1827; amongst which we discovered that our occupation of the barracks we lived in was one, and not the smallest in the long list. This extensive building was formerly the College of the Jesuits, and on the suppression of that remarkable body of talented men in France and her Colonies it was vacated, and after the Conquest was occupied by British troops. The extinguishment of the order having been nearly simultaneous with the cession of Canada by the French Crown, not a word was said for forty or fifty years about the grief in question; for it was perceived that any reflection on the British Government in this matter, would recoil against the Duc de Choiseul and the French Ministry, who drove the Reverend Fathers, the Jesuits, from their halls in Quebec. But of late years, when all manner of grievances were got up, this was too promising a subject to be lost sight of, and it has had a prominent place in the catalogue; and been the subject of virulent abuse against the British Government, session after session. Truly, our honest troops are somewhat more worthy occupants of the building in question than men of the like

mood, with the clever and unprincipled zealots who educated Damiens and Ravaillac.*

* In 1787, the Government of Lord Dorchester wishing to give an impulse to the public mind in this Province towards liberal studies, to elevate the character of the City of Quebec, and, generally, to promote the good of the Canadian people, took steps to obtain the opinions of the most respectable and influential Canadians, as to the propriety and necessity of establishing an University in Quebec. It was intimated that certain English funds, formerly appropriated to objects in the Colonies which had now become independent, would no longer be required in that quarter; and might, on application to the Crown, be granted as an endowment to the University. A grant of Land was also to be expected for the same beneficent object; and it was believed, with great probability, that the Government, as soon as they saw the project maturing, would give up the Jesuits' College for the accommodation of the new institution.

This very hopeful and beneficent scheme turned out abortive—the Canadians generally shewed no interest about the matter, and the Bishop of Quebec—although in the beginning of his letter to the Chairman of the Committee of the Legislative Council, he said—"At the name of an University in the Province of Quebec, my *native* Country, I bless the Almighty for having inspired the design, and my prayers are offered for the execution of it." Yet, in the course of the same epistle, he found so many good reasons for opposing the scheme, that he ended by expressing his opinion that it was quite impracticable—the Province could not support an University, and was not ripe for it. "A farmer in easy circumstances," says His Lordship, with more truth than flattery—"who wishes to leave his children a comfortable inheritance, will rather bring them up to agriculture and employ his money in the purchase of lands, than procure them learning of which he knows nothing himself, and of the value of which it is scarcely possible he should have an idea." Monseigneur Hubert concluded, that as long as there was so much waste land to be reclaimed in Canada, there was no need of an University; and that as the University of Paris, the oldest in the world, only dated from the twelfth century, whereas the Monarchy originated in the fifth; ergo, it would be time enough to talk about the proposed institution after the lapse of two or three hundred years.

His Lordship's Coadjutor, M. Charles Francis Bailly, however, was of a totally different opinion, and stoutly and zealously defended the project of the University. M. Bailly was rather severe upon the Bishop, whose letter he turns into ridicule, and pretends to believe it quite an imposition. He rather irreverently upsets His Lordship's chronology, with respect to the time of the foundation of the University of Paris; and convicts him of a startling mistake of three centuries on that head, and three more with reference to Oxford, of whose very existence the worthy Prelate appears to have been ignorant. The Coadjutor concludes with this honest peroration. "I conjure you Sir and Gentlemen, by all that is sacred, as one of the most faithful subjects of the best of Kings, as holding a distinguished rank in the Church of Canada, as a Canadian attached to his Country by the strongest ties, to pursue with diligence this great and honourable enterprise, which cannot fail to add to the joy and satisfaction of all the citizens of the Province, and will unite their hearts and cement their union for ever. Second the good intentions of our Governor, that he may see the steps he has taken, crowned with success—

> 'Et spes et Ratio studiorum in Cæsare tantum
> Solus enim tristes tempestate Camœnas
> Respicet.' ————————
>
> JUVENAL.

What glory for you, gentlemen, to see your names placed at the head of the list of the first promoters of the University by the hands of gratitude."

It is impossible to avoid reflecting how different a character the City of Quebec might now have possessed, had the liberal spirit of M. Bailly animated the narrow-minded Bishop. Learning and Science might here have found their chosen seat, and *alumni* from all quarters have flocked hither for education. But as the Coadjutor Bishop observes, quoting from St. John—"Et delexerunt homines tenebras magis quam lucem."

The winter of 1827-8 came on early, and we prepared to meet it. At first the sensation of cold in a clear blue sky, illuminated by a bright unclouded sun, was cheerful and exhilarating; and our numerous Pic Nic parties, under these circumstances were agreeable. But when the winter advanced, and the cold increased, *pari passu*, and I had my nose pulled half a dozen times in a friendly way, to wrench it from the sterner grip of John Frost—it then was no joke. When the weather was calm we could bear twenty, or even five and twenty degrees below zero tolerably; but with wind this cold was insupportable.

Yet, notwithstanding this Polar cold the Canadian winter is the healthiest season of the year. With the exception of frost-bites, and accidents from carting or chopping wood for the numerous stoves, we had scarcely any sick during the two first winters here. This ought, however, to be qualified by stating that eruptive diseases among the children, are more common in winter than summer; and for several years after our arrival, Small Pox was rife in the town and suburbs during some part of the cold season. Winter appears also to be unfavorable to canine health, and instances of hydrophobia are not uncommon.

Il n'est si grand jour qui ne vienne à vépres. Long winters, like the most tedious things, must come to an end. In April 1828, it appeared that Nature had made a mistake, and intended to give us two cold seasons instead of one. But at last, when

"Winter, lingering, chilled the lap of May,"

a warm breeze stole from the south, melting the frozen air before it—a genial rain fell in the evening, and at noon next day we had jumped into a tropical summer without any intermediate spring. Off instantly went furs and woollens—disbanded were carioles and sleighs—fast down the eaves and gutters ran the melted snow, and young mill-streams took possession of the streets. White trowsers and hats resumed their empire—dinners and dances and whist clubs were prorogued, and double windows sent to ruminate in garrets. By and bye the white winged ships came in by thirties and forties, and hundred-handed commerce bustled through the wharves and streets.

CHAPTER IX.

MONUMENTAL PILLAR TO WOLFE AND MONTCALM.—AVETERAN WHO HAD SERVED WITH WOLFE, PRESENT AT LAYING THE FOUNDATION.—IRISH IN QUEBEC.—REV. MR. McMAHON.—DEPARTURE OF LORD DALHOUSIE AND ARRIVAL OF SIR JAMES KEMPT.

"O fortunatos nimium sua si bona nôrint
Agricolas! quibus ipsa procul discordibus armis
Fundit humo facilem victum justissima Tellus."
VIRGILIUS.

"On commence par être dupe, on finit par être fripon."
FRENCH PROVERB.

On the 15th of November 1827, we were witnesses to a highly interesting ceremony in Quebec—namely, the laying of the first stone of a Monument to Wolfe and Montcalm, on a commanding eminence overlooking the river. The whole of the Garrison was assembled and fired a salute on this stirring occasion; and the interest of the scene was much heightened by the presence of one of Wolfe's soldiers, a Mr. James Thompson, who was in the action—now a fine-looking silver-headed veteran, a hundred years old. With condescending attention to the brave old man's feelings, Lord Dalhousie paid him the compliment of presenting him the Masonic Mallet, and requesting him to give the three mystic strokes on the foundation stone.

This Monumental Pillar is finely placed, and in itself chaste and classic, and ornamental to the city. However, I have heard it criticised for want of profile by a gentleman of much architectural taste. The "posteritas *dedit*" has also been objected to by a friend, as savouring rather too much of Sir Bryan O'Toole's question, "What the deuce has posterity done for us?" But the Writer of the terse, and I think, happy inscription, is an excellent classical scholar; and I dare say it is all right.

The handsome liberality of dedicating this Monument to Montcalm, the vanquished, as really and conspicuously as to Wolfe, the victor, is in fine taste, and every way worthy of Lord Dalhousie, and of the magnanimous country of whose Sovereign he was the Representative. Notwithstanding, the French Canadians took no part in this proceeding; but in a sordid and unamiable spirit, they deemed the name of Montcalm only introduced to swell the triumph of Wolfe.

My Irish countrymen of the lower orders improve much on exportation; and in this colony particularly, they become valuable members of society. They leave behind them much of their turbulence and combativeness, as well as of their mendacious and tipsifying attributes; work quietly, and honestly, and industriously, and generally speaking, get on very well. Several flourishing settlements of Irish are to be found in the country around Quebec; and in the city there is a very large congregation, who have a good and handsome Church, built a few years ago—partly by their own funds, assisted by the contributions of their Roman Catholic brethren in Montreal and Upper Canada; and essentially aided by the liberality of their Protestant friends. It was remarked that the French Canadians were of very little assistance in this matter; for Jean Baptiste is not very liberal of his money, nor has he much to spend—besides he is not very partial to the Irish.

A virtuous Ecclesiastic, the Rev. Mr. McMahon, of whose tender and assiduous spiritual attentions to sick soldiers of his Communion I can bear testimony, officiates amongst his countrymen. This gentleman devotes himself to the temporal as well as spiritual interests of his flock, and, I believe, is eminently useful in inculcating quiet, sober and orderly habits, and restraining excess. Crowds of Emigrants surround his door at the opening of the navigation, in hopes of receiving advice and assistance from this good Priest; and his hand is open to them all, to the full extent of his limited means. In consequence of refusing to lend himself to the furtherance of Mr. Papineau's objects, and of his care in teaching fear of God, combined with honor of the constituted authorities, Mr. McMahon was long the object of virulent and calumnious attack on the part of that person's followers and the newspapers in his interest.

The short summer of 1828, soon passed away. In the end of autumn Lord Dalhousie went home, and was succeeded by Sir James Kempt, an admirable military officer, and a clever man. The demonstrations of attachment to his high-minded predecessor, were strong and general here among the British part of the community. A general entertainment was given him by the principal people of the town, a little before he embarked, and when he sailed, a Steam-boat full of Quebec ladies and gentlemen escorted the frigate which took his family home, a considerable distance down the river.

The Colonial Legislature met in November, and Mr. Papineau was recognized as Speaker of the Assembly, although he had been solemnly and most deservedly rejected by the King's Representative the year before. This gentleman had incapacitated himself for the Chair of the House, by the extreme violence and acerbity of the line of politics he had taken, and the hostility he had shewn to every measure of the Home and Colonial Governments. The Judge, who, over his bottle had already prejudicated a case of life or death; or the Juror who has irregularly given an opinon of guilt before trial—might as well be permitted to discharge subsequently their important duties, as a hot-headed partisan, like Mr. Papineau, be allowed to fulfil a trust requiring forbearance, impartiality and moderation.

But, after the decisive step of rejection had once been taken, and on such firm ground, there should have been no backing out—the wise decision of Lord Dalhousie ought to have been supported at all hazards by the Home Government, and his Successor forbidden to reverse his work, by recognizing Mr. Papineau as Speaker, and thus exhibiting a lamentable proof of weakness here and at home.

But the truth is, I apprehend, that the British Government in dealing with this Province, has had for many years the revolt of the neighbouring States too much in their eyes; and, like the magnifying and exaggerating effects of fear on the physical senses, their moral terrors have confounded and assimilated the most different objects—the energetic and intelligent Yankee with the passive and uninformed Canadian—the broad millions of

acres of an immense Continent, with two narrow slips of land along a navigable river.

For some time all was harmony here under the new Governor. The French Canadians took their cue from the Speaker, and he condescended to be civil to Sir James. But the cloven foot would sometimes protrude from under the cloak; and they who knew the man well, averred that the pact between him and the new regime would not be of long duration.

Sir James was a bachelor, and a Governor ought to be a married man for many reasons—one of which is, that the hospitalities of his roof would be more agreeable under the auspices of a lady, than a gentleman. During the winter the pic-nic expeditions of Lady Dalhousie were a good deal missed. Her mode of assembling her party on these occasions was to send round a miniature whip, to be shewn to certain persons whom she wished to compose it, on the morning of the day selected. This was the well-known signal for the meeting of the carioles at the Chateau previous to starting; and the whip, like the torch of fire, soon produced a gathering.

The motion of gliding over the hard and smooth snow on a calm clear day, thermometer ten above zero, is very exhilarating and delightful; and few things in Canada are more joyous than the first burst of a Tandem Club of a dozen neat equipages, with good robing, good driving, a previous good lunch, harmonious bells, and an object. For the dull routine of driving up one street and down another, overturning pigs and frightening old women out of their propriety, does not accord with our notions of the fitness of things, and savours too much of Cockenaye; yet, it is the usual fashion of the Quebec Tandem Clubs. But although carioling be thus agreeable, there are, unfortunately a few drawbacks—besides restive horses. Owing, as is believed, to the vicious construction of the Canadian sleigh; to which the natives stick with tenacity, as to every other cumbersome feudal relic—the best snow roads are soon intersected with *cahots*, or deep transverse ruts, which are an utter abomination to human feelings—shake out all loose teeth and dislocate uncompact joints.

In the beginning of the summer of 1829, we had a visit from

Mr. ——— the British Ambassador at W———. His Excellency soon after his arrival, happening to eat fresh salmon rather too freely at dinner, with an accompaniment of new potatoes, *au naturel*, became indisposed in the course of the evening, and sent for the Writer. It so chanced that Sir C. and Lady Ogle from Halifax, were at the same time on a visit to Sir James Kempt, and residing at the Chateau as well as Mr. ———. A large party was asked to meet the strangers at dinner the next day; but the disconsolate patient was kept on spoon diet and confined to his room by the Doctor. When dinner was over, the servants had retired, and Sir James was in the middle of a good story—the apparition of a pale man in a dressing gown and night-cap, with a bedchamber candle in his hand, and an expression of suffering in his face, stalked into the room. Lady Ogle was the first to observe him, and tittered incontinently at the odd figure: this was soon caught by the rest of the company, and ended in a loud and general laugh. The uproar brought the intruder to a stand still—then right about face, and a hasty retreat. It was the poor Plenipotentiary, who, not yet quite *au fait* as to the topography of the Chateau, had wandered into the dining room in the course of his evening explorations.

CHAPTER X.

MALBAIE RIVER.—MORAL CANADIAN POPULATION.—JACQUES CARTIER RIVER.—PONT DAYRÉE.—SALMON FISHING.

"But he that shall consider the variety of baits for all seasons and pretty devices which our anglers have invented; peculiar lines, false flies, several sleights and ingenious deceptions, &c., will say that it deserveth like commendation and requireth as much study and perspicacity as the rest, and is to be preferred before many of them. Because hunting and hawking are very laborious; much riding and many dangers accompany them: but this is still and quiet, and if so be that the angler catch no fish, yet hath he a wholesome walk to the brook-side, and pleasant shade by the sweet silver streams; he hath good aire and sweet smels of fine fresh meadow flowers; he heareth the melodious harmony of birds; he seeth the swans, herons, ducks, water-hens, cootes, and many other fowl with their brood, which he thinketh better than the noise of hounds or blast of hornes, and all the sport that they can make."

ANATOMY OF MELANCHOLY.

NINETY miles below Quebec, and nearly opposite Kamouraska on the South Shore, the *Malbaie* river enters the St. Lawrence. After an impetuous mountain course of two hundred miles, it escapes through a gorge, tumbles down a granite rock, and then winds very prettily along a cultivated valley, six or seven miles, until it meets the tide. There is a tolerable wooden bridge at its mouth, whose large abutments, loaded with great boulders, tell of the formidable floods that sometimes sweep down the valley.* A respectable Church with its long roof and glittering spire, and a tall elm or two, stands on an elevated point near the junction of the river with the St. Lawrence.

A very quiet and moral population of seven or eight hundred people inhabit this secluded valley. We are informed that after the Conquest a number of soldiers of Murray's Regiment settled here, intermarrying with the Canadians, and leaving traces of their larger stature and peculiar lineaments, which

* This bridge was carried away by a flood last spring.

are still visible. Some of the customs of the good *habitans*, too—social family worship night and morning, for instance—may be of Scotch origin: for, however dissipated the life of a Scotch soldier may have been, he is apt towards the close to shew the salutary effect of former religious instruction. The good seed, whose early germination had been checked by the storms of his profession, seldom loses all vitality, but often brings forth fruit when the turbulence of a military life is past. Be this as it may, the cross appears to have improved the breed considerably: the language of the military settlers, however, which may have been half Gaelic, half English—has yielded to that of the more numerous class, and the whole community now speak French.

Many of the Malbaie families are very large, and from fifteen to twenty children are not uncommon. They marry early—get a stripe of a concession from the Seigneur, and a house is run up for the young couple, *more Hibernico*, by their relations. They are then set adrift, but never separate far from their own connexions. There is infinite social comfort in this custom; but the worst of it is that the bit of land is soon exhausted.

Their neighbours in the Bay of St. Paul, on the other side of a long mountain, have a very indifferent character; but the peasantry of this remote and pretty glen are the most virtuous people I have ever seen in any country. As to temperance with regard to spirituous liquors, our good philanthropists who are endeavouring to reform the world in this way—would find their labours needless here. Among these primitive people, drunkenness is absolutely unknown; and whole families pass their lives without any individual ever having tasted intoxicating fluids. Some surprising instances of this kind have come to the Writer's knowledge.

I have been on four fishing expeditions to Malbaie, and hope that a short account of one of these may not be tiresome to the reader.

In the latter end of June, 1830, my friend, Major Wingfield, of the 66th, and myself, set out from Montreal on a fishing trip to Malbaie. We embarked in buoyant spirits, well provided with choice apparatus, and taking with us *materiel* for preserving our fish—namely; salt, sugar, spices, and a large cask of

vinegar. A good-natured American General, with his Aide-de-Camp, were our fellow-passengers in the steamboat to Quebec. They were heretics of the Utilitarian School, and thought it not a little extraordinary that we should make so long a journey to catch fish that might be so easily obtained in the market.

On reaching Quebec, we found to our great mortification, the wind blowing up the river, strong against us, and no steamboat running whither we were bound. We were therefore obliged to wait there three days, and then take our passage in a miserable schooner from Kamouraska; the Captain engaging to land us at our destination on the opposite shore. The voyage was extremely tedious and disagreeable, lasting four interminable days and nights, though the distance was only ninety miles. Moreover, our lubberly skipper very nearly upset us half a dozen times by bad management during the gale from the eastward that lasted almost the whole voyage. To add to our misfortunes, we were half-starved as well as half-foundered; for our sea-stock was laid in under the anticipation of a few hours voyage, and consisted only of a loaf, a quarter of cold lamb and a bottle of wine. Thirty or forty dirty *habitans* from Kamouraska were on board and occupied the limited space below: we were therefore obliged to wrap ourselves in our cloaks and bivouac under the "*grande voile*" on deck. This was all very well as long as the weather continued dry, but on the third day the rain came down in torrents—often extinguishing our cigars; but we took fresh ones, still maintained our ground on deck, and puffed away bravely, in hope of better times. Towards the end of our wretched voyage, sheer hunger made us purchase some bad salt pork, and sausages crammed with garlic, as our own barrels of provisions were hooped up, and if we broke bulk there might be a sorry account of them.

At length, with beards like Jews—cold, wet, half-starved and every way miserable, we reached the mouth of the Malbaie river, where we had bespoke lodgings, at the house of a Canadian named Chaperon.

By a beneficent ordination, our sense of present enjoyment is keen in proportion to the recollection of recent discomfort or distress; but I shall say nothing of the converse of this; hav-

ing little to do with that branch of the subject at present. Dryden has condensed the idea in five words—

"Sweet is pleasure after pain."

Indeed the sensations of my friend and myself, when at length we found ourselves clean and comfortable in M. Chaperon's pleasant parlour, were much to be envied. Sweet, very sweet was our shave, and our bath, and the feel of cool linen, and the sense of total renovation pervading our whole persons—but, shade of Apicius! how exquisite the Gunpowder and Pekoe tasted after rancid pork and garlic!

On our way from the shore we cast our hungry eyes on a salmon, just come in with the tide and floundering in a net: we incontinently licked our lips and purchased him. When we reached the house our servant handed the fish over to Madame Chaperon, with instructions to broil it for our breakfast—*not* alive, but as near as might be. Our toilet being finished we drew the table to the window, into which a rose-bush in full bloom was peering from a flower-garden underneath. There, amidst the mixt aromata of flowers and fish, we commenced an attack on a pyramid of toast fit to form a new apex to that of Cheops—numerous dainty prints of fresh butter, some half gallon of thick cream, and half a bushel of new laid eggs—which was kept up vigorously for a couple of hours.

On Monday morning, July the 5th, we engaged a *calêche* with a good-looking Canadian boy, named Louis Panet, to attend us on our daily visits to the *Chute*, about six miles distant. The road up the valley is very good, following the winding course of the river, and overhung on the other side by green globular hills, very steep in many places. These are covered with a thin soil, which often after rain peels off in large patches, carrying down trees, fences, flocks, and even the houses, "in hideous ruin and combustion" to the bottom. One of these frightful *eboulements* had fallen across our road lately, and the country people were still busy in clearing away the rubbish.

From my former experience, the first glance at the river assured me we should have good sport. Instantly our fishing

rods were got ready, and taking Jean Gros with us—a *habitant* who had accompanied me on former occasions, we descended the steep bank, got into his crazy canoe, and were ferried across to the best part of the stream.

There was a large granite boulder in the river, in the wake of which I had formerly hooked many a fine fish. At the very first throw here I rose a large salmon; but although he appeared greedy enough, he missed the fly. On these occasions—particularly so early in the season—the best and most experienced anglers will feel a slight palpitation, arising from a struggle of opposite emotions—hope of success—doubt of failure—and uncertainty and curiosity as to the size of the fish. Giving my finny friend time to resume the position at the bottom he had quitted, and to compose himself, I then threw the fly lightly over him—communicating to it that slight motion which imitates life. He instantly darted at the glittering deception, and I found him fast on my line. After a moment's wonderment he dashed madly across the river, spinning out the line merrily, and making the reel "discourse eloquent music." This fish did not stop in his career until nearly touching the opposite bank, when he turned—made another run for the middle, and then commenced a course of leaping, a yard or two out of the water. This is a dangerous time, and here unskilful anglers most frequently lose their fish; for each leap requires a corresponding movement of the arms and body to preserve the proper tension of the line. In fact, on these occasions a good angler will make a low *courtesy* to his fish. I played this active gentleman fully three quarters of an hour, when he gave up the contest, and I gaffed and secured my prize—a beautiful male fish, in fine season, weighing twenty-five pounds.

We continued at our sport till mid-day, when it became too hot and clear. By this time my companion had caught a number of large salmon trout, and I had picked up two more salmon and several trout of the same description; marked with the most brilliant colours We then crossed to the shady side and reposed ourselves; and having discovered a copious spring bubbling through the gravel, close to the water's edge, we enlarged it into a well, into which we plumped our fish and a bottle of Hodson's Pale Ale; covering it with green boughs. We then

employed ourselves in collecting strawberries for a dessert to our sandwich; and after lunch enjoyed our cigars, and chatted over our morning exploits.

"Fronde sub arborea, ferventia temperans astra."

When the shade of the high bank stretched across the river, we resumed our sport, and returned to a late dinner with our *calèche* literally full of fish. A goodly shew they made, as they covered two of Madame Chaperon's largest tables: the sum total being five salmon, weighing 105 pounds, and 48 trout, averaging three pounds a piece.

Next morning, after an early breakfast, we started for the Chute, taking a tent with us, which we pitched on a knoll overlooking our fishing ground. It proved, however, more ornamental than useful; the banks being so umbrageous that we did not require it by day, and we always returned to our lodgings in the evening.

Nothing mundane is without its alloy. Our enjoyments were great, with one serious drawback—the flies, those volant leeches that surrounded us—and notwithstanding our defence of camphorated oil smeared over our hands, faces and necks—sucked our blood without compunction. A fly is considered a stupid creature notwithstanding his powers of observation, but our Malbaie musquitoes were insects of great sagacity, for they appeared to watch their opportunity to take us at a disadvantage, and when they saw us occupied in playing a fish, they made play too, and had fifty spears in our skins in half a minute. The little invisible sand flies, too, teased us extremely, and those insidious black wretches, who give no warning, like the honest musquitoe—these crawled about our necks and up our sleeves, tracking their way with blood.

Another plague that annoyed us not a little, was the dogs on the road from home to the scene of our sport; who were certainly the most ill-mannered brutes I ever had the pleasure to be acquainted with. Twice a day had we to run the gauntlet, and sustain a continued attack; each cur when he had barked himself hoarse, handing us over to his neighbour. Horses in Canada are so accustomed to this that they pay little attention to yelping, unless some brute more savage than the rest, attempts

to seize them by the nose, when they sometimes get frightened, and may run away. Once or twice we observed our sagacious little horse looking a little bothered at the assaults of one fierce brute, who must have had a cross of the bull-dog in him.

This was a black and shaggy cur of great size, whose wont was to dart at once at the poor horse's mouth. We had often flogged him severely but he did not mind it the least, being protected by his thick woolly hair. One day I put a long handle in my salmon gaff for his express use, and when the savage darted at us, I watched my opportunity and hooked him by the side. Louis whipped his horse, who by his movements appeared to enjoy the punishment of his enemy. Away we went at a rapid rate, the dog yelling hideously, and the *habitants* running out of their houses at the noise, and holding up their hands in astonishment. After a little we stopped and I shook him off, apparently not much the worse for the discipline he had received. Next morning in going to our sport we saw him at the door of his own house; and certainly no punishment could ever have a better effect. As soon as the brute recognized us he put his long tail between his legs—limped into the house as mute as a fish, and never annoyed us again.

During our second day's fishing I had a little adventure which was not unattended with danger, though such was the excitement of the moment that I was scarcely conscious of it. Having observed a large salmon rising at a fly in the middle of the river, I got into the canoe and made old *Jean Gros* pole me out to the spot; kneeling as we were often obliged to do, for fear of upsetting the unmanageable little craft. I soon hooked the fish, and making my Charon stick his pole firmly into the bottom, we brought our tiny vessel athwart it, kept our position against the force of the current, which here ran very strong, and having a fine range of the open stream I played the fish for half an hour until he was quite subdued. *M. Jean* was then desired to weigh anchor and push for a shelving sandy bank where we had been accustomed to gaff our salmon. In pulling up the pole, which was shod with iron, the old man, by some inexplicable awkwardness, lost his hold of it—away the rapid stream bore us, whilst the long pole was left standing perpendicularly, vibrating still and shaking its head at us very ominously.

Jean Gros' shoulders elevated themselves to his ears instantly, and his wizened and corrugated face was elongated some three or four inches to the obliteration of manifold wrinkles that adorned it. It was irresistibly comic, and I could not help a loud laugh, though it was no joke. We had no paddle nor any thing else to assist us on board, and were running at six knots an hour towards the jaws of a dangerous rapid. My old *Voyageur* after his first astonishment, uttered one or two indecent oaths, like a veritable French Colonist; then, apparently resigning himself to his fate, became paralyzed with fear and began to mumble a prayer to some favourite Saint. In the meantime some good-natured *habitans*, who had been watching us playing the salmon, ran down the shore, parallel with us, when they saw us drifting down; flinging out to us every stick they met for the chance of our catching and using it as a paddle. All this time the salmon remained on the line, and my large rod occupied one hand entirely, and prevented much exertion in stretching for the floating timber; but as for abandoning rod or fish—neither was to be thought of for a moment. Once I overstretched myself and canoe and all were within an ace of being upset. At last success attended us—I secured a piece of board, and the first employment of it was the conferring a good sound thwack on *Jean Gros'* shoulders, accompanied with "*Ramez! s———, ramez!*" The effect was electrical—the old fellow seized the board and began to paddle vigorously, steering, as we approached an island, down the smaller branch, where the rapid could be passed with safety. By great good luck our co-voyageur in the water, took the same channel, and down the stream we all went merrily for half a mile. The rapid ended in a deep and quiet hole where the fish was soon gaffed; and after a little rest, and a *coup* of brandy to the old man, notwithstanding his delinquencies, he placed the canoe on his shoulders, I carried the fish and we returned by the bank.

The practicability of passing the smaller rapid being thus established, Wingfield, two or three days after, having hooked a large salmon, and not being able to prevent it from going down, guided it in the canoe through the same branch of the river; but, unfortunately the line caught in a rock near the bottom and the fish broke off.

We spent a delightful fortnight at Malbaie, killing many fine salmon, and a great number of magnificent trout; whilst we employed our servant, when we were fishing, in pickling, smoking, or salting them. But the season became dry—the river fell, and the fish ceased to run in any considerable numbers. Towards the end of July we struck our tent, embarked in a large boat and proceeded twenty miles down the North Shore of the St. Lawrence, with the intention of exploring a small salmon stream, called "La Rivière Noire," which, it was said, had never been fished.

The North Shore of the great Canadian Estuary, is an interesting field for the Geologist; and it has not yet been half explored. Indeed a comprehensive and scientific research through both these great Provinces is yet to be made; and would, I am persuaded, develop great natural riches, as well as many objects of curious enquiry. At the Falls of the Montmorenci, a little below Quebec, that river has cut through the junction of the sienite with the superincumbent limestone, and illustrated not a few of the recondite secrets of the early history of rocks. At Beauport, in the same neighbourhood, enormous quantities of marine shells in a state of remarkable preservation—the colours even yet perfect—are found imbedded in blue clay. Farther down the North Shore, the country becomes more purely granitic and mountainous to the very edge of the St. Lawrence: the bold capes and head-lands increasing in boldness and altitude, until they are interrupted by the singular and enormous fissure through which the Saguenay runs. The waters of this great tributary, beneath a perpendicular bank, from six to nine hundred feet high, and only a yard from the shore, are one thousand feet deep, and in some places no bottom has yet been found.

It was a fine afternoon when we left Malbaie; the river was calm, and the white porpoises, those unwieldy looking creatures, were tumbling about in all directions. We had guns and tried a few shots without effect—the balls *ricochetting* off their smooth and oily skins, whenever they struck them. As it approached sunset our Canadian boatmen began a quartetto, by no means inharmonious, though the voices were rough enough—and kept it up with great spirit nearly all the rest of

the voyage. At midnight we arrived at the mouth of the river, where we found a fine dry sandy beach, with a line of creamy surf rippling gently against it, in a wild and uninhabited country. We landed, found plenty of wood to kindle a large fire ; ate our supper, which we shared with our *voyageurs ;* for which they gave us another song under the exhilarating influence of a *coup* or two of brandy. We then wrapped ourselves in our cloaks, looked out for a soft stone for a pillow, placed our guns by our sides, put our feet to the fire and soon fell asleep.

The morning sun awoke us : we started up and took a refreshing swim in the salt water, whilst our attendants were getting breakfast ready. When the meal was over we prepared our rods and set out to reconnoitre the stream, the banks of which were covered with almost impenetrable jungle ; but, after great exertions, we explored to the distance of four or five miles, yet only got one small salmon, which my friend caught, for our pains. The river, as far as we could reach, was a continuous succession of rapids and falls from one enormous granite rock to another.

On our return we disturbed a huge bear, who was busily employed in tearing up a large rotten pine to get at a colony of ants that inhabited it. We stopped and so did he ; feeling, no doubt, as displeased as any christian, at being interrupted in his meal. He then walked away, and as we had left our guns at the boat, we felt no inclination to follow him.

Next day we returned to Chaperon's, and the following morning visited the Chute, and found that a fresh batch of fine trout had made their way up the river, low as it was, which afforded us capital sport ; rising greedily at our salmon-flies, and very lively and strong on the line—but we could see no salmon until late in the evening, when we noticed a very large one sucking in some small flies in the middle of the stream. We embarked in the canoe, and both covered him, endeavouring to tempt his palate by various flies resembling those on the water ; using at the same time a single gut casting line, but all in vain. At last, just before starting for home, I tried one more cast over him, when he rose like a young whale, and I found him firm on the hook. The tackle was slender, no doubt, but the delicate fibre that held him prisoner was of the best description, and,

though of nearly invisible tenuity, possessed great strength, which the flexibility of a long and admirable rod materially assisted. Great was the

"————— certaminis gaudium."

during the exciting play of that noble fish, and many, many apprehensions had we of the result. But the staunch O'Shaughnessy kept its hold, and the tenacious gut failed not. Finally, after a glorious struggle of an hour and a quarter, this magnificent fish lay gasping on the sand. It weighed twenty-eight French pounds, or about thirty-one English.

On the 3rd of August, we returned to Quebec with two barrels of fish, for distribution amongst our friends; and I guess if our utilitarian Yankee acquaintances had met us then, we should have been less the objects of their derision.

FISHING EXCURSION TO JACQUES CARTIER RIVER.

A good deal of rain having fallen lately, we judged the time favourable for a trip to Dayrée's Bridge, a celebrated fishing ground on the Jacques Cartier River. Accordingly, early on a beautiful morning, the 5th of August, my friend and I set off from Quebec for that pretty spot; distant nine leagues up the left bank of the St. Lawrence.

There are three roads to the place—that along the shore of the great river affords one of the finest drives in the whole Province; and I particularly recommend this route to strangers who like picturesque and panoramic views; and who will not shy at some tremendous hills they may meet—particularly one at Carouge, which is like mounting the Simplon, only the road is not half so good. We chose the St. Foy road, which runs along the north slope of the elevated plateau between Quebec and Carouge: from whence the prospect is singularly fine. In less than four hours the voice of the turbulent river welcomed us at Dayrée's Bridge.

The Jacques Cartier takes its name from the great French navigator who once wintered at its mouth. It is as large as

the Thames above the tide, but of a very different character. Like most of the northern tributaries of the lower St. Lawrence, which take their sources from the wild and sterile mountain regions, running several hundred miles to the north, north-east and north-west of Quebec, it runs for a long way through mountain defiles, impeded every where by chaotic rocks, whose primitive hardness almost defies its power. At length, escaping from the mountains it subsides into a tranquil stream, flowing through considerable tracts of alluvial soil for nearly twenty miles, where some lately established colonies of Irish emigrants are now thriving. Shortly before the river reaches Dayrée's Bridge, it becomes extremely rapid, descending three hundred feet in the course of little more than a mile. But it has no longer the sienite or granite to deal with, and has scooped out for itself a wide, deep, and altogether most singular bed in the softer limestone, half a mile in length, through which at all seasons, especially after wet weather, a most formidable torrent tumbles and rages with the most picturesque impetuosity.

A high wooden bridge, as handsome as its square outline will permit, crosses the stream boldly a little below the commencement of this extraordinary natural canal. This forms a striking point in the secluded spot from its height and position; as well as its perpendicular supporting beams, looking like a portcullis—with the characteristic salmon-vanes at the top. Louis Dayrée, the civil lessee of the Fishery, for which—tell it not in Berwick on Tweed, he pays to the Seigneur £5 a year—resides in a white cottage at one end of the bridge, and his house is the chief resort of sportsmen during the fishing season.

This very pretty glen is bounded by high banks, but whose slope affords soil for a great variety of umbrageous forest trees; with here and there a tall pine rising above the thick mass of foliage. The mountain ash grows in abundance. Part of the rock, for twenty or thirty yards from the river, is only covered with dwarf trees and shrubs; and along its surface innumerable little streamlets of the purest spring water, each in its tiny channel, run sparkling from the bank. On one side of the most rapid part, huge cedars growing out of the fissures of the edge of the canal, fling their grotesque arms quite across it. Nor are

floral ornaments wanting in this scene of sylvan wildness and beauty. Wild flowers are found in great variety and profusion.

Dayrée's bridge is six miles from the St. Lawrence, and the Jacques Cartier continues a most rapid stream all the way. The poor fish consequently, have a rough journey, and when they are caught here we constantly find the skin of their snouts white and excoriated, and their fins and tail more or less split and injured from being driven against the rocks in the course of their toilsome voyage. But when they reach the lower end of the canal cut in the rock their troubles are only beginning, for there they meet a torrent of such magnitude and force as no piscine power can surmount, unless when the water is low. They are there obliged to wait, as at the Malbaie Chute, until a more favorable state of the river may permit them to pass.

Alas, poor salmon-kind! Like the hapless flying-fish which escapes the albatross and gull only to fall into the jaws of the bonito and albacore—when they have evaded the tempting snares of the angler, surmounted the lower rapids, and worked themselves with immense labour through the terrible canal to the very top, they find there is still an absolute cataract to leap up, worse than all the past. Here there is a circular and lateral recess at the bottom, worn out by an eddy, and forming a comparatively quiet hole, where they are forced to stop for breath before attempting to overcome the last grand impediment.—Whilst quietly reposing at this place, dreaming of no evil, and only occupied with their fluvial difficulties, they are mercilessly scooped out by Louis Dayrée with a pole net, carried alive and with care to a reservoir of water, fed by a copious spring from the bank, and only a few paces distant: into this they are plumped, and left to moralize over their hard fate with their companions in misfortune.

Here the captives remain a week or two, until a sufficient number is collected to be sent to the Quebec market. Although they have nothing to eat, and would not eat if they had, there is no perceptible loss of flesh; for like generous animals they bear their imprisonment with philosophic fortitude, and never repine. Yet captivity to them, accustomed to roam through the vast deep, and make an annual migratory tour into the interior of every Continent, must be a dreadful calamity. If cautiously

approached whilst swimming about in the reservoir, and then gently handled, they will permit many liberties to be taken with them. They like to have their skin rubbed or scratched, inclining their bodies to the hand as a cat does; and I have frequently availed myself of this penchant—scratching them smartly, bringing away even their scales, playing with their tail and fins, or putting my fingers under their gill-covers, where they are most sensitive, and into their mouths without disturbing them. Considering that I have been all my life one of their greatest enemies, it argues no little magnanimity to have forborne on these occasions from giving me a snap.

The Canadians have given odd names to different holes, or *remoux* formed by the eddies of this powerful stream. Immediately under the bank of Dayrée's garden is a recess, worn deep in the rocky bank, and generally shaded by the impending precipice, called the " Troux noir." This is close to the bridge, from whence the fish in it may be distinctly seen. A little lower down on the opposite side, the bank slopes at about an angle of 45°, to within eight or nine feet of the water; and there the fish lie in a tolerably quiet eddy, where one may hook them sitting on a ledge immediately over their heads. This is called the " Grand Réts." Lower down is the " Petit Réts," and at the lower end of the canal, where the river expands, is a famous fishing hole, called " l'Hôpital," where the wounded salmon are supposed to wait to be cured of their cuts and bruises.

For half a mile below this the fishing is good—the best being immediately above a sloping rock running quite across, where the water makes a chute, or rather runs violently down a long inclined plane, at an angle of about 20 degrees.

Having breakfasted and prepared our tackle, we proceeded to our sport—taking different sides. During the season the place is much frequented by the Quebec anglers; but on this occasion we had the river to ourselves.

The rain had swollen the river much; consequently neither the Grand Réts, which had always been a favorite hole, nor l'Hôpital, were in a state to be fished. At last wading to mid-thigh and in a powerful current, I tried the top of the Chute, and there hooked a heavy fish at the third rise.

Sir Humphrey Davy was fond of salmon fishing, as every

philosopher ought to be, and has left his "brethren of the angle" "Salmonia," a scientific and delightful little book, from the same benevolent principle as prompted the gift of his safety lamp to the Miner. Nevertheless, I opine that he could not have been a top-sawyer in this art, since he forbade, and never practised wading; for it appears as incomprehensible that a first rate salmocide should be at all hydrophobic as it would be for a duck. But "*aliquando bonus Humphrianus*"—or whatever is the Latin of Humphrey—"*dormitat;*" and our amiable and illustrious brother must have been very somnolent when he placed his ban upon wading.

For my own humble part, I am half a fish from long habit; and though not worthy to carry the gaff of the great man just mentioned, I presume to differ from him in this point, "*toto cœlo.*" My maxim is—if you are sound, wind and limb, (and if not you should try some other amusement) don't be afraid of the water, but wade up to your shoulders if necessary to secure your object, and the stream permits you—still with this important proviso—keep moving—don't sit down on the bank, and be sure to change your clothes on reaching home.

But, *revenons*—hooking a large salmon on the very brink of a water fall or strong rapid is a very nervous affair. Fortunately you have the instinct of the animal in your favour, for he keeps continually ascending the stream till his object is accomplished; and has, besides, in all probability a particular objection to retrace his steps down a difficult place, recollecting the toil it cost him to get up, and how vexatious it would be to have it all to undergo again. But a hook in his jaw would disturb any body's power of ratiocination; we need not therefore wonder if Mr. Salmo gets at last somewhat bothered, and when he cannot extricate himself any other way, if he borrows the aid of the current and makes a race down the river.

I stood, as was said, mid-thigh deep on the ledge of a rock and in strong water, when I hooked this fish on the very crest of the Chute. So slippery was the smooth limestone, polished for ages by the current, and so strong was the *momentum* of the stream, that the question admitted of some doubt, whether the fish would run down with the man, or the man up with the fish. Certainly the water appeared to be growing stronger every

minute. Having a powerful rod, strong silk line, and treble gut casting-line, I immediately *gave butt*, as we technically call easing the line by a particular manipulation of the rod—and found to my satisfaction that the fish was held fast in his original position. After tiring him somewhat by a strain on his muscles for two or three minutes—one foot was slowly moved up the ledge about an inch, and then the other, and thus we cautiously stole up the stream at the rate of a snail in good wind, who might make three inches a minute. At length a foot, and then a yard, was gained, and having now decidedly the mastery, I began to wind up, and succeeded in conducting the gentleman to a safe distance from the Chute. Then followed the usual course of racing, leaping out of the water, &c., and once he nearly got back to his old dangerous position. At last he succumbed, and I flung him from the gaff on the dry rock. He was a very good fish, fresh from below, weighing seventeen pounds.

My friend on the opposite bank hooked a salmon when I had just caught mine ; and when resting for a minute or two, I had the pleasure of seeing him play and gaff his fish in very good style.

After a morning's good sport, we returned to our lodgings to dinner. Our fish were tumbled into a large cask of clear spring-water, fed by a little aqueduct, running across the bridge from the opposite bank, which also served to cool our wine. We then changed our clothes and sat down to dinner ; and I need scarcely add, that, although we had provided ourselves with the usual condiments, our sport and exercise furnished a sauce for our broiled, or boiled salmon, which was infinitely better.

