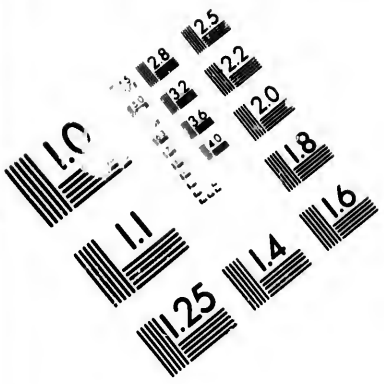

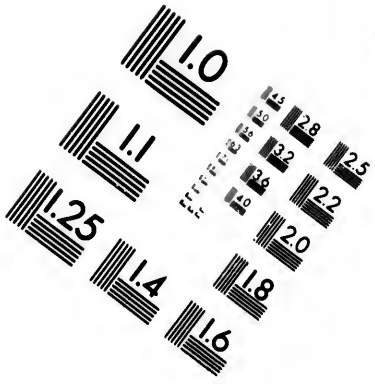

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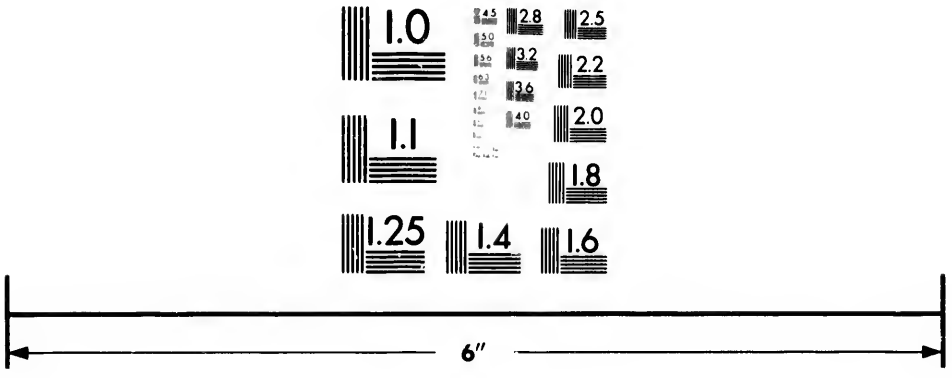

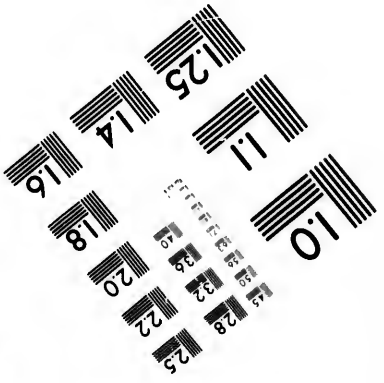

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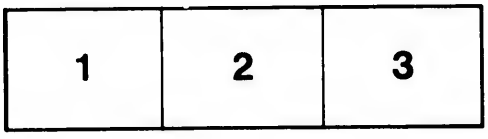

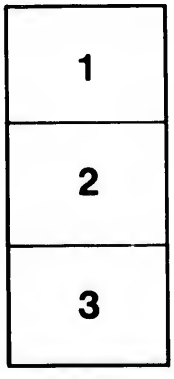

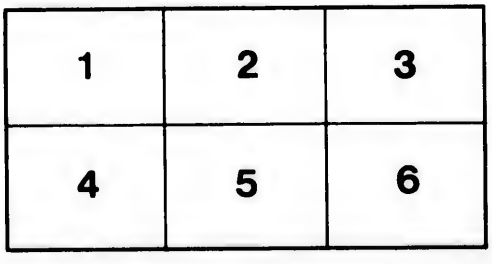

THE STORM OF '92

A Grandfather's TALE

TOLD IN 1932.

By W. H. C. LAWRENCE.

PUBLISHED BY THE

SHEPPARD PUBLISHING Co., LIMITED.

TORONTO,

1889.

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THE STORM OF '92.

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THE STORM OF '92.

A GRANDFATHER'S TALE.

TOLD IN 1932.

"Gentlemen of the four United Provinces—I transfer to your charge and keeping all those parts of North America which remained faithful to the King, my grandfather, after the secession of our other American possessions. I transfer to your charge and keeping a vast territory which the kings, my predecessors, have clung to with a determined resolution for three centuries, for the possession of which we seven times went to war with powerful rivals: which cost us to retain and defend may thousands of lives and many millions of treasure. This territory so eagerly explored, so ardently coveted, I now, in the name of my people and by the advice of my Imperial Parliament, transfer to you and to yours, to have and to hold, to make or to mar, to build up or break down."—*Thomas Darcy McGee.*

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THE STORM OF '92.

I AM an old man now—beyond my three-score and ten,—and soon to pass away, as most of those who were actors with me in the stirring events of my times have already passed; a few lingering upon the journey, but all soon to reach the inevitable goal at last. Here in the quiet evening of my days, in this great City of Toronto where I was born, and surrounded by my children and their children, I have thought it my duty, while memory and strength remain to me, to write my story of the events which made Canada what she is to-day.

I say duty. Perhaps a garrulous old man is fond of thinking that a duty which rather pleases his vanity and magnifies a little that personal importance which he cannot but feel is no longer conceded him by the busy world in which he is fast being forgotten. He lives in the past. Thrust aside in the hurry and bustle—his feeble steps too slow for the stalwart throng who jostle by him, he learns to love the quiet of the chimney corner, where he may dream undisturbed his day dreams of men and scenes long past. Here, too, among the little heads ranged around his arm-chair, he finds his indulgent listeners

who never tire of his oft-told tales. How often is he asked to tell the story of the old sword rusting on the wall; of those strange grass-grown mounds and pits which still seam the quiet fields, and which the little feet meet in their summer-day rambles after butterfly and flower. Forty years have passed since these long lines of earthworks witnessed the struggle of contending armies. Forty years have crumbled them with the frost and washed them with the rain, smoothing down the old redoubt and filling up the rifle-pit. Some day they will be all levelled, and the plow-share will again pass smoothly over them. But the memories they recall can never be effaced while the life of this nation lasts.

These are the footprints of the war fought to preserve our nationality. Who but the old, who took part in the struggle, can reap and garner the lessons it taught; who but the young can profit by these lessons—the new generation whose life is before them, into whose hands, for good or ill, their country's fortunes must be committed. Upon this young generation will rest the burden of maintaining the honour and welfare of Canada; may strength be given them to fulfil this trust as honest, faithful, loyal men.

If, in this year of grace and peace, 1932, I start out to tell how we became a nation, I ought to begin at the Confederation formed sixty years ago, for this was the first step which we took towards national unity. Perhaps there were some who even then recognized and hailed it as such; yet Confederation was accepted

by most as at least a refuge from the political evils of those times. How great an advance it was, it is almost impossible for one not acquainted with the old Canadas of those days to conceive; nor is it easy to understand how, in the face of the race jealousies and religious and party quarrels which then existed among the Provinces, it was accomplished. Can our country ever be sufficiently grateful to those patient and far seeing statesmen whose labours accomplished it? Upon most questions opposed with all that bitterness of faction feeling which is engendered by the very pettiness of the affairs of insignificant communities—in the contemplation of this great subject they forgot party bickerings and thought only of their country.

Confederation enlarged the horizon of our people, and with it their political views and aspirations. It led up to the adoption of that wise policy which built up our North-west. Without this splendid country, of whose vast capabilities and subsequent achievements people sixty years ago did not even dream, we could never have become a nation. Once Canada comprised the region north of the Ohio and west of the Mississippi. This was the Canada of Vaudreuil: the Canada of De la Roche was of even greater extent. But when Canada was in the cradle and too weak to protest, her splendid heritage was despoiled. A few arpents of snow were nothing to the careless Louis; vast and uninhabited territories seemed of trifling value to Europeans of later years. Happy was it that the great North-west was then altogether un-

known; that her fairy godmother had hidden this treasure for her where none could then find it, until she was grown wise enough herself to discover its value and strong enough to preserve it. Here was space for her to stretch her strong young limbs.

But in those days nobody knew much about the western territories. Travellers told us of their natural beauty and wonderful wealth, but not many of us went to see for ourselves. Our well-to-do classes were fond of spending their summers in Europe, according to the fashion of the times, and did not consider, as we do, an ignorance of the geography of their own country a disgrace. It was only when the great rush of European travel to those "Canadian Alps," the Selkirks, began to be remarked, that they commenced to visit them. How strange the ignorance of the former generation must seem to the present. We knew just as little of the James' Bay region, and believed it was frozen up eleven months in the year! The Kootenay Lakes, Fraser Canyon, Mount Sir Donald—those great summer resorts of this day—were all but unknown then.

Under Confederation we prospered. Our form of government was well planned, and its administration was honest and effective. Our population was of two pure races, British and French, and we had escaped contamination from that stream of pauper immigration, the scum of Europe, which swept, in ever increasing volume, towards shores to the south of us and was in time the cause of so much perplexity and disaster

to our American neighbours. Our people were loyal to that just power whose yoke was no heavier than a garland of roses, whose gentle sway we were proud to own.

There was one cloud upon our horizon—American hatred of England. As to the Homeric Greeks the wrath of the son of Pelous was the source of woes unnumbered, so to us was this American hatred of Britain the cause of all the suffering entailed by war. Yet it was not shared by the educated classes throughout the United States; it is not too much to say that it was deplored by them. Had these classes possessed the political influence that rightfully was due their social position and wealth, this unworthy animosity, the outcome of ignorance, prejudice and misunderstanding, would never have been permitted to cost the lives of thousands of innocent men, to make little children fatherless, to widow contented wives. It was the feeling of ignorant and dangerous classes in the Republic, whose ranks had been swollen by the hordes brought in through twenty years of indiscriminate immigration, unfit for self-government, rebellious against all laws, with nothing to lose themselves, plotting always to possess others' property; without respect even for the flag which sheltered them,—in whose minds national honour was an incomprehensible idea. Among such it was the hatred of the parvenu against the man of acknowledged social position, the hatred of the self-conscious stronger, whose claims are not admitted, against the rival he

believes weaker. It was a feeling fostered for his own purposes by that shameless thing—the professional politician; a creature as devoid of heart as of conscience; whom may God judge!

