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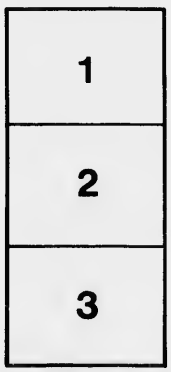


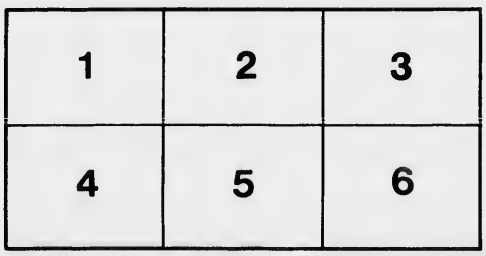

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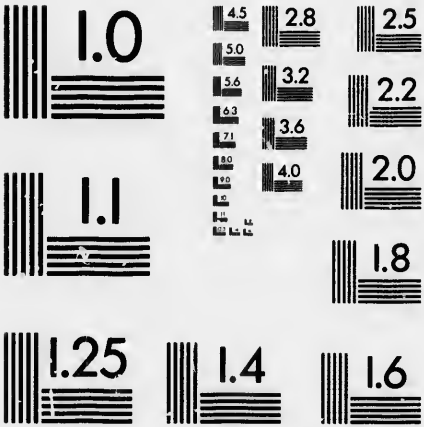


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# MANUEL DE DÉVOTION

À

# SAINTE ANNE.

## SA VIE, SON CULTE ET SES MIRACLES

EN FRANCE ET AU CANADA,

PAR

L'ABBÉ A. LÉON BOULAND,

*Curé de N. D. du Sacré-Cœur,*

CENTRAL FALLS, R. I.

MONTRÉAL,

J. CHAPLEAU & FILS, IMPRIMEURS ET RELIEURS,

31, RUE COTTÉ, 31.

1877

# APPROBATION.

La "Vie de Ste. Anne," par le Rév. LÉON BOULAND, ne peut qu'agrandir la piété des âmes fidèles, et exciter la dévotion envers la Mère de la très-glorieuse Vierge. Nous félicitons l'auteur, et recommandons fortement son livre au clergé et aux laïques.

† THOMAS F. HENDRICKEN,
*Evêque de Providence, R.I.*

Providence, 18 Août 1877.

Enregistré conformément à l'Acte du Parlement du Canada, en l'année 1877, par l'Abbé LÉON BOULAND, au Bureau du Ministre de l'Agriculture.

# PRÉFACE.

Proposer à l'imitation des fidèles, des mères chrétiennes surtout, la vie et les vertus de Sainte Anne, comme fille, épouse et mère dans ce monde; raconter sa vie de gloire et de crédit exceptionnels au Ciel, d'après les faveurs innombrables obtenues par son intercession; faire connaître les sanctuaires bénis où elle aime à se manifester; révéler Auray au Canada, et Beaupré à la France, afin de réunir au moins dans les mêmes prières et la même reconnaissance, cette mère-patrie et sa colonie que Sainte Anne n'a jamais séparées dans son cœur: tel est le but de ce petit livre. Prêtre français et pasteur canadien, l'auteur, en le publiant, a voulu faire moins une belle qu'une bonne œuvre pour les âmes catholiques et françaises. Puisse-t-elle être bénie de la bonne Ste. Anne, et de vous aussi, ô Notre-Dame de Fourvières, sa glorieuse fille, mère de Dieu, Reine de l'Eglise et de la France.

15 Août 1877.

## DÉCLARATION DE L'AUTEUR.

Pour nous conformer aux lois de l'Eglise, nous déclarons n'employer dans ce livre les noms de *Saint*, d'*inspiration*, de *miracles*, qu'en soumettant le tout au jugement du Saint-Siége, et dans le sens où il est permis de les employer.

# PREMIÈRE PARTIE

## LA VIE ET LE CULTE DE SAINTE ANNE

## CHAPITRE I

### LA VIE DE SAINTE ANNE D'APRÈS LA TRADITION

Il y avait en Israël un homme appelé Joachim, de la tribu de Juda. Il était pasteur de brebis et servait Dieu dans la simplicité de son cœur et dans l'attente du Messie promis. De tout ce qu'il recueillait, soit laine, soit agneaux, il faisait trois parts : l'une était pour le temple, la seconde pour les veuves, les orphelins, les pauvres et les voyageurs, et la dernière

pour lui, ses serviteurs et l'entretien de sa maison. Aussi la bénédiction du Seigneur était sur lui et son troupeau se multipliait.

A l'âge de vingt ans, Joachim avait épousé Anne, de la tribu de Juda, comme lui, et de la famille de David. D'après l'opinion commune, les parents de Sainte Anne s'appelaient Mathan et Emérantienne ; ils jouissaient d'une honnête aisance et habitaient la petite ville de Séphoris, au pied du mont Carmel. Cette montagne à jamais célèbre, qui figurait elle-même la Vierge Marie, était habitée par de pieux solitaires, disciples du prophète Elie. L'un d'eux, vieillard d'une grande sainteté, prédit à Emérantienne qu'elle était destinée à devenir la mère de plusieurs enfants, qui seraient eux-mêmes dans les mains de Dieu autant de vases d'élection pour le salut de son peuple. La prédiction s'accomplit : elle eut pour enfants Jacob, qui fut le père de St.

Joseph, Sobé, qui fut mère de Ste. Elizabeth et aïeule de St. Jean-Baptiste, puis Salomé et Cléophas; mais Anne fut entre tous le fruit de bénédiction. Son nom, qui signifie grâce et miséricorde, lui fut donné par un ange. Elle devait si bien le justifier, ce beau nom, elle prédestinée à donner le jour à la Vierge pleine de grâces, à la mère des miséricordes !

Cependant son union avec Joachim demeurait stérile, et cette épreuve si terrible en amena une autre.

Un jour de fête, Joachim s'était mêlé à ceux qui offraient de l'encens et apportait comme eux des présents. Un prêtre nommé Ruben, l'ayant aperçu, s'approcha et lui dit : "Pourquoi te joins-tu à ceux qui sacrifient au Seigneur, toi dont Dieu n'a point béni le mariage, et qui n'a point donné d'enfants à Juda ?" Humilié ainsi devant tout le peuple, Joachim sortit du temple en pleurant, mais ne retourna point dans sa maison : il alla rejoindre

son troupeau, et prenant avec lui ses pasteurs, il s'enfonça au loin dans les montagnes, et Anne son épouse fut pendant cinq mois sans apprendre aucune nouvelle. Cependant elle pleurait et répétait dans ses prières : " Seigneur, Dieu d'Israël, Dieu fort, pourquoi m'avez-vous privée d'enfants ? Pourquoi avez-vous éloigné de moi mon époux ? Voilà que cinq mois sont passés et je ne le vois point revenir ; j'ignore s'il est mort, et si on lui a donné la sépulture."

Un jour qu'elle pleurait ainsi, elle se retira dans l'intérieur de sa maison et tombant à genoux elle répandit avec abondance ses soupirs et ses vœux devant le Seigneur. Son oraison finie, faisant effort pour dissiper sa douleur, elle avait quitté ses vêtements de deuil, orné sa tête et revêtu sa robe nuptiale. Vers la neuvième heure, elle descendit dans son jardin. Là était un laurier sous lequel elle s'assit et fit à Dieu cette prière : " Dieu

de mes pères écoutez-moi, et bénissez-moi comme vous avez béni Sara, à laquelle vous avez donné un fils." Et élevant les yeux, elle aperçut un nid de passereaux et se prit à pleurer. "Hélas! à qui me comparer, disait-elle en elle-même? De qui suis-je donc née pour être ainsi la malédiction d'Israël.

"A qui me comparer? Aux oiseaux du ciel? Mais les oiseaux du ciel peuvent paraître devant vous, ô mon Dieu!

"A qui me comparer? Aux animaux de la terre? Mais les animaux de la terre sont féconds devant vous, Seigneur!

"A qui me comparer? Aux fleuves et à la mer? Mais les fleuves et la mer ne sont pas frappés de stérilité: calmes ou émues, leurs eaux remplies de poissons chantent vos louanges.

"A qui me comparer? Aux plaines? Mais les plaines portent leurs fruits en leur temps, et leur fertilité vous bénit, ô mon Dieu!"

Comme elle exhalait ainsi sa douleur, un ange apparut tout à coup devant elle :

" Ne crains point, lui dit-il ; il est dans les desseins de Dieu de lever l'opprobre de ta stérilité, et le fruit de tes entrailles fera l'admiration des siècles. " Ayant ainsi parlé, il disparut. Anne émue et tremblante d'une telle vision, rentra dans sa demeure, où elle passa tout le jour et toute la nuit dans la prière.

A ce moment même, un autre messager céleste apparaissait à Joachim dans la montagne, et lui donnait, au nom du Ciel, la même assurance : " De ton sang, lui disait-il, naîtra une fille ; elle habitera dans le temple et le Saint-Esprit descendra en elle et son bonheur sera au-dessus du bonheur de toutes les femmes ; son fruit sera béni, elle-même sera bénie et appelée la mère de l'éternelle bénédiction. C'est pourquoi descends de la montagne, retourne auprès de ton épouse, et ensemble rendez grâces au Seigneur." Joachim s'in-

clina devant lui et reprit : " Si j'ai trouvé grâce devant vous, asseyez-vous un peu dans ma tente et bénissez votre serviteur."

L'Ange lui répondit : " Ne te nomme point mon serviteur : nous sommes tous serviteurs du même maître ; je ne prendrai point la nourriture que tu me présentes : ma nourriture, à moi, est invisible et ma boisson ne peut être connue des hommes. Ne me presse donc point de m'asseoir sous ta tente, mais offre en holocauste à Dieu les mets que tu voulais me servir. "

Joachim ayant offert le sacrifice que l'Ange lui avait ordonné, retourna dans sa maison où sa femme l'accueillit avec des transports d'allégresse. Neuf mois après, Anne mettait au monde une fille à laquelle une révélation lui fit donner le nom de Marie et qu'elle nourrit elle-même de son lait. Selon Suarez et une foule de théologiens catholiques, elle enfanta sans douleur celle qu'elle avait con-

çue sans lui transmettre la tache originelle. Si, comme on n'en peut douter, elle avait appris par les anges du ciel quelque chose des destinées de Marie, comment exprimer les joies de son cœur maternel quand elle donnait son sein à celle qui devait un jour donner le sien au Fils de Dieu ? A entendre les premiers bégaiements, à recevoir les caresses de cette enfant prédestinée, à balancer doucement son berceau, à guider ses premiers pas, à former son enfance, à remplir envers elle ces devoirs dont les Chérubins et les Séraphins s'estimeraient heureux, quel honneur et quelle inénarrable félicité !

Aussi entendez son cantique de triomphe au jour où, selon les prescriptions de la loi, elle présenta Marie au temple :

" Je chanterai les louanges du Sei-
" gneur mon Dieu, parcequ'il m'a visitée
" et qu'il a enlevé de dessus moi l'oppro-
" bre dont me couvraient mes ennemis.

" Le Seigneur a mis en moi le fruit de " sa justice. Qui annoncera aux fils de " Ruben que Anne la stérile allaite ? " Ecoutez, écoutez, tribus d'Israël, voici " que Anne allaite. " Marie fut ramenée à la maison paternelle. Sa mère comprenait trop la valeur du dépôt qui lui avait été confié pour laisser à personne autre le soin de donner à sa fille la seconde et la plus importante naissance, celle de l'âme, l'éducation.

Comme Salomon, seule elle pouvait et devait bâtir ce temple magnifique au Seigneur ; ce temple, elle l'éleva avec le marbre et l'or de la parole de Dieu. Pour nourrir cette âme prédestinée à une grande vie, Anne puisait dans son cœur, mais plus encore dans les saintes Ecritures, et Marie dévorait des yeux le Verbe sacré et le gardait dans son cœur. C'est là cette fameuse leçon de lecture, sujet de tant de beaux tableaux.

Sainte Anne avait promis à Dieu de

lui consacrer le fruit de bénédiction qu'il avait donné à sa vieillesse, et dès que Marie eut atteint sa troisième année, elle fut ramenée au temple pour y être définitivement placée sous la tutelle des prêtres, et élevée avec d'autres jeunes filles sous la conduite d'Anne la prophétesse.

On croit que ce fut le prêtre Zacharie qui reçut l'enfant privilégiée dont il était d'ailleurs proche parent par son alliance avec Elizabeth.

Quel sacrifice ce dut être pour une Mère comme Sainte Anne, de se séparer d'une telle fille ! mais ce sacrifice, elle l'avait promis à Dieu, et comme Abraham elle se soumit. Marie, le front ceint d'une couronne de lys, gravit allègrement les nombreuses marches du temple. Arrivée au haut, elle se jeta aux pieds du pontife et ratifia de son plein gré le vœu de sa mère, suppliant qu'on l'acceptât au nombre des vierges consacrées au Seigneur. Ainsi, il y eut deux sacrificateurs comme deux

victimes dans ce grand acte de la Présentation de Marie au temple, et les filles aussi bien que les mères chrétiennes y trouvent un exemple de ce qu'elles doivent faire lorsque la volonté de Dieu leur demande des déchirements et des immolations.

Devenue nubile, Marie allait être rendue à sa famille, selon la pratique usitée à l'égard de toutes les filles de son âge, afin qu'elles pussent se choisir un époux et participer à l'espérance de voir le Messie promis sortir de leur postérité. Mais, quoique la venue de l'Emmanuel fut proche et son attente plus vive que jamais, elle répondit qu'ayant fait vœu de virginité, elle ne demandait qu'à finir ses jours dans le temple. Le grand prêtre étonné prit conseil de Ste. Anne, la première fois qu'elle revint, selon son habitude, voir sa fille ; celle-ci s'excusa modestement et alors on consulta le Seigneur au milieu des jeûnes, des oraisons

et des sacrifices. Une voix du sanctuaire répondit : " Une tige sortira de la racine de Jessé qui produira une fleur sur laquelle se reposera le Saint-Esprit, ainsi qu'Isaïe l'a prophétisé. "

Alors tous ceux qui prétendaient à la main de Marie eurent l'ordre de venir au temple une verge à la main. Joseph s'y rendit et de la verge qu'il y porta, dit St. Epiphane, sortit une fleur magnifique sur laquelle le Saint Esprit se reposa sous la forme d'une colombe. Rassurée par ce signe et comprenant que sa virginité confiée à celle de Joseph ne courait aucun danger, elle l'accepta pour époux, à la grande joie de Ste. Anne.

D'après la tradition, celle-ci aurait préparé de riches langes et un magnifique berceau pour accueillir l'enfant Jésus à sa naissance ; mais lorsque, de Jérusalem où elle s'était rendue, elle revint à Nazareth, la famille sainte était partie pour Bethléem sur l'ordre de César-Auguste.

Qu'on juge de sa douleur en apprenant leur départ en plein hiver et dans l'état avancé de grossesse où se trouvait sa fille chérie ! La voilà aussitôt en marche vers Bethléem, malgré la neige et le froid. La nuit la surprend dans ces chemins inconnus, elle s'égare. Suivant quelques auteurs, ce fut la voix des Anges chantant " *Noël, gloire à Dieu et paix aux hommes de bonne volonté* " qui la consola ; deux d'entre eux se détachèrent pour la conduire à l'étable. D'après quelques auteurs, elle rencontra les trois rois mages qui venaient d'adorer le Sauveur. Apprenant qui elle était, ils lui racontèrent comment ils avaient vu une étoile miraculeuse au fond de l'Orient, puis lui ayant de loin montré l'étable, ils la quittèrent pour continuer leur chemin.

Une étable, une crèche, un peu de paille ! N'importe ! Dans ce palais et sous ces insignes de la misère, elle reconnait et adore le Dieu fait homme, la gloire du

Très-Haut et le Sauveur des hommes. Comme elle le baise tendrement ! Et Jésus lui rend caresse pour caresse, et lui tend ses petites mains.

Lorsque Marie eut accompli à Jérusalem la cérémonie de la Purification, Ste. Anne prit les devants pour préparer, autant qu'il était encore en son pouvoir, son humble demeure de Nazareth à devenir le tabernacle du Fils de Dieu ; mais ce fut en vain qu'elle attendit Jésus, Marie et Joseph. Un avertissement du Ciel les avait fait fuir en Egypte pour soustraire l'Enfant-Dieu à la fureur d'Hérode. Ste. Anne court à Jérusalem : ils n'y sont plus ; A Bethléem : l'étable est vide ; à Jéricho : personne ne les a vus. A Rama et aux environs, elle ne voit que des enfants égorgés, dans chacun desquels elle craint de reconnaître Jésus ; elle n'entend que les cris des mères qui ont perdu leurs nouveaux-nés et ne veulent pas être consolées. Elle pleure avec elles,

les aide à ensevelir leurs pauvres innocents, puis se retirant dans l'étable où s'était accompli le grand mystère, elle se jette sur la paille où sa fille avait dormi et enfanté le Messie. Là, elle eut une vision, mais quelle vision ! Ce Jésus, ce Fils de Dieu, ce Messie tant attendu, ce Rédempteur d'Israël, elle le voit triste jusqu'à la mort ; au jardin des Olives, elle le voit trahi par Judas et abandonné par ses diciples, calomnié par les Juifs et les prêtres mêmes, trainé de Caïphe à Pilate et de Pilate à Hérode, conspué, couronné d'épines, flagellé, et enfin suspendu à une croix, entre deux scélérats, où il expire sous les yeux de Marie qu'un glaive de douleur perce de part en part.

Oh, alors ! elle comprend la mission de Jésus, elle comprend le sacrifice et la souffrance, et dans sa soif de pénitence et d'expiation, renonce à tout, même à l'espérance de revoir la Ste. Famille, et la voilà qui s'enfonce dans le désert où elle

se livre à toutes les austérités, à tous les crucifiements volontaires. Une tradition pieuse et respectable veut même qu'à toutes ces épreuves et à toutes ces croix, déjà si lourdes, Dieu ait permis à Satan d'ajouter ses tentations.

Toutes les eaux amères de la tribulation avaient passé sur cette âme d'élite, tous les feux de la fournaise l'avaient épurée. Ste. Anne avait atteint ce degré de sainteté où le corps lui-même est *spiritualisé*, selon l'expression de Tertulien. L'heure des récompenses célestes était arrivée. Jésus jugea qu'il était temps de mettre fin aux angoisses de Marie : il lui révéla, ainsi qu'à Joseph, la retraite de Ste. Anne, et tous aussitôt ils se rendirent auprès d'elle. A leur vue elle entonna le *Nunc dimittis*, heureuse que le terme de son pèlerinage terrestre approchât. Elle se prosterna aux pieds du Sauveur, les baisant avec une joie ineffable, lui disant : Mon Seigneur et mon

Dieu ! Jésus la relève et lui dit : " Vous serez à jamais bénie, Anne, mère de ma mère ; tous ceux qui m'invoqueront en votre nom sont sûrs d'être toujours exaucés. " Alors Anne posant sa tête sur le sein du Sauveur conversa avec lui quelques instants, puis comme le cerf altéré qui soupire après la source d'eaux vives, elle exhala doucement son âme entre les bras de Jésus et de Marie. On croit que son corps fut enseveli dans le tombeau de famille où reposait déjà son époux St. Joachim, mort longtemps avant elle, le même dans lequel fut plus tard enfermée la dépouille mortelle de la Ste. Vierge Marie, en attendant sa glorieuse Assomption.

Que le chrétien ne s'étonne pas si l'histoire de Ste. Anne a quelquefois des côtés obscurs. N'en est-il pas ainsi souvent de celle de Marie elle-même, de Joseph et de tant d'autres moins illustres ? Dieu nous donne ainsi une leçon : il montre

que la sainteté ne consiste pas dans l'éclat des actions, mais dans l'accomplissement des devoirs, l'observation de la loi et surtout dans la pureté des intentions.

La violette n'attire pas les regards, mais pour être modeste, sa beauté n'en est pas moins remarquable et son parfum pas moins embaumé.

C'est ce qui a été compris des Pères de l'Eglise et des Docteurs : ils ont célébré à l'envi les gloires de Ste. Anne et de St. Joachim. St. Epiphane, St. Jean Damascène, St. Grégoire de Nysse, Georges de Nicomédie, D'Orlandus, Louis de Blois, St. François de Sales, Mr. Olier et bien d'autres saints personnages parlent à sa louange. Ste. Gertrude, Ste. Brigitte, Ste. Colette, la Mère Anne de St. Augustin, et des milliers d'autres ont obtenu de grandes faveurs par son intercession ; les annales de son culte sont remplies des miracles les plus éclatants, les

peuples se disputent ses reliques et les arts lui ont élevé partout des monuments. Jetons un regard sur son culte à travers les âges et les peuples.

# CHAPITRE II

## DU CULTE DE STE. ANNE EN ORIENT ET EN OCCIDENT

Marie et Jésus furent les premiers à honorer Ste. Anne et St. Joachim, se montrant à leur égard des modèles de respect, d'obéissance et d'affection ; et il n'est pas douteux que les diciples, les Apôtres et les premiers fidèles n'aient témoigné à ces parents de leur divin Maître un culte tout particulier.

A Jérusalem on vénère le tombeau du père et de la mère de Marie, et surtout la demeure de Ste. Anne, devenue une église célèbre dans les fastes de l'Orient, et

qui fut remise à la France l'année même où Pie IX proclamait le dogme de l'Immaculée Conception.

A Constantinople, les Justiniens élevèrent deux temples magnifiques à Ste. Anne, que les Grecs honorent d'une manière toute spéciale, plusieurs fois dans l'année.

A Rome, notre Sainte a une église renommée et les Papes ont toujours été favorables au culte de celle dont ils ont établi la fête.

Dijon proclame que Ste. Anne l'a sauvée d'une grande peste en 1630.

Elle est la patronne de Madrid.

L'Angleterre voyait dernièrement un temple s'élever en son honneur. L'Allemagne, la Sicile, la Belgique, l'Autriche, plusieurs villes de France lui ont dressé des autels, et revendiquent quelques-unes de ses reliques.

D'après Trithème, St. Longin aurait apporté à l'île Barbe, aux portes de Lyon,

des reliques considérables de Ste. Anne. Chaque année on les sortait processionnellement autour de l'île pour les replacer dans la chapelle qui portait le glorieux nom de notre sainte et vers laquelle les peuples accouraient en foule. Mais il est plus probable qu'elles avaient été données par Charlemagne après ses conquêtes dans le midi. Quoiqu'il en soit, la ville où l'Immaculée Conception et la Nativité de Marie étaient en si grand honneur, où dès les premiers siècles on lui éleva des autels, cette ville devait rendre à Ste. Anne un culte privilégié. Aussi y a-t-il depuis longtemps et dans plusieurs paroisses de cette grande cité de Lyon, qui elle aussi pourrait s'appeler Ville-Marie, des confréries célèbres sous le nom de l'aïeule du Sauveur. La cathédrale et le sanctuaire de Fourvières ont une de leurs chapelles dédiée à Ste. Anne. Mais nous avons hâte d'arriver à des événements plus signalés dans l'histoire du culte de notre grande Sainte.

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# CHAPITRE III

## LE CULTE DE SAINTE ANNE A APT.

Il résulte de la vie de Ste. Madelaine et de Ste. Marthe, par Raban Maur, qu'à leur départ de la Judée sur la barque de Provence, Ste. Marie Madelaine, Ste. Marthe, les saintes Marie Jacobé et Salomé, Lazare, St. Maximin et leurs compagnons, eurent le soin pieux d'emporter une grande quantité de reliques insignes, ne voulant pas les laisser sur une terre déicide qu'allait frapper la malédiction de Dieu. Ils prirent avec eux beaucoup des corps des Saints Innocents, des pierres et de la terre teintes du sang du Sauveur

avec quelques parcelles de son sépulcre. Mais le trésor le plus précieux dont ils se chargèrent fut le corps de Ste. Anne, mère de cette Vierge Marie qu'ils avaient aimée et servie au point de ne quitter la Judée qu'après sa mort. Débarqués sur les côtes de Provence, ils déposèrent leurs saintes reliques à Marseille, à la Ste. Baume et aux environs. Cependant, par une faveur insigne de Dieu et selon une antique tradition, corroborée par des documents respectables, le corps de Ste. Anne fut remis à l'église d'*Apta-Julia*, aujourd'hui Apt. Mais le temps des persécutions et des invasions approchant, le bienheureux Auspice, premier évêque d'Apt, cacha le trésor dans une sorte d'armoire pratiquée dans le mur de la crypte la plus basse, crypte qui existe encore en deux parties sous le chœur de l'église. Il plaça devant les reliques une lampe allumée, puis il fit murer la crypte. C'est ainsi que les saintes reliques échappèrent aux incursions

des Alains, Suives, Vandales et aux dévastations des Sarrasins, ignorées de tous, même des fidèles. Comment, de quelle manière miraculeuse elles furent découvertes, en 792, c'est ce que va nous raconter un témoin oculaire dont le témoignage est assez grand, certes, pour inspirer le respect aux plus incrédules. Charlemagne écrivait au Pape Adrien I la lettre suivante, si *capitale* et si *peu connue*.

" Charles, roi des Gaules, au Souverain Pontife de Rome, Adrien I, Salut :

" Après avoir entièrement purgé notre " royaume des restes du paganisme, nous " nous sommes arrêté en venant d'Aqui- " taine, avec Gérard duc de Bourgogne, " dans la ville d'Arles, où ayant remer- " cié Dieu de nos nombreuses victoires " durant ces fêtes de Pâques dernières, " nous sommes ensuite retourné au pays " de Narbonne où nous avions déjà jeté " les fondements de quelques églises et " laissé des prédicateurs pour instruire le

" peuple chrétien. De là, nous étant ren-
" du à Digne, nous avons ordonné d'y en
" élever une en l'honneur de Notre
" Dame, puis venant à l'antique cité
" d'Apt, le sieur Baron de Caseneuve, qui
" s'était saisi en Gascogne de Hunaud,
" Comte de Provence, nous a donné sa mai-
" son pour logis. Durant le séjour que
" nous y avons fait pour reconnaître les dé-
" gâts des barbares idolâtres, nous avons
" fait reconsacrer l'église par Turpin
" notre confesseur et pendant la cérémonie
" du service divin, nous aperçûmes le fils
" de notre hôte bien-aimé frappant conti-
" nuellement avec une baguette une levée
" de degrés qui vont au maître-autel et
" en donner de si rudes coups que l'office
" divin en était troublé, sans qu'il fut au
" pouvoir de nos gardes ni des autres offi-
" ciers de notre cour de l'en empêcher ;
" au contraire, tout aveugle, sourd et
" muet qu'il était, il persistait toujours à
" frapper, tellement que nous fûmes con-

" traint de faire enlever à l'heure même
" les marches de cette montée et aussitôt
" une porte fermée de grosses pierres que
" l'on découvrit nous fit présager quelque
" chose de remarquable. Les ouvriers
" ayant ouvert cette porte à coups de
" marteau, nous vîmes une entrée et une
" descente de degrés qui nous conduisit
" dans une grotte souterraine artistement
" travaillée, dans laquelle il y a un au-
" tel soutenu d'une pierre antique où sont
" inscrits les noms de ceux qui, du temps
" des Césars, gouvernaient Apta-Julia,
" l'une de leurs colonies, et autour de l'au-
" tel étaient rangés douze sépulcres. (1)
" Ce muet était si actif que nonobstant sa
" cécité, il devançait tous les autres, telle-
" ment que nous fûmes obligé de le faire
" tenir près de nous pour qu'il ne fut pas
" foulé aux pieds des courtisans curieux.
" Le jeune homme, faisant toujours signe

(1) Cet autel existe encore, mais il ne reste plus que 6 tombeaux au lieu de 12.