In the evening we killed three more fish and two or three large trout. Before retiring we solaced ourselves with a cigar or two, seated on the bridge, which, from the constant current of air, created by the rapid river, always furnishes a cool position, and one commanding a good view, up and down of this romantic ravine. The evening was beautifully clear and fine, with the columns of the Northern Lights commencing their varied and mysterious evolutions ; and as we bestrode our bench and returned the polite salutations of the passing *habitans*, we

enjoyed not a little of the legitimate "*otium cum dignitate.*" There was something piquant too, in replenishing our temperate glass of brandy—pawney, as the Orientals call it, from the delicate aqueduct beside us; whilst a torrent that would sweep away St. Paul's, roared and raged beneath. When we retired to rest, the voice of the river was softened to a lullaby—a piece of very superfluous music.

Next day was Sunday—a day not to be desecrated by a christian angler. After breakfast and a walk in the garden we strolled along the river side, picked wild raspberries, examined the curious traces and remains of old organized existence that abounded in the limestone, collected bouquets of Hairbells, or borrowed its pitcher from the provident Sarracenia. After a long and pleasant walk we sat down on a high bank, commanding an extensive view of the stream. The morning was deliciously clear and calm—even the leaf of the Mountain-Ash was motionless, and every object around us appeared to harmonize in deep quiescence with the boon of Sabbatical rest, conferred by its Creator on a toiling world. Beneath us flowed the now placid river—its low and endless monotony telling of that energy which first set it in motion, and bade it be

"————— in omne volubilis ævum,"

as long as time should continue; whilst the occasional twitter of the Kingfisher, as it shot along the surface of the water, like a line of blue light—the distant sound of the cow-bells, and the cooing of the wild pigeon amidst the thick foliage of the banks, joined in pleasing and appropriate harmony—

"Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole,
Or o'er 'our favourite stream' with fond delay—
Round an holy calm diffusing,
Love of peace and lonely musing—
In hollow murmurs died away."

But this was no scene for melancholy; who, with a clear conscience could feel otherwise than happy and tranquil where every object around—bird, tree, flower and stream, and the stainless azure that o'er-canopied the whole—breathed peace and serenity—the holy repose of nature!

The rock through which the Jacques Cartier runs, abounds in transverse and perpendicular and every kind of fissures, which the severity of the winter frost and the action of water have worn into curious caves and long subterranean passages, such as are commonly met with in soft limestone. Into one of these a branch of the river dips, about half a mile above the bridge, and gushes out of the face of the bank, forming a pretty cascade, the same distance below. For ages this stream had brawled away "at its own sweet will," unvexed by man, and formed one of the many natural beauties of the place. Now, however, the avaricious barbarism of a new Seigneur, regardless of the sacrilege committed against the "*genius loci*," has laid profane hands on its cool and crystal waters, and turned them into a mill-stream—tearing up and undermining one of the most secluded and picturesque points to lay a foundation for his mill.

"Even now the devastation is begun;"

the axe is lopping the verdant honours of the beautiful bank, and the Naiads and Dryads, frightened at the Vandalism, are preparing to leave the spot for ever.

For the greater part of its course, from hence to the St. Lawrence, the river runs through a deep ravine, with steep, precipitous banks, and a belt of forest on each side. Hence, when the water is at all high, it is impossible to follow it to any great distance below the bridge; consequently, although there must be many good holes, affording resting places for the fish, and sport for the angler—they are little looked after; and, short as the distance is, it has never yet been fully explored.

Having heard of a new place with the fine name of the "Remoux St. Jean," I set out on Monday morning to pay it a visit, accompanied by my host, Louis. At one part we were obliged to creep for three or four hundred yards along a narrow and crumbling ledge of the half-rotten limestone, with a high perpendicular cliff over our heads, through which the numerous springs poured on us like a shower-bath, and a boiling rapid under our feet. It was rather perilous work; for in some places the narrow footing, which the edge of a decaying stratum

afforded us, had been worn quite away, and we were forced to cling as we might to the side of the precipice, something after the fashion of a fly on the ceiling. We had taken the precaution of putting our shoes in our pockets, and the powers of adhesion of our wet woollen stockings—like suckers—assisted us admirably. At length after a long struggle and some unpleasant slips, we weathered the point—cut our way with Louis' axe through the forest, near the hole we sought, and were rewarded for our trouble by a couple of good fish.

Although probably in our whole lives, considering the zest its accompaniments gave it, we had never enjoyed a *déjeuner* so absolutely perfect as that at Chaperon's after our disastrous voyage to Malbaie—yet our breakfasts here were capital; and as we always started for our sport very early in the morning, and had plenty of salutary exercise in running through the woods, mounting and descending the steep banks of the river, exclusive of the fishing itself; we returned with an appetite no ploughman could surpass.

On the return from the Remoux St. Jean, the animal part of our nature became very troublesome and clamorous, and I could not help contemplating the certain sweetness of some Vauxhall slices from the admirable Westphalia we had for dinner the day before. The waking vision of their sweet diaphanous fat, and high-flavoured lean, even haunted me when shaving, and flitted between my eyes and the glass. But when that disgusting operation and its concomitants were over, nature could bear no longer without possible injury to the gastric coats, and we sat down to table. There—"*horresco referens!*" was every thing else—but—

"In the middle a place where the *jambon* was *not*,"

O, misery of miseries—the whole succulent and delicious ham—manifest product of a high caste, gramnivorous pig, which had lived all its amiable life under the shade of oaks and chesnuts, browsing upon their nuts—had been feloniously abstracted from the larder by some vile Philistine!

Next morning one of our best salmon was stolen from the tub.

O, Louis Joseph Papineau! to our dying day will we hold

thee responsible for this outrage. Whilom, before thy pestilential politics corrupted thy simple countrymen, ironmongers and locksmiths groaned and starved, for in the rural districts doors were only latched. Securely reposed our clothes drying in the garden, or before the oven—our viands in the open cupboard, and our fish in the tubs—for theft *was not*. But when thy compatriots were taught—and thou didst sedulously instil and re-instil the lesson—that they were oppressed and plundered by the strangers who had conquered them, and that resistance to the "base Bretons"—as thy followers did ignorantly denominate the English—was wise and patriotic—when thou didst urge them to retaliate on their oppressors in every safe and practicable way—to cease all commercial transactions with them—to contribute nothing to their revenue—to cause a run upon their banks—to confound right and wrong—call evil good, and good evil—to prompt and shield military and civil crime—desertion and smuggling—to loathe and scorn the Government—to sophisticate, lie, plot and rebel—is it strange—is it not a palpable induction that they should have filched our much regretted ham ?

Safely and cheerfully before thy fatal ascendency did Jean Baptiste plough and sow his own land, and gather his grain, and drain his sugar from the liberal tree—and carry his produce to market and enjoy in his quiet home the comforts, and even the luxuries of agricultural life. No avaricious Intendant fleeced him as in days of yore—no tax-collector crossed his threshold—no despotic mandate tore him from his family—no wrong oppressed him, for the sway of a mild Government watched over and shielded him from injustice. Decently on a Sunday morning did he don his best clothes, get into his calèche or his sleigh and take his family to Church ; and then, after Mass, visit his little circle of friends, and laugh, and joke, and smoke, and fiddle, and fuddle, and dance all the evening, and return to his white cottage as happy as a prince. But when thou, evil tempter, didst with wicked industry disturb the peaceful tenour of his life, and instil discontent with his lot, and ungrateful disaffection to his guardian Government—the uninformed simpleton listened, and believed, and was perverted and undone !

By the middle of the week the river had fallen sufficiently to allow fishing in the "Grand Rets," out of which I picked several salmon; but one large fellow, who had been there for some days, would repeatedly come up to the fly—reconnoitre it carefully, and then dip into the deep water again, evidently not liking its appearance. Where I sat on the edge of the rock, was not more than eight or ten feet from the surface of the hole, so as to enable me to see his motions very distinctly. I tried various flies to tempt his palate, and even dressed some for his express use—but all in vain. The fastidious gentleman would tantalize me by darting at the fly, turning one eye to examine it more closely—even touching it with his nose—but he would never open his mouth.

Now, this was mighty provoking—and, unreasonable man that I was—I often abused this wise fish for his entomological talents, and, abandoning for the time every other object, a solemn resolution was made to catch him, by hook or by crook.

On the third day of the campaign, a most captivating Mallard's wing and Grouse's hackle was prepared—with a small black head—two party-coloured *antennæ* and the most natural tail imaginable. Waiting till the shadow of the umbrageous bank opposite fell on the hole, I took off my shoes, stole quietly along the rock and sat down on a ledge close to the brink. After a little, I dropped the new fly within a couple of inches of the water, and bobbed it up and down, as if the insect meditated alighting, but did not much relish the thought of wetting its delicate wings and feet.

No salmon that ever swam could resist the temptation. Up came my friend with open mouth—darted his huge muzzle out of the water—took the fly in the air; and then disappeared in the depths of the eddy.

I was prepared for a desperate struggle, but not exactly for what followed. After I struck and found him fast on the line, he made a rush out of the hole into the main rapid, and, apparently having lost all command over himself in the frenzy that followed the first prick of the hook, seemed determined to run down. But when he had proceeded about forty or fifty yards to where the stream slackened a little on one side, and the eddy forming the hole first began, I stopped Mr. Salmo and brought

him back into the hole, almost by main force ; at the same time hallooing lustily to Louis to bring the gaff to my assistance.

For more than an hour I played this fine fish—bringing him frequently to the edge of the rock lower down the hole, on which Dayrée stood, gaff in hand, ready to plunge it into his side. At last, in a moment of comparative quietness, my Aide-de-Camp attempted to use the gaff, but missed the proper part, and only tore the skin near the tail, thus doing mischief unintentionally and maddening the fish, which made one desperate running leap out into the mid-torrent and down the tremendous rapid he went, at the rate of High-flier or Eclipse.

In anticipation of the possibility of such an event, I had, whilst he was yet in the deep hole, moved round a difficult part of a recess in the bank, under some impending trees, and was now ready for a run as well as the salmon. As soon, therefore, as the line on the reel was reduced to its last turn, fisherman and fish commenced a race ; in which the former would have had little chance, had not the latter relaxed his speed ; and, apparently apprehensive of foundering against some unseen rock, turned his head up the current, and thus dropped down, tail foremost. I could then easily keep up with him, and even wind up some of the line. After six or seven hundred yards, we both arrived tolerably flurried and out of breath at the hospital, in which fine hole the fish brought up, and in three or four minutes was gaffed by Louis.

After a week's good sport we returned to Quebec, and there took the boat for Montreal the same evening ; which we reached in high spirits, delighted with our expedition, in augmented friendship towards each other ; and feeling as honest anglers ought to feel—in good humour with all the world.

CHAPTER XI.

RICH VERNAL AND AUTUMNAL TINTS OF THE CANADIAN WOODS.—THREE RIVERS.—FALLS OF SHUANAGAM.—MILITARY EXECUTION AT CAPE DIAMOND.

> " ——————————— how profound
> The gulf ! and how the giant element
> From rock to rock leaps with delirious bound !"
>
> CHILDE HAROLD.

BOTH the spring and autumnal colouring of the vegetable world are richer and fresher here than at home. Vegetation, long oppressed by a severe winter, bursts at once into luxuriousness and liberty, with the apparent gusto of animal sensation, as if determined to enjoy the genial but transient summer to the utmost. In the autumn the juices are not dried up in the leaves by a slow sereing process, as in England, before they fall off shrivelled and discoloured; but the first smart night frost in September, changes the foliage at once; with much of the sap still circulating vigorously, into red, brown, yellow, or other tints, as if by a direct chemical or dyeing operation. All shall be green during our evening walk, and in the morning the aspect of the forest may be entirely metamorphosed, and we are presented with the most rich and varied picture of different, but harmonious hues, according to the nature of the leaf—its smoothness of surface, strength of texture, and the age of the branch from which it proceeds. The woods at this season present one magnificent and unrivalled Mosaic painting. The birch and the white ash turn brown and yellow in a night—the butternut tree adopts a buff livery—the maple becomes of a rich blood red—every family has its own peculiar colouring, while the hardy pine tribe leaf defies the cold, and preserves its green unaltered amidst the general change. The nice grades of colour vary infinitely according to the age and position of the trees, the quality of the soil, the earlier or later cold weather, the severity

of the frost; with many other causes that have hitherto escaped observation.

There is no place near Quebec where the mellow and beautiful tints of the declining year are seen to more advantage than the fine woods surrounding Lake St. Charles. This sweet little lake has more the aspect and softness of Italian, than the ruggedness and wildness of Canadian scenery. It is shaped like an hour-glass, with a fine echo at the narrow part, a superb belt of wooded hill coming down to the edge, and a grand back ground of a triple mountain sierra. The pretty River St. Charles runs out of it, and there can be few pleasanter rides than along its banks from Lorette, as it tumbles in picturesque cascades, and then winds easily through the valley; spending its short life in frolicksome meanders before its waters are lost in the St. Lawrence.

In the month of September 1829, the Honorable Matthew Bell, a gentleman residing at Three Rivers, took me up in the Boat to see his eldest son, who was in a bad state of health. Three Rivers is a straggling town, built on a sandy bank a little above the confluence of the St. Maurice with the great river, and deriving its name from the three mouths of this tributary. My kind host has a comfortable, well kept, and English-looking establishment here; and is the Lessee of the Government Forges, an Iron Foundery five miles up the right bank of the St. Maurice, where he has a little colony of three hundred Canadians to whom he gives employment.

Two days after our arrival we visited the Forges. These are situated in a ferruginous tract of country, containing a considerable quantity of superficial patches of bog iron ore, lying in the vicinity of a forest which contains hard wood for charcoal. Mr. Bell obligingly conducted me over the premises, and pointed out all the mysteries of washing the ore, fusing, casting and hammering; processes on a smaller scale, but differing little otherwise from what the Writer had before seen in Scotland. Mr. Bell's workmen appeared contented and comfortable: they occupied good cottages with a small plot of garden attached to each. When we had seen all the lions of the place, we went to dinner in an old French mansion, finely perched on a high bank of the river, where we joined the ladies of the family.

There was talk during the meal of a bubbling spring at the bottom of the bank; and the Writer hazarded an opinion that the well might contain Carburetted Hydrogen, and would probably ignite if fire were applied. When the gentlemen were over their wine, the ladies, acting on the hint, made the workmen carry down a pan of live coals from one of the fires, and when we joined them afterwards, we found the spring blazing away briskly, surrounded by a large group of the Canadians with the greatest astonishment depicted in their black phizzes.

There are some fine Falls on the St. Maurice, about twenty-five miles from Three Rivers. On expressing a wish to see them my host sent for a canoe with a couple of voyageurs; and the next morning his son William and myself embarked early in the morning above the Forges, and proceeded up the river.

The country through which we passed was one continued forest, quite uninhabited, though the soil in many places was richly alluvial and the timber consisted of fine hard wood trees. We passed two considerable Rapids and at each were obliged to make a "portage," when it was pleasing to see with what facility our boatmen jumped out, took the light birch bark vessel on their shoulders, and moved up through the woods, no more encumbered than if they were carrying an umbrella.

The Falls of Shuanagam, seen when the river is in full stream, are very grand; and rank, perhaps, next to Niagara in this part of the world. When the water is low there are three distinct streams, tumbling finely over a granite bank; but, every spring two of these join about half way down, and then as the mighty torrents rush into each other's furious embrace, I don't remember ever seeing any thing more magnificent. They appeared about 200 feet high; and the accompaniments of enormous rocks, thrown about in the most singular confusion—deep caves in the bank, fine trees growing to the very edge, and the utter solitude, and distance from any human habitation, give a character peculiarly striking and interesting to these remote and unfrequented Falls.

After admiring the secluded wonders of the place for a couple of hours, I commenced fishing for our dinner. When half a dozen of black bass had been caught, our voyageurs lighted a fire and fried them near the mouth of a huge cavern, hung round

with stalactites, and the bottom studded with stalagmites like enormous nails, point uppermost. The whole place is full of treasures for the Geologist; but our journey had made us most unscientifically hungry; and for the present more inclined to scan the interesting stratifications in our basket of provisions than cold stone. Accordingly we set to, *con amore*, and opened the first bottle of Claret that had probably ever divulged its ruby contents in our romantic grotto; and when George the Fourth's health was given in a bumper, we had a Canadian duet in honor of the Toast, from our friends at the fire. We shot down the stream and the rapids at a glorious rate in the evening, and arrived before ten at the Forges.

Our third winter in Canada commenced early and continued long, without, however, favouring us with a *pont* across to Point Levi, which is a great desideratum at Quebec. In politics, the aspect of matters did not improve—on the contrary the financial difficulties began to thicken. The Home Government were willing to give up the King's Revenue, amounting to about one third of the fiscal income of the Province, to the disposal of the House of Assembly, on the reasonable condition of a small Civil List for the King's life, being voted; which should assure a certain degree of independence to the Governor, the Judges and three or four principal officers of the Government. But this arrangement, however rational and equitable, by no means suited Mr. Papineau, whose object was to concentrate all power in the Assembly, and to have every officer, from the Governor downwards, dependant for their bread on the

"Sic volo, sic jubeo—stat pro ratione voluntas."

of himself.

Towards the end of the session, it was plain to close observers, that Sir James Kempt was beginning to be not a little disgusted with Mr. Papineau, and to perceive that his own position, notwithstanding all the flummery and flattery at the beginning of his administration, was becoming daily more difficult. Foreseeing little good to be done in the work of reconciliation, where one of the parties was pre-determined to continue hostile, like a wise man he abandoned the scene of present strife and future mischief, and asked for permission to go home.

Desertion is a military crime of painfully frequent occurrence in the corps quartered in the Canadas. The vicinity of the States and the high price of labour there, are sufficient inducements with the worthless characters that will be found in all regiments, to overcome all considerations of honour, all sense of duty and allegiance, and all fear of punishment. We suffered less than several other regiments; but still we lost many men, although every exertion was made to put a stop to this disgrace.

It would be the interest of the Government of the United States, as much as ours, to enter into some inter-national arrangement for the discouragement and eventual suppression of desertion, by mutually giving up deserters. They suffer even in a greater proportion than ourselves; for according to several reports of different Secretaries at War, which the Writer has read, the number of desertions has averaged more than one-third of their whole Standing Army, for the years embraced by these official documents.

We had one execution—the extreme penalty of desertion—in the Quebec Garrison in 1829; for the crime had been attended with circumstances of violence, and an attempt at murder. At five o'clock of a beautiful June morning, the whole Garrison of Quebec was assembled in the Ditch of the Citadel, to witness the awful ceremony. When the fatal moment arrived, the prisoner, attired in white, and supported by two Roman Catholic Clergymen—with his coffin carried before him—moved slowly out of the gate of the Fortress into the fosse, and proceeded past the long line of troops; whilst the band played a funeral dirge, and the firing party brought up the rear of the melancholy procession. The sound of the mournful music was heard by the assembled Garrison long before the head of the party became visible—thus the doleful tones of the Dead March had full time to produce their utmost effect on all present, before the prisoner came in sight; and certainly nothing could have been more impressive than the whole painful scene. When the sentence of the Court Martial had been read, and the last religious rites were concluded, the poor wretch knelt on his coffin, two yards from the muzzles of a dozen loaded muskets. The Priests retired—the awful word, "Fire!" was uttered, and the lifeless body lay doubled across the coffin!

CHAPTER XII.

MONTREAL.—ROMAN CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL.—RELIGIOUS SCANDAL.—PICTURESQUE ROUTE TO KINGSTON.

"Homo sine religione sicut equus sine freno."

SABELL.

In May 1830, the regiment left Quebec for Montreal. During the stay of three years, the conduct of officers and men had been exemplary, and the Magistrates addressed a highly complimentary letter to the Commanding Officer at its departure, to this effect. The evening was fine when we embarked; and as the steamboat passed under the Citadel, its lofty ramparts were crowned with the soldiers of the Garrison, and crowds of the inhabitants, who cheered us repeatedly as we shot up the river. These affectionate demonstrations were echoed and prolonged from the heights above the Coves, amongst numerous spectators, for a considerable distance above Quebec.

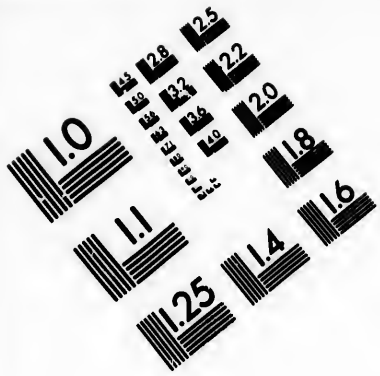
Montreal is a city of great merit and promise, built at the limit of the ship navigation; though even for this it is a little too high. It rejoices in the pretty little mountain from whence it derives its name—the pleasing Island of St. Helens—great intelligence and commercial enterprise, and a grand Roman Catholic Cathedral of modern erection, which towers superbly over the whole city, and is, I believe, the most majestic Church on this Continent, east of Mexico. Montreal is built on the southern side of a large island, formed by the Ottawa and St. Lawrence at their junction. These two streams, although at last they blend harmoniously, keep a separate establishment for the first three or four miles after their union; and at Montreal, about a hundred yards from the bank, the line of demarcation between the clear water of the St. Lawrence and the dark current of the Ottawa, is very conspicuous.

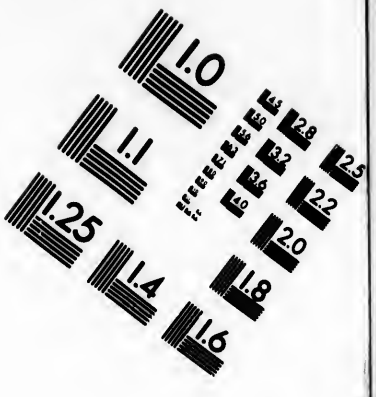
There is great rivalry between Quebec and Montreal, the Queens of the St. Lawrence. If Montreal boasts of her mountain and her beautiful St. Helens, Quebec is no less proud of her walls, her Citadel, her noble position and her magnificent basin. The former may glory in one unique Cathedral—the latter possesses two—such as they are. The drives round the mountain, and through the Ile Jésus, along the Ottawa, may be very attractive; but Quebec points exultingly to half a dozen cataracts and lakes within a morning ride: and if the *trottoir* of Notre Dame and St. James's-streets, and the poplar shades of the Place d'Armes be delectable for pedestrians—what are they, compared to the walk round the ramparts?

In the middle of May a little ephemeral fly, the *Tïpula plumosa*, makes its appearance at Montreal and the neighbourhood, in prodigious numbers; and at the same time the shad-fish begin to run up from the sea, and are caught by hundreds in the Ottawa and St. Lawrence. Although the fly and the fish have about the same relation to each other as Tenterden Steeple and the Goodwin Sands, yet, such is the force of a coincidence, that the latter has given its name to the former, which is only known as the shad-fly.

The water of the river here disagrees with strangers, and produces unpleasant effects for the first week or two. Our regiment experienced this to a certain extent on our first arrival, but the inconvenience soon went off, and we found Montreal a healthy and agreeable quarter. Yet, according to statistical information collected by my friend Dr. Kelly, of the Royal Navy, from authentic sources, the duration of human life is shorter here than in Quebec, and both places are considerably behind the large towns in England, in point of salubrity. The violent extremes of temperature in the atmosphere, must here try the integrity of the weather organs, such as the lungs; and can scarcely fail of being unfavourable to longevity.

The Roman Catholic Cathedral at Montreal, even imperfect and unfinished as it is, with its two truncated towers—is a very noble building. The interior, I regret to say, falls far short of the majestic outside, and is finished in paltry taste. The stained windows and the imitation of the Scagliola marble in the wooden pillars are very wretched. Yet the vast space—the ever-burn-





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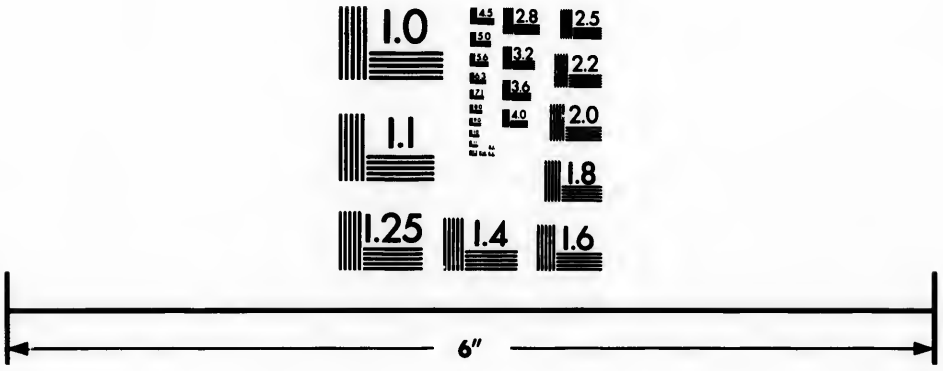

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ing lamps—the doors always open—the gorgeous altar—the pictures, and the constant presence of kneeling penitents, far apart, each in his own little isolated circle of solitude—are, as a whole, exceedingly impressive and imposing to the strongest minds—how much more to the mass. Cleverly has the astute genius of the Roman Catholic religion availed itself of the ornamental arts to charm the imagination, and through the eye and the ear, to captivate the heart.

The Hôtel-Dieu both here and in Quebec, is admirably managed by the good Nuns. I love French Nuns. They are a distinct and superior race to all the other European Sisterhood—most active and never to be fatigued in their beneficent labours, and of pure morals. Indeed such was the utter vileness of the other half of France at the Revolution, that the country might have now formed a lake similar to that of the Cities of the Plain, but for the redeeming virtue of many of the better sex. The Canadian Religieuses have not degenerated; and, notwithstanding the lying aspersions lately circulated, the establishments of these Sisters of Mercy here are the bright points on the aspect of French-Canadian society. "The early history of Canada teems indeed with instances of the purest religious fortitude, zeal and heroism; of young and delicate females relinquishing the comforts of civilization to perform the most menial offices towards the sick—to dispense at once medical aid to the body and religious instruction to the soul of the benighted and wondering savage.*"

During our residence of a year at Montreal, I witnessed a scene of great religious scandal with much pain. A quarrel took place between two Presbyterian Clergymen officiating in the same Church, and there was a violent contest in consequence between their respective partizans as to the possession of it. One party had got in—early on a Sunday morning, too; barricaded the door, and there were blockaded by the other, who endeavoured to starve them into submission. But the besieged held out stoutly, and a supply of provisions having been obtained through a window in the course of the night, they shewed a determined front in the morning. All this time the crowd of Canadians in the street were laughing disdainfully at these dis-

* Hawkins's Picture of Quebec.

graceful proceedings, and enjoying this extraordinary spectacle as a good joke. It was by no means agreeable to my Protestant feelings to see persons of the greatest respectability committing themselves in this serio-comic manner; and when I beheld a most estimable medical friend, with whom I had dined the day before, figuring as a ringleader in the fray, he appeared like the blind Sampson making sport for the Philistines.

It is but justice to the clerical gentlemen concerned, to add that they disapproved of these unseemly practices, and took no part in them.

Early in May we left our pleasing Quarter for Kingston, in the Upper Province. The route from Montreal to Kingston, is exceedingly interesting and full of beauty. As an introduction, the Lachine Rapids are fine objects at starting—then the pretty Lake St. Louis, and at its head the confluence of the dark and sluggish waters of the Ottawa with the silvery Cascades of the St. Lawrence. From this point to the Cedars, the glories of the latter majestic river develop themselves beautifully; and at the Rapids below Coteau du Lac, the richly wooded pyramidal islands, standing firmly in the midst of the boiling stream, as if defying its utmost force, are wonderfully fine.

Lake St. Francis is a broad, but unpicturesque sheet of water—the shores tame—with one or two interesting Indian villages. The course of the river, now become deep and narrow, winds boldly up to Cornwall; and from thence to Prescott, is graced with numerous rich islands, and full of varied beauty—the finest object along the whole route being, beyond all question, the stupendous Rapids of the "Long Sault," perhaps the grandest on the face of the Globe.

They shewed us Chrystler's Farm, a scene of some bloodshed in the late war, where the invading Americans were defeated; and our Cicerone appeared to suppose that this slight affair was as well known to Fame as Marathon or Waterloo. At Prescott we embarked in a Steamboat, and how we managed to steer by night through the nineteen hundred and odd rocks, that are called the Thousand Islands, without bumping against some of them, puzzles me much. They are said to be beautiful, and every body admires them, and travellers make a point of passing by day light to see them. I could see little to admire. In

their prodigious number they are objects of curiosity; yet this archipelago of sugar loaf islets, with a tuft of pine and rock on each, is monotonous and tame. As an Irishman may say—they are all twins; for there is the same uniform abruptness of outline—the same rocks and trees, and the same combination of rock and tree, *ad infinitum.*

But we are now in sight of Fort Henry—presto—we are abreast of it. Anon the three deckers on the stocks, and the miserable remains of the St. Lawrence of 104 guns, make their appearance—we now round Point Frederick and the Dock Yard, and broad across the fine bay stretches a huge wooden bridge. Before us is the good Town of Kingston.

CHAPTER XIII.

KINGSTON.—BASS-FISHING ON LAKE ONTARIO.—FALLS OF NIAGARA.

" Thy walks are ever pleasant ; every scene
Is rich in beauty, lively or serene—
Rich is that varied view with woods around,
Seen from the seat within the shrubbery bound ;
Where shines th'expanding Lake, and where appear
From Forests bounding, unmolested Deer."

CRABBE.

KINGSTON, finely situated on a rising ground at the north eastern and lower extremity of Lake Ontario, and at the upper end of the extraordinary Rideau Canal, is a town possessing great local advantages from this favorable position, and from the deep water of the harbour, which is sufficient for the largest ships. From these physical reasons—to say nothing of the strength of the military defences of Fort Henry, or the excellent character of its inhabitants, Kingston must always be a place of note; and by and bye, when the wild land in the back Townships around it is brought into cultivation, the shores of the beautiful Bay of Quinté made the resort of emigrants, as they ought to be, and the impediments to the navigation of the Trent removed—this loyal and respectable town must participate largely in the general prosperity of the neighbourhood.

The bridge is a substantial wooden one, six hundred yards in length; spanning the neck of the Bay, with a draw-arch for craft passing up to the Rideau. The sail to the first batch of locks, commands a prospect of finely wooded banks, of moderate elevation; and on each side patches of cultivated land and good farm houses appear in rich and luxuriant relief. This riant aspect is strongly contrasted with the gloom and melancholy of the view on entering the Canal. The black stumps of the half-burned trees sticking out of the drowned land—the

solitude of the literally "dismal swamp"—the shallow, inky, and fetid water, with its unhealthy associations, are utterly disagreeable to the eye, and excite the most distasteful and unpleasing ideas: and it must be confessed that however advantageous to the Province this additional internal communication and artery of trade may be, the inundated shores of the Rideau add nothing to its beauty.

John Bull may have faults and weaknesses, but his generosity and kindness to his own family, admit of no dispute. He constructed this canal at an expence of a million and a quarter, at least, of sterling pounds, for the convenience of one of his youngest sons, who lived a great way off, and complained of being annoyed by the aggressions of a powerful neighbour. When the work was completed, John, honest man, thus addressed his child:—"Now, my good boy, your wish is gratified—the canal is finished, I make you a present of it; only stipulating that myself and my servants may take a sail on it when we please, and that you and your people, for your own benefit, will keep the locks in order, and not permit a work to fall into decay on which I have laid out so much money." What *ought* to have been the answer of Master Canada Bull? Surely the most grateful thanks and immediate acquiescence. What *was* it only last year? "Much obliged to you Papa, but as *you* dug the canal you must keep it in order yourself—all I shall undertake will be to make use of it."

This has been for many years an Artillery Station. We found two companies quartered in a neat little barrack, clean and very comfortable; as that superior and most respectable arm of the service soon makes itself every where—with a snug cottage on a pretty eminence for the Commandant, and the officers' mess-house on the ridge above, commanding a glorious view of the lake and the bay from the windows.

Our regiment occupied three points here—the Tête du Pont Barracks, Fort Henry and Point Frederick. For the first month or two we were very healthy, but as the summer advanced the malaria from the Rideau swamps began to act on the men; and we had a good deal of intermittent fever, generally of a mild description, and that yielded readily to medicine.

After a few weeks, when we had looked about us a little,

and reconnoitred our position, we began to bethink us that Lake Ontario was celebrated for its fish; and to take measures of hostility against the black bass, which we heard highly spoken of, as affording lively sport on the line and making a capital dish at table. So I bought a skiff, prepared minnow tackle, struck the top-gallants of my salmon-rods; and, one fine day in June, crossed over to Garden Island, sitting in the stern of my pretty little craft, whilst my servant plied a tiny pair of oars.

I had a rod and line at each side, at right angles with the skiff, and another line astern. Having attached a minnow and a gaudy fly to each, I commenced trolling along, with the stern line rolled up as far as was necessary, on a stick in my pocket. We had not gone a hundred yards when one reel spun away merrily, and there was a bass of a couple of pounds on the minnow-hook, leaping out of the water most vivaciously. Before I had secured this gentleman I felt a tug at my pocket, and discovered that another about the same size was fast on the stern-hook. I caught him also; and thus we went on, amusingly enough, for three or four hours; and returned in the evening with three dozen of good bass, a few of which were four pounds weight.

The bass is an excellent fish—firm, white and sweet at table, and very lively on the hook; leaping out of the water like a salmon. They are good either boiled or fried—at breakfast or dinner, and make an admirable curry. During our stay on the shores of Lake Ontario, I caught some thousands of them, and ate them constantly without satiety.

In settled weather, we had a pleasant breeze from the lake every day at eleven, which continued to blow regularly from the south-west till evening: the cooler air from the surface of the water rushing along to fill the vacuum, occasioned by the rarefaction of the atmosphere over the land. As the three principal streets of Kingston are broad, and at right angles with the bay, this lake-breeze played through the houses refreshingly during the warm weather.

NIAGARA.

I am now of a calm and subdued temperament, the result of long effort and much reflection on the nonsense of giving way to strong emotions, except on the most urgent occasions; and have for several years curbed my animal hilarity and natural spirits with a mental martingale; for, to change the figure, I had been so often in danger of evaporating altogether in the dog-days of my youth, that it was necessary to be well stopped and wired. But, when I walked through the Pavilion Garden towards the Table-Rock, and beheld an ocean of water moving over the edge of the precipice, and flashing and gliding into the milk-white and enormous pool below, with all the ease of a star shooting through the sky—all mental restraint gave way, and my inmost spirit burst out in long, loud and enthusiastic admiration.

I have visited the Falls of Niagara four times, and on three of these occasions, in company with ladies—for the view of any thing grand or sublime in nature or art, is not worth two-pence in selfish solitude, and unembellished by the sex—and have noticed that the predominant feeling at first, is the inadequacy of language to express the strength of the emotion. One of the ladies alluded to, of a refined mind and ingenuous nature, after gazing for the first time, with a long and fixed expression on the sublime object before her, looked for an instant in my face, and burst into tears. There are others so constituted as to be fascinated by the spectacle to such a dangerous extent, as to feel a strong desire to throw themselves into the abyss. A lady of mature age assured me that this impulse became so strong and overpowering, that she was obliged to recede rapidly from the edge of the Table Rock, for fear of the consequences. Here, the mind must have been momentarily deranged, by the awful grandeur of the scene.

All grand objects, natural or artificial, grow greater under prolonged observation. The vault of Heaven becomes more immense to our conception, in proportion as the faculties are educated to comprehend its vastness. So, on a smaller scale—St. Paul's—the Dome of St. Peter's—the Alps—the Ocean—

and eminently so, Niagara. I confess that, from early bias, my first emotion at beholding this most stupendous and sublime sight, soon subsided into a feeling of profound awe and devotion at the greatness of that Being, who poured Niagara "from the hollow of his hand," and before whom its flashing mass is as "the small drop of the bucket." In its calm, but terrific sublimity, it absorbs, delights, fascinates and totally engrosses all the senses. The ear is never stunned by the sound of the plunging waves, nor the eye tired and sated in beholding its majestic course. It is ever the same, though eternally changing its aspect, like the coronary glory of the Iris that serenely hovers over the tumultuous waters; as if mankind required *here*, more than any where else, to have their diluvial apprehensions soothed, and to be reminded of the merciful covenant of the bow in the cloud.

Buonaparte's favourite quotation respecting the close neighbourhood of the sublime and the ridiculous has here its most remarkable exemplification; for this glory of the Western Continent and of the world, and sublimest of all natural sublimities, is sadly desecrated by human absurdity. Every wall, and tree, and door, and window, in the vicinity, is covered with initials, and names, and dates, and details, and eulogies, as contributions from the innumerable visitors. Lines, distiches, paragraphs, pages and volumes of trash—in prose and verse, and all the thousand gradations of doggerel, are diamonded upon panes, and pencilled upon window frames and doors, and hacked and hewed into the walls and benches and trees; both on the British and American side, so as to overwhelm the whole neighbourhood. In fact, I do not believe there is any spot on the Globe where the true sublime of Nature, and the ridiculous of Man are brought into such strong contrast and close juxta-position.*

There is a difference observable in these inscriptions, illustrative, perhaps, of some distinguishing traits of national character. I noticed that the English visitors had been generally content with leaving their initials, date and address; whereas the Americans far more frequently appended some expression of feeling—

* The Pavilion has been lately destroyed by fire; and thus some half a million of commemorative aspirations after wooden celebrity and immortality, are swept into oblivion hy the ruthless flames.

original or in a quotation. The French, Germans and Italians were unmerciful in their admiration, and sad monopolizers of space. Some of the couplets and verses were respectable enough; but all the writers appeared to sink under the magnitude of their theme. The majority of the original effusions, however, were the most utterly abominable trash; and after an ardent and protracted gaze of intense admiration at the moving mass of sapphire water, the eye probably rested on some such scribble as the following, on the back of the bench:—

Father and I went to the Falls
Along with Captain Goodwin,
And there we saw the knaves and fools
As thick as hasty pudding.

T. OLIVER,
Boston, July 1st 1831.

or

Good fellows, after all,
What is it but a small
Tarnation big water fall.

J. BROWN, Syracuse.
May 25—1828.

and loathing started back to the Cataract.

The sensation in passing under the Fall is unique, and as if the world was splitting to pieces about your ears. The tremendous voluminous mass of roaring water, shaking the deep-rooted rock with strong vibration—the ghastly light—the whizzing sound—the whirlwind of spray—the perilous footing and the total isolation—are, altogether, inexpressibly grand and awful.

It is provoking that one can go no farther than Termination Rock. Why might it not be blasted and a passage made to Goat Island? We see modern science effecting greater wonders than this; and I throw out the hint for Mr. Brunel's consideration after he has finished his present undertaking. A Tunnel here would be the fitting climax to the Thames.

The boating, not merely in crossing at the Ferry, but close up to the English Fall, is perfectly safe, however perilous such a vicinity may appear. The water boiling up from the abyss has such a superincumbent quantity to penetrate that it is nearly calmed before reaching the surface, and reduced to such a state

of comparative quiescence as to be navigable by a skiff, out of the immediate vortex of the great cauldron.

The view of the edge of the Schlosser Fall on the American side, as you mount the long steps, is extremely grand and extraordinary, and the curve of the Cataract appears so near that you think you can dip your hand in it. The quantity of water is not, probably, one-fifth of what passes down the British Fall; and the sheet is so thin that in the sunshine one can see the rock in minute profile all the way across. This Fall is somewhat higher than its mighty neighbour, but is ugly at the bottom, where there is not water enough to cover the black, unseemly rocks. A crescentic curve is forming in the middle, from the sronger action of the central stream, and the reflux of the thick spray from below, as in the great Horse Shoe Fall.

The bridge at Goat Island is itself a curiosity, and the man who first pushed out into the dangerous Rapid to lay its foundations required the "æs triplex" much more than Horace's navigator. Once, when staying at the Eagle, after two days' easterly winds which dammed up Lake Erie, there was a great flood in the river, and the water was still rising so fast that there was much ground for apprehension, when we were crossing to the Island, that the bridge would be carried away before our return, and our communication thus be effectually cut off from the world. The ladies of the party only laughed at the idea. Dear souls! they fret and fidget enough, sometimes for a trifle, it is true, and the sight of a wasp or a spider might elicit a scream or a fit; but here they could look in the face the mighty Niagara rising in its wrath, and threatening to isolate them from humanity and not quail in the least. But Fate did not decree such magnificent imprisonment—the bridge stood firm—we paid our quarter dollar each and roamed about till dinner-time.

Never were any poor trees so barbarously treated as those in Goat Island. They are carved and cut all over with tens of thousands of names. We noticed one gentleman's appellation, thirty feet up the stem of a very large maple, where there were no branches to hold by, and which was too big to be embraced: he must therefore have brought a ladder half a mile to climb to immortality. The name of this aspiring hero is *Phinehas James*,

of Philadelphia, and the date of his elevation, 10th June 1830. Who knows if he will not find a more enduring niche in my book?

Every thing is great or little by comparison. The Rapids above the Falls—so magnificent and admirable—are here lost and eclipsed. In every attribute of grandeur, however, they are inferior to the Long Sault near Cornwall. The burning spring is fed by a column of sulphuretted hydrogen.

Our party found Whitney's Hotel much more comfortable and retired than the bustling Pavilion; yet the view from the top-galleries of the latter is splendid indeed; and I have sat there for hours by moonlight, in a state of admiring abstraction; meditating and musing on the glorious objects before me, softened and mellowed by the silver light. Then would discursive fancy wander amidst the past scenes of life—cross the ocean—weather the Cape, and revel in Hindostan—raising with her wand the graceful and soldierly figure of my inimitable Hookebadar, Basthee Rhamm, with his magnificent mustachios and reverential obeisance; who, standing on the highest gallery would hand me the silver-mouthed tube, wreathed in snowy muslin, lined with the young bark of the Persian apple tree, and redolent of the fragrant Nicotiana and the Rose. Whilst his master would puff and gaze, and gaze and puff again; until he had finished the second chillum!

But chills, without chillums, being much more likely to be met with in a cool north-west breeze at midnight—the *rêveur* descended from his altitudes and sought his couch, as the novelists say—and found it too; phrases not exactly synonymous at Mr. Forsyth's.

We drove one evening to the "deep cut" of the Welland Canal: the road ran through a richly cultivated country, covered with peach and apple trees. As we approached the canal, we saw traces of malaria in the countenances of the people we met; and close to the bank, when we entered a house, we found the man and his wife lying shivering in the cold fit of tertian ague, which they had had for a fortnight. The poor people had neither children nor friends, nor attendants to assist them. After getting them some water to drink, I wrote a prescription with a piece of burnt stick on a board, in default of ink and

paper, after the fashion of the *stylus* and waxen tablet—which the man said he could get an apothecary at St. Catharine's to make up.