For a century before, the Americans had entertained the hope that our country would one day seek admission to the American Union; and in Jefferson's great Constitution provision was made for such expected application. Our continued existence as a colony of Great Britain was a standing negation of their old time political doctrine that no European power should be permitted to gain a foothold upon the continent of North America. But the Monroe doctrine, as devoid of practical wisdom as it was contrary to natural justice, no longer commended itself to the broader views of educated Americans of my day. Any desire which such men entertained to annex Canada to the United States was founded upon a misapprehension.

Somehow most of them could not understand that we were content with our political condition, and desired no change. We were something of a puzzle to them. In truth, we feared the result of democratic government where the reins of power had fallen from the hands of the educated, to be grasped by the ignorant, the worthless and the base. To our e· their future was beset with difficulties and peril., and we mistrusted their ability to avoid them. Expressions of hatred towards Britain pained and repelled us. Not a sneer or unkindly reference

in the speeches of their public men, or in their press, to a government we knew to be steadfast of purpose, just and honourable in dealing, magnanimous and lofty in ideals of statesmanship, but what wounded us to the quick.

We knew Britain better than they did. A persistently untruthful press had for years, by the free use of contemptuous epithets, sought to make Americans believe that as a power she was selfish, calculating, and grasping. We knew that while possessing the power to tax her colonies, and sometimes provoked by their adoption of tariffs hostile to her interests, she never exacted a farthing from them, left them free to govern themselves in their own way, and was always ready to protect them with fleets and armies, to the support of which they contributed nothing. Was all this selfish,—was it, as they said, "mean" and "hoggish?" Was it not rather the dealing of a nation honorable and magnanimous to a degree the world has rarely witnessed? For a century or more there was not one representative from her hundred colonies and dependencies in Britain's parliament; yet was there an act of oppression or of wilful misgovernment on her part in relation to one? Truly, her children could rise up and call her blessed; there is no brighter jewel in her imperishable crown than their loyal affection.

True, the Americans were misled by a little clique of political busy-bodies among us, who sought to

make it appear we were anxious for change. It was difficult to silence these pestilent little gnats, although we saw the misunderstanding they were likely to occasion. A curse on them, I say. I attribute to them in large part responsibility for our subsequent troubles. The noise they made was even louder by contrast with the peaceful stillness of our busy and happy country. Our neighbours were led to believe that a majority among us desired political union with them, and when this idea was dispelled, a feeling arose in their breasts akin to that of a disappointed and rejected suitor encouraged to the point of a declaration by a heartless jilt.

But there were classes and interests in the United States which possessed a direct financial interest in our annexation, forcible or otherwise, and it was not long before our material progress was such as to directly challenge their attention and excite their cupidity. We had built, at enormous cost to ourselves, a transcontinental railway, and although at first Americans smiled at the idea of constructing such a line across what they believed to be wastes of almost perpetual snow, its success turned their derision to envy. But a few years after its completion, it began to control the traffic between Europe and Asia. Untrammelled by the fetters which Congress had imposed upon the American Pacific lines, it was found that it could outstrip them in the competition. Such political influence as these roads possessed—and the railway interest was always one of the most power-

ful in American politics—was directed towards crushing this young rival. But this was only one of many interests. American manufacturers, anxious to secure our markets for themselves, were angered at customs walls which they could not surmount. The Whiskey Trust, the Oil Trust, and a dozen other Trusts, foreseeing the splendid markets promised in the rapid settlement of our territories, were eager to make us parcel of the dominions subject to their rapacious tyranny. All these interests boded trouble. "Canada must be annexed," said their trade newspapers, "peacefully if we can, forcefully if we must." And these organs were paid to stir up bad blood and excite international complications. Working steadily and quietly, and under the cloak of a spurious "patriotism," the power they exercised was very great. They were assisted by disloyal newspapers published in our own country, which, perhaps at a loss to discover any other motive, we believed to be subsidized also.

If every age has its predominant vice, I would unhesitatingly say that the vice of the decade which preceded our war was that of newspaper mendacity. It was, perhaps, not altogether an unnatural growth, —the outcome, to some extent, of the competition of newspapers to furnish information of a more startling, amusing or entertaining nature than that supplied by the commonplace events of everyday life. The entertaining *raconteur* must of necessity have less regard for truth than other men; and it may be said in

behalf of the newspapers that the public taste encouraged it, and that in their view what the public taste demanded and was willing to pay for must needs be furnished. There existed throughout the United States, amongst classes under their system politically influential, a public appetite for all news derogatory of Great Britain, its rulers, or its people; and the United States press for years catered, more or less, to suit this taste. Most of the great city dailies commanded the services of able correspondents in England, whose duty it was to collect and cable news daily, and perhaps supply a weekly letter. All information from these sources was spiced to suit the anti-British palate.

The American Press Association despatches were invariably untrustworthy. The evanescent nature of public interest, which makes the news of yesterday stale to-morrow, rendered the fabrication of desirable items a matter of little risk, for long before European newspapers could correct the blunders of the cablegrams, the public had forgotten the matter. Correspondents were also employed by the American papers in our principal cities. One of them, from the exuberance of his malignant fancy was generally known among us as "the Ottawa Liar." The false news constantly sent to the American press by this miscreant, did incalculable harm; he could be counted on to misrepresent every fact he wrote of. Still, there seemed no way to suppress him. For the libel of an individual, the law provided a remedy;

for the libel of a nation, none. I remember that, about this time, an able and patriotic member rose in his place in the House of Commons to draw the attention of honorable members to such facts, with a view of providing for the purchase and control of all telegraph lines throughout Canada by the Government; and he instanced numerous falsehoods with regard to public affairs then being circulated, and pointed out the danger to the whole country in permitting the great engine of the telegraph to remain under private and irresponsible control; but his views were ahead of the times, and were not then acted upon. With reference to newspapers published in Canada, we could not adopt a press censorship, and no other course appeared feasible.

But there were then, as I have said, even journals in Canada that acquired the habit of speaking insultingly of Britain and slightingly of Canada. If the reader should come across any old fyles of these journals at this day—one sometimes sees them, pasted as lining for old trunks, for which they were really useful—he will, in the light of the truthful history of later days, see what I mean. There is the same sneering tone about them all; the same purpose to belittle the country, to discredit the government, to provoke the antagonism of sectionalism, to rekindle everywhere the embers of dying strifes and re-awaken provincial jealousies among our people. Is it not surprising that Canadians of that day should buy and read such discreditable sheets? How

would they fare with us now? The historian who in the future will treat of Canada under Confederation, must learn the worthless nature of any material found in them; in our day, public confidence in their honesty of purpose or truthfulness of speech was never great.

But as Fishery troubles were at the root of our final misunderstanding with the United States, I ought, perhaps, to say a few words about this question, although every history published in later years has told all there is to say. Great Britain (for Canada in those days had no independent right to conclude treaties) had made several agreements with the United States upon this subject. The first was comprised in a few words, forming the Third Article of the Treaty of 1783. This was superseded by the Treaty of 1818. The Reciprocity Treaty of 1854 was satisfactory to all parties, but our neighbours, piqued at what they construed as the unfriendly attitude of Great Britain during their War of the Rebellion, gave notice that they would terminate it, and did so. Again the matter was brought up, and again settled by the Treaty of Washington in 1871; again also, in 1873, was this treaty abrogated by the United States, so far as its Fishery Clauses were concerned. Its abrogation left the old Treaty of 1818 the only one in force, and nothing remained for us but to fall back upon it. This was through no choice of ours. We recognized as well as they that, drawn up to provide for the circumstances of an earlier day, it was unsuited to our later

times; and we prepared and settled with our neighbours a treaty conceding to them, in more generous measure, the fishing rights and facilities they desired. This was acceptable to the Democratic administration in power in 1888, but inasmuch as, by the American Constitution, the Senate alone possessed the power to ratify treaties, and as the Senate possessed a small Republican majority unwilling to concede to their political opponents the credit of negotiating a satisfactory treaty to settle forever this perplexing subject, it was rejected on a strict party vote. After all our trouble, after all the earnest and honorable desire our country had evinced to satisfy our American friends, we found ourselves again thrown back on the old troublesome Treaty of 1818, the terms of which we still sought to modify in their favor by concessions voluntarily granted their fishermen by our Government.

The American fishermen were an enterprising and hardy set of men, and their vessels were largely manned by natives of our Maritime Provinces. But there seemed something connected with the life they led which made them more impatient of control and less disposed to respect constituted authority than men in other walks of life. They were fond of complaining of ill-treatment upon the most frivolous grounds.

Our fisheries were immensely valuable to us; but, to preserve them at all, economy and care were necessary. For half a century our statute books had con-

tained regulations restricting our own people from improper use of them, and it was only careful observance of such regulations that enabled us to keep them. Not unnaturally, the American fisherman did not enter warmly into our plans for conserving our fisheries. He wished to fish them for the purpose of making money, and with no other object in view. We knew that his reckless and wasteful methods of fishing, in season and out of season, with all kinds of purse seines and other destructive appliances, and his persistent raiding of the spawning beds, had destroyed his own fishing grounds. Time was when in the waters about Cape Cod and along the Maine coast were grounds richer than any we ever possessed; and we knew how and why they were ruined. We saw the same fate threatening our Fishing Banks, if we permitted the same methods to be followed. Was it unreasonable that we should exercise a somewhat strict control of what was our own? But our troublesome visitor, whose repeated declarations that the privilege we conceded him of fishing in our waters was worth nothing to him lost something of its force by his continual presence there, was frequently committing infractions of regulations, and sometimes losing his vessel and outfit by seizure. The actual merits of the complaints he so loudly made on these occasions never reached the ears of the American public. Irritated and angry at the loss he had sustained, his story of the matter was one not likely, upon ordinary principles of evidence, to be the

most temperate or truthful account possible; yet it was just this account, and no other, which the American press received and published. It was just our angry friend's account, and no other, which was believed by all Americans who read of the seizure.