" de creuser plus avant, nous descendîmes
" enfin dans une fosse longue et étroite
" où nous aperçûmes une lumière qui s'é-
" teignit aussitôt qu'elle eut pris l'air et
" sur le champ, chose admirable, nous en-
" tendîmes ce noble sourd et muet s'écrier :
" *Ici est le corps de Ste. Anne, mère de la*
" *pure et immaculée Vierge Marie.*" A
" l'instant nous sentîmes une odeur sem-
" blable à celle du baume, et nous vîmes
" dans une armoire enfoncée une caisse
" de cyprès dans laquelle était le saint
" corps. Notre dit confesseur l'ayant
" prise, la mit entre nos bras pour nous la
" faire baiser en signe de joie et de con-
" solation, et après avoir satisfait notre
" dévotion nous avons expédié ces lettres
" à Votre Sainteté."

Le Pape répondit en ces termes à la lettre de l'Empereur :

" Adrien I, par la grâce de Dieu, Pape,
" à Charlemagne, Roi Très-Chrétien et
" premier fils de la Sainte Eglise.

" Gloire éternelle soit rendue à Dieu et
" le plus grand honneur à Vous, Sire, pour
" avoir remporté une si éclatante vic-
" toire, et triomphé d'un peuple ennemi
" de la chrétienté, mais plus encore par
" l'insigne faveur que Notre Seigneur,
" dans son infinie bonté, vous a faite en
" vous rendant présent à la merveilleuse
" invention de la bienheureuse Ste. Anne,
" mère de la glorieuse Vierge Marie, et
" témoin de l'étonnant miracle qui s'est
" opéré dans la personne de ce gentil-
" homme de Caseneuve. Nous recom-
" mandons que ces saintes reliques soient
" conservées avec la vénération qui leur
" est due, et à vous-même d'être toujours
" rempli de zèle, le tout à l'honneur de
" la divine Majesté et pour l'édification
" de votre peuple."

Ces événements firent naître dans le sein de la population aptésienne les plus vifs sentiments de reconnaissance pour le Ciel et de dévotion pour Ste.

Anne qui s'est toujours montrée depuis le *palladium* de la ville. Charlemagne devint lui-même, depuis cette époque, un des serviteurs de la mère de la Vierge Marie. Il fit ajouter le glorieux nom de Ste. Anne dans les fameuses *Litanies Carolines* composées par le Pape Adrien à l'usage de sa chapelle particulière, et enrichit plusieurs églises de quelques parcelles de reliques de Ste. Anne. Selon Campésius, historien Lyonnais, c'est ce prince qui aurait donné aux religieux du monastère de l'Ile-Barbe, près Lyon, la portion de la tête de Ste. Anne qu'on y vénérait, et qui fut plus tard le sujet d'un vif débat entre Lyon etLucerne. En 1862 l'ouverture d'une crypte du tombeau de Ste. Anne eut lieu à Apt avec beaucoup de solennité.

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# CHAPITRE IV

## LE CULTE DE SAINTE ANNE A AURAY.

Où s'élève actuellement la chapelle de Ste. Anne d'Auray, il n'y avait, au commencement du XVII^e siècle, que des champs et des prairies sur le bord marécageux d'une lande. A une petite distance, on apercevait un hameau de quelques feux nommé Keranna, village d'Anne.

La tradition faisait remonter l'origine de ce nom à une chapelle dédiée à Ste. Anne, qui avait existé autrefois en ce lieu, mais qui, demeurée longtemps en ruine,

avait fini par disparaître entièrement. Toutefois, à la chapelle avaient survécu le souvenir, la dévotion et même les miracles. Les habitants montraient à leurs fils un champ, dit le Bocenno, qui faisait partie d'une ferme appartenant au sire de Kerloguen, et ils disaient que là s'élevait la chapelle de Ste. Anne. Les mères y faisaient agenouiller leurs filles et invoquer la douce patronne de Keranna. A un coin bien connu de ce champ, les bœufs étaient pris d'épouvante, la charrue se brisait et pourtant c'était l'endroit qui de mémoire d'homme se couvrait toujours chaque année de la plus riche moisson. Les vieillards se transmettaient d'âge en âge l'assurance qu'un jour viendrait où la chapelle se relèverait de ses ruines.

En 1622, le fermier du sire de Kerloguen était un honnête paysan nommé Ives Nicolasic, irréprochable dans ses mœurs, doux, judicieux, charitable, communiant tous les dimanches, affectionné

au service de la Vierge et fort dévot à Ste. Anne qu'il appelait sa bonne maîtresse, et qu'il aimait à invoquer sur le lieu même que la tradition signalait comme lui ayant été consacré.

Or, un soir que Nicolasic et son beau-frère, Jean le Roue, revenant de quérir leurs bœufs dans la prairie, passaient près d'une humble source devenue depuis la belle fontaine de Ste. Anne, ils virent une dame d'un aspect auguste, vêtue de blanc, tenant un flambeau à la main, entourée d'une lumière éclatante et les pieds posés sur un nuage. Cette apparition n'avait duré qu'un instant, mais elle se renouvela tantôt près de la source solitaire, tantôt dans la maison même du bon paysan, ou dans sa grange à côté de vieilles pierres sculptées, encastrées dans les murs et ayant appartenues jadis à la chapelle. Souvent, quand Nicolasic revenait des champs, plus tard que de coutume, un flambeau soutenu par une main

invisible l'accompagnait et éclairait sa route. Souvent encore le Bocenno lui paraissait couvert de points lumineux en forme de petites étoiles, qui projetaient leurs rayons jusqu'au village de Keranna. En même temps il entendait des chants d'une harmonie ineffable qui s'élevaient du même lieu.

Effrayé, Nicolasic priait et consultait. Le 25 juillet 1624, veille de la fête de Ste. Anne, nouvelle apparition, cette fois avec plus d'insistance. Nicolasic passe la nuit en oraison dans sa grange, qui tout à coup s'éclaire, et il entend une voix lui demander s'il ignore qu'il y avait eu une chapelle dans le Bocenno et avant qu'il ait le temps de répondre, la dame mystérieuse se montre de nouveau pleine de majesté et lui dit en bas-breton : " Ives Nicolasic, ne craignez point ; je suis " Anne, mère de Marie. Dites à votre rec- " teur que dans la pièce de terre appelée " le Bocenno, il y a eu autrefois, même

" avant qu'il existât de village, une cha-
" pelle célèbre, la première qu'on ait éle-
" vée en Bretagne en mon honneur. Voilà
" aujourd'hui 984 ans et six mois qu'elle
" a été ruinée. (1) Je désire qu'elle soit
" rebâtie au plus tôt par vos soins. Dieu
" veut que j'y sois glorifiée encore. "

Elle dit, et disparut avec la lumière. Nicolasic essaie de se faire écouter de son recteur, Dom Roduez, mais en vain ; il s'adresse alors au premier vicaire Jean Thomenec ; c'est pis encore. Sur de nouvelles apparitions et de nouvelles insistances de Ste. Anne, il revient à la charge : on le menace de l'interdire. Cependant les prodiges se multiplient et le premier lundi de mars 1625, Ste. Anne apparait encore à Nicolasic, lui ordonne de retourner auprès de son recteur, de lui an-

(1) C'est-à-dire en 609, au début des guerres sauvages qui suivirent la mort d'Alain le Long, alors que sept princes ou comtes se disputèrent les lambeaux de la malheureuse Bretagne. Commencées en 690, ces guerres ne finirent qu'en 786.

noncer, ainsi qu'à tous les gens de bien, qu'une lumière du ciel ferait découvrir son image dans l'endroit du champ qui serait indiqué. Le paysan obéit, mais trouva tous ceux auxquels il voulait s'ouvrir plus que jamais prévenus contre la bonne nouvelle. Le 7 mars au soir, Ste. Anne avertit Nicolasic de prendre des témoins et d'aller au Bocenno. La Sainte disparait, mais son flambeau demeure et précède Nicolasic du côté de la porte. Celui-ci court chercher son beau-frère et quelques amis, puis tous ensemble, ils marchent derrière le guide qui leur a été laissé. Au-dessus de l'emplacement de la chapelle, le flambeau s'arrête; puis s'élevant et s'abaissant par trois fois, il semble tout à coup s'enfoncer dans la terre. Jean le Roux fouille le sol avec sa *tranche;* elle se heurte à du bois: c'était la sainte image, couverte de terre et à demi rongée de vétusté.

L'aurore du lendemain trouve réunis autour d'elle Nicolasic, ses amis, ses voi-

sins qui, les premiers après tant de siècles d'oubli, invoquaient l'auguste patronne de la Bretagne et lui rendaient hommage.

Malgré le récit de tant de témoins, Dom Roduez s'indigna contre Nicolasic, déclarant qu'il était bien abusé de faire état d'un morceau de bois trouvé en terre. Les pères Capucins d'Auray, de leur côté, le détournaient de faire bâtir une nouvelle chapelle, lui remontrant qu'il y en avait déjà trop de délaissées dans les clamps. Survint une autre épreuve.

Quelques temps après, par un temps serein et un ciel sans nuage, le feu du ciel descendit sur la grange de Nicolasic, réduisit le toit en cendres, calcina entièrement les pierres des murs, et cela sans aucunement endommager deux meules de blé et une barge d'ajoncs qui étaient près de la grange, bien que le vent portât les flammes de ce côté. Les esprits prévenus et les indifférents ne manquèrent pas de tirer parti de cet événement contre Nico-

lasie et son œuvre ; mais lui, se souvenant que la grange avait été construite par son père avec des pierres tirées des ruines de l'ancienne chapelle, comprit qu'il y avait dans cette incendie, à la marche si bizarre, l'avertissement de ne point employer à des usages profanes ce qui avait été une fois consacré à Dieu.

Le mardi suivant, lui et son beau-frère virent une vive clarté illuminer les ruines en même temps qu'un bruit confus frappait leurs oreilles. Le lendemain, ce même bruit se rapproche, de plus en plus distinct. Une foule innombrable arrivait de toutes parts, et même de pays si éloignés, que l'on ne pouvait concevoir comment la nouvelle de la découvete avait pu se répandre si tôt. Tous se pressaient autour de l'image sainte pour y faire leurs prières à genoux, et la plupart ne se retiraient pas sans avoir jeté quelques aumônes sur le gazon. Un ami de Nicolasie crut alors à propos d'apporter

un escabeau proprement couvert, et d'y placer un vase d'étain pour recevoir plus décemment les offrandes des étrangers.

Averti de ce qui se passe, le recteur de la paroisse envoie Dom Jean Thomenec y mettre opposition. Arrivé au Bocenno, celui-ci fait d'abord sauter d'un coup de pied l'escabeau et les offrandes, s'emporte contre Nicolasic, et s'efforce de dissuader les pèlerins de croire ce que l'on racontait, menaçant d'excommunication les personnes de la paroisse qui étaient présentes, si elles ne se retiraient aussitôt. Le bon Nicolasic ne répliqua rien, mais recueillant sur le soir les pièces d'argent éparses, il les mit de côté afin de s'en servir dès qu'il le pourrait, pour la construction de la chapelle.

Le temps des tribulations et des épreuves touchait à sa fin. Sur le siége de Vannes venait de monter un évêque illustre, messire Sébastien du Plessis de Rosnadec. Il fit commencer une infor-

mation juridique qui fut conduite avec la plus minutieuse prudence.

Bientôt les commissaires délégués demeurèrent convaincus que le doigt de Dieu était là.

Le concours des pèlerins augmentait. Pour les mettre à couvert, on construisit une cabane de feuillage. Nicolasic, avec un de ces larges coffres en usage dans les campagnes, y fit un autel qu'il recouvrit d'un linge blanc, et là fut installée la statue miraculeuse.

Deux jours après l'éclat fait au Bocenno, Dom Thomenec avait ressenti une douleur extraordinaire à la jointure du bras avec lequel il avait menacé les pèlerins. Quoiqu'il se repentit de sa faute, le châtiment ne finit qu'avec sa vie, trois ans après. A son tour, Dom Roduez sentit la justice de Dieu : il fut perclus des deux bras, et n'en recouvra l'usage qu'après les avoir plongés dans l'eau de la fontaine, avoir confessé ses torts, fait

réparation d'honneur à Nicolasic, et s'être prosterné devant la sainte image.

Ces miracles furent suivis de beaucoup d'autres.

Enfin, le 25 juillet de cette année 1625, au milieu d'un concours de plus de 30,000 pèlerins, fut posée la première pierre de la chapelle à côté de laquelle on construisit un monastère que les Carmes occupèrent jusqu'à la grande révolution française, desséchant les marais, défrichant les landes, donnant l'hospitalité aux étrangers qui venaient de toutes parts invoquer la sainte Patronne de l'Armorique.

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## CHAPITRE V

### LE CULTE DE SAINTE ANNE AU CANADA.

En se séparant forcément du Canada, la France ne le laissa pas orphelin. Outre sa langue, sa foi, ses traditions d'honneur et de générosité chevaleresques, elle lui laissa le patronage, la dévotion et des reliques de Ste. Anne. A qui pouvait-elle mieux confier sa chère colonie qu'à celle qui avait si bien gardé le dépôt de la Vierge Immaculée ?

Si la mère-patrie a été malheureuse, la sainte tutrice s'est montrée fidèle et le pupille reconnaissant. C'est Mgr. de Laval, premier évêque de Québec, qui l'affirme :

" Nous le confessons, dit-il dans un man-
" dement, rien ne nous a aidé plus effica-
" cement à soutenir le poids de la charge
" pastorale de cette église naissante que
" la dévotion spéciale que portent à Ste.
" Anne tous les habitants de ce pays, dé-
" votion qui, nous l'assurons, les distingue
" de tous les autres peuples. "

La bonne Ste. Anne ! Où donc, en effet, le Canadien ne lui a-t-il pas érigé des monuments de son amour reconnaissant ? A tous les villages presque, il donne le nom de sa chère patronne. Outre les paroisses de Ste. Anne de Beaupré, du Bout-de-l'Ile, du Détroit, de Varennes, du Cap Santé, c'est Ste. Anne de Ristigouche, Ste. Anne de Port-Neuf, Ste. Anne du Saguenay, Ste. Anne des Monts, Ste. Anne de la Pocatière, Ste. Anne de Yamachiche, Ste. Anne de la Pérade, Ste. Anne des Plaines, Ste. Anne de Montréal. Et combien de pèlerinages sous son vocable ! La cathédrale de Québec, l'église de St. Jean-Bap-

tiste de la même ville, St. Joseph de Lévis, Ste. Marie de la Beauce, St. Gervais, St. Thomas de Montmagny, l'Ile aux Coudres, la Baie St. Paul, et tant d'autres dans les diocèses de Montréal, des Trois-Rivières, de St. Hyacinthe, d'Outaouais, de Rimouski. Ce flot de dévotion à Ste. Anne a débordé avec les Canadiens jusqu'aux Etats-Unis. Mais, sans contredit, et à tous égards, le premier de tous les sanctuaires de Ste. Anne au Canada, est celui de Ste. Anne du Nord, qu'on appelle aussi Ste. Anne de Beaupré, ou du Petit Cap. On savait dans le siècle dernier qu'il avait existé à la côte de Beaupré une première église de Ste. Anne envahie ensuite par les eaux du fleuve et remplacée par une autre ; on en concluait que le monument primitif devait remonter aux premiers temps de la colonie et avoir été bâti par quelques matelots ou habitants bretons en souvenir du pèlerinage de Ste. Anne d'Auray.

Mais l'auteur de la belle "Histoire de la Colonie Française au Canada" regarde comme plus probable que la première église construite au Petit Cap, est celle dont l'emplacement fut donné par l'honorable Etienne de Lessart, un des habitants, et accepté en 1658 par M. de Queylus, alors curé de l'église paroissiale de Québec. Le 23 mars de la dite année, M. de Queylus désignait M. Vignal pour aller bénir la place de cette église conformément aux vœux du pieux donateur ; la première pierre était posée par M. d'Aillebout, Gouverneur-Général de la Nouvelle France, et le petit édifice de bois était dédié à Ste. Anne, sans doute d'après les instructions de M. de Queylus qui avait une grande dévotion à cette Sainte, suivant en cela l'exemple de son vénérable supérieur et modèle, M. Olier, fondateur de la compagnie de St. Sulpice, lequel honorait d'un culte particulier la glorieuse Ste. Anne, l'avait prise pour son avocate, et,

lors d'un pèlerinage à Auray, s'était associé à la confrérie instituée en son honneur dans ce sanctuaire déjà célèbre.

Ste. Anne ne tarda pas à marquer sa faveur à Beaupré. Les pèlerins y affluèrent de tous côtés et il s'y opéra des prodiges tellement nombreux et frappants que dix ans seulement après la fondation de l'église, M. Thomas Morel, qui en était curé, composait déjà un recueil des miracles de Ste. Anne qui fut examiné et approuvé dans la suite par l'autorité ecclésiastique.

La vénérable Mère Marie de l'Incarnation dans une lettre écrite à son fils, le 30 Septembre 1665, s'exprime ainsi au sujet de ces prodiges : " A sept lieues d'ici, il y a un bourg appelé le Petit Cap, où il y a une église de Ste. Anne dans laquelle Notre Seigneur fait de grandes merveilles en faveur de cette sainte Mère de la Très-Sainte Vierge. "

Cependant la modeste chapelle de bois

était devenue trop étroite, et comme, dans les grandes marées, les eaux du St. Laurent l'envahissaient quelquefois, en 1666 M. Fillon, alors curé de Beaupré, en fit construire une autre de pierre sur le côteau, hors de la portée des inondations. Cette deuxième subsista jusque dans l'année 1787, où on en éleva une nouvelle, celle qui a existé jusqu'aujourd'hui sur le même emplacement et qu'on remplace en ce moment par un magnifique monument qui attestera de plus en plus le pouvoir de Ste. Anne auprès de sa sainte famille au ciel, et sa prédilection constante pour la famille canadienne et son cher Beaupré.

Les sauvages chrétiens, eux aussi, étaient de la famille de la bonne Ste. Anne. Leurs héroïques missionnaires n'avaient pas manqué, afin de gagner leurs âmes à Jésus-Christ, de leur inspirer une grande dévotion envers Marie et sa Mère, et tant que dura la domination française,

on les vit chaque année accourir à Ste. Anne de Beaupré, attirés par la vertu secrète et les bienfaits qui sortaient de ce sanctuaire béni. De la baie de Gaspé, de par delà le Saguenay, des bords de la Baie d'Hudson, des rivages des grands lacs, ils arrivaient en longues files de canots au sanctuaire vénéré, se rendant à genoux de la grève au seuil de la chapelle, et là, entonnant dans leurs diverses langues les louanges de la patronne chérie, ils la remerciaient de quelques grâces signalées, ou imploraient son assistance pour le succès de leur chasse, la cessation d'un fléau ou quelque autre grande faveur.

Bientôt, à mesure que la colonie et ses besoins s'étendaient, le bras et le culte de Ste. Anne s'étendirent aussi, et la citadelle bénie de Beaupré s'entoura d'une ceinture d'autres sanctuaires comme de forts détachés et de redoutes avancées, partout où un danger semblait réclamer l'assistance plus pressante de la puissante patronne du Canada.

Au bord de l'île de Montréal, en avant des grands rapides de la rivière, les hardis aventuriers canadiens, à l'aller et au retour de leurs expéditions dans les pays d'en haut, sentaient le besoin de la protection de Ste. Anne. Ils descendaient alors sur le rivage, imploraient à genoux son assistance, puis pleins de confiance, ils affrontaient en chantant les dangereuses cascades. Rendus sains et sauf à leur famille, ils sentaient le besoin d'exprimer leur reconnaissance à Ste. Anne du Bout de l'Ile, et c'est ce sentiment qui y érigea une chapelle vers la fin du XVII^e siècle. C'est encore à la gratitude qu'est dû le tableau du maître-autel de l'Eglise, où un peintre inconnu a représenté l'auguste patronne au centre de la toile, et au premier plan, un rapide au milieu duquel est emporté violemment un canot chargé de rameurs qui appellent Ste. Anne à leur secours.

Au fort du Détroit, cette sentinelle avancée de la Nouvelle-France et de la Foi,

c'est sous le vocable de Ste. Anne que, dès 1700, s'éleva la première église.

Sur la côte de la Nouvelle Beauce, les débordements de la rivière étaient une cause continuelle d'alarme et d'accidents, et l'éloignement de Beaupré empêchait les habitants d'y aller acquitter leurs vœux. En 1778, Madame de la Gorgendière, veuve de l'honorable Thomas Jacques Taschereau, et son fils, Gabriel Elzéar Taschereau, obtinrent de Mgr. Briand, évêque de Québec, l'autorisation d'y bâtir sur leurs terres une chapelle en l'honneur de Ste. Anne. Construite d'abord près de la rivière Chaudière, puis vers 1830 sur l'éminence voisine, cette chapelle a été, dès son origine, fréquentée par de nombreux pèlerins et a reçu maintes fois des faveurs signalées.

A Varennes aussi, près de Montréal, il y a un tableau miraculeux et un pèlerinage de Ste. Anne très-renommé, qui remonte au delà de 1692. En reconnais-

sance des merveilles extraordinaires opérées dans l'endroit par l'intercession de la Mère du Sauveur, une riche et gracieuse chapelle a été construite dans ces derniers temps près de l'église paroissiale et chaque année, à la fête de Ste. Anne, le tableau couronné par la piété des fidèles d'un diadême d'or et de pierreries, est promené en procession solennelle à travers le village.

Mais tous ces pèlerinages ne sont que des rayons. Le foyer, c'est Beaupré, la Ste. Anne du Nord. Les autres sont des affluents, des tributaires; elle, c'est le grand fleuve où coulent à pleins bords les grâces, les miracles, la dévotion et le flot des pèlerins. Elle, la bonne Ste. Anne de Beaupré, elle a ses Annales publiées chaque mois à 60,000 exemplaires, et chaque mois ayant à enregistrer quelques nouveaux traits de bonté, quelques prodiges de la puissante patronne. Là, c'est tous les jours de l'année que la marée

monte en prières ferventes et descend en effusions de reconnaissance. Là, vont se prosterner et faire leur veillée d'armes, les Zouaves canadiens, à la veille de partir verser leur sang pour le droit et Pie IX, et là ils reviendront après avoir fait leur chemin à travers les Peaux-Rouges garibaldiennes, comme jadis les Lemoyne et les Iberville au milieu des bandes iroquoises. Là, au jour de la fête et pendant l'octave, tout le Canada semble se donner rendez-vous dans l'antique et cher sanctuaire que les souscriptions des fidèles vont bientôt transformer en un magnifique édifice, haut comme le patronage de Ste. Anne sur son peuple, immense comme l'amour des Canadiens pour la bonne patronne.

Monseigneur de Laval, dans son mandement du 3 Décembre 1667, par lequel il supprimait un certain nombre de fêtes, érigeait celle de Ste. Anne en fête d'obligation pour toute l'étendue de la Nou-

velle-France, parce que, dit-il, "le Christianisme a, dans ces contrées, un besoin tout particulier de puissants protecteurs au Ciel, et que nous avons reconnu un concours général de tous les fidèles à recourir, en tous leurs besoins, avec une piété et dévotion singulières, à la bienheureuse Ste. Anne, et même qu'il a plu à Dieu, depuis quelques années, faire paraître par beaucoup d'effets et secours miraculeux, et que cette dévotion lui est agréable et qu'il reçoit volontiers les vœux qui lui sont présentés par son moyen."

C'est pour les mêmes motifs que la supplique suivante était présentée à N. S. P. le Pape, le 7 mai 1876, et agréée par Sa Sainteté le même jour :

"Très-Saint Père,

"L'Archevêque et les Evêques de la Province de Québec, prosternés aux pieds de Votre Sainteté, demandent humblement que Votre Sainteté daigne accorder

que Ste. Anne soit la patronne spéciale de la dite Province, tant ecclésiastique que civile, avec office de première classe et octave et solennité, au dimanche le plus proche, sans préjudice toutefois du titre que, depuis l'année 1624, St. Joseph, époux de la Bienheureuse Vierge Marie, possède comme patron de tout le pays du Canada."

Quelle meilleure récompense pouvait le bon Pie IX accorder à ses chers et dévoués Canadiens, qu'en leur donnant pour avocate en titre auprès du bon Dieu leur bonne Ste. Anne, la vieille amie de leurs pères et la leur? Elle, à coup sûr, et j'ajouterai, eux aussi, leurs pères du moins, l'avaient bien mérité.

Réjouis-toi donc, Bas-Canada, toi la Province éminemment catholique et française, mère héroïque et féconde en martyrs, comme la mère des Machabées!

Désormais, mieux encore qu'autrefois, Ste. Anne, devenue patronne officielle du

Bas-Canada, sera le rempart de Québec, de Montréal et des Trois-Rivières, la citadelle, le refuge des habitations canadiennes.

Son bras s'étendra même sur les autres provinces du Dominion, même sur ceux de ses enfants qui pleurent en exil aux ruines de Babylone, sur les Canadiens de Chicago, de la Nouvelle Angleterre et de New-York.

Hélas ! aujourd'hui plus que jamais, le besoin de son intervention se fait sentir. Si l'Iroquois n'est plus là, en embuscade, prêt à scalper les têtes de son tomahawk, s'il n'y a plus à craindre de Kirk et de Montgomery, il y a l'invasion latente et redoutable des mauvaises doctrines et des mauvais exemples; il y a l'ivrognerie, ce terrible ennemi des âmes et des corps; il y a les débordements du luxe; il y a les rapides de la volupté.

Bonne Sainte Anne, Ste. Anne d'Auray, de Beaupré, contre tous ces assauts et

ces dangers, protégez votre peuple et défendez votre héritage. Faites renaître les anciens jours en faisant revivre les anciennes vertus. Rendez-nous les chrétiens d'autrefois, les mères d'autrefois. Vous qui inspirâtes à nos ancêtres leur sublime épopée, digne d'être chantée par un Homère chrétien, donnez-nous, comme à eux, d'être encore les chevaliers de Dieu et d'accomplir ses exploits en Français, en vrais et bons Français.

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# DEUXIÈME PARTIE

## LES MIRACLES DE SAINTE ANNE

### CHAPITRE I

MIRACLES DE SAINTE ANNE DANS LES TEMPS ANCIENS ET AU MOYEN-AGE.

Grand'mère de Jésus-Christ, après avoir été à la peine et au sacrifice sur la terre, Sainte Anne est à l'honneur dans le Ciel, assise d'autant plus près de son Petit Fils glorifié, qu'elle se tint plus près de son berceau d'humiliations, tendant ses mains vers Lui, non plus comme autrefois, pour lui donner des soins et des caresses, mais pour implorer sa miséri-

corde et recevoir ses mérites infinis en faveur des chrétiens, ses autres petits enfants qui combattent et souffrent encore : car pour eux elle est, elle se sent grand'-mère selon la grâce, comme elle l'est de Jésus-Christ par la nature. Elle en a les entrailles, elle en a la bonté. Un grand'-père ! Une grand'mère ! Oh ! heureux qui a joui de ces soleils couchants, à la lumière si pure, si diaphane, à la chaleur si douce et si caressante ! Ces rayonnements suprêmes du cœur au soir de la vie, ils sont si beaux et si bons ! Dans la bonté proverbiale des grands parents, il y a tant de sérénité, de miséricorde et de condescendance ! Elle semble venir de si haut ! Aussi quelle touchante confiance, quel abandon elle inspire, et combien il est fort le lien mystérieux qui attache l'un à l'autre, l'aïeul et l'enfant !

Est-il étonnant alors que Sainte Anne jouisse auprès de Jésus-Christ d'un crédit tout particulier ? Est-il étonnant encore

que ceux de ses petits enfants qui l'ont connue le mieux, les Bretons et les Canadiens, ne l'appellent, dans leur filiale familiarité, que "*la Bonne Sainte Anne?*"

Cette bonté se fit sentir tout d'abord aux premiers chrétiens : en effet, déjà au IIe siècle, avait paru un livre sur les gloires et les bienfaits de la bienheureuse aïeule du Sauveur. St. Grégoire de Nysse, qui nous l'apprend, rivalise avec St. Epiphane, cet autre grand Docteur de l'Eglise, pour célébrer, en paroles magnifiques, la haute dignité de Sainte Anne à la cour céleste, sa bonté à accepter, son influence à faire agréer les requêtes de ses clients. Les mêmes hymnes de confiance, les mêmes accents de reconnaissance se retrouvent sur les lèvres et dans les écrits de St. Jean Damascène.