At Buffalo, we saw a prodigious and most heterogeneous assemblage of emigrants from Europe, on their way up Lake Erie. Except Spain and Portugal, every nation seemed to have furnished a contingent.

CHAPTER XIV.

MALIGNANT CHOLERA AT KINGSTON IN 1832.

"Another plague of more gigantic arm
Arose; a monster never known before
Reared from Cocytus its portentous head.
———— with incessant toil,
Desperate of ease, impatient of their pain,
They tossed from side to side. ————
———— but naught assuaged
The torrid heat within, nor aught relieved
The stomach's anguish—then a ponderous sleep
Wrapt all the senses up: they slept and died."

ARMSTRONG.

THE question whether the pestilence, which under the name of Asiatic Cholera, had spread through the British Islands in 1831 and 32, would be able to force its way across the broad barrier of the Atlantic, was mooted in this remote Province with much interest, some apprehension and a great difference of opinion. The generality of my professional brethren, with myself, thought the ocean was too vast to be passed; and that the new world would continue happily exempt from the plague that was devastating the old.

Unfortunately these sanguine hopes and speculations turned out unfounded. The cholera crossed the Atlantic, and poured over Canada and all North America, like a destroying flood. Indeed the mortality attending it was proportionately much greater than in the mother country, or any part of Europe; and at Montreal the disease was, for the population, four or five times more deadly than at Paris.

On the 8th of June, the pestilence made its first appearance in Quebec, having been apparently imported with a ship full of emigrants from Ireland. It proceeded up the river to Montreal, where it burst out like a volcano on the 11th. Its course was

capricious and uncertain; some intermediate villages being ravaged, and others passed over altogether. At Prescott, two deaths occurred on the 15th, and on the 17th it reached Kingston.

The Director General of the Medical Department, Sir James McGrigor, mindful of the maxim, "*venienti occurrite morbo*," had providently issued orders to his officers early in the year respecting the proper steps to be taken in preparing, as we as possible, for the approaching mischief; which my friend, Dr Skey, at the head of the department here, was indefatigable in enforcing; with the addition of such local directions as his perfect acquaintance with these Provinces, and long general experience elsewhere, might suggest. I have not the slightest doubt but that many lives were saved in the Canadas, by the preventive measures then taken throughout this command.

As soon as it was known that malignant cholera had really appeared in Quebec, it was plain enough that it would find its way to the shores of Lake Ontario. My old friend, Colonel Nicol, was our Commandant at Kingston; and I well knew what fearless energy might be expected from him in the midst of any epidemic, however deadly. We first had the barracks and hospitals most carefully cleaned and whitewashed: the duties and fatigues of the soldiers were lightened as much as possible, and they were daily inspected with great care by their medical officers. The canteen was placed under vigilant supervision, and preparations were made to isolate the barracks, and to remove the married soldiers resident in the town, with their families, to a camp on the other side of the bay.

On the morning of the 17th of June, a fatal case of undoubted cholera having occurred in the town, these precautions were carried into effect. A camp was formed on the hill near Fort Henry, and the barrack gates were shut.

Although the cholera raged in the town for the next fortnight, we had no case in the regiment till the 4th July, when two grenadiers were attacked with frightful spasms—I was sent for on the instant—bled them both largely, and they recovered. Ten other men of the regiment were taken ill, and treated in the same way: the agonizing cramps yielded to the early

and copious bleeding, as to a charm, and they also all recovered.

Encouraged by the result of these, and several similar instances amongst the poor people of the town, I began vainly to imagine that this plan of treatment would be generally successful; and wrote confidently to this effect to Dr. Skey: but I was soon to be undeceived. Three men and a woman, of the 66th, were attacked the same night. I saw them immediately; and the symptoms being the same to all appearance, they were bled like the others, and all died within twelve hours of the first attack. The spot which their barrack at Point Frederick occupied, was a promontory near the dock-yard, the air of which was vitiated by the neighbourhood of the rotting ships. The company quartered there was removed to camp on the hill the next morning, and had no more cholera.

The fact is, I believe that we had two different diseases, confounded together under the common name of cholera, to contend with: one of these maladies having very much the character of tetanus, or locked-jaw. This genus was marked by early, severe and universal spasms, affecting every muscle, and causing great torture. This appeared to be easily curable, and the early bleeding in this peculiar and sthenic type wrought miracles, when judiciously and fearlessly employed. In the other more dangerous form, when the malady stole on more quietly, the patients sank early into hopeless debility, and here medicine was of very little avail.

We all heard wonderful accounts of the effects of transfusion of saline fluid into the veins, and Dr. Sampson, the principal practitioner in Kingston, and a man of talent, was determined, as well as myself, to give it a fair trial.

We used it in twenty bad cases, but unsuccessfully in all—though the first effect in every instance was the apparent restoration of the powers of life; and in one remarkable case of a poor emigrant from Yorkshire, life was protracted seven days by constant pumping. Here the man almost instantaneously recovered voice, strength, colour, and appetite; and Sampson and myself, seeing this miraculous change, almost believed we had discovered the new elixir of life in the humble shape of salt and water.

The appearance of Kingston during the epidemic was most melancholy—

"While the long funerals blacken all the way."

Nothing was seen in the streets but these melancholy processions. No business was done, for the country people kept aloof from the infected town. The yellow flag was hoisted near the market place on the beach, and intercourse with the Steamboats put under Quarantine regulations. The conduct of the inhabitants was admirable, and reflected great credit on this good little town. The Medical men and the Clergy of all persuasions, vied with each other in the fearless discharge of their respective dangerous duties; and the exertions of all classes were judicious, manly and energetic: for the genuine English spirit shewed itself, as usual, undaunted in the midst of peril, and rising above it.

We had thirty-six cases of bad cholera—besides a host of choleroid complaints, in the regiment. Of these we lost five men and two women. No child suffered.

During the prevalence of the disease it seemed to me that a number of errors in diet were generally entertained and acted on in our little community. Because unripe fruit, or excess in its use does mischief, all fruit was now proscribed by common opinion; and vegetables of every description were placed under the same ban, so that the gardeners saw their finest productions rotting unsaleable. This was folly; for the stomach was more likely to suffer than to benefit from the want of its accustomed pabulum of mixed animal and vegetable substances. It was proper to live temperately—to avoid supper eating, or eating late in the day—as eight-tenths of the attacks came on in the night—to eschew excesses of all kinds—but, above all to be fearless and place confidence in Providence.

If, amidst so much distress, ludicrous ideas could be entertained, there was enough to excite them on this subject of abstinence from vegetables. Huge Irishmen who had sucked in the national root with their mother's milk, and lived on it all their lives, now shrank from a potato as poison. I heard a respectable and intelligent gentleman confess that he was temp-

ted by the attractive appearance of a dish of green pease, and ate *one* pea, but he felt uncomfortable afterwards, and was sure it had disagreed with him.

The disease ceased entirely, and the usual intercourse was restored between the Garrison and the Town in the middle of October.

CHAPTER XV.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS.—MONTREAL RIOT.—BURNING OF THE CASTLE OF ST. LOUIS.—SOLITUDE OF CANADIAN WOODS.—BASS FISHING.

"——————— nec bellua sævior ulla est
Quam servi rabies in libera colla furentis."

CLAUDIAN,

THE course of public affairs in the Canadas had been lately proceeding at an accelerating pace from bad to worse. Sir James Kempt went home like a wise man when he found he could do no good, and was succeeded by Lord Aylmer, a frank and honest soldier, of a kindly nature. At first, as usual, every thing proceeded quietly and harmoniously—the Governor told the Legislature in his inaugural speech, that his first thought when he awoke in the morning was, what he could do that day for the good of Canada. This was, very probably true; still the formal announcement of his private feelings, *à la Titus*, was unnecessary and unwise, for few would believe the romantic assertion.

But Lord Aylmer soon made a much greater mistake than this little bit of *bêtise*—he suspended a very talented man, James Stuart, the Attorney General, from his functions, on an address from the House of Assembly. That body was now palpably engrossing all the power of the Province; but as its strength increased so did *not* its wisdom, for the violence of its proceedings defeated their object. Its course of action towards the objects of its dislike, Mr. Christie for instance, was barbarously penal; and after a fashion only paralleled by arbitrary courts some two centuries past. "Castigatque auditque," was the motto of the House; for it punished first and tried afterwards; though, as a favour—it sometimes granted no trial at all.

The British Government, although they condemned Lord

Aylmer for suspending Mr. Stuart on the address of *one* House of the Legislature, declined reversing the act, and that gentleman went to London and fought his own battle with great ability against successive Colonial Secretaries, for a period of two years. In the published correspondence between him and the Colonial Office, there was evidence of much talent; and many persons believed he had the best of the argument. At any rate they offered him a seat on the Bench in Newfoundland, which he declined, and came back at length to practice his profession as a Lawyer in Quebec.*

On the 21st May 1832, during an election riot at Montreal, the mob became so extremely violent, and were proceeding to such extremities in pulling people's houses about their ears, that the Magistrates, having the recent burning of Bristol in recollection, called out the military and read the Riot Act. The multitude did not regard these proceedings with any apprehension, they believed either the soldiers had no ball cartridges or would not use them. Under this impression they became more and more outrageous, and began to pelt the troops with stones and brick bats. The men bore this patiently for some time; but finding the chances of having their brains knocked out increasing every moment, at last fired and shot three of the crowd, who then dispersed. The officers and soldiers behaved with coolness and forbearance and fired no needless or wanton shot. But for this well timed and energetic military interposition, at the lawful request of the civil power, Montreal would in all probability have shared the fate of Bristol.

The Canadians had thus the first specimen of the dangers into which Mr. Papineau's seditious harangues were hurrying them; but this act of painful though necessary severity, was too good a "grief" to be overlooked by the Grievance Monger General. He wrote on the instant to Lord Aylmer, denouncing the Military, the Magistrates, and all concerned in what was called "the Montreal massacre," as murderers, and peremptorily demanding special inquiry and exemplary punishment. The Governor was naturally offended by the insolent tone of this communication, and declined availing himself of the Speaker's

* Mr. Stuart was made Chief Justice by Lord Durham, on the retirement of the venerable and learned Chief Justice Sewell,

proffered services in investigating the matter; which was left to the ordinary tribunals. Bills of indictment for murder, founded on a Coroner's Inquest, were exhibited against two officers of the 15th Regiment, but thrown out by the Grand Jury of Montreal; thus acquitting these gentlemen of any criminal imputation. The Governor, very properly took no notice of the business until the accused parties thus stood clear; and then, in his capacity as Commander of the Forces, he issued a General Order, in which, after regretting the painful circumstances of the case, he praised the troops for their steadiness, coolness and forbearance on this trying occasion.

The slight done to Mr. Papineau, in declining to follow his advice in this matter, was the signal for open war on his part and that of his adherents against Lord Aylmer. He was abused as a bloody-minded tyrant, and every opprobrious name was showered on him; whilst the newspapers in the interest of the Speaker put their columns in mourning when the Governor came to Montreal. The Assembly, of course, took the business in hand, and proceeded in Committee of the whole House to enquire into the affair, which they had already pre-judged, even by the appellation of the Montreal massacre. Witnesses, chiefly on one side, and only for inculpation, were brought down to Quebec, and kept there at great expense during the session. On the prorogation in 1833, the enquiry was put off till the next meeting of the Provincial Parliament, and then resumed, and the witnesses again brought down. Notwithstanding all these prolonged and costly proceedings, the whole affair died a natural death, for *no report was ever made.*

Previous to this unfortunate business, the Governor had unwittingly given offence to the leaders of the Assembly, by the plain honesty of one of his messages about the eternal "grievances." As he happened to be then making up a packet of these numerous non-descripts for the edification of the Colonial Office, he naturally wished to collect all he could before he sent them to England. The House had furnished him with a good batch; but, there being still a vacant corner in the bag, he good-naturedly requested them to rummage carefully every hole and cranny, as some little unfledged imp might be overlooked, and prove afterwards a "grief" of magnitude; and it

was his earnest wish to transmit the whole black brood to the foot of the Throne. Poor Lord Aylmer then little knew that grievances are indigenous here, and jump from the soil as thick as grasshoppers.

In the following winter the celebrated Castle of St. Louis, perched most picturesquely on the top of the precipice above the Lower-Town of Quebec, and for many years the residence of French and English Governors, took fire in broad day-light; and although thousands ran to its assistance, yet the day was so cold that the water froze in the hose of the engines—all attempts to extinguish the flames were useless, and this remarkable building was burned to the ground. The conspicuous position of the blazing edifice rendered the fire visible from a great distance; and when night set in, it cast its gorgeous reflection far and wide on the basin of the St. Lawrence.

The Governor in Chief notified the calamitous event by an official message to both Houses of the Legislature, then in session. The Legislative Council made, as was natural, a condoling and courteous reply—the House of Assembly did not deign to answer.

But, a truce to politics. Let us change the subject for one infinitely more agreeable—snipe shooting.

In some parts of Upper Canada this sport is enjoyed in great perfection; and even close to the town of Kingston there are marshes where one may pick up twenty couple of good fat snipes, in a forenoon of October or November. But it is hard fag—the marsh being an extensive quagmire, covered with long, tough, matted grass, which gets entangled about one's ankles, and sometimes requires great exertion to burst through. Besides, if by a heavier step than usual, your foot penetrates the quaking stratum of thin soil, down you go, and the extended arms and the gun thrown across, are necessary to prevent disappearing altogether.

Nothing strikes a stranger more than the mute solitude of the woods in Canada; for no sound, except the chirp of a squirrel or the croak of a frog, is ever heard in the interminable forest: and these but rarely. Even woodpeckers are found on the skirts of the woods only, close to cultivated ground, where the sun vivifies the insects on which they feed. Yet the cause

is obvious—the severity of the winter drives away the feathered tribes, and the migrating races either remain in the cleared country during the summer, or retire to breed in the most secluded depths of the mountain forest, far away from the haunts of man. An oppressive feeling of melancholy comes over one in passing through the gloomy recesses of a Canadian forest; seeing at every step the decay of vegetable nature—bestriding the rotten trees, and perceiving the living ones half-choked by pressure and confinement, and contending with each other for air and sunshine. No gay creepers entwine their trunks—no flowers gem the ground at their roots—no turf covers the earth about them. All is cheerless, and unadorned, and monotonous gloom and silence.

In the young woods near the towns, the case is different. Animated life and abundance of wild flowers will here be met with, and the sportsman will find woodcocks and partridges in respectable numbers.

During the summer our officers had good bass-fishing at Kingston. The shores of Garden Island, Simcoe Island, Long Island and Snake Island, afforded capital sport; but the best fishing ground was at the entrance of the Bay of Quinté, close to three wooded islets exactly alike—called the Brothers. My plan of operations was to start at day-light in my skiff with a servant, and a little ark in tow to bring home my fish alive—proceed trolling along the very pretty coast of the lake—pick up every stray fish by the way—land to breakfast and spend the day at the Brothers, and return in the evening—the distance being only eight miles.

One clear morning in July, I set off from Kingston at sunrise—rods all set—with three lines, mounting two of my gaudiest salmon-flies, and a live minnow on each. When abreast of the Provincial Penitentiary, I hooked a large pike of fourteen pounds and caught him, to my annoyance—hating to have any thing to do with his fraternity. He was put into the ark, where he could swim, but not turn, and I went on my way—securing now and then a bass or two, and tumbling them into the same floating prison. The pike very soon shewed symptoms of impatience, as the intruders dropped in; and at length became savage and attacked them. Then ensued a most

grotesque scene of fighting and splashing—for the bass is a courageous fish : until in the course of the day there were so many new arrivals that the voracious " dispeopler of the lake," as Gay terms him, was jammed in so effectually that he could do no mischief, but lay at the bottom of the fish-boat—with scarcely room to breathe ; like some cruel and deposed tyrant fettered by his insurgent subjects.

I had excellent sport that day, and the lively recollection of it still gives me pleasure. About two o'clock, we landed on one of the round, verdant little islands, set in its shining circle of white sandy shore—I roamed about, collecting a dessert of wild strawberries, whilst my servant kindled a cedar fire and fried fish for our dinner. We resumed our amusement soon after ; and at one place got amidst a large shoal of bass, eight of whom were on my lines at a time, jumping about in the most lively manner, and splashing in all directions. This was too much of a good thing, for the lines got entangled, and I lost time in setting them to rights ; so that we were a little embarrassed by our good fortune, and obliged to take off three flies, reducing our baits to six. We reached home at nine o'clock, with ten dozen good bass and the pike.

The winter in the Upper Province is about six weeks shorter than in the Lower ; but is much too cold to be agreeable in both. They do not defend themselves so well against the severe weather here as there ; and double windows, so generally used in the Lower Province, are not often put in at Toronto and Kingston.

Our regiment soon became popular at Kingston. We flattered ourselves that we were well conducted, and it is certain that the people were staunch in their British feelings, and well disposed and friendly to the military. Thus the main elements of kindly sentiments on both sides being in existence, it was easy to bring them into operation, and a degree of mutual attachment sprung up. We spent two years very pleasantly in our quiet quarters, partaking of much attention and hospitality. The first winter made us quite acquainted with our new friends ; and the second would have been still more agreeable, had it not been shaded a little by the recent ravages of the cholera.

CHAPTER XVI.

TORONTO.—SIR JOHN COLBORNE.—HUMMING BIRDS.—HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY.

"If thou canst hate, as Oh! that soul must hate
Which loves the virtuous and reveres the great;
If thou canst loathe and execrate with me
That Gallic garbage of philosophy,
That nauseous slaver of those frantic times
With which false liberty dilutes her crimes.
If thou hast got within thy free-born breast
One pulse that beats more proudly than the rest,
With honest scorn for that inglorious soul
Which creeps and winds beneath a mob's control;
Which courts the rabble's smile, the rabble's nod,
And makes, like Egypt, every beast its god."

MOORE.

In May, 1833, the 66th were ordered to York, now Toronto. We embarked in the fine steamboat the Great Britain, amidst loud and long continued cheering from our kind-hearted Kingston friends, and arrived the next day in the capital of Upper Canada.

The Indian names of places, are not only soft and liquid, but exceedingly expressive; generally condensing in one musical word, the distinctive and permanent local features. Toronto, in Mohawk, means "trees growing in water," and is happily significant of the appearance of parts of the lake shore near the town.

This is a long straggling place, recently redeemed from the forest, running two miles along the lake, where an inlet protected by a peninsula, forms a good harbour. The water, however, is scarcely deep enough, and depositions from the small and sluggish river Don, a little to the eastward of the town, and the debris of the crumbling clayey banks, threaten to fill it

up at no very remote period, if not prevented by some scientific interposition.

In 1794, the Duke de Rochefoucalt Liancourt visited York, which then only contained twelve small wooden houses, whose inmates, the Frenchman adds, were not of the best character. A more questionable authority, Mr. Gourlay, sneeringly says they have not improved much since. But this is a great mistake. The population of Toronto, in common with the vast majority of Upper Canada, is highly moral and respectable; and, so long as fidelity, forbearance under cruel injury, and exalted moral principle are esteemed in the world—this Province must possess a high and honourable name. When returning to the barracks from late parties in the town, our officers have often been struck with the profound quiet of the streets.

The view of the city in sailing up the harbour, is pretty and imposing. There are several good-looking buildings, a fine high shore—much planting, and a grand back-ground of tall forest—all rising scenically from the lake. But on a nearer approach, I regret to add, that the eye has much fault to find—principally with the architecture of the public buildings, which are far more substantial than ornamental erections. The Parliament House, built of brick, looks very heavy; and has a deep and disproportioned cornice—somewhat after the fashion of a grenadier's cap on a child's head. The College has the aspect of a manufactory, but will be soon hidden by thriving planting in front. The Court House and Gaol are utterly abominable; and I am sorry to say that St. James's Church, although a large, well finished and handsome Temple internally, and always filled by a most respectable congregation—is, as to its exterior, only in keeping with the rest.*

The Lieutenant Governor of Upper Canada in 1833, was Sir John Colborne, a man, according to the historian, Napier, "of an extraordinary genius for war," and not less admirably adapted for the discharge of the civil duties of a Governor. His attention to public business—the devotion of his whole time and all his energies, bodily and mental, to the improve-

* This large and commodious Church was unfortunately burned last winter, but is now fast rising from its ruins. The congregation has increased so much that another Church will soon be necessary for their accommodation.

ment of this rising Province—his exertions in fostering emigration, and assisting and locating emigrants—were so conspicuous and unremitting, that they could not be denied by his most virulent political enemies. His affability, hospitality and private virtues, and the wide spreading charity of his excellent wife, though devoid of all ostentation, were necessarily well known in a limited society like that of Toronto; and the estimation in which he is held in the Province, was signally demonstrated by the universal tribute of respect paid to him all along the road, when leaving his Government, on the arrival of Sir Francis Head. In fact, his journey, contrary, I believe, to his own wish, had more the character of a triumphal procession, than the quiet progress of a displaced Governor.

I never had the pleasure of seeing Sir John before 1833, although he was Lieut. Colonel of the 66th in the Peninsula, and I had often heard there of an extraordinary and hazardous incursion he had made into Andalusia in 1811; carrying his Brigade through the very centre of the French cantonments—marching by night, magnifying his force, and causing general alarm and the concentration of large masses of French troops, and thus producing a valuable diversion in favour of our operations before Badajoz. When we first dined at Government House, we were struck by the strong resemblance he bore to the Duke of Wellington; and there is also a great similarity in mind and disposition, as well as the lineaments of the face. In one particular they appear to harmonise perfectly—namely; great simplicity of character, and an utter dislike to shew and ostentation. I believe there never was a soldier of more perfect moral character than Sir John Colborne—a Bayard without gasconade, as well as "*sans peur et sans reproche.*"

Our Regiment had its Head Quarters in the barracks at Toronto, with detachments at four or five out-stations. The barracks are poor buildings, but agreeably situated on the bank of the lake, a mile and a half west of the town. All the principal people of the place called on us soon after our arrival; invitations followed quick; and our Commanding Officer, Major Baird—being a veteran of fine appearance and most gentlemanly manners—the other officers, also, quite what they ought to be, and the soldiers sober and well behaved—we found our-

selves in a short time far advanced in the good opinion of the provincial metropolitans, and becoming favourites here, as we flattered ourselves had been the case at other quarters. To this desirable object the goodness of our band, which played *pro bono publico*, two evenings in the week, did not a little contribute. For, notwithstanding the "*segnius irritant animos demissa per aures*," of Horace—people *are* caught by the ears.

There was an old gentleman, Sir W——— C———, formerly Chief Justice, a patient of mine at Toronto, who was sinking in a general decay of nature. But his mind retained its powers, and as he took very little medicine it became necessary to administer a dose of politics in its place, by a visit for a couple of hours' chat, two or three times a week. In common with most intelligent men here, he deprecated the policy of the Home Government, in the countenance they gave every needy and noisy demagogue who went home and brawled against the Provincial Administration. My old patient informed me that he had presided at the trial of the young gentlemen who had so unwisely, and—for the interests of the Province, so unfortunately—burst into Mackenzie's office, and destroyed his Press and Types for libelling their friends in his paper, just as he was on the point of leaving Upper Canada. One of these young men was the Judge's nephew; and Mackenzie had often said that he knew Sir W——— would charge the Jury unfavourably for the Plaintiff. His surprise, therefore, must have been considerable when he heard the outrage stigmatized as it deserved to be from the Bench, and the Jury advised to give Mr. Mackenzie ample damages for the destruction of his property.

My worthy patient became very weak towards the end of the year—his nights were restless—his appetite began to fail, and he could only relish tid bits. Medicine was tried fruitlessly, so his Doctor prescribed snipes. At the point of the sandy peninsula opposite the barracks, are a number of little pools and marshes, frequented by these delectable little birds; and here I used to cross over in my skiff and pick up the Chief Justice's panacea. On this delicate food the poor old gentleman was supported for a couple of months: but the frost set in—the snipes flew away, and Sir W——— died.

There is a prodigious migration of pigeons in summer from

the Southern States of America to the Canadian forests. Crossing over the upper end of Lake Ontario, innumerable columns of them hit the land close to the barracks, and continue to pass over in quick succession of flocks for three or four days. Many of these poor birds are quite young—the down on their bodies being still visible, and their tails not grown. The young birds, yet fearless of man, used to fly so close to the ground as to be knocked down by the soldiers with sticks; but the old ones, known by their long tails, kept their course high in the air. The slaughter about the barracks, and on the large common between them and the town, was enormous, and the whole country was covered with sharp-shooters during the time the birds were passing.

We had a garden belonging to the Mess at the barracks, in which there were a good number of fruit trees; and when we arrived these were in blossom, and appeared to be objects of great desire to the humming birds. I watched their manœuvres every morning with great pleasure, about one large pear tree, although these beautiful little creatures flit about so rapidly as to require sharp sight to follow them, and manage to rifle the blossoms and flowers of their treasure always on the wing. What a pity the tiny beauties do not sing. It is also matter of regret that the early poets were ignorant of their existence. How delicately Shakspeare would have handled them—arranging them, perhaps, in a band, with Ariel as their leader, ethereal enough even for Oberon and Titania.

Salmon ascend the St. Lawrence to Lake Ontario, and are often speared or caught in nets on its shores. I ate of them several times at Toronto; but the fish is much deteriorated by the fatiguing journey up the rapids, and loses much of its pink colour and fine flavour. There is a large trout in the lake that resembles the *salmo salar* a good deal, and passes for that princely fish with the uninitiated. To the practised eye the difference is at once apparent in the greater size of the head—the duller colour—the different number of rays in the fins, and the shape of the tail.

The Provincial Parliament met in November 1833, and our officers frequently attended to hear the debates. The former

House of Assembly had been of what are called liberal politics; but at the late election, a number of the members had been displaced, and this House had a conservative character.

Mr. Mackenzie having foully libelled the whole of the Legislature in his newspaper, which he had the impudence to transmit to every member of the Assembly—was expelled the House; again elected two or three times, and as he shewed no contrition and would make no apology, he was as often expelled. Finding that he could not accomplish his object in the regular way, nor induce Sir John Colborne to dissolve the Assembly, he came down at the head of a mob to take possession of his seat, *vi et armis*. But the Speaker was firm—the gallery was cleared, and the House went on coolly and regularly with its proceedings.

A day or two after, this pertinacious creature, watching an opportunity when the Serjeant at Arms was off his guard, glided into the House unnoticed by that functionary, and took possession of his seat; when I chanced to be present, and was infinitely amused by the scene that followed. As soon as the stout, and rather stern-looking Sergeant at Arms discovered the trick that had been played upon him, he advanced with a formidable frown on his brow towards the intruder's chair, with the evident intention of taking him into custody; but Mackenzie started up and ran towards the door, and attempted to make his escape. It was in vain—the Serjeant secured his prisoner, and giving him a shake to keep him quiet, led him to the Bar, and awaited the pleasure of the House.

The Writer for some time stood next the culprit, and seldom saw a more contemptible looking little man. The only features in his face that shewed any power or expression were his eyes, which immediately brought to mind the optics of our old friends the Cobras de Capello; for they had exactly the same red appearance, fierceness and malignity.

At this time Mackenzie was very desirous of reacting a little political martyrdom, and dying to be sent to prison. But the House knew their man and his object, and would not gratify him by any severe measure. He was merely reprimanded and discharged.

When we were at Toronto, Mr. Bidwell was, notwithstanding his

"———— Nasal twang heard at conventicle,"

the best speaker in the House: Mr. Hagerman was said to be an orator of considerable power, but he was in England. In the Legislative Council the Speaker, Chief Justice Robinson, shone conspicuously as an orator and a highly talented man. He is moreover, most pleasing and gentlemanly in private society—a man who would distinguish himself any where, and might in England aspire to the Woolsack.

However it has been decried from political reasons, I am persuaded that the College of Toronto is most highly respectable—under wise regulations, affording both good and cheap education, and altogether of vast utility to the best interests of the Province. Several of the *alumni* have risen to literary distinction. The annual recitations and distribution of prizes were usually honoured by the presence of the Lieutenant Governor, and many of the respectable inhabitants of Toronto. One thing, however, is much wanted here, a chartered Medical Institution; and as there are several able men, and good clinical facilities at the hospital, it is to be hoped that those parents who wish to train their children to the Healing Art, may not be much longer obliged to send them to the States for this purpose.*

We were ordered back to Kingston in May 1834. The regiment embarked in the most perfect state of order and sobriety, and returned in the middle of the month to our good and quiet quarters.

* Faculties of Physic, Surgery, &c., have been organized by Statute at Toronto lately, and Sir John Colborne has graced the close of his Administration in the Lower Province, by laying the first stone of McGill College at Montreal; which will also, I hope, embrace Medical Professorships, and be endowed with legal power to grant the highest therapeutic degrees and honors. This celebrated city too, with its able Medical men, fine port, large population, and well conducted and capacious hospitals—altogether constituting pathological and surgical facilities far superior to Toronto, and equal to Montreal—must soon, in like manner, I trust, possess within itself the means of obtaining a Professional Education of the first order. This ought to be deemed an object of the highest interest—such Institutions being not only valuable to the community, considered with relation to health, but reflecting lustre on comparatively obscure places, and raising others, already of note, to the greatest distinction. To the Medical School of Edinburgh, that beautiful city is mainly indebted for its present prosperity, and the eminent men who filled the Professors' Chairs—the Cullens, Munros, Gregorys, &c., were the real architects of those superb streets and squares that are unrivalled in Great Britain.

CHAPTER XVII.

CHOLERA OF 1834.—BEAUTIFUL BAY OF QUINTE.—EMBARKATION FOR QUEBEC.

> " Nothing but lamentable sounds was heard,
> Nor aught was seen but ghastly views of death :
> Infectious horror ran from face to face,
> And pale despair." ————————
>
> ARMSTRONG.

Our numerous friends in Kingston received us on our return with a warm welcome. Our former stay of two years in their kind-hearted town had produced an almost affectionate intimacy. The place had improved in appearance, and several substantial houses, including a bank, had been built in the interval of our absence.

Again the two Provinces were destined to suffer severely from an invasion of cholera ; and once more there were very discordant opinions amongst medical men as to the probable mischief it would occasion. Many persons supposed that the character of the disease was changing, and that its malignancy was on the decline generally throughout the world—consequently we should have it light this year. Besides, it was natural to suppose that its pathology was now better understood than formerly, and that the practice would be more successful. Now, though the community, generally, were less frightened than during the first epidemic, and paid more attention to preventive measures and the premonitions of the malady, and perhaps the practice was better—it turned out that the second attack of the pestilence was more fatal than the first. This town, with a population of about five thousand, lost two hundred in 1832, whilst not less than three hundred were carried off in 1834.

According to my own observation, the latter epidemic had more of the asthenic character than the former—that is to say, it

was more marked by symptoms of debility and prostration immediately after the first attack, and less by violent spasms and extreme distress. It was thus more insidious and dangerous, and the patients sank sooner into a state of utter hopelessness. The same general feeling of discomfort and *malaise* was prevalent as before, and every one complained of loss of appetite and vigor, with nocturnal restlessness, or sleep without refreshment. I again noticed a ferruginous taste in the air; and this was observed in Paris and some other places in 1832. Fortunately the disease broke out late in the summer: the first case occurred at Kingston on the 26th of July.

Warned by the experience of 1832, no time was lost in isolating the Garrison as much as possible. When the first case of malignant cholera took place in the town, the barrack gates were shut as formerly—the married soldiers living in lodgings with their families, were encamped near Fort Henry, on the same ground as before. The Royal Artillery having become sickly, were also sent to camp. These measures proved highly useful—the health of the numerous women and children was preserved, and that of the Artillery restored.

A strict hygeian police was established and sedulously maintained in the regiment, with the object of watching and crushing the first germ of the malady. Any deviation from the men's ordinary habits was at once noticed by steady non-commissioned officers appointed for this purpose, and reported to the surgeons. They were directed to observe the men at their meals carefully, and give notice if they should perceive loss of appetite in any individual. Drills and parades were discontinued, and all duties made as light as possible; but the men were marched a short distance in the cool of the evening by the Adjutant, after medical inspection. On hot days they were permitted to amuse themselves, and cool the barracks by watering them and the square in which they stood with a fire engine, in which they enjoyed themselves much, making *jets d'eau* in the air *ad libitum*. Cleanliness of person, clothing, bedding and barrack rooms, was strictly enjoined and maintained. The men were allowed to take reasonable rest in the morning, and their sleep at that hour, which is generally the most refreshing after a hot night in a barrack room, was not abridged under a

mistaken notion of the advantage of extreme early rising. No fastidiousness was practised as to their diet, which was not changed—the Writer conceiving, as before mentioned, that the stomach would be more liable to get out of order if deprived of the vegetables grateful to it, and to which it had been accustomed, than if they were permitted to be used. The canteen—that fruitful source of regimental mischief—was placed under strict watchfulness, and intemperance prevented as much as possible. It ought to be added that in this respect, and indeed every other, the conduct of the soldiers of the regiment during both epidemics was eminently good.

With these precautions, and early attention to premonitory abdominal disturbances, the disease touched us lightly, and we had only eight adult cases of cholera out of seven hundred and sixty-nine individuals. However, we had, besides, a host of bowel complaints, many of which, no doubt, would have merged in the pestilence but for early treatment. This was a ratio about twenty-fold less than amongst the civil population; and our total loss was fifty-fold less, or thereabouts; being only one man and two children.

There was a material difference at Kingston between the practice of 1832 and 1834. Laudanum, brandy and other stimulants, were administered now much more sparingly than before; when, probably, they had been used too freely. Bleeding, also, was not so common; for those violent tetanic spasms which it had so frequently relieved in the former year, were not now so general. Calomel had been given then very largely, but was now used less indiscriminately. In 1834, acetate of lead was employed in some nearly hopeless cases with benefit, and Dr. Sampson, a clever and most worthy man, to whom I am under great obligations for professional assistance, found it highly useful in the last stages of the disease.

The Writer's favourite remedy was castor oil combined with a small quantity of laudanum, given in some grateful and demulcent fluid, as hot as possible—making the patient lie on his right side for the assistance of gravitation towards the pylorus. In some hundred cases, on this and the former occasion, he witnessed the most excellent effects from this remedy; and, moreover, experienced them himself in the early stage of two attacks

of cholera he had at Kingston. Once, when attending a gentleman who died of the disease, the Writer was conscious of the very moment when he contracted it by the patient's bed-side—instantly went home and to bed, and took the oil and laudanum—when five minutes' delay might have cost him his life. For some time there was a terrible internal conflict—the heart and whole system laboured tumultuously, and the balance appeared to vibrate between the fatal rush of serum, or the thin fluid of the blood, to the coats of the intestines, and a salutary determination to the exterior. All this time the pulse could not be counted, and the feeling of anxiety and oppression was dreadful. At length the circulation became calmer; the shrivelling skin swelled out with grateful heat and warm moisture, and the crisis was past. Here, and in many similar instances, like oil on a stormy sea, this invaluable medicine soothed the internal commotion and effected a calm.

As on the former occasion, the conduct of the manly and intelligent community of Kingston was becoming the character of their town. Nobody shrank from kind offices to the sick—nobody ran away—a health committee sat daily, and the Doctors and Clergy of all persuasions did their duty nobly as before.

Although we have seen cholera following roads and rivers, and the great lines of human intercourse in various parts of the world, it has often left some favoured spots untouched in a very capricious and unaccountable manner. In England, Exeter was never visited by the disease, though it prevailed in the neighbourhood. During the invasion here in 1834, the south shore of Lake Ontario was exempt, but not the north. Opposite to Kingston is a village on a height, called Barriefield, where numerous deaths took place from cholera; and another village or hamlet, half a mile distant and on a level with the lake, where the malady did not shew itself at all. We found it sticking pertinaciously to some houses, and occurring in them again and again; and those elevated parts of the town which had always been considered the most healthy suffered the most. By the middle of September the health of Kingston was restored, but half the inhabitants were in mourning.

It was necessary to relax and refresh a little after the anxieties and duties of those frightful times, when life was held by a

tenure little better than a day's, or even an hour's purchase. I went, therefore, on a visit to some friends residing on the Bay of Quinté, having been promised good snipe shooting in that quarter.

The shores of this extensive and beautiful arm of Lake Ontario are beyond all question the most pleasing and best cultivated section of the whole Canadian coast of the lake. But this has been settled for many years, and the farms approach those of England and the south of Scotland in their appearance, and in skilful husbandry: on all sides we see neat and warm farm houses, extensive orchards, abundance of cattle, good fences, and a general air of snugness and comfort. Whilst staying with my friend, the Rev. Wm. Macaulay at Picton, I was much struck with the appearance of that pretty village at the head of a navigable creek; sheltered in the bosom of a high, bold, and richly wooded hill—with its imposing Court House, modest Church and quiet Parsonage. From the top of this fine hill, or rather mountain, is a most extensive view of the diversified shores, promontories, creeks and sinuosities of this great Bay.

The day after my arrival, another gentleman and I went to shoot in a marsh near the village of Wellington, seven miles from Picton. The day turned out singularly dark and gloomy, though without rain—the sky was like bronze, with here and there a patch better polished than the rest. We could scarcely see the snipes sometimes, but still had good sport—meeting with an extraordinary number, of great size and fatness—of which we bagged forty couple. After the first shots we discovered two hawks attending us, who continued our companions the whole day; hovering around as if on the watch for any birds we might miss: in fact they pursued and killed some of them before our eyes, though they always managed to keep out of range themselves. The falconry sometimes was most interesting—the snipes flew strong and swiftly, and doubled beautifully; but their fine condition for the table was against them; they were thick winded and far too fat for a race.

I afterwards spent a week with the Rev. John Grier, at the Carrying Place; a Clergyman whose humble and secluded mansion, happy family, exemplary life, diligent ministrations, and

affectionate intercourse with his rural flock, realize in his remote circle the well known picture of Goldsmith's Minister:

> "The service past, around the pious man
> With ready zeal each honest rustic ran;
> Even children followed with endearing wile,
> And plucked his gown to share the good man's smile.
> His ready smile a parent's warmth exprest,
> Their welfare pleased him and their cares distrest—
> To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
> But all his serious thoughts had rest in Heaven.
> As some tall cliff ——————————."*

Until these visits, I had an imperfect idea of the extent of cultivation and general fertility of the country adjacent to the Bay of Quinté. Yet such is the unwise ardor for pushing on to the far and unhealthy West of a strange and foreign country, that this quiet, salubrious and fertile nook, with its moral population, thousands of acres of wild land calling for the axe, and its admirable steam-boat communications with Kingston, has been hitherto almost entirely overlooked by emigrants.

The banks of the river Trent, which runs into the head of the Bay, are covered with hard wood, indicating a strong soil, and the current is very rapid, which promises a healthy neighbourhood. This must at no remote period be the opening of an extensive line of internal communication with Lake Huron, through Lake Simcoe and Rice Lake, throwing open immense tracts of good land to the enterprise of the settler.

In May we received the route for Quebec. The Magistrates of Kingston complimented Colonel Nicol and the 66th very highly on their departure after so long a residence amongst them—which was duly and courteously answered. We embarked amidst a burst of cheering; were towed to Prescott by a steam-boat, shot down the rapids beautifully, and returned to Quebec after an absence of five years.

* In the course of a second visit to my exemplary friend last year, I found him exulting in the good conduct of his flock during the troubles of the previous winter. A hundred of them had marched to the frontier, maintained the most exact discipline, and were models both in appearance and conduct to the militia force assembled at Chippawa.

Shortly before my arrival an impudent American Methodist Preacher had visited the neighbourhood, and requested permission to call upon Mr. Grier to prove to him, as his letter stated, "That he was a wolf in sheep's clothing, and in the gall of bitterness and bond of iniquity." Leave was courteously given, but after a long conference this zealous Yankee, who thumped the table as he had probably for many years hammered his lapstone, left my friend as he found him.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CANADIAN POLITICS.—DEPARTURE OF LORD AYLMER THE GOVERNOR.

" Le mensonge subtil qui conduit ses discours
De la vérité même empruntant le secours."
HENRIADE.

" ——————————— S'death !
The rabble should have first unroofed the city
Ere so prevailed with me : it will in time
Win upon power and throw forth greater themes
For insurrection's arguing. ——————."
SHAKSPEARE.

WE found a great change in the Canadian capital, and in society generally throughout the Province, which was by no means for the better: the rage of politics was felt every where, and more and more estranged the French Canadians from those of British origin. Besides, and this was painful, there seemed a growing distrust of the wisdom of the British Government in the minds of many of the most loyal and respectable people; who exclaimed against its policy as timid, vacillating and infirm of purpose under every successive Administration, whig or tory. They averred that the oily and conciliating plan, adapted to honest and generous natures when swerving from the right, would never answer with Mr. Papineau and the other leaders, who on each concession would found claims for a dozen more; and that the French Canadians, generally, were not yet sufficiently steady or enlightened to comprehend and to practice rational liberty under the representative system. They farther maintained that the Government must speak out, and use soft language no longer; since it only emboldened Mr. Papineau and his friends, and filled the minds of good subjects with undefined but painful apprehensions as to the future. They insisted on the absurdity of anticipating any disturbance from the quiet rural population

of the Province; and if the incessant stimulants of the demagogues should move any of the more unruly urban mobs to revolt, it would be instantly subdued by the co-operation of the loyal people with the power of Great Britain.

The situation of Lower Canada, when the regiment returned in 1835, was extraordinary and anomalous. Public affairs were fast verging on anarchy, whilst the great mass of the population was in a state of perfect quietness and order. The refusal of the supplies for the public service by the House of Assembly, for about two years and a half, had spread a great deal of distress amongst the officers of the Executive Government, who had now been long working without pay—had diminished their respectability and usefulness, by throwing them deeply in debt; and was altogether painful to witness. For, whilst it gratified the malignant passions of the Speaker and his friends, it involved innocent persons in great anxiety and suffering, and was very derogatory to the character of the British Government.