We managed somehow to avoid trouble with these turbulent fishermen, although several little difficulties had to be tided over. At last one arose destined to have no such fortunate ending. This was the affair of the *James G. Blaine*, which happened in the month of April, 1892. You all know how it came about. The *Blaine* was a fishing schooner hailing from Gloucester, Massachusetts, found by our government cruiser *Acadia* fishing off the coast of Nova Scotia, in breach of Treaty stipulations, and she resisted capture. What followed is soon told. The *Acadia's* boat approached to board, but was fired on, and one man killed. She then boarded, despite the cutlasses of the fishermen. A *melée* ensued, several shots were fired on both sides, and when the capture was complete it was found that two of the *Blaine's* men were shot. This was the *casus belli*.

Already somewhat heated over recent discussions of the fishery disputes in the Senate, and misled by the untruthful and highly coloured reports of the affair (or "outrage," as it was at once called) which were telegraphed all over the United States, the Americans were disposed to consider the affair of the *Blaine* not as the justifiable capture of a vessel committing a breach of fishery regu-

lations, but rather a wanton and barbarous massacre of harmless fishermen. I forgot to say that the men killed were native born Nova Scotians, but that made no difference. Mass meetings were held in almost every town and village throughout the United States, and violent and inflammatory harangues delivered. Many were for immediately declaring war upon Canada and England, and both political parties, ever counter-bidding for the Irish vote, vied with each other in the sympathy they expressed and the sanguinary threats their leaders gave utterance to. Resolutions calling upon the President to declare war at once, were supported upon the floor of nearly every State legislature. Congress was not then in session, although when it met, the situation was not improved. That men of education, such as many of the political leaders were, would endorse the unjustifiable utterances of the demagogues was not generally credited in England. True it was that the better class of American citizens saw no cause for the unseemly passion into which the nation appeared to be lashing itself, but they constituted but a small number, of little or no influence among the great rabble of democracy. The question was a political one, and was used as those who understood American democracy (which the people of England never did) expected it would be. The then contending political parties were pretty evenly divided, and the possession of the Irish vote was admitted to be essential to the supremacy of either. The chief point, in the estimation of both,

was to secure or retain office, and a presidential election was then just about convulsing the country—a most critical time. As regards war with Great Britain, which might, some doubted, in the then state of the country—without a navy, involve consequences of some moment, the people did not think with much seriousness. The masses at large in our democratic communities never do weigh such dangers. Still, if war was the outcome, the politicians in America did not much care; men in plenty could be hired to do the fighting and war meant immense appropriations from the still overflowing treasury to build ships, and forts, and manufacture all kinds of war material; and the prospect of lucrative contracts of various kinds reconciled the legislators with the dangers of bringing on war and with the possible spilling of blood—for it was probable that they and their friends would secure the contracts and other people spill the blood. So they took high ground, and were determined to "stand no more nonsense about the fisheries." Besides, what difference would it make? Each party believed that if it did not fan the flame, the political support it counted on would only be transferred to its opponents, and the outcome, whatever it was to be, would be the same. So even the better and more temperate class of newspapers feared at this crisis to counsel temperate measures, and were almost as inflammatory as the rest. To adopt any other tone would have been, in the excited state of public feeling too dangerous. No paper wished to see

its circulation dwindle to nothing, still less to have its offices gutted and its editors treated to tar and feathers. All were cool enough to perceive that an excited democracy was a dangerous element to deal with.

But a pretext had to be found. After the first outburst of fiery harangue and invective, the true and official reports of the case came in and were telegraphed over the country. But without troubling too much about the accuracy of any statements, or the international law in the matter, a special session of Congress was called for, which, when convened, promptly passed resolutions demanding an explanation of Great Britain, in terms not altogether couched in the language of European diplomacy in such cases.

The result could have been anticipated. The courteous and temperate reply of the Foreign Office indicated that Downing Street was apparently unruffled and firm. Upon the very day the despatch reached this side of the water and was reported in Congress, it was pronounced unsatisfactory immediate action was taken upon it and we in Canada awoke to find ourselves at WAR.

How well I remember the day when the news came. I was then living in Toronto, near what is now the corner of 25th Street and Second Avenue,* and it was a beautiful morning in early summer when I

* Before the bombardment and fire, the city had no numbered streets or avenues, but in the re-building a more modern plan was adopted.

picked up the newspaper at the breakfast table, and read the short telegram from Washington (one of the last sent over the wires from the United States) announcing that the Declaration of War had received the President's signature. While the exciting events of the few weeks immediately preceding, eagerly watched by us in Canada, had filled us with forebodings of our danger, they had yet scarcely prepared us for the intense anxiety and apprehension which the news excited. For myself, I remember that the few short lines of newspaper print seemed to dance before my eyes; and so many thoughts crowded upon my startled brain that I became almost oblivious to surroundings until I found myself in my old easy-chair in the library looking out upon the fresh-cut lawn, over which the great overhanging elm was throwing its dancing shadows. Through the opened window there breathed the fresh breath of summer, and upon it was borne the air of some old, half-forgotten waltz which some barrel-organ in the next square was playing. Mechanically I had taken up my pipe and filled it, and the snap of the parlour match startled a trespassing robin which was hopping near the tennis net, and which stood motionless to regard me sideways with a solemn and enquiring eye. But my thoughts were far from him. My little boy Jack, then a toddler of three, stole to my side, but I did not notice his presence, or heed his prattled "Mama says, come to b'etfast, papa," until I was aroused by the gaze of his eyes, looking up close into

mine to learn what was wrong. I kissed the child and sent him back with a few words. The thought of what war might bring to my happy home, and many such a home as mine, filled me with most painful apprehensions. For I knew what war meant to us in Canada. Attack upon our peaceful homes was certain, and might be speedy. Could we repel it? How would we fare amid the clash of arms?

With some hasty excuse about an early appointment at the office, and that I would breakfast down town, I pocketed the newspaper and rushed out of the house. As I turned southward into what is now Sixth Avenue, then called Yonge Street, on my way towards the city, signs of unusual disturbance were visible everywhere. Even at that early hour, barely nine o'clock, the street was thronged and the tramcars crowded to their very steps. Knots of men in uniform were gathered here and there. All were bound in the same direction. As I strode along, I caught up with my old friend Dick Waller, of the Citizen's Bank, who had been squeezed off a car, and was consoling himself with lighting a cigar at the curb-stone. I found I was smoking my pipe, though not before aware of it, for the news had made me forget all business rules.

"Lively news, my boy," said Waller, gravely, as he greeted me. "This is no little Fort Garry picnic, such as you and I had under Sir Garnet."

"A serious matter, indeed. How do you think we'll come out?"

"Hard to say. The war may not last long. Anyway, we have got to obey orders, and sit through the performance. They can't carry the land off."

We chatted on until we reached his bank. "I think," said Waller, with a smile, as he turned to ascend the steps, "I shall ask the cashier this morning for my month's holidays, and try the fishing in Hudson's Bay. You had best come along, and bring the family, too." Poor fellow, I knew he was not the sort to shrink from danger. Before the snow came he was filling a soldier's grave.

Down Yonge Street the crowds increased, and made passage along the thoroughfare difficult. In front of newspaper offices, where bulletins were displayed, the sidewalk was black with people. Everybody not talking seemed absorbed in reading newspapers, some standing in the streets, some sitting at shop-doors. It was amusing to note the change in tone of some of the papers. I have in my scrap-book two extracts from a journal well known at that day, though now no longer published. I give them here, that they may be contrasted. The first was written March 14, 1892, the latter on the morning in question. The first is as follows:—

We have consistently endeavoured to point out to our readers the absurdity of supposing for a moment that this little country, sparsely inhabited and overburdened with debt as she is, could talk of a war with the United States. It is best to be frank, and let them know we would not attempt it. When Col. Crockett pointed his gun at the treed 'coon, the sagacious animal, feeling the gravity of the situation, was moved to remark to the Colonel,

"Don't shoot, Davy; I guess I'll come down." Belligerent Canadians should ponder this fable.

The other, thus :—

War has been declared upon our peaceful people, and but one answer comes from united Canada. It rolls from the fog-encircled rocks of Newfoundland to the far off sunny slopes of Vancouver: form, riflemen, form; ready, aye, ready.

Above many buildings the red ensign had been run up, and flapped lazily in the morning breeze. It was impossible to get near the bulletin boards, as the crowd only opened unwillingly to let vehicles pass, though with more alacrity when several mounted officers with fresh scarlet uniforms and clanking scabbards cantered by,—their impeded progress being greeted by the first burst of cheering I heard. The push of the crowd was towards the drill shed, where it was said there was to be a muster of the city volunteer regiments, whose ranks had been, in the past few days, largely increased by enlistments. Upon Fifth Street (then called King) the jam soon became almost impassable. Eastward, down towards where the market square then stood, I could catch the clear and cheerful cadence of the bugles of some corps sounding the *Assembly*.

It was now nearly ten o'clock, and I picked my steps westward towards the Club, for I felt somewhat hungry. Here, too, was a crowd, and a perfect babel of talk and excitement. Enrolment lists lay upon the tables for the formation of Veteran corps and Home guards, and the more elderly men (some whose rotund appearance in regulation uniform made me

smile to imagine), were solemnly signing them with an expression of features which would, at any other time, have seemed intensely ludicrous. Some jests were thrown about, but generally fell flat, to the discomfiture of the jesters. The general feeling was that it was no time for joking. I remember a militia colonel who had participated in our last little rebellion formed the centre of one animated group, and gave his views with the dignity which his experience entitled him to assume, and his words were eagerly listened and deferred to. Suddenly the strains of a military band were heard approaching, and out everybody rushed, pell-mell, to see the troops. It was a then crack city regiment, which was proceeding under orders to encamp at the Garrison Common. The men turned out well, stepping gaily to the quick march of "Annie Laurie," which the throbbing drums and bugles sent fairly rolling in a burst of echoing sound through the narrow and crowded street. On they came, their colonel, an old Imperial officer, whose breast bore the Crimean medal, riding ahead. With a steady impulse and in perfect time, they were up and past us before we found that we had lost our voices from cheering.