Que de fois, à travers les siècles, en combien d'endroits sa bonté s'est manifestée miraculeusement ! Combien de grâces extraordinaires elle accorda à Ste. Bri-

gitte, à Ste. Colette entr'autres! De combien d'apparitions et de révélations elle les favorisa ! Combien de miracles elles opérèrent en son nom ! Il serait long aussi le catalogue des prodiges qu'elle accomplit à la prière de son serviteur, le Vénérable Innocent de Cluses, frère de l'ordre de St. François d'Assise. Par elle il obtint la guérison du Pape Grégoire XV qui, en reconnaissance, ordonna la célébration de la fête de Ste. Anne dans toute l'Eglise et la rendit obligatoire ; par elle encore, il prédit à Urbain VIII son pontificat, et par elle il vit sa prédiction accomplie. A son invocation, il ressuscita des morts, calma des tempêtes, et opéra de nombreux et étonnants miracles, notamment la conversion de la Sicile. Il s'entretenait avec elle dans la plus grande familiarité, l'appelant des noms les plus doux.

Nous devons encore renvoyer le lecteur aux *Bollandistes*, pour les miracles sans nombre dus à l'intercession de Sainte

Anne en Hongrie, en Allemagne, en Flandre et jusque dans l'île de Cuba. La Bonne Sainte demande elle-même que nous parlions de ses sanctuaires préférés, d'Apt, mais surtout d'Auray et de Beaupré qu'elle a distingués par les miracles les plus récents, les plus nombreux et les plus éclatants. De plus, chrétiens, ce sont des noms français, signe de la prédilection de Ste. Anne pour ce peuple qui toujours fut le chevalier de Jésus-Christ, et toujours eut pour Dame, Marie.

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## CHAPITRE II

### MIRACLES DE SAINTE ANNE A APT.

La petite ville d'Apt est moins fière de l'épée que lui laissa Jules César avec son nom (Apta-Julia) que de son sanctuaire de Ste. Anne, le plus ancien de tous; et si l'exergue de son blason "*Felicibus apta triumphis*" est mérité, c'est par le grand nombre de miracles qui s'y sont opérés sous l'invocation de sa sainte patronne. Cette fécondité de Ste. Anne en miracles, ainsi que la fécondité sans pareille par laquelle elle conçut Marie-Immaculée, est là, dans la vénérable cha-

pelle, rappelée et symbolisée par d'innombrables ornements en forme de vigne, de tige d'où jaillit une branche, de racine surmontée d'une belle fleur : *Egredietur virga de radice Jesse, et flos de radice ejus ascendet.*

Quelles vertus s'exhalent de ce sanctuaire, quels prodiges Ste. Anne y opéra dans tous les siècles, le nombre et la qualité des pèlerins qui y furent attirés, le disent assez.

Un jour, c'est Robert de Naples, c'est Louis II et la régente, sa mère ; c'est la reine Jeanne qui y vient, comme Mathilde, mettre aux pieds du Saint Père une partie de ses Etats. Une autre fois ce sera Urbain II qui viendra demander la force de soulever l'Occident et de reconquérir le Sépulcre profané du Christ ; ce seront les Papes exilés des bords du Tibre à qui Dieu inspirera de se rendre sur les bords du Rhône ; parmi eux ce sera surtout Urbain V qui, après avoir acheté

le palais d'Avignon, apprendra là comment on mérite, à force de vertus, d'être inscrit au livre d'or des Saints. Ce sera encore le jeune Pierre de Luxembourg, de la maison impériale de Lorraine, qui se fera un bonheur d'y répandre, comme un encens, le parfum de son innocence aux pieds de Ste. Anne. Et combien d'autres depuis !

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## CHAPITRE III

### MIRACLES DE SAINTE ANNE A AURAY.

Nicolasic mourut en saint le 13 mai 1645 et fut enseveli, suivant son désir, dans le sanctuaire même de "sa Bonne Maîtresse," au pied de son image miraculeuse. Mais de son vivant, il avait eu le bonheur de voir Sainte Anne se plaire à manifester sa puissance et sa bonté dans son humble chapelle. En 1632, neuf ans à peine après la première apparition de la Sainte, les prodiges de tout genre opérés en ce lieu béni étaient si éclatants, que la renommée s'en était répandue dans toute

la France, et si nombreux, que le Vénérable Hugues, prieur des Carmes chargés de desservir le pèlerinage naissant, pouvait en former un gros volume, offert par lui à la pieuse reine Anne d'Autriche.

Mgr. de Rosmadec avait fait examiner mûrement et avec la prudence consommée qui le caractérisait, les guérisons, grâces et faveurs surnaturelles relatées dans les procès-verbaux, et il en avait reconnu l'authenticité. C'étaient des miracles de toute nature, tous plus admirables les uns que les autres : des guérisons subites de maladies organiques et incurables, des résurrections de morts, de violents incendies arrêtés tout à coup, des naufragés miraculeusement préservés d'une mort certaine, des conversions sans nombre, et surtout, chose très-touchante, devenue pour ainsi dire une spécialité de la Bonne Sainte Anne, une ravissante quantité de miracles opérés en faveur de petits enfants, signe manifeste que Sainte Anne est avant tout mère et grand'mère.

Ce recueil de 1632 n'était que le premier. Il y en a eu plusieurs autres, tout aussi volumineux, faits depuis, et les archives du Sanctuaire d'Auray, s'enrichissent tous les jours de nouveaux miracles se présentant à la foi des fidèles et de la critique, non seulement avec l'évidence intrinsèque de leur vérité, mais avec leurs procès-verbaux faits après enquêtes minutieuses, avec leur authenticité proclamée par des actes officiels de l'épiscopat ou attestée par de graves autorités.

Nous allons en citer quelques-uns choisis surtout parmi les récents.

1.—En 1629, le lendemain de la fête de Sainte Anne, dans la paroisse de Gomené, au diocèse de St. Malo, Ives Savason était dans son moulin à s'entretenir avec quelques voisins des prodiges qui s'opéraient à Auray, lorsqu'une femme arrive en courant lui annoncer que sa petite fille vient de tomber dans l'étang. On court; le malheureux père se jette à l'eau, bientôt

suivi d'un ami courageux ; ils regardent, ils sondent partout, mais rien ne flotte à la surface, et ils ne découvrent rien au fond. Une demi heure, une heure entière s'écoulent : toujours rien. Le père alors, du milieu de l'eau, lève les mains au Ciel et invoque l'assistance de Sainte Anne, pendant que sa femme, à genoux sur les bords de l'étang, voue un pèlerinage à Auray, si sa fille lui est rendue. Merveilleux effet de la prière ! Admirable bonté de Sainte Anne ! Cette enfant qu'il avait cherchée pendant plus d'une heure, le père la trouve de suite et là où il avait passé déjà plus de vingt fois, au fond de l'eau, prise dans la vase.

On la retire. Hélas ! ses membres sont rigides, et elle ne donne plus signe de vie. Mais Sainte Anne vit au Ciel, et la foi en elle vit aussi dans le cœur des malheureux parents qui multiplient vœux et prières. Vers le soir, ils croient entendre un soupir et voir remuer les yeux de la

chère enfant. Cruelle illusion, elle est toujours immobile et glacée. Mais au matin, quel réveil et quelle joie! La petite fille vient de parler: "je veux dormir," a-t-elle dit à sa mère. A l'instant le père prenait son bâton de voyage pour rendre grâces à la Bonne Sainte Anne.

2.—En 1644, un pauvre paralytique, cul-de-jatte, qui se traînait sur ses mains et sur ses genoux, eut l'inspiration de se rendre à ce nouveau sanctuaire de Keranna où s'opéraient, disait-on, tant de prodigieuses guérisons. Il y avait six ans qu'il se traînait ainsi misérablement dans les rues d'Hennebon, demandant l'aumôme à la porte des églises. Tout le monde dans la petite ville le connaissait et le plaignait.

D'Hennebon à Ste. Anne d'Auray, il y a un peu plus de six lieues. Le pauvre François Talhouët prit, comme on dit, son courage à deux mains, et partit pour aller demander à la Bonne Sainte Anne

la guérison de son affreuse infirmité. Y étant arrivé, après six jours d'un pénible voyage, il pria de tout son cœur devant l'image miraculeuse, se confessa et communia. C'était le 26 juillet, fête de Sainte Anne.

Le lendemain, après vêpres, il aperçut tout à coup, autour du tableau qui représente la découverte de la statue de Sainte Anne, comme un grand feu qui se communiqua aussitôt à ses propres membres, froids et perclus. Plein d'une nouvelle confiance, il se traîna jusqu'à la fontaine, et se lava dans la piscine des pèlerins. Alors il ressentit un craquement de tous ses os, et une chaleur extraordinaire dans toutes les parties de son corps paralysé, et en même temps une violente douleur qui l'obligea à pousser des cris et à se jeter à terre, sur le côté.

Dès qu'il put, il se rendit de nouveau devant l'image miraculeuse, redoublant de prières et de confiance en la glorieuse

Mère de la Vierge Marie. Sainte Anne eut compassion du pauvre homme. Après une violente douleur qui fut la dernière, il fut transporté par des personnes charitables sous le cloître des pèlerins, où il passa la nuit. Le lendemain matin, il était pleinement guéri ! Il se leva, se tint debout sur ses deux jambes redressées, et alla droit à l'Eglise pour remercier sa céleste bienfaitrice, puis sautant de joie, il s'en retourna chez lui. Toute la ville d'Hennebon, enthousiasmée, alla le voir par dévotion.

Deux enquêtes ordonnées, d'abord le 18 novembre, puis le 17 décembre 1644 par la cour royale d'Hennebon, constatèrent la réalité du miracle.

3.—Olive Mérel, femme de Jean Colleaux Tessier, de la paroisse de Chavaigny, diocèse de Redon, était en couches tellement laborieuses qu'on craignait pour la vie de la mère et de l'enfant. Ce que voyant, le mari fit vœu d'aller en

pèlerinage à Auray, si sa femme échappait à la mort, et si l'enfant recevait le baptême. Il eut ce double bonheur; mais ayant négligé d'accomplir sa promesse sacrée, son enfant resta muet, bien que jouissant de l'ouïe et doué d'intelligence, et malgré encore que ses frères et sœurs eussent parlé dès le douzième ou treizième mois.

Le père, après cinq ans, ayant reconnu sa faute, renouvela son vœu, et à peine s'était-il mis en chemin que l'enfant, jusque là muet, dit à sa mère : " Maman donnez-moi à manger, j'ai faim." Qu'on juge de la joie du pèlerin à son retour.

L'examen juridique de ce miracle se fit le 19 juin 1645.

4.—En l'année 1812, par une froide et sèche journée de février, un violent incendie éclate à Auray, dans la rue du Château. Au son du tocsin, au bruit du tambour qui bat le rappel, près de deux mille personnes se précipitent vers le lieu

du sinistre. On commence la chaîne ; les pompes jouent sans relâche, mais en vain ; déjà trois maisons sont entièrement consumées, et les flammes, excitées par la violence du vent, couvrent la ville d'étincelles. La fatigue et le découragement commencent à s'emparer de tous ; les pompes ne jouent plus, faute d'eau ; le fléau règne en maître.

A ce moment apparait le vénérable Recteur d'Auray, M. Deshayes, revêtu du surplis et de l'étole. "Mes enfants, s'écrie-t-il, prions Sainte Anne ! Elle seule peut nous sauver !" Tout le monde s'agenouille, et mille voix suppliantes répètent le nom de Sainte Anne.

Mais le feu ne s'éteint pas. Le saint prêtre, redoublant de foi et d'énergie, s'écrie de nouveau de toutes ses forces : "Prions encore, mes enfants, prions." "Oui, prions encore," répondirent les mille voix. Et toute la foule s'agenouille encore pour invoquer Sainte Anne.

O prodige! les flammes tombent tout à coup, bien que le vent ne cesse de souffler avec la même violence. Partout le feu s'arrête, montrant à la foule émerveillée les poutres, les boiseries, les meubles à demi consumés; et, lorsque les tourbillons de fumée se sont dissipés, tout le monde aperçoit, au milieu des débris de l'incendie, sur un pan de murailles et à quelques pouces au-dessus d'un meuble qui avait été complètement consumé, un grand tableau représentant Sainte Anne parfaitement intact; au milieu de cette chaleur d'enfer, le cadre n'a pas seulement été noirci, et le cristal est demeuré sans la moindre lésion.

Tout Auray alla processionnellement au sanctuaire de Sainte Anne pour rendre grâces à sa bonne et puissante protectrice.

Le bras de Sainte Anne s'est montré d'une manière aussi miraculeuse dans plusieurs autres incendies; il suffit de

citer celui de Gogrec, diocèse de Saint Brieuc, le 14 octobre 1869, et celui de Tréviéven, paroisse de Pluneret, le 7 octobre 1870.

5.—Le 20 décembre 1833, la plage de Quiberon présentait un spectacle affreux. Une tempête comme on n'en avait point vu depuis de longues années bouleversait toute la nature. Les habitants de la petite ville, à demi vêtus, les cheveux en désordre, se précipitaient vers la jetée, d'où l'on apercevait, à peu de distance, un navire qui menaçait à chaque instant d'être englouti, ou de venir se briser sur les pointes tranchantes des rochers.

La pluie tombait à torrents ; les vents déchaînés rugissaient avec fureur ; d'immenses vagues frappaient la côte avec un bruit horrible, et le roulement incessant du tonnerre couvrait par instant la voix formidable de l'Océan transformé en une nappe de feu par des éclairs incessants. A ces horreurs venaient se mêler le son

plaintif de toutes les cloches de la ville qui appelaient au secours les hommes, et surtout le Ciel.

A la lueur blafarde des éclairs, on apercevait les malheureux matelots à chaque instant menacés de périr. L'équipage, brisé de fatigue, semblait ne plus entendre la voix du capitaine.

Du rivage, la foule suivait avec terreur chaque mouvement du navire qui portait un père, un mari, un frère, un fils. Impossible, même aux plus intrépides marins, de mettre une barque à la mer.

Tout à coup, un éclair plus éblouissant que tous les autres, déchire le ciel noir, suivi d'un grondement épouvantable ; une longue traînée de feu s'est abattue sur le pont du vaisseau en détresse. L'incendie s'y déclare, et en un instant il ne présente plus aux spectateurs terrifiés qu'un vaste amas de flammes tourbillonnant sous l'action de l'ouragan. Tout est fini. Les pauvres matelots n'attendent plus que la mort.

Mais voici que du rivage une voix se fait entendre : "Sainte Anne !" Chose inexplicable ! C'est la douce voix d'une femme ; elle n'a point parlé fort : et cependant le nom de Ste. Anne a dominé le grondement du tonnerre, le rugissement des vagues, les cris et les sanglots des spectateurs. Il est arrivé, clair et distinct, jusqu'à l'équipage. "Sainte Anne ? s'écrie le capitaine avec un sourire amer ; comme si Sainte Anne pouvait nous sauver."

Mais les matelots, plus fidèles : "oui, oui, Sainte Anne ! la Bonne Mère Sainte Anne !" répondent-ils en se jetant à genoux et en levant les bras vers le Ciel.

Au même instant, un craquement horrible se fait entendre : au lieu de sauter, le navire s'ouvre, et sur les épaves que dispersent les vagues, on aperçoit des matelots qui essayent de lutter encore.

Le lendemain matin, lorsque la tourmente eut cessé, on constata que tout l'é-

quipage était sain et sauf ; pas un homme ne manquait à l'appel ; pas un, si ce n'est le malheureux capitaine qui, dans son désespoir, s'était moqué de Sainte Anne.

6.—En juin 1862, le petit Albert Biot, fils d'un aide-commissaire de la marine, à Lorient, fut atteint, à l'âge de treize mois, d'un violent accès de croup. Les médecins appelés en toute hâte, avaient fait d'inutiles efforts pour arrêter les progrès du mal. Au bout de quelques heures ils déclarèrent l'enfant perdu sans ressources. Déjà le pauvre petit était étendu comme mort, quand son père, homme de foi et de cœur, a l'inspiration de le vouer à la Bonne Sainte Anne, promettant, si son enfant lui était rendu, de faire un pèlerinage à Auray.

Aussitôt le petit moribond ouvre les yeux, remue les jambes. Le médecin stupéfait s'approche, l'examine, et le déclare sauvé.

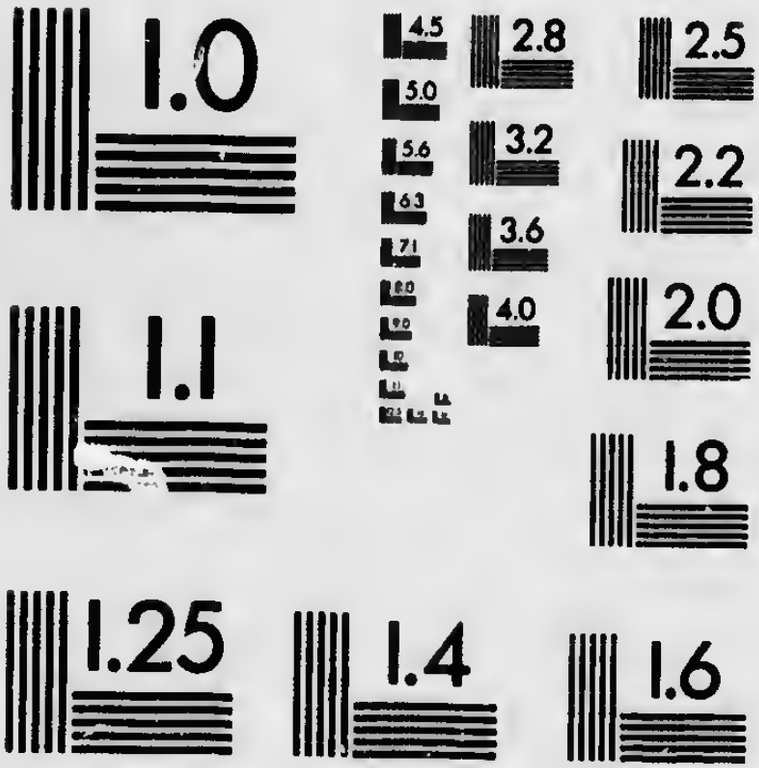
7.—Dans le mois d'avril 1864, arrivait

de Lorient à Ste. Anne d'Auray, dans les bras de ses parents, un pauvre petit enfant âgé de deux ans et trois mois, nommé Léon-Joseph-Alexandre Jean. — A l'âge de huit mois, il avait été atteint d'une affreuse maladie; qui venait, paraît-il, du cerveau et de la moëlle épinière. Plusieurs médecins avaient été appelés; ils avaient essayé de tous les remèdes, et après dix-huit mois de traitement, ils avaient déclaré le mal absolument incurable. Le pauvre petit infirme avait les deux jambes roidies, dressées en l'air par devant, si bien que les pieds touchaient les épaules. C'était affreux à voir.

N'ayant plus rien à espérer des moyens naturels, ses parents désolés le vouent à Sainte Anne; ils l'apportent à son sanctuaire béni. Devant la Statue Miraculeuse, l'enfant commence à étendre ses petites jambes, et au bout de peu de temps, il marchait et sautait comme tous les enfants.

**MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART**

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)

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smooth leaf and is pleasant to taste. It was abundant all over my father's great estate where pines existed. Blue-jays, birds beautiful in plumage, with a wild loud cry like "Tee-it, tee-it, tee-it," were heard all about the woods. It is a question with some people whether this bird stays in Canadian woods all winter. Knowing something about the birds of Canada, I have come to the conclusion that many do remain in Canada, in the swamps and coverts, perhaps secreted in hollow trees; but generally the birds go south. They are often seen on mild days in winter. The jay is said to be a mischief-maker, will alarm other birds. Once I was walking on a lovely June day along this ridge of trees towards my father's saw-mill, when I heard a cry of great distress from a jay that was held tightly in the claws of a small hawk, which was carrying it screaming away to kill and devour it. The jay came straight, with its strength and wings, to me, and, as if it were, designedly to seek my aid, and fell at my feet with the hawk. It was released by the latter, and escaped. I thought it strange at the time, and when I went home wrote an essay on it; for it seemed that all nature was full of evil and suffering. I had been watching the little summer birds in the trees, the just-opened leaves giving out a scent of sweetness and delicious fragrance, my mind being enraptured with all I saw. The sun was shining brightly, and all was still and like a paradise to me, when this sudden scene of pain and distress broke on my ears and eyes. I said, "Is all nature so full of evil?" Yet the hawk was only seeking its prey. It was doing what it was by nature lawful to do. This essay is in my possession as then written. Whilst it is true that evil exists even where, as then written, it is mingled with good, at that time little had I seen of evil in the world; but since very much. Let us hope there is a place where it will end.

DREAMS—ARE THEY TRUE, OR MERE FLOATING IMAGES IN THE TORPID BRAIN ?

I have but little faith in them, but many have become true, and warnings to men and women. The Old and New Testaments describe them as often real truths—warnings of God through angels. If, then, we believe these Testaments, we must believe in dreams. Joseph was warned by God through angels to go into Egypt with Mary and Christ for fear of Herod. St. Paul speaks of dreams as being true. Joseph, the great Egyptian prisoner and afterwards governor, had dreams. I have heard of many well-authenticated cases of dreams coming true in modern times, so the following may be true.

I have spoken elsewhere about my maternal grandmother and grandfather. Here are a few more particulars: My grandfather, Hugh Morrison, and his wife, Kezia, had a very large family. The names of their children, about whose seniority I am uncertain, were as follows: Ephraim, Alexander, Reuben, Hugh, Jane, Charlotte, Kezia (my mother), and Sarah (who nursed me in infancy). Many of their children died when they were young. My grandmother had a brother named Henderson, who was a member of Parliament in eastern Ontario in the earlier days of this century. Often when a boy I went to see her, and once heard of a curious dream which my grandfather had, which I think he told me and sister Maria. He dreamt that an angel came to him and said he would have to die at a certain time, but that he prayed to the angel to spare his life to the age of seventy-two or seventy-five (I forget which, the age at which he died), and the angel said he would do so. He used to cry over it, but he was spared, as he prayed. He lived a quiet, innocent life, and was exceedingly kind to everyone—a sample of what

they were in New England in General Washington's time, with whom he fought the battles of the Revolution.

### THE RECREATIONS, SPORTS, ADVENTURES OF OLD CANADA FROM 1800 TO 1830-40.

I have spoken a great deal about habits of old times, such as were seen in the homes, fields or intercourse of the people in common life, but now wish particularly to tell of the sports in which they indulged. Some of these were raccoon hunting at night with dogs, bee hunting to find beehives in trees or rocks, trolling on streams by torch-light, trapping wild animals, and horse-racing, apple paring corn husking, house and barn raisings, logging-bees and sugar making, and lastly, camp-meetings. A few words on each will occupy a few pages of my book. I speak first of the sport of raccoon hunting with dogs at night. I took part sometimes in all such sports before I was twenty-one, and I am giving an account of my childhood and youth to that age. Raccoon hunting was very exciting, It was done at night and generally in the months when corn was ripe or other grain. These little animals are in the habit of visiting Indian corn-fields in order to eat the fresh, green corn, or, perhaps, wheat and other growing grain. They also visit swamps to kill frogs, and are found in low lands. They sleep in t[illegible] in the daytime, but wander about at night. So it is [illegible] such times and in such places that dogs are used to follow them in the woods and cause them to run up trees, which they can easily climb with their sharp claws.

Well, let us have a raccoon chase in August on the Grand River farm at night. We must have two or three active dogs who scent well and follow quickly, and bark up the trees when they scent the coons there. The moon must be bright and full and the weather good. The dogs seem to

know just what to expect, and when the tree falls, which the men chop after the coon is "treed," as it is called, the dogs rush into the top branches where the coon is likely to be, to seize it with the men. If it is there it will be seized and killed. Sometimes in place of a coon there may be a bear or a wild-cat, for there is sure to be some animal, as the dogs will not bark up the tree to no purpose.

The night hunting is very exciting. I several times participated in it. The raccoon is a very cunning animal. Its fur, too, is in the autumn very beautiful. In color it is of a brownish grey, its tail long and barred with stripes, its sides whitish, and about the head it is black and white. Its visage is pointed and sharp with a pointed nose, and very sharp teeth and claws. You may have heard of politicians called "coons," owing to their cunning. We, in old times, fifty years ago, used to call Malcolm Cameron a coon, a well-known Canadian politician.

It might be the dogs would seize a small bear or a lynx in the tree top; if so they would have their master. The lynx is a formidable animal, capable of mastering any dog, and was very common in old times; are still often seen. On this farm, two miles in it, my father and two of his men and I, in the distant years, probably 1828, found a lynx treed in the daytime up a large pine tree by two of his dogs—one a fine large dog. My father, with his gun and buckshot, fired at the animal and wounded it badly, causing it to fall to the ground; and when the dogs seized it, and it made them howl and quickly retreat by tearing them with its teeth and claws, they dared not again attack it lying on the ground; it, however, soon got weak from its wounds. The two men succeeded, in its dying state, in tying its legs together, running a pole into the rope and carrying it home. Its eyes, rolled in death, were large, yellow and fiery. It had a tail tipped with black,

and short; its ears were long and tipped with black. It would weigh nearly a hundred pounds, had a grey skin, powerful legs, and was a fierce animal. This incident is alluded to elsewhere.

### BEE HUNTING.

You take two stones or bricks, burn some honey on them in autumn, on a bright day. Bees are attracted by the smell. When they rise with honey obtained, you watch their flight as they rise in the air, taking a straight course to their supposed forest hive. You, after pursuing the line they take, burn honey again. When the bees, perhaps the same ones, come, you watch the second rise and course, until in this way you reach the probable place of the hive. Fishing by torch-light on the front of a canoe or light scow is picturesque on mill-dams or races in the night time: in this way you see the fish in the water, thus attracted by the light. We—our men—could thus catch what are called suckers, pike, eels, pickerel and catfish in our Fairchild Creek in its spring freshets.

Trapping wild animals with iron or steel traps was common in my early days, and by this means foxes, otters and often bears were caught if small. In smaller traps, minks, martens and small animals were caught over night—found and killed in the morning. Beavers and muskrats also were trapped within water resorts. Bears were caught in what were called log or board pit-falls. Horse-racing with small scrub horses was common among the farmers from 1820 to 1830. Occasionally I used to see them. Then the social parties, called apple-paring, corn-husking, logging-bees, or barn and house-raising parties, were very common, ending with a dance between the girls and boys. Sugar making from sap drawn from maple trees, of which we had

hundreds of fine ones on our great farm, was pleasant in early March and April in the woods.