But the mischief did not end here. The daring and ignorant political empirics who had employed this dangerous remedy—only justifiable as a last resource—when no vital malady was present, and no probable danger menaced the Constitution, little knew or little recked of the actual social disease their quackery engendered. Their panacea turned into poison, for disorder and confusion pervaded the body politic. The police of Quebec betrayed the first symptom of the approaching disorganisation; for no funds were forthcoming to protect the peaceable inhabitants from the midnight robbers, nor even to light the streets. The imperfect legislation of the Province bore hard on the partial and defective municipal institutions just created; for in a spirit of making laws from hand to mouth, (literally as well as figuratively,) the town of Quebec was made a city for two years, and then went out like the lamps. The gaol was full of criminals, and the walls of the building were so thin that the felons bored holes and escaped continually. The soldiers who guarded it had no ball-cartridges—which the rogues knew well—and when an offer was made by the Commandant to place a sufficient quantity at the disposal of the Civil power—there was a demur—a criminal might be shot in breaking out, and this would assuredly bring all the venom of the Assembly to bear

on the head of the Sheriff. Thus the King's subjects could not put their noses outside the gates of Quebec at night without being robbed, and the reign of foot-pads revived every where. Two of our officers were rifled of their cash and stripped of their clothes, close to the St. Louis Gate. Crime raised its audacious front rampant every where; and the respectable body of thieves and pickpockets drank Mr. Papineau's health with great propriety for producing general confusion, and creating for the fraternity such glorious saturnalia.

Here were real, tangible, abominable grievances; whilst the silly legislators were up in the clouds, hunting after those visionary ones which they were permitted to see through Mr. Papineau's telescope.

The House of Assembly in the past winter had passed a set of seditious resolutions, no less than ninety-two in number. As it does not come within the scope of my light and desultory work to enter deeply into any of the subjects therein glanced at, I can only hit a few salient points of Canadian politics, and have neither inclination nor space to analyse this congeries of Jesuitical sophistry and impudent bullying—a tissue of studied false assumptions, impotent threatenings, exaggerations and misrepresentations—covered with a thin veil of professed loyalty. The framers of these resolutions took special care to embody in them their hate to Lord Aylmer; and moreover hit him as hard as they could otherwise, by erasing his speech from their Journals. At the same time that they committed this petty insult, they offered a similar indignity to one of Mr. Stanley's despatches; and this insolent act—the contumelious erasure from their records of an official letter of a Secretary of State of the mighty realm of England, was —— passed over unnoticed.

The loyal people of the Province seeing that the British Government thus allowed itself to be bearded with impunity by the Speaker and his obsequious followers in the Assembly, and also perceiving that their vital interests were threatened by certain meditated measures of Ministers, respecting their staple, the timber trade, took the alarm, and proceeded to form themselves into two grand Constitutional Associations at Quebec and Montreal, with several smaller affiliated societies in connection.

These bodies comprised a great mass of talent, property, moral worth and respectability—in fact, they embraced almost every respectable person of British origin in the Province, except the Judges and other public officers, who kept aloof—*ex officio*—with no small number of Americans and a few French Canadians. Their public declarations breathed warm attachment to Great Britain, sentiments of manly and rational freedom, and the most kindly feelings towards their fellow subjects of French origin. They complained of the hardship of contributing so very largely to raise the provincial revenue, which was mainly dependent on their commercial importations, whilst they were virtually unrepresented in the House of Assembly. They exclaimed against the monstrous injustice of seeing their money lavished by that body on an agent in England, who was doing all in his power to sap the foundation of their mercantile prosperity. Notwithstanding, they avowed their veneration for the Constitution of the Province, and bound themselves solemnly to resist in every proper and legal manner the encroachments on it, now openly avowed by the House of Assembly.

The Colonial Minister, Lord Glenelg, still did not despair of pacifying Lower Canada, nor even of converting Mr. Papineau—which indeed were nearly synonymous terms—but, as a preliminary step, the Ministers judged it proper to recall Lord Aylmer, the Governor. Some of this nobleman's political errors have already been freely noticed, which, at first, lost him a large share of the esteem and confidence of the British population. However, after he had become the butt for the brutal calumnies and insult of the Speaker and his party—when they saw this gallant soldier and honourable man outraged in the low and ferocious spirit of the *canaille* of Paris in 1793, they rallied round him, and he recovered his popularity amongst his countrymen. Shortly before his departure, a grand ball and supper were given him and Lady Aylmer in the theatre of Quebec, which was very elegantly fitted up for the occasion; and this was the most tasteful and splendid entertainment ever enjoyed in this city. A large escort attended him to the King's Wharf on his embarkation, and when he stepped into the boat to go on board the Pique frigate, the yards were manned, as well as those of three other frigates in port, a salute was fired,

and there was great and prolonged cheering from the assembled multitude.

It so chanced that our beautiful basin of Quebec was enlivened at this time by the presence of four fine frigates—the President, the Belvidera, the Forte and the Pique. After cruizing amongst the torrid Islands of the West Indies, a voyage to this more temperate spot is very renovating and refreshing; and its delightful accompaniment, a trip to the Upper Province and Niagara, is always eagerly enjoyed by all the officers who can be spared from their ships. The town was quite animated by the presence of the true blues, and we were pleased to see at the 66th Mess, two or three worthy fellows whom we had known long ago in St. Helena; amongst the rest the Honourable Captain Rouss.

It happened at this period that there was a kind of mutiny amongst the raftsmen at Quebec, who had become violent, resisted and repulsed the police, and one gang of these unruly fellows actually ran away with a valuable raft of timber which had been sold; but they carried it off with the tide in the teeth of the law. The magistrates sent a naval and military party after the culprits, and the achievements of the tars on this occasion, were matters of special wonder to the Canadians. Amongst the rest there was one active sailor whose exploit in securing a runaway, was much talked of. A man of the Belvidera, cutlass in hand, chased a mutineer along the beach, who, being hotly pressed, took to the water; but his amphibious pursuer was not to be foiled in his own element. He plunged in also, and when the raftsman dived, Jack put his cutlass across his mouth and dived after him. Both were invisible for some seconds; but the staunch tar soon re-appeared on the surface with the fugitive in his clutch.

CHAPTER XIX.

ARRIVAL OF LORD GOSFORD.—MR. ROEBUCK.—ELEVATION OF MR. BEDARD TO THE BENCH.—HOSPITALITIES AND CONVIVIALITIES OF THE CHATEAU.

"Why, my Master, kind soul, said the Corporal, has'nt the heart to hurt a fly."
STERNE.

LORD AYLMER was succeeded in the Government of British America, by the Earl of Gosford, an Irish nobleman of great worth and popularity. Lord Gosford was, besides, chief Commissioner of a Board appointed by the King, to inquire into the alleged grievances in the Canadas. The other Commissioners were Sir Charles Grey, a retired Indian Chief Justice—a talented and most gentlemanly man—and Sir George Gipps, a clever officer of Engineers; with their Secretary, Mr. Frederick Elliott, a young Diplomatist of promise.

From the circumstances of the new Governor having retired early from the ball given to Lord Aylmer, to which he and the other Commissioners had been invited, and of having declined accompanying his Lordship to the wharf when he embarked for England; evidently from an apprehension that his politics might be identified, *in limine*, with those of his predecessor; observing persons predicted a total change of policy—and they were right. As to the early departure from the ball, it was decorous and proper; but most people believed that the civility of escorting Lord and Lady Aylmer to the wharf, could scarcely have any political misconstruction, and would only be deemed a mere compliment; and moreover was what Lord Gosford owed Lord Aylmer, who had personally received himself there on his first arrival. There were, to be sure, placards posted in Quebec at the time, calling on Lord Aylmer's friends to muster strong and escort him to the wharf; and I have no doubt but that these public notices, which ought to have been disregarded, did in fact

deter the new Governor from paying this parting civility, and thus induced him to act contrary to his own kindly nature. His Excellency was herein badly advised by the Engineer Commissioner.

The benevolence of disposition and warm honest Irish heart with which the Earl of Gosford was richly endowed by nature, soon shewed themselves in the most affable demeanour towards all classes, and in the exercise of a most liberal hospitality. There was a most fascinating *bonhomie* about him in society, which was quite unostentatious and unpretending, and calculated to make all his acquaintances personal friends and well-wishers. Yet was there much to be desired by those that loved him, on the points of dignity and discrimination. He diminished the value of his attentions by their undistinguishing diffusion. And when I observed this good man "coining his cheek to smiles," from innate benignity, in a crowded ball-room, full of very miscellaneous company—many of whom

"Wondered how the d——l they got there,"

and going his rounds shaking hands heartily with six or seven hundred people, I could not help feeling some commiseration for the probable condition of the good-natured muscles of his right arm and shoulder on waking next morning.

The Provincial Parliament met in November, when the Governor opened the Session by an unusually long speech. He told them that public affairs had come to such a stage in the Province that the arm of the Government was paralysed—the course of justice impeded, and society threatened with a dissolution of its bonds and a return to anarchy, from political dissension. He had arrived in Canada determined to discharge the duties of Governor and Chief Commissioner with honesty, impartiality and firmness. The King's instructions had directed him to investigate faithfully, all real causes of complaint on the part of the people of this Province; some of which, when proved to be just, it would be competent to himself to redress; but others must necessarily be referred to the supreme authority of the Imperial Parliament. He complimented the Canadian population on their many virtues, and assured them that England had no intention of disturbing that state of society, and those insti-

tutions under which they had long enjoyed so much "tranquil bliss."

His Excellency then adverted to an address he had recently received from the Constitutional Association of Quebec; in answer to which he asked how it was possible to suppose that England, a nation whose greatness was based on her commerce, could ever desert the interests of the commercial community in Lower Canada? He told both Houses that their contingent expenses would be issued, and earnestly advised them to forget past heats and causes of mutual estrangement and acrimony, and now try to work harmoniously together for the general good. His Lordship added, that two courses were before them—namely, that of heartily responding to the generous and conciliatory policy of the Mother Country, which would most certainly promote the welfare and happiness of the Province; or, on the other hand, of thwarting and opposing her benevolent intentions, and thus, perhaps, running into unknown but certain danger. He announced his determination to discountenance and do away with all proved abuses, to put an end to appointments involving incompatible pluralities, where the salaries were considerable; and added that he would consider the confidence of the great body of the people, an element of the first importance in constituting eligibility to any public office. Lord Gosford read this long speech distinctly; and it may be added, with a spice of Irish accentuation, which the unenlightened call brogue, that was to my ear very characteristic and agreeable.

Neither House was in a hurry to answer the speech. The first act of the Assembly was a bill for their English Agent, Mr. Roebuck's salary, which they well knew the Legislative Council would never pass without stultifying themselves, and committing political suicide, since that gentleman had repeatedly denounced the Council, and called for its extinction.

Mr. John Roebuck is well known in this Province, and much better known than liked. I have heard that by the patronage of Lord Dalhousie to his relations here, he was enabled to work his way through Lincoln's Inn; yet, in one of his speeches in Parliament, he assailed his benefactor in very virulent terms. A pamphlet published in 1822, at the time the Union of the Provinces was in contemplation, is attributed to

Mr. Roebuck's pen, who was then a young man: this every where breathes sentiments of attachment and gratitude to Great Britain, in a tone very different from that of his later writings and speeches. "When," he says, "by the fortune of war, this Province became subject to England, its situation could not entitle it to be the envied country it now is. Groaning beneath the iron scourge of military despotism, and the no less rigorous though less palpable dominion of the Church, she seemed doomed for ever to the oppressive burthens of bigotry and rapine. From this state England rescued us, broke these bonds asunder and annihilated at once and for ever, this system of oppression; for the lawless dominion of a Military Commander, she gave us the mild and regular administration of her own laws, and for the capricious mandates of the Grand Monarque, her own unrivalled Constitution. By these successive events we became a free people." How it has turned out that this gentleman has so thoroughly changed his politics, we may gather from a descriptive passage in the same pamphlet, in which the writer has not infelicitously given us a sketch of himself. "The zealots of party," wrote Mr. Roebuck, "are not always the patriots they profess. There are some whose whole aim is opposition without reason, whose whole delight is railing without argument, and whose political enmity arises from the fruitful source of private pique. The first spark of patriotism in the bosom of the devoted advocate of his country, can often be traced to the offspring of offended pride; and from that moment we find him opposed to every measure of Government, however beneficial, and decrying all those in power, however worthy; and thus, sacrificing his country that he seems to defend, to his own private malice, he stands a striking monument of the duplicity of party, and shews at once how easily a patriot is made, and the reliance that ought to be placed on his professions."

Both Houses appointed Committees, as usual, to draught addresses in answer to the speech; but that from the Assembly was ready first, and was by far the cleverer of the two. This intensely sophistical and Jesuitical document took good care—like every other emanation from the same source—to concede nothing, to pledge the House to nothing on any important point, whilst it adroitly availed itself of every favourable admission of the

Governor as an "instalment," after the Irish fashion, of the political debt due by England to the Canadian people. It was complimentary to His Lordship, personally; but it advisedly and carefully omitted all recognition of the Chief Commissioner, or the Board over which he presided. Itself, the House of Assembly, was the legal and constitutional organ through which Lower Canada spoke to England; and the Royal Commission, constituting any other medium of communication, ought only to be viewed as an insult to the Assembly, and one grievance the more.

The House of Assembly then drew their "Contingencies," amounting to twenty-one thousand pounds, including certain salaries of their agents, which Lord Aylmer had declined paying, unless these items and one or two others were deducted; but which Lord Gosford paid "cheerfully." For this expression he was much blamed by the English party at the time; though, as it appeared afterwards, the obnoxious word had been used by the Colonial Secretary with reference to the very matter to which the Governor applied it. The House then proceeded to business—organizing its Committees—five or six of which commenced operations forthwith in framing charges against several Judges, Sheriffs and other public officers—all of British origin or British sentiments; and these penal measures so entirely engrossed the House that no attention was paid for three months to the Governor's urgent message, about the indispensable necessity of voting the supplies for the public service.

A vacancy on the Bench at Quebec happening to take place at this time, the Assembly worried the Governor to fill it up. His Excellency took some time to deliberate, and then appointed a young French Canadian Lawyer, named Bedard, the leader of a section in the Assembly, to the vacant seat. This gentleman had moved the celebrated Ninety-two Resolutions in the House, and was believed, on good grounds, to be their author, in conjunction with a Mr. Morin; but afterwards, having been captivated by Lord Gosford's kindness and hospitality, (with perhaps some hope of promotion,) he shewed a disposition towards moderate measures, with a tendency to support the Government; for which he fell under the unsparing lash of the Speaker.

During this time, Mr. Papineau and the Members of both Houses were constant guests at the Governor's most hospitable table; and all was apparent blandness, good humour and reconciliation. They praised and flattered his urbanity and condescension; and some of the weaker Members of the Assembly, fuddled a little by the unwonted good cheer, went occasionally to laughable extremes. One of them who chanced to sit next to the host one day at dinner, vented his warmth of feeling towards His Excellency by a fervent slap on the back, accompanied with the compliment—"*Milord vous êtes bien aimable.*" Lord Gosford's reply was—"*Pardonnez, c'est le vin.*"

Notwithstanding these auspicious circumstances, most well informed people in the Province anticipated no eventual good: and the Writer of these pages thus presumed to vaticinate, in a letter to Lord Gosford, which was published in the newspapers in the very height of the good cheer and fine doings at the Château.

"My Lord, I have observed the kindness of your nature shewn in many ways. I have witnessed your urbanity and affability to all, and you will, I hope, pardon me for adding, that I have also been cognizant of your extensive private charities. You have undertaken the task of reconciling conflicting interests, passions and prejudices, and you have thrown into the endeavour all the cordiality of a generous Irishman. Would to God that your praiseworthy attempts to calm the waters of political strife may not all be thrown away.

"Yet I am deeply pained in fearing, as I do fear, that you are in fact and truth deceiving yourself in the honesty and generosity of your own heart. My Lord, I fear that you are expending political courtesies and private convivialities with a lavish hand, and "coining your cheek to smiles" in vain.

"There is one fatal and insuperable obstacle in your way. There is one man whom you cannot convert, because he is absolutely unconvertible. I have treasured up in my memory the black catalogue of his anti-British sentiments—his ferocious malignancy against the name, and fame, and power, and grandeur, and institutions of the country, which turned him and his forefathers from being the abject slaves of an "*Intendant,*" or the Mistress of the "*Parc aux Cerfs,*" into the inheritors of

the free patrimony of centuries. From eight years' observation of this person, I have drawn the certain conviction that all your kindnesses in private, as well as every public act of conciliation, will be lavished fruitlessly on him. By a wrong-headed and melancholy alchemy, he will transmute every public concession into a demand for more, in a ratio equal to its extent; whilst his disordered moral palate, beneath the blandest smile and the softest language, will turn your Burgundy into vinegar. The Ethiopian shall sooner change his skin, or the leopard his spots, than Louis Joseph Papineau will descend from the height he now occupies, into the safe and sober course of a loyal British subject.

"This individual distingushed with 'bad eminence,' has been consistent with himself during the present session. His conduct this winter has only been a little less offensive, because more frank and open. In the intoxication of the coming triumph, he thinks the cloak of loyalty no longer necessary, and he boldly casts it off. He publicly declares himself a republican, and avows that he is preparing Lower Canada for democratic institutions—and this from the Speaker's Chair of the House of Assembly, under King William the Fourth! I doubt whether all history furnishes a parallel to this piece of the most consummate audacity, except, perhaps, in some of the strange antics of the insane Massaniello."

CHAPTER XX.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS IN UPPER CANADA.—APPOINTMENT OF SIR FRANCIS HEAD AS LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR.—MUTINY IN HIS EXECUTIVE COUNCIL.—PROROGATION OF PARLIAMENT IN THE LOWER PROVINCE.—SHORT SESSION OF SEPTEMBER 1836.

" ———— What, are the rank tongues
Of this rude herd grown insolent with feeding,
That I should prize their noisy praise or dread
Their noisome clamour ?" ————————

BYRON.

" How smooth and even they do bear themselves,
As if allegiance in their bosoms sat
Crowned with faith and constant loyalty."

SHAKSPEARE.

THE winter of 1835-6 was the longest and the coldest that had been known here for half a century, The cold set in early in November with extraordinary violence and without any gradation. By the coalescence and cohesion of a number of shapeless blocks of blue ice, each as big as a house and thrown together in the greatest confusion and chaos, a bridge was formed over the St. Lawrence at Quebec; which did not finally break up until a week after a May pole had been planted on it. At the beginning of the season many accidents occurred amongst the shipping of the port, when leaving the river, from being caught in the early and cruel frost; and such is the want of communication in this country in winter—especially along the lower banks of the St. Lawrence—that the ship Ottawa, which had been ice-wrecked and driven on the Island of Anticosti, 300 miles from Quebec, was for a long time believed to have foundered at sea. At length, seven months afterwards, when the navigation opened, the crew arrived—many of them badly frost-bitten :

having been as much shut out from all assistance from hence or any where else as if they had been at the North Pole.

It is the rigorous climate that is in fault, which no human exertions can subdue or modify, and which appears not softened in the least by the partial cultivation of slips of land here and there, that bear so small a proportion to the remaining millions upon millions of wild and irreclaimable surface in the north—the eternal domain of cold. When these unfortunate people, after great and painful exertions, had reached the land, it appeared only a commutation of one mode of death for another more prolonged and painful. Starvation, great fatigue, intense cold, and many kinds of misery were yet to be encountered before they could arrive at a post, where there was a chance of obtaining shelter and provisions in that desolate and wretched Island. Amongst the passengers were a couple recently married; and the poor young lady, who was a pretty young lady too, was obliged tc spend her honey-moon and the long and dreary winter in an ice-hut: still by dint of strong resolution and affection, and the devotion of her husband, she overcame all her calamities.

New Year's Day is a happy day in the Canadas, as it is in France, Scotland and other countries. The eldest born of the year finds on his arrival every body in excellent humour, paying and receiving visits, eating cake and sipping liqueur, and scattering cards and compliments. This is an admirable custom, and one that has important moral effects on society; for it affords a graceful opportunity of refreshing fading friendships, reconciling little jars and coolnesses, and piques, and slights, that will happen in the best regulated families; confirming old and forming new attachments, and fifty desirable things besides. It is also a profitable season for the pastry cooks; and, moreover, whilst every gentleman is out paying his sixty or seventy visits, it presents the dear womankind in a very proper and becoming light—attired with morning elegance, dispensing sweets, showering smiles, and receiving the homage of the rougher sex. Thus the year is begun in this country; and thus here, as in all Christian communities, should it go on till its close.

In the beginning of 1836, and in mid-winter, Sir John Colborne was superseded in his Lieutenant Governorship of Upper

Canada; and Sir Francis Bond Head, a traveller and an author of some distinction, was appointed in his place. The former officer demurred at some instructions from the Colonial Secretary, most prejudicial to the true interests of the Province, and personally disrespectful to himself—and requested to be relieved. His desire was complied with in rather unseemly haste, considering the climate and unseasonable time of the year for removing his family; to say nothing of the awkwardness of disturbing the Head of the Provincial Government whilst the Parliament was in session.

In the autumn of 1834, a general election had taken place in the Upper Province, and the reformers secured a small majority in the House of Assembly, where Mr. Bidwell had been chosen Speaker. This House, expressing the sentiments of the reform party in the Province, were loud at first in their applause of the new Lieutenant Governor; but this only lasted a short time. Sir Francis, soon after his arrival, had re-organized his Executive Council; and as a compliment to the liberals, had selected three or four of their leaders and paid them the honour of electing them Councillors. The new members, headed by a clever but unprincipled intriguer a certain Doctor Rolph, soon set about doing mischief in the Council by exciting discontent. They were but too successful in the attempt; and at length had the adroitness to make the old hands believe that they stood in a false position, were not treated with sufficient respect by the Lieutenant Governor, and that a plan of systematic slighting of their advice had been resolved upon—that the Council were not to be consulted in any business of importance, but only in minor matters and in affairs relating to the Land-granting Department, where it was specifically laid down as a duty of the Executive to ask their opinion. Very vague notions of the duties of this Council appear to have been entertained in the Province, of which the new Councillors availed themselves cleverly to mystify the other members. They raised for the nonce some chimera of responsibility to the people of the Province for the measures of Government, investing it with the character of a sovereign state, and themselves with the attributes of Ministers; which phantoms had the effect they wished, of frightening the elder

gentlemen "from their propriety." These very simple persons—three or four of whom held lucrative situations under the Crown—were so inconceivably unwise as to join the radical Johnny Newcomes in signing a round Robin, expressing their dissatisfaction, lecturing the Lieutenant Governor on the proper functions of the Executive Council, and threatening to resign if he did not mend his manners and treat them better.

This proceeding was considered a *coup de maître* by its instigators; and it was confidently expected that the poor little man, a stranger, almost isolated in the wilds of Upper Canada, would be frightened by this bold manœuvre into an unqualified surrender to this formidable coalition, and henceforth would obey implicitly the commands of the insurgent Council. But the conspirators reckoned without their host; or rather, they found the able man they were attacking, a host in himself; for they most signally caught a Tartar, and were dismissed on the instant.

The House of Assembly immediately took fire and threw themselves on the side of the discomfitted Councillors; impudently catechising the Lieutenant Governor respecting the whole proceeding. He answered them with great tact and temper, and sent them copies of the correspondence between himself and his late confidential advisers, in which he had thoroughly demolished their sophistry. In fact, his answer to their round Robin was a master-piece of perspicuous and logical reasoning. Finding Sir Francis Head's position unassailable, the House then lost all temper and all sense of self-respect, as well as respect for the Lieutenant Governor—became vulgarly insolent—suspended all business and stopped the supplies for the Civil Government of the Province, in humble imitation of Mr. Papineau and his Gallo-Canadian *insensés* of Lower Canada.

Soon after his arrival in Toronto, in the beginning of 1836, Sir Francis Head had candidly imparted the instructions he had received at home, to both Houses of the Provincial Parliament. The Colonial Secretary had authorised him to communicate the substance of these instructions; but the honest man, wishing for no reserve, sent the whole. This frank proceeding had important consequences at Quebec, and such as Sir Francis little dreamed of. At this very conjuncture, Lord Gosford's un-

remitting attentions and assiduous hospitality had caused a split in the Assembly on the question of the supplies—the moderate party, headed by Mr. Bedard, the Judge *in petto*, being opposed to the Speaker in this matter. A kind of compromise had just then been concluded between the parties, founded on a vote for the said supplies, with certain specified reservations; to which, after great difficulty, Mr. Papineau had been brought grumblingly to accede. But when the Lieutenant Governor of Upper Canada divulged the line of conduct prescribed to Lord Gosford and himself by the British Ministry; which had never been communicated to the Assembly of the Lower Province; and when the principles laid down by the Colonial Secretary were found too conservative of the King's authority and of the dominion of the mother country—the bubble, so nicely soaped and gilded, burst at once. The passionate demagogue at the head of the Assembly now disavowed all compromise, recommenced his old abuse of the British Government—accused Lord Gosford of low trickery in suppressing what Sir Francis Head had published, with the object of cajoling the representatives of the people out of their money—vituperated the Royal Commissioners, and declared open war. Soon after the Members of the Assembly began to desert—neither House could form a quorum—and the Governor confessed in a short speech, savouring of sorrow more than anger, that no good had been done, and prorogued the Parliament.

The firm and manly conduct of Sir Francis Head, under circumstances of great difficulty, was duly appreciated in the Upper Province; although the disclosure of his instructions, so *mal à propos* for Lord Gosford's success in obtaining a supply bill, was much censured by that nobleman's friends in Quebec. Numerous meetings were held in Upper Canada, at which addresses were voted, complimentary and encouraging to the Lieutenant Governor; and he was very strongly urged to dissolve the Assembly which misrepresented public opinion in the Province, and compromised its best interests by their factious, splenetic and disloyal proceedings. These he answered with ready talent; cleverly exposing the mischief the leaders of the House of Assembly were doing, and fomenting by these pithy compositions the rising indignation of the public against it.

For several weeks Sir Francis Head declined acting on this advice; but when the reaction in the public mind had become stronger and more palpable daily—he took on himself the responsibility of dissolving the Assembly. At the next election about two-thirds of the most prominent liberals and republicans were unseated, and their place supplied by good men and true.

To the great satisfaction of the well disposed in both Provinces, Sir John Colborne, who had proceeded to New York to return to England, met there a despatch from home, complimenting him on the close of his labours as Lieutenant Governor, giving him the local rank of Lieutenant General, and offering him the military command of both Provinces. This was the *amende honorable*, and was frankly accepted; although I have reason to know that the health of this truly patriotic man was suffering at the time, under a complaint for which he was advised by his medical friends to repair to a milder climate. Well was it for every loyal British subject in these Provinces that his departure from America was thus critically prevented.

Soon after the opening of the navigation the Governor in Chief and the other Royal Commissioners proceeded to Montreal in furtherance of the objects of their mission; and from thence in the course of the summer His Lordship went to different interesting points of the neighbouring country: was present at the opening of a railroad from Laprairie to St. John's, visited several of the fine Eastern Townships, and returned to Quebec to open a session of the Provincial Parliament on the 22nd of September; being an unusually early period.

His Excellency told the Parliament that he had assembled them at this unwonted time for the purpose of communicating to them the whole of the instructions he had received from His Majesty's Government; and more especially to lay before the House of Assembly the King's answer to their address of the last session. He said that His Majesty having perceived that they had only voted a supply for the public service for six months, was inclined to believe that they had thus acted under some misconception of isolated portions of Lord Gosford's instructions, which the perusal of the whole document would, he trusted, do away. The Governor added, that as it was palpable no Government could go on without the means of paying its

officers and necessary executive expences, he hoped that the House would act with liberality, and vote the arrears and the sums required for the current year. He said it afforded him much satisfaction to find that His Majesty's Government had approved of the line of conduct he had followed since he came to this country; that he had been pleased at the reception he had met with in his late tour through the Province: that he persisted and would still persist in his earnest endeavours to smooth political asperities, conciliate adverse parties, promote peace, and do all in his power for the good of the Province. Should he succeed, the result would be a subject of the warmest gratification; and if, unfortunately, he should fail in the arduous task he had undertaken, he would still have the reflection of pure motives to console him.

The Legislative Council returned a respectful answer to the Governor's speech; and though the majority disapproved of his policy, the futility of which every day's experience more fully confirmed—they yet carefully avoided any thing condemnatory of it, whilst they also steered clear of expressing confidence or approbation.

The House of Assembly in a short address reiterated every part of their former pretensions—exclaimed against the British Government as usual—repeated every thing objectionable, and avoided all direct allusion to the supply question—the gist of the Governor's speech. They persisted in their firm demand for an Elective Legislative Council, and vituperated the present House with the most embittered acrimony. They were courteous to the Governor, personally—told him they believed in the sincerity of his professions; but added that, by assisting the people of the Province to obtain elective institutions, he would prove himself their permanent benefactor. They slurred over his representations of the fiscal difficulties of the Province; but expressed their intention of deliberating on that and other subjects when they should receive the promised message, with the King's answer to their address.

The whole tone and temper of this reply were offensive; inasmuch as it was filled with open abuse of a co-ordinate branch of the Legislature and fierce demands for its extinction. Thinking people were not a little chagrined at the blandness of Lord

Gosford's answer to this intemperate address. His Excellency, according to precedent, from which it did not appear expedient to deviate, "thanked the House" for their reply: though certainly the sharpest sighted people with the best microscopes could perceive nothing in it to make him, or any body, thankful.

The House of Assembly then passed a bill for the appointment of Mr. Roebuck as their agent in London, before proceeding to any other business; as they had done last winter. So far so well. But their next proceeding was not a little startling, and nearly tantamount to a declaration of independence. An Act of Parliament of the third year of William and Mary, distinctly forbids any Colonial meddling with Imperial legislation. It expressly states that any act whatever of a Colonial Legislature, contrary to, or interfering with a statute of the British Parliament shall be, *ipso facto*, null and void. In the very face of this act, Mr. Morin, a young *protegé* of Mr. Papineau, brought in a bill to set aside an Imperial Statute, and in no less a matter than the very Charter of Canada—the Constitution of the Province! A bill for altering and repealing the Act 31st, Geo. III, insomuch as it related to the composition of the Legislative Council, and for rendering that body elective by the people, instead of being nominated as heretofore by mandamus from the Sovereign—passed the House by a large majority, notwithstanding strenuous opposition from the cleverest lawyers in it.

In a few days the Governor sent his promised message, which turned out to be an inane despatch from Lord Glenelg, assuming, without any reasonable grounds, some misapprehension on the part of the Assembly, of certain isolated portions of the Governor's instructions on quitting England. This visionary misconception being an excuse ready made for the refractory proceedings of the last session, with rather an absurd assumption that the House would recover its good humour and do business satisfactorily when it had perused the whole of the said instructions.

This was followed the day after by another message from the Governor, containing a second despatch from the Colonial Secretary, respecting the appointment of its Law Clerk by resolution of the House, in November, 1835. It appeared that

this office had before been uniformly in the gift of the Crown and the patronage of the Governor. The mode of appointment, however, had been always delicately subservient to the choice of the House; and it was usual to send a blank authority to the Speaker, to be filled up with the name of the person he, as its organ, should select. This, one would suppose, ought to have been sufficient; but not so—the virtual power of conferring the office was not enough: Mr. Papineau must have shadow as well as substance; accordingly, the situation was conferred by resolution of the House on the Editor of a French newspaper in the Speaker's interest.* This irregular proceeding was in keeping with the whole conduct of the Assembly, and with its progressive usurpation of the power of the Executive Government.

In this despatch the Colonial Secretary, somewhat simply, directed Lord Gosford to ask the Assembly for their reasons for taking this step. Amiable man—their *reasons!* As if a House full of sharp and hungry lawyers could not, if they chose, give reasons—and plausible reasons too—for any thing. But though they might have them at command as "plenty as blackberries," Lord Glenelg would get none "on compulsion." On the contrary, his pusillanimous despatch would only be considered a violation of their undoubted rights and privileges, and a "grief" of the greatest magnitude.

But, to go on with the story—the Assembly having given a brief consideration to the documents sent them by the Governor, drew up and presented to him a long supplementary address, intensely machiavelian and sophistical; and framed, apparently, with intentional obscurity to puzzle and bewilder the understanding in a maze of intricate verbiage. This, as a literary composition, was a clumsy performance—the construction periphrastic and the sense only to be made out with diffi-

* This newspaper, "Le Canadien," with its significant vignette of two beavers gnawing the Canadian branch from the British oak, bids fair to rival the defunct Minerve and Vindicator in promoting sedition. The sufferance of a print with such a treasonable frontispiece—to say nothing of the *animus* guiding its politics—is the strongest proof of the mild sway of Great Britain. Any where else such an insult to the loyal feelings of the community dare not be offered. Assuredly, if any thing analogous were done in France, Mr. Editor would be in durance vile before a second number of his paper could see the light. In the States he might only be tarred and feathered.

culty—whilst the sentences were involved and of interminable length. The tenor was precisely the same as every emanation from the Speaker's violent *clique* for the last four or five years.

The proverb is no less true than trite—

" Quem Deus vult perdere prius dementat "

This is the demonstration. Instead of gladly embracing the proffered terms of kindness of the mother country, and availing themselves of the pacific opening afforded them once more by the Colonial Secretary, this frantic House of Assembly said there had been no "*mal entendu*" whatever. They had demanded of the English Government an Elective Legislative Council, the repeal of the Tenure Act, and of the Lower Canada Land Company's Charter—the appropriation and control of the whole of the public revenue of the Province, and the management of all the waste lands therein. To these demands they still unflinchingly adhered, and would adhere ; and though in their liberality, and out of personal respect to the Governor, they had last session granted a six months' supply, they did not feel themselves justified in making any appropriation for the public service at the present time. They denounced the Royal Commission, as illegal and void of constitutional authority, and anathematized the Commissioners. Farther, they resolved that they would adjourn and transact no business until the whole of their demands were granted. The House concluded this ferocious address with some personal compliments to Lord Gosford ; to pre-suppose the acceptableness of which, in the present distracted state of the Province, was at once an insult to his heart and understanding.

Next day the Parliament was prorogued after a short session of twelve days.

Thus then, vanished into thin air, as most thinking persons here expected, the hopes of settling the differences in Lower Canada, under Lord Gosford's kind and paternal administration. The great concessions of the British Government—the amenities of the Château—the public declarations and private kindnesses of the Governor—the conciliatory proffer of the Colonial Secretary and the supplemental session—forbearance with Ca

nadian petulance to the verge of pusillanimity—were all labour lost—pearls before men stultified into swine—charming the deaf adder.

Under this amiable Governor, and with the sanction of a liberal Whig Ministry, compliment, concession and conciliation were the order of the day, and no pains were spared to prove by deeds as well as words, the kind and generous feeling towards the majority of the population in things important as well as indifferent. A larger number than usual of French Canadians were made magistrates in the new commission, and appointed to local offices as Commissioners throughout the Province. The only vacancy on the bench was filled from the same quarter. Delinquencies were not overlooked, and two British Legislative Councillors were obliged to quit the Council—one for financial defaults, and the other for malversation in a lucrative office, which was taken from him. Pluralities were discountenanced. An ominous movement of the English party at Montreal to form an armed force, which was hostile to Mr. Papineau, and that was believed to have a tendency to compromise the peace of the city, was put down ; and the Governor had thus the pain of rebuking by his proclamation, many of the most loyal and respectable people of the place. In short, the Royal Commissioners—the Governor—the Colonial Secretary—the whole Ministry, and William the Fourth himself, who had passed some of his happiest youthful days in this Province—were all eminently, warmly and disinterestedly Philo-Canadian. Yet all this aggregation of kind and pure feeling generous intentions and overt acts, was lavished to no purpose. The stormy wave would not yield to the oil, but demanded and obtained the sterner stilling of the cannon.

Such are the unfortunate results of forcing free British institutions, the matured result of centuries of progressive improvement, on uninformed husbandmen trained to feudalism and servility; without instruction, enlargement of thought or shadow of public opinion, and formed by custom and habit to be passive tools of their petty notaries—the *monoculi inter cæcos*, or some leading demagogue above them. Such is the crab fruit of the Representative, engrafted on the old stock of the Feudal system.

And who were the eighty-eight Canadians who thus at length

thought they might safely defy the power, after abusing for several years the forbearance of Great Britain? What were their qualifications and means for carrying them successfully through this terrible contest which they were provoking?

Lower Canada was chiefly represented in the House of Assembly by two knots of lawyers and notaries; one of which had its head quarters at Montreal, the other at Quebec. These formed about three-fifths of the members, and the remainder was made up of four or five Doctors, rejoicing more in politics than in patients; a certain proportion of country shop-keepers—one or two masters of sloops for the shipping interest—two or three simple *habitans*, and a sprinkling of small seigneurs.—The English members were not more than seven or eight in number; and this small minority, amongst whom were one or two men of ability, could do little more than protest against the proceedings of the House.

As relates to that general intelligence and information appertaining usually to persons of like station at home, or in the United States, many, and I believe the majority, were very defective; though all could read and write, except two, who had been only taught, as I have been informed, to sign their names. Yet they wrote their own language very ill. During Lord Dalhousie's, Sir James Kempt's and the Earl of Gosford's Administrations, I have at different times seen the answers of the members of the Lower House, to cards of invitation to the Chateau, and wretched ill spelled scrawls they generally were. The great majority were very poor men, to whom the allowance they received was an object of consequence. Although the electors were obliged to possess a small qualification, by a strange anomaly the members required nothing of the kind; and of late years all that was necessary for them was insolence towards England and passive obedience to the Speaker.

Such were the persons, who, by dint of big words and long speeches of Mr. Papineau and three or four others, with an annual storm of declamatory resolutions and addresses—favoured by the balanced state of the great parties at home—had long imposed on the British Ministry and Nation. These little creatures had shewn their teeth, and bristled up, and snarled, and looked fierce, and barked and insulted with impunity the

powerful sleeping animal, long believed to be a lion; conceiving from his quietness and gentleness, and forbearance that he had degenerated into a less noble creature.

Owing, in the first instance, to a religious adherence to treaty, and afterwards, perhaps, to some grave errors in the English policy after the conquest of Canada—all of which were referable to great indulgence towards the Canadian people—there has been little fusion of the population into the great mass of British subjects. The French Canadians have continued a distinct people, retaining their language, habits, dress and peculiar customs the same as before their nominal incorporatior with the English. With equal tenacity they have stuck to their old haunts and the narrow strip on each side of the St. Lawrence, and the mouths of a few tributary rivers; rarely dipping into the forest to reclaim any considerable portion of the wild land in the back ground of their old settlements. They have, I understand, evinced generally the same predilection for their old and clumsy implements of husbandry, their road-rutting sleighs and the ruinous and unskilful farming of their lands as their forefathers before them. In all these respects, and many others, the firmness with which they have clung to customs now obsolete, has been a clog on their prosperity analagous to the caste of the Hindoos.

These habits are not peculiar to the Canadians, but we see the same indisposition to profit by the lights of the age and the same want of persevering energy characterizing the progeny of old Gaul all over this Continent. They may have assimilated with the Aborigines better, learned their languages with greater facility, and converted them to civilization and Christianity with more adroitness and success; but they could not maintain their ground when the more energetic qualities of the Anglo Saxon family were brought into rival action. In civilizing a Continent three centuries ago, as in their attack of a legionary position in the times of the first Cæsar—in the invasion of Naples in the 16th century, as of Spain in the 19th—in Egypt as in Russia—almost *ab urbe condita*—from Brennus to Napoleon, our clever friends the Gauls have been always dashing and successful in the beginning—but *they could never keep it up.* In the American settlements we see their colonists every where

distanced in the career of enterprise and improvement by the descendants of England. On the upper shores of Lake Erie, as in the valley of the Mississippi, and on the banks of the St. Lawrence—at New Orleans and Detroit, as in Quebec and Montreal, the contrast between the rival races in wealth, intelligence, energy of character and public spirit, is very striking.

Yet notwithstanding this palpable inferiority in the chief attributes constituting social distinction, the Canadians have not the less fondly cherished the pleasing notion of nationality, even as an English Province; and this predilection has been adroitly used by Mr. Papineau and his friends—the magic words, *Nation Canadienne*, being the talisman that enabled them to mould this passive people to the furtherance of their own designs. During the last ten years, as the differences with England became more and more serious, we have witnessed the constant process of pandering to this prejudice; and it has been carefully flattered and cherished by the leaders in the Assembly, and followed out by the newspapers in their interest. At the same time every thing in modern history deemed prejudicial to the character of Great Britain, has been carefully selected and published with notes and comments of the most depreciating tendency. Every repulse her arms have sustained for three or four centuries—and they have not been numerous—every severity her troops have inflicted—which have been equally rare—every *trait* disreputable to private English society—every incident unfavourable to the national character—has been gloated on, and published, and re-published by Mr. Papineau's papers.

We have lately witnessed the painful result.

CHAPTER XXI.

AMERICANS AT QUEBEC.—BRIGADE FIELD DAY ON THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM.—PROGRESS OF DISCONTENT AMONGST THE CANADIANS.—PUBLIC MEETINGS OF A SEDITIOUS CHARACTER.—SHORT SESSION OF PARLIAMENT.

"Why, it cannot choose be a noble plot."

"Most shallowly did you these arms commence,
Fondly brought here and foolishly sent hence."

SHAKSPEARE.

QUEBEC is the "ultima Thule" of our good friends the travelling Americans in their annual migration to the north; where they begin to arrive a little after the swallows. It is pleasing to see them crowding the steam-boats and hotels, and hastening through the streets to visit the Citadel and fine Ramparts; stare at the regularity and precision of the military parades, and admire the Bands. Notwithstanding that they have been a little naughty of late, one cannot help being gratified at viewing an occasional reunion of branches of the great family to which we both belong; and every lover of his species must earnestly desire that all sources of mutual bitterness may soon be dried up; and the only rivalry be henceforth which shall do most good to each other and the world.

Our fair Yankee visitors would be sometimes amusingly saucy. "We are very much obliged to you," a sweet girl from Boston one day said to Colonel Nicol—"for all the trouble and expense this fine Citadel has cost you, and for the care you take of it—we *are really;* you *know it's all for us.*" Great was the pity that my excellent friend, whose single demerit consists in being an old bachelor, did not try to secure this fair hostage for the future good behaviour of her countrymen.