I could tell you a thousand incidents of that day and that week. In the excitement it seemed as though the ordinary life of weeks was crowded into days or even hours. The city and its suburbs became alive with troops passing through to the camp on the commons. The Government had assumed control of

all the railways, and trains came in with military supplies, and troops from every direction. The streets were filled with men in uniform. Business soon became a thing of the past. Most of the warehouses and offices were shut up altogether, as in the disturbed state of affairs no business could be transacted, and many shops had to close for want of men to attend to them. All sorts of rumours were afloat, —that England was despatching one enormous force to Halifax, and another to invade the United States, that the fleet was making ready, and that some ironclads had actually cleared from Portsmouth under sealed orders. Alarmists hinted that these preparations were too late—that already bodies of the enemy's troops had been seen and reported hovering about the borders, and that an immediate attack in several quarters must be expected. These rumours disturbed our citizens greatly; for what we feared most was an attack upon the city itself. Many had drawn out all deposits in coin before the banks suspended. But what to do with valuables was a question. Some buried them in their gardens. Old Bowser, of the Post Office, who lived next door to me, sent in word that he was having a deep safety cellar constructed behind his house, into which to place the women and children in case of a sudden bombardment, and that he wanted my advice about it; but I never found time to see him. From the back windows I remember I afterwards noticed a great hole in the old man's lawn, with heaps of dirt about it, and saw him once

or twice crawling out of it on all fours very red in the face, pulling a mucky shovel after him. Apparently he could find no one but the women to help him in his humane design of protection, and whether his burrow proved of any avail when the city was afterwards attacked I never learned.

For the first three or four days the citizens of Toronto spent most of their days and a great part of their nights in the streets, and the constant extras issued by the city newspapers (which for a time drove a thriving trade) served to keep up the excitement.

Almost every night the cry of "extra" in the shrill tones of the newsboys would startle and awaken the citizens from their slumbers, and the sheets containing latest cablegrams from England were eagerly bought by the thousand. The cables to Newfoundland were fortunately in our hands, and, as the government had assumed entire control of them, we were kept advised of all preparations making in England. But one day it was found that communication over one of them was cut off, and subsequently learnt that this cable had been picked up at sea and cut. This was the work of some privateer of the enemy. A more serious danger threatened when a similar fate befell the wires to the North-west. The discovery of this interruption of communication was well calculated to alarm us. Were we betrayed by traitors in our midst, or had our western territory been invaded? It took but little time to repair the damage, but the annoyance of broken wires occurred so frequently

afterwards as to interfere seriously with communication west of Ontario. This did not tend to lessen our difficulties and anxieties. We attributed the annoyance to disloyal sympathisers in our country. By systematically suspending from a telegraph pole every man not an official found near it, we in time discouraged this form of treason.

In the camps, which were formed in each military district, drilling went on at a great rate, and although no bounties were offered, or impressment system adopted by Parliament, I believe almost every man of suitable age belonged to some corps or other. Rifles we had in plenty and our cartridge factory in Quebec was worked night and day to supply ammunition. Uniforms were not as essential, and artillery of the best pattern was shipped us from Woolwich with promptness. While reports came constantly that an invasion was threatened at this and that point, still we were not attacked. Our best battalions had long since been sent to the frontier. In the camp on the garrison common, where twelve thousand men were being drilled, the summer days seemed to pass in peace, disturbed only by the firing of men practising at the butts; and as the sunset gun each evening told that another day was over, the silence seemed to typify the doubt and expectancy felt by all.

Meanwhile, what was the enemy doing? From letters and newspapers smuggled across the boundaries at various points, it appeared that our neigh-

bors, though preparing for war, seemed in no hurry to begin hostilities. The better class of their journals now began to lean to the opinion that the action of Congress had been precipitate and was unjustified. The great farming class, to which the war closed the European markets for grain and other produce, complained loudly of an act which sacrificed their interests and threatened them with ruin. They perceived that the impetus sure to be given to East Indian and Egyptian grain and cotton cultivation meant to them the permanent loss of the British markets. To Wall street and the financial interest the heavy fall in all American securities, immediate upon the declaration of war, alone meant a loss involving more than millions. The seaboard cities cried out that they would bear the brunt of the loss, as the United States possessed practically no navy; and the vessel owners gave up to despair. A strong feeling of antagonism to the Irish was provoked, and the non-partisan journals announced that it was time for the American people to make these troublesome foreigners understand that they were no longer to be permitted to dictate the foreign policy of the nation. On the whole it appeared that there was, from one cause or another, something of a recoil from what was seen to be in reality a civil and fratricidal war. It was even proposed in some newspapers that Canada should not be attacked. But such a policy was seen to be impossible, and events changed this generous feeling; in the excitement of what followed it was forgotten.

For Great Britain had not been idle. Twenty-five days had scarcely passed since the declaration of war when the watchers at Fire Island reported iron clads approaching the coast, and two days after, New York, the metropolis of the eastern gate, received a summons to pay a ransom of ten million pounds or suffer bombardment. What followed is well known —how the Hotspur, Northumberland, Monarch, Cymbeline, Ajax and Wivern steamed slowly up, shelled and burnt the city, leaving its modern palaces a heap of smoking ruins, the grave of thousands of helpless people, and then sullenly drew off and proceeded southward. When this news came, no one in Canada but recognized the stern fact that there was no drawing back now—it was war beyond all mistake. On the very night this news reached us, the great troopships Burrampootra, Mirzapoor, and Scindiah, their white hulls swarming with troops, stole like ghosts into the harbour of Halifax, bearing the Rifle Brigade in four battalions and the 25th Regiment, besides some artillery and lancers, in all over five thousand men; and following them in less than a week came the Simoom, Etruria, City of London, Benares, and other ships, convoyed by the Hercules and Invincible, landing fifteen thousand more. The Pacific cable brought us information, also, that East Indian troops were already despatched from Calcutta to land upon our western coast and hold British Columbia. This new cable was just about completed, and the first message sent across it from Melbourne

was, "Canada, stand firm; Australia sends twenty thousand men. Shoulder to shoulder." This news was received in camp with the most tumultuous cheering. The idea that we would fight side by side with the historic regiments of the Imperial army made the younger men almost exult that war had come. It was expected that some part of the Imperial force would at once proceed westward to our aid, but their progress, owing to one cause or another, proved slow.

Camp life on the commons was hard, but not unpleasant work. Among our mess was my old friend Waller, who had his company, and Stuart and Elliott, my lieutenants. The latter we called "the boy," from his youthful appearance—he was scarcely twenty—and he was the life of us all with his jovial pranks and kindly manners. His father, Col. Elliott, a retired officer of the Royal Engineers, was a guest with us in camp, and a most entertaining guest he was. An old wound received at Sabraon had partly crippled him, or he would, despite his seventy years, have offered for active service. On the death of his wife, many years before, the old gentleman had left England to end his days in a colony. He settled down, among other old army friends, near Woodstock, and there lived with his household, consisting of an only son and Corporal Brown, his old and attached body servant. Brown had fought under the Colonel, and for twenty-five years had gallantly served the guns against his country's enemies in India and

China. And so when the Colonel's son, whose cradle he had rocked, had come to man's estate, and went to the wars, nothing would satisfy the faithful old retainer short of enlisting again, so as to be near the boy and see that he came to no harm.

I remember our last Sunday in camp. We had church parade at eleven, and an impressive address from the bishop. It was a bright September day, and in the afternoon the camp was thronged with visitors from town. My sister came down with a party, and with her was her daughter Mabel. Elliott and Mabel were engaged, and I saw the young man's eyes glisten when, after the party had inspected our tents, which Brown had in apple-pie order, an afternoon ramble was proposed. It was not long till he found her side, and handsome enough the pair looked, he in a fresh uniform, and she in some white muslin stuff with cherry ribbons. We went up through the old woods which then skirted the bank of the Humber. You would not know the spot now, for the last of the oaks has long since gone, and there is only a maze of waterside streets there—populous and dirty—near where the grimy bridges are thrown across the river. It was in that day a lovely sylvan resort. My sister and I strolled slowly along and let the young couple proceed ahead, for we did not care to disturb what might be their last meeting for a long time.

Upon our return home I learned the first news of a move. Our senior major told me of it. The Government had received word that an attack was to be ap-

prehended in the Niagara peninsula, and two brigades would leave camp soon after daybreak to re-inforce those at the point threatened. That evening I set off for a last visit home, and at Elliott's request took him with me that he might say good-bye to Mabel, who was a visitor at my house. I was sorry afterwards that I did, for it had somehow become known in town that we were at last ordered to the front, and she had heard it. The parting between the lovers I forbear to describe. In the light of what afterwards took place, the scene never recurs to me without causing a pang.

Five weeks in camp had made us anxious for a move, and we were now to have it. Our battalions were to parade at six, and we were to see some service at last.

The next morning broke bright and lovely, with scarcely a ripple upon the lake, as the second and tenth battalions, the former in rifle-green and the latter in the scarlet of the line, filed into the steamers Oban, Miramichi and Strathclyde. Part of the force, in all some 3,000 men, were to proceed by rail by way of Hamilton and St. Catharines, and meet us at a spot near Dalhousie, whence we were to proceed forward. Of our march through the city to the wharf, and the uproar of enthusiasm it excited, I will say nothing. I can see now the tremendous sea of faces that lined the streets, and hear the sobs of the women whose husbands were with us.

Evans, one of ours, I met as we were getting aboard.

He had been camping on Lake Superior, and prospecting for silver in the bush in Algoma.

"Heard of the rumpus by the merest chance, old man," he said, breathlessly, as he grasped my hand. "We had paddled down the Nipigon for a supply of necessaries, when we found a *World* a month old in a deserted camp, which told all about it."