We had one a mile from our house in which was carried on the business, and we made our household sugar, and luscious maple molasses, not mixed as it is now too often with water and common Muscovado sugar. We built a camp-fire, hung three or four large iron boiling-pots that would hold a barrel each, had troughs of wood filled standing near, from which a supply could be constantly put into them. Pots were hung on strong wooden supports or cross logs, which were supported by upright wooden crotchets driven into the ground. A floor of boards would be laid around the fires, and they were kept up night and day. Sap troughs, hundreds, were prepared, deepened to receive the maple sap; thus prepared, iron or wood spiles were driven into the trees, carefully tapped to let out the running sap. These troughs or sap buckets were carefully emptied into pails or tubs, and the precious sap carried to the boiling-pots. A temporary board camp-house would be built, in which the sugar makers could sit on benches to watch the boiling-pots, replenish them from time to time, eat their lunch, gossip, laugh, and enjoy the roar of the trees or great pine forests. Our camp was in a valley near the side of a hill on which grand old pines towered 150 to 200 feet high, five hundred years old, with beautiful waving limbs and foliage, from which day and night a solemn roar in the air was kept up, like muffled water-falls. Maple trees often grow very near the pine. At night the hooting of the great owls is heard from these great pines, "Whoo! whoo! whoo-aw!" or perhaps the wolves would come to the edge of the hill and set up their hungry howling. In the bright sunny days of March and early April, the flowers springing up in the leaves, the winter greens clustering around the roots of the pines with lovely

red berries were seen, and the woodpeckers tapping the dead trees, the jay calling to his mate, and the partridge drumming on the distant hill were heard, incidents to the situation of the camp. The snow still lies in fleecy clusters in many places, and the boys are ready at all times to make the luscious taffy for the girls, sweet girls, their sisters or sweet-hearts, who may visit them. Oh, what appetites the sugar makers have! Toasted bread, pork of the sweetest kind broiled on forks before the fires, or cakes, very often doughnuts, made by mothers or sisters, or apple and pumpkin pies—all were eaten with such appetites as our city men and women wish they had.

Corn husking and pumpkin gathering is a fine occupation in the month of October and November, when all the leaves have fallen. I know of nothing more beautiful to look upon than large bins of yellow husked corn and piles of yellow pumpkins, bright and rich. It is one of the diversions almost of farmers to husk corn shocked on the fields, as it is now in Essex West and Kent. Bees are made at times to do it. House-raising and logging bees often end in accidents and quarrels.

As to camp-meetings. They commenced to be held early in Canada, almost as far back as I can remember, and were very frequent about Hamilton and Dundas from 1826 to 1835; still are so in many parts. Two of these I distinctly remember attending—one at West Flamboro' or in Beverley, perhaps in 1830, when a fine young fellow named Burnham accompanied me; he belonged to a family the members of which all died of consumption, as he did. One, the wife of old Mr. Gunn, who owned the James Street wharf—in Hamilton—escaped. Old people will recollect Mr. Gunn. I walked with poor Burnham from Hamilton to this camp-meeting and back, fully twenty miles. It was a large one. The other was held below Hamilton, probably in 1831, when

I boarded in Hamilton with Abraham K. Smith, once well-known there, and afterwards known in Brantford. In both instances those with me attended, as many did, from mere curiosity or fun. I am sorry to say this, for the object in holding them is no doubt praiseworthy. The late Robert Walker, who established the Walker & Sons great (still-existing) store, was in his young days very friendly to camp-meetings, once held one, or was the prime actor, on Bloor near North Street, when that part of Toronto was grown up with trees—was, in fact, a wood in 1854. Wicked people on the outside often attended the meetings; carried on all kinds of games; even horse-racing, wrestling, fighting. Such was the case at this last one. Many real conversions have taken place, however, at them.

We have now on us November, with its dull, leafless appearance, betokening death, and I am writing this page and feel disposed to quote Burns' poem so sad, "Man was made to mourn." Here are two stanzas:

"When chill November's surly blast
Made fields and forests bare,
One evening as I wandered forth
Along the banks of Ayr,
I spied a man whose aged step
Seem'd weary worn with care;
His face was furrowed o'er with years,
And hoary was his hair.

"'Young stranger, whither wanderest thou?'
Began the reverend sage;
'Does thirst of wealth thy steps constrain,
Or youthful pleasure's rage?'
Or haply pressed with cares and woes,
Too soon thou hast begun
To wander forth with me to mourn
The miseries of man."

(There are nine other stanzas.)

Burns in this poetry, so beautiful in many respects, makes no allusion to God or His power to save or help, and is very different from David's 37th Psalm (which please see), for there he says we are under all circumstances to trust God who will aid us. The poor too often fail to ask God's aid. If God exists, as we profess to believe, will He not listen to our prayers for aid? The "Cotter's Saturday Night" breathes a very different spirit, written by Burns.

### GOVERNOR SIR PEREGRINE MAITLAND—HIS VISIT TO HAMILTON IN 1825.

Resuming my remarks on this matter I say:

It was for that era in Canada a great affair, and all the country surrounding Hamilton, Dundas and Ancaster attended—men, women and children. Few now living as adults can remember it; but as a boy of fourteen I do, and especially the long walk my brothers Henry, Ferdinand and Alonzo with me took that day—at least thirty-four miles from and back to our Grand River home. Boys although we were, that distance is no small affair in the summer days.

Sir Peregrine Maitland was one of the Duke of Wellington's Waterloo colonels, and was succeeded in 1828 by Sir John Colborne, another colonel of Waterloo, who won that great and bloody battle from Napoleon the Great, sealing his fate forever in France.

Maitland was opposed to the work and movements of Robert Gourlay, the agitator, of whom I propose to speak presently. Public opinion was generally in favor of Gourlay at first, except at York, where the chief families of the old Compact lived, such as Bishop Strachan, the Robinsons, Allans, Smalls, Ridouts, Powells, Cruickshanks, Campbells, and many others of smaller note, of whom I speak much in this volume. A mean political combination existed,

which, as soon as a Governor came to Canada, poisoned his ear and turned him against good men.

My sister Harriet's marriage I remember. I was a boy of fifteen, and was left almost alone in the Grand River home on the marriage night. My mother, James, George and Henry attended the wedding, and many of the large family of the Hamiltons. She had been a very general favorite among all the chief families of the "Head of the Lake" people. Hamilton, Ancaster and Dundas held such families, and were called "The Head of the Lake" aristocracy.

The following year my brother James was married to Miss Maria Rolph. I have heard (of which there is no doubt) that at first old Mrs. Rolph was opposed to the marriage, causing at first a "Gretna-Green" affair; but all was soon reconciled. No better match could have been made—none more suitable. As to family, our English family had always been respectable and high. James was doing well—of an excellent character.

However, there will often occur little differences. Mrs. Rolph was very high and aristocratic in her notions of the world. She probably did not like the name "merchant"—would have preferred a professional man as a husband for her daughter, such as a clergyman, doctor, lawyer, or rich man of leisure.

Maria Rolph was a very handsome, lady-like person—well educated. I may have occasion to speak of the Rolph family as it was in England again, because he (John Rolph) occupied for thirty years the most prominent position of anyone in Western Canada, and was an exceedingly eloquent man, and a man of superior English education.

The English head of the family I knew very little about, but may speak of it again. The family at first settled at Niagara, then moved, about 1810, to Norfolk County.

MARSHALL S. BIDWELL.

This gentleman was a very fast friend of Dr. John Rolph all his life. When I went to the State of New York in 1838, they both wrote letters to me, which upon some other occasion I will introduce in my narrative.

The misfortune of Dr. Rolph's life was, as he thought, his mingling with the Rebellion of 1837-8. But that was his fault, for if he had put his foot on the incipient movements it would not have occurred. He did not do so, and many blame him for abandoning it when it had begun. His life, however, was in danger then, and certainly the patriots did not exhibit much courage after it started.

Mackenzie did not abandon it—was the last man to leave Montgomery's Hill battle—came very near being captured. "Escaped by the skin of his teeth" was a common expression. It was never charged against him that he was a coward—with all his headstrong ways, he was brave.

OF THESE TWO GREAT MEN, ROLPH AND BIDWELL,

much will be said in future pages. The fact is they ought to have been made Judges, as England instructed Sir Francis Bond Head to do. Then, with a Reform responsible *régime* of government, all would have been well for Upper Canada, and there would have been no rebellion.

The reason then why the rebellion did arise was because the promises of England to Upper Canada were not carried out, that this Governor most wickedly disobeyed his instructions from England, and the Family Compact—or rather his Executive which contained its principal men—wickedly urged him to so disobey. It may be said, why did not the people wait? They had already waited since 1826, and Sir John Colborne, as Governor, acting contrary to his English instructions, and the repeated votes of the Legis-

lature, had created fifty-nine rectories to please the Family Compact, influenced by Dr. Strachan and others (secret advisers) contrary to public opinion and orders from England,—in fact, to please Bishop Strachan and his Executive Council. Is the forbearance of the people to last forever? Is there not a mutual contract between the governing body and the governed?

The answer is evident. The governing body should be the creation of the people, not their masters. Such is the case in England.

The great Rolph family is well worthy a more particular description in history, and will receive it at my hands.

I was not aware until recently that Mr. George Rolph, used so badly in his last days by the mere tools and minions of the Family Compact, was so brave and conspicuous a man in his early days. I have understood that he was at the taking of Detroit in 1812, that Captain or Col. Ryerson, father of the great Ryerson family, was his Captain or superior officer, all then of Vittoria, in the County of Norfolk.

Evidence and documents can be produced to prove this. He was also Clerk of the Peace as early as 1816. I shall be in a position later to give evidence in this book of many interesting facts about him. The family had four sons, two of whom were English Church clergymen, one a missionary in the west at a very early date. The father was an English barrister, and died in 1814 at Vittoria. However, I must defer further remarks.

### MY TEMPORARY RESIDENCE IN 1834.

In this year I spent two weeks in Toronto, at the homes of Messrs. M. S. Bidwell and John Rolph, whilst spending a student's term at the Law Society, and had a good opportunity of studying the manner of living of these great men,

so simple and plain. They were strong advocates of temperance.

The years 1826, '27 were exciting years in York and the Province, owing to the treatment of Mr. George Rolph, the dismissal of Judge Willis, sent out as a Judge from England, the elections of 1828, and the entry upon politics of William Lyon Mackenzie in the last year—all of which will be for a time deferred; in the meantime I comment at large upon the agitation in favor of Robert Gourlay.

### LOST IN THE WOODS WITH "PINK"—INTERESTING JOURNEY IN THE WOODS IN 1832.

In 1832 I travelled on horseback, on my father's little bay mare, called "Pink," over the then incipient half-formed counties of Wellington, Waterloo, and Brant. There were many log roads and swamps, where the old beaver-dams could be seen, and the forests swarmed with deer, wolves, bears, and wild fur animals. I went to deliver collectors' rolls to collectors of taxes for the Clerk of the Peace, Mr. Berrie, being then in the office of the Clerk. I had also made out the lists of all the counties and incipient ones. On one occasion I got lost on the journey, in one of the cedar swamps, as I was riding on this little bay mare, just as the sun was sinking in the west, in the township of Nichol, near Guelph, which was then only a hamlet with a few houses, not even a decent hotel in it, the whole country being in a wild state.

### GUELPH ONLY A HAMLET IN 1832.

I watered my horse at this locality, and went on as far as I could towards the township of Nichol, in which I had to deliver a collector's roll. In a short time, on entering it, I found myself lost. No settlements or houses were to be seen. So I let my little mare go as she would. Off she

went at a brisk trot for several miles, up and down hills, amidst wild woods and thickets, where the great cedar trees almost crowded the crooked roads, and the branches of the hemlock and other trees overhung.

### A DENSE CEDAR SWAMP—FEARS OF WILD ANIMALS.

Wild animals, the savage lynx in the trees, were feared, and might have jumped upon my little horse or me and torn us to pieces. These animals will do so at times, and will tear the largest dog to pieces, in fact will beat any two of the largest dogs, so ferocious and savage are they. Their claws and teeth are an inch long.

### THE WILD, FEROCIOUS LYNX.

This is a description of them: Their fore and hind legs are wonderfully strong—a man might be soon torn to pieces by them, and even a horse might be killed. I have alluded before to one shot about the year 1828, on the Grand River road farm, by my father. This animal was fifty feet up in a high pine tree. My father was there, with two men and myself, in the dense woods. The animal had been chased up the tree by the dogs and there kept at bay. My father fired, wounded him fatally, and down he came. One large dog seized him as he fell, but the lynx tore him with his teeth and claws, and soon the dog retreated howling. Presently he died from his wounds. The two men tied his legs together with a rope and hung him on a pole, and it was all they could do to carry him home. The animal was larger than our dog, his eyes large and ferocious, his claws and teeth long, his hair a coarse grey, ears long and tipped with black. I have seen many of them, some larger, some smaller. This animal is not the same as the wild-cat, which is a smaller animal, and has not tips of black on its ears. I have seen them also

occasionally. The wildcat is not so common as the lynx. The latter has a wild, hideous scream at night, and will easily kill and carry off a sheep or a small hog.

### JOYFUL EXIT TO A FARMER'S HOUSE.

Well, my little mare in one hour or less suddenly emerged into a clearing, giving both of us great joy. In this clearing by an old pioneer, we found a good log-house and farm-yard, with all the old comforts of old Canadian settlers. Here I was made welcome and comfortable in a plenteous and happy home, in which a good wife and a buxom and beautiful daughter conducted the cooking and housekeeping. Of this I will speak presently, but will first dwell on the terrible case of being lost in the wild woods—woods perhaps ten miles in extent. *Lost in the woods!* How terrible the thought to the poor wayfarer! I was lost on this occasion but a short time, yet as night was approaching it was not pleasant. I had before, when a boy, been lost in the woods for short periods—in fact, as a Canadian boy, I was used to the woods. In them I breathed, at Hamilton, the first breath of life. But the feeling of wandering backward and forward in them is terrible, and not easy to describe.

Even lately I read of a Mr. Dennison, an old man whom I knew, who was lost in the woods in Essa, near Barrie, and was out all night in October last year, I think. He was found on the second day lying in an unconscious state, by a log in a swamp, and died after being taken home. So such a thing may occur now in not distant parts of Canada. Many accounts of the loss of children and men and women have appeared in the papers of Canada within a few years. What is the feeling? How does it happen? I read in 1894 the account—a very interesting book—of an English traveller being lost in the wilds of Michigan, when explor-

ing the copper mines of Lake Superior. He describes his terrible feelings: lost for several hours. This traveller was a scientist and scholar, who had travelled all over the North-West, the Western States, Mexico, and American Southern Republics, in the course of an investigation into the antiquities of the Indians, their mounds and earth-works, as well as the geological appearances of the countries through which he passed. He describes the wonderful instinct and sagacity of the beaver, about which animal I will have something hereafter to say. The history of the travels of this gentleman is truly grand. The description he gives of being lost is too long for insertion in this article, and I shall have to defer its description to another time, although I have it lying in writing before me.

### SOUND SLEEP—ANOTHER EARLY START.

My sleep was sound in this backwoods house, where everything was primitive, perhaps like some of Manitoba's houses now. Resuming my story, I was most hospitably entertained by the pioneer farmer, his wife and daughter —made welcome with a good supper, bed and wood-like talk. In the morning I continued my woody journey into Waterloo. The farmers in those days were truly pioneers, and suffered many hardships not known to us of this day. Nichol is now an old, rich-settled township, full of beautiful farms. There was a good deal of real romance about this night visit to the old woody home. There could be seen the household dog, the cows lying down chewing their cuds, the sheep in the pens, horses in the field, poultry in the barn-yard. Around were the echoes of the woods, the singing of forest birds, the soft cry of the whip-poor-will; lastly, the industrious farmer, the home-like Canadian wife and smart, pretty daughter.

There is a lengthy sketch of this journey, written by me (more flowery) at the age of twenty-one, December 22nd, 1832, in a literary journal called the *Garland*, a paper published in old Hamilton times, in which much of my poetry and some short moral novels appeared. Another paper in which I then wrote was the *Casket*, published in the same year. I will in another article later give a sketch of both of these, and of the *Voyageur* and other papers.

### THE DESTRUCTION OF MY FATHER'S HOMESTEAD IN 1829.

In some part of 1829 my father's homestead on the Grand River farm was destroyed by fire. Henry and I were in the fields working in the summer or autumn. No one was in the house that I am aware of, when suddenly our attention was drawn to the fire, which probably took place in the kitchen part of the house. We hastened home, and commenced moving what we could of the furniture, chiefly in the west part of the house; succeeded in saving very little of it by throwing it out of the windows. Much of it was burnt; also papers and valuable, if not all the books, many of which I had read in years past. Some valuable old books and English mementos were burnt. The fire was very sudden, very quick, and soon everything was consumed. My brother Henry was upstairs with me, and my poor dog "Keene," too, with us, seeming to want to help, moving about, and we left him up there. Henry jumped out of the north end window, one story from the ground, near the garden fence, and was in danger of his life. He barely escaped the fire then in the rooms upstairs. I don't remember how I escaped, but think it was down the stairs. We in our hurry forgot the dog "Keene," and no doubt the poor animal was burnt in the upper room where Henry was.

### "KEENE'S" SAGACITY.

He was a sagacious dog, fond of all of us, affectionate, and his object up there was to help. The sagacity of dogs is simply wonderful, nearer the reason of man than anything we know. Their affection, too, is equal to that of a human being. Not long since, in 1895, the chief clerk in the Grand Trunk office, corner of Yonge and King Streets, (Mr. Slattery, I think, by name), died, and owned a very fine dog, his constant friend and attendant. The dog had missed his master, did not know where he was, but set out to find him, if possible. He went to the Grand Trunk office, ran from there to the house—ran all over it looking for his master, moaning and whining. At last, when all other places were looked into, he ran into the room where the coffin was, put his feet on the coffin, whined, cried and lay down on the floor under the coffin, as if to mourn and stay there. Here was deep love and affection for poor Slattery, his loved master, equal to his dearest friends.

### KEEP UP THE KINDEST FEELING FOR DOGS.

We are only, in so doing, fulfilling God's will; and more, we are showing that with our reason we are equal also to the kindest acts in nature. Who gave us this kindness? Who gave it to poor dumb animals? Who causes the tear to drop in sorrow, the heart to mourn, the soul to sympathize? It is God, who in kindness and mercy rules all worlds, who in Christ shed tears over Lazarus, and washed the disciples' feet in love before the crucifixion.

This sudden misfortune greatly disconcerted our family, and we had to obtain the occupation of a house from Mr. Edward Vanderlip, innkeeper, who had one to rent on his premises adjoining the south end of our lot, until we could rebuild, which we made provision to do at once. My father

contracted to build a brick building, and put on the contractors that summer or fall, and had the house finished in 1830.

Our sister Maria and her husband came up the fall before the house was burnt, in 1829, and must have been there in 1830; but of these things I am not certain. Sister Helen, I think, was away at the time of the fire, as I can't remember her being there. She attended and helped at the house we occupied. During the building of the brick house, some part of the time I was home and part in Hamilton.

### DR. RYERSON'S FUTURE CONNECTION WITH THE "GUARDIAN"—BISHOP RICHARDSON'S EDITORSHIP.

The remarks on these two subjects will be necessarily long, and I shall reserve them for a future chapter, as also some extended remarks on the rise into great influence of William Lyon Mackenzie. He was editor of the *Advocate* at Queenston and Toronto. I find, in a conversation with Mr. Charles Lindsay, the author of the life of Mackenzie, that he never published the *Advocate* anywhere else than Queenston and Toronto.

My father occupied a very prominent place, more so than any man in the West, or even at Toronto, apart from the compacts, from 1817 to 1828, and my remarks on his acts will occupy a few pages in Chapter VI.

### THE UNNECESSARY AND OPPRESSIVE PERSECUTION OF ROBERT GOURLAY BY THE HEADS OF THE FAMILY COMPACT.

Commencing in 1816-17, this persecution commenced at York, and no candid person can see why it was, unless it sprang from political jealousy of his talents, and probably

more from the supposition that he would expose and overturn the improper policy of the then rulers in colonial matters at York as to land grants and official exclusion from office of all outside of the Compact. Such also was one of the main causes of William Lyon Mackenzie's after persecution. In this conduct a few men or families were prevalent, such as John Beverley Robinson, his brothers William and Peter, Dr. John Strachan, William Allan, Chief Justice Powell, Judges Boulton, Campbell, and persons of lesser note.

The object of Mr. Gourlay in coming to Upper Canada was a laudable one—to bring out emigrants to settle vacant lands—and in treating this object as one of treason and sedition the old Compact showed that they were unpatriotic and very limited in their views of duty. The thing most needed in 1817 and onward was proper emigration—a thing always so in new colonies. So it is now in regard to the North-West. He was a hasty man, ready to quarrel—looked at things existing perhaps with a prejudiced eye. He was very bitter against Dr. John Strachan, a fellow-Scot—used libellous language towards him, which is seen in his volumes on Canada. Dr. Strachan was unjust in his remarks on him—gave him some ground for his retaliation.

The Courts and York big men persecuted him for sedition—imprisoned him, under an Act which did not apply to him, a British subject, but to American intruders after the revolutionary war.

In his books the conduct of the then York authorities is exposed very fully; and never was there a case against an English citizen which could be and was by all impartial observers more justly condemned than this persecution and banishment of Mr. Gourlay, under an Upper Canada statute called the "Sedition Act."

## THE PREJUDICE OF ENGLISHMEN TOWARDS CANADA.

I have spoken elsewhere of the expression used by a Mr. Talbot, a relation of Col. Talbot, of the Lake Erie settlement of Canada, about the women, birds and flowers of Canada, slandering them.

Now, I regret to find in Mr. Gourlay's works—three books of his wrongs, and the statistics of Upper Canada, published in 1822 in London, England—these very erroneous remarks about our country as compared with his loved England and Scotland:

"But one charm is wanting, and is sadly missed by the native Briton in America. There is no music in the sky, no chorus in the grove. The birds are mute in comparison with the feathered songsters of England—no lark, no linnet, no blackbird, no thrush, no nightingale, no robin but by name, chirp, chirp, chirp, and little of that."

This is sheer libel, the result of ignorance and prejudice. I know better; everyone does who has lived in Canada all his life. These three volumes by Gourlay have been long since out of print.

Let me here say, it is equally false with what Mr. Talbot said, "The flowers have no scent, the birds no song, the women no virtue." On the contrary, in May the thrush is heard, as well as in June, on every thorn bush or spray; so is the catbird. The robin is heard in April, May and June, sweetly warbling in our parks and fields; the meadow-lark the same. We have such a thing as the lark. The sweetest of little songsters is heard in the wood wren; the bluebird about our orchards in April, May and June; the wild canary, the Baltimore oriole, the bobolink in the clover or grass fields. The blackbird (two species) is seen everywhere; the garden sparrow, lively little grey creature, sings as I have often heard it

formerly on Yonge Street, when I had a large garden there, twenty, thirty, forty years ago, sitting on a currant bush, singing its lively little lay, "Sisabee, sisabee, sisabee, sibo see." True, we have no nightingale, but we have the whippoorwill, which England has not, with its May-June utterance of "Whippoorwill! whippoorwill! whippoorwill!" crying to its mate. We have no heavy snow-storms as I have seen it reported in May and June in England, no fogs that you could feel with the hand, cut with the knife, so dark you could only hear at noon the human voice in London. We have none of the great storms of the English Channel. Mr. Gourlay may think he is speaking the truth, but he is not justified in hastily stating what he was ignorant of.

### THE HOME DISTRICT, IN WHICH YORK THEN WAS, ONLY REFUSED TO ANSWER THIS REASONABLE REQUEST OF GOURLAY.

Why? it may be asked. He says, because the leading people there were land-grabbers and scions, or principals of the Family Compact, and the worst one of them was Dr. John Strachan. At all events, for some reason not easily to be seen, they not only refused to give any information, but ultimately got up a persecution, ending in expelling him from Canada a few years after 1817. The reasons, he thinks, were that the monopolists wanted to get as much land as they could, keep it for a rise, let others settle around it, and increase the value of the vacant land monopolized; then, of course, make their fortunes. A system somewhat similar is now, and has been, carried on in Manitoba and the North-West. The Americans sold the public lands at an unset price to any one in sections or quarter-sections, at $1.25 an acre to anyone paying the money. The monopolists, or compacts of

families, were favored at York—rich men created without work—and the seeds were laid for the rebellion in 1837, and a greedy, colonial aristocracy was created. My father opposed this system, hence was after 1824, when it came to its worst, proscribed or put among the malcontents with the majority of the people, but never lived to see its worst features realized. There were, of course, many other reasons for making people malcontents, which will be shortly alluded to. Mr. Gourlay and the people generally wanted emigration from all countries. The Americans had not then the lands of the West, and the best of them would come to Canada and take up land, but the aristocratic clique at York would not allow them, because they said they would be disloyal, so they opposed Americans and even British population.

### FRANCIS COLLINS, AN EDITOR, FINED AND IMPRISONED IN TORONTO, THEN YORK.

In 1827, a man named Francis Collins, publishing a paper called *The Freeman*, rather too freely discussing the conduct of the official aristocracy of York, and their narrow bigoted views as to emigration, speaking of Mr. John Beverley Robinson, then Attorney-General of Upper Canada, used the term " His native malignity."

It was called a criminal libel for which Mr. Robinson had him indicted, tried, and the Court fined him £50, the then currency, or $200 of our money; in addition, imprisonment, I think, of a year. This severity caused a great sensation and clamor against the little Attorney-General, and as most thought, was good proof of " his native malignity." Collins laid in gaol and defied the malignity. This was one of the proofs of the power of the old compact of political families.

Such influences as this Mr. Gourlay had to fight for

several years until he was tried by a Niagara jury, convicted by a partial judge and ignorant, corrupt jury, imprisoned and banished the country. The Act under which he was tried, called the "Sedition Act," properly construed applied only to Americans, not British subjects such as Gourlay was—was a most arbitrary stretch of power. Unfortunately Mr. Robinson had his assistants, as Gourlay's persecutors had in York—among them Dr. John Strachan, in some respects a useful man, and a man, I must say, always kind to my sisters Harriet and Helen, but yet exceedingly bigoted on the subject of religion, and arbitrary in his governmental views, in fact a father to the upholders of the old Family Compact. This will be seen when I say that Mr. Robinson, Archibald McLean, Philip Vankoughnet, Jonas Jones, J. B. Macaulay, and many others were in fact educated by him in his creed.

### UPPER CANADA WAS WITH GOURLAY AT FIRST.

When it is remembered all this man required was to obtain from its principal people the statistics of the Province, no one can see any cause for the indignation of the old Family Compact.

The most devoted Loyalists, apart from the Home District, gave him township by township from London and east to the Ottawa District, the information he asked, contained in the volumes I have, as seen therein. The answers from Niagara and the Gore Districts from their foremost men, all asserted the chief causes of the backwardness of the Province were: 1st. Want of emigration, especially from the United States, from which the most desirable emigrants would come, and these loyal men said they were not afraid that they, the Americans, would turn against England. Generally they did not do so in the war of 1812. 2nd. That the case of granting tracts of land to favorites who

would not settle them and were absentees, was a great evil. 3rd. They complained also that the reservation of the Clergy Reserves and School lands kept the settlements from progressing.

These were the three prominent complaints. Many, most indeed, who at first sided with Gourlay's views were tories, generally a mixture of both parties. Parties were not then so marked as now. The war had amalgamated the people. It was not until perhaps 1820 when parties divided after Gourlay left. The people who attended the meeting in Ancaster in 1817, in which my father was chairman, it will be seen, were like Richard Hatt, the Crookses, always Tory after that time, and my father was such up to 1824, in a moderate way. My father was a legislator at this time for Wentworth, and was about 1817 appointed Registrar for Wentworth and Halton, and held the office until his death in 1833.

Mr. Gourlay and his father were very large agriculturists, the first in England in Shropshire, the latter in Scotland in Fife, and were very respectably connected. At the end of his life the father was poor, having failed. Robert was probably a skilful farmer. His books in my possession show this.

He had his faults, no doubt, such as irascibility and over-presumption, as from England. But these should not have caused his most oppressive persecution—his indeed illegal expulsion by the vindictive clique in Little York, who had the Bench at their backs, and the little parson (as Gourlay calls him), Dr. Strachan, who controlled the English Church. A very strong letter was sent from Niagara to Gourlay from Thomas Clarke, Mr. Nichol, and Robert Addison, Church of England minister, and another from Mr. William Crooks, an influential man there, objecting to the political conduct of the York officials. So I

might mention others, such as Absalom Shade, of Galt, and Mahlon Burwell, of St. Thomas. Col. Talbot, who had a large township granted him; the Dicksons, and other favored persons, were either quiescent or opposed.