In September 1836, we had a Brigade Field Day of three

Regiments of the Garrison, the Royal, the 66th and 79th, on the celebrated battle ground, the Plains of Abraham. It attracted a very large number of spectators, and as the town was full of Americans, Brother Jonathan and his family mustered strong, and the female members were well dressed and looked very pretty—shewing no silly timidity but great good sense and courage during the firing. Altogether, considering the three good regiments—the scene of their evolutions—the character of the man who commanded, and the number of respectable people present—it was a fine sight. Unfortunately the elements appear to take no interest in such military spectacles—or, rather, would seem to feel a pleasure in spoiling them; and before there was time for a dozen manœuvres the rain came down pitilessly and caused a general "*sauve qui peut.*"

The winter of 1836-7, compared with the preceding one, passed off rather heavily in Quebec. It was plain that no good had been done, notwithstanding every exertion; and undefined, yet dark and ominous shadows of future mischief began to rise in the near horizon. In the meantime, public attention was directed to the proceedings in the House of Commons, before which the Report of the Royal Commissioners had now been placed by the Ministry.

This Report embraced ten or eleven questions of great importance, namely—the Constitution of the Legislative Council—the Representation of the Province—the Civil List—the Revenue—the Responsibility of the Executive Council, sought by the Assembly—the Seminary of Montreal—the Wild Lands and King's Domain—Tenures of Land—Registry Offices—Education—the British American Land Company and the Court of Impeachments. Now, although the Commissioners seem to have injured the general character of their Report, by needlessly obtruding on the public eye their differences of opinion on most of the above subjects—this document shews great industry and research, and possesses much value. In one matter they were unanimous, namely, the necessity of paying immediately the arrears due to the civil servants of the Province.

The Resolutions of Lord John Russell in the House of Commons, founded on this Report, and passed by such large majorities, were carried through the different stages in a tedious and

somewhat slovenly manner; thus losing much of their moral effect in Canada by the delay attending their being matured into a Bill. Even the good reason assigned for stopping proceedings in the matter, namely, the death of William the Fourth, and the unwillingness to make the first proceeding of the young Queen's reign a measure of severity and coercion, was wilfully misconstrued, and Mr. Papineau told his credulous dupes that the Ministers had—

> "——— back recoiled, they knew not why,
> Even at the sound themselves had made."

Here was a new and fruitful theme for the fervid declamation of this gentleman; and above all others, the eighth Resolution, to pay the public servants in Lower Canada, was fiercely assailed, as constituting a "*grief monstre.*"

Immediately a war against the Revenue was resolved on by the leading agitators, who took their cue from Mr. Roebuck, and determined to rival the Boston tea heroes of the American Revolution. Numerous public meetings were held, beginning in the Montreal District; at most of which Mr. Papineau attended, under circumstances highly flattering to his pride. He was generally followed to and from the point of assemblage by an imposing train of vehicles, filled with applauding *habitans*, and escorted by armed men firing a *feu de joie* as they might. There his long and impassioned harangues, breathing the most open sedition, were heard with devout reverence, only interrupted by vociferous cheers.

It would far exceed my limits to advert in any detail to the violent proceedings of these meetings, which were generally held on Sunday, after mass, when a crowd could be more easily collected; but I must give one or two Resolutions as specimens. At the meeting of the County of Richelieu, held at St. Ours on Sunday the 7th of May 1837, it was resolved—"That we have seen with deep indignation the Resolutions of the House of Commons of the 6th of March last." Third—"That under these circumstances we can only look upon the Government which has recourse to injustice, to force, and to a violation of the social compact, as an oppressive power and a government of force, to which the measure of our submission should be

henceforward judged by our numerical force, joined to the sympathy we find in other quarters." Seventh—"That, considering the law of trade as of no effect, we look upon the trade usually designated contraband to be perfectly lawful—we regard this traffic as perfectly honourable—and will do all we can to favour it—we will support those who pursue it, as deserving well of their country, and will hold those to be infamous who may inform against them." Ninth—"That in order to effect more speedily the regeneration of this country, it is desirable, after the manner of Ireland, that we should rally round one man. That man has been stamped by God as a political chief, the regenerator of a nation: he has been endowed for this purpose with a force of mind and eloquence not to be surpassed—a hatred of oppression and a love of his country that neither promises nor threats can shake. That this man is Louis Joseph Papineau. This assembly considering also, the happy effects in Ireland from the contribution called 'the O'Connell Tribute,' is of opinion that a similar contribution ought to be made in this country under the name of 'the Papineau Tribute.' The committee of the anti-importation Association will be charged with raising the same."

I may here observe, in passing, that this fine sounding fund, "The Papineau Tribute," has never realized one shilling. Jean Baptiste takes a little more care of his *sous* than the liberal children of the Green Island.

The St. Ours meeting was followed by a number of others—increasing in violence as the people ascertained their numerical strength. At every assemblage the English Government and the colonial administration were grossly abused—the evil passions and distinctive national prejudices of the French Canadians stimulated—their numbers exultingly detailed—the success of the North Americans in their struggle for independence complacently narrated, and no act or device of seditious and sophistical oratory left untried to excite the *habitans* to insurrection.

These proceedings excited some apprehension, and a proclamation against seditious meetings was issued by Lord Gosford on the 15th of June. This document was framed in a spirit of mildness and kindness; but the language was too bland and gentle to have much effect, and it was altogether disregarded.

Some more vigorous measures to suppress these pernicious meetings were taken; and several of the leaders and movers of violent resolutions were deprived of their commissions as Justices of the Peace or Officers of Militia. Amongst others, the great agitator himself, Mr. Papineau, who was a Major of Militia, was questioned by Mr. Walcott the Civil Secretary, if he had not been present at the meeting held at St. Laurent on the 15th of May, where resolutions recommending a violation of the laws had been passed, and if he had any explanation to offer in the matter. The answer was characteristic.

"Montreal, 14th August, 1837.

"Sir,—The pretension of the Governor to interrogate me respecting my conduct at St. Laurent on the 15th May last, is an impertinence which I repel with contempt and silence.

"I, however, take the pen merely to tell the Governor that it is false that any of the resolutions adopted at the meeting of the County of Montreal, held at St. Laurent on the 15th of May last, recommended a violation of the laws, as he in his ignorance may believe, or, as he at least asserts.

"Your obedient Servant,

"(Signed,) L. J. Papineau.

"Samuel Walcott,
Civil Secretary."

A stern spirit of resistance to these detestable proceedings began now to pervade the British population of the Province. A great meeting of five or six thousand people assembled at Montreal on the 6th of July, condemning the conduct of the disaffected, and declaring their determination to preserve with their lives and fortunes the connection of this Province with the mother country. This was a magnificent affair: it was held in the Champ de Mars, to which the inhabitants proceeded with military regularity, under various loyal banners and emblems. Another grand meeting took place in Quebec on the 31st July. The scene of this large and most respectable assemblage was an open place called the Esplanade, immediately adjoining the rampart of the fortification. About six thousand people were present to take a part in the proceedings; whilst the slope of two bastions embracing the point of union—the

rampart to a great extent, and every window and eminence was crowded with spectators.

As at the Montreal meeting the people marched regularly with numerous banners. A miniature ship from the builders excited much admiration; and the printers of the city actually carried a press to the ground, and struck off on the spot an animating declaration of their loyalty and determination to support the Government.

In the meantime representations of the threatening and feverish state of affairs were sent home; but, up to a late period, Lord Gosford did not appear to apprehend any very serious disturbances. However, orders were forwarded to Halifax to send the 83rd regiment here as a reinforcement.

One more opening was now given the House of Assembly to reconsider their proceedings; and on the 18th of August the Legislature was again assembled at Quebec: all intelligent persons foresaw to little purpose. The Governor's speech informed the Parliament that it had been deemed proper once more to convene them before the resolutions of the House of Commons should assume the binding shape of a law, to give them another opportunity of reflection and re-consideration. The Government had with much reluctance brought forward these resolutions, which, however, had not yet been perfected into an act of Parliament. It hoped they might yet be induced to meet the wishes of the home Legislature, and vote such supplies as would pay off the arrears of Government, thereby rendering the eighth resolution of the House of Commons nugatory. The Governor reminded them that the business of the country was at a stand still—that several acts of Parliament, affecting extensive and valuable interests in the Province, were about to expire and called for renewal—that anarchy was approaching—he therefore implored them to concede what was requested of them to the united voice of the British people.

A short time previous to the meeting of Parliament the intelligence of the death of King William the Fourth had arrived in this country; and it became necessary to administer the oath of allegiance to the members of the Legislature. Some doubts were entertained at Quebec whether the House of Assembly might not demur to the oath; as their Speaker, when

invited at Montreal to attend with the other dignitaries of the city at the proclaiming of Queen Victoria, had declined being present. The oath of allegiance and fealty was, however, taken by the Speaker and all the members—*constituting the most blasting perjury of modern times.*

It was noticed that no allusion was made in the Governor's speech to the seditious meetings which had been denounced by proclamation, although the chief actors at those assemblages were then collected before him. Thus a character of insincerity, almost ludicrous, was given to the whole proceedings, which appeared a hollow farce. But the blame of this should not altogether attach to Lord Gosford: the Colonial Secretary—good easy man—wished the House of Assembly to have one last trial, in which the kind-hearted Governor willingly acquiesced.

The answer of the Assembly was what every reflecting person anticipated—abusive of Lord John Russell's resolutions, characterising them as destructive of the laws and institutions of this Province, and as "violating by force with respect to us the most sacred and solemn engagement." It broadly asserted that the Government was now only a Government of force, to which the allegiance of the subject was but an affair of calculation—thus echoing one of the most obnoxious of the St. Ours resolutions. In short, it breathed nothing but menace, defiance and open war.

The Governor's reply was as follows:

"Mr. Speaker and Gentlemen of the House of Assembly—

"The Address which you have presented to me I shall lose no time in transmitting for the information of Her Majesty's Government. I cannot, however, refrain from expressing the deep concern and regret I experience in learning from it that you persist in the determination to deprive the country of the benefits of domestic legislature until all the demands you have urged shall have been granted—demands which it is not in the power of the Executive Government to grant; and which on being submitted at your request, to the highest authorities of the Empire, they have solemnly declared it is inexpedient to grant.

"The voluntary and continued abandonment of your func-

tions as one branch of the local Legislature, notwithstanding the assurance you have received from the high authority to whom you have appealed, that improvement will be made in the Executive and Legislative Councils, while it daily increases the evils under which the Province labours, is at the same time a virtual annihilation of the Constitution under which that Legislature derives its existence.

"Being thus unhappily denied that assistance which I had hoped to receive from the Representatives of the people, for relieving the country from its pressing difficulties, it only remains for me to assure you that I shall exercise to the best of my judgment, the powers vested in me as the Representative of our Sovereign, for the preservation of the rights and the advancement of the interests of all classes of Her Majesty's Canadian subjects."

The Legislature was then prorogued.

A great change had taken place in the external appearance and dress of the members of the Assembly, which was by no means for the better. In their silly and impotent war against the Revenue, the Speaker and majority of the members had proscribed and disused English broad cloth, and donned the coarse Canadian homespun; and although he, a good-looking man, might stand the change, the low appearance of many of the members was only made more conspicuously vulgar by this degradation of their habiliments. After all, it was only petty and piebald spite, rendered ludicrous by the absurdity of wearing a coat and vest of patriotic cloth, whilst the hat and shirt and half a dozen other articles of dress were still, maugre Mr. Papineau, of British or Irish manufacture.

In consequence of the vote of the House of Commons, that the arrears due to the civil servants of Government here should be paid out of moneys remaining in the hands of the Receiver General, measures were taken now to effect this; and these gentlemen, many of whom had suffered the greatest inconvenience, were at length enabled to satisfy their creditors, who for the most part had shewn great forbearance.

CHAPTER XXII.

ACCELERATING PROGRESS OF DISTURBANCES IN THE PROVINCE.—MEETING OF FIVE COUNTIES.—FILS DE LA LIBERTÉ.—ASSEMBLY OF ARMED MEN AT ST. ATHANASE.—RESCUE OF TWO PRISONERS.—GENERAL INSURRECTION ALONG THE RICHELIEU.—AFFAIRS OF ST. DENIS AND ST. CHARLES.

"——————— fearful war
To diet rank minds sick of happiness."
SHAKSPEARE.

UNDER the mild sway of England the population of Lower Canada had now increased from sixty thousand to six hundred thousand souls. Their religion, language, customs, property and liberty, laws and institutions, and every thing they revered and valued—had been scrupulously maintained and respected. With scarcely any solicitation on their part, they had been elevated by an act of national liberality from the abject condition of French serfs, to the possession of the franchises and liberties of Englishmen; had been endowed with a Constitution framed by the greatest men of the age, and had thus inherited the patrimony of long ages of freedom. At their own wish the remains of feudal barbarism in their criminal laws had been retrenched, and replaced by a milder code. Their staple productions were protected by high duties at home—their territory defended without costing them a penny, and there was an annual outlay of half a million sterling amongst them. British merchandize was brought to their doors fifty per cent cheaper than their neighbours the Americans could obtain it. No tax collector ever visited their dwellings. For eighty years they had been sheltered under the British flag from the troubles and storms that for a great part of the time had been raging every where else. British skill, enterprise and capital had embellished their cities and covered their noble river with steam-boats and ship-

ping. They had individually and collectively enjoyed more domestic and practical happiness than any other equally numerous body in any part of the world. Yet, notwithstanding all this, many of the French Canadians, seduced by the fierce and eloquent declamation of one passionate and mischievous man, were now prepared to rise in rebellion against a beneficent Government, in utter contravention of their own true interests.

The seditious feelings and practices, now extending in all directions throughout the Province, received a new impulse by the breaking up of this second short Parliament: the members having returned to their homes, for the most part, even more bitter than before. Yet there were indications of apprehension in the Assembly before they broke up; and on one occasion their fears swelled the minority in favour of a more moderate course than the Speaker insisted on, from eight or nine against sixty or seventy, to thirty-two against forty-seven. The agitating meetings continued; deriving on each successive occasion additional confidence from the impunity that attended their proceedings. At length a plan was conceived of collecting at one central and convenient point the united population of the most disaffected Counties, and making their proceedings the guide, and their organization the nucleus, for the rest.

In the meantime two newspapers in Montreal—*The Vindicator* and *La Minerve*, which had long laboured, with industry worthy of a better cause, to produce discontent and disaffection to the Government; began now to promulgate open treason. They carefully chronicled the proceedings at the public meetings, and exaggerated the numbers who attended—embellished the efforts of the speakers or even made speeches for dumb orators: instructed the country people how to avail themselves of local defences, and of their numbers in the approaching contest—depreciated and diminished the military force in the Province, and exhorted the soldiers to desert; at the same time pointing out to them the high wages and great advantages they would have in the States, contrasted with their miserable shilling a day.

A sort of central organization was now created in Montreal, and a permanent Committee formed for the purpose of corresponding with County Committees of the same kind, and ex-

tending the growth of disaffection. A society of young men, calling themselves the "*Fils de la Liberté*," amounting to several hundreds, was incorporated there also, which in its first address to the young men of the North American Colonies, avowed the design of "disfranchising their beloved country from all human authority, except the bold democracy residing within its bosom." These young heroes then resolved to train themselves forthwith in military manœuvres, and play at soldiers every Sunday until farther orders.

The Roman Catholic Clergy in the Province, who had so long enjoyed the paternal protection of the British Government, at a period too when their order underwent the most sanguinary proscription in France, and whose superior intelligence could appreciate its genuine liberality—began now to take the alarm. A "*mandement*," or pastoral letter, was addressed to his flock by the R. C. Bishop of Montreal, which was calculated to do good, although strangely blemished by some unwise allusions to Luther and the Waldenses—topics by no means of happy reference—in bad taste, and totally irrelevant. With scarcely an exception this highly respectable body of Ecclesiastics have behaved with exemplary propriety during the troubles of the last two winters.

Any other line of conduct than that of undeviating loyalty and integrity would be unnatural to the Church of England; and her Clergy and members, under the learned and pious Bishop Mountain, maintained their honourable character without a single stain. Yet was this truly Christian Clergy suffering great privations, in consequence of the stopping of the usual grant from Government to the "Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge," by which, chiefly, they had been paid, and whose missionaries they for the most part were. The Church of Scotland rivalled her venerable sister in the good cause; and though contending and grumbling a little about an equal claim to the Clergy Reserves, she now cooled at once, postponed the consideration of this delicate question till a more convenient season, and entered the lists, heart and hand, in defence of law and order. The British Methodists, and other *British* Protestant sects, were not backward, but, on the contrary, most zealous on the same side; and my warm-hearted

Roman Catholic countrymen devoted all the honest ardour of their nature to the support of the Government.

The plot now began to thicken apace. On the 23rd of October a large meeting of five confederated counties was held at St. Charles, a village on the Richelieu, about thirty miles from Montreal, which was soon destined to obtain an unenviable celebrity. Here, in 1830, in Sir James Kempt's time there had been a meeting, expressing dissatisfaction with his administration, when all the rest of the Province was busy complimenting him; and another similar assemblage in 1831. Here, also, had flourished a seditious newspaper—the "Echo du Pays"—perverting and corrupting all within its circle. This, then, was the very centre and focus of disaffection, now ripening fast into treason: and in the signal chastisement *here* first inflicted, we may without presumption recognize a measure of that retributive justice, which is seen occasionally to interpose in regulating the affairs of the world.

Mr. Wolfred Nelson, a distiller of St. Denis, was chosen by Mr. Papineau to preside at this meeting, on account of his influence in the neighbourhood, ardent character and English name. Here the representatives of five counties, under salutes of cannon and musketry, in language the most treasonable, bound themselves to form one great confederation, as a centre of union for the whole Province—to oppose the Government as far as they safely might—to elect their own magistrates and militia officers—enrol and arm themselves, and invite all the rest of Lower Canada to join their patriotic league. Amongst other ferocious resolutions there was one urging the soldiers to desert, and pledging the Canadians to assist them, which was pre-eminently infamous—but even more silly and impotent than wicked.

Mr. Papineau knew not the character of the British soldier whom he wished to make a recreant perjurer like himself. When exposed to great sufferings and privations, the instant there is a prospect of action he ever rises superior to the surrounding difficulties; his conduct purifies itself in danger, and is always best when his full energies are called into play. The same imminent personal risk that enfeebles and paralyses weaker natures, only brings him up to the full tension and vigor

of his faculties, mental, moral and corporeal. Desertion in time of peace is, unfortunately, too common in the Canadas; but after this open and disgraceful incitement, it ceased as if by magic. Throughout the first winter there was scarcely one solitary instance, and this public outrage on the character of the British Army stands on record only as a piece of brutal and useless folly. It has been deeply atoned. One short month after the insult was offered—*and on the very spot*—it was expiated in blood!

The St. Charles meeting caused some sensation, yet few persons could be brought to believe that the big words used here and elsewhere were more than the harmless gasconades to which the French Canadians had a kind of hereditary right. But the secret enrolments were going on steadily, and the *habitans* were importing rifles from the States—nightly meetings for military training were taking place; and resignations of their commissions by militia officers and magistrates—some forced, but many voluntary—were sent in great numbers to the Governor.

Meanwhile the civil authorities, sticking to necessary but tedious forms, which in ordinary times shield the liberty of the subject; and embarrassed for want of evidence, did little more than warn the people against the dangers they were madly running into. However, the magistracy about this time underwent an important revision. At the beginning of Lord Gosford's administration several injudicious appointments had been made in the spirit of conciliation then reigning; and not a few unworthy persons now abused the powers with which they had been entrusted. A new commission excluded a good number of magistrates of this description and filled their place with better men.

The Commander of the Forces, Sir John Colborne, foresaw the coming storm and prepared to meet it. At once assuming a heavy responsibility, he directed the fortifications of Quebec to be repaired and thoroughly armed—ordered horses to be purchased for the Artillery, magazines of provisions and ammunition to be established—barracks to be built, and new corps of loyal men to be raised. He sent for troops from the Upper Province and New Brunswick, and concentrated the small force

he had in hand at Montreal, as the chief *point d'appui* of his operations. Nor should it be passed unnoticed that Lord Gosford, though less apprehensive of mischief, and as incredulous of the evil intentions of Papineau as Sir Francis Head was afterwards of the power of M'Kenzie—yet gave his cordial support to these well timed measures of wise anticipation.

In the beginning of November, as the shipping dropped down the St. Lawrence, the disaffected began every where to assume a more insolent tone, particularly in that populous tract along the River Richelieu, and on the banks of the Lake of the Two Mountains; a bold expansion of the Ottawa. Bands of armed men, masked and disguised, now began to roam about the country at night, terrifying their more quiet neighbours into enrolment amongst the illegal confederacy, and extorting by violence the resignation of commissions—to be inserted in the next Minerve or Vindicator as voluntary acts.

There is every reason for believing that Mr. Papineau had no wish to carry matters farther, for the present, than these minacious demonstrations—to be adroitly used afterwards in any treaty between Government and himself: and no general insurrection, in all likelihood, would have taken place until a better organization of the *habitans* had been effected. Happily, a premature contest began almost by accident, and the arch-traitor then found, as might be expected, the evil spirits he had evoked, soon beyond his control. The mine exploded prematurely and the engineer was blown up "on his own petard."

A band of five or six hundred of the "*Fils de la Liberté*" had been accustomed to meet on three or four successive Sundays for military training, in a field adjacent to the city of Montreal; and had once or twice marched through the streets at night to display their strength, until the magistrates at length interfered and forbade the assemblage. A corps of opposite politics, called the "Doric Club," had also been for some time enrolled, though without the same offensive parade of their numbers, who longed very much for an opportunity of interchanging a few hard fisticuffs with the young heroes of liberty. At length the collision took place—the juvenile patriots made a sorry fight and were beaten out of town. Several excesses

were committed by both parties—the Vindicator Office was broken into and the press and types destroyed; and Mr. Papineau's house was only saved by the military, who were called out in strong force to put down the riot. The destruction of the Vindicator press was, no doubt, richly merited, but should not have thus taken place. Violence is always wrong—creates a factitious sympathy for its objects, and thus defeats its own ends. The arm of the law ought to have suppressed this nefarious print long before.

On the 10th November, Sir John Colborne having moved his Head Quarters to Montreal, ordered a small body of volunteer cavalry to patrol as far as St. John's. They discovered some armed *habitans* at St. Athanase, on the other side of the Richelieu, who forbade their advance, but dispersed the next day on the approach of a Company of Infantry from Montreal.

On the 16th November a constable, escorted by a small party of volunteer cavalry, proceeded to St. John's, with warrants for the arrest of Messrs. Demaray and D'Avignon, accused of treason. Having accomplished this object they were attacked on their return by a large body of armed men, posted judiciously behind the fences on each side of the road: the prisoners were liberated, and the cavalry driven back—a few of them being wounded.

Men's minds had been gradually preparing for violence and bloodshed, yet this outrage excited intense interest in Montreal. No time was lost in endeavouring to avenge it, and next morning Lieut. Colonel Wetherall commanding the Royal Regiment, with four companies, two guns and some cavalry, was ordered to move from Longueuil to Chambly, scouring the country as he went along. Some of the volunteers who had been wounded in the affair of the day before, accompanied this expedition. The Colonel dispersed one or two armed bands, taking a few prisoners, but his chief difficulty was the bad road.

A degree of artificial confidence had now been raised in the minds of the vain peasantry in the neighbourhood; and the slight success of liberating two state prisoners and repulsing a handful of cavalry, puffed them up with the most extravagant ideas of ultimate success in the approaching struggle with the Government. In the mean time warrants had at length been

issued for the apprehension of Papineau, O'Callaghan and several others, who immediately repaired to the great rendezvous ordered at the village of St. Charles.

The news of the rescue of Messrs. Demaray and D'Avignon was rapidly spread along the populous banks of the Richelieu, and excited great rejoicings amongst the *habitans*. Large masses of them soon began to assemble at two points on the right bank—St. Charles and St. Denis. At St. Charles twelve hundred rebels, as we must now term them, took possession of the Seigniorial Mansion of Mr. Debartzch, a wealthy and talented Canadian gentleman—a Legislative Councillor, and formerly a great friend of Mr. Papineau; but who had abandoned him soon after the arrival of Lord Gosford, and attached himself to his Administration. During Mr. Debartzch's popular career he had the misfortune, and I must add—the folly, to patronize for some time, the seditious newspaper of which mention has been made before—the "*Echo du Pays*," and now reaped the bitter fruit of seed sown by himself. For it is but reasonable to suppose that the savage spirit amongst his own vassals, before which he fled at the risk of his life to Montreal, had derived very much of its venom from the atrocious doctrines inculcated by the Gazette of the "Village Debartzch;" although it may be true that he at length suppressed the paper. The insurgents now, commanded by an American named Brown, commenced stockading the village, cutting down Mr. Debartzch's beautiful trees for this purpose; killing and salting his cattle, luxuriating amongst his fat poultry, and regaling themselves with his wines.

At St. Denis, seven miles down the river, Wolfred Nelson, learning that a warrant was out for his apprehension, collected a large mass of the neighbouring *habitans*, variously armed, and made preparations to resist the law. The number of men under his command cannot be easily ascertained, as reinforcements were constantly arriving; but it is believed at last to have amounted to eleven or twelve hundred—the majority bearing firearms. These Mr. Nelson posted in the strongest houses in the village, distributed an ample allowance of his whiskey amongst them, and bade defiance to the Government.

Mr. Papineau, O'Callaghan, and two or three other leaders repaired secretly to this neighbourhood as soon as they found

measures taking for their apprehension; and continued at St. Denis or St. Charles until the approach of Colonel Wetherall's column, when Papineau crossed the river and remained on the other side during the action. In this he took no part personally—having been always—

"A dog in forehead, but in heart a deer."

After the calamitous result, which he must have witnessed with feelings of torture and agony, if any vestige of humanity remained; he concealed himself for some days, and then with much difficulty made his escape to the States.

Under these grave circumstances, with the whole dense population of the six Counties, perhaps of the whole Province, ripe for insurrection, no time was to be lost in attacking these strong holds. A combined military movement was therefore ordered by the Commander of the Forces; and on the 22nd November, two columns of troops, as strong as could then be detached from Montreal, were directed to move from Chambly and Sorel, on St. Charles and St. Denis.

At Sorel the navigable river Richelieu joins the St. Lawrence. The detachment ordered hence on St. Denis, eighteen miles distant on the same bank, consisted of nearly three hundred men of the 24th, 32nd and 66th regiments, with a few volunteer cavalry and a howitzer, under the command of Colonel Gore, the Deputy Quarter Master General: having a small steamboat at his disposal for the conveyance of ammunition and provisions.

Colonel Gore commenced his march at ten o'clock of a very stormy night; making a *detour* to his left when leaving Sorel to conceal his object. The weather was as bad as possible—the cold benumbed, and the thick snow-drift blinded the men, whilst the tenacious mud of the execrable road pulled off their boots and mocassins. The column, however, persevered, and on approaching St. Ours, avoided that village, and turned up a Concession road to the left. After a most toilsome and miserable night-march of twelve hours the troops arrived half frozen at St. Denis. Here they were received by a hot fire from the outskirts of the village, which warmed and animated them; and in the excite-

ment of combat the fatiguing exertions of the dreary night were soon forgotten.

The enemy's chief strength lay in some high stone houses at the east end of the village, from the numerous windows of which they poured an incessant fire. The defenders were well covered, and the officer of artillery could make little impression with his light gun; although one lucky shot, entering by a window, killed a dozen of the rebels. In the mean time several men had fallen amongst the troops; and an officer of the 32d, named Markham, distinguished by his romantic gallantry, was pierced by four balls, yet without mortal injury. The whole detachment, covering themselves as they might, persisted bravely in their endeavour to overpower the fire of their adversaries; and the 66th Light Company being good marksmen, in an effective position, and commanded by a cool and brave man, Crompton, brought down a number of the enemy. Amongst others less distinguished, Mr. Ovide Perrault, a Member of the Assembly, fell under their fire.

After gallantly, though fruitlessly, persevering for four hours, until his ammunition began to fail; whilst additional numbers were pouring in from the neighbourhood to reinforce the insurgents—Colonel Gore found himself unable to carry the village with his small force, and retired to Sorel; having the mortification of leaving his gun behind sticking in the frozen mud, and with a loss of twenty men, killed and wounded.

It may be somewhat presumptuous in the Writer to criticise military operations, yet an old Peninsular Officer cannot avoid expressing his regret that Colonel Gore should not have economised his men's strength more on the advance. Brought up in the Wellington school, and distinguished for personal intrepidity in the Peninsula, he was eager to push on in obedience to his orders to join Colonel Wetherall: yet physical impossibilities are not to be surmounted, and orders however peremptory, *must* be sometimes discretionary. Had he kept the line of the river, in communication with his boat, and rested his column at St. Ours, instead of avoiding it—thus bringing the troops comparatively fresh into action, there would have been, in all probability, a different result. As it was, the consequences were most calamitous—the whole detachment was put *hors de combat*, the gun

was lost, and the steam-boat being fired on at St. Ours, was only saved by the good conduct of an officer of the Commissariat, who overawed the cowardice or treachery of the Canadian Master, and conducted the boat back safe to Sorel.

Yet good arose from the evil. The check at St. Denis gave confidence to the rebels at St. Charles, and tended to make the chastisement they received there, the more exemplary and complete.

And here I must pause a moment to deplore the fate of Lieutenant Weir of the 32d regiment. This fine young man had been despatched by land from Montreal to Sorel; but from the badness of the roads could not reach that place until some hours after Colonel Gore's column had set out. He then started in a calèche in pursuit of the troops; but fatally followed the high road, passing them in the dark, who were then struggling through the Concession road far to his left; and on reaching St. Denis was made prisoner by Nelson. This man, however misguided, is of a generous nature and treated the officer with courtesy; but on the approach of Colonel Gore, he directed him to be conveyed to St. Charles under the charge of a person named Jalbert. Mr. Weir was most barbarously murdered in the village, and his mutilated remains were afterwards found sunk under a load of stones in the river. They were removed to Montreal and honoured by a distinguished public funeral.—The general character of Wolfred Nelson, and his kindness to some wounded soldiers who were made prisoners, repel the supposition that he was privy to this atrocity. But they who wantonly release men from the restraints of legal and social obligations are morally responsible for the excesses they commit.*

Colonel Wetherall's detachment when leaving Chambly, consisted of four Companies of the Royal Regiment, one of the 66th, two six pounders, and a detachment of Montreal Cavalry, amounting to about 350 men. They too started on the same dark and tempestuous night, and so great were the difficulties of moving troops at such a season that the ammunition wagon broke down on the short road to the upper ferry, and the column

* Jalbert was lately tried in Montreal for the murder of Mr. Weir, but the Jury composed of nine French Canadians and three of British or American origin, could not agree and were dismissed. The evidence on the trial appeared strongly criminatory of the prisoner.

took five hours to cross the river. It reached St. Mathias at 4 A. M. having been four hours in marching three miles.—Here, the troops being already exhausted by fatigue, the Col. halted for two or three hours—resumed his march at 7 A. M. on the 23d November, and reached St. Hilaire at 11. Conceiving that Col. Gore must have experienced the same difficulties as himself, and was probably halting at St. Ours, a messenger was now despatched to inform him of the position of the Chambly column, and that Colonel Wetherall intended attacking St. Charles, eight miles distant, the next morning.

At 2 A. M. on the 24th, the messenger returned, not having been able to pass St. Denis, bringing the disastrous news of the repulse of the Sorel people, which Colonel Wetherall could scarcely credit—yet prudently acted on its truth; sending a courier with the intelligence to Montreal, and directing Major Warde of the Royal to join the column immediately with the Grenadier Company from Chambly. This order was obeyed with great expedition, boats having been found to bring the men down the river.

At 7 P. M. Colonel Wetherall made a feigned march of a couple of miles towards St. Charles, with the object of alarming the enemy, discovering their signals and harassing them by keeping them on the alert. The troops then returned and enjoyed a good night's rest, whilst the rebels were watching all night. Thus the ruse succeeded admirably.

At 10 A. M. on the 25th November, no intelligence having been received from Montreal, Colonel Wetherall marched on St. Charles. He found all the houses along the road deserted and barricaded, and all the bridges broken down. The last bridge crossed a deep ravine with wooded banks—affording a good military position, which had been stockaded and occupied immediately before the arrival of the troops—the rebels' dinners being found on the fires. Half a mile farther on was another skilful stockade which was also deserted.

When within half a mile of St. Charles the column was fired at from the other side of the Richelieu and from some barns. The fire was returned by the advanced guard and a barn was burned. Colonel Wetherall then halted to reconnoitre, and was immediately received by a loud cheer of defiance from the

stockaded village, Mr. Debartzch's house and the opposite bank of the river, followed by a heavy fire.

The Light Infantry were now extended to the left of the road, and the main body of the column moved to the right; whilst one gun was playing with cannister and grape shot on the stockade to the left, and another with round and grape on the loop-holed house; from whence a well directed fire was kept up, but with little effect, as the men were well sheltered.

Thus things continued for half an hour, when the whole column was advanced to a rail fence and ditch about a hundred yards from the stockade. A body of sixty or seventy rebels now had the temerity to advance from their cover and attempt to turn the Colonel's right flank, but were repulsed with loss; and the fire being now very hot from the stockade, and every mounted officer having had his horse killed or wounded, a general charge and advance was ordered, and after some fifteen minutes' smart work, the stockade was stormed, the loop-holed houses set on fire, and nearly two hundred of the rebels bayonetted or shot.

From a Journal found in the house of Mr. Blanchette, the Priest of St. Charles, it appeared that the insurgents, alarmed by Colonel Wetherall's feigned march from St. Hilaire, had been under arms the whole night in expectation of an attack. It was also established that this recreant Clergyman had assembled the rebels in the Church of St. Charles the morning of the action, and given them his benediction.

Sunday, the 26th, was employed in burying the dead; a few of whom were given up to their relations who came to seek them. In the course of the day several despatches were received from St. Hilaire, stating that a strong force of the rebels was assembling in that neighbourhood, prepared to cut off Colonel Wetherall's retreat from Chambly. It now became a question, therefore, whether the Colonel should follow the fugitives to St. Denis, or attack the more formidable body in his rear. After due deliberation he decided on the latter, and marched early on the 27th.

Having carefully conducted his wounded to St. Hilaire, and left a guard to protect them, Colonel Wetherall, on the morning of the 28th, advanced on a body of one thousand insurgents

strongly posted near St. Mathias, with two guns, which he attacked and dispersed, with the loss of their guns and four or five killed. He then re-crossed the Richelieu and returned to Chambly the same evening.

Colonel Wetherall is a very fortunate man, but also one of the class who deserve good fortune. At this critical time the fate of the Province may be truly said to have depended on his capacity and exertions, and he proved himself equal to the responsibility. Throughout this perplexing march—cut off from all communication with Head Quarters—deprived of the co-operation of his colleague, and isolated amidst masses of a furious insurgent peasantry, his conduct commands unmixed admiration. In the determination to attack St. Charles alone, even when the rebels were flushed with their recent success, and in the actual assault, we recognize sagacity and intrepidity—the firm nerve and undisturbed judgment of a consummate soldier.

Nor should an humbler name be passed unnoticed. Lieut. Johnston who led the company of the 66th, (left being in front,) was the first officer, and nearly the first individual, who cleared the fence, cheering on his men beautifully, and eliciting from the high-minded Commander the compliment—"Well done 66th!"

The news of Colonel Gore's disaster diffused the greatest alarm in Montreal, for it was coupled with the expectation of a general rising throughout the Province. In fact, the most fatal consequences might have followed but for the instantaneous corrective afforded by the success of Colonel Wetherall. As soon as the news arrived much uneasiness was felt at Head Quarters respecting the latter officer, and courier after courier was despatched to recal him: happily they were all intercepted, and the silly captors, who rejoiced as the successive messengers fell into their hands, little knew what irreparable injury they were thus doing their own cause.

On the 5th of December, Martial Law was proclaimed in the District of Montreal, and rewards were offered for the apprehension of Papineau and several of the instigators of the rebellion.

Early in the month, Colonel Gore, eager to revenge and

retrieve his misfortune, entered St. Denis and St. Charles at the head of a stronger force; recovered his gun and some wounded, and found the dead body of poor Weir. He then burned the houses of the chief rebels, penetrated to St. Hyacinthe, collected arms, received the submission of many of the *habitans*, pacified all that country and left garrisons in some of the most disaffected villages.

After the route at St. Charles some of the rebel chiefs fled across the lines into the United States, and were received with open arms by the inhabitants of the border towns of Vermont. Subscriptions were raised for them—arms supplied—including two brass guns stamped with the American Eagle, and the fair borderers taxed themselves to provide the patriots, as they called themselves, with colours. In fact, the ladies of Swanton worked a handsome pair, which they presented to Mr. Bouchette, son of the Surveyor General of Lower Canada, who had ungratefully espoused the rebel cause. These, with Bouchette himself, who was wounded, the guns, several muskets and some treasure, were captured by the gallant yeomanry of Missisquoi Bay, Lake Champlain, on the first irruption of the rebels and their American friends into the Province.

When the repulse at St. Denis was known at Montreal, emissaries of mischief were despatched from thence to different parts of the Province, but without raising the population any where except in that disaffected section of country about the Lake of the Two Mountains. Throughout the rest of Lower Canada, the Clergy, the principal Seigneurs and most influential French Canadians discountenanced these criminal proceedings; and only the immediate circle about Papineau, contaminated by his sedition, awed by his boldness, fascinated by his eloquence and perverted by the long impunity attending his career—rose in rebellion: the rest of the Canadians maintained a passive integrity.

In the meantime the men of British origin and the American settlers in the Province behaved nobly. The latter came forward prominently to warn their brethren in the States against joining the insurgents; to disabuse them of the erroneous notions they had entertained respecting British rule in Canada, and to pledge themselves to support the just and mild Govern-

ment under which they lived. The English, Irish and Scotch, acted with characteristic energy and rose against this foul rebellion as one man. Corps of volunteers were enrolled every where; and in Montreal and Quebec five thousand brave men were armed, trained and put on garrison duty in the short space of a winter month. There was much moral beauty and interest in this simultaneous burst of genuine patriotism; and it was delightful to see these ardent civilians drilling diligently even amidst the intense cold of this hyperborean climate, and afterwards rivalling in steadiness and military proficiency their companions in arms of the line.

CHAPTER XXIII.

AFFAIR OF ST. EUSTACHE.—ARRIVAL OF THE TROOPS OVER LAND FROM NEW BRUNSWICK AND HALIFAX.—MACKENZIE'S INSURRECTION IN UPPER CANADA.

" Gently stroke an angry nettle
And it stings you for your pains ;
Grasp it like a man of mettle—
Soft as silk it then remains.

" 'Tis the same with vulgar natures ;
Use them kindly—they rebel—
But be rough as nutmeg graters,
And the rogues will serve you well."

The Head Quarters with two companies of the 66th remained during the winter in Quebec, whilst the other four had been sent up the river in October, and had done good service in the affairs of St. Denis and St. Charles. Our old friend and Commanding Officer, Colonel Nicol, was promoted in the brevet of 1837, and in quitting the corps bore with him its warmest good wishes and affectionate regret.

The county of the Lake of the Two Mountains had been one of the chief scenes of Mr. Papineau's declamations during the summer, and the population was so generally perverted, that at the meeting of the five counties their arrangements for military enrolment, the election of magistrates, and other illegal acts, were highly praised, and made the model for the rest. Thither, therefore, after the St. Denis repulse a certain Swiss adventurer, named Girod, repaired ; making St. Eustache, the principal village, his Head Quarters : where by exaggerations and lies, and promises of the plunder of Montreal, he soon induced a large number of men to raise the standard of rebellion.

For some weeks M. Girod met with no interruption, for the operations to the south of the St. Lawrence absorbed all the

disposable troops. Many excesses and robberies, consequently, were committed on the few loyal people in and about St. Eustache, who mostly fled to Montreal, terrified by M. Girod's threats and exactions. As soon, therefore, as the organization of the volunteers was well advanced, and that important place could be safely left to their guardianship, Sir John Colborne resolved to do this daring bandit the honour of marching against him in person.

Accordingly, on the 13th December three British Regiments, the Royal, 32nd and 83rd, a squadron of Volunteer Cavalry, a Corps of Infantry and Rifles, with six guns and a Rocket Brigade—forming a force of sixteen or seventeen hundred men, marched out of Montreal amidst the rapturous cheering of the British population. Besides the main body from Montreal, two companies of the 24th Regiment, (a corps indefatigable in its exertions this winter,) quartered at the Carillon Rapids of the Ottawa, with some militia and volunteers, were directed to move on Grand Brulé, a post of the rebels, and co-operate with the principal force.

One bridge over the branch of the Ottawa, between Ile Jésus and the Island of Montreal, had been secured by a detachment; but another over the northern arm was destroyed by Girod. This, however, during operations in a Canadian winter is not of much consequence. Two short marches brought the troops to the broken bridge, when it was found necessary to move three or four miles farther down the river to find a gentler current, with ice strong enough to cross. By good fortune it had frozen very keenly the preceding three days, so that little difficulty was experienced. Indeed the weather had been most adverse to the rebel cause throughout, so that the superstitious *habitans* had some reason for their peevish and impious exclamation—"*Le bon Dieu n'est pas patriote!*" The winter appeared to relax his grasp on the St. Lawrence, on purpose that troops and munitions of war might be conveyed from Quebec to Montreal much later than usual; and now a severe frost occurred exactly when necessary for the furtherance of military operations.

Before crossing the river some shots were fired on the troops from the Church of St. Eustache, which had been barricaded

and strongly garrisoned. Some other buildings were also occupied, but the stone Church was the rebel-citadel. Six or seven hundred armed men mustered in the place that morning; however, on the approach of the troops, three or four hundred of the faint-hearted fled; and it was thus a melancholy spectacle to witness so hopeless a struggle.

As soon as the Artillery crossed the river arrangements were made for the assault of the place, and two of the guns were planted against the Church. The greater part of the Infantry was placed in cover, and different houses and positions around the town were occupied to command the fire of the insurgents and intercept the runaways. The guns were light and could do nothing against the massive walls or their defenders, except disturbing and blinding them with dust, when a bullet entered by a door or window and pulverized the thick plaster coating the inside. This must have been one reason why the garrison fired so badly; for, though the guns were within half-musket range, no Artilleryman was touched during the last half hour. At length the Sacristy and the Church itself were set on fire and stormed by Major Ward and the Royal Regiment, with scarcely any loss. The rebels then attempted to escape, but about a hundred, with Dr. Chenier their leader, were killed and many taken prisoners. More than half of this beautiful village was now reduced to ashes.