After a run of some three hours we sighted the lighthouses at Dalhousie, and ran in between the piers. Two long trains filled with redcoats were just pulling in to the little station as we tied up along side of it. Our battalion formed in companies close to the shore, and marched up the bank, halting near where the balance of our force were awaiting us. We learned from some officers of the latter that it was reported to them by farmers upon their arrival, that the enemy had been seen upon the river road north of Queenston moving towards Niagara, where an attack was expected. A troop of cavalry had gone forward to ascertain what truth, if any, there was in these rumours, and the return of this body was shortly expected. Without waiting their return, however, or the reports from the cavalry outposts, which we felt sure would immediately reach us, we formed for the advance. First came a strong troop of our little cavalry force, upon the road, with our Toronto and other regiments, and after them the 19th Battalion; then the two field batteries sullenly trundled along, followed by a line of waggons with camp equipments and stores. The

rest of our cavalry brought up the rear. About two hundred yards distant from each flank marched a line of skirmishers. The cavalry, guns and carts, threw up clouds of dust, but as the latter carried our knapsacks and relieved the men of the weight of them, we were not disposed to grumble. Thus we proceeded eastward.

Marching was hot and dusty work, and several halts called at places where a spring, or farmhouse well, was met. There was no wind, and the sun beat down upon our moving cloud of dust. Once or twice our route lay through a peach orchard, and the men could not be altogether restrained from plucking the fruit. I got one or two, I remember, and thought them most refreshing. The whole country population seemed out by the roadside to see us go by. At each farm house, as we proceeded, more rumours met us. Someone said, he heard from a man who had just driven up from Queenston way, that the enemy had entrenched himself near some woods there, and had been attacked by some Lincoln and Wentworth troops. The result was not yet known, and this was all we could learn.

Suddenly a halt was called, and word was passed down that the head of column had sighted a volunteer standing upon a knoll some thousand yards ahead signalling to indicate that the enemy was in sight. While our little cavalry force moved forward to learn how matters stood, we relieved the monotony of the march by extending part of our infantry into line

through some stubble fields on our south, leaving a good support to follow if necessary.

Nothing was yet to be seen of the enemy, and Ned Stanley of my company suggested that the heat must have affected the signaller's head, and that probably the only enemy near him was what he secured from the canteen when he filled his water bottle there. But Stanley was cross because the halt had interrupted a narrative he was giving those of us marching near him of his exploits at Cut Knife, and broken the interest of his hearers before he reached the point. Though nothing might be seen, the mere suggestion that the enemy was now actually in sight was, I found, a startling and unpleasant one to a man who had never been under fire. I won't hesitate to confess that my heart was thumping against my cross-belt, and the general stopping of talk led me to think that the men, too, felt the moment of suspense trying. After an advance across the stubble field, a belt of woods was seen to the south, along the edge of which ran a tall snake fence, and behind it, we somehow felt, the enemy was to be met with. The uncertainty rendered us uneasy. Another halt was sounded on the bugle. What this was for we did not know. It was now near three in the afternoon, and the sunlight was as bright and the heat as great as ever, and as for the dust, I think the column on the road were all pretty much of one color, though the flanking skirmishers fared better. We were getting hungry, too, and those who had anything

in their haversacks made a lunch themselves and handed out portions to their comrades. I had only a biscuit, a badly-bruised peach and a bottle of pop, of the first and last of which I got half, and warm as the liquid was, I thought it nectar. The peach I gave to Stanley, who declared that a lime-kiln was a running stream compared to his throat. During this repast we were sitting or lying in the stubble fields, most of the men smoking their pipes and watching the woods, which our skirmishers were exploring. A soft haze seemed to overspread them, rounding their foliage into soft green masses, above which the tufted tops of the darker pines stood out more sharply defined.

After some delay, it was determined to make a halt for the night at this spot, and we were informed that we were to bivouac there. This was a surprise to most of us, as we had expected to be pushed on to Niagara that evening, and we could easily have reached it. However, we were glad enough to get off our pouches and take a rest, as most of our men were city bred, and were pretty well fagged out by the heat, dust, excitement and marching of the day. Strong guards and pickets were posted and numerous patrols sent out; fires were built, and the pots soon boiling merrily above the crackling flames. Fatigue parties were told off to visit the wagons, which were found well stored with beef and bread and even canned vegetables. Everything seemed right with our commissariat, anyway, and, pipe in mouth, stretched

beneath the trees, the men were disposed to vote our first day of actual campaigning, anyway, as good as a picnic. Soon the stars began to twinkle, and later the moon rose.

It was a lovely night. The bright moonlight, so frequent in the Canadian autumn as the earliest frost approaches, bathed the whole landscape, field and forest, far and wide, in its soft light. Above, the great expanse of the heavens was glittering with countless stars, some brilliant and palpitating, as though momentarily fanned by the passing breath of the night wind as it traversed the depths above us, some undistinguishable in the star drift. Settled in a cosy seat of dry leaves beside an old log, and comfortably wrapped in my cloak, I lighted a cigar and gave myself over to the tranquil beauty of the scene. To one new to campaigning, the surroundings possessed a charm of novelty and adventure, which the uncertainty of the morrow but enhanced. The tall pines stood above, faintly breathing their aromatic odours. Here and there a few camp fires still burned, and disposed about them were the dark forms of the men, some sleeping, some chatting or polishing accoutrements. Their stacked rifles were near at hand, and belts and pouches hung from the bushes. There was no sound, save sometimes the faint barking of dogs in some distant farm house, or nearer, the neigh of a tethered charger. The road wound across the landscape, wan and deserted, with here and there a poplar looking ghostlike under the glamour of the

moonlight. On the northern horizon stretched the dark blue line of the lake, and the far-off plashing of its waves on the beach floated to our ears like the breathing of a sea shell. As I fell into reverie, my thoughts wandered widely: of our country and its future—of the fate of this little nation which had drawn the sword against the mighty power of its attacking enemy. What had the coming years in store? Were we, with all our pride in Canada, with all our affection for the land of our fathers and our wish to remain part of its Empire, to become another Poland—conquered, disgraced? Was it already Fate's decree that we should witness our flag torn down, beaten back and banished from this continent, that we should live to listen with burning cheeks to the scarce-concealed sneers of our conquerors? Or would the fire and endurance of a race enured to danger bring us in safety through this trial. How long would be the night of danger—what the harvest of this awful sowing?

A light crackling in the dry leaves aroused me, and a figure stole to my side. It was Waller.

"Dreaming, old boy, of wife and weans, I suppose," he said, as he laid a kindly hand on my shoulder, and took my cigar to light his, "Sweethearts and wives' is the soldier's toast, and their dear presence never fails to visit and brighten his dreams. Heigh-ho! you and I are getting old for campaigning!"

"I am glad you came, Waller; I was not asleep, but a good deal perplexed about what will become of

things generally. I was thinking this over when you surprised me."

"You know my views of many things, old friend, and have often told me some of them were peculiar," said Waller, more seriously. "Grieving about the future brings one needless sorrow. The honorable man who fears God and does his duty, may well possess a tranquil mind. I have always believed in a Providence that foresees and directs what will happen, and that everything which does happen is for the best. I know you do, too. I believe this war in the inscrutable providence of the Almighty is for the best, and though it may seem cruel that it will desolate many homes and put many a poor fellow under the sod, it is yet for the best, because it is permitted to be. Is mere life—even human life—of such paramount value, that there is nothing to be desired by men in comparison with it? All nature is prodigal and contemptuous of life. The war will build up Canada. There is no bond between human hearts like that brought about by a common danger and a common grief—and our Provinces, but lately such strangers to one another, now face the one, and will shortly, God help us, share the other. So with ourselves, England and the Empire. Australia is sending us twenty thousand men, and it stirs our hearts toward them to know that they feel for us."

"But the result—can we defend this territory?"

"We are at least following the plainest dictates of duty in trying it. We cannot but try. The conflict

is not of our seeking. What else can we do? But I think we will succeed. Thirty years ago, before railways and steamships were what they are now, it might have been more a question. We are fighting for home and nationality; the Americans for nothing in particular, save to satisfy a foolish and unjustifiable grudge against Britain. We command the services of the most superb fleet in the world, of unlimited money, and unlimited men. A republic never fights as a monarchy does; it lacks the sentiment of loyalty to one idea. You will recollect that in the war of the American Rebellion, five million people, without money or resources, contended against the armies of the Republic for four long years, and almost succeeded. The foreign element among the American people amounts to nearly fifty per cent., and how far they are disposed to fight for anything or anybody save their own pockets was instanced in the terrible Draft Riots in New York in 1863. We did not invite this war; we did all that honorable men could do to avoid it. We cherished no ill-will against those of our race who are attacking us, we bear no malice now. The bitter cup is held to our lips, and we must drink it. Come weal or woe, we must do our duty, and leave the rest to God."

"Your words have the ring of truth, Waller, and I hardly how to controvert them, or why I should try. Yet I feel there is something wrong about the whole business. What have we done to have the terrible disaster and loss brought upon us which you appear

to contemplate so calmly? Somehow you almost anger me. Have you ever realized the fearful havoc of modern war? Is it the act of Christian nations to murder each other, to burn, sink and destroy, without cause? Is Christianity a mockery?"

"If you ask me," replied Waller, "I say, yes; the applied Christianity of our day is, in regard to politics, a failure and mockery. This war is forced upon us because the politicians in America hope by it to strangle our nation now, because they wish to possess themselves of its property, and remove at once a commercial rival they begin to fear. It exemplifies the parable of those servants who killed their lord's messengers, and last of all his son, that they might divide the inheritance among them. A code of morality which would make a Buddhist or Confucian blush for shame of the human race brings no colour to their sickly Christian cheeks. Years ago watchers in Canada saw their purpose. It was then their mutterings began. They made no secret of what they would attempt. Why was England so blind? With enemies on every hand, with foreign nations gnarring at her heels, and closing their ports to her manufactures, could she not take counsel with her children who alone were her faithful and undoubted allies? Foreign markets were the life of her people, and she saw she was losing them one by one, and yet would not change her policy. Wedded to Free Trade as she was, why could she not decree Free Trade throughout all her vast dominions, and shut out by prohibitive tariffs

every foreigner from them? Such a measure would have secured to her manufactures, home and colonial, absolute supremacy in her own markets, and what greater could they demand? Free Trade among sixty millions made the United States enormously wealthy; what would Free Trade among three hundred millions do? What need for her to fight for foreign markets when she possessed these? It would have strengthened her colonies, till, feeling the strong blood of a new commerce pulsing through their veins, their prosperity would have advanced like the tide in the Solway. With these young and lusty nations at her back she could have defied the world."