His books show the early habits of the people—domestic and agricultural. Lands were worked a good deal on shares by tenants. Roads were bad, and modes of conveyance very deficient. Gourlay gives a fairly correct list of all animals, birds, fishes, trees, and native plants.

### INDIAN GRANTS OF LANDS IN 1783—THE INDIAN RESERVES OF LANDS.

He also speaks of an immense tract granted at first to the Six Nations of Brantford Indians, extending from the mouth of the Grand River to Nichol—including it, ninety miles long—along the water of that river, and twelve miles wide (six on each side of the river), forming the most beautiful land in America, including the then districts of Haldimand, Brantford, Dumfries, Waterloo and Wellington. Large tracts were, however, early in 1800 detached from this grant by 999-year leases, for sums stipulated to be paid to the Indians as presents. I don't know when the lease system was changed.

The lands were granted to the Indians as tenants in tail, and their heirs. I am not saying how the tenure now is, in such counties as Waterloo, Wellington, and the lower part of the last county.

It seems that Thomas Clarke, of the firm of Clarke & Street, had a whole township sold to him very early at about eighty cents an acre—in Nichol. The Dixons were also greatly favored. It must not be supposed, however, that the members of the Compact were all bad men—had no manly, good characteristics. The circumstances sur-

rounding them contributed to their misbehavior. The English colonial office was to blame for these abuses.

I say, in the last sentence, that England was to blame—I mean her Colonial Office, which was often miserably managed. The affairs of this office were often in the hands of a corrupt, debauched aristocracy, or its underlings—even in 1837 (so late) was badly managed. The aristocracy, as is well known, blamed Lord Durham for being so plain in his exposure of colonial wrong-doings in Canada—when he did not tell half the truth. Lord Melbourne, who had the management of Imperial affairs, was a lazy, corrupt minister. The fact is, England deserved to lose Canada, on account of her ignorance and disregard of the rights of the people at that period—1837.

I have dwelt on the doings of this man, Gourlay, because he was the embodiment, as it were, of colonial grievances from 1815 to 1820, and all ranks of society, except corrupt officials, agreed with his views. It will be seen that the land-granting department was one of the evils, as it is in Manitoba to-day, and the dulness and disregard of the English Colonial Office.

### THE PAUCITY OF THE POPULATION OF UPPER CANADA.

Strange it is, when we think that the war of 1812 was carried on against this little Province when the population, according to Gourlay, was only a little over eighty thousand. Little York had only twelve hundred inhabitants in 1810-12. The whole population of the great then Home District only numbered about 7,700. The well-settled Niagara District, settled by U. E. Loyalists, only numbered about 12,548. The next most numerously settled locality of the Province, Kingston, Bay of Quinte, down to Brockville and Cornwall, contained 14,853.

How, then, was the war of 1812 carried on against the

three or four millions of Americans to the south of us? If it was successfully carried on with the help of a few regiments of English regulars, why could we not defend ourselves now, having over five millions of people, easy access to England, with railroads all over our country, and a trained volunteer force of over twenty-five thousand? But the eyes of England and its lazy, pleasure-seeking, debauched aristocracy, and money-grabbing middle classes, were only opened by the rash but bold rising of Mackenzie and his friends in 1837.

### ROBERT GOURLAY'S STATISTICAL QUESTIONS.

He had a set of questions on all the statistics of the various townships in Upper Canada, in printed form, and he sent them to various township officers and influential men to answer, in 1817, in view of having them printed in a book, which I have, and in pamphlet form, to spread before the agriculturists of England and Scotland. I will only refer to a few, and parts of them, but will give one entire, as my father is stated to have acted as chairman at it in the great township of Ancaster, and many of the best known men of that day are named as having been there. My father was also the member of the Legislature for Wentworth, in which the meeting was held. Then I will refer to a few others, only briefly.

"ANCASTER, *29th November*, 1817.

"At a meeting of the inhabitants of the Township of Ancaster, convened by public notice, at Newton's Hotel, in the Village of Ancaster, this day, James Durand, Esq., member for the County of Wentworth, was called to the chair, and Mr. John Wilson, of Ancaster, was chosen Secretary.

FIRST.

*Resolved*,—That this meeting do highly approve of the plan proposed by Mr. Robert Gourlay, of publishing a statistical account

of this Province, and most cordially agree with him on the subject-matter of his address to the resident land owners of Upper Canada; the remarks contained in which, as far as they respect the resources of the county, being to their knowledge, from actual experience, correct and capable of realization by all who possess the qualification of industry and the means for making the experiment.

SECONDLY.

*Resolved*,—That the inhabitants of this township would rejoice in the opportunity of receiving into this Society a respectable emigration of their fellow-subjects from the Mother Country, and in furtherance of that object, and with a sincere desire of disseminating an accurate account of the country and its productions, do now proceed to reply to the queries of Mr. Gourlay, in the order they are proposed by him.

3rd. No Episcopal Church; one Methodist meeting-house; one resident Episcopal minister.

8th. One carding machine; charge, 6d per lb.; one fulling mill.

9th. The soil a sandy loam, in part; rich intervals in part, and some clay loam. The face of the township is pleasantly diversified with hill and dale, and some plains.

10th. Timber—white oak, white pine, red and black oak, chestnut, beech, sugar maple, black ash, elm, basswood or linden, hickory, butternut, birch, ironwood, sassafrass, dogwood, black walnut, cherry, swamp oak, aspen tree, soft maple, hemlock, tamarack, tamarisk or turmerick, balm of Gilead, button-wood, cedar, willow, black and white thorn, crab-tree and wild plum; also various kinds of shrubs and vines, among which are black and spotted alder, boortree or elder, sumach, hazel, sloe, blackberry, dewberry, gooseberry, brown and red raspberry, wild currant, whortleberry, mountain berry, tall cranberry, choke cherry, blue grape, bitter, sweet, strawberry, etc.

11th. Salt springs—one chalybeate spring; strong indications of iron, and some trifling indications of lead; but none of these have been explored.

12th. Limestone and freestone, both of excellent quality and in great abundance; price, 2½ dollars per toise at the quarry.

16th. Wages—laborers, from £1 10s. to £4 10s. per month.

24th. Sown on new land ¾ to 1¼, on old land 1 to 1½, and reap

from 12 to 20 bushels per acre, 16 bushels per acre considered an average crop.

26th. On new lands, generally harrow in wheat first, then seed down to grass, or plough and sow oats, or plant maize or Indian corn, then peas, then wheat, or fallow, sowing wheat, then rye, then a succession of spring crops. Very little land has as yet been manured, and when manure is used, it is chiefly for flax and Indian corn.

27th. The usual mode of letting land is on shares. The landlord furnishes land fenced, team and half the seed, and receives half the produce, tenant finding himself; or landlord furnishes land fenced, and receives one-third, the tenant finding team and everything else. Farms are almost always to be obtained at these terms.

28th. Wild lands, at the first settling of this township, sold at £6 5s. per lot of 200 acres; now sell at 12s. 6d. to £1 10s. and £5 per acre. Cleared lands sell from £2 10s. to £12 10s. per acre, according to the situation and advantages. A tolerable farm-house may be built at £125 to £250; a good frame barn at £125.

29th. Any lands, and in fact all lan ls in this township, may be purchased; it consists of about 200 lots.

30th. State of public roads, middling; may be very much improved by the statute labor of the inhabitants as imposed by law if honestly applied.

31st. Want of capital and enterprise are doubtless the greatest causes that have contributed to retard the improvement of this township. The *former* has of late years made small efforts, accompanied by the *latter*, and the consequences may be seen in neat villages rising where a few scattered cottages were before only to be found; together with grist and saw mills, carding machines, fulling mills, merchants' stores, saddlers' shops, tin shops, joiners' shops, shoemakers' shops, tailors' shops, and other mechanical branches, all of which find full employ, and buildings are continually erecting with the profits of the farmers' toils.

A reply to the latter part of the thirty-first query, as to what in our opinion retards the improvement of the Province in general, would be more lengthy than the nature of this meeting admits of, were the subject done justice to. Briefly, however, want of capital and enterprise may be again considered as having a large share in it; for what besides, you would say, with a climate and soil so fine, and laws so excellent, would intervene to check its progress? There

are, however, other causes, and those causes out of our power to control, even with the aid of legislative influence. It is our gracious Sovereign, and the Parliament of the United Kingdom, that can alone lay the axe to the root of these obstructions; but without the slightest feeling of murmur or idea of right to dictate, we think it our duty to point out the road to their removal.

A large portion of the Province, equal in every respect in point of quality to the granted lands, still lays locked up in the shape of Crown and Clergy Reserves, in almost every township, commonly two-sevenths of the township, and these interspersed as a *caput mortuum* amidst the settlements, tend largely to check the improvement of roads, added to the extensive tracts of land formerly granted to individuals, many of whom reside across the Atlantic, and contribute nothing to the means of the Province. Besides these, there are whole townships shut up as reserves for schools, and beautiful tracts of first-rate lands, of almost immeasurable extent, immediately in rear of all the settlements, remain in a desert state.

Occasionally a township is surveyed off, and given out. This important gift and patronage is vested in the hands of the Administrator for the time being and the Executive Council; is acted upon with a slow motion, producing little manifest improvement to the Province—no visible invitation to men of capital—yielding no benefit to the Mother Country or restitution of her great expenses here. Whereas, the reverse would be the undoubted result were these tracts settled; whilst, at present, they operate as a dark and shady cloud, keeping off the genial rays of the sun, and now and then affording only a trifling emolument, as fees, to a few individuals, instead of the abundant harvests of the necessaries of life.

To remedy these obstructions (or shall we call them evils?) to the improvement of the Province, all that is wanting is for the Crown to dispose of those lands, impartially, to the highest bidder, that they may be immediately settled without waiting the tardy movements of a land-granting department. Then, indeed, there would be room for the redundant population of Great Britain, an ample field for capitalists, and the exercise of enterprising spirits, and an opening to cement upon a large scale that connexion with the Mother Country, which (to use your own words) 'would cause the idea of invasion to wither before its strength.' The munificent bounty of the Crown might still be employed in Canada in making roads, improving the

navigation, and other projects to which the geographical figure of Canada offers every invitation.

(Signed) JAMES DURAND, *Chairman.*
JOHN WILSON, *Secretary.*

RICHARD HATT.
WM. RYMAL.
CHRIST. ALMOS.
JACOB RYMAL.
ELIJAH SECORD.
MATTHEW CROOKS.
PETER HOGEBOOM.
CONRADT FILMAN.
JOSEPH HOUSE.
JOHN AIKMAN.
DANIEL SHOWERS.
WILLIAM CLINTON.
PETER BAWTINHEYMER.
LOT TISDALE.
WM. TISDALE.
And sixty-eight others."

The gentlemen above named, and those forming the sixty-eight, were the principal farmers and gentlemen of leisure living at the head of the lake. Richard Hatt and my father had taken active parts in the war of 1812. The Rymals were the oldest farmers in the country. Elijah Secord belonged to the large Secord family of Niagara, was afterwards treasurer of Wentworth and Halton. Matthew Crooks was chairman of the Quarter Sessions Criminal Court, and Mr. John Aikman owned a large farm near Hamilton, whose son, many years after, was a member of the Legislature; and the Mr. John Wilson, acting as secretary, was in 1828 or thereabouts Speaker of the Upper Canada Legislature, and became Inspector of Licenses, and twice in the Legislature—the last time in opposition to my father in 1830.

The great tracts of land alluded to as lying unsold and uncultivated were those in the counties of Huron, Goderich, Bruce, Simcoe, Dufferin, Kent, Essex, Perth; about Sarnia and the oil lands; the Canada Company's lands, sold to them, for I believe about twenty cents an acre, over which Mr. John Galt, Dr. Dunlop and others acted as agents—some of which even now are unsold. That was the way the country was misgoverned, and the people given cause to complain. The Clergy Reserves were for fifty years a cause of political quarrellings, until 1856.

## CHAPTER IV.

**Methodism in Upper Canada, as it was and is—The Church of England—Gladstone's errors—My first visit as a student to York, January, 1831—The people—Lawyers, students—Blake, and others I saw—A mild January in old muddy York—Oxen stuck in the mud—Many members of the old Legislature all now gone—My name put on the book—Spent two weeks there—Some account of the old stage lines, and the travelled roads—Some remarks about Mr. Bidwell.**

THERE is no body of Christians in Upper Canada that can compare with the Methodists in general influence, not excepting the Church of England, or the Presbyterians. In the old times of this province it was markedly so. In all the meetings of townships held from Essex, London, Norfolk, Ancaster, Niagara, Halton and below York, in 1817 to 1819, by Robert Gourlay, to obtain statistics of agricultural, religious and social facts, it was remarked I have observed from reading them, that the prevalent church influences and benefits sprang from the Methodist people and their itinerant preachers. If any church was noticed as existing it was usually theirs. Their preachers travelled in the farthest back settlements, in the wildest places, under the most severe privations as to food, shelter and home comforts, at all seasons of the year, preaching the Gospel of Christ to the settlers. Where no one else would go they went, lived as the settlers did, travelled through swamps at the risk of their lives often, to sing the good old Methodist hymns, and pray for the poor backwoodsman and his

family; and sang in the old woods and humble homes of the backwoods cotters, Watts' lovely hymn beautiful in its verses:

There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides,
And never-with'ring flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

The last verse—

Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Would fright us from the shore.

Or Wesley's great hymn—

Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace!

Or just one more, Robinson's hymn—

Come, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace,
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.

The toil-worn woodsman would again renew his work on the Monday with energy and gladness, trusting in his Maker, until the faithful preacher came in due time on his far-back circuit, to pray along with the family in his annual work.

The preacher would thus go from home to home—homes perhaps five or even ten miles apart, braving the cold, the

storms, the heat and hunger of his journeys. No one was more welcome than the Sunday preacher, no one brought more gladsome news. We have a home here which is only bright, in as far as we make it so by trusting in and worshipping God, looking for an everlasting one in a celestial land. For several generations, or from 1788 to 1835, these preachers, or perhaps local preachers, with saddle-bags thrown over the horse's back, made to carry their food, their Bibles or religious instructions, travelled all the backwoods of old Canada. The people looked upon them to tell what was doing in the wide world, as well as to give them religious consolation.

It was not until later in this province, that the Presbyterians took up the work of evangelization—about the year 1828. There was then one church of this denomination in York, of the old Kirk of Scotland, and another of the secession church in which Mr. Jesse Ketchum and his son-in-law, the Rev. Mr. Harris, worshipped.

There was also a church in Hamilton in which the Rev. Mr. Gale preached, and another in Dundas in which the Rev. Mr. Stark preached, about the year 1831-2. But the Methodists had churches in many places where no other church existed. The old Rock Chapel near Waterdown, and the old wooden church, on the corner of Wellington and King Streets, Hamilton, were in existence perhaps from 1810.

The Methodists were in old times more simple than in more modern days in their mode of worship. The men and women sat apart, on separate sides in the church; the children were left at home. In the old Wellington Street church many a time have I seen this done; it was the custom.

The women in connection with the church wore plain

bonnets without flowers, no jewelry or watches, no curls around their faces. They seemed to remember what St. Peter and St. Paul said about this. Our Christian ladies generally don't like this close doctrine. They think they have the right to dress as they please, yet be Christians. If as admitted in all our Christian churches that these two men were the principal leaders of the primitive church, the one to whom Christ spoke after His resurrection, making him as it were custodian of his church, when He spoke three times to him asking him if he, Peter, loved Him—"Simon, son of Barjonas, lovest thou Me," and St. Paul, the appointed preacher to the Gentiles—if such men did not speak the will of God, who did or could?

These great men thought these worldly vanities, such as watches, rings on the fingers, ornaments in the ears, showy broaches on the breast, curls about the face, betokened vanity in the mind. Women wear them to please men, for show—that is what they thought. Doing so may not be deadly sins, but going to excess in them indicates what the mind inwardly is. I express no decided opinion—only say what strict Christian doctrines are.

### SHOWING JEWELRY AS YOU ENTER THE CHURCH.

I recollect seeing a Methodist lady once enter the old Toronto Methodist church, which stood so long where the offices of the lawyers and Mr. Whitney's office are—corner of Adelaide and Toronto Streets—some thirty years ago. She had a fine gold watch put upon the outside of her silk dress, on the breast, where it shone brightly—walked in and sat down after church was in. It never left my mind. My thought was, "Is this not unnecessary pride?" This is only one instance of the habit.

## DIFFERENT DIVISIONS OF METHODISTS.

In 1826 to 1830, in Hamilton, and generally in Upper Canada, there were four divisions—the Episcopal Methodists, in connection with the American body; the Ryanites, as they were called, or Canadian Wesleyans of that day; the New Connexion body, who had a church on Main, near Walnut Street; and the old Primitives—the extremists, or some called them English ranters—somewhat similar to the present Salvation Army people. The first worshipped in the Wellington Street church, the last had a small church on John Street.

The first was the all-powerful division until Egerton Ryerson brought out the English Tory Wesleyans, and created a confusion in the country in the great Methodist Church. Upon this event the Ryanites joined Ryerson. The Rev. James Richardson remained with the original Episcopal Methodist Church until the general union. The Rev. Messrs. Ryan and Pringle were unusually large men.

## THE DISGRACEFUL CONDUCT OF THE COMPACT AS TO MARRIAGE LAWS.

Until the year 1830 the ministers of these large useful bodies of Methodists, Baptists, Congregationalists, and other Christian sects could not celebrate marriages among their people. The Family Compact refused to allow them to do so—that is, obstructed a change of the laws. The Church of England, the Kirk of Scotland, and Roman Catholic Churches only could do so. This law was altered in 1830. Now (such is the progress of common-sense), any religious body, even Quakers and the Salvation Army people, can do so.

THE "CHRISTIAN GUARDIAN" NEWSPAPER

had its existence in 1829 at Toronto, then York, and Rev. Egerton Ryerson was an authorized agent in collecting money to establish it. Here is a document of importance to show this starting point:

> "*This may certify that the bearer, Rev. Egerton Ryerson, is appointed Agent for procuring a Printing Establishment for the Canada Conference, and he is hereby commended to the Christian confidence of all on whom he may have occasion to call for advice and assistance for the above purpose.*
>
> "*WILLIAM CASE,*
> "*Superintendent.*
>
> "*Ancaster, U. Canada, Sept.* 4, 1829.
> "*JAS. RICHARDSON,*
> "*Secretary.*"

No paper in Canada has done more to uphold Christianity, to enlighten the minds of Christian people, than it, or been as a rule more ably conducted, especially under the late editorship of Dr. Dewart, a man of most enlarged and liberal mind, a scholar and a poet. Only the eternal memories of heaven can tell the good it has done, circulating as it has for over sixty-seven years in the old and new settlements of Upper Canada. The editorial political conduct under Rev. Ephraim Evans, in 1836, '37, '38, or of the Rev. Egerton Ryerson, in 1834, '35, I do not commend. His editorial conduct was contrary to the original action of the paper by Ryerson, and carried out apparently the then new union of the English and Canadian Ryerson

Wesleyans. In recent years and now the paper pursues a neutral political course, not partizan.

The movement of the Methodists to affiliate their (Cobourg) University with the University of the Province at Toronto, was a wise one. All wish this great body of Christians and their University success in Toronto.

### THE CHANGE IN THE STRICTNESS OF CHRISTIAN DISCIPLINE.

Many think that the Methodists have relaxed their strictness as to what is called weekly private prayer-meetings—love-feasts, as some call them. I am not prepared to speak on this question, or, indeed, express a full opinion. I did hear some ten years ago or more that the late Dr. Ryerson was opposed to the strictness, holding that a member should not be disciplined for not punctually attending them. I believe such meetings are profitable, useful, and approved of by God's Spirit. The Presbyterian body of Christians, now so strong and large, have not such meetings, and take a more liberal (as it is called) view of Christian duties, as does also the Church of England.

Religion is with some an expansive thing. It is so with the Church of England. They have their ritual and anti-ritual churches; they have what is called High and Low churches, the former leading to Romanism in my opinion.

The Church of England has greatly altered in Canada and England within seventy years. No one can deny the good it has done and is doing, nor its enlightened and educated men as ministers who, under Providence, have the control of it, nor should fail to wish it well. My family, (my father's), and my ancestors were attached to this Church, and I reverence and love it, apart from its recent ritualistic tendencies. Its manner of worship cer-

tainly could be shortened and simplified. The Gospel is really so simple a thing, made to suit the comprehension of the most humble or learned mind. It was never intended by our great Saviour to be beset with tangles or too much form. Long prayers, a repetition of prayers, wearying the attendants in the churches, come within the condemnation of Christ himself, who was opposed to long prayers or unnecessary forms. Our precious religion of Christ is one of great simplicity, a matter of substance—direct address to God, as if to an earthly father. A Father! What is implied in that name? How are we to approach a father? In forms and stiff set terms? No; as a dear, loving Friend, our Creator and Originator. Jesus so terms Him in the parable of the Prodigal Son. Away, away with such forms and distant appeals! Come to a father's heart, a mother's heart. Get close to Him and live.

## MR. GLADSTONE'S APPROACH TO THE POPE.

What has astonished me lately, and every friend of this generally great and good man (although, inconsistent one), is to see him approach the Pope, who is evidently assuming a power inconsistent with the Gospel, as if he (Gladstone) were a suppliant, to acknowledge the Church of England as within the pale of salvation and justified in its present position! Nothing is more contrary to the Pope and Romanism than the Church of England in its abstract, true religious position. Like Luther, it is absolutely different, or should be; but the Ritualists and Gladstone, are Romanish. It abominates, as does the great Book of Revelation of St. John, the Whore of Babylon, who has taken upon itself to dethrone God, to be God on earth.

## MY HABITS AS TO THE USE OF TOBACCO AND SPIRITUOUS LIQUORS, ETC.

I will now say something about my habits in regard to temperance and total abstinence, the use of tobacco, and what I did in 1833 and 1834.

In my youth the use of spirituous liquors was almost universal. Up to 1830 almost everyone used them in Canada, and workingmen always considered they were entitled to them. In my family we were very temperate, but my father had whiskey, brandy, and wine generally in the house, but was moderate in their use. All my life to that date I noticed that there were many persons too much addicted to them. We never heard of total abstinence societies at all, but had some temperance societies in 1830 which allowed the moderate use of spirituous liquors. I went to Oakville in 1833, on a tour for promoting temperance, with the Rev. Mr. Marsh, of the American Presbyterian Church. I was always, as I am now, favorable to temperance, and have been, generally, a total abstainer. In 1851 to 1854 I owned and published the *Son of Temperance*, a literary, but chiefly a temperance, paper. No good arises from the use of tobacco or spirituous liquors in any form, unless the latter be for medicinal purposes.

Once as a young man (away back in 1830, perhaps earlier,) I thought I would become a cigar smoker. It made me sick at first, as it always does, and I went to bed for a day. I persisted in it, however, until I found it injured me, caused excessive spitting, etc., hence I at once broke it off. Some people think it renders them more social and helps them to think, as some orators think brandy or wine increases their eloquence; but it is all imaginary. Why should it? It may give a temporary

stimulus, which becomes a stupor afterwards. Did such smokers and drinkers ever ask themselves how it is that dumb beasts—the lion, the tiger, or deer, and birds, the ostrich and eagle, or the mocking-bird and thrush—can endure great fatigue, exhibit great strength, and sing beautifully on mere cold water? How is it that the fish can exist in water, or the flowers look so lovely in the dews of heaven? Never, my young friends, girls or boys, use either of these poisons. The writer has lived in a healthy, happy state to the age of over eighty-five without them. Use the money you would spend on them to buy good books or to help your parents, or needful religious mission work.

I once travelled in a coach with two young men who were smoking a great deal. I asked them to tell me what the cigar-smoking habit cost each of them. They replied about thirty dollars a year. Now, said I, why not use that money in some useful way? Tobacco used in any form is poison, and very often leads to disease and death. Drinking habits will naturally arise from it, and the use of spirituous liquors results in weak stomachs, weak brains—crime, laziness, ruin—often have I tried to persuade young men to lay by what these poisons would cost in savings banks.

### THEATRES AND GAMBLING.

The drinking habit is bad, the use of tobacco worse, visiting theatres is not so bad, but leads to waste of time, frivolous thoughts, and too often to immorality. I have visited theatres in my life, although not very often, and I never received any real benefit, but have always seen the evil of them. We suppose we are to live again in a future state, then let us only do what will make us happy here and in another world.

Gambling is connected with the use of liquor, tobacco and theatre-going. I have never gambled, and seldom visited theatres in my long life—for the last thirty-seven years I have never visited them at all, with, I believe, one exception, and that was for a benevolent object. In many cases what is seen at the theatre is secretly immoral, and at times openly so. The actors, male and female, are not religious persons, and are often immoral. How can any real good result from it? I do not mean to say that those who visit theatres are immoral, but the tendency of their minds is not serious.

### HORSE-RACING, BOAT-RACING, DANCING IN PUBLIC.

I have never gone to horse-races since I was a boy of fifteen, but did at times prior to 1830. If such assemblies are accompanied, as is often the case, by gambling and gamblers, they should be avoided. And public, indiscriminate dancing assemblies are to be avoided. The modern waltz as indulged is immoral, as seen in large assemblies. Some French dances are worse. Mere small house parties of friends are not so. These things look nice, but lead to ruin in large assemblies often.

My youth's biography (I mean before I entered my full manhood) is nearly ended, and I must close by saying, that life is a *poor thing, a fraud on us,* a delusion, a snare, if death is our end here. I do not believe a just God has ordered it so, nor do I believe Jesus Christ was a liar when He said *we shall live again!!* We know not what it will be—the spirit world is obscure—but God lives; and the universe *cannot exist without a God,* so we who love God and desire to live again, *shall finally see the bright world of spirits.* And, I trust, shall see those dear friends who have gone before us—see them and know them. The great universe can hold all its rational spirits, and God is there.

My life up to this date, in its older and more important years and phases, from the close of the year 1834 to the commencement of the year 1871, will include an account of the troublous times of 1835-36-37-38, of my imprisonment for the advocacy of reform in Canada, and of my sojourn and experiences in the United States, whither I was banished for six years by the Family Compact, concluding with the account of my return to Canada, my experiences here and elsewhere as a lawyer for over sixty years. To continue this account to the present time (1897) would make this volume too long, and I have not had room to to say all I wished, even for the time, sixty years, mentioned; so the narrative will extend beyond the Confederation period a little.

The close of the nineteenth century has been a most active and stirring one, full of the most important events and inventions.

## MY FIRST JOURNEY TO YORK FROM HAMILTON BY STAGE AS A STUDENT IN 1831—ITS INCIDENTS AND PASSENGERS.

In the old days of Canada, in Upper and Lower, and throughout the American States, all journeys were made by stages, and this journey of mine was so made in the winter —January, 1831—in order to have my name put on the books of the Law Society, at Osgoode Hall, in view of my being admitted as an attorney in 1835. It was quite an adventure, and my sojourn in the then called muddy town of York was to be for two weeks. Botsford's Hotel was the headquarters of the stage line, and situated where the Bank of Toronto stands. Hamilton was just beginning to look up a little in its progress, Ancaster and Dundas having theretofore been the principal places of mercantile business since the war of 1812—especially Ancaster. There

was but one good hotel in Hamilton, kept by Mr. George Carey, or, as some called him, "Paddy Carey," an eccentric Englishman, not an Irishman, as the name would indicate. This was the general stage house, too, where all the stage lines concentrated and from which they started westward and eastward. It was also in that year my boarding place.

In 1830 I was part of the time at home helping to rebuild the house to replace the burnt one spoken of; but it was my duty also to be in Hamilton at the office of Mr. Berrie when wanted, and I was occasionally there.

In the beginning of this volume it will be remembered that my sisters Maria and Harriet, and brother James and father, after a six-weeks' voyage across the ocean had to come across the country from Boston to Hamilton, to their future home, and a very long and tedious journey they had across Massachusetts, Connecticut and New York in stages, occupying over a week. The same journey can be made on the railway now in about one day.