M. Girod abandoned the poor wretches he had betrayed soon after the beginning of the action, wandered about the country for some days, but finding it impossible to escape, shot himself. Girouard, a principal chief and instigator of the rebellion, with one or two others, were soon after apprehended and lodged in gaol.

Next morning, the 15th of December, the Commander of the Forces marched to St. Benoit, a disaffected village, where he found a body of three hundred penitent rebels drawn up in line—many on their knees; with grounded arms, each having a white rag in his hand. The arms were secured and the *habitans* pardoned and dismissed.

Almost immediately after the arrival of the Montreal troops, the column of the 24th from Carillon made its appearance; a simultaneous precision that would have been of considerable

importance had Girod defended the post of Grand Brulé as was expected.

The insurrection here being thus effectually crushed, Colonel Maitland with the 32nd Regiment and two guns was sent on to St. Scholastique and St. Therèse, two rebel villages, to receive the submission of the peasantry and collect arms. The insurgents here also surrendered unconditionally and were pardoned—the salutary severity of St. Eustache, like the chastisement at St. Charles, having pacified all the neighbourhood. Sir John Colborne then returned to Montreal; the whole business having only occupied four days.

Soon after his return a large portion of the prisoners taken in action, against whom no previous charge could otherwise be alleged, were liberated from gaol. Indeed the utmost clemency on the part of the Government and its civil and military officers, was a pleasing and marked characteristic during the whole of the first rebellion; and justice was only permitted to claim a portion of her rights at the close of the second, because the previous mercy had been so grossly abused.

Quebec, under its vigilant Commandant, Colonel Rowan, enjoyed comparative quiet during these stirring times. Early in November five or six French Canadians were apprehended on charges of sedition, put in gaol four or five days, and then released on bail. On their liberation a crowd of their countrymen—principally from the large suburb of St. Roch—collected to cheer them, when a riot on a small scale took place between the Irish and Canadians—a few heads and windows were broken, and after a desultory skirmish the suburbans were chased out of the gates. The Magistrates then interfered and prohibited all assemblages in the streets.

One dark and gloomy morning about an hour before daybreak, three alarm guns were fired from the Artillery Bastion, which were answered immediately from the Citadel, according to previous arrangements. The Garrison turned out instantly—the Volunteers mustered and repaired to their alarm posts—the bombardiers stood to their guns—the guards at the different gates listened for the approaching enemy—mounted officers repaired to the Commandant for orders—and every body longed for day-light. Day at length broke, but no enemy appeared;

and it turned out that all this pother arose from the servants of the Hôtel-Dieu having set fire to some straw to scald a pig.

Early in January 1838, the 43rd, and then the 85th and 34th arrived from Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, after a toilsome march of four hundred miles. They suffered little until approaching Quebec, when several of the men contracted pulmonary inflammation from sleeping in the woods at a temperature of 20 or 25 degrees below zero of Fahrenheit. But at most of their halts temporary huts had been prepared for them, and provisions got ready by the exertions of the Commissariat, whose good arrangements in all parts of the two Provinces have essentially contributed to the early suppression of both rebellions.

Some uneasiness was felt as to the reception the troops would meet from the Canadians along the Kamouraska road, and it was even feared that they might be opposed at one or two strong points; but these apprehensions turned out groundless, and much cordiality and even kindness were shewn them on the march.

When the first division of the 43rd arrived at Point Levi, opposite Quebec, the river happened to be very smooth and free from floating ice—the day was clear and fine, and the little fleet of canoes, each with its tiny red-cross flag, came across very regularly. Considered in all its bearings the scene was spirit-stirring in no slight degree. The troops of the line, volunteers, and innumerable other spectators lined the wharves; and when the first canoe touched the shore, two military bands struck up the national air, but the music was soon drowned in the thunder of the cheering—which was reflected after a few seconds from the high bank opposite, and again was heard re-reverberating and dying away among the rocks of the lofty Citadel—the fitting asylum of the last loyal echo. The division then formed and marched to the barracks, escorted by the Quebec Volunteers, and preceded by the music, where, in the enjoyment of the good cheer prepared for them by their comrades of the Garrison, they soon forgot the toils of their long and dreary march.

Great manifestations of loyalty now broke out amongst the French Canadians, and numerous meetings were held throughout the Province, from which warm, and even fulsome addresses

were sent to the Governor, which he interpreted as favourably as they could desire. It was amusing to contrast some of these with their Papineau resolutions three or four months before. However, it is wise not to be too inquisitive as to motives when the overt act is correct, and men are sometimes kept honest by the belief of their integrity. The fact is certain that the Districts of Quebec and Three Rivers have remained quiet, whilst only the serfs of Papineau, in a part of the District of Montreal, rose in rebellion; and as the others might have done so too, yet did not—though a simultaneous revolt would have been very embarrassing—the population of the good sections of the country—constituting the great majority of the inhabitants, should not in justice be deprived of their character as loyal subjects of the Crown.

INSURRECTION IN UPPER CANADA.

Mr. Joseph Hume in a letter to Mr. Mackenzie, dated Bryanstone Square, London, 29th March 1834, made use of the following language: "Your triumphant election on the 16th, and ejection from the Assembly on the 17th, must hasten that crisis which is fast approaching in the affairs of the Canadas, and which will terminate in *independence and freedom from the baneful domination of the Mother Country.*"

Pursuant to this advice, conveyed in the imposing language of prophecy, Mackenzie during the summer of 1837, had been labouring with zeal and energy worthy of a better cause, to fulfil the prediction. He travelled many a weary mile through the country, collecting public meetings, haranguing mobs, and disseminating seditious placards; producing batches of violent resolutions and urging in direct terms a simultaneous insurrection in support of Mr. Papineau's operations in the Lower Province. There are some base natures that after being spurned will fawn the more; so this man appeared now the more zealous in behalf of the demagogue of Lower Canada, because he had been slighted and cut by that proud person at Quebec, the year before, as himself has since complained in a letter to O'Callaghan, who had also insulted him.

At several of these meetings Mackenzie found himself in a minority and received rough treatment, but at others he carried his point. His principal strength lay about Lloyd Town, and two or three Townships on Yonge street, a straight road, thirty miles long, connecting Lake Simcoe with Toronto.—These Townships had been mostly settled by Americans or Germans; and with a few others in the London District, whose population was also of foreign origin, were eager to imbibe his political poison.

In October and November, Mackenzie's paper, oddly named "*The Constitution*," had rivalled Mr. Papineau's prints in inculcating open treason. Meetings of armed men for military drill, were held along Yonge street; and dark and threatening rumours of a general rising of the disloyal began to disturb the peace of the Province, now left without any military force by the recent withdrawing of the troops to Lower Canada.

Still believing that Mackenzie's adherents were a mere handful compared with the great body of the population, he was not disturbed in his operations, and the Lieutenant Governor permitted him to proceed unchecked, with rather hazardous incredulity of his power to do mischief. However, Proclamations were issued, forbidding the military trainings, and a General Order called out the Militia on the 4th December.

Mackenzie feared the militia and determined to anticipate their assembling. He resolved therefore to collect his desperadoes, make a bold push on the defenceless city, set it on fire in different places, seize the person of the Governor, the money in the Bank, and profit in every way by the confusion of the sudden attack.

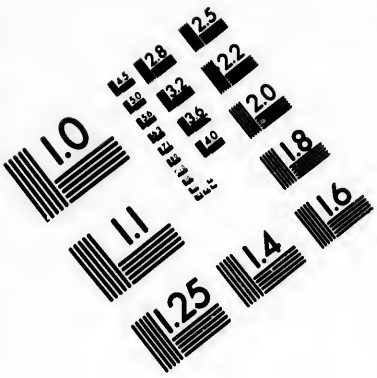
Accordingly, Mackenzie the chief leader, with Gibson, Lount and a bold ruffian named Anderson, assembled a body of four or five hundred armed men at Montgomery's Tavern, four miles from Toronto, on the 3rd December, and prepared to enter the city the same evening, where all was yet quietness and fancied security; for though warned of the danger, Sir Francis Head could not be induced to believe that a real attack was impending. But some reports of approaching mischief beginning to circulate, two gentlemen of the city went out to reconnoitre in the Yonge street direction; and about a mile from the northern suburb,

encountered Mackenzie, Anderson, and one or two others on horseback, who stopped and ordered them to surrender. One was taken prisoner; but the other, Mr. Powell, shot Anderson and escaped to Toronto, communicating to the Lieutenant Governor and the citizens, the momentous intelligence of the near approach of the rebels.

Sir Francis Head, who from incredulity had been somewhat supine before, now bestirred himself. The citizens flew to arms, and all classes joined enthusiastically to repel the enemy and to fight literally "*pro aris et focis.*" The Governor loaded his double-barrelled gun—the Chief Justice shouldered his musket like a fine and gallant fellow as he is; whilst Judges, Lawyers, Doctors and the most respectable people in the place, followed the patriotic example. The point of assembly was the Town Hall, where there was a small depôt of arms, which were now distributed; and here the citizens kept watch for the rebels all night. A garrison was thrown into the Bank—barricades were hastily erected, and messengers were sent in all directions for reinforcements.

The long-expected morn at length dawned, but Mackenzie came not. He and his followers were alarmed by the death of Anderson, whilst the ringing of the College bell gave note of preparation in the city. But to treason, murder and arson had now been added by this atrocious villain. A most respectable gentleman, Colonel Moodie, formerly of the 104th Regiment, was shot in passing along the road to Toronto; and the house of Mr. Horne. an officer of the Upper Canada Bank, was burned to the ground under Mackenzie's immediate direction, for no other reason than the hatred he bore to this institution.

During Tuesday, the 5th December, the defensive arrangements of the town were perfected, and additional numbers of the citizens supplied with arms, whilst Sir Francis Head humanely sent messengers to the insurgents, imploring them to disperse, and offering them in that case a free pardon. But one of the messengers, Dr. Rolph, with the most nefarious treachery, betrayed the confidence reposed in him, and urged on the misguided rebels to an immediate attack. He is now wandering in the States, a contemptible outcast; affording a



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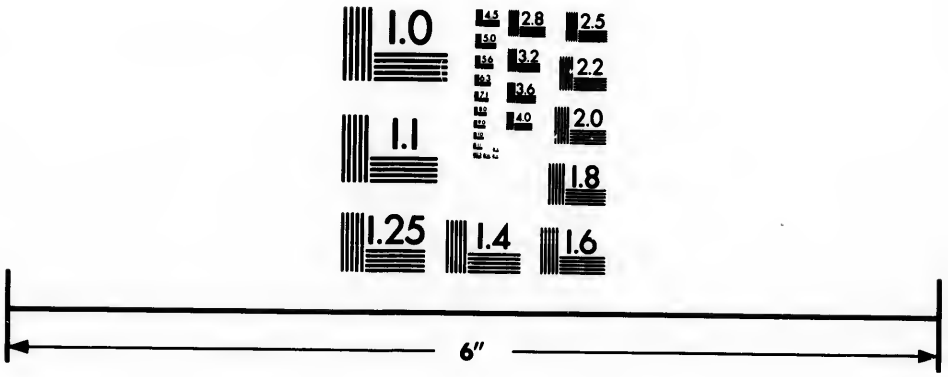

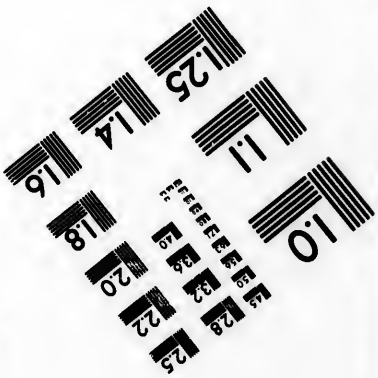

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striking example of the danger of possessing talent without moral principle.

On Tuesday evening Mackenzie again advanced at the head of his forces within a mile of the city; but on getting into fire with an advanced picket their hearts once more failed them, and they retired to their former position near Montgomery's Tavern. This was another anxious night in Toronto.

In the course of Wednesday strong reinforcements poured into the town from the Gore District, Scarborough and other places, which were organized for an attack on the rebels next day. Confidence now began to revive, and the citizens looked forward without apprehension to something decisive on the morrow, which should put an end to the harassing vigils of the two last nights.

On Thursday morning, the 7th, the Lieutenant Governor placed himself at the head of a force of one thousand men, and marched out to attack the rebels. After about an hour's desultory skirmishing they were defeated and dispersed in all directions—the houses of some of the leaders were then burned, and after a pursuit of five or six miles the loyal defenders of Toronto returned in triumph to the city.

In the London District three or four hundred insurgents had been collected by a certain Dr. Duncombe, an American Member of the Assembly, who had gone to England to accuse Sir Francis Head and pour his griefs into Mr. Hume's sympathising breast; but did not dare to substantiate the calumnies he circulated when he returned to the Province. Mr. Joseph Hume *may be* a loyal subject of the Queen; yet, if so, he is peculiarly unfortunate, for his bosom friends from this country have hitherto sadly discredited his instructions and all turned out traitors. But, to resume—Colonel McNab, the Speaker of the Assembly, who had hastened to the aid of Toronto at the head of his brave men of Gore, was now despatched against Duncombe, and soon accomplished his mission—dispersing and disarming the insurgents, who abandoned their leader, threw down their arms and implored pardon.

But although this contemptible *émeute* was so easily crushed without the assistance of a single regular soldier, it has been attended with consequences of great importance as affecting

the international relations of Great Britain and the United States, and seriously compromising the growing amity between these kindred nations.

From the beginning of the disturbances in the Lower Province in November, 1837, an unfriendly feeling towards England had been shewn all along the frontier of New York and Vermont. The American press teemed with exaggerations and falsehoods respecting the supposed defeat of the Queen's troops, and the triumphs of the insurgents. Most atrocious statements of cruelties perpetrated by the soldiers on their prisoners were conspicuously inserted in the border journals, and thence copied, *con amore*, into the thousand newspapers of the Union. Imaginary executions for treason also figured in their columns; and, so notoriously false were all the accounts of the rebellion, that in most of the Canadian papers there was a space appropriated to them under the title of "Lies of the American Press."

The frontier population did not content themselves with publishing imaginary successes of the "patriots"—they received them with open arms—assembled at large meetings to express admiration for their cause and detestation of their English oppressors—cherished, fed and clothed them; supplying them with money, arms and ammunition in the very teeth of the proclamations of their own Governors, the laws of their own choice and the orders of the General Government. So high raged this excitement that for a considerable period no loyal subject of the Queen of England could travel in the States adjoining Canada, without the greatest risk of insult or violence.

This untoward state of things was, no doubt, as painful to honest Americans as Englishmen; but unfortunately by the constitution of their Government the well principled few can do little or nothing against the vicious many—the influence of the multitude, which is, when reduced to its elements, the ascendency of brute force directed by evil passions, is a predominant and uncompensated power in the States. Mob-law or Lynch-law is only a local development of the broad principle on which the great federation is based—the volition of "the fierce democracy"—the powerful but unruly main-spring of all republics, past and present, which, at length acquiring dispropor-

tioned and enormous strength, shatters the rest of the machinery to pieces.

Acts of a still more unfriendly and hostile character, were soon after committed in Buffalo. Thither Mackenzie fled in disguise on his defeat at Toronto; and the next evening after his arrival found fifteen hundred admiring Americans waiting to receive him with acclamations at the theatre, and to hail him as the "Champion and Martyr of Liberty." A guard of honour was organized for his defence—recruiting for him was openly carried on in the streets; the ladies sent money and clothing to his hotel—the merchants contributed pork and flour—the mob robbed the State Arsenal for him with the connivance of the guard—and West Point Academy furnished him with a General.

In a few days, by another turn of the wheel of fortune, this singular mountebank found himself a person of consideration and the President of a Republic—*in posse*—at the head of a respectable force, with a formidable Artillery, posted in the natural fortress of Navy Island—a narrow wooded spit of British territory, in the centre current of the Niagara, two miles above the Cataract. Here Mackenzie amused himself in organizing a Government for Upper Canada, and in devising means of attracting adventurers to his standard; making liberal promises of money and land to all who should repair to Navy Island to emancipate the Canadas; and as Sir Francis Head had offered £1,000 reward for his apprehension, he retaliated by promising £500 for seizing Sir Francis.

These antics after the Massaniello fashion did not disgut the Americans: on the contrary they repaired in considerable numbers to Navy Island, bringing arms, provisions and money. A small steam-boat, named the Caroline, destined to be the most famous of her class, was cut out of her winter quarters in the ice at Buffalo, taken into the service of the patriots on hire, or served them for love; and commenced by conveying recruits and artillery, and military stores from the main land at Schlosser to Navy Island.

As soon as the Governor of the State of New York and the President found their attention necessarily called to these unlawful proceedings, they took certain languid and ineffectual

measures to recover the national arms from this piratical assemblage. However, thus early, there is much reason to believe that their heart was not right in the matter; at any rate their officers could do little against the popular will at Buffalo, and were obliged to content themselves with feeble remonstrances, from inability or unwillingness to go any greater lengths.—Some of their chief agents on this occasion, evinced a disgraceful ignorance, or a criminal recklessness of the usages and law of nations, in recognizing military rank in Van Ransellaer, a manifest pirate, fighting against one peaceful country and a felon against the laws of the other.

But a startling incident awoke the American authorities from their lethargy. The Caroline was cut from her moorings at Schlosser, on the night of the 29th December, by a party of Canadian Volunteers, commanded by Captain Drew of the Royal Navy, set on fire and sent flaming down the Cataract!

Viewed with its natural and necessary associations, this must have been a grand and awful spectacle. The blazing boat, shooting down like a portentous meteor—now feeling the awakening power of her own engines—now tossed with mad fury from one enormous rapid to another, whose white manes were for the first time tinged with fiery hues—the prompt punishment of a criminal enterprise—the gnashing of teeth from the Island, and the cheering from Chippawa—the possible future war in perspective—finally the sudden extinguishment of the flame in the boiling abyss—had, altogether, much moral and physical sublimity.

The frontier population, already hostile to Great Britain, were frenzied by the burning of the Caroline. Forgetting all the provocation that had led to it—their recent and flagrant violations of their own laws, the obligations of good faith and friendship, the recognized law of nations, and the moral law of God, and conscience—they breathed nothing but vengeance and abuse of Great Britain. Numerous meetings were held, in which Judges, Generals, Senators, Magistrates and Clergymen took part, where violent resolutions were passed by acclamation, couched in the most insulting terms, and imbued with a spirit of deadly hostility to the English Nation and Government. The Governor of the State of New York made the matter the subject of a special and

angry Message to the Legislature; but the joint Committee of the Senate and Representatives shewed good sense in declining to act in the business and referring it to the jurisdiction of the General Government. The Secretary of State wrote a temperate letter on the affair to the British Minister at Washington, to the effect that the American Government would demand redress from England; and the negociations still continue. It is not likely that any satisfaction will be obtained, since our Government has expressed admiration of the intrepidity displayed in the attack of the boat, and has honoured Mr. McNab, who directed the enterprise, with marked distinction.

The man who injures another is afterwards, if a bad man, proverbially implacable against him, and thus it often is with proud and vain nations. In the matter of the Canada insurrection the United States had put themselves notoriously in the wrong; yet on this check to their course of violent aggression—done in necessary self-defence—they have stormed and blustered from high to low, as if their hands were clean and they were palpably in the right.

It requires no very intimate acquaintance with Vattel or Puffendorf to know what is the Law of Nations and the dictate of natural equity in this matter. The question would seem altogether to hang on the point—did the boat convey military munitions to the pirates in forcible possession of British territory? If she did—and of this there can be no doubt—she was a partaker in their guilt—an accessary, and denationalised. It was, no doubt, a delicate point to touch her in the American waters, yet as there is abundant evidence that Schlosser, where she lay, was in the actual occupation of the Island adventurers or recruits going to join them, whom the American authorities were unable to dispossess—that place must be viewed precisely in the same category as the Island and the boat, and deemed to be unprotected by the jurisdiction of the States, which there, *de facto*, was powerless. No man has a right to harbour in his house the incendiaries who are plotting to destroy his friend's; and if he has not power nor inclination to oust them himself, it must be done for him. This was General Jackson's law, and Secretary Adam's law with the Spaniards in Florida; and is perfectly consonant with the dicta of the authorities and with national justice.

Stimulated by the feeling that originated from the affair of the Caroline, the United States Government began at length to act with some energy. The President officially confessed that the laws were defective, and that it was not in his power to maintain relations of amity with a friendly nation, pursuant to treaty. A bill slowly passed the Legislature, giving him the additional powers; proclamations were issued, and General Scott was sent to the agitated frontier to keep the peace.

The cunning traitor at Navy Island chuckled at the destruction of the Caroline, affording as it did a chance of embroiling the two nations: his infuriated followers kissed the points of their weapons, in imitation of the Paladins of old—and swore a deadly revenge. But being now deprived of their chief means of crossing to the Canada side, and seeing the militia clustering there in great numbers, they remained for some days inactive, keeping up a feeble cannonade, but not knowing what to do. In the mean time a strong force of Artillery being assembled at Chippawa, a vigorous fire was directed on the Island during the nights of the 14th and 15th of January, with much effect. On the evening of the 16th the place was abandoned, and the pirates were disarmed by the Americans.

Whilst this invasion was thus exploding, our frontier was assailed in a new quarter on the Detroit river, where some adventurers played the same game as at Buffalo, stultifying the people, collecting recruits, money and provisions, issuing flaming manifestoes, robbing the arsenals and seizing an Island. But General Sutherland who commanded here, was unsuccessful in his operations, and one of his schooners containing his Heads of Departments, Artillery and *materiel*, was taken by the gallant Yeomanry near Amherstburgh. The Authorities of Michigan shewed great supineness and seemed rather friendly to the patriots at first, but as soon as they saw the demonstrations of the General Government against them, they also began to bestir themselves, and arrested Sutherland.

It is not easy to account for the hostility shewn to Great Britain by the Americans during the whole of the late disturbances, for we had done nothing whatever to deserve it, but the contrary. Until the other day there was every appearance of growing amity between the countries, and English travellers

in the States, and Americans in England, concurred in their accounts of the pleasing progress of this happy state of international relations. The two Governments had been cordial—the Presidential Messages had of late years noticed England, generally, first on the list of foreign nations, and mentioned her in respectful and friendly terms; and the compliment had been returned in the speeches of our Ministers, and other influential persons in Parliament. We had lately behaved handsomely in the matter of the quarrel with the French, and had materially assisted in settling it; much against our own interests. The interruption of these friendly relations, therefore, is every way deplorable; and the more particularly as the bitter spirit raised on both sides is not likely soon to be allayed.

I fear there is a sordid feeling of envy of the greatness of England, and a desire to abase it at the bottom of all this; and that the recent outburst has been only an ebullition of deep and long cherished dislike, instilled by educational institutions, fostered by early prejudices and national vanity, and imbued with an additional tinge of acrimony every 4th of July. I believe, that notwithstanding their assertions to the contrary, they wish, from high to low, to push us altogether from this Continent. They are very wrong, for we would be quiet and useful neighbours if they would let us; and British influence once extinct here, there would be anarchy of a frightful description for some years—then probably, after much bloodshed, the merging of the Canadas and Lower Provinces in the Eastern section of the great Republic; which thus reinforced, and provided with the magnificent estuary of the St. Lawrence, would soon give laws to the Union, and eventually break it up. True American patriots, therefore, on this hypothesis, should not covet Canada: as it is they have hard work in keeping the abolitionists and slaves in order, warding off the Indians, and generally in managing their overgrown Republic. But notwithstanding the obligations of national faith and the more stringent influence of self-interest—if they *will* persist in bullying and reigning paramount in North America, John Bull will probably shew that he has still enough spirit left to make his grasp of it the firmer, and notwithstanding his present low condition, pluck up strength to deal some hard cuffs to any body who would wrest it from his hold.

CHAPTER XXIV.

DEPARTURE OF LORD GOSFORD AND ASSUMPTION OF THE GOVERNMENT BY SIR JOHN COLBORNE.—FRESH DISTURBANCES ALONG THE FRONTIER.—REINFORCEMENTS FROM ENGLAND.—ARRIVAL OF LORD DURHAM.

"Some, peradventure, have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived murder—some of beguiling virgins with the broken seals of perjury—some, making the wars their bulwark, that have before gored the gentle bosom of peace with pillage and robbery."

SHAKSPEARE.

AFTER an Administration of two years and a half the Earl of Gosford was recalled at his own request, and left Quebec in the end of February 1838. This Nobleman was himself an impersonation of the conciliation principle; and if kindness and amiabilty of nature could have sufficed to compose political strife, his Government would not have turned out a failure. He appears never to have correctly appreciated the difficulties he had to contend with, arising from the perfidious character of Papineau and his friends; and went away somewhat incredulous to the last, of their evil designs. Even after the recent extinguishment of an actual rebellion, which one party raised, and the other mainly assisted to suppress, he left the Province under the erroneous conviction that there was more reason to dread the men of British than of French origin. Had not Papineau, notwithstanding his declamatory talent, proved himself a sorry politician, he might nearly have made his own terms with the Government of Lord Gosford, and established French Canadian ascendency firmer than ever. But the impetuous passions of the man ever overcame his judgment, and he lost the golden opportunity. No doubt the transition from the turbulent politics of Lower Canada to the quiet and congenial pursuits of a good landlord and hospitable nobleman at Market-hill must be most agreeable to Lord Gosford.

Sir John Colborne now assumed the government, *ad interim*, to the great joy of the British party, who got up a grand illumination at Montreal on this occasion.

The Canadian refugees in the United States, failed not to make use of the destruction of the Caroline as a strong circumstance in their favour, and were soon able to excite fresh disturbances along the frontier. Dr. Robert Nelson, a Surgeon at Montreal, foolishly abandoned his profession for the strife of arms; raised a corps of Canadians with a few Americans on the New York border—published a pigmy Declaration of Independence, and entered Lower Canada a mile or two, on the 28th of February. His band of patriots, however, became alarmed at the preparations making to attack them, re-crossed the Line immediately and were disarmed by the American authorities. Similar demonstrations were made in the Upper Province, where, on the coasts of the great lakes there are always in winter a number of idle and demoralized people fit for any mischief. These now, incited by prospects and promises of plunder, enlisted freely to invade Canada; and found means, through the richer Americans, friendly to the cause, to provide themselves with money and provisions; whilst they stole, or took openly, the national arms and ammunition from the ill-guarded depôts and arsenals.

Gananoque and Kingston were threatened by bodies of these brigands in February 1838, who took momentary possession of a British Island, but abandoned it when they found a force from Kingston approaching. At the same time a body of two hundred and fifty started from the neighbourhood of Buffalo with two guns, intending to cross the ice and land above Fort Erie, but they were pursued by Colonel Worth and disarmed. Simultaneous irruptions took place higher up, and a force of three or four hundred adventurers moved from Detroit and took possession of another British Island on the 26th of February, from whence they were immediately driven by a detachment of the 32nd and 83rd regiments, and a body of militia commanded by Major Townshend 24th foot. These marauders were also disarmed when they reached the American shore, but not before they had abused the protection it afforded by firing from thence on the British.

A more serious attempt than any of these predatory irruptions was made at a large British Island at the head of Lake Erie, called Point Pele Island, which is twenty miles from the Canadian shore. Here a body of about four hundred American brigands, armed to the teeth with rifles, pistols, bayonets and huge carvers, called bowie knives, landed on the 28th of February, seized the few Canadian inhabitants and plundered them, and made preparations to cross to the vicinity of Amherstburgh. But there was a vigilant officer there who anticipated their attack. Colonel Maitland commanding the 32nd, having previously sent Captain Glasgow of the Royal Artillery—an officer of ubiquitous service this winter—to see if the ice was still passable, moved with a strong detachment from Amherstburgh, and after travelling all night in sleighs, a distance of forty miles, at a temperature below zero, arrived at the Island about daybreak. Here the Colonel detached Captain Browne of the 32nd, and two weak companies of that regiment, to the south shore, with a view to cut off the retreat of the invaders to the American side, whilst himself with the main body slowly penetrated through the deep snow at the northern end, in quest of them. The band of plunderers finding themselves in danger of being surrounded, boldly determined to concentrate their force and attack Browne's detachment—not one hundred strong; thus opening their way back to Sandusky. They accordingly advanced in regular military order—threw out skirmishers, and being secured by huge blocks of ice along the shore, opened a hot rifle fire on the 32nd. Browne was not slow in returning their fire, but finding himself greatly outnumbered, and seeing his handful of men falling fast, he formed line in extended order and thus charged his assailants, who, though four to one in number, immediately broke and ran into the wood. Soon after, they took to their sleighs and escaped to the American shore, with the loss of four of their chiefs and sixty or seventy killed and wounded. The 32nd had thirty men put *hors de combat.*

Now this was a very brilliant little affair—most honourable to the steadiness of the 32nd, and their intrepid leader Browne. Military writers have observed that the English is the only Infantry accustomed to charge with the bayonet two deep—

other armies forming their charging lines of double strength—which probably they require. Here we have a novelty suited to the emergency—a charge of a far superior force two deep and in extended order; and it is pleasing to observe that Captain Browne on this critical occasion in ordering it when he did, and in spreading his files to eke out his scanty front, proved himself the man of resources, presence of mind and firmness—giving promise of future fame, and demonstrating that the lesson he received early in life at Waterloo had not been forgotten.

About this time intelligence reached the Province of the suspension of the Canadian Constitution by an Act of the Imperial Parliament, the appointment of Lord Durham to be Governor General of British North America, and the preparations for sending out strong reinforcements to the Canadas. The appointment of Lord Durham did not give entire satisfaction; as many of the most intelligent and estimable people here feared the democratic tendencies ascribed to this nobleman: yet as he was believed to be of undoubted talent, high character and great wealth, they could not withhold from him their respect. The demonstrations of vigor in the embarkation of troops for Canada were applauded unanimously by the British party, whilst the French Canadians quietly submitted; now that the Ministry appeared determined to put forth the strength of the nation in the outraged cause of Law and Government.

Pursuant to the Act of Parliament vesting the legislative functions for Lower Canada in the Governor and a Special Council to be nominated by him, Sir John Colborne constituted his Council in the beginning of April and summoned it to meet at Montreal. It was composed of twenty-two gentlemen of respectable character, ability and property, selected on the whole with commendable impartiality from the two great classes in the Province. The Council commenced its labours on the 18th of April, passed twenty-one acts—many very judicious and useful—and was prorogued on the 5th of May.

On the 9th of May, Quebec was enlivened by the arrival of the Edinburgh 74, the Inconstant frigate, and the Apollo and Athol troop-ships, having on board Major General Sir James Macdonell and a Brigade of Guards, composed of the Grena-

dier and Coldstream Regiments. Soon after, these splendid Battalions disembarked and marched to the Citadel and Jesuits' Barracks, where they took up their quarters as the permanent garrison of the city. In thus sending some of the *élite* of her troops to occupy the chief bulwark of her power on this Continent, Great Britain gave no uncertain pledge of her determination to exert her strength for the preservation of this valuable portion of her vast Empire.

As soon as this fine Brigade reached Quebec, the regiments quartered there were sent up the river. Our Head Quarters moved to Three Rivers, where they remained during the summer. Troops now poured into the St. Lawrence—two Regiments of Cavalry—several Corps of Infantry, with strong reinforcements for those already in these Provinces, arrived in the early part of the summer; and our rural and quiet quarters at Three Rivers were animated by the frequent passage of the steamboats, covered with red coats, and musical with bugles and bands. Including the regiments from Nova Scotia and New Brunswick that had arrived early in the year, the additional force amounted to about ten thousand men.

On the 27th of May, the Hastings, of 74 guns, anchored at Quebec with the new Governor General, the Earl of Durham, on board. His Excellency did not land until the 29th, when he was received as became his high rank by Sir John Colborne, Sir James Macdonell and a large Military Staff. Immediately after being sworn in at the Council Chamber, he issued a proclamation couched in terms of decision and energy, but in a somewhat tumid style, indicative of no small self-esteem and self-importance.

The Castle of St. Louis having been burned, and there being no private mansion in Quebec fitted to accommodate the new Governor with his family and suite, the vacant House of Assembly was appropriated to this purpose; and thus, by a curious reverse, like a freak of retributive justice, those halls which had long echoed to eloquent declamation against the pride and pomp and tyranny of England, and where legislators clad in homespun garments and preaching republicanism had lately met, were now to be ornamented and occupied as a scene

for the most gorgeous luxury and festivity by one of the proudest of the English aristocracy.

Scarcely had Lord Durham established his Government when news of a vile act of piracy and arson was received at Quebec. The Sir Robert Peel, a British steamboat on Lake Ontario, when stopping at night to take in wood at an American Island, was boarded by a band of armed and disguised ruffians, the passengers, including several ladies, were robbed and maltreated, and the boat was burnt.

The Governor General immediately issued a spirited proclamation offering a large reward for the apprehension of the criminals, and assuring the loyal people on the frontiers that they would be protected in future by an adequate military force, and that an application would be made for reparation of the injury to the American Government.

Shortly after Lord Durham's arrival congratulatory and very flattering addresses began to be sent in to him from various parts of both Provinces, and at length arrived so fast that it required no mean tact to vary the answers—necessarily of the same purport—and avoid tautology. The same overweening self-esteem, to which allusion has already been made, characterized His Excellency's replies ; accompanied with much magniloquence and many fine promises.

On the 31st of May, the Governor dismissed the Executive Council of the Province by a courteous letter to each member from Mr. Buller his chief Secretary, and soon after formed another, composed of his own Secretaries, the Provincial Secretary and the Commissary General—being five persons. On the 28th of June a new Special Council was appointed—also composed of five members.

The first ordinance of the Special Council, dated the 28th June, banished eight political criminals to the Island of Bermuda, and threatened them, together with Papineau and fifteen others with death, if they entered the Province without permission. The second ordinance pardoned all the other prisoners, and liberated them on giving security for good behaviour. All the refugees from Lower Canada, with the above exceptions, were permitted to return to their homes on the same conditions.

Now, however despotic and severe this first measure of the

Government of Lord Durham was made to appear afterwards in England by the special pleading of the lawyers, it was probably the wisest and most humane mode of disposing of the eight prisoners, taken for the most part *in flagrante delicto*, and who had confessed their guilt—with whom, moreover, Lord Durham's administration ought not to have been embarrassed. The threat to the fifteen outlaws constituted a statute, analogous to the ordinary procedure at home, in the case of felons returning from transportation before the expiration of the sentence; and was imperatively demanded by the necessity of the case. The two ordinances, largely considered, were framed with due regard to the temperance of the claims of justice by a great preponderance of mercy; and their repeal at home from a petty technicality—which should have been there amended—was, I presume to say, most unwise. The ministry, parliament and people, did not sufficiently understand or consider the perplexing difficulties surrounding the disposal of these criminals.

Early in July the Governor General proceeded on a tour to the Upper Province, accompanied by his family. His Lordship was received at Montreal with acclamation, and a most complimentary address was there presented to him. Proceeding on his journey he visited Cornwall, Prescott, Brockville, Kingston and Toronto, and arrived at the Falls of Niagara, much pleased with his reception in Upper Canada. Here he spent a few days, exercising a liberal hospitality and shewing much attention and civility to the Americans. After reviewing the 43rd Regiment and holding one or two short conferences with the Lieutenant Governor of Upper Canada, Lord Durham returned to Quebec on the 27th July.

He now engaged heartily in official business, and publicly and privately laboured with sedulous diligence to make himself perfectly acquainted with the internal economy of the Provinces of his Government—under one unhappy bias and presupposition, however, that before his arrival whatever was, *was wrong*. Commissions to obtain information on half a dozen important subjects were instituted. The Lieutenant Governors of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward's Island, with certain influential persons delegated from the Lower Provinces, were summoned to Quebec; and a grand scheme for a federa-

tion of the five British Provinces into one General Government was submitted to their consideration.

Amidst much that was purely theoretic, and not a little that was visionary, His Excellency also busied himself with the tangible and directly useful; and conferred at least one solid benefit on the cities of Quebec and Montreal by establishing a good Police in each—moreover His Lordship embellished both cities a little. He could not command funds to raise the old Château of St. Louis from its ruins, but he removed those unsightly remains which disfigured Quebec, and formed a handsome planked terrace on that commanding site, affording a cheerful and healthy promenade for the inhabitants, with a fine view of the river and a wide sweep of the surrounding country. This has been named the Durham Terrace.

But about the middle of September the important intelligence arrived that the very first measure of Lord Durham's Government, namely, the ordinance transporting the eight criminals to Bermuda, had been disallowed by the Queen—which at once put a stop to all his plans of real or imaginary reform and improvement, for he instantly declared his intention of resigning. This was not to be wondered at. He had often complained that the Ministry had not supported him in Parliament in a cordial and manly way on questions connected with the appointment of some of his officers; and now by this vital blow at his consequence and authority, they degraded the Governor General so much that no man with proper respect to his own character—still less a proud and vain man like Lord Durham, could submit to the treatment. The only wonder was, how any Ministry could suppose he would.

The news produced consternation amongst loyal people here, and numerous meetings were forthwith held in both Provinces, expressing deep regret at the prospect of losing Lord Durham, with some indignation at the conduct of the Ministry and the House of Lords; accompanied at several of the meetings with a request that the Governor would magnanimously overlook the bad treatment he had received, and not abandon the Province in the critical circumstances in which it was now placed. The answers to all these addresses were nearly the same—consisting of peevish and somewhat undignified com-

plaints of the House of Lords and the Ministry—lamentations over the ruin of splendid plans of improvement here, and promises of great exertions in Parliament.

On the 9th of October a long proclamation of the Governor General was published in Quebec, which was framed in a much worse spirit than these puling replies, and was altogether a most extraordinary and unstatesman-like document. It was imbued throughout by the most offensive and egotistic tone of wounded pride; and in thus formally appealing to a distant and distracted colony against the official affront he had received from the Supreme Government, the Earl of Durham forgot his duties as a British subject, and behaved like a man bereft of all sense of allegiance and all considerations of propriety by the desire of revenge. The intimation to the outlawed traitors, contained in the proclamation, that they might now safely return to the Province, at the very time that an extensive conspiracy of invasion was on foot, might have been, and was calculated to be, infinitely mischievous.

A dinner was given to Lord Durham by the Brigade of Guards at Quebec a day or two previous to his departure, of which some notice was afterwards taken at home. It was merely a courteous and valedictory acknowledgment of his hospitality to the officers; was devoid of all political bearing, and deserved no such reprehension as it received from party-spirit in England. On this occasion Lord Durham shewed good taste, and perhaps some magnanimity, in proposing the Duke of Wellington's health after what had recently happened in the House of Lords.

On the 1st of November, the Earl of Durham having thrown up his Government from personal pique, embarked for England in the Inconstant frigate, leaving the country of his own mere will, and without lawful authority, on the very eve of a second rebellion. Yet was his departure good for the Province; for the presence of a Civil Governor of such large self-importance would have seriously impeded Sir John Colborne in the decisive measures which the exigencies of the times required.

CHAPTER XXV.

FALLS OF SHUANAGAM IN FULL FLOOD.—OUTBURST AND SUPPRESSION OF THE SECOND CANADIAN INSURRECTION.—COURTS MARTIAL.—LORD DURHAM'S REPORT.

> " This apish and unmannerly approach
> The King doth smile at, and is well prepared
> To whip this dwarfish war, these pigmy arms
> From out the circle of his territories."
>
> SHAKSPEARE.

THE 66th passed a quiet summer at Three Rivers and Sorel. At the former place the King's Dragoon Guards—a superb corps recently arrived from England—were also quartered.

The River St. Maurice being very high after the melting of the winter snow, a party of our officers in company with Mr. Greive, a gentleman of Three Rivers, started to visit the Shuanagam Falls, under these favourable circumstances. We slept in Mr. Bell's house at the Forges ; crossed the river there early next morning, and proceeded ten miles through the woods on the left bank to a small stream called the Caché, which falls into the St. Maurice. Here our intelligent and enterprising friend had lately founded a little settlement—seized the impetuous river by the beard—wharfed the shore—anchored huge beams athwart the turbulent waters to guide the course of his logs—formed a dam and built a saw-mill, which was now vigorously at work, cutting up enormous logs as easily as we would peel a rush. On the hill above the ravine was an incipient farm in the first year of its existence, where the delicate blades of the young wheat were luxuriating and triumphing over the prostrate forest. Here the infant " power of cultivation" might rejoice at

> " ———— the wonders of his toil,"

though, as long as the black stumps stuck out in rather too

strong and high relief, the said power had still a great deal to do.

After breakfasting in our friend's neat little cottage, our party, four in number, embarked in a new birch canoe, manned by four active voyageurs, and proceeded merrily up the river. This was no easy task, for the water was very high and the current powerful. We first shot across in nervous proximity to the immediate suction of a tremendous rapid, and then keeping close to the edge, brushing the trees now standing deep in the water, and pulling ourselves along by their branches, we slowly ascended to "the Greys" Rapid, where we were obliged to make a long *portage*. Here the St. Maurice tumbles over the rocks and rushes between the wooded islets very grandly; and we spent half an hour in admiring the wild and varied beauties of the place as much as a host of hungry mosquitoes would permit. Again embarking we proceeded on our way, amidst roars of laughter of our voyageurs at the queer stories of one of them, who had been a great traveller, and gone down the Columbia River to the Pacific. Then would follow song after song, until, after a pleasant voyage, we reached our destination at three o'clock.

I had seen these beautiful falls nine years before, as already mentioned; then, however, the water was low. Now, this large river was full to overflowing, and the "giant element" was leaping "with delirious bound" in the finest style from rock to rock, and huge granite rock too. A couple of enormous streams—distinct under other circumstances—had, halfway down the precipice, now mingled their foaming waters; and where the opposing cataracts met there was indeed an awful conflict. The third branch pitched boldly by itself over the high bank, and then bounded down two hundred yards, roaring and raging until it joined the others, when all three united in one stupendous rapid—swelling, surging and thundering like a stormy sea, and requiring a long level space to compose it into quiescence.

It is to be deplored that on occasions like this, when, after a five hours' journey, we gaze with unsatisfied delight on any magnificent object before us, the vile animal within, unsatisfied with the gape-seed, *will* gnaw and pinch and become clamorous

for more substantial food. This is one great inconvenience of our material nature. For a full hour we bore up against or stifled the sensation; but the wolf at length prevailed, and all that was refined, or mental, or sentimental, surrendered at discretion.