There was a silence. I felt he had spoken the truth.

We fell to talking of some news just brought in by scouts, which he had picked up in the headquarters tent, until it darkened towards the dawn and the moon sank. After a pause, he went on in a changed tone.

"Billy, some of us may be knocked over in the scrimmage to-morrow, and it troubles me to think of those I may leave. Promise me, if I don't get back, to look after things and put the boy to school. I want you to stand by: it may be the last thing I'll ask you."

A pressure of my hand told him I promised. He placed his face close to mine, and looked fixedly in my eyes. Then, silently rising, he strode away in the darkness and was gone.

The first grey streaks of day had just appeared in

the East, and the rising sun had not yet begun to redden the tops of the pines, when the *reveille* sounded out cheerful and strong and our forces prepared to move. In a half hour we were again upon the road, still due eastward. Shortly we began to notice a few scattered houses, with a spire or two peeping above the trees, and knew we were approaching the old town of Niagara. From this point we crossed into the fields to our right, the country being level as a table and not heavily timbered. Towards the south-east lay Queenston, and there, like a slender needle in the bright air, rose Brock's monument. Further west, and mingling with the fleecy clouds, floated upward the steam of the mighty cataract,—the morning incense of the great Manitou.

During the night the scouts had not been idle, and all uncertainty which had attended our march of yesterday was dispelled. We learnt that a raid had been made upon the little village of Queenston by some fifteen hundred troops, mostly (as was judged from their peculiar uniform and regimental colors and guidons—a golden sunburst above a harp, on a field of green), guerrillas—Irish Invincibles, and a sharp skirmish had taken place between them and some Welland and Lincoln volunteers, who surprised and attacked them there. Almost upon the spot where the great Brock fell was the first blood of the campaign spilt. The report ran that over one hundred and fifty men had been killed on both sides, and nearly twice that number wounded. The attack had

been planned from Lewiston, apparently to destroy the monument, which was, however, saved for the time at least. As evening approached, both sides drew off without any decisive result, our volunteers retiring towards Niagara, while the Americans carried off their dead and wounded across the river, which crossing they were permitted to make without molestation. It was unofficially rumored that this was a reverse to us, inasmuch as we neglected to occupy and hold the village. Our failure to do so had resulted in the Americans landing a considerable force in the night and occupying the place themselves. They had also brought over artillery, which they were without in yesterday's skirmish, and effected some entrenchments. Their crossing appeared to threaten an advance through the peninsula northward and westward. We also learned that the invasion had begun in other parts of our country. The wires announced that a considerable body of the enemy had crossed the border from Vermont, near Island Pond, and the railway, by some blunder, not having been destroyed in advance of them, they were already as far as St. Johns, on their way to Montreal. It was no doubt their purpose to capture the city before British reinforcements could come up from Halifax. Their strength was reported as 20,000 men, though the wildest rumors were flying about in Montreal, where a panic existed, and nothing very definite could be a present ascertained.

The Victoria Rifles, Fifth Royal Scots, and 86th

Regiment had been despatched to intercept them and delay their approach, while the Second Battalion of the Rifle Brigade was on the way up from Quebec in steamers, and also by rail. The Voltigeurs de Quebec, 64th Rifles, and other volunteers were retained to defend the city until arrival of the regulars, and hold themselves ready to advance in support, if called for. We learnt also that Essex was invaded and Sandwich and Windsor occupied without much show of defence beyond some desultory skirmishing, the local militia having fallen rapidly back eastward.

This discouraging news was a damper on our spirits, for we felt that it presaged, beyond other possible calamities, an attack upon Toronto. What delayed the Imperial troops ?

For us, however, there was nothing to do, at present, but to fulfil the duty which lay nearest at hand, and trust in Providence for the safety of the rest of the country. Our hands were full. The enemy were only a few miles away, and expecting us.

The little town of Niagara seemed already occupied with four or five regiments of militia, of whom we caught fleeting glimpses through the avenues of maples which lined the streets, as we passed along the road which skirted the town to the southward. Soon we came to a street upon which a railway track was laid. Before us was a broad common which looked like a parade ground, crossed by one or two roads lined with young trees. On the nearer edge of it, in front of us, were three or four old unused bar-

racks, relics of by-gone war times, and skirting the farther edge a thin belt of timber. Our leading companies halted at the track, and we saw for the first time the general officer who was to command our brigade, distinguishable by his cocked hat and feathers, in the midst of a little group of mounted officers. His appearance inspired confidence, as he sat on his dark clean-limbed hunter, watching our movements, and twirling with his finger the long ends of the white moustache which graced his bronzed face. He was an officer who had fought England's battles in three continents already, and now would fight in the fourth. He looked as jaunty and self-possessed as though passing down Whitehall.

Our men had expected to pile arms and rest after our march, but we had hardly halted when the command was called out, "The brigade will deploy into line from the centre," and out skipped our markers at a double, the men following almost as quickly. What was on foot? Had the enemy advanced northward, and were we to fight on this ground? Other regiments were quickly deployed on our right and left alignment. The rattle of chain harness soundly sharply behind us, and, turning, we saw a battery of six guns come leaping along, to take ground to our immediate right, the horses plunging and the guns bounding over obstacles in fine style. Our line now reached from the river, or near it, so far as we could see, along the whole northern edge of the common. How far it extended westward we could not discern, as

trees cut off the view. After placing the ranks in review order, the general and staff rode slowly past, and the old soldier stopped and addressed a few words to the men. We would probably soon meet the enemy, and he expected all to do their duty; at any rate the men were to obey officers. There was no nonsense about his informal little speech, and nothing about glory, or "eyes of your country upon you," or anything of the sort. Perhaps it was to him simply a disagreeable piece of business, without any romantic features; and he spoke in this view of it to us who were to help him through. However, the men responded by cheers.

Scarcely had we returned to close order when, at the edge of the woods at the further side of the plain, appeared an armed force in dark uniforms, marching in column towards us.

"By jove, there comes the enemy, boys"; "The Yankees are up to us at last," and other exclamations broke from the ranks, as all eyes were turned on the advancing force. But the alarm proved groundless. The new comers were some companies of one of our own regiments, the 20th Halton battalion. They drew up close to the edge of the woods. Some mounted officers who galloped across the plain to meet them, quickly returned, with news of the disposition of the enemy's forces at Queenston.

This battalion had taken part in the skirmish of the preceding evening and had bivouacked in the woods north of the village, to watch the enemy.

Being of insufficient strength to successfully engage him after his second crossing in force, they withdrew further awaiting reinforcements, sending back a covered wagon train of their wounded and dead, with a company or two as an escort. Silently, for a few moments, we watched the slow movement of this sad train as it wound its painful way along towards the town. Then "The brigade will advance in columns of battalions from the left" came the order, repeated down the line, and stepping out gaily to the strains of "Garryowen," a favourite marching tune, we pressed forward. I can remember how pretty a sight I thought it, and I could not repress a feeling of enthusiasm, as in steady order the long columns drew out upon the plain, with bands playing. For the first time in eighty years a Canadian army was crossing that old field in the footsteps of those led by the gallant Brock upon his last march, and towards the spot where he found his grave; and, while upon our left the ruined and grass-grown mounds, which marked the site of Fort George, in his day a powerful earthwork, bore testimony to the lapse of time, I do not believe that the sentiments of patriotism which inspired his men, burned less warmly in the breasts of this army of a later day.

Our advance guard of cavalry had now reached the woods, and not a whit too soon did we follow them, as the enemy occupying Fort Niagara across the river, hitherto silent, began to indicate their appreciation of what was going on by plumping shells after

us. None did us any harm, as their range was defective, and some splashed into the river and others whistled high over our heads. The incident served to make us uneasy for the prospects of the town should a bombardment take place.

Our head of column now took the road along the brow of the bank of the broad river, following its windings. A thunder shower during the morning had laid the dust, but substituted mud, about as disagreeable for marching. To our right stretched peach orchards, row upon row of small low-branching trees, in almost continuous and interminable succession, which shut out from us all view of the other columns, and must have, taken with the stiff and annoying wire fences, rendered their progress more slow and difficult than ours. Once or twice a halt was called, as we imagined, to preserve the alignment. As the day wore on the heat began to be felt, but our march was not rapid. The good wives at the scattered farm houses we passed were always at their gates to see us go by, and milk, fruit, and provisions were handed out with unsparing hands by them, their maidens and men folk. The little homes looked peaceful and prosperous, and we could not help thinking of the injustice of a war which would shortly desolate them.

Soon the graceful column of the monument, till then hidden by intervening foliage, was sighted, and we could discern the outline of the majestic figure which surmounted it, standing with uplifted hand as

if beckoning us on towards the hill which we knew to be now held by the enemy. No doubt from its top their glasses were already following our movements, for we were now within less than two miles of it. We strained our ears for the first round of firing, for the ball was shortly to open.

It did so from the westward. First a rifle shot or two, and then a dropping fire, again growing into a more continuous rattle. The scouts and skirmishers were at it, and I noticed an orderly come cantering towards our front across the orchards, taking one or two fences in his way in good style. He reined up sharply, saluted and handed some paper to our colonel, upon which we were forthwith deployed into line across the fields to our right to connect and form line of battle with the 31st and 47th battalions, which were next us. Immediately our cavalry moved off towards the center rear, their horses switching their tails and kicking up the mud skittishly with their heels as they were spurred briskly down a pretty green lane and disappeared, with rattling scabbards, under the trees. The guns followed them to take position to cover our advance, leaving only a couple of batteries in reserve upon the road in case of an advance upon our left wing.

My company formed part of the fighting line, and extended westward at a double, as rapidly as the abominable wire fences we everywhere met would enable us, in the direction towards where the firing proceeded. The foliage of the peach orchards and

grape vineyards was so dense we could see but little of what might be going on, half the time losing sight of the line of skirmishers which pushed forward in in our immediate front. But now the sound of artillery again mingled with the rifle fire, and from the base of the monument itself shot out quick puffs of smoke, indicating that a battery of heavy guns had opened fire. The rush and scream of the shells was startling at first, but the fire from the rifle pits lower down at different parts of the height did, I think, more damage later on.