### THE OWNERS OF THE STAGE LINES IN 1831.

As far as my memory will serve now, the persons who owned stages and ran the lines at that day were Mr. Cook, of Cooksville, Township of Toronto, between Hamilton and York, as it was called; Mr. Charles Thompson, from York north to Holland Landing; Mr. Stevenson, Hamilton to St. Catharines, and Mr. Weller, York to Kingston, eastward. The route from Hamilton to London, and westward, had a stage line the owner of which I don't remember.

The travelling on these lines was sometimes very crowded, always amusing, and often inconvenient when females were in the coaches, owing to the crowding and intermingling of, shall I say, *legs* or *limbs*, as the term, for modesty's sake, should be called. The stage had stopping places where the

usual refreshments could be had. It took one full day to go from Hamilton to York on the government road.

WELL, WE WILL NOW START OFF, SAY, AT SEVEN O'CLOCK.

"All aboard for York, passengers." Toot, toot, toot, toot! Crack the whip—off we go. "Who is aboard?" A full cargo, at least, and at this all males but one woman. Who were they? Myself and, I think, Captain Matthews, of Oxford, member of the Legislature; Mr. Randall, member, Welland; David Thorburn, member, Queenston, others I can't remember. The young woman was a transient traveller. We had a jolly crowd all the way, and arrived at Botsford's Hotel at dark. You see it was winter and mild —in the morning it was still mild. It was unusual to be mild at that time in January, and it was my first visit to York after my infant visit mentioned in 1815.

I called in the morning after the arrival to see some students at the office of the celebrated Simon Washburn, then the leading lawyer of York, and Clerk of the Peace for the County. Whom do you suppose I saw there? Three I remember: William Hume Blake (the father of our two well-known lawyers, Samuel and Edward Blake), studying law in Mr. Washburn's office; with him Joseph Curran Morrison, afterwards one of our judges; and George Duggan, afterwards Judge of the County Courts of York and Recorder of this city—both the latter also studying law. I was introduced to them formally.

Mr. Duggan was, in 1835, my law agent in Toronto, and many a law contest have I had with him and Mr. Morrison in the courts since I came to Toronto in 1844. Several times I have had law contests with Mr. Blake, the elder—once with him and the late John Henry Boulton, ex-judge, when Robert Burns, ex-judge, assisted me.

I walked a good deal about York to see the sights, and

it would astonish anyone to compare it then with our beautiful city of palace stores. I passed up to Yonge Street and by the Bostwick estate, in which I am interested. Saw the cottage of the late Lardner Bostwick, a handsome, little white frame house with green shutters, picket fence in front, standing near the street about where Mr. Potter's store is; and above it, westward, wooden two-story shops covered the ground to the corner of Yonge and King, where now stand the great palace stores of W. A. Murray & Co., Potter's, Nordheimer & Co.'s great music store, which cost $100,000, Mr. William Stitt's beautiful silk and glove store, the Bon Marche great store, Ellis' splendid jewelry store, and the offices of the Canadian Pacific Railway, many of which cost over $50,000 each. What a wonderful metamorphose of things is seen here! All the houses on this great property in 1831 would not have cost probably $50,000; now $1,000,000 would not cover the cost, nor many millions the price of the goods within. The land on which they stand—about one acre and a quarter—cost, in 1808 or thereabouts, $400, bought by Mr. Bostwick of one Mr. Asbridge, who lived in Scarboro', and now is worth a million and a half dollars apart from the buildings. The persons who lived there in some of these houses were Thomas Thompson, father of the Mammoth House Thompsons; Mr. Dixon, the great saddler and harness maker of 1836-7 in Toronto; Mr. Beard, father of all the Beards so well known of old in Toronto, the mayor and deputy sheriff; and Ross, the merchant, at the corner. This is as near as I can remember. David Patterson had a brick store on the opposite side of King Street, and J. A. Smith, a dry-goods store. However, I cannot enumerate all; we'll pass on to Osgoode Hall, which consisted of only one stone building, the old east wing, where I went to enter my name and file papers.

King Street, near Church, was all vacant land on the north side, and the court-house stood where the brick stores of Stark stand (opposite the St. James Cathedral), but it was burnt down afterwards. One Kirk of Scotland church stood on the corner of now Adelaide and Church Streets. York was a small town, made a city afterwards in 1834. Well, my lawyer friends will like to know who were the then lawyers of Toronto: they were Mr. Washburn, Mr. King (whose brother was Dr. King), Thomas Taylor (son of Judge Taylor, of Hamilton), Henry Sherwood, Mr. Sprague (afterwards Chancellor), Mr. J. E. Small, Mr. George Ridout (also Judge at Niagara at the time), C. A. Hagerman, Robert R. Sullivan, Robert Baldwin, his father William W. Baldwin, C. Gamble, W. H. Draper; Dr. Rolph was in Dundas; Mr. Bidwell, I think, was there; J. B. Macaulay, perhaps, and others I can't remember. The doctors: old Dr. Widmer, Drs. Morrison, Tims, Burnside, etc.

The churches in York were few at this time. There was Dr. John Strachan's (St. James Cathedral) where it now stands—the ground being used as a common burial ground until some thirty years ago—and the names of many of the old residents and families whose descendants are almost extinct can yet be seen. The old stones covering their bodies can be read in various places in the ground—but many bodies were removed to the new St. James cemetery. This great church was first built after the war of 1812, the plot having been selected perhaps by Simcoe in 1792—was first presided over by a minister named Dr. Stewart before Dr. Strachan came to York, he having come about 1810. My readers are not perhaps aware that he, in the first years of his emigration to Canada, taught a young gentlemen's model (perhaps grammar or district) school at Cornwall in this province (a picture of which I have in my

possession), at which, as I have said in my remarks about Robert Gourlay, the sons of many of the principal families of Upper Canada were taught about 1806-7. At this school such men as John Beverley Robinson and his brothers William and Peter, Archibald McLean, Jonas Jones and brothers, Levi P. Sherwood, I believe, old Mr. VanKoughnet and brothers, and the old Ridout family of York were scholars and became political chums.

There was an old Kirk of Scotland church almost opposite the Cathedral, but when first erected, I don't know; and there was a little rural church near where Knox's church now stands, a brick one standing under some trees, in which Mr. Harris, the son-in-law of that noble and benevolent man, Jesse Ketchum, well known here, many years worshipped. There was the Methodist white brick church on the corner of Toronto and Adelaide Street then called Newgate Street, I think. There was a small wooden church on Jarvis Street near Richmond in which Congregationalists at times worshipped. No Roman Catholic church of any size (if at all) existed. The Methodists, if I mistake not, had another church on or near Melinda Street. Zion church might have been there, but I cannot remember.

The mercantile business was done in 1831 about the present market-place or east of Yonge Street. The papers in York were the *Courier*, a leading Tory, once owned by George Gurnett, of whom I have spoken; the *Observer*, owned by Mr. Carey, a well-known independent, but odd writer; the *Freeman*, by Francis Collins, who had offended John Beverley Robinson's "native malignity," and been fined so heavily and imprisoned; W. L. Mackenzie's *Advocate*, a most spicy political critic against the Family Compact; the *Colonist*, edited by a bullying, bigoted Scotch Tory named Scobie, who was, like George Gurnett and the

*Patriot*, bitter against the poor patriot prisoners. It was a large paper and ably conducted. In fact, the talent in papers was with the Tories, and in that day York had many. Mr. Dalton published a paper called the *Patriot*—continued by the *Leader* in very modern times. He was the father of the late R. G. Dalton, Master in Chambers at Osgoode Hall, one of the fairest, most learned and useful lawyers in Toronto whose death I, and all lawyers, regretted a few years ago. I am not certain but that Mr. Fothergill published a paper, the *Palladium*. The *Christian Guardian*, a religious paper, was in existence, and most ably conducted. Who were the men of influence then in Toronto? Although I have already alluded to many of them, and will do so in future chapters, I consider it only proper here to make a more general reference.

The following were all mixed up in action, many in marriage, and all in political sins with the oligarchy, called the "Family Compact." Men left long with absolute political power, such as these were (the best of men, even religious men), will lean towards the abuse of power, and end in selfishness and acts of oppression and self-aggrandizement. Some allowance and charity must therefore be shown for such men and their surroundings. Are we at this day in our Province guiltless in respect of abuse of privileges? Well, there were the Campbells—one was a chief justice; the Allans—William Allan especially, about whom I will again speak; the Ridouts, one, Thomas, of the old Upper Canada Bank; the Smalls, some of whom were very fair men; the Powells, one of whom was a chief justice, and one of whom shot poor Anderson in bad faith, in the late rebellion—he was loaded with offices; the Elmsleys—the last, the Captain, who changed his religion; the Camerons—John Hilliard, the chief of them; the Robinsons—three brothers—the principal one, John Bever-

ley, whose name will often appear in this volume—loaded with offices; the Strachans—the principal one the Bishop; the Givenses; the Jarvises—the principal, William B., who took so active a part in the rebellion of 1837—all loaded with offices; the Denisons—all of whom seem to have got large shares of land; the Crookshankses; the Macaulays—one of them the noble Judge in after years; the Gambles; the Boultons—numerous and loaded with offices; the Wells family; the McGills; the Hewards; the Stantons; lastly, the Baldwins—many receiving great grants of land, especially the old man, W. W., and some of whom, especially Robert, were most worthy men and genuine Reformers; all of them got small or large farms or long strips of land in York. Incidentally I might name John Henry Dunn and Mr. Markland, less connected with this great clique. The sons of W. W. Baldwin inherited from their father. These families (I mean the heads of them) had strips of land from 50 to 250 acres, or less, granted to them—how, for what money, or why, we can't now tell, but mostly as favors. Allan had the land from Gerrard to Bloor Street granted, bordering on Yonge; Elmsley, the land from Maitland to Bloor, west side Yonge; S. P. Jarvis, land from Carlton east to Parliament, along Jarvis Street. The Baldwins had all the land about Spadina Avenue to Bloor and north to Wells' Hill, and over it farther north; Wells, land about Wells' Hill; Smalls, land east in Leslieville; Denisons, land west of Dovercourt Road; some this side. It is not easy to name these lands. The Crookshanks' family lands were west of Bathurst Street.

Having stayed in York about two weeks, I returned by stage, and continued my studies in 1831, with Mr. Berrie, going frequently to my old home near the Grand River. I will mention an incident that occurred to me as a student,

going up the old stairs, still there, in the old east wing of Osgoode Hall—and going up those stairs a thousand times since, it has generally come in my thoughts. William Warren Baldwin, father of Robert Baldwin, and of another son of his own name, although called a reformer, yet was a haughty, prejudiced, Protestant Irish gentleman, and wonderfully set in all his ways and notions of propriety towards young men and law students. He was in 1831 a Bencher, probably, and also the treasurer, I think, of the Law Society. He met me half way up these stairs, going up, he coming down; and although accustomed to be courteous to my superiors, not then knowing him or who he was, I did not take off my hat to him. He spoke out angrily: "Sir, why do you not take off your hat?" Passing on, I entered the upper rooms, and said nothing, but never forgot this salute, never will, if I were to ascend those stairs a thousand times. A little affront of this kind sinks deep into a boy's memory, and the old gentleman who gave it was unnecessarily particular. He was well acquainted with my father; came to Canada from Ireland about the time my father came from England. I always heard that he was very rough and aristocratic in his ways, quite different from his two sons, who were affable and courteous.

My return to Hamilton ushered in a busy year and some of the events already alluded to. I continued to write a great deal on all subjects in political and literary papers, some of which writings I have still. I have spoken, too, of the papers in which I wrote poetry, the *Casket* and *Garland*. The year 1831 hastened away; George IV. died; the great Reform Bill came up, and the Polish War ended in 1830-31.

### THE GREAT AGITATION OF REFORM IN ENGLAND—THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S CARRIAGE STONED—GREAT EXCITEMENT IN LONDON.

There never has been probably in England greater excitement than that caused by the agitation for reform, and the doing away with the rotten boroughs there by which the aristocracy had so long ruled Parliaments and disgraced parliamentary government. It was just as William IV. commenced his reign, and our now great Sovereign was in her ripe girlhood—not womanhood. In Hamilton, where I was, the *Free Press* newspaper was the leading Reform paper in the west, as before mentioned, the columns of which were always open to me, and many a letter was put into it by me about this Reform Bill, in furtherance thereof so far as colonial opinion could help. We only obtained reports from England then by sailing vessels, which only crossed about once a month. What a change we see in human events, looking back at that time comparing it with the present! We now hear every morning at our breakfast tables what has transpired, not only in England, but throughout the world. We hear by the telegraph passing its wondrous voice, its wonderful electric power, under a mighty ocean. We also get the news in the columns of beautifully printed papers, like the *Globe*, *Mail*, *World*, and still larger American papers, if in our possession.

### THE OFFICES HELD BY COLONEL WILLIAM ALLAN.

This man was one of the most bigoted, selfish and office-grabbing of the Tory oligarchy called the "Compact." He came to Toronto very early and very poor, perhaps in 1800. I never heard that he had any relatives in Canada but his own family, nor do I know whom he married, I only know his political history and his general demeanor as a man, which was proud and austere, at least to

strangers. He was on the Commission that examined the prisoners in the spring of 1838, and no doubt gloated over their misfortunes. I saw him there in person. He was well known by my father, who was a rich man, educated, and far superior in every way to him, except in his money grabbing and Family Compact selfishness. Like Dr. John Strachan, who was of very common origin in Scotland, he probably was never troubled with any Scottish relatives in Canada. I have heard a curious story of Dr. Strachan not wishing to see a brother of his who came to see him from old Scotland.

Far be it from me to say that any man who was poor and rose by his merits and strength of character higher up the ladder of life, should be underrated. It is rather a merit in him; but what I condemn is the *forgetfulness of a man's origin;* pride in one who comes from below when he happens to get higher in life. Mr. Allan was a close friend of Dr. Strachan, and they were about the same in their Scottish origin.

The offices held by Mr. Allan as it appears officially in this government almanac were these: Honorable William Allan, Treasurer of County; Collector of the Port of York; Inspector of Shops and Still Licenses; Postmaster of York, Toronto so named; on the Board of Education in Gore District, I find his name here with that of Grant Powell and Dr. Strachan; Bank of Upper Canada, President of same; Trustees, one of them, for General Hospital, Toronto, U. C. Now, what does anyone think of this list? Had not William L. Mackenzie some ground for his objections to plurality of offices? I find in the same official almanac others holding a plurality of offices, mostly among the Family Compact, but far less than the above; S. P. Jarvis being one of them; then come the Powells. In 1839 Mr. Allan was a chief officer in the Canada Company's affairs, as his son the Honorable G. W. Allan has been many years.

The Honorable R. B. Sullivan was another great office pluralist. This subject will be again referred to.

This table shows the population of Upper Canada in 1827, official returns:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1. | Eastern District | 18,368 |
| 2. | Ottawa District | 3,009 |
| 3. | Bathurst District | 12,207 |
| 4. | Johnston District | 16,719 |
| 5. | Midland District (including Kingston) | 29,425 |
| 6. | Newcastle District | 12,285 |
| 7. | Home District (including York Town) | 21,329 |
| 8. | Gore District | 16,458 |
| 9. | Niagara District | 18,913 |
| 10. | London District | 18,749 |
| 11. | Western District | 7,956 |
| | | 175,443 |

In 1817, when Mr. Robert Gourlay took the statistics of Upper Canada, and other persons also gave a record of the population, it amounted to between 80,000 and 85,000. Some persons think this was too small an enumeration: but it was correctly estimated, and as for the first, it is official—in the Government Almanac.

This is what Robert Gourlay says about the population, tabulated:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Western District | 4,158, | includes Essex and the extreme West and French people. |
| London District | 8,907, | includes Norfolk, Oxford—the Talbot Settlement. |
| Gore District | 6,684, | includes Hamilton, Galt, Waterloo, as then. |
| Niagara District | 12,568, | includes all the peninsula. |
| Home District | 7,700, | includes York and the rear country; very small then. |
| Newcastle District | 5,000 | |
| Midland District | 14,853, | all the country about Whitby, Cobourg, etc. |
| Johnston District | 9,200, | includes Kingston. |
| Eastern District | 12,700, | includes Brockville. |
| Ottawa District | 1,500, | includes Cornwall. |
| | 83,950 | |

Now, I have no reason to doubt this calculation (page 139, Vol. I., "Gourlay's Statistics," 1822). He says a Mr. Heriot, writing on the same matter, only estimates the population at 80,000. Then he says that a return was made to the Upper Canada Provincial Parliament by the Clerks of the Peace from their respective districts, of the persons taxed. It was found 9,620 persons were taxed in the districts; and he says, adding children and wives to this sum of population, it is fixed at 76,960, reckoning eight in a family. This was, no doubt, about the population when the war broke out in 1812.

It will be seen even up to 1828 the Province was divided into the divisions of districts. I again repeat the wonder that so small a population defended themselves against the Americans in that war. But the fact is, the Americans managed the war badly. I intend in Chapter VI. to give a short sketch of the battles of 1812, 1813 and 1814 fought, referring to the more striking points in them, and it will be seen how badly the war was managed, and how bravely generally Canadians fought.

The Toronto General Almanac, published in 1839, by authority, at the office of a paper called the *Palladium*, by Charles Fothergill, referring to Toronto's population then, gives the full particulars by wards, and makes the population that year, of 1838, 12,571: including the Home District, 57,314. And this almanac, which is a very useful one, full of all kinds of information, speaking of the the old town of York's population of 1826, confirms what Gourlay had said, that it contained less than Kingston. It says Kingston contained 2,329, and York only 1,677. There is no doubt that the population of our city has made great strides, and will continue to do so, although there has been a slight check last year. The almanac says that the population of Upper Canada in 1839 was 513,000.

THE MURDERS AND CONQUEST OF POLAND BY RUSSIA.

No event ever excited more sympathy and grief in the world in the early days of 1830-1-2 (unless it be the recent massacres of the Armenians by the Turks) than the murders in and conquest of poor Poland in those years, and I took a great interest in upholding the Polish cause in writing articles in the Hamilton *Free Press*, and poetry in the *Casket* and *Garland* in those years. It was part of leisure hours to do so, and I insert the following pieces of poetry on this subject then written. I thought of not inserting them, but reserving them for a future volume of my poetry, which may or may not be published. Russia, the great *bear* of Northern Asia, compelled Poland, although far more civilized and of a different religion, to submit to her tyranny and now holds her so. Many a beautiful Polish lady was abused, criminally; many a noble Pole was murdered and degraded by Cossacks in this war. The Poles were and are a noble race; the ladies the most beautiful in Europe. Many of this race have died in the deserts of Siberia, many are there now. The vile oppressions of Russia can never be forgotten by the noble minds of the world. She may fawn on England, she may conquer nations in Asia, and would conquer Europe. But the old saying is, "Scratch a Russian, you find a Tartar." She is treacherous, aggrandizing, and smiles on France (which like a fool courts her), is now fawning on England, but cannot be trusted. Playing with her is playing with a two-edged sword. When England thinks she can trust her, she may be secretly conspiring to harm England. If there is any danger of the destruction of England, and God does not overrule the matter, Russia will be the enemy who will do it. My own opinion is that Russia will be torn into fragments, politically, within half a century, perhaps half

of it. She wants Constantinople, and if she gets it, may prove her ruin when Europe rises up to expel her.

## THE POLES.

Written for the *Casket*, No. 2, October, 1831.

Hark ! the trumpet's peals in gladness flow
From Kosciusco's land,
O'er crimson combat's vivid glow,
And Poland's martial band.

On, sons of freedom ! victory
The trumpet loud proclaims ;
On, sons of freedom ! liberty
Now crowns thy heroes' names.

See ! the Cossack flies in dire dismay
Before Skrzynecki's troop,
While round his warriors gory lay,
Or fly with screaming whoop.

The Russian boor bedew'd with gore,
Now smiles upon his fate,
And turns his eyes benighted o'er
With black revengeful hate.

Look ! a tear of sorrow from his eye
Slow o'er his cheek doth roam,
His heaving breast gives forth a sigh,
While thinking of his home.

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## FALLEN WARSAW.

From the *Garland*, Literary Paper, Hamilton, November 24th, 1832

Peace to your shades, ye heroes of the grave !
No more your arms are rais'd aloft to save
Your glorious native land of olden fame ;
No more your bosoms glow with freedom's flame.

Rest, Polish warriors ! 'neath thy country's shame
Her sighs unheard, her woes without reclaim ;
Your valiant deeds all praise, your fate deplore,
Piteous sighs they gave, but aid forbore.

The widow's moan, the maiden's shriek of fear,
The orphan's cry, may draw compassion's tear;
And on the passing breeze their sorrows break,
But ne'er your guardian swords again shall wake.

The orb of day again may streak the east
With crimson touch, and call the Russian feast—
But ne'er again shall strain your nerves for fight,
Or Warsaw's fallen turrets gleam with light.

Your fathers' ghosts in bitter wrath demand,
With swords of fire upon their tombs, the hand
That held in awe the Crescent's might of yore,
When on Vienna's walls it long'd to soar.

'Twas the brave Sob'eski's timely aid,
The bold Mahomet's threat'ning power delay'd,
And drove from Europe's trembling shores a foe,
Whose frightful power uncheck'd, had laid her low.

Oh, base ingratitude of kings! the smiles
Of hopeful aid were freely given:—the wiles
Of Russia's crafty king none dared to stay,
Save Poland's victims and her heroes grey.

The last was written by me when the Poles had been crushed by Russian cruelty, the best of the population slaughtered, the women outraged, and the flower of the country's inhabitants lay in the grave.

How much better is this brutal nation now? Who would trust it? Russia no doubt has winked at, allowed with indifference the Armenians to be slaughtered by tens of thousands this year by the Turks; and she will with equal selfishness slaughter the Turks when it suits her ambition to do so. What do the groans of Siberia speak of? How many noble men are there of Poland and of her own people in political slavery? Yes, how many beautiful, suffering women? Away with all trust in such a nation of Tartars in disguise!

## MARSHALL S. BIDWELL.

I intended to have introduced this honored name with some extended remarks in this chapter as it is mentioned therein, but will have to defer it to a future one. He was in an eminent degree a model man in private and in his public life, for over twenty years, until compelled to leave Canada in December, 1837, under mean and dastardly threats by Sir Francis Bond Head, who was urged on by such men as Hagerman, and that sneak in assumed reform clothes, Sullivan, Robinson and others. He had been the Speaker of the Legislature, the leader of the Bar. But he was compelled to leave, as said, without any trial, without any proof, which Dr. Ryerson proposed to show, but he (Bidwell) would never return. He was a Methodist of eminence, a Christian of a most devoted character, and a promoter of the highest public measures at all times. Let the matter rest until the next or seventh chapter.

## A FURTHER REFERENCE TO METHODISM IN CANADA AND ENGLAND.

In one of my anterior chapters, I refer at some length to Methodism in Canada, but promised again to refer to it. By the kindness of the managers of the large Methodist Book Room, in which such a great variety of fine books is found, I had the privilege of referring to two books, by which I learned some facts worth noting here. The books to which I refer are the "Centennial of Canadian Methodism," published by direction of the General Conference in 1892, and a beautifully bound and illustrated volume, entitled "The Story of Methodism throughout the World," by A. B. Hyde, S.T.D., Professor of Greek in the University of Denver, member of the American Philological

Association, with an account of Methodism in Canada, published in the Methodist Book Room in Toronto, 1894.

It is said in the last book that now after about 150 years the name of Methodist is borne in the world by about five and a half millions of people, which it says is not one-half of those who feel its influence.

The author of this book, the preface of which is dated Denver, 1888, says he has been for fifty years an observer of Methodism and fully acquainted with its prominent characters.

John Wesley was a graduate of Oxford University, England, in 1729, where he commenced to lead a dozen of his friends into a new mode of viewing religion, and they began to read the New Testament together. It is conceded that in 1729 the world was in a state of apathy as to religion, and needed a revival. The infamous immorality of the court of Charles II., a monster of iniquity, who as compared with Cromwell with all his faults, was a devil, had disgraced the world. He was a monarch steeped in French debauchery. Cromwell died in 1658, and then darkness commenced to gather. He said on his death-bed, "God will take care of His people." I suppose it is known to my readers that the corrupt king Charles ordered Cromwell's bones to be dug up, and also Judge Bradshaw's, and placed upon a public gallows to be gazed at. A greater villain never reigned in England than this king, unless it be Henry VIII. It is a disgrace to England that Cromwell's memory has not been honored by a monument, but it will be in time.

John Wesley was born June 17th, 1703, at Epworth. Samuel Wesley, his father, an excellent man, died in 1735, at the age of seventy. Charles Wesley was five years younger than John. Susannah Annesley, of London, was John Wesley's mother, and the author, it is said, of

Methodism. Adam Clark says John Wesley's mother, who had nineteen children, was one of the greatest women and mothers that ever lived. All her life she urged him on to holiness and God's service. He went to Oxford and soon surpassed all the students, and at twenty-three had formed a club of young men called "The Holy Club," devoted to God's service. Whitfield was one.

George Whitfield was, like Moody, a wonderful Christian, a modern St. Paul. As in the case of Chalmers, a great sickness nigh unto death converted him. The author of the "History of Methodism" says Whitfield was the greatest orator England had. Franklin admired him greatly, and so also did Hume, the philosopher.

### THE FUNDAMENTAL POINTS OF METHODISM.

After a great deal of research into doctrinal points and the opinions of ecclesiastical men in all days, John Wesley arrived at the sum of spiritual belief. But it was such as St. Paul and the apostles of Christ laid down in their epistles, and what Christ more summarily asserted. I see nothing new in it. Christ asserts it in the fifteenth chapter of St. John's Gospel; St. Paul asserts it in the eighth chapter of Romans and the fifth chapter of 2 Corinthians. John Wesley only emphasized and put it into absolute daily practice. I find at the bottom of all dissenting creeds the same thing—and it is the animating principle of the Church of England—which is guided too much by its Prayer Book—a half-Romish book; but the bottom principles of this great Church are right. They should abandon the worst points in this book, as the Presbyterians should revise their Confession of Faith. Did Christ give us an obscure Gospel, or something very plain to any understanding?

### THE ORIGIN OF METHODISM.

Methodism arose then in England, in 1739, and in the United States, in 1775; in the Maritime Provinces, under the Rev. William Black, in 1779; and in Upper and Lower Canada between 1780 and 1790. Its starting points in Canada were Adolphustown, Napanee, Prince Edward County, Kingston and Brockville, through the influence of the Rev. Mr. Losee, missionary of the American Episcopal Church.

What we want with religion is a share of good common-sense as well as enlightened enthusiasm. Christ never got extravagant in His sermons—all was plain common-sense —an unfaltering faith in His Gospel. I don't pretend to give more than a short notice here of the origin of Methodism in Canada.

### ROBERT GOURLAY—FURTHER REFERENCE TO HIM, 1817.

He, in reference to Sandwich, says a meeting was held there on the 18th day of December, 1817, to take up his queries about statistics.

This township began to be settled in 1750 by the French, or a little earlier. Contains now one thousand people. Settled chiefly on the front of the river. The town was larger then than now, as it is described as having thirteen shops, eight taverns, eight windmills and one water-mill. The persons who attended the meeting of inquiry were all by their names English or Scotch, except the Babys. Of them there were two, F. Baby, J.P., and J. B. Baby, J.P.

### MALDEN TOWNSHIP

is one south of this, near Lake Erie. It had in 1817, 675 people, twelve stores, five taverns and two windmills.

Within this township is the port and town of Amherstburgh. There is an Indian reserve of a large kind kept

up for the Huron Indians. The report was signed by William Caldwell, J.P., Chairman, and A. Maisonville, Secretary.

### TOWNSHIP OF RALEIGH.

The address to Mr. Gourlay is very flattering. Speaks highly of his laudable efforts to get information and promote emigration. The township commenced to settle in 1792. The settlement is chiefly on the banks of the Thames, and a small one on Lake Erie, and there were only about 250 persons there. This is now a well-settled township. The report is signed by thirteen persons of influence. Among them I see the names of Daniel Dolson and William McCrae, J.P.