We made our voyageurs carry the basket of provisions to a point on the bank, commanding the best view of the falls, where Lord and Lady Aylmer had formerly lunched; and found the rural benches and table, prepared for them by the civility of Mr. Bell, still in existence, though very ricketty. In coming up the steep hill one of our men unfortunately made a slip, and he and the basket bearing all our hopes disappeared, tumbling over each other reciprocally. We gave up our drinkables for lost, not considering the friendly trees, against which man and basket *cannoned* like billiard balls, and were finally brought up by a large maple. We had only to lament the breaking of our tumblers and glasses; but substitutes were soon found, and we drank our Champagne out of birch-bark goblets with infinite gusto. The return voyage down the stream was gloriously exciting, and its rapidity in fine contrast with our slow morning progress.

Towards the end of autumn reports of coming disturbances began to thicken, and intelligence to crowd in from all quarters of a dangerous and wide spread plot against the peace of these Provinces. Extensive preparations had been for some months going on in the border States for a fresh invasion of the Canadas, and this formidable conspiracy was no longer confined to the demoralized rabble on the frontiers. Respectable persons in all classes of society at once considered themselves released from the obligations of morality, the restraints of conscience and the specific engagement of the national faith, in a treaty of friendship with England. Large sums of money were raised—depôts of arms and provisions prepared—numerous secret societies, with fictitious names and objects, formed—and sixty thousand names enrolled in Vermont, New York, Michigan, Ohio, Kentucky and one or two other States, with the object of wresting the Canadas from the dominion of Great Britain.

But many traitors, as might be expected, were found

amongst this wicked confederacy, and the base covetousness which first set it on foot defeated its own objects. Sir John Colborne and Sir George Arthur soon had secret and accurate information of what was going on, and made their preparations accordingly. The Writer has seen several communications of this description received from various persons living far apart, but all concurring; and on the whole no less than thirteen or fourteen documents—some of much length—were received from persons residing in the States above-mentioned, who were sworn members of the lodges; not from any proper motive, but, as they all confessed, for the sake of a reward, though at the risk of their lives. In these very minute statements were given of the numbers, means, arrangements and objects of the conspirators; and it was remarkable how nearly they all agreed in the great outlines of the plot. Several civil and military officers of the United States and of the State Governments, acting from honourable motives, furnished corroborating intelligence of the wide-spread confederacy, whilst they lamented their own inability to put it down.

Simultaneously with this vast conspiracy numerous emissaries traversed the Lower Province, exciting to rebellion, exaggerating the great preparations making in the States, and threatening all who would not swear to rise when warned, with proscription and death. About thirty thousand *habitans* in the Montreal District are believed to have been included in the list of insurrection—bound solemnly to rise in arms when they should receive the order; and many others were intimidated into a promise to remain quiet and make no opposition.

The Earl of Durham sailed down the St. Lawrence, felicitating himself on having effected "the cessation of American sympathy with any attempt to disturb the Canadas, and the restoration of good-will between them and a great and kindred nation;" to use his own words. Scarcely, however, was his back turned when important events contradicted this statement—a new rebellion burst forth, and the border Americans sympathised with the rebels more ardently, and helped them more effectually than before.

The second insurrection, like the first, broke out prematurely. Late in October, Sir John Colborne had gone to Quebec to

take over the Government on the departure of Lord Durham, and it was believed that this duty would detain him there a week. The conspirators fixed on Saturday, the 3rd of November, for a general rising throughout the western part of the Montreal District; and it was intended to collect an overwhelming force, attack the garrisons of Laprairie, St. John's, Chambly and Sorel, and obtain military possession of all the right bank of the St. Lawrence, from the boundary line to the mouth of the Richelieu, before the Commander of the Forces would have returned from Quebec, or any military strength could be sent across from Montreal.

But the war-worn chief with whom they had to do was too vigilant and too active for their calculations, and before they supposed half his work was done at Quebec, he suddenly appeared at Montreal on Sunday morning, the 4th of November—instantly proclaimed Martial Law, caused several suspected persons to be arrested, and began preparations for crossing the river at the head of a strong force.

On Saturday night the bulk of the population in the County of Laprairie, along the Chateauguay river, and the greater part of L'Acadie and Beauharnois, rose in arms. They attacked the houses of several isolated loyalists, murdered a man named Walker, at La Tortu, near Laprairie; invested the seignorial mansion of Mr. Ellice at Beauharnois, captured his son, his agent, Mr. Brown, and some ladies; and soon after got possession of a steamboat which touched at the village. On the morning of the 4th November, some bands of insurgents from Verchères, Contrecœur and that neighbourhood, moved towards the Richelieu, expecting to find depôts of arms in the villages along its banks, as had been promised, and hoping to raise the people. An enterprising fellow named Malhiot, was at the head of this movement, and intended, it was said, to attack Sorel if he could muster the force he anticipated.

We had the 66th, about six hundred strong, at this important post, together with a hundred volunteers. A good deal of alarm was felt by the population at the vicinity of the rebels, who remained five or six days in possession of St. Ours, and even pushed an advanced guard within five miles of Sorel: several of the French Canadians, in consequence, ran away from the

village. But there was little ground for apprehension; for with proper military management of such a garrison, no number of miserable half-armed insurgents could have taken the place, nor was it very probable that they would presume to attack it. The rebels soon found they could gain few recruits in the valley of the Richelieu, where the serious results of last year's attempt were still freshly remembered; and not meeting the arms that had been promised, nor any American assistance, they began to melt away and return secretly to their homes. Malhiot perceiving his followers diminishing fast, conducted about three hundred who remained faithful, to a strong position, at a mill on the side of the Boucherville mountain.

Sunday the 4th November, was a day not soon to be forgotten in Montreal. The real successes of the rebels, with the usual exaggerations of rumour, were soon bruited through the town—the loyal inhabitants flew to arms simultaneously, and the place resounded with martial preparations. The Garrison got ready for action—the chief avenues to the town were barricaded—guards were placed at the most commanding points, and stationed to defend the Banks; and when evening fell, the Magistrates caused the houses to be illuminated. Throughout that exciting night few persons thought of sleep; and as the groups of armed figures, casting fantastic shadows, were moving continually and in all directions through the streets—rapid horsemen hurrying to and fro, and the heavy wheels of Artillery rattling along—the whole scene resembled some vast phantasmagoria, or the assembling of an army when going forth to battle—

> " And there was mounting in hot haste : the steed,
> The mustering squadron and the clattering car,
> Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
> And swiftly forming in the ranks of war."

In the course of the day intelligence was received that the red children of the forest had given the first check to this second rebellion; and soon after, sixty or seventy prisoners, taken by the loyal Indians of Cochnawaga, afforded ocular proof of the fact. The grateful Aborigines thus repaid the paternal protection of the Government; whilst the white man, stupified and

paralysed by his guilt, lost his wonted superiority when he became a criminal, and surrendered without resistance.

Robert Nelson, who took the chief command of the rebel force, now established his Head Quarters at a village in the County of L'Acadie, called Napierville, where he collected a body of about five thousand men. He arrested and disarmed the loyal inhabitants; formed a Commissariat and Magazines of provisions, and with the assistance of two or three French and Polish adventurers, began to divide his motley army into squads, companies and battalions, and give them a hasty organization.

He now endeavoured to open a communication with his American friends; and some armed bodies of loyal militia having repulsed Côte and Gagnon, two of the patriot leaders at Lacolle, with the loss of their gun, Nelson moved in person on the 8th of November, at the head of a thousand men to attack them at Odell Town. These gallant men, far inferior in number, under the able guidance of Lieutenant Colonel Taylor, threw themselves into a Methodist Chapel, and defended their citadel with such determined resolution as to beat off Nelson with much loss, after a hot affair of four or five hours. The captured gun here did much execution amongst the insurgents.

On this occasion Nelson was accused by his own people of want of personal courage, and of having kept out of the heat of the fire under pretence of affording professional assistance to his wounded followers. He was in consequence grossly insulted by his discomfited troops, who even threatened to deliver him up to the British authorities. When this doughty General, bearing the name of *Nelson*, abandoned his peaceful profession for the strife of arms, he ought to have recollected that a Surgeon, not less than a soldier, should have a lion's heart, and that one of the sacrificial animals of the god Æsculapius, was a cock.

For three or four days troops of all arms were pouring across the St. Lawrence, and collecting at St. John's. On the 8th November, two fine Brigades, under Major Generals Macdonell and Clitheroe, advanced on Napierville where Head Quarters arrived on the 10th; but, a few hours before, all the rebels had dispersed.

As soon as the Glengarry colonists on the north shore of Lake St. Francis heard of the rising at Beauharnois, and the capture

of the steam-boat, in which some of their friends had been taken, they assembled with extraordinary promptitude, crossed the river at Coteau du Lac, and advanced on Beauharnois, assisted by a detachment of the 71st regiment. After some slight skirmishing the village was taken, and the greater part of it burned the same night. On their approach Mr. Ellice and his companions in captivity were ordered to Napierville, but on the way the rebel guard having heard of the dispersion of their friends, set them at liberty.*

On the 8th November we received orders at Sorel, for the advance of the 66th up the valley of the Richelieu, to clear it entirely of Malhiot's bands, and open the communication with St. John's. It had rained incessantly for nearly three days, and the streets of the village and the roads were more navigable for a skiff than passable for pedestrians. In seven or eight hours after the receipt of the route, Lieutenant Colonel Johnston, at the head of a strong column, composed of the 66th, half a battery of Artillery under Captain Tylden, which had arrived from Quebec the day before, and a detachment of Volunteer Cavalry, marched or rather *waded* out of Sorel in the direction of St. Ours, in admirable order—as far as the knees. As the column was leaving the village a steam-boat came to the wharf, with some companies of the Grenadier Guards on board, on their way to Montreal, who began to cheer merrily. This was answered by our people, and repeated and re-echoed by the Guards, the other passengers, and a crowd of spectators, until the troops were out of hearing; whilst in the mind of the Writer this stirring scene linked itself with reminiscences of battle fields of days of yore.

Malhiot occupied a strong position on the Boucherville Mountain, but the hearts of his people quailed on the approach of the troops, and they abandoned their post. The 66th found

* Much obloquy has been cast on Sir John Colborne for unnecessary severity in the numerous burnings of houses during both rebellions. These accusations have, I believe, no farther foundation than that buildings from whence the troops had been fired on, were destroyed by the orders of the officers in command, according to military usage. But nineteen-twentieths of the burnings arose from the reaction of unrestrainable passions amongst the volunteers, many of whom were smarting under recent loss and ill treatment, and all anticipating greater calamities should the insurgents be successful. The guilty incendiaries were those who first lighted the torch of this unnatural rebellion.

three guns, some muskets and pikes, and a considerable quantity of ammunition.

This absurd insurrection being effectually quashed, prisoners were brought in, in great numbers, and the Montreal gaol was soon filled. The great lenity of the Government on the former occasion having been so grossly misunderstood, and so criminally abused, it now became an act of the clearest necessity as well as justice to make some examples. As it was plain that proceedings in the ordinary courts would be nugatory, and no dependence could be placed on the sanctity of an oath with a French Canadian Jury, when a political bias could influence them—as a recent trial for the murder of a man named Chartrand had proved—a military court was ordered to assemble at Montreal for the trial of the most guilty of the prisoners.

Here one cannot refrain from noticing the moral degradation that has taken place in the character of the Canadians of this district since 1765. Then a terrible fire laid the city desolate in a few hours; destroying property to an enormous extent. England, as usual, extended her liberal hand in relief—the Governor, Murray, investigated the loss; and such was the honesty of the new subjects of Great Britain, and perhaps their gratitude for her exertions in recovering from Louis the Fifteenth a large proportion of the sums out of which they had been cheated by his Intendant, Bigot, that the majority of the sufferers when called upon to state their losses on oath, underrated the amount considerably, from tenderness of conscience and strict regard to truth.

The Court Martial consisted of fourteen Field Officers and Captains in the Army, with Major General Clitheroe, their President. It met on the 19th November, sat nearly four months, was abused by an injudicious and violent press for the cautious regularity of its proceedings, and tried one hundred and twelve prisoners, ninety-nine of whom were convicted of high treason and rebellion on the clearest evidence. Twelve of the most criminal convicts were executed—two of whom had been implicated in the murder already adverted to—several were pardoned and fifty-four had their sentence of death commuted into transportation.

Although most of the prisoners were instructed to protest, *in*

limine, against the jurisdiction of the Court Martial, such was the perfect fairness of the trials, that there was not a breath of complaint from any quarter, as to the solemn and equitable manner in which its proceedings had been conducted.

The American friends of the Canadian insurgents were not idle in aid of their attempt, but their operations were confined to the Upper Province—no assistance of any consequence being afforded in the Lower. On the 12th of November a large party of armed men embarked in a schooner, and in the United States, an American steamboat at Oswego, which took them down to Ogdensburgh. Here they obtained possession of the boat and crossed over direct to Prescott; but finding opposition likely as they approached the wharf, they dropped down the river a couple of miles and then landed. These invaders, two hundred and fifty in number, under the command of a Pole named Von Schoultz, immediately occupied a strong stone windmill and some houses, and built a breastwork on a commanding position for three guns they had brought with them: they then looked anxiously for reinforcements from the opposite side. But the activity of a couple of armed British steamboats, and of Colonel Worth of the American Army, prevented any aid from passing the river, and these daring brigands now found themselves cut off from the American shore—no individual joined them; but on the contrary the neighbouring militia assembled promptly to destroy them. They were attacked almost immediately with the greatest gallantry by a combined force of Militia, a detachment of Royal Marines and another of the 83rd Regiment, commanded by Major Young, then on particular service at Prescott. The invaders fought well, but were obliged to abandon their exterior defences and confine themselves to the windmill and a couple of stone houses, which they maintained with bravery and resolution. Finally, the militia were forced to retire from the attack; first planting a line of investing pickets—after sustaining a loss of about eighty men.

A very gallant officer of the 83rd, Lieutenant Johnston, and a brave militia officer, named Dalmage, here lost their lives, and the whole loss was much greater than any yet sustained in

repelling these piratical incursions. The body of poor Johnston was shamefully and brutally mutilated.

It now became necessary to wait for the arrival of heavy Artillery from Kingston; and on the 15th November, Lieut. Colonel Dundas, commanding the 83rd, brought down a wing of his regiment and two eighteen pounders, whilst Captain Sandom, the Naval commander on the lakes, also brought some heavy guns. The result was the capture of the remaining invaders with scarcely any loss: one hundred and sixty-two of them were imprisoned at Fort Henry, near Kingston.

This affair was, perhaps, more demonstrative of the boiling bravery of all parties than of much military talent; for it might and ought to have been foreseen that a substantial, circular stone windmill, with outworks of stone houses, defended by Artillery, would not be likely to yield to musketry—particularly when garrisoned by desperate men in sufficient number. Strong covered posts of investment, therefore, to hold in check, harass and prevent predatory incursions, would have answered every purpose until proper Artillery arrived; and thus many valuable lives might have been saved. However, it ought to be added, that nothing is more difficult than to restrain the ardor of brave but undisciplined troops, and the circumstances of this invasion were calculated to elicit it in no common degree.

During the action the wharves and shores at Ogdensburgh were covered with spectators, taking the most lively interest in what was going on, and cheering their friends in the windmill when they saw the militia retiring from the attack.

Another irruption of Americans took place soon after on this devoted frontier. A body of three or four hundred marauders crossed the Detroit River, near Windsor, surprised a small party of militia, exhausted by long vigilance and burned their barracks. They also burned a British steamboat and committed two or three wanton murders; one of which was of a very savage description. Assistant Staff Surgeon Hume, a young man of extremely mild and humane character, being short sighted, had the misfortune to mistake these brigands for a body of militia, and rode up to them with unsuspecting confidence. He was instantly pierced by a dozen balls, and after his fall the miscreants cut up and mutilated his body with their Bowie

knives, as was done to Lieutenant Johnston at Prescott. These were diabolical atrocities, which at the present time would certainly not be committed by large bodies of men belonging to any other people of the earth claiming civilization—scarcely even by the most savage race.

It is painful to write thus, yet I cannot retract, although I may mortally offend my American readers. What is said is truth; and it is impossible to hear of such fiendish deeds, perpetrated to force Republicanism on a British Province, by the citizens of a country that vaunts so highly of her institutions, without a shudder of intense disgust. Nor can I contemplate other dreadful anomalies between theory and practice therein without contemptuous indignation. Truly would it become this self-adulating land to lower her lofty pretensions, or to mend her manners. The great Republic appears now to be morally retrograding every where, and at an accelerating pace. The population of the remote interior is already far advanced into savagery—a barbarousness more sanguinary and odious than that of the aboriginal American—being the apostacy of civilization. Away from the large cities every man does that which is right in his own eyes—revenges his own wrongs—arms himself to the teeth, and pours out blood like water.

The career of the Detroit invaders was short. They were attacked by the militia, and all killed, made prisoners, or dispersed in the woods, where many perished miserably; but a few were picked up half frozen by the Indians. Three or four were shot immediately after surrender, by order of Colonel Prince, who commanded the British Militia; an inhumanity which cannot be justified, for they should have had trial before execution. Sir George Arthur ordered Military Courts Martial to assemble, pursuant to a Provincial Statute, and the prisoners taken here and at Prescott were tried before them. Fourteen or fifteen were hanged, a large number, after some months detention in gaol, were pardoned and sent home to the States at the expense of the British Government, and eighty-two had their sentence of death mitigated into transportation to Australia.

In the course of this eventful winter an unpleasant rupture took place in the Lower Province between the Executive Government and the Judiciary Bench. Soon after the breaking

out of the insurrection an Ordinance of the Special Council had suspended the *habeas corpus*; but two of the Quebec Judges, Messrs. Panet and Bedard, and afterwards Judge Vallières at Three Rivers, took upon themselves the weighty responsibility of pronouncing officially, that in this matter the Governor General and Council had exceeded their legal power, and consequently the Ordinance to this purport was null and void, and undeserving of obedience. Acting on this belief Judges Panet and Bedard issued a writ of *habeas corpus* in the case of a man named Teed, confined in the gaol of Quebec for some treasonable practices; but he was removed to the Citadel before serving the writ. Then ensued an unseemly contest between the Judges and the Commandant, Lieutenant Colonel Bowles, Coldstream Guards, who shut himself up in his Citadel and defied them; so they were fain to punish the Gaoler, whom they imprisoned in his own gaol. Following their example, the Three Rivers Judge liberated a man confined in gaol there on a seditious charge, in the face of the Ordinance forbidding bail to be taken. Finally, the Executive, finding its authority vitally compromised by these daring proceedings, and the disaffected in the Province beginning to take courage from this irregular and factious conduct of the Judges, suspended the contumacious triumvirate from office, and referred the matter home.

The Writer pretends to little ability to judge in this matter as to the law of the case; but even granting that there was some ambiguity in the wording of the Imperial Statute which defined the powers of the Special Council, it would appear in the view of common sense that the two Quebec Functionaries shewed an unbecoming eagerness to grapple with so important a question, and were too prompt in deciding it. The judicial settlement of so momentous a point should not have hung on the opinion of a bare moiety of the Bench, given in vacation, and without consultation with the Chief Justice. An intimation to the Executive, previously, of regret at being obliged to sap the foundation of its authority by their decision, would also have been only decorous. Besides, considering how very recently he had figured as a political partizan, the bosom friend of Mr. Papineau, and opposed, *toto cœlo*, to the Government, it was scarcely decent in the junior Judge, Bedard, to take a prominent

part, *en amateur*, in the matter. Altogether, taking into consideration the previous consultation of the Quebec Judges with their brother in Three Rivers, the affair had a very suspicious appearance; and there seems little reason to doubt that these three French-Canadian Judges, under the shield of their official sanctity, had conspired to aim a sudden furtive, and deadly blow at the Administration of Sir John Colborne.

Soon after their suspension an Ordinance of the Council quashed the decision of the three Judges; whilst three of their brethren, including the Chief Justice of Quebec, gave an official opinon that they were wrong in their law; which view of the case was also taken by the British Government and Law Officers of the Crown in England.

A number of false alarms were got up along the frontier during the remainder of the winter, and several incendiary forays took place, in which isolated loyalists on the British side had their houses and barns burned by Canadian refugees, assisted by their American friends. Consequently the duties of the regular troops and militia became very harassing—the men being kept constantly on the alert to repel any serious invasion or hunt the incendiaries, who generally escaped. But any combined or extensive plan of offensive operations against these Provinces appeared to be now out of the question—the exiles being quite dispirited by their repeated defeats and destitute of funds or munitions for any fresh attempt. Their American allies, too, began to cool in their sympathy and to feel a little disgusted at the useless outlay of their money; and the President, seeing the case hopeless, was proportionately unfriendly to it. The more respectable portion of the American press* had always viewed the causeless insurrection, and its bearings on the national relations with England, in a proper light; but

* I cannot abstain from adverting to the most valuable services of the *New York Albion* in the good cause during the late troubles; and indeed to English, and I may add, American interests, since its first establishment by my friend Dr. Fisher, many years ago. Under the able guidance of Dr. Bartlett it has risen to the highest character as a literary and political Journal; and whilst it maintained unswerving fidelity towards England, it has never needlessly offended the Government that protected it; but on the contrary, by its courteous, impartial and gentlemanly tone, the *Albion* has always acted the noble part of peace-maker between the kindred countries—smoothing asperities, softening difficulties, pointing to the notice of each their mutual good qualities—in every way promoting harmony, and most honourably endeavouring with much tact and talent to keep John Bull and his strapping son Jonathan good friends.

now the philo-patriot Journals also were becoming rational, and beginning to recover from their absurd hallucination. Under these favourable circumstances, when peaceably disposed people on both sides of the Lines were preparing for better times, all at once new subjects of colonial and international mischief were started—Governor Fairfield of Maine, threw down his Boundary gauntlet, and Lord Durham flung his firebrand Report into the arena.

The Braggadocio of Maine was restrained from provoking a fatal collision of arms by the good sense of the American Secretary of State, Mr. Forsyth, probably under the direction of the President; aided by the personal counsels of General Scott, who repaired to that part of the frontier to keep the peace. Thus the evil day has been put off for the present, and it is possible that this interminable question may yet be settled by mutual compromise; but of this there is the less chance since Maine has been irregularly permitted to be a party in the negociation.

But the other source of evil is still welling copiously. The Earl of Durham, who had returned to England without permission, on the eve of a rebellion in the Colony of which he was Governor, and breathing rage and defiance to the home authorities for disallowing his proceedings, presented a voluminous Report of the State of the Provinces he had left, shortly after his arrival. In this long and laboured production, every public abuse that had existed there for scores of years antecedent to his Government was minutely detailed, although most had been corrected or were in process of correction—every good quality or official virtue on the part of the English or Provincial Government was denied, underrated or slurred over—whatever was, had been wrong—whereinsoever the people had complained, they were right. Every Governor, except himself, had misruled; and all departments before his advent had been shamefully conducted. All these political errors, crimes and blunders—real or imaginary—were gloated over with morbid satisfaction and placed in strong contrast, when the case admitted, with the admirable arrangements in the United States respecting analogous matters: receiving deeper shade from this juxta-position. All was represented as the perfection of human

wisdom in the great republic—all the quintessence of asinine folly in the monarchical colonies ; and the noble painter appears to have felt strange enjoyment in daubing thick black on every thing British, and glaring whitewash over all that was American.

Notwithstanding, let us see how stands the case in reality, comparing the actual advance of the five British Provinces with that of the United States during the last forty years. In a work like this I cannot copy long statistical tables of population, and revenue, and imports and exports : I can merely glance at the result of an examination of authentic documents of this description. From these data, then, it appears that notwithstanding the Utopian perfection on one side—assisted by enormous emigration and borrowing of English money ; and the awful misgovernment on the other—these British Provinces, since 1791, have increased in external and internal trade, shipping, revenue, population and consequent prosperity, as fairly inferred therefrom, *in a ratio of about five to four over the simultaneous advance in trade, shipping, revenue and population of the United States, on a general average of the whole.*

It is true this rapid progress has received a check lately ; not from the fault of the Government—unless too great kindness and subserviency to the petulant humours of the colonists be deemed a fault—but from the political and suicidal vice of a portion of the uninformed population.

With regard to Lower Canada, this Report, although it contains much truth, strongly expressed, gives an unfair representation of the differences between the two great classes or races, which it exaggerates into the most deadly animosity. This is a false view of their social relations—at least the Writer, who has lived in the Province twenty times longer than Lord Durham, has observed no such deadly hatred between those of French and British origin. Again, the loyalty of the great bulk of the French Canadians is offensively and totally denied ; a libel to which Mr. Papineau has also set his seal in a late publication. But I cannot reconcile this supposition with the recent facts, that during the two insurrections in the Montreal District, the influential Seigneurs, the Clergy, the rich merchants and traders every where, and eight-tenths of the *habitans* remained faithful, when there was nothing to prevent the rebel-

lion from spreading down the valley of the St. Lawrence, had this strong and general spirit of disaffection existed.

The High Commissioner's statements are especially incorrect respecting the political condition of the Upper Province. Lord Durham himself knew nothing of Upper Canada, and was unfortunate in his choice of an agent to procure him the necessary information; in the same way as he had been unlucky or unwise in the selection of two persons of damaged moral character for confidential employment in his administration at Quebec. Mr. Charles Buller, an English radical lawyer, the Governor's chief Secretary, was sent to the Upper Province to make himself acquainted with its political and social condition. This gentleman arrived in Quebec, convinced that all the evils of these Provinces had arisen from misgovernment; brim-full of democratic prejudices and levelling tendencies, and with eyes politically jaundiced even more than his master's. He spent a week or two about Niagara and a couple of days at Toronto, associating chiefly with the reformers and disaffected, as he had done in Quebec, and concocting the Report, afterwards signed by his master, from their exaggerations and falsehoods. It was stated in the newspapers at the time, without contradiction since, that I know of, that Mr. Buller was in the habit then of sending his servant into the low taverns, in both towns abovementioned, to glean what he could from the conversation of the people frequenting them; and that the drunken gossip thus obtained, figures prominently in the Report as the public opinion of the Province.

Although acknowledging that the term "Family Compact," as applied to the Government there is a mere *brutum fulmen*, without any foundation in fact, the Report, with strange inconsistency, reasons on the truth of this false postulate throughout; and deduces much of the discontent—which it grossly exaggerates—and the insurrection itself—which it disloyally palliates—to this imaginary cause. There is not a word of acknowledgment of the admirable conduct of the population in purging themselves, unaided, of the imputed taint of Mackenzie's treason by crushing instantly his contemptible *émeute;* and when he was backed by the border Americans, destroying, or capturing, or repelling them ignominiously from the Province again

and again. As no exultation is felt in their success, so no regret is expressed for their hardships, privations and sufferings, or those of their families. The tears of wives and children separated from their husbands, fathers and brothers; who in the midst of the dismal winter had left them unprotected at the call of Government—the harassing march—the exhausting vigil—the waste of property, and the actual loss of life, elicit not a syllable of praise or sympathy in this ungenerous and unworthy Report. No. Mr. Buller's and Lord Durham's sympathies are all on the other side; reserved for bloody-minded felons and incendiaries, taken in the fact, fairly tried and most justly punished. By a strange and lamentable moral perversion, their feelings only harmonize with what is evil and revolt from what is good; and whilst no tear is shed for Colonel Moodie or Captain Ussher and their distracted families, the noble Commissioner's pity overflows for Lount and Matthews, convicted traitors and murderers.

When he first landed, Lord Durham announced a grand plan for a general federation of the five British Provinces, as the *panacea* for all the political evils of this country. According to the original draught of this scheme the Legislative Council was to be abolished; and there was to be only one General Assembly, with the Governor, to constitute the legislature. But finding this enormous concession to the rampant democracy of the age rather startling, His Lordship changed his machinery and graciously permitted the Council to remain as a chief spring. On consultation, however, with the gentlemen from Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward's Island, who had at his bidding repaired to Quebec, he found that even thus modified the plan would not answer—many physical obstacles being in the way—and abandoned it altogether. Lord Durham then contented himself with strongly recommending a Legislative Union of the two Canadas, with Council and Assembly, and a Board of the heads of departments for ministers, under the old name of Executive Council; but, with the Governor, bound to consult the popular colonial will in all their acts, and guide themselves by it, under penalty of the displeasure of the home Government.

Now, however the Earl of Durham, or rather Mr. Charles

Buller, might pride himself on the simplicity and originality of this scheme—which is now called "Responsible Government," and of which Lord John Russell has since in a speech in the House of Commons demonstrated the nonsense and impracticability—neither, certainly, has any claim to the merit of the discovery. It had been for seven or eight years the pith and essence of the demands of Papineau and the House of Assembly of the Lower Province; the cherished object of Bidwell's declamation in Upper Canada, and the open aim of Mackenzie and Rolph, for which they rushed into rebellion. They all called out either for a Legislative Council chosen by the people, or a provincial administration responsible to the will of the people, and removable when it should cease to please the people. The "*vox populi*" was to be every thing in the Government, *et preterea nihil.* Within my recollection of twelve or thirteen years in these colonies, every needy and greedy demagogue who began with smooth and glossing words as a reformer, and ended by grumbling himself into a traitor, has, in some shape or other, advocated "Responsible Government," or being interpreted—"Colonial independence of the checking hand in England"—at the same time mystifying their dupes with fine sounding words of "reformation of abuses"—"spirit of the age"—"loyalty" and "attachment to British connexion"—"*signifying nothing.*"

Lord Durham's Report was made the subject of official notice by the Legislative Council and House of Assembly of Upper Canada in the spring of 1839, and of the Lieutenant Governor, Sir George Arthur, in a letter to the Colonial Secretary. The former Lieutenant Governor, Sir Francis Head, has also animadverted upon it, and numerous vital errors in its assertions as respects that Province have been pointed out. I believe I am authorised to say that Sir John Colborne and the great majority of intelligent and influential people here—even including a member or two of Lord Durham's Executive Council—designate this far-famed Report, a most imprudent, unpatriotic, erroneous and inflammatory document—lament its publication; and whilst they believe that some good will result from it, are of opinion that the evil will greatly preponderate.

It is certain that His Lordship has unwittingly furnished the

disaffected with a powerful lever to upset so bad a Government as he has exposed—however distorted and false may have been the likeness he has drawn. It cannot be very satisfactory to him to find that his elaborate Report has been copied and circulated with avidity by the disloyal in both Provinces, and has now become the very manual of treason—lowering the character of the British nation, the British Government and the Colonial Government—perverting the weak-minded by its sophistry and seducing the well-affected or filling them with doubt and despondency. It has unquestionably re-animated the drooping courage of the traitorous and of the exiles in the States, and kindled anew the almost extinct sympathies of their American friends, who have engraved the name of Lord Durham on the blades of their Bowie knives, in demonstration of their idea and of the certain result of "Responsible Government."*

* It has been often remarked that those public men who are the most violent declaimers on popular topics, and whose speeches and professions teem the most with fine and generous sentiments concerning "liberty," "the public good" and so forth, are often, when possessed of power, extremely arbitrary, overbearing and unjust in their social relations, and very tyrants in the domestic circle. There may be many bright exceptions; though, certainly, the Earl of Durham is not one of the number. With fine sounding words and phrases, and specious and beneficent theories, perpetually on his lips, there never was seen in Quebec so vain, imperious, passionate and unreasonable a person filling his high office; and although considerable allowance should be made for bursts of temper under the irritation of bad health—still, making every fair deduction on this score, there remains a large number of those "fantastic tricks," played during his Canadian "brief authority," which are said to cause grief in superior natures at witnessing the follies of mankind.

With his immediate suite, Lord Durham maintained the etiquette of ultra-regal state; even making them perform those menial offices which are usually discharged by domestic servants, such as waiting on his company at their arrival, to doff and receive the ladies' wrappings—fetching his hat or cloak when he wanted it; and it is averred—even on one occasion, holding his stirrup. He appeared to consider his Aides-de-Camp as so many slaves; and certainly kept them in as much awe as any planter ever inspired into a gang of negroes. Once at a ball on board the Hastings, a young lady who was dancing with Captain Conroy, was horrified at finding her partner called off to get the Governor his hat when he wanted to retire. He was heard and seen in his own drawing-room rating Mr. Buller soundly for the *gaucherie* of spilling some coffee on a Westminster Review, probably containing a panegyric on himself; and not content with inflicting this public reprimand for so grave an offence, the Governor called his chief Secretary into an anti-room and was heard continuing the jobation. A key of one of his cabinets had been lost, unknown to him, and fearing his temper, some of the family sent for a smith to pick the lock and make a new one. Unluckily His Lordship chanced to come into the room when the man was busy, and without giving him a moment's time for explanation, he pounced on him like a tiger, dragged him through the door and gave him a good kicking: but a subsequent douceur to the astonished mechanic hushed the matter up.

Previous Governors, comparatively poor men, and Lord Gosford in particular, had been charitable to the needy to the extent of their means; but Lord Durham hated the sight of a beggar. The ancient usage of associating contributions for the poor with religious worship—so becoming the occasion and so venerable for its

CHAPTER XXVI.

FISHING VISIT TO JACQUES CARTIER RIVER.—SALMON LARCENY ON A LARGE SCALE.—POLITICS.—VALEDICTORY SUGGESTIONS.

" ——————— For a long time I lived a single life and abhorred marriage ; nay, more, railed at marriage and did heap up all bitter sayings against women. But now I recant with Stesichorus—" *Palinodiam cano, nec pœnitet censeri in ordine maritorum.*" I approve of marriage—I am glad I am a married man—I am heartily glad I have a wife—so sweet a wife, so young a wife, so chaste a wife, so noble a wife, so loving a wife ; and I do wish and desire all other men to marry, and especially scholars ; that, as of old, Martia did by Hortensius, Terentia by Tullus—Calphurnia to Plinius ; Pudentilla to Apuleius—hold the candle whilst their husbands did meditate and write ; so theirs may do to them as my dear Camilla doth to me."

BEROALDUS.

" Prince, thou art sad—get thee a wife—get thee a wife."

SHAKSPEARE.

Books must end, dear reader, and the best friends, like you and me, must part. You have been most attentive to my little

antiquity—reaching even to the apostolic times—was, apparently, deemed an obsolete absurdity by His Lordship ; for, after putting in his sovereign once or twice, when the churchwarden on a subsequent occasion approached his pew with the poor-box, he repelled him with a forbidding gesture : consequently so vulgar a thing was never again intruded " between the wind and his nobility."

His Excellency was very indignant at the Rev. Mr. Mackie, the Bishop of Montreal's Curate, a pious and talented young man, for some allusions to the theatre and race-course in one of his sermons ; strangely construing the latter reference into a personal insult to himself, and insinuating that as the Queen and Lord Durham patronized racing, it was the height of presumption in any Clergyman to open his lips against it in his presence. Although in this case no personality was intended, yet the propriety of this specific preaching against amusements, such as dancing and the like, which are not in themselves morally evil, and which many excellent men enjoy with a pure conscience, may be fairly questioned. However this may be, when we know that the admonition emanates from the best motives, although we may conceive it to be a little *ultra*, if we are reasonable people we listen to it with respect. Not so did Lord Durham. In the spirit of an Inquisitor he complained to the Bishop and insisted on his outraging the liberty of a Protestant Pulpit by silencing his exemplary Chaplain. This, of course, was declined ; and the result was that the Governor General absented himself ever after from Church and commanded the Military Chaplain to officiate every Sunday at his residence.

Many amusing stories are in circulation in Quebec of His Lordship's adventures during his short excursion to the Upper Province.

At Kingston he was very wroth because there was no guard of honour to receive him in the middle of the night, and, I believe, never forgave the Commandant, Lieut. Colonel Dundas, of the 83rd, nor that good town, for this and one or two

story, and I really begin to regret that our growing attachment is to be disturbed so soon. But my sorrow at parting with you would be diminished if I could think I left any little "trifle" in your memory as a keepsake, or that you had picked up some minute portion of information or innocent enjoyment from the perusal of my insignificant pages. We will now, if you please, take one short fishing excursion together; and after winding up with a page or two of politics, I must return you my best thanks and make my bow.

Not as whilom in the days of joyless celibacy did the Writer on this occasion visit his old and favourite haunt on the river Jacques Cartier. Every bachelor, like every other sad dog, has his day, and this time was past. It is not merely not good, but decidedly bad, for man to be alone after the seventh or eighth lustre—or even earlier; and we all know that the greatest philosophers and lawgivers, ancient and modern, have inculcated early marriages; attaching premiums to them, and conferring fiscal privileges and exemption from taxes on young husbands. The thoughtful Franklin and the impetuous Napoleon concurred in this matter; with the important difference that the latter, who had always a spice of Orientalism about him, would permit men to have wives in succession, *ad libitum;* the attainment of

other ideal slights. He absolutely forbade all smoking on board the steamboat in Lake Ontario, and sent the Captain to hunt out an audacious offender once when he perceived the smell of a cigar. The search was unsuccessful and a report, accordingly, was made to His Excellency. "Go back, Sir, and discover who is smoking, instantly—at your peril." A second time the Captain went in quest of the caitiff, and at length found Admiral Sir Charles Paget solacing himself in some remote corner with his accustomed enjoyment. "Humph," said the great man—"I suppose we must let *him* smoke." The Admiral took good care not to come back in the same boat with the Governor.

On his return the steamboat Neptune was engaged for His Lordship's sole use, to take him and his family and suite from Cornwall to Côteau du Lac. Lord Durham arrived at Cornwall on Saturday and immediately embarked. There chanced to be a Presbyterian Clergyman, the Rev. Mr. McNaughten, a man of great respectability and superior attainments, at Cornwall, who was in the habit of visiting Lancaster, a village half-way down Lake St Francis, to preach there on certain Sundays. Next day being one of the stated periods of his ministry, he asked permission from an Aide-de-Camp to take a passage—the boat always touching at Lancaster to drop the mail. Leave was courteously given, but Mr. McNaughten was cautioned to keep out of His Excellency's sight. During the voyage, Lord Durham discovered that the Minister was on board and got into a great passion—rebuking the Captain of the boat, and the Clergyman himself, in no measured terms, for this intrusion on his privacy. When the boat approached Lancaster, the Captain wished to stop for five minutes, as usual, to drop his mail-bag, but was sternly forbidden by the great little man, who, as a punishment, carried off Mr. McNaughten to Côteau, at the lower end of the lake, some forty miles out of his way; and as no boat returned till Monday, altogether defeating his object.

the age of thirty, or thereabouts, on the part of the lady, being alone a valid reason for claiming a divorce by the husband: but as this is a part of his code which he kept to himself, and that is not very likely to be admired by the ladies, we need say no more about it. To this conclusion, matrimony, then, most of us come at last; and our former inconsiderate railing at the yoke serves no good purpose except furnishing a satisfactory reason for the woman-kind to fit it on the tighter.

On a pleasant morning in August, my wife, little boy, and myself started from Quebec and drove along the Ste. Foi road. The day turned out very fine—the new-mown hay perfuming us a great part of the way, and the "wavy corn" refreshing the eye as it swayed beneath a gentle south-west breeze. After a very agreeable journey we reached Dayrée's bridge.

A great change for the worse had taken place in the appearance of this pretty valley, for two tremendous floods had devastated its banks in 1837 and 1839; rising ten or twelve feet higher than the highest water mark of any spring flood for fifty years: bearing down large rocks and trees, and the ruins of wooden houses and broken bridges, and denuding the wild and beautiful banks of every thing verdant to a considerable extent from the main channel. One enormous pine came rushing down at the top of the flood, and hitched athwart the eastern pier of the bridge, battering the masonry like a Roman Ram, as the stream acted on the top branches and long lever of its stem. The damage then done to the bridge had been repaired in the summer of '37; but last spring a flood, higher even than the former, broke up every thing again, and quite spoiled the fine glen—carrying away or prostrating a great number of the trees along the bank, and killing several others by barking them near the root. The tiny channels, worn by the innumerable springs along the rock, were still filled as usual with the cool and crystal streamlets; but the fringe of shrubs and grass, and most of their floral garniture were gone, and all from the bridge to the top of the chute, was little better than a waste.

In ten minutes after our arrival I was seated on the ledge of the rock above the "Grand Réts," cautiously dropping my fly into the dark eddy below; the favourite resting place of fish

after surmounting the canal rapid. At the second cast I hooked a salmon; but from his brown colour it was plain he was not in season, and had been a long time in the fresh water. I played him, therefore, carelessly, and after a few leaps he dashed out into the torrent and broke off, to the great grief of my son and heir, who was watching the proceedings from the high bank of the garden opposite, attended by his mamma. However, after dinner the young gentleman was gratified by witnessing the veritable capture of a fish.

It began to rain in the evening and continued raining heavily all night: next morning the river had risen much, and was still rising very fast. By mid-day the water approached the reservoir, which then contained about sixty live fish; and soon after, as the stream began to trickle over its rocky margin, and threatened to liberate these unfortunate prisoners, they were all scooped out, put to death, and sent off to the Quebec market, to furnish the citizens with a good Friday dinner.

For two days the Jacques Cartier tumbled and raged very grandly in its rocky channel, and we had no fishing; but on the third the water began to fall, and I re-commenced my sport after breakfast with success—killing five salmon in about two hours. In the evening I caught three more; and then, after changing my wet clothes, indulged in the luxury of a genuine Havannah, seated on the airy and pleasant bridge—

"Cum duris venatibus otia miscens."

with a manly little boy playing about my knees; and as darkness closed in, bidding his papa good night.

O thou desolate and discomfortable Cœlebs! little knowest thou the delights of paternal affection, or the sweetness of thy child's fragrant kiss as he parteth with thee to press his little couch; or again, before thou retirest to rest, the happiness thou mightest enjoy in seeing him nestled in tranquil and rosy sleep—thine own lineaments, softened and beautified, stamped upon his innocent face—sure of hearing his beloved voice the first sound in the morning. O miserable man!

"——————— cur toro viduo jaces?
Tristem juventam solve ———————
——————— optimos vitæ dies
Effluere prohibe. ———————."

Why on thy solitary couch repose ?
Get thee a wife to banish lonely woes ;
Let not thy morn of life unbless'd expire,
But be of sons and daughters happy sire.