We had now got past the orchards, and before us was a broad stubble field with some woods opposite, perhaps four hundred yards away. At their edge appeared heavy bunches of skirmishers in blue—dark tunics and lighter trousers, who opened fire before we reached the clearing, the balls clipping the leaves above our heads. The bugles sounded a halt. Our skirmishers were already lying down at the edge of the wood and replied briskly. The force opposing us was not a strong one, but on the open to the west of them we now for the first time noticed several blue and gray columns marching up with considerable precision of movement. While I was watching them, I was startled by a swift movement and inarticulate cry at my left hand, and turning quickly, saw poor Playter, a rear rank man of my company, lying on his face quivering all over. Poor fellow, a glance showed me he was past help. A rifle ball had dropped from somewhere and, striking him in the right breast, had

passed clean through him. Though I had expected to see such sights, I confess I was for a moment horror-stricken at the suddenness of this. I tried to lift him, but he only fell over limp on his back, staring around with a piteous look in his closing eyes, his lips moving as though he would speak, while blood oozed from between them. In a few seconds he was dead, and I ordered him carried some paces back, where he was laid beneath a great spreading maple, two comrades covering his face with leaves before they returned to their places. He was the first I saw killed. I would he had been the last.

But attention was quickly recalled from this incident. A couple of gatlings were brought into position bearing on the woods, and a few minutes firing disorganized the enemy, whom we now proceeded to dislodge by a rapid advance, firing, across the open. The distance was quickly covered, though three or four staggered and fell before we gained the woods. The enemy's skirmishers made off before we reached them, pursued by our fire. All this time heavy firing appeared to be going on towards our right and centre, but the ground was level, and we could not perceive the effect of it.

It is not my purpose to detail the incidents of the day, for fighting is inhuman work, and a recital of the events on a battlefield is not always pleasant reading. Besides, the excitement of an engagement, and the exertion, smoke and din, prevent any close observation by one taking actual part in it.

I remember our men advancing and firing rapidly through the smoke, which soon piled up in heavy banks before us. It was evident that the line was hotly engaged upon the centre and right, though we could see nothing of how matters fared there. After a time the gunners on the hill seemed to have got our range so exactly that every shell burst over our heads, and men were dropping on all sides, struck and mangled with these screaming missiles. It was a hot corner, and became hotter when, half blinded by a line of flashing fire point blank in our faces, at what seemed half pistol shot distance, we became aware that a strong force of the enemy was moving swiftly down upon us in echelon, apparently to turn the left wing of our position and outflank us near the road. So well planned and quickly executed was this movement, that our raw troops were unable to withstand it. Already the advance ranks of the Americans were engaged hand to hand with our men, and the latter, panic stricken at the suddenness of the attack, fell back rapidly In a moment their formation was completely broken. Seeing their advantage, the enemy pressed on, and an enfilading fire began to pour along our ranks. "We're outflanked," was the cry on every hand, and the disorder began to spread along the line.

"Steady—take ground to the right," roared our colonel, as he dashed bareheaded towards the wavering wing; but the confusion was now so great that it was impossible to reform, and all order seemed lost.

But just here a startling surprise was awaiting us.

Advancing at a run and coolly opening ranks to permit our disorganized left to pass through them, up came a superb body of Highlanders, their tall bonnets and waving tartans lending to them the appearance of gigantic stature as they gallantly pushed forward.

"In God's name, Lawrence, what forces are these—where did they drop from?" shouted Aylmer, our junior major, his eyes bulging with surprise and excitement.

"They're the 42nd—the Black Watch, sir," said Sergeant M'Pherson, saluting from the ranks, and unable to suppress his pride at the splendid support his countrymen were giving at this juncture. "They reached St. Catharines at noon and have just marched on the field. See how beautifully they go in!"

"Forty-second fiends or devils," said Aylmer, wiping the thick beads of perspiration from his brow, "I thought we had none but volunteers with us. The kilties have saved us." "Well done, 42nd," echoed the colonel.

Meanwhile the Black Watch bounded forward to the charge, our bugler sounded the command, and with hoarse shouts and curses our line advanced at a run. Rage at the loss of comrades, friends and schoolfellows we had seen killed beside us made us madmen. With bayonets almost locked, fierce blows, stabs and thrusts were given. Elliott, who was near me, slipped and fell. With horrow I saw a tall militiaman in blue with bayonet in position to lunge through the prostrate lad. Before I could think to save him, old Brown leaped in front of me with a roar

like that of a wild beast, and drove his bayonet through the militiaman's throat. Nothing withstood our charge now. In turn disorganized by our rush, the enemy broke and fled, and our cavalry rode down their flanks and cut off their retreat, the sabres dealing death right and left. Through the little village and out of it was the pursuit continued, and then, under cover of the fire of our batteries, the assault on the hill began. I have never found out from that day to this whether it was ordered or whether our fellows made it from sheer impulse. I saw a column of redcoats at a double take the road up the height to the left. A stockade had been built across it which they blew up and then pressed on. Our line made the direct ascent, climbing over felled timber and swarming through underbrush up the steep acclivity. Hardly had we cleared them when a cheer came from above, and I saw men of the 19th running along from the westward and leaping into the rifle pits, apparently on the very bayonets of the defenders. The last stand of the enemy was made in the plateau beneath the monument, and from the bodies we found piled about, sanguinary fighting must have occurred here. But before we reached the brow of the hill, all was over and the day was ours. Such of the enemy as were not taken prisoners had retreated westward in the direction of the quarries. The bones of the gallant Brock were once more guarded by friends.

The dusk of evening was falling as we formed for roll-call upon the height, and looked out over the

familiar landscape, now so changed from what we had known it in former years. The fields were strewed with corpses of men and horses, and tracked with shattered gun carriages, caissons and wagons, the ruin and devastation of war. Peacefully the river rolled its smooth olive green current many hundred feet below us. Across it, upon the hills, we saw the white tents of the enemy, and in front of them a small battery was beginning to throw a shell or two towards our position. On the northern horizon the great lake gleamed in the waning light, and at the river mouth flashed the electric search lights of British gunboats feeling their way into the river. Off to the westward, a slackening fire still continued, for the tide of battle and pursuit had rolled thither. The roofs of one or two houses in the village at our feet were blazing, and the cool breeze of evening, blowing up from the gorge, was lifting the lazy smoke, fanning and drifting it back over the fields.

The day was ours, but at great cost. Of my company of ninety-eight men, but forty-three answered to their names. Stuart I had seen fall, shot through the body, at the foot of the hill. Elliot, too, was missing.

I remembered last seeing the boy with us in the fighting near some sheds as we were pushing through the village, and, as soon as possible, I obtained leave to take a couple of men and search for him. A heart-breaking business it was, following back the

course our men had taken. Many a quiet form we turned over, to recognize beneath the lantern's light the face of a comrade we felt we were looking upon for the last time. Surgeons and fatigue parties of various regiments moved about the field with us, furnishing assistance, where it could be rendered, to friend and foe alike. To many, a cup of water was all that could be given : some feebly cried for it as we passed : most lay silent.

Attracted by a light in a small shed, or cow-stable, we threw back the shattered door and entered. The low structure was feebly illumined by a tallow candle which someone had placed in the socket of a bayonet, the point of which was stuck in the floor. Some surgeon had probably been using the place as a field operating room. It seemed untenanted now, and I was pushing out again, when a figure slowly lifted a hand in military salute, from a heap of straw in the corner. It was Corporal Brown. The poor old man's uniform was torn, and soaked and stained in dark patches, and my first glance at his white and drawn features told me that he had fought his last battle. Perhaps guessing my errand, he feebly motioned towards a silent figure at his side, whose hand he held, stretched out with that strange and awesome contortion of limb which violent death upon the field so often produces. Before even the flickering light had caught the silver trappings of an officer's uniform, I knew it was poor Elliot. I put my hand over his heart. It was still. His body was not yet

cold, but his hand and brow were icy. I drew from his tunic his watch, and the locket attached to it, which I knew contained Mabel's miniature. There was blood upon them. I thought of his lonely old father, even now waiting for news of battle in his far off home, and of another—. I turned to Brown: "Corporal, we must move him, and yourself, too. The enemy are beginning to shell this place, and we may have to evacuate it before sunrise. Can you move?"

He could not. I followed his eyes as they slowly sought his wounded arm, and his thigh, which, broken by some heavy shot, hung helplessly down. He shook his head, and as he looked at the dead boy beside him his cheeks glistened. "It's too late for me, sir," he said, brokenly. "Tell the poor Colonel I tried—I tried—."

There was the harsh, hurtling scream of a shell which sounded at our very ears, a crash of splintering rafters over our heads, and I remember no more.

* * * *

When I again opened my eyes, it was with a sense of pain at the light, and upon gradually gaining consciousness, I first discerned a window through which light was reflected upon them. They felt very weak and weary, but I was enabled to perceive, through the window, roofs and chimneys burdened with deep snow, shining out, a pure bank of white, against the blue sky. A Sabbath calm pervaded the place. There was sunlight outside and the snow reflected it

upon my face. I was lying upon a hard and narrow pallet in a bare and somewhat darkened room with rough whitewashed walls. My thoughts seemed confused and sluggish, and perception returned slowly. I saw other beds, rows of them ranged along each side of the ward, with what appeared to be, from their wan faces and sunken eyes, sick and wounded men in each. One or two hospital nurses moved softly about, gentle-faced women, with quiet voices and soothing hands. Upon the arm of each was a white band marked with the red cross. At a table near sat an officer, writing, dressed in the uniform of the United States army.

I must have dozed then, for when I again became conscious, the lamps were lighted in the ward and an arm was lifting my head to administer some medicine. It was one of the nurses, and from her I learned that I was in St. Catharines, and had been brought into the hospital nearly a month before, wounded in the head and right arm.

Afterwards I learned what had happened during my long fever and delirium. Our first little skirmish had been but the prelude to some real fighting. Despite the destruction of all bridges over the Niagara River, the enemy had advanced in strong force, under cover of heavy artillery fire, at Fort Erie and Chippewa. After several ineffectual attempts to check them, our colonial forces were compelled to retire and leave the Niagara peninsula, for a time at least, in their hands.