### TOWNSHIPS OF CHATHAM, CAMDEN, HARWICH, OXFORD AND HOWARD

are referred to, were thinly settled. A Mr. John Dolson signed the report. There is a Mr. Dolson, an influential man, now in the town of Chatham. All these townships are now well settled. Chatham town now contains nearly 10,000 people. There were, in 1817, a good many Indians—the Delewares and Moravians. All this region suffered by the American invasion in the war of 1812. All reports sent to Mr. Gourlay from the extreme west—middle townships from Trafalgar and Nelson—concurred in approving of his actions, and said the Government at York were to blame for not selling the lands, and for absentees holding lands.

### EASTWARD IN NELSON, WELLINGTON SQUARE AND TRAFALGAR.

The persons who signed a reply to Mr. Gourlay seem to have been very influential. These were William Chisholm John Brant, Asahel Davis, Thomas Ghent, Daniel O'Reilly, Morris McKay, Augustus Bates.

### IN EAST FLAMBORO' AND BEVERLEY.

Those who signed were Wm. Hare, J.P., John Keagy, James Durand, H. Lyons, the Copes, Cornells, Markles, Van Everys, and others; and John Brant, the Indian chief, and Richard Hatt approved of Gourlay's acts.

One of the largest and best replies is that of Col. Thos. Clarke and Robert Addison, of Niagara, which goes to the bottom of the faults of the York Government and of the English Government too.

### LANDS OUT OF THE GRAND RIVER—INDIAN GRANT.

Thomas Clarke says the beautiful township Nichol in 1817 (part of this grant) was granted by the Canadian Executive Council; 29,000 acres were granted to him under the great seal of the Province in April, 1807, at four shillings currency an acre.

His language in this letter addressed to Gourlay is strong and firm, condemning the policy of the land granting department at York, and in favor of general emigration and of American settlers. The Indians had on the Grand River an immense tract, of which 356,000 acres were sold by them at that price, the principal being placed in the hands of trustees for them, and the interest paid in presents to them annually, as it is still.

He distributes the last-named lands thus: On the east side of the mouth of the river, 53,000 acres, called the townships of Wederburn and Canbury; 94,000 acres sixty miles up the river and sixty miles from its mouth, called the township of Dumfries, extending on each side of the river six miles. This is a beautiful township; includes Galt. The next parcels constitute the two great townships of

## WATERLOO AND WOOLWICH.

Waterloo's grant was of the same size as Dumfries. Woolwich's grant was 86,000 acres adjoining and above Nichol. Waterloo is one of the finest townships in Upper Canada.

Who bought the Dumfries, Waterloo and Woolwich lands, I don't know, but think the Dicksons bought the first, and paid no doubt the same as Clarke paid. Thus the Indians got some less than $356,000. Nichol, so wild in 1807, is the one through which I rode in 1832 and was lost. Now well settled.

The name of the Rev. Robert Addison I greatly respect. Well I might, as he christened me in 1812, and was long a most useful minister of the Gospel. Mr. Thomas Clarke I have no reason to so respect, for he and Thomas Street treated my father very unjustly in about 1810, and when he died in 1833. These men blamed the land granting department at York at first.

Mr. Gourlay in his description of *Canadian animals* makes some errors. He says there are two species of weasels in Canada, the brown and the white, the fact being that the first turns white in the winter. He says the common deer has short, turned-up horns, whereas the male, when old, has very long branchy horns. He says we have an animal called the wolverene; no such animal ever existed. He says the porcupine climbs trees; such assertion is wrong. He spells raccoon, racoon. He says we have only four kinds of squirrels but we have five, including the flying squirrel, which has always been found in this province. He says we have only one kind of wild-cat, but I think we have two.

# CHAPTER V.

Going back a little—Intercourse with brother Harry—Sister Helen—What was done on the farm in the woods—Work and incidents in a farmer's life—Kindness of Dr. Strachan to my sister in life and at death—1832, an emigrant year in Canada—Also the cholera year—Who were then in Hamilton—An editor's death—Some strange emigrants whom I knew—Cutting grain in hot weather—Driving oxen—The flight of summer birds—A letter—My father wanted to go to Chili in 1826.

For a time I go back in events in my life and speak of old once-loved scenes, with sisters and brothers, things "of auld lang syne." Then will refer to 1831 and 1832, some time again.

### MY SISTER HELEN.

I have said something about my sister Helen in the first chapter and her infancy. Born on the Mills farm in 1816, after our arrival from the Bay of Quinte. Now will say more of her on the Grand River farm from 1820 to 1830, '31, '32. She had a sagacious cat, and used to go into the fields at times with this cat in 1825 and 1826. I went with her, and for amusement would turn over old stumps, and there were generally found the little animals called field mice which the cat would immediately catch and kill. These little animals are a nuisance to farmers, and will often gnaw young trees in the winter, killing them, and devour grain and vegetables at all times. They are double the size of the house mouse, and resemble a small rat. There are three kinds of mice in our province: the common

house mouse, this field mouse, and a wood mouse, with white on its under parts, having a long tail, is shy, and quick in its actions, is only found in woods so far as I know. The rat is a large species of mouse, and was not in Upper Canada before 1780, I am told. This cat understood its business well, and what we wanted it to do, and enjoyed it Cats are often very intelligent, very affectionate, and will find their way back to their homes when left very far off. After the death of her mother Helen had a lonely time, no female about the house to talk to her except servants. We used often to sit in winter about the blazing wood fires in the Grand River farm with our father after our mother's death. Helen would talk to him and do many little kindnesses for him; often have I seen this. Henry, Ferdinand, Alonzo and myself were at home in long winter nights of 1829-30.

In 1830 she spent a little time with her sisters Maria and Harriet. In 1832 at Dundas with me, and with her father in the summer when I was sick. In 1833 and 1834 she was at school at Toronto, where she was very kindly treated by Bishop Strachan and his wife. She was taught at a large private school of Mrs. Widow Coburn, a Scotch lady who lost her husband near Montreal from an attack of cholera in 1832. Mrs. Coburn had sons and daughters —one of her sons lived in Cobourg and was a lawyer, and afterwards a member of the Legislature. At this school, in the winter of 1834, my sister caught a violent cold from careless thin dressing, a habit in some schools then and now. She was a member of the English Church.

### HOW SHOULD YOUNG LADIES DRESS IN SCHOOLS?

It was at this school the custom to let young ladies, even in winter, dress with bare arms and necks, often going in cold winter weather to church with their dresses or cloaks

covering their bare arms. Is this right? My sister by this got her cold, causing death in so doing; others did so. She was not consumptive, naturally robust and healthy. Mrs. Coburn was a lady-like person, had been used to this manner of dress in Scotland, which I noticed at her house, and was surprised at it as a young man. Helen died in great pain in March, 1834, aged 18, holding a Testament in her hands, which is in my possession. Would be eighty years old if now alive. Her body was buried in St. James' burial-ground in this city on the 24th March, 1834, Bishop Strachan officiating, I being present. Helen was a devoted Christian girl. If there are any schools where young ladies are treated as they were at this school, let me warn them and their overseers to be more careful; our climate is too cold for such a mode of dressing. We have abundance of means of avoiding it, and I don't think it very modest.

In memory of a sister so dear, if I add a few solemn words and verses about her—stanzas of poetry which I wrote the next year after her death, December 29th, 1835, making slight alterations—it will be pardoned. She was very fond of morning glories, a climbing flower, to which I alluded. I had played with her in infancy and girlhood, and was present at her last sickness.

Ere womanhood had come to thee
Or woman's loveliest bloom,
Untimely death, like mid-day sun,
As morning glory did remove,
Thy body to the silent tomb,
Expiring nature's final home;
As well for youth as age the doom.

Thou wilt no more when spring shall come,
As bright as former ones,
Return again to thy once lov'd home,

Or gaze upon the golden suns,
Whose courses through the skies have run ;
But art thou gone, forever gone,
Like all our dearest ones ?

Sweet flowers will deck the mountain's brow,
The gleesome thrush as loudly sing,
And nature look as bright as now,
In ev'ry joyful coming spring ;
But Helen, thou art pass'd away,
With girlhood sports no more to play,
To mingle with the earthly clay.

Is this man's sad abiding fate,
To live, to think and then to die ?
All nature see the star-decked sky,
A universe of worlds so great,
Then pass away with dust to lie ?
It cannot be ; we'll surely rise,
To brighter spheres, unclouded skies,
To see again with spirit eyes.

## PLOUGHING IN THE RICH SOIL WITH HORSES—THOUGHTS ON FARMERS' LIVES IN 1826 AND AFTER.

Henry would hold the plough, I would drive the horses, in 1826, '27, '28. We would pretend to be men and talk of what we would do. We assumed names. I was "Mr. Clarke," and he someone else. So we built castles in the air, and drew bright pictures of coming manhood. The birds were sitting in the trees about us calling "caddy-way, caddy-way," the little grey birds of which I have spoken called "plough-birds." We greatly enjoyed ourselves with this imagined manhood. I cannot remember that my brothers and I ever quarrelled or had bad words to say to one another. How blessed a thing is this! In after life it is happy to think of.

All my brothers have gone above to a happier life. Two

of them died long ago far away from Canada, and not in my presence; others died in Canada—one after the other all departed. If this is read by other brothers and sisters not allied to me, I say to them, "Love one another dearly, that no memory may arise to cause regret or sorrow." My brother Ferdinand died on the Mississippi in 1859, and Henry in Toledo, Ohio, in March, 1839; I had seen them before in Ohio in 1835 in a journey undertaken for that purpose, to which I shall refer in a future chapter. My brother Alonzo died near Chatham in 1840 (when I was in Chicago), in one of the French settlements, and had married a French woman.

When ploughing as described, large crow-blackbirds, would follow and pick up the grubs as they were turned up—tame as barn fowls. In the calm summer nights of June and July when the cows had come in from the fields, and were chewing their evening cuds; when the whippoorwill was calling to its mate in the nearest grove, and the wood-cock was making its flight into the air, twittering up there its usual cry; when nature was all hushed preparatory to the going of man to his rest, how lovely it was (and is now among farmers in the woods) to feel this sweet hush of the happy things around us! Yes, nature in her calmness is lovely, and the farmer's life well regulated the happiest in the country. Long may our happy farm-houses enjoy this quietude, and Canada be the home of tens of thousands of happy men and women, as well as all our provinces east and west!

### BIRDS DESTROYING CHERRIES.

What birds are they? Robins, red-headed wood-peckers (which are the worst) and the cedar birds. How do you suppose we used to kill them? We used to get a long pole higher than the tree and sink it in the ground. The

wood-peckers, sometimes two at a time, would alight on it; then we would strike it with an axe as hard as we could, and kill both. These birds will soon strip a tree. There were many in 1826-8.

In 1826 I went into the woods to cut a tree for fire-wood and carelessly cut a deep gash in the fleshy part of the calf of my leg. It bled some; I tied a handkerchief tightly around it and walked home with difficulty to my mother. Had the cut been where it would have bled much it might have been dangerous. I was three-quarters of a mile from home and was laid up several months. In 1832 I recollect going into the pea-field with a scythe and cutting peas in August in its hottest days. In order to help my father build his new house, I used to go with a yoke of oxen named "Buck and Bright" (I could manage oxen as well as horses) to haul sand for building the new house three miles from a farm on Fairchild's Creek, owned by Mr. Bunnell, whose family now live in Brantford. Many loads I so drew in the hot summer days in 1830. In addressing juries in the country where agricultural questions came up, I used to tell them, "Gentlemen of the jury, I was once a farmer's boy and understand all about a farm," so they were satisfied with my course of argument. Probably no lawyer in Toronto ever addressed more country juries than I have since 1844 up to 1880. It may be known to be the case by Judge Boyd, who used to go with me at times, then practising as a lawyer. The same may be said of the now Judges Falconbridge and Chancellor Boyd, as well as the County Court Judge, Mr. Morgan, then in Newmarket. I used to have some curious cases—jury cases—before Judge Gowan, of Barrie, in his county. One I might allude to, it is short. It was about the identity of pigs claimed by two neighbors. It is strange how difficult it is often to prove the identity

of pigs, dogs, or cattle; they grow so fast their appearances change greatly in a year.

### THE MONO CASE ABOUT A HERD OF PIGS.

Some twenty-four years ago it came up before a jury. The question was settled chiefly by the pigs knowing the peculiar calls of the defendant's family, and answering them. My client lost his case; I was for the plaintiff. Dog cases of this kind occur in towns and villages more than in the country. Well, in these cases, as in all, truth and strict justice should be the main ends of law. Snap verdicts may be obtained by an eloquent, skilful lawyer, but it is no satisfaction secretly to him or any one if he succeeds by trampling on truth and justice.

### AN OLD LOG COURT-HOUSE ON JOHN STREET IN HAMILTON IN 1827-8-9.—A GREAT TRIAL THERE IN 1827.

Will any of my readers in Hamilton (and some will doubtless read my book) remember this log court-house? I fear not, for it is over sixty-nine years ago that I was in it with my father at a great trial there in August, 1827, reported in the Gore *Gazette* (now in my possession), published by the late George Gurnett, at Ancaster, in the old Compact interest. A long time ago, this. The good old Bible says, and it is mostly true in its assertions, "Three scores and ten are the age of men; if they longer live, life but trouble gives." Solomon in all his glory, with all his wives and concubines,—chariots, palaces, gold, great temple and vanities, only lived about seventy years. Take up your Bibles and see. David, his father before him, only lived to the age of seventy-one years, and then was feeble; but here am I, at the age of near eighty-six, writing about this trial that took place sixty-nine years ago!!

This old court-house stood near where Mr. Cattermole's boarding house stood in 1834, just opposite the Hamilton court-house square, east side of John Street. I boarded at this house for about two years, in 1834 and part of 1835, perhaps. It was a house where many Scotch and English gentlemen boarded and some ladies. Suppose I mention a few names, whose owners—all of whom were older than I was—now passed away: Colonel Bowen, an Englishman; Captain Milne, a lieutenant of the British Navy, son of him of whom I spoke as the friend of my father in early times; Mr. Watson, his wife, and Miss Maitland, his wife's sister. Mr. Watson was a brewer, once lived in Oakville. Mr. Cattermole was a genuine Englishman, lived in this house for perhaps ten years.

In 1827, my father took me to this old court-house, and there were few better anywhere. He seemed to want to make me accustomed to courts. There was much excitement about a wicked and wanton personal assault made upon Mr. George Rolph, of Dundas, by some disguised (so-called) gentlemen in that year. At first they were not known, many never known, but Dr. James Hamilton and Titus G. Simons, of West Flamboro,' and a Mr. Robertson, whom I never knew (the others I did), were found out, tried, convicted and fined $80 each, that is, Hamilton and Simons—Robertson got clear. This sum at that day would be equal to $200 now. I went to the trial for a time with my father. Mr. Justice James B. Macaulay, then of York, was the Judge, assigned specially by commission to try this special case, and impartially he did so, as he acted in every case he ever tried. Dr. John Rolph, Robert Baldwin and Dr. William Warren Baldwin, his father, acted for George Rolph as counsel. Allan N. McNab and a Mr. Chewett acted for the defendants. The cause of the outrage arose from political envy and private hatred, as the

public thought. I think Mr. George Rolph was elected a member of the Legislature in 1828 after the trial, showing what the public thought, yet the influence of his enemies caused his removal from his office of Clerk of the Peace soon after, a removal for no other reason.

There is a criminal history attached to this old court-house. It was here that two men named Young, living in Barton, on the mountain, were tried away back in 1830, for murdering their hired man. They were convicted on the evidence of a man who said he saw the supposed murdered man thrown into a coal pit on fire. Some bones were found which doctors (whom I don't remember) testified were the remains of a human being. So the two Youngs were convicted, but the execution of death was delayed. The supposed-to-be-murdered man returned within a year or less, and the perjured witness was then tried and sentenced to stand in the *pillory* in the *stocks* in the Hamilton public square for one or two days, his neck being in a yoke, and everyone gazing at him. This was the only case that ever so happened. It was a terrible case of perjury, for had not the man said to be murdered returned, the two Youngs might have been hung.

### ANOTHER CURIOUS INCIDENT IN CHICAGO, 1840.

It was from this old court-house which had a goal under or attached to it, that an Irishman escaped by digging out, who had been convicted of rape in Brantford. This man was afterwards tried in Chicago in 1840 when I was there practising law, for the murder and rape of a woman who lived up the north branch of the Chicago River, and was hung on the prairies, a mile from the town. The evidence was circumstantial only, but convinced the jury. There had been a great struggle in a wet muddy place, and the prisoner seemed in the struggle to have had a piece of his flannel

shirt collar torn off, which had a peculiar kind of button on it. The button and piece were found and identified by a woman in Chicago who sewed on the button for the prisoner. It was also proved that he had made threats against the murdered woman, and had burnt up his clothes in his hut the day of the murder.

### A NEW COURT-HOUSE BUILT OF STONE, 1830.

The old court-house was torn down, and Peter H. Hamilton, my brother-in-law, was the head contractor, who employed a builder to build a stone court-house on the spot where the present splendid building stands. The builder was named Hardy. Does any one now remember him? I do, and saw the foundation laid, the marks of the sand dug out, where once the water washed it up—the marks of water plainly. It was from this log court-house goal, too, that two other men were hung, one named Vincent and the other Nadley, the exact dates I don't remember.

### THE WONDERFUL INSTINCT OF BIRDS—WHAT BECOMES OF OUR SUMMER BIRDS—WILD BIRDS IN OUR WINTER.

I used in olden times to be greatly interested in this question, and many of my readers may be now. I used to hear flocks of wild geese at night flying in the high air, crying as they came near water, "Hong, hong, hung, hong," and likewise the whistling of innumerable flocks of ducks up in the air, all going south, probably to the Gulf of Mexico, South or North Carolina. Curiosity often made me ask where do our sweet little birds go, and I find they go south to Texas and other distant lands, winter there and return to bless us with their songs in the spring.

Until January last I had a grandson named after me, who was a son of my daughter, Mrs. Julia Isabella Oldright, formerly of Toronto. He was a student in the

University of Texas, had been two years in Germany at Universities there, returned to Texas in 1895, and was a lecturer on Biology in the said *Alma Mater*, when a very sudden and lamentable attack of violent diphtheria carried him off on the 19th day of January, 1896. He was passionately fond of birds, a great ornithologist, had been in Toronto some ten years ago and knew our birds, was well acquainted with them and the Texas birds. In 1890 he wrote me a fond letter about the Texan and Canadian birds, which I herein insert to show where our birds go in the winter. It will be read with interest, no doubt. His description of the mocking-bird and of the southern red bird is very particular and fine. We have these birds in cages in Toronto. I have had them, and I heard and saw them in Texas in 1881 when there. When lying in bed in Texas at daylight the mocking-bird used to sing close to my window. This bird is the best mimic in the world. Its plumage is plain, its powers of imitation unsurpassed. The death of my grandson, so sudden, in his bright youth, with great prospects of success in the world, was not only a terrible shock to his parents, but was a matter of deep regret to all his friends everywhere. If we had no expectation of again meeting in a better, a brighter world of spirits, it would be more so. We expect to meet again; the best of the departed and the best of the living have held and have this hope. King David, when he lost a son, said, "I cannot bring him back, but must go to him." This is the letter spoken of:

"AUSTIN, TEXAS, *March 21st*, 1890.

"DEAR GRANDPA,—

"I will try now to fulfil my long neglected duty of writing to you. As I know you will like to hear about the birds you used to admire so much when you were here, I will try to say something about them. The mocker is, of course, pre-eminent. I read some-

where not long ago that the mocking-bird does not imitate the notes of any bird except at the season when that bird is found, and I have found this statement to be true; in the winter the mocker does not sing much, and imitates only the birds common around it, but in the spring the mocking-bird welcomes each new bird-arrival with a song more melodious than even that of the bird itself. The mocking-bird does improve on the song of the birds it hears; for instance, the Mexican canary, which you probably remember, has a hurried, unfinished song, which our mimic neatly finishes. The other day I heard a mocker imitating a king-fisher, whose harsh, rattling notes, though still recognizable, were rendered almost musical.

"The trees are now green, warblers are trilling their insect-like songs from their tops, lark sparrows are singing in all the grassy places, the loud whistling of the red-birds issues from every clump of bushes, and the first humming-birds flit to and fro amongst the newly opened flowers; in fact, one can see half of the 162 species of birds which are found here, in a day's tramp.

"I have seen nearly all of the summer birds in Canada around Austin in the winter or spring; birds like the robin, Baltimore oriole, highhole, grey bird, chippie, and I regret to say, the "English Sparrow." This pest has become quite common in Austin in the last two or three years, before which time it was unknown.

"It was such a pity that Toronto University was burned, on account of carelessness; I spent many pleasant hours in that grand collection of books in the library, I fear that some of them can never be replaced.

"Well, I am feeling too badly, have a headache and cold, to write any more now.

"Your affectionate grandson,

"CHARLES DURAND OLDRIGHT."

## BEAUTIFUL CHILI—WANTING TO GO THERE IN 1826—THE CHOLERA.

My father took quite a fancy to go to this beautiful country, and was continually talking to us about going there. He purchased a number of books giving statistics of it. I read them with great avidity, and tried to master

the Spanish language and the Indian language, in which I became partly proficient.

There was then a large body of Indians in that country, and it was described as a lovely country with a very even temperature. We are all fond of reading about the great range of the Andes mountains, next to the Himalayas the highest in the world. We read with great interest of the great birds called the condor, the most savage and largest of the eagle tribe. These books, of which I was so fond, were burnt up with many others in the fire which destroyed our old Grand River house in 1829.

This desire to go to Chili was for several years a burning one with all of us. Since that time and in recent years, wars with Peru have greatly disturbed the country, and of course caused ill blood between neighboring Republics. These South American Spanish Republics, although called enlightened, are semi-civilized. It may be, so far as I am concerned, just as well my father never carried out his intentions, which were partly fanciful. These South American Republics do not make such progress as free Protestant countries would do.

### WHAT ABOUT THE GREAT EMIGRATION OF 1832?

I was then boarding with old Mr. George Carey and this being the only good hotel, all genteel emigrants stopped there. I must tell of two of whom I took particular notice, and who talked a good deal with me and every one. One was a little man, but learned, named Dr. Thomas Rolph—in after years a dabbler in Canadian politics—edited a paper of some kind at Ancaster, where he lived for a time—took the part of the Family Compact—was there in 1837. He was of middle age. The other a jovial man, no doubt a disciple of the school of Epicurus. He was a perfect atheist, a man of over middle age, but

wholly indifferent to religion, laughed at it, in fact he kept up the greatest good nature about death and a future world. Perhaps I can best describe him as a disciple of the old Grecian Epicurus, of Hume, Gibbons, Voltaire, and the French and English deists and atheists. "What is the use of bothering one's self about a future life—laugh and pass off life in a jolly, good way—live as best we can—don't mind death—when it comes it is our friend—the world is to be enjoyed and life laughed at." Such sentiments were continually in his mouth. He was rich, genteel, well bred, healthy.

### JOLLY EMIGRANTS OF VARIOUS OPINIONS.

Dr. Thomas Rolph would say to him, "Don't be an atheist. There is a God, but as for Christianity, it is all fudge—a religion of supreme sentiments, but only man's invention—perhaps the best that we can get." Such were the sentiments of these two educated, learned Englishmen, and such are the secret sentiments of many of what is called educated society, men and women, when secretly known everywhere in Europe and America to-day. I listened to them, did not agree with them, and wrote a good deal, partly in papers, partly in manuscript, now in my possession.

### A DIALOGUE BETWEEN BROTHERS ON RELIGION.

Whether from such conversations as the above or other cause, I can't say, but in this year, a large manuscript, in the shape of a dialogue, formally, between me, my brothers Henry, Ferdinard and Alonzo, was written by me in a shape to be published (and could be yet), about all sides in religion. First one brother argued as a deist, the next as an atheist, the third as an agnostic, or person of pure indifference, having no fixed opinions, something like

the old jolly Englishman I have described; the fourth myself in my name, argued in favor of the truth and absolute necessity of religion and revelation from God to man. Arguing pro and con with my three brothers, the conclusion was that religion was necessary, that God had revealed himself to man, and that Jesus Christ was from God, and His Gospel necessary and true. Sixty-four years have yellowed over the paper some, but it is easily read. I had read all phases of belief about religion in all nations in books whenever I could lay my hands on them since I was eighteen and twenty. The Pythagorean doctrines, Confucius' philosophy, the doctrines of the Sun worshippers, the Brahmins, the Mahometans, the Jews and the great Asiatic Buddha were all more or less known to me—not so much as now—and my conclusion as an arguer was, that Christianity was true. This book is still in my hands. Often have I spoken to others (Christians in 1833-4) about it. I once spoke to old Mrs. Richard Beasley (who had become very religious) about this manuscript in 1833 when I was giving much time to religious work in Sunday Schools and otherwise. She approved of it very much as I was young. In this year I came under deep religious thought and impressions, about which I will speak when describing the sudden and terrible death of my father in March, 1833. My impressions on the subject have not changed. If Christianity is false, if Christ was a *benevolent impostor*, where, oh, where are we to seek for or find truth? When I say what the under-current belief of the gay theatre-going, horse-racing, gambling society people, men and women in the civilized world is, I must not be understood as saying that there is not a great number of excellent men and women who believe not (as I do) in God and Christ Jesus, whose practice is in accordance with their belief honest and upright.

The Honorable William McDougall, who travelled some twenty years ago a good deal all over Europe, told me at that time he found European genteel and educated society steeped in infidel belief. I once, about thirty years ago, conversed with a lawyer who is now high up in promotion on the Bench, on the subject of religion. He said, "I am indifferent to it, I have travelled a great deal, read a great deal, travelled all over California when young and have come to the conclusion to just let the world wag on its way. I will take life easy and run the chance." Many a man (many a lawyer, too) has said the same to me. Yet there is such a thing as moral truth and true religion! Among the Greeks there were various schools of thought. Epicurus was for pleasure and virtue if virtue was not in the way of pleasure. The Peripatetic philosophy allowed pleasure and virtue in moderation in their philosophers. There was a school who believed in pleasure only as there is now. Among the emigrants there was a married gentleman who believed in the pleasure of marriage. It was about this time that Collin Ferrie, who married Miss Catherine Beasley, a beautiful lady, Mr. Brown, John Young, a merchant, the Hopes, Mr. Jas. Osborne, Mr. Begg, whom I met in Detroit last year, and others, came to Hamilton. All of these young Scotch gentlemen became in after years prosperous and wealthy. Mr. Brown boarded at Carey's inn with me, was sick there, died young, and was too wild. Mr. John Young married a Miss Coleman and lived a long time in Hamilton. The books say that the great French deist and atheist Voltaire, renowned all over the world for his learning and wit which greatly promoted the French revolution at the end of the last century, once said, boastingly, "Twelve men established Christianity. I, one man, will destroy it." Did he do so? Since his time the Wesleys have preached, great and eminent divines have preached and moved all the

world with their oratory, and elevated Christ and Christianity more than it ever was before. Even now a Moody lives who can move any community to tears and religious feeling; a Spurgeon and a Punshon have lived; Methodism has grown to have five and a half million followers; Presbyterianism has nearly as many, and Christianity and missionary work never were so prosperous. So Christianity lives, will live on, and so will its opposite, infidelity. Many a poor advocate of Christ's gospel, like Bunyan and Baxter, will live in memory, have influence, when Voltaire is forgotten! The world must have a religion.

BUT THE CHOLERA CAME UPON US IN 1832.

Its wings of death came with Europe's emigrant throng to the United States and Canada, causing thousands of deaths. I see that Mr. Lindsey in his life of W. L. Mackenzie, says, "that one in every twenty died in Toronto in 1834, and as many in 1832." Some of my mother's relations died in Hamilton on the Burlington Heights. I will pass on to its description. This terrible disease carried off many well-known citizens in one day. A young man, a tailor, named Whittimore, walked down John Street to the lake, was taken sick on his way home and died the same night. I have in a book an account of what took place, and my thoughts and feelings about it. But I was not in Hamilton all the summer—as I have said, was sick with fever all through August at Dundas. In fact, had quite a dangerous attack of fever until the autumn of 1832. As usual with me, as I was getting well I walked into the fields and woods in September and saw the beautiful birds preparing to leave for the south, feeding on the autumn berries of all kinds, and thus enjoyed myself until October, when I returned to my office duties. Death from cholera had carried off many in the summer.

### MY BROTHERS HENRY, FERDINAND AND ALONZO.

During, or at the close of 1832, these three brothers went to Adelaide village and township in Middlesex County—about fourteen miles west of London, Canada, on the River Thames, not far from the Indian mission at Moraviantown—the first two to open a country merchant store, and the last to assist in it. It was upon the advice of our father, who had about that time early in 1832 visited the western part of Canada and bought two hundred acres of land at Port Sarnia, covering a good part of the town of Sarnia.

The goods in the store had been chiefly bought of my brother James Durand, then carrying on a large store in Dundas. Our father was driving about a good deal in his double-horse carriage all over the western counties. He had made a sale of his Grand River farm to an Englishman named Such, in that year, and I was most of the time at Hamilton, except my two months' sickness spoken of at Dundas. The cholera abated and left Hamilton as soon as the cold weather came on in the autumn.

### EDITOR JOHNSON OF THE "WESTERN MERCURY."

One of its victims was this gentleman, a man of education who came out from Ireland in probably 1831. He carried on the paper in the interest of the Family Compact. Another victim was a tailor named Whittimore, a fine young man, one would have thought the last to go. Generally, the cholera of 1832 and 1834, attacked persons who were addicted to dissipated habits, especially drunkards, but all who lived irregularly. Whittimore was, on the contrary, very temperate and regular in habits He was attacked on going down to the lake on John Street, and died the same day, although well in the morning. This is

before alluded to, yet Whittimore's death caused unusual excitement. I made a note of it in a book in my possession at the time. My father was quite fearful of it, but was never attacked. I was not at all fearful, if my diary at the time be correct, and that is too my recollection.

The year rolled on, and we entered on 1833 fearful of the return of the cholera, which, strange to say—and strange to all of that age—skipped the year in America and Europe too, in its effects, but came on in 1834 more violent than in 1832.

### THE EMIGRATION ROUTE.

It followed the stream of emigration everywhere, and the poor emigrants suffered death very largely. I am not going in this chapter to say much here, save the dread it caused all over the world. It was said, as reported in the newspapers, to have caused the death of one in every twenty persons in 1834 in Toronto.

In 1833 a very sudden and melancholy misfortune befell our family by the loss of our father early in March, to which I will devote an article hereafter. It had the effect of injuring the business of Henry and Ferdinand, of greatly incommoding me in life in monetary matters, as my prospects of obtaining my profession were interfered with. For a time so great was my grief that I had an idea of even changing my profession to that of the sacred calling of a minister of the Gospel, to which in a future chapter I will more fully refer.

The year 1833 was fatal to emigration prospects, and on the whole a quiet one in Canada, although exciting in England on account of the Reform Bill agitation.

# CHAPTER VI.

**The war of 1812—Remarks on it—Causes of it—Napoleon determined to crush England—Brock's proclamation—The *Bee*, a paper owned and published by the late James Durand, sen., at Niagara in 1812, inserted this proclamation as it reads below—The population of the western district and of Upper Canada—The taking of Detroit and Hull—The Battle of Queenstown—The bravery of the Indians under Tecumseh.**

I INSERT below the proclamation of the President of the Civil Government of Upper Canada, as well as the commander at the same time of its military forces. There were other papers than the *Bee* probably in which it appeared in Upper Canada, but none in the western part of it.

This paper, like all of the first papers in our province, was small, and as I saw the original copy, can give its size.

The number I saw was obtained from the family of the late County Judge, Richard Miller, Esq., of Galt, County Judge for many years over Waterloo. He had obtained it from his father, —— Miller, Esq., of Niagara, in his lifetime, the father having taken an active part in the war of 1812 and, I think, was at the battle of Beaver Dams, when the American army under Col. Boelster, five hundred and forty strong, officers and men, was surprised and surrendered to Col. FitzGibbon.

The *Bee* was not more than eighteen inches long by a foot wide, and contained two sheets that size. When first published, and how often, I can't tell. It was full of letters

and appeals to the Canadians to take up arms and maintain their independence, defying the threatened invasion of Canada by General Hull at Detroit.

This proclamation of Sir Isaac Brock contains the information not noticed by me before, and perhaps most Canadians never have read it. It in effect says that the Americans had given Napoleon to understand that if they conquered the Canadas, they would hand over to French control what had been taken from them by England in the French wars, and at Quebec by Wolfe in 1759. Napoleon was to help the Americans by his moral and commercial influences in Europe—in effect, to be their ally.

England, from 1800 to 1812, was abandoned by the European nations, who were under Napoleon's military control. Only this brave lion of the world and of the seas withstood the threats and power of the great monster of France, who defied God and man, trampled upon all that was religious and lawful, disregarded his duty to his wife, used his French soldiers as puppets to kick about, murder and destroy to suit his bloody and infamous designs on the world.

The American Republic, although of the same kith and kin, the same language and religion, from motives of revenge, and from motives to put down all English rule in America (a motive still restless in their breasts), preferred a tyrant's friendship, a vile dictator over the trembling nations of Europe, to the free Protestant nation of England, which had for a thousand years sustained the only true liberty there was in the world, a nation from which the Americans had imbibed their love of free government.

It was Napoleon's opportunity to get back a debt which the Americans owed France for Lafayette's assistance in the American Revolutionary War, and the Americans' opportunity to again foist France and the Pope on Canada.

It was an unprincipled position for a nation calling themselves Republicans to be in. President Madison, at Washington, was the cause. It was pretended that the Americans were injured by the "orders in council" in England, giving England the right to search American vessels for English sailors, which orders were repealed before the war commenced, and this the Americans knew and disregarded. The Americans had also made up their minds to have a war, and for several years before 1812 had been preparing a military expedition in Ohio and Kentucky. The Indians were generally in favor of England in the North-West. These the Americans wanted also to extirpate, destroy or punish for past acts. So the great expedition of General Hull, of Detroit, was arranged and made ready to invade and conquer the little, dispersed population of Canada. Lower Canada they would invade from the New England States. It was owing to the vigorous and brave sudden attack of Sir Isaac Brock that this great expedition was destroyed. A cowardly proclamation to the Canadians had been spread over the western counties by Hull, with very little effect. Let us now read this proclamation of the brave Sir Isaac Brock.

The original taken from the *Bee*, an early paper printed at Niagara during the war of 1812.

## PROCLAMATION.

The unprovoked declaration of war, by the United States of America, against the United Kingdom, of Great Britain and Ireland and its dependencies, has been followed by the actual invasion of this province in a remote frontier of the western district by a detachment of the armed force of the United States. The officer commanding that detachment has thought proper to invite His Majesty's subjects not merely to a quiet and unresisting submission, but insults them with a call to seek voluntarily the protection of his Government. Without condescending to repeat the illiberal epithets bestowed in this

appeal of the American commander to the people of Upper Canada, on the administration of His Majesty, every inhabitant of the Province is desired to seek the confutation of such indecent slander in the review of his own particular circumstances. Where is the Canadian subject who can truly affirm to himself that he has been injured by the Government in his person, his liberty or his property? Where is to be found in any part of the world, a growth so rapid in wealth and prosperity as this colony exhibits—settled not thirty years by a band of veterans exiled from their former possessions on account of their loyalty? Not a descendant of these brave people is to be found, who under the fostering liberty of their sovereign, has not acquired a property and means of enjoyment superior to what were possessed by their ancestors. This unequalled prosperity could not have been attained by the utmost liberality of the Government or the persevering industry of the people had not the maritime power of the Mother Country secured to its colonists a safe access to every market where the produce of their labor was in demand.

The unavoidable and immediate consequence of a separation from Great Britain, must be the loss of this inestimable advantage. And what is offered you in exchange? To become a territory of the United States and share with them that exclusion from the ocean which the policy of their present Government enforces. You are not even flattered with a participation of their boasted independence, and it is but too obvious that once exchanged from the powerful protection of the United Kingdom you must be reannexed to the Dominion of France, from which the provinces of Canada were wrested by the arms of Great Britain, at a vast expense of blood and treasure, from no other motive but to relieve her ungrateful children from the oppression of a cruel neighbor. This restitution of Canada to the Empire of France was the stipulated reward for the aid afforded to the revolted colonies, now the United States. The debt is still due, and there can be no doubt but the pledge has been renewed as a consideration for commercial advantages, or rather for an expected relaxation in the tyranny of France over the commercial world. Are you prepared, inhabitants of Upper Canada, to become willing subjects, or rather slaves, to the despot who rules the nations of Europe with a rod of iron? If not, arise in a body, exert your energies, co-operate cordially with the King's regular forces to repel the invader, and do not give cause to your children when groaning under the oppression of a foreign master to reproach you with having too easily parted with the richest

inheritance of this earth—a participation in the name, charter, and freedom of Britons.

The same spirit of justice, which will make every reasonable allowance for the unsuccessful efforts of zeal and loyalty, will not fail to punish the defalcation of principle. Every Canadian freeholder is by deliberate choice bound by the most solemn oaths to defend the monarchy as well as his own property. To shrink from that engagement is a treason not to be forgiven. Let no man suppose that if in this unexpected struggle His Majesty's arms should be compelled to yield to an overwhelming force, that the Province will be eventually abandoned. The endeared relation of its first settlers, the intrinsic value of its commerce and the pretensions of its powerful rival to repossess the Canadas, are pledges that no peace will be established between the United States and Great Britain and Ireland, of which the restoration of these provinces does not make the most prominent condition.

Be not dismayed at the unjustifiable threat of the commander of the enemies forces, to refuse quarter should an Indian appear in the ranks. The brave bands of natives which inhabit this colony, were, like His Majesty's subjects, punished for their zeal and fidelity by the loss of their possessions in the late colonies, and rewarded by His Majesty with lands of superior value in this province. The faith of the British Government has never yet been violated ; they feel that the soil they inherit is to them and their posterity protected from the base acts so frequently devised to overreach their simplicity. By what new principle are they to be prevented from defending their property? If their warfare from being different from that of the white people is more terrible to the enemy, let him retrace his steps. They seek him not, and cannot expect to find women and children in an invading army. But they are men, and have equal rights with all other men to defend themselves and their property when invaded, more especially when they find in the enemies camp a ferocious and mortal foe using the same warfare which the American commander affects to reprobate.

This inconsistent and unjustifiable threat of refusing quarter for such a cause as being found in arms with a brother-sufferer in defence of invaded rights, must be exercised with certain assurance of retaliation, not only in the limited operations of war in this part of the King's dominions, but in every quarter of the globe, for the national character of Britain is not less distinguished for humanity than strict

retributive justice, which will consider the execution of this inhuman threat as a deliberate murder, for which every subject of the offending power must make expiation.

ISAAC BROCK,

*Maj.-Gen. and President.*

HEADQUARTERS FORT GEORGE,
22nd JULY, 1812.
BY ORDER OF HIS HONOR, THE PRESIDENT.
I. B. GLEGG, CAPT., A.D.C.

GOD SAVE THE KING.

This is to be a chapter of war. Cannons, guns and deaths are the instruments and results. It is quite within my reminiscences, for I was near a year and a half old when Detroit was taken, and more than that when Queenston battle was fought. I was christened before its commencement, and near four years old when the battle of New Orleans was fought. My father was a captain. I remember soldiers came about his house. One of the soldiers (the 49th) wounded was a servant at my father's Grand River farm. He was covered with wounds.

Few laymen know more than I do of the battles, and I have written and lectured about them often in recent years. The cause of its taking place has been spoken of above, and my accounts will be greatly abridged. The war, as was said, was unnecessary, and really caused by the Americans to obtain the conquest of Canada, in which they most shamefully failed, they having every advantage over us. Our population in Upper Canada was not one hundred thousand, theirs, in New York State alone, being, as Robert Gourlay says, near a million. But in war as in everything, energy, push, dash, daring will succeed with small numbers over majorities. This was the case at Detroit. Brock might well say with Cæsar, "*Veni, vidi, vincit*"—"I came, I saw and conquered."

The American accounts say they had only two thousand men—it is probably much underestimated. Brock had not that number; was not in any fort; his army was composed chiefly of raw militia, never drilled, and Indians under Tecumseh. Hull had a fort to protect him, plenty of cannon, ammunition, guns and cover. The hero Brock frightened him into surrender without firing a gun, took near a thousand regular soldiers, paroled the militia, and brought the cannon into Canada, and the prisoners to Quebec in August, 1812. It was a bright, quick affair, similar to Queenston and Stony Creek. The Americans court-martialled Hull, and were furious with anger.

### THE GREAT BATTLE OF QUEENSTON, OCT. 13TH, 1812.

Americans generally say they gained the battle, and a more absurd pretention never was set up. Nothing is gained by national historic lying.

I met Mr. John Small, custom house officer, a few days ago in Toronto, and he said to me, "You ought to know—is it true that the Americans gained the battle? I saw that at Baltimore, in some celebration, it was said that they did."

'No," said I, "they were most ignominiously defeated, and lost in killed some 200, and in prisoners some 800, the last being sent to Quebec. And this from the cowardice of their militia who, in Lewiston, would not assist, as well also from mismanagement during the battle."

Of this battle I know a great deal from my father and others. I felt more interest in it from my father's large Hamilton company being engaged. Many of the people of then York were engaged, a few of whom have conversed with me. Poor David Matthews, who so cruelly suffered death on the gallows, at Toronto, for alleged treason, on the 12th of April, 1838, fought there on the British side, which fact

with others should have saved his life. He fought in it with a rifle which his father used in the battles of the American Revolutionary War when fighting on the British side. His father was a U. E. Loyalist, and obtained grants of land for himself and son on this ground in Whitby. The Tory party thirsted for the blood of someone, and took his life.

The Americans, being roused to madness because of the treachery of General Hull at Detroit, and his base surrender of American soldiers and war materials, very hastily in the autumn of that year raised (the British assert), although such a number is not admitted by their historians, eight thousand militia and regulars, and marched them to Lewiston to invade Canada.

General Brock scarcely suspected such haste on the American side, was surprised at their vigor. But their vigor was much greater than their bravery or skill. There was nothing to have prevented the Americans succeeding at this battle but cowardice. Brock certainly had not over 2,500 men all told, militia, Indians and regulars, and some of them were in Fort George and at Niagara. He was not there very early in the morning. The British had a small fort on Queenston Heights, and a small body of men in it, firing on the Americans in their boats crossing the river. They had another fort down the river a short distance, which also fired on the Americans. Many of these boats were struck with cannon, but a large body of American regulars under Colonels Scott and Worth succeeded in landing close under the projecting heights, up the river, and hastily ascended the hill by a path not supposed easily accessible, got on the upper heights, and drove the British from the small fort and came near capturing General Brock, who was there, who hastily escaped down the hill on his horse. Now these two colonels

were at this fort with over a thousand men, and General Van Rensselaer was there. The British troops retreated down the the river for a time, until Brock brought them up again and was killed, he and his aide-de-camp, McDonnell, when about to ascend the steep road and whilst rallying his men, and saying, "Come on, brave volunteers of York!" Sharpshooters on the American side, fired from the hill as he was ascending with his brave aide, and both were mortally wounded. I heard either from my father or someone whom he told, that he had specially sent Mr. Hughston, a lieutenant in his company, to warn General Brock and the British officers to take off their feathers and disguise themselves as much as possible as they ascended, in order to avoid the fire of American sharpshooters standing on the hill, which warning was not heeded.

When Brock and Colonel McDonnell fell, the British retreated down the river. The first time was a skirmish of a few as they left the fort. The Americans might then have followed, but did not. General Van Rensselaer had been severely wounded; it is not easy to say how or where, but probably coming over in the boats.

The one thousand or more Americans remained on the Heights, and the Canadians under General Sheaffe, who succeeded General Brock, rallied with additional soldiers from Fort George, and going up further toward St. David's, went up the mountain in rear of the Americans, where they attacked them with great vigor (a small body of Indians making a great noise in the woods in rear too), charged them with the bayonet, and drove them to the edge of the precipice near Brock's monument. Many of them (it is said hundreds) jumped down among the trees to the water's edge, and were killed or drowned in the water the balance, to the number of about eight hundred, surrendered to the Canadians, were made prisoners and

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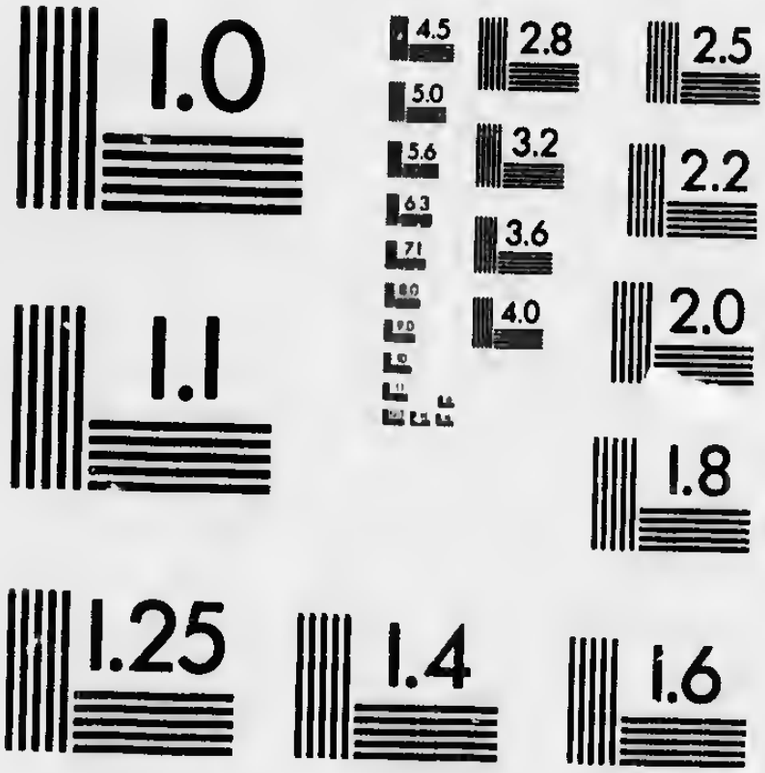


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conveyed to Quebec. While this was going on, and before, Van Rensselaer had been striving to get a large body of American volunteers in Lewiston to cross to assist their comrades on the Heights, his efforts being all in vain. The volunteers said their State laws did not compel them to cross into Canada. Now, this was either cowardice or gross disobedience. What did they go there for? To look across at the Canadians and then go away? It reminds one of the old doggerel verses:

> "The King of France, with twenty thousand men,
> Marched up the hill—then marched down again!"

The volunteers might have known the Canadians would not cross over to them, therefore their coming was all moonshine. This is the victory the Americans claim. One thousand or more killed and made prisoners, and the larger part of their army, refusing to fight, marched home again.

As I wish here to introduce other matters, accounts of the battles of Niagara, York, Stony Creek, Moraviantown (on the Thames) and Lundy's Lane will he deferred, but briefly referred to. The battle of Lundy's Lane was the severest of the war, on which I once lectured to the people some years ago on the battle-ground. In this battle, too, the Americans claim a victory, although nothing is clearer, than, after giving them credit for great bravery, they were defeated, as they retreated from the ground the same night and allowed the Canadians to burn or bury their dead.

At Queenston, the Canadian militia and regulars showed skill and bravery. Colonel S. P. Jarvis, a York officer, after the battle took Colonel Scott prisoner, and received his sword.

I once heard that Captain John Brant and his Indian friend, Captain Norton, if they had not been prevented by an opportune appearance of a Canadian officer, would have

killed Colonel Scott. This gentleman was a very tall man (six and half feet tall), and upon all occasions, as at Queenston, brave and ready to face danger. He was at Niagara and Lundy's Lane. It is perhaps known to my readers that he was afterwards commander-in-chief of the American army, and the conqueror of Mexico.

Those who go into war should be brave and ready. War is a terrible evil, and this American war was not necessary, pushed on by the southern, not the northern Americans. May it never occur again. Yet there is no telling what may take place. The evil, selfish passions of men are always prevalent. Who knows how soon there may be a war over Turkish affairs? Does anyone have confidence in Russia? I have not. Even Americans may yet make war about many of our difficulties. I trust not; yet I think England is cringing too much to Americans. God may overrule human affairs for good.

In this war chapter, I cannot do better than insert my full description of the brilliant action of the Canadians at Stony Creek, which was read as stated, and appeared in the *Empire*, of Toronto, some four years ago. It refers to several other battles or skirmishes which will be referred to.

### BATTLE OF STONY CREEK, IN 1813.

Forty long years have come and gone since our first visit to Stony Creek. This place is seven miles distant from Hamilton, and is famous in Canadian history as being the scene of a night surprise, one of the most gallant affairs during the war of 1812, and of which the men of the Niagara District and the descendants of the old York militia naturally pride themselves, as having had relatives representing nearly every old family of Lincoln and York then serving in the little British force on the frontier.

There were two surprises, turning points, at the most critical periods of the war, by which the advance of superior American armies was arrested. The fight occurred at Stony Creek on the early morning of Sunday, June 6th, 1813, and resulted in checking the advance of General Dearborn, then in full pursuit of the British force under General Vincent, in his retreat from Fort George. The second was that of Chateauguay on October 26th, 1813, by which DeSalaberry and his small force of Canadian Voltigeurs arrested and turned the advance of General Hampton on Montreal into a disastrous retreat. The people of Upper Canada claim Stony Creek as their own. The militia of Lower Canada, DeSalaberry and his little band, have the undisputed honor of the Chateauguay affair.

Stony Creek was in itself a small affair, so far as the numbers engaged, but in its results it proved the most important of the whole war, by checking the advance of a comparatively powerful army, flushed with recent success, and turning that advance into an almost ignominious retreat, certainly a disastrous one.

To make this article interesting it is necessary to give a short account of the positions, relative forces and various movements of the two armies during the early spring of 1813, previous to the evacuation of Fort George and the retreat of the British to Burlington Heights, now the city of Hamilton.

General Vincent had command of the British force on the Niagara frontier, amounting to about 1,800 regulars and five hundred militia, scattered over twenty miles, extending from Fort Erie, opposite Buffalo, down to Lake Ontario, with headquarters at Fort George. During the winter of 1813, the Americans had made great preparations to strike a decided blow for the reduction of Upper Canada. Their plans were well laid, but failed through the incompetency

of their generals. The reader will bear in mind that at this time (1813) Great Britain was engaged in war all over the world, and could spare but few regular troops for Canada. The spring of 1813 found the Americans in full control of Lake Ontario, having comparatively a powerful fleet under Commodore Chauncey. Their first move was an attack on York (Toronto) on the 27th of April, 1813. This place, being ill prepared for defence, was easily taken. All the public stores, public buildings and shipping were destroyed. The British commander, General Sheaffe, unable to resist the attack, was forced, after a brave defence, to evacuate the town and take up his line of retreat with his regulars on Kingston, leaving the Americans masters of the place, which they held for five days and then sailed for Fort George, at the mouth of the Niagara.

The attack on Fort George was made in the early morning of the 27th of May, 1813. The Americans, besides their shipping, had an army of about six thousand men. The British force at Fort George was one thousand men all told. After a spirited defence of some four hours, the British loss of all ranks having amounted to four hundred killed, wounded and missing, General Vincent, to prevent being cut off, decided on a retreat to the head of the lake, and fell back across the country in a line parallel to the Niagara River, reaching the position at the "Beaver Dam" that night, at which place he was joined by Colonel Bishop's force from Fort Erie and other outlying posts on the Niagara. The next morning, the 28th, the now retreating British force of about 1,600 men, continued its retreat until it reached the entrenched position on Burlington Heights.

The position of Burlington Heights was in the neighborhood of Dundurn castle, the residence of the late Sir Allan

McNab, and we believe the Hamilton cemetery now covers the ground, on which the entrenched works—earthworks—could be seen on the writer's first visit to that place in 1844. It was an important position during the war, being close to the road leading up to Ancaster, by which communication was had and kept up with the army of the west, under General Proctor, serving on the Detroit frontier. It was distant, midway, about fifty miles from Fort George and the same from York.

On Saturday, June 5th, 1813, the advance body of the Americans, consisting of two brigades of foot, amounting to about 3,500 men, with eight guns, under Generals Chandler and Winder, and 250 cavalry under Colonel Burns, reached Stony Creek driving in the rear of the British. The Americans had in all about six thousand men between Stony Creek and Fort George, besides their shipping. General Vincent had taken his stand on Burlington Heights, determined to hold it. Vincent's position was a most critical one. York on one side and Fort George on the other had both fallen. His ammunition, which he was obliged to abandon or destroy before evacuating Fort George, was now reduced to ninety rounds of ball cartridge for each man, and were he forced to continue his retreat unless the British fleet under Sir James Yeo could reach the anchorage near the Brant House, four miles from his position, and carry off his small force, he would have been obliged to continue it by way of York (Toronto), thence to Kingston, over two hundred miles of hard country roads, not such roads as we have at the present day. The reader will remember that York was then at the mercy of the American fleet. General Vincent's position, as we said before, was a most critical one. Having a comparatively powerful army in full pursuit, seven miles distant, following closely on his tracks, he had to choose between making

a most desperate stand there, or abandoning his post with all his stores, etc., and continuing his retreat to Kingston. Such of our readers as have travelled over the line of Vincent's retreat from Fort George to Burlington Heights will remember and call to mind that narrow neck of land between the Burlington Heights and the head waters of Burlington Bay, on which the little British force stood that night.

There were many Canadians serving in that little army, plucky boys, whose names will ever live, cherished as household words by many a Canadian home. Some of them afterwards rose high at the bar, on the bench, in the legislative halls, or as colonels in the Upper Canada militia, We may here note that at a Queenston Heights annual dinner, over thirty years ago, Sir Allan McNab gave as a toast, "The fighting judges of Upper Canada." There were at that time five of those judges still living who had served through the whole war. The young Canadian reader may thus form his estimate of the men who stood in the ranks of the Niagara frontier army in 1812 doing battle for their king and country.

During the day, Saturday, June 5th, 1813, Colonel Harvey, afterwards Sir John Harvey, Governor of New Brunswick, had acquainted himself with the American position. Some say he visited their camp disguised as a farmer, selling vegetables. This we can hardly believe, because his commanding, soldierly appearance—over six feet—could not have escaped detection. Be this as it may, Harvey made himself thoroughly acquainted with the American position, and proposed a night attack, which General Vincent approved of. The advance guard, or rather the rear guard of the British, that afternoon was stationed two miles in the rear of the entrenched camp, near the present court-house and square in the city of

Hamilton. Hamilton was then nowhere, not even a village. On that spot, half an hour before midnight, the attacking party of 704 men was formed, and took up its line of march on Stony Creek, under Harvey. The writer had a near relative, his mother's brother, in the advance, close by Harvey. Before starting, every flint was taken out of their muskets so as to prevent the possibility of an alarm.

Silently they moved; not a whisper was heard. There was silence deep as death in the ranks during that midnight march of seven miles. So silently did they move that not a sound was heard, save now and then the cracking of a stray dry branch under foot. Some of Upper Canada's brightest youths were foremost in the leading files. Let us follow this forlorn hope, and with 704 unloaded muskets and flintless locks, on their mission into the jaws of death! Every man, however, had his well-filled cartouche box, containing sixty rounds of ball cartridge, and his trusty bayonet by his side. The sun had gone down that Saturday evening, closing a week, the darkest for the British arms during the war. The whole of the Niagara District