Although it is a right and lawful thing, after fatigue, to indulge in the luxury of a cigar or two, with a temperate accompaniment of diluted stimulus—vinous or alcoholic—or what is far better, out of the restorative cup that

" ———— cheers but not inebriates,"

still I must here enter my strong and solemn protest against the pernicious abuse of immoderate smoking, now so general—morning, noon, night, midnight, eternal smoking. It is impossible but that this vile adoption of a vulgar foreign sensuality, and unceasing stimulation of Brain and Heart, must weaken nervous power, clog the secretions, impair the digestion, stint the growth of the young, and shorten the days and brutify the understandings of both young and old.

" *Revenons à nos saumons.*" There is a hole some considerable distance below the chute, of difficult approach, in which I caught the first salmon, and several afterwards ; all of large size. This place has been hitherto anonymous, but, by the custom of the angling fraternity, I have a right to give it a name: it is therefore, with the permission of my brethren, to be henceforward designated the *Remoux aux gros saumons.* To reach this hole it is necessary to wade along an oblique ridge of sloping and slippery sandstone, polished into a glassy surface by the strong current; which at one or two places can scarcely be stemmed, and when there is much water in the river the attempt to cross would be useless. One morning before breakfast, having put my shoes in my pockets, I proceeded along this nervous path, clinging to the smooth rock with my wet woollen stockings, and using my toes like a Hindoo or native Australian. The gaff-handle was always very useful as a *point d'appui* to leeward on these occasions. The hole consists of a strong current on the farther side, overhung by a high precipice, crowned with wood, and a deep eddy on the nearer ; at the commencement of which—just where the stream begins a long course of rapids—is a comparatively quiet spot, where the fish are much in the habit of resting after surmounting the strong water.

When the sun began to shew a glimpse or two of his radiant morning face through the branches of the trees, on the high bank opposite, I here hooked a large salmon, which at first allowed me to lead him captive a hundred yards up the stream, and away from the dangerous neighbourhood of the rapids.—But, as I was beginning to think I should have little trouble with this quiet gentleman, all at once he got into a towering passion—flung himself half a dozen times out of the water, shaking his head violently to get rid of the fly; and then made a desperate race to his old berth at the top of the rapid. Here I thought it probable he would bring up—and he did halt for a few seconds—but then, down the boiling stream he darted, until he had run out a line of two hundred and forty yards. When it had reached the last turn on the reel I proceeded after him as far as I could; wading deep along a rocky ledge; but when the water got up to my elbows I began to consider the case as nearly hopeless—stopped and *gave butt*—whilst Mr. Salmo was plunging and making summersaults so far down the river as to be reduced in apparent size to one third of his bulk. All at once, to my great surprise, he became suddenly quite passive, and I wound up the long line without difficulty, having only the *vis inertiæ* of the fish and strength of the current to overcome. Back, therefore, we both came to the head of the rapid, and then to the deep hole, the fish turning up his white belly and appearing much distressed. He was soon gaffed, and turned out a fine shaped salmon of seventeen pounds, quite fresh from the St. Lawrence. The secret of his sudden succumbing and quietude when he had it all his own way was this—when tumbling in the stream he had somehow twisted the casting line three or four times round his head and snout; knotted it then very ingeniously, and thus gagged and half suffocated himself—the water necessary for breathing not being able to enter and pass to the gills.

As the river fell the fish were able to mount the impetuous canal rapid, so strangely excavated out of the live rock, and were caught in considerable numbers by Louis, at his "Pêche" near the bridge, and then deposited alive in the clear pond, which had been formed for their reception under a copious spring, gushing out of the neighbouring bank. Here they swim

about freely, although the space is limited, apparently unconscious of their captive condition; seeking the coolest and deepest part of the reservoir where they can enjoy a little shade. They do not appear to suffer or lose flesh from confinement and want of food, or from the difference between the purer water of the river, and the hard spring in which they are now placed.

We frequently visited this reservoir, and my little boy would amuse himself flinging crumbs to the poor prisoners, but to no purpose, as they have never been observed to eat any thing. Often would he scream with delight to see one of the salmon dart through the pond, at the rate of thirty knots an hour, when he touched his tail with a rod—disturbing all the rest, and causing such a splashing of the water, as frequently gave us a good sprinkling when standing near the brink. The last evening we were there we counted forty-five finny captives, and Dayrée talked of sending them in next morning to the Quebec market. Morning came, and when the poor man went to the reservoir to take out his fish, he was horrified to find that forty-three of them had been stolen during the night, and only two little ones remained.

Alas, this secluded and romantic glen has lost very much of its Arcadian innocency. The social perversion arising out of the political disturbances has reached our favourite valley, and like the natural flood has swept away much of its moral grace and beauty. Yet, after all, there is some reason for hoping that foreign Philistines have been the thieves. As far as I have observed during my various fishing expeditions here, the peasantry, like the mass of the unsophisticated Canadians, are courteous, cheerful, moral and industrious; after their own fashion. The soil of this tract of country is light and sandy—the farming wasting and unskilful, and the land soon gets out of heart; notwithstanding, the *habitans*, though poor, appear contented and light-hearted. This season having been wet has exactly suited their thirsty soil, and their crops have been remarkably good.

The Writer caught only thirty salmon this summer, having been unable to visit the river during the best week of the season. All our angling achievements in these parts lately have been eclipsed by the success of a Quebec gentleman, Mr. John

Strang, last July. He repaired to the Esquimaux River—a stream on the North Shore, thirty miles below the mouth of the Saguenay—and having arrived in the very nick of time, just as a shoal of salmon had come up from the sea, he prepared his tackle, set to work, and killed fifty good fish with the fly in two days and a half; throwing the whole fisherhood of Quebec into paroxysms of astonishment, with, perhaps, a spice of envy. But this is a despicable feeling, unworthy of a generous salmocide, who would rather rejoice that in these evil days so much happiness fell to the lot of any of the sons of Adam.

In the course of the winter and spring several stipendiary magistrates were appointed at various places in the Montreal District, and a rural Police was also established in some of the populous villages—both being measures of great importance in protecting person and property, and guarding the *habitans* within their superintendence from the seditious practices of the emissaries of mischief.

Early in the summer of 1839, the important intelligence arrived that the legislative union of Upper and Lower Canada was to be made a Government measure, and the draft of a bill to this effect was sent out from England. On this subject the Writer feels his own incompetence to speak otherwise than with great doubt and diffidence; but one thing seems pretty certain, that the advocacy of this measure by the leading organs of the French Canadians, which is now beginning, proves that *they* expect an accession of strength from this provincial incorporation, and hope at no distant period to erect "*une grande et puissante nation*" on the St. Lawrence. The philosophers of this school, however, have never been remarkable for their sagacity, and their calculations now may be as erroneous as heretofore. Like the Spanish Generals in the great Peninsular struggle, who were always annihilating the French Armies in their despatches, although they never could stand before them for a moment in the field, these gentry are perpetually gloating over the ruin of British influence on this continent; and the utter defeat of every successive attempt to accomplish it has no curative effect on their political monomania.

"Destroy his web of sophistry; in vain,
The creature's at his dirty work again."

In shaping out any course for the future Government of these Provinces, it should not be forgotten that it is a choice of difficulties. The union would form, to appearance, a powerful Province—too powerful, the disaffected hope, to submit long to England. But local interests and difference of race would probably soon split the Legislature into two great sections, and the judicious fostering of extensive emigration might in a few years give the decided preponderance to the English half. With an equalization of the number of members from either Province, and a qualification—some change in the franchise favourable to the mercantile interest; and as a *sine qua non*, the exclusive use of the English language in the official transactions of the Legislature, and after a given period, in courts of justice—the union may be a permanently beneficial measure.

But I humbly conceive that no such tremendous concession to the democratic principle, as the novelty of a Legislative Council sitting for eight years, is required. Those cumbrous appendages, the five district municipalities or subsidiary assemblies, too, might be spared. Indeed with these bodies and the urban corporations, taking all the work of internal improvement out of the hands of the House of Assembly, it would have very little to do.

Our summer this year has been a quiet one in Lower Canada. In the Upper Province the poison of Lord Durham's Report has continued to operate, and the disaffected, under the abused name of reformers, availing themselves of its sophistry, have held political meetings in several places and passed resolutions in harmony with its dogmas. To such persons in both Provinces this document has been invaluable, and they have used it cleverly; mystifying even intelligent and loyal men, and persuading them that a colonial responsible ministry would cure all the evils under which these Provinces labour; bring back the refluent tide of emigration, diffuse capital, quiet discontent and work all kinds of wonders.

It is not surprising that these people should follow their old trade; but it is strange that good and sensible persons should join them in renewed agitation to build some doubtful political theory, at a time when the Province wants repose so much,

and when men's minds are yet inflamed by violent passions. At a time, too, when a neighbouring frontier is still full of lawless and desperate men, who wish nothing more than the revival of party strife in Canada, and are ready to use the torch and the knife on responsibles and anti-responsibles indiscriminately, when they find opportunity.

Some atrocious acts of incendiarism were perpetrated in the Upper Province during the summer by villains from the State of New York; and others meditated, but frustrated. A daring plot to burn the town of Cobourg and murder some of the inhabitants, was detected by the providential contrition of one of the conspirators, who possessed a little more humanity than the rest. Threatening notices of death were served on many loyal and influential individuals; and from the neighbouring friendly State, the miserable outcasts launched with impunity every weapon of annoyance against the country that had spurned them from her bosom.

That a better feeling prevailed towards the interior and on the sea-board of the United States was proved by several facts. Formerly in acts of aggression on the British Provinces, the American courts of justice yielded no redress; for either no conviction could be obtained or no punishment followed. But this year, Mackenzie and Van Ransellaer were both tried, found guilty of making war on Great Britain, fined and imprisoned. In the course of a tour to the Canadian frontier during the summer, the President every where inculcated lessons of peace, oblivion of the past, moderation and good neighbourhood; and lectured the people of Oswego especially, on the great risk the nation had run of engaging in an unjust war with England, from the bad conduct of the borderers.

I believe that the authorities in these Provinces have acted with scrupulous good faith and delicacy towards the States' Governments and the Washington Cabinet during the troubles of the last two years. Yet when any international difficulties occur, it is no easy matter to preserve peaceful relations; not so much perhaps, from the fault of people in power on either side, as from the peculiar constitution of the Federal Government, and of the different sovereignties of which it is composed.

There are so many fine lines, distinctions and gradations between the jurisdiction of the United States and that of particular State; and thus so many choice facilities of shuffling inconvenient foreign questions from one to the other, that, although a Governor may desire to act conscientiously, the gentlemen of the black robe, who have an interest in it, will not let him; but will probably puzzle and perplex the honest man into the line of conduct they desire. On the other hand, if he does *not* wish to act up to the golden rule towards his neighbours, he has only to transfer the business, whatever it may be, to the General Government, and say it is no affair of his. The General Government, again, may decline to act, averring that they have no proper jurisdiction in the matter.

Governor Marcy of the State of New York was requested by Sir Francis Head to deliver up to justice Mackenzie, who had just committed robbery of the person, robbery of the mail, arson of a dwelling house, and had been an accessary in murder. Governor Marcy, being resolved for political reasons, to screen this great criminal, replied, " No; if he had been simply a robber, incendiary, or murderer, I might give him up; but as he is, moreover, a traitor, and our laws shield foreign traitors the same as the English laws: and our people, besides, view them as political martyrs—you shall not touch a hair of his head." A determination which, considering what has since followed, His Excellency Governor Marcy has no doubt much regretted.

Governor Jennison of Vermont was asked by Sir John Colborne last summer to give up a felon named Holmes. This man, after seducing the wife of a Canadian gentleman, named Taschè, travelled in mid-winter two hundred miles to murder himself, and accomplished his purpose by shooting him through the head, having first inveigled the unfortunate man into his cariole by promising to give him news of his wife and family. The murderer then carried his victim, yet bleeding, some miles in his carriage, until he found a retired place to hide the corpse. The Governor of Vermont, finding no reason to doubt Holmes' guilt—full evidence of it having been laid before him—gave orders to deliver him up to the Canadian Executive. But the lawyers got hold of the case—procrastinated it as long as they could in the Vermont Courts; and as a last resource, appealed

to the Supreme Court of the United States, which issued a *habeas* and prevented this honest Governor from doing what was right. Thus a diabolical villain will probably escape the gallows; and what makes the case the more remarkable, is, that at this very time, on the requisition of the Executive of Vermont, Sir John Colborne gave up to the American officers of justice some common delinquent who had fled into Lower Canada.

In the course of the summer two or three little scenes of an interesting nature were exhibited to Her Majesty's loyal lieges at Montreal. A handsome and valuable piece of Plate had been voted by them to Colonel Wetherall of the Royal Regiment, for his eminent services at St. Charles, and ordered out from London. The ship Colborne conveying it was wrecked in Carlisle Bay, on the coast of Gaspé; the greater part of the crew perished, and the Plate was given up for lost—the vessel having gone to pieces. Several weeks afterwards a box was picked up, on the other side of the bay, forty miles distant, containing the identical Plate, only slightly tarnished by the salt water. A flattering address accompanied the presentation of the well earned trophy; and some imaginative pen may yet make the incident a subject for song or sonnet, and represent honest Neptune as indignantly refusing to appropriate this tribute, which accident had placed in his power.

The distinguished officer second in command here, Major General Sir James Macdonell, had been appointed a Knight Commander of the Bath, but no opportunity of personal investiture with the insignia of the rank had yet occurred. Early in September this ceremony took place at Sir John Colborne's residence, with the usual imposing accompaniments of Guards of Honor, waving banners, a splendid cortége, and military music. With much grace and propriety, one eminent soldier was thus the Royal Representative in conferring this honor on another gallant companion in arms; and that well tried sword which had led the 52d to victory on many a hard fought field, and finally waved before them when they routed a column of Napoleon's Guard, on the evening of Waterloo, was now most fitly employed in bestowing Knighthood on the stalwart and indomitable defender of Hougoumont.

As an appropriate sequel, it should be added, that immediately before Sir John Colborne's embarkation for England, Sir James Macdonell returned the compliment by investing him with the Grand Cross of the Bath; accompanying the ceremony by a short but very good speech.

Contrasted with these attractive military spectacles, but far more intrinsically important in its ulterior bearings, though destitute of their splendour, was the ceremony of laying the first stone of an University at Montreal, for the endowment of which Mr. Peter McGill, a patriotic gentleman of that city, had bequeathed a large sum of money. Herein, I am confident that a virtuous man, like Sir John Colborne, would feel infinitely more enjoyment and happiness than in receiving any personal honor himself; convinced that thus by his last public act in this Province, as by his establishment of numerous Rectories, to be centres for the radiation of Christian instruction (in harmony, it is to be hoped, with other sources of spiritual illumination,) before quitting the other, he had been instrumental in promoting the vital interests of both, by the perpetuation and diffusion of general knowledge combined with religious truth.

Towards the close of the summer reports got into circulation that serious differences, as to some important points of civil policy, had occurred between the Home Government and the Governor General. At length it became certainly known that he was soon to be recalled, and that the Right Honble. Charles Poulett Thomson was to be appointed in his stead, and might soon be expected in Quebec, accompanied by Lieutenant General Sir Richard Jackson, as Commander of the Forces.

This intelligence was not much relished by the British and commercial part of the community in either Province, who feared for the peace of the country after their tried, faithful and energetic commander should have left them. They were also indisposed to Mr. Thomson for other reasons, having cause to believe that he differed from their views in some weighty matters, and was averse to the continuance of protecting duties in England on their staple export, timber ; a point not only vitally affecting their individual interests, but as they justly believed,

the great shipping and trading interests, and even the naval power of Great Britain.

On the 17th October, the Pique frigate, which had so often been employed in conveying Governors to and from this country, again arrived in Quebec with the new Governor and Commander of the Forces on board; and on the 19th, when Sir John Colborne had come down from Montreal to receive him, His Excellency landed, proceeded to the old Château and took the usual oaths in the presence of the Executive Council, a large number of military officers, with Sir J. Colborne, Sir R. Jackson and Sir J. Macdonell at their head, and a great concourse of respectable civilians. The new Governor's appearance and demeanour on this occasion made a favourable impression—his physiognomy evinced benevolence and intelligence, and he went through the inaugural ceremonies in a quiet gentlemanly manner, in pleasing contrast with the pompous harlequinades of one of his immediate predecessors, whose scowl at the abjuration oath and the indignant toss of the book that followed, are not yet forgotten. His Excellency then commenced his administration by a sensible and appropriate proclamation, both well conceived and well expressed.

An affecting scene was witnessed at Montreal when their revered Commander and friend, Sir John Colborne, took his final departure. A large concourse of the British population, with a most numerous military staff, escorted him to the wharf, and on his embarkation bade the veteran and venerable Chief "Farewell," in peals upon peals, of loud, affectionate and prolonged cheering. When at length the voice of the vast assembly was dying away, a man perched on a mast, exclaimed, "One cheer more for the Colonel of the 52nd!" This touched a new chord of stirring recollection in the heart of the multitude, and the acclamation was instantly resumed as loud as ever.

Finally, on the 23rd October, Sir John and his family, accompanied by his attached Peninsula and Waterloo friend and Military Secretary, Colonel Rowan, and his late Civil Secretary, Major Goldie, of the 66th, embarked in the Pique, under a salute from the citadel and the shipping. The frigate got under weigh soon after, encountered a terrific thunder-storm the same night, by which her fore-topmast was struck; but the

lightning glanced harmlessly from the ship, for the laurelled head she bore was not destined to be thus laid low—

" ——————— the wreath which Glory weaves
Is of the tree no bolt of thunder cleaves :"

and the Pique proceeded down the St. Lawrence amidst the regrets and good wishes of every loyal and honourable man in these colonies.

As the preacher finishes his sermon with some practical hints, so would I, dearly beloved reader, end my volumes of " Trifles" with one or two political suggestions for your consideration.

You are a *French Canadian.* 'Tis well. You are descended from one illustrious nation and adopted by another. It is probable that from strong attachment to your old country ; a principle, abstractedly considered, most honourable ; and a misconception of the policy of Great Britain, you have been long fondly imagining that you could build up a *new France* on this continent under the wing of England. Now, my dear fellow, you must disabuse yourself of this gross delusion without delay—totally and irrevocably. The thing is physically and absolutely impossible ; and you might as rationally expect that the dark tribute poured from the St. Maurice into your mighty river would be able to retain its hue, or change the broad current to its own tint, as that you can continue French amidst the great Anglo-Saxon family to which you now belong.

This erroneous notion has done you much mischief ; for it has prevented you from forming a cordial attachment to the country to which your allegiance is due—has chilled your loyalty into some negative and luke-warm feeling on which no great dependence could be placed, and has prevented you from meeting the sincere advances of the Government to a warmer friendship in a kindred spirit. Finally, this noxious idea has lately been the *ignis fatuus* that has led yourself or some of your relations into the quagmire of rebellion.

You have, it cannot be denied, enjoyed a great deal of social comfort and happiness under the dominion of Great Britain ; much more than your ancestors did under the arbitrary rule of the Military Governors and Intendants of old, and a thousand fold more than you would be likely to possess under any new

system, separate from her tutelary sway. But under present circumstances you must not imagine that England will now consider herself bound to sustain those institutions under which you partook of so much "tranquil bliss," as Lord Gosford told you, in the same way as if you had taken that good nobleman's advice. Changes must take place, and it is the part of wisdom to accommodate ourselves to them when inevitable. A quiet, and modest, and subdued tone—not the insolent air of an aggrieved person—would be decorous in you and your compatriots at this time; and moreover, would in the end be your best policy. The Government are now meditating the restoration of your rights and franchises as British subjects, under a legislative union with the Upper Province; but if, as there is some reason to dread, you embark in that project animated by the spirit of Papineau—*as one step towards earlier independence of Great Britain*—no good can be the result, and you will be again fatally deceived. I earnestly advise you, therefore, to change your tactics—to be politically, as well as socially, honest and sincere—to respond heartily to the efforts of the British Government for your permanent good, under one of its own members now amongst you—to shake at length the proffered hand of friendship and accept the tender of oblivion of the past; to close your ears against sedition; exercise charity to your neighbours of every class; mind your farms and your shops; give your children education and follow the advice of your virtuous Clergy. Thus all may yet be well—otherwise, long years of bloody anarchy are before you; and after this disastrous period, all those national distinctions to which you now cling so pertinaciously—your customs, laws, language, religion, seminaries and convents, will be utterly swept away in the Yankee flood that will sweep down your great valley. It is true you will be relieved from your tithes and your Clergy must starve, and some village Justice may marry your sons and daughters. But you will gain little by this; for the tax-gatherer, whom you now know only by name, will then grind you to the earth.

You are an *Anglo-Canadian*. Pardon me, if I say that you, my dear loyal Sir, would also do well to get rid of some prejudices and erroneous notions. You are rather too much a mono-

polizer of loyalty and too apt to insult your fellow subjects of French origin; calling them indiscriminately rebels and traitors, and thus unwisely confounding the good with the bad. Now, you may be assured that the great majority of them, although they will not come forward as prominently as yourself—which is not in their nature, are still sound at heart and well affected to the Government. There is, no doubt, an active and a mischievous portion—needy and desperate—reckless and unprincipled—who are ready at this moment to renew the scenes of the two last winters. But those who have property and a stake in the country—the commercial classes—the Seigneurs—the Clergy and eight-tenths of the *habitans*, making allowance for their peculiar manner, are as loyal as yourself.

Again, my dear good Sir, you ought to consider that if a part of the French Canadians rebelled—wantonly and wickedly I admit—the bad sections of country have severely suffered; as the blackened ruins of a thousand burned habitations—but too needlessly destroyed in many instances—attest: to say nothing of the imprisonments, the transportations and the necessary examples on the gallows.

You have now a new Governor—a Cabinet Minister—possessing the full confidence of the present Ministry, acquainted with every secret of their policy and their appointed instrument to work it out and settle affairs here—advantages which *none* of his predecessors ever possessed. You have seen Lord John Russell, the most talented of the Ministers, seating himself lately in the Colonial Office, at the expence of a step of official rank, chiefly to arrange Canadian and other colonial difficulties. Meet this proceeding cordially, for there may not be again so favourable an opportunity; and the public mind of England is now strongly impressed with the importance of these noble possessions of the Crown and the paramount necessity of placing our tenure of them on some stable basis. Never mind the Whigs being in office. The policy of Whig and Tory with reference to this country has been for the last twelve or thirteen years, and would now be, pretty much the same. Do not therefore, I implore you, indulge so much as is your wont in declamations against the British Government, as to its imbecility, ignorance of your affairs, truckling to traitors, &c. &c.

Be assured it knows more about you than you are aware of, and can have no object but your permanent good. But from its position it may take a more enlarged view of your situation with the bearings on other Imperial interests, than you can. Second, therefore, the able man who is now at the head of affairs here. The beginning of his administration augurs well. He is no doubt instructed to smooth the way for an union of the two Provinces, which, to be beneficial, must be commenced and conducted in the spirit of peace, soberness, equity and charity.

Be not ready to impute bad motives, however, to those who may differ from you as to the policy of this great measure. Many good and wise men differ conscientiously on this subject. My own humble opinion is, that it is a very doubtful step to take, but that it appears on the whole preferable to the violent disruption of Lower Canada, by attaching Montreal to the Upper Province and Gaspé to New Brunswick—a proceeding of a repulsive character of force and injustice. Restoring things as they were cannot be thought of for a moment; and governing permanently without a representative body must be placed in the same category. But the border differences and other mooted points must be speedily settled between the Americans and us, or all the exertions now making to arrange Canadian affairs are so much labour lost.

The Writer of these pages is so far interested in offering the advice which he now presumes to give, that he will probably end his days in this country, and would naturally wish for a quiet futurity. In every other respect, if he may be pardoned for saying so, his position, however humble, is one of entire impartiality and independence; and although he has had the honour of the acquaintance of some half a dozen Governors and Commanders of the Forces here, he has never asked or obtained, directly or indirectly, a single personal favour, advantage or obligation from any of them. He may add that he is no admirer of the present administration, nor of Whig policy generally; but the question now is not—who is in or out of office at home? the great point for all parties to consider is—shall we cordially and sincerely co-operate in this, perhaps, last attempt of England to settle political differences in these Pro-

vinces ? This it is the clear interest of all parties to do ; for should the British Government, disgusted and provoked at the mutually repulsive and unreasonable conduct of British Canadian and French Canadian, and the renewed and absurd agitation in the Upper Province, and exhausted by the enormous drain on the treasury from hence—should she resolve to withdraw her troops and cast this country adrift—wide scenes of blood and horror at which the mind recoils, would be the necessary and immediate result.

As for you, gentlemen of Upper Canada, who are now running after a Will o' the Wisp, named " Responsible Government," and in pursuit of it will most certainly get into trouble, I respectfully and earnestly advise you to give up this foolish chase. The political theory with which you have become so suddenly enamoured has, as you perceive, been utterly repudiated by the ministry as entirely inconsistent with the relations of colony and mother country ; and if under the ban of the Whigs, you may be certain it will be abominated, *a fortiori* by the Conservatives. Nobody would have conceived twelve months ago that Lord Durham could thus have set you together by the ears. And what a time, too, have you chosen to quarrel ? When the domestic traitor, the incendiary, the outcast and the foreign sympathiser, are still banded together and hovering about the frontier, ready to avail themselves of the happy opening your discussions will furnish. Wise policy to fight with and maim each other—destroy the stores of provisions and blow up the ammunition when the enemy is yet at the gate of the fortress !

You have already, believe me, as much constitutional liberty as is good for you, and were all thriving and flourishing as long as you attended to your business, and considered politics as a secondary object. But your Provincial and domestic misfortunes began when you neglected your families and your farms, and your mills, and your shops, to run open-mouthed after such black-hearted agitators as Mackenzie and his crew. They found you ready dupes ; and had little difficulty in persuading you that you were terribly wronged and misgoverned, or in turning your few mole-hill grievances into mountains. You are still, my good folks, only a branch of a great tree, and yet scarcely

able, like the bough of the Banyan, to draw nourishment independently from the earth. But you are rather too old for engrafting on another stock, and would be very apt to wither. It will therefore be wise policy to continue for some time longer connected with the Parent Oak.

But I firmly believe that such language is inapplicable to the great majority of you, gentlemen. The whole Empire applauds your conduct during the last two winters; and your courage, fortitude, loyalty, forbearance under grievous wrongs and privations, and your refulgent patriotism amidst severe trials, are the theme of universal eulogy, and are worthy of the best times of your English ancestors. There is a moral fitness in this, and it is graceful and seemly that the children of those united Empire loyalists, who, from the very highest and purest sense of honor and principle abandoned their flourishing possessions in the revolted Provinces, and buried themselves in the wilderness, rather than forfeit their allegiance, should now act worthy of their noble-minded sires.

Tarnish not now the purity of the fame you then acquired, I beseech you. All ye that are true-hearted, separate from the men of doubtful character—the turncoats, the turbulent, the disaffected, the false reformers and the true rebels. You can have no fellow-feeling and no common object with them; and *their* embracing any political theory with eagerness ought to make you distrust or reject it. Cling to that glorious country whose devoted children ye were proud last year to be reckoned—whose faithful sons I am persuaded you still are. Take my word for it, who have seen many nations, there is no other such country on this earth. She may now be under a cloud, and it may yet become blacker than at present; the storm may even burst, and the pillars of her empire be shaken. But it will expend its force in vain, and pass away after a brief season of gloom: the sun will again shine and the air be bright and calm. She that has weathered so many storms will assuredly weather this. Long has

" ———— the inviolate Island of the sage and free"

been manifestly under the tutelary care of a beneficent Providence, as its chief instrument, we humbly conceive, for the

civilization and Christianising of mankind, and we may without presumption retain this belief still.

Behold even now this

" ———— little body with a mighty soul."

She is exerting every energy, almost to temporary exhaustion, in fulfilling this high and blessed trust. Already she has laid the deep foundations of its accomplishment. She has covered half the Globe with her descendants, and is every day discovering and peopling new regions—binding together remote countries by her navigation and commerce, and by the ties of common laws and language; annihilating the vast intervening space by her science and her daring: whilst she maintains peaceful relations between them, and all over the Earth by the exercise of her mediating council, the weight of her character, and her beneficent power. Contemplate her works of merciful munificence. She is not less the centre of intelligence, and the main spring of human enterprise, than the refuge of the needy, and the perennial and overflowing fountain of charity—the emancipator of the slave as much as the model for the free. She is great in all that constitutes true greatness—in arts and arms—in science and learning—in wisdom and virtue—in manufactures and commerce—in physical and intellectual power—in the intrepidity of her sons and the beauty of her daughters—in all that prolongs, protects, embellishes, instructs and ennobles human life, and in the Faith that discloses immortality—in the glories of the present era and the rich annals of past ages!

And shall this magnanimous England now sink and perish? Great God forbid! No! She will for long ages yet to come move in her exalted sphere, shedding beneficent light; and unless she dim her own radiance and unfit herself for her high destiny, the same guardian power that first marked out her bright course will still maintain her in her orbit. Her subsidence from the foremost rank amongst the nations would be like the extinction of a great planet; nor would the disturbing influence of such a calamity be less in the moral world than this catastrophe in the natural.

NUGÆ METRICÆ.

SERENADE.

TRUXILLO, SEPTEMBER, 1812.

By the Moon's imploring light,
Which calls thy beauties into sight;
By the soft and balmy air
That longs to fan thy form so fair:
By the Nightingale's sweet strain,
Warbling amidst our secret grove—
O burst dull Sleep's ignoble chain—
Awake! arise, my Love!

By Music's soft mysterious power,
Mellower for the midnight hour;
By thine own melodious song—
By the thoughts that with it throng—
By the scene that song recals,
But known to us and to the Dove,
Hid in the Arbour's fragrant walls—
Awake! arise, my Love!

By dark Tejo's stormy wave,
Beauteous Bernarda's yawning grave;
By the power that nerv'd my arms
To rescue thence thy drooping charms:
By that deep moan which rent thy breast
When Life's faint pulse began to move—
By that mute look to me address'd—
Awake! I wait thee Love!

THE GANGES.

RAAJHMAAL, OCTOBER, 1815.

Gunga ! from where high Himalaya's snow
Soars in lone glory far above the clouds,
Thy gelid streams in early brightness flow,
Whilst Solitude their granite cradle shrouds.

But soon escaping from the Mountain's breast,
Whose gorges could thy power no more enthral,
Thou speedest to fulfil thy high behest—
Fountain of fruitfulness to broad Bengal.

Like infant innocence thy course began—
From Heaven's near snow thy waters had their source ;
Alas ! polluted by the touch of Man,
Thou bearest now Corruption in thy course.

The blind Hindoo within thy margin laving,
With seven-fold prayer directed to thy shrine,
Deems *Ganesa* omnipotent in saving,
And that thy fertile waters are divine.

He traceth not the Heaven that fed thine urn,
Grovelling in darkness on thine idol strand ;
Nor will he to thy great Creator turn,
Who poured thee " from the hollow of his hand."

Within his hut of reeds what wretch reposes,
His stiffened arm directed to the sky ?
Upon his bed of spikes, as if of roses,
Gazing on thee, the Faakir hopes to die.

Deep in his back the iron barbs are fast—
The juicy muscle is congealed to bone ;
His talons through the clenched palms have pass'd—
His eyes are lustreless, like orbs of stone.

Behold the Immolatress ! wan and pale
With mortal agony, a widowed bride—
Midst yelling cheers—not sounds of woe or wail,
The flames enwrap her by her husband's side !

On his sick pallet destitute and lone,
With thickening films upon his glassy eye
That aged sire is left—his sons are gone—
The Vulture waits the final agony !

No more ! no more shall *Gunga* be my theme,
Rolling this mighty mass of doom and crime ;
My humble muse will sing a purer stream
And to Esk's lowly current tune her rhyme.

DEATH SONG OF THE HINDOO WIDOW.

ALLAHABAD, FEBRUARY, 1817.

Lord of my life ! within thy arms
I lay me down to rest ;
And quit the Earth and all its charms
To die upon thy breast.

I come in willing sacrifice
Thy dews of death to sip,
Freely as when my loving kiss
Dwelt on thy living lip.

O cease thee *Frangisthanee* dame !
Thou com'st from icy lands,
And fearest the atoning flame
Which *Indra's* law demands.

Even like a moth *thy* love decays,
Within the lamp's faint light ;
Mine, like the Fire-grass in the blaze,
Becomes more pure and bright.

Thou *livest* while the yellow worm
Within its slimy cell
Preys loathfully upon the form
Thy bosom loved so well !

But I, when thus my husband's frame
Within my arms I twine,
Can mock Corruption ! *Gunga's* stream
Our ashes will enshrine.

Ah ! know'st thou not great *Brahma's* power
Shields those who thus expire ?
Ah ! know'st thou not our *Camdeo's* flower
Uninjured meets the fire ?

Wreathed with its petals flames in vain
To harm me shall arise ;
I scorn their power—I laugh at pain—
We mount into the skies !

There warm this silent heart will beat
Responsive to my own ;
Those lips resume their accents sweet—
But for a moment flown.

We go in endless love to dwell
To bask in *Brahma's* smile—
Friends, kindred, lower world—farewell !
Place fire upon the pile !

LADOR AND IDA.

ST. HELENA, 1820.

" Hark ! Ipsara's groans resounding
Come hollow o'er the crimsoned Sea—
Hear her destiny astounding,
And waken Hydra's chivalry.
Fly ! for the foe's extermination
Alone with Ida's heart will plead ;
Dire vengeance first ! love's gratulation
Shall then reward the valiant deed.

The Moon beheld all peaceful sleeping
The Island virgins yesternight ;
Outraged, captives, chained and weeping,
They moaned beneath the morning light.
The aged sire sank near his daughter—
Brethren and kindred all lie low ;
Beloved one, avenge this slaughter—
Deep love will recompense each blow !

When victorious thou appearest
At our love-encircled home,
And our eager vision cheerest,
In trophied triumph proudly come ;
Round thy neck my arms will twine them—
These hands will wreathe my hero's head—
On thy lips my lips enshrine them
And Hymen bless our nuptial bed."

As the wind through stormy Heaven
The thistle's down wafts o'er the Deep,
By Love and Hate and Vengeance driven,
Young Lador with his Hydriots sweep.
They smite the miscreant hordes—the Crescent
Wanes dim before the Island Cross;
And long shall the Ipsariot peasant
Recount the tale of Moslem loss.

The desperate struggle now is ended;
No Turk survives—each heart is steeled—
Alas! what wounded youth, extended,
Gasps bleeding on the glorious field?
Pale, faint, amidst a gory torrent
From staunchless wounds, poor Lador lies,
And as his true heart's latest current
Ebbs forth, names Ida's name and dies!

SONG OF THE GREEK PRIESTS WELCOMING *BOZZARIS* RETURNING FROM BURNING THE TURKISH FLEET.

LONDON, 1821.

Raise high the Cross! to you 'tis given
The Tartar from our soil to sweep,
And whelm the foes of Greece and Heaven
For ever in the boiling Deep:
Hellas your name shall now enroll
In golden letters on her pages,
With every high, heroic soul
That glorified her early ages.

Raise high the Cross! the Crescent wanes—
To nought the impious symbol dwindles—
Raise high the Cross upon new Fanes—
The beacon which our hearts enkindles.
Bring forth the bowl of rosy wine—
Your swords have conquered—warriors sheathe them!
Bring forth the flowers—the garlands twine—
Ye virgins round your heroes wreathe them!

Raise high the Cross! the fond embrace
Of Sister, Daughter, Mother, Wife,
Ardent awaits you—to our Race
Ye bring regenerated life.
Ye burst the oppressor's iron chain—
Ye rent the sackcloth black and gory—
Ours long was shame, and fear, and pain—
But ye give liberty and glory!

ENIGMA.

Though with Satan I dwelt from the earliest time,
And the source of all sin, yet I never knew crime.
Amphibious I am, though I live not in water:
I kill not yet slay, and can revel in slaughter.
In the Sea I reside, but I dwell not in Ocean—
All religions contain me though lacking devotion.
I dearly love mobs, yet detest all low people—
I ne'er go to Church though I lodge in the steeple.
With Commons and Lords I possess my two seats,
Though ne'er in my place when the Parliament meets.
In the Abbey I never have ventured my nose,
Yet all other Minsters I've seen, I suppose,
Ever since the first Church under Constantine rose.
I mix in all battles, yet love not a fight;
I finish all letters—not knowing to write.
I was never in love, though I relish sweet kisses—
I am fond of applause—but I glory in hisses.
I'm a saint, and a sinner, a savage, a miser—
In short I'm *yourself*—but you're never the wiser.

TO THE EARL OF DALHOUSIE.

QUEBEC 1827.

Shall thousand Cenotaphs proclaim
On Battle fields each glorious name,
And on this hallowed spot—
These smiling banks his valour gained,
Those frowning heights his life-blood stained—
Is only Wolfe's forgot?

Deeply each British heart hath mourned
His dust nor trophied nor inurned—
Unnoticed and unknown:
Be thine the stain to wash away—
Be thine thy country's debt to pay;
And for the wrong atone.

And thou brave Veteran, on whose breast
Wolfe cheered by victory sank to rest,
Wilt on the labour smile;
And whilst we pay the well earned meed,
The Christian Priest will bless the deed,
And consecrate the Pile.

THE BELLES OF QUEBEC TO THE OFFICERS OF THE 66TH ON LEAVING THE CITY.

MAY, 1830.

"Farewell now! and if for ever"
No tear will start at the farewell—
Slight force is needed us to sever—
Small good of you we have to tell.
Though blooming Spinsters first ye found us,
The self-same Spinsters we remain;
No marriage tie with you hath bound us—
We never wish to meet again.

Ah, Sixty-Sixth! ye shocking shy men,
But bold within your Mess-Room porch;
O why amongst you black-ball Hymen,
Or in your bumpers drown his torch?
Long three years' flirting ye have cost us—
Soft looks, sweet smiles—a countless store;
Alas, our labour has been lost us—
And now the silly farce is o'er.

Ye might be lions in the Battle,
We found you lambs when at the Ball;
Ye may be great midst cannon's rattle—
Midst *ours* ye have been mighty small.
Though numerous victories deck your banners,
No trophies here you e'er could win:
Go—hang yourselves! or mend your manners—
We care not which a single pin.

THE FIRST SALMON OF THE SEASON.

DAYREE'S BRIDGE, JACQUES CARTIER RIVER—JUNE, 1837.

The rain-cloud has passed and the Sun rises high,
The mist from the river floats up to the sky;
The shade of the maple still rests on the stream,
With its dottings of gold from each quivering beam.
The flood has subsided—the water is clear—
Hurrah for a salmon! the prime of the year.

Our tackle is ready, and first in our way
The glittering deceit hovers o'er the "Grand Réts;"
It lights in the eddy—By Jupiter Ammon!
Already darts at it a silvery salmon.
I have missed him! and back with a dash and a gleam
The fish seeks indignant the depths of the stream.

Once more he has risen and amply displayed
His beautiful form on the billow he made;
I have him! he's fast! hark! the musical steel
Sings sweetly as rushes the silk from the Reel—
He makes for the Rapid—a harlequin spring!
Another! Again! he's a fish for a King!

He has gained the mid-torrent—fast spins out the line;
We must run down the bank or the Beauty resign;
The margin is rock—and such racing I ween
'Twixt a man and a fish has but seldom been seen—
Now a plunge—now a leap—and in air when he spins
He dashes the foam in white showers from his fins!

They are dangerous crags, but my path is well known,
And the hosen, like wax, catch the slippery stone;
Whilst the Reel's sounding treble enlivens the chase,
And the roar of the river booms deep as a bass.
Down, down the swift current now dashes the fish,
As gallant a salmon as Angler could wish.

We have gained "L'Hôpital" and the Rapid is past—
There's leisure to breathe and to wind up at last.
Now hie thee, good Burnet—no more can he fly—
Gaff slowly and surely—our triumph is nigh.
'Tis done—bravely done—the long struggle is o'er,
And a bright twenty-pounder gasps high on the shore!

COUNT HILDEBRAND.

WRITTEN FOR THE 66TH MESS.

Count Hildebrand mounted his berry-brown steed,
The King of his valorous arm stood in need.
The Saracens landed, he sought them with speed
And swore that he'd conquer or perish!
His Lady so lovely, his Lady so true,
To weep and to pray in her turret withdrew,
For the Knight from her sight when he sped well she knew
Had sworn that he'd conquer or perish!
Chorus—bis,
Had sworn that he'd conquer or perish!

Count Hildebrand rushed on the Saracen horde,
Wide gleamed in the battle the sheer of his sword;
The Paladins hastened to rival their Lord,
And swore that they'd conquer or perish!
Around them the Paynim fell ghastly and grim,
Some cleft to the chine, and some lopp'd of a limb,
For a lane of the slain opened wide before him
Who swore that he'd conquer or perish!
Who swore, &c.

Count Hildebrand fell by the Saracen glaive,
His King mourned the loss of a warrior so brave,
And the tears of his country still fall o'er his grave
Who swore that he'd conquer or perish!
Like the hero let each as his goblet he drains—
In defence of our Queen and the Land where she reigns;
Whilst the flood of warm blood courses free in our veins
We swear that we'll conquer or perish!
Chorus,
We swear that we'll conquer or perish!

ERRATA.

VOLUME FIRST.

PAGE.	LINE FROM THE TOP.	FOR.	READ.
10	36	confident	confidant.
Motto, ... 23	6	thy	the.
44	23	Armores	Amores.
47	7	Estralla	Estrella.
Motto ... 49	2	snaggy	shaggy.
55	2	minto	muito.
57	27	two or three occasions	two or thee other occasions.
105	25	exhilirating	exhilarating.
(and passim,) 115	3	then	(to be omitted).
122	3	χμραῖωντος	πυρ αἰώνιος.
144	3	and	(to be omitted).
155	9	this crowd	them.
191	9	pestilence	putrescence.
214	8	genius	genus.
233	28	conversation	communication.
237	19	moved	sent.

VOLUME SECOND.

PAGE.	LINE FROM THE TOP.	FOR.	READ.
4	37	inferior	indifferent.
30	22	slip	step.
32	4	worse	worst.
41	16	week	night.
54	Line 8	general	grand.
99	8	we	will.
104	17	they believed	for they believed.
129	36	his speeches	his first speeches.
153	7	animating	animated.
176	28	re-reverberating	reverberating.
184	Last line	national	natural.
186	9	the	their.
214	17	glossing	glosing.
225	3	State	States.
228	10	Peter McGill	James McG[illegible].
230	1	laurelled	laureled.