But the great military power of Britain was not long in asserting itself. The swift and magnificent Atlantic passenger liners, as well as dozens of other vessels of her merchant marine, had been hard at work transporting troops to Halifax and Quebec, and now fifty thousand Imperial soldiers were occupying the country. Under their protection all the gunboats of draught sufficiently light to pass up the St. Lawrence canals had gained the lakes. At the western gates, eighty thousand East Indians, Sikhs and Ghoorkas, had been landed, and one-half of them were already on their way eastward; and these, with an equal number of colonials under arms, and the reinforcements constantly pushing forward from east and west, established a force sufficient to withstand and hurl back the first onslaught of the invaders.

I learnt much of what went on from the United States army surgeon in charge of the ward, who called twice a day to dress my arm, and who supplied me with his New York and Boston newspapers. This surgeon was a chatty man named Lewis, a native of Vermont, and no enemy could be kinder than he was. My old friend Armstrong, of the 19th, was also a prisoner in the ward with me, and many a pleasant hour we spent in the doctor's room, smoking (for our pipes were not refused us), discussing the telegraphic news and letters of special correspondents from the seat of war, and listening to our host's droll Yankee anecdotes. Of our friends at home, or of the movements of our regiments we could learn nothing, for

no letters came through the picket lines, and, prisoners as we were, this suspense was hard to bear. So the days passed.

I had not been in hospital quite a month since my recovery from fever when Lewis approached me one morning, on his daily rounds, with the remark, "Well, Cap', I guess I'll have to leave you to better hands. They tell me us cusses 'll hev to git," and he explained that the British Army of the Lakes was reported moving southward, and that orders had been received from American Headquarters to abandon St. Catharines. He seemed to have lost none of his cheerfulness at this apparent reverse. He exchanged pipes with me, bet Armstrong ten dollars that he would be back in a month, and then shook hands with us and his other patients as his orderly came up to report that his horse was at the door. Through the window we saw him mount his horse and ride away, laughingly shaking his fist at us in adieu. I never saw him after, but if these lines should meet the eye of this warm-hearted man, they will remind him of the gratitude of those enemies his kindness made friends.

He got off none too soon, for, sure enough, I heard an unusual stir a few hours after, and towards noon the sound of bugles. Looking out of the windows we saw a splendid troop of the 17th Lancers ride by. In all my life I never saw such excitement as that produced upon us by the sight of this fine cavalry regiment. Those of the sick men who could hobble

to the windows raised them and tried to cheer, but they choked with emotion; while those poor fellows in the cots too feeble to raise their heads lay motionless, their wet cheeks alone betraying the joy they felt.

I did not set out to write a history of the war, nor is there need I should. You know it all. True, our country suffered; some of our cities were burnt and enormous amounts of property and material of every kind were wasted and destroyed, money spent and lives lost. The War Indemnity and Confiscation Acts passed by Congress swept away millions of British capital invested in the United States. Such is the result of all wars. For a year or more Ontario was a huge battlefield, and Manitoba was for a time pretty much in the hands of the enemy. But we were not the only ones who suffered, for the gunboats made short work of the unprotected lake cities of our enemies, and Chicago and Milwaukee, Cleveland and Buffalo, Rochester and Oswego, were all destroyed. The fleets of Britain held possession almost undisputed of the seas surrounding the enemy's coast, and blockaded every port. The United States navy fought with spirit and bravery, but it possessed no vessels strong enough to withstand the batteries of the Imperial warships, and as for the wooden frigates of the old type, it appeared like sheer murder of brave men to order them out against ironclads. The coasts of the Atlantic States were harried, and many seaboard cities followed the fate of New York. On the

other hand, several British ironclads were sunk by torpedo vessels and dynamite balloons.

The end is matter of history. An influential peace party of both nations, moved by the terrible injuries the two branches of the English speaking race were inflicting on each other, were successful in bringing about a cessation of hostilities. Both nations were thoroughly tired of war, and willing enough to conclude peace. This was done by the Treaty of London, whereby some concessions were made on both sides, which, for our part, we had offered to make before the war began.

My story is done, and however much moralizing has been indulged in by the wiseacres of the press during the past forty years, I shall waste no time in adverting to vaporings and ideas which events have proved to be valueless. Time tries all. There are people in the world, and Canada has had her share of them, whose only mission is to find fault and predict misfortune. Some of these have told us that we Canadians lived for years in a fool's paradise, speculating weakly about our future, but taking no steps to control it; as though there ever was a people that studied more earnestly its political environment, that cherished more ardently one national purpose and aspiration. Others of our critics say that we lacked spirit in declining to ask, long before, for an independence of the mother country which was to be had for the asking, and to seek an annexation to our neighbours which, forestalling the danger of conquest,

would have saved a bloody war. Independence! The independence of the lamb drinking at the stream beside the wolf! Annexation!—to a democracy ruled by the most corrupt and worthless classes of its citizens.

These same fault-finders—how well we know them—are the men who, with shallow flippancy, sneered at those steadfast hearts who in years gone by in Canada held before us the hope that, one day, there would exist a mighty and united Empire in which we should take our honoured and equal place; and, foreseeing the dangers which would beset the growing strength of our manhood, bid us cherish the ties which bound us to the great family of British nations—the lion's whelps even then waxing strong. Parrot tongues proclaimed the great Brotherhood longed for by these patient and loyal patriots, a dream. So of old did Joseph dream. So Columbus, Galileo, Clarkson, Wilberforce, and all the leaders in the advancement of mankind, back to the days of barbarism—undaunted spirits—dreamers all: dreamers of empire then unknown, of progress then unimagined, of thoughts then uncomprehended. Dreamers of a time to come when this strange dreamer we call man, taught through succeeding generations, in the slow march of the centuries, wandering for cycles of painful years in the wilderness of ignorance and waywardness and misdoing, should gain at last the shining tablelands where all is Light.

A dream. I was in London at that great review we held at the close of the war, when fifty thousand

men, picked from the forces of the Empire, marched proudly past the carriage where sat the gentle lady whose locks time had silvered, whose features betrayed the emotion she felt, Queen and Empress, ruler of the hearts and destinies of three hundred million souls. It seemed to me a dream indeed, and in it the days of chivalry had returned. These were her stalwart and loyal knights whose lances had flashed beneath her guerdon: from the sunburnt plains of Hindostan, and from the snows of Canada, from Africa, from Australasia, and the islands of the Southern seas, brothers all, shoulder to shoulder, for the Power that gave the dream had fashioned their hearts alike. And afterwards at that service of Thanksgiving in the vast dark Abbey, where England guards the ashes of those noblest of our race—strong souls that fought and toiled and prayed for her through all the centuries of her glorious history, it seemed to me, in the hushed pulse of the living multitude, the great dead within the sculptured splendour of their tombs, were worshipping with us.

A dream. Go now and stand at night time upon that dark old bridge spanning the legendary river which flows beside the Abbey walls, and see, close by the noble tower of Westminster, that more stately and sumptuous pile. Mark well its blazing lights, it lights a world. This is the new Senate House of the Great Council of the Empire. Hither come the elders of the people, princes and satraps from a hundred states, to rule the common destinies of our race.

There is peace to-day in Canada, and happiness among her twenty millions of prosperous people, forming the new nation of the Western world. Knit together as one nation, old differences silenced and forgotten, we have become heirs to a goodly heritage. Canada, rich in all the wealth of forest and mine, of fishery and fruitful field, the home of a happy and contented people, has reached a future undreamt of fifty yeras ago. Could one of my generation at that day have been permitted, by some miracle of prophetic vision to pierce the obscurity which then surrounded us, could he have seen the vast unknown prairies of the North-west filled with the teeming and energetic life of a prosperous and busy community; have seen its mighty rivers, then a name only to most of us, their primeval silence now broken by the whistle of the steamboat and the hum of the mill, and their courses now made the bustling highways of Commerce: could this seer have traced its network of railways, pushing far into the wilderness of forest, and have viewed its cities, adorned with the stateliest triumphs of architecture and replete with all that wealth can create, or refinement approve,—and pictured to us what would come to pass, who would have hearkened to him? Yet this is Canada to-day.

Yes, this is Canada. The old things have passed away, and all things are new. And as we turn our faces towards this still brightening orient of splendid promise, the shadows fall behind us.

I am writing these few last lines from the old field

at Niagara, which I am revisiting again after many years. It seems asleep, as of old, in the sunshine; and as we walk across it towards the ruined bastions of Fort George, the summer wind wanders there with us, and seems to whisper of the old and later wars. Here, two centuries ago, France and England fought. But over the fading footprints of these forgotten struggles, the later war has left, sharp cut, the mark of its iron heel. See, to our right, the long earthworks, with the black muzzles of the guns peering behind them; see beyond,—Ah, how countless they seem!—the long lines of graves, row upon row, field upon field, each with its numbered headstone, in this great national cemetery. A nation's dead sleep here.

Forty years have passed, yet how little has nature changed. There is the sun, a great red ball, about to plunge his face in the cool waters of the lake. Hark, from the rampart, the boom of the sunset gun peals over the quiet reaches of the river, which seem, in the evening hush, to listen for it. The gnats no longer dance in the level beams. The happy songs of the birds are hushed, and hushed too, the querulous rasp of the grasshoppers in the grass. From out the old church tower the sound of bells fills all the summer air, calling to prayer. With hearts humbled and softened by a thousand sad memories which their voices recall, and stilling within us every ungenerous and unworthy passion awakened once by the storm of long ago, let us, too,

bow our heads to Him whose hand has led us through the valley of its awful shadow, whose purposes we cannot fathom. The echoes of a bygone conflict have long since been silenced: its dead will some day be forgotten.

But not in vain. Not in vain, in the fresh morning of their young life did these first-born of our nation's heroes pass into darkness. Still over them, upon that tall staff, floats the flag for love of which they died. Here in this sacred spot, let us resolve that Canada, preserved by their sacrifice, shall be a nation great, just and renowned; great in the great hearts, the high aims, the noble courage of her people; progressing ever onward in all that is worthy, beneficent and good, until nation shall no longer rise against nation, and men shall learn war no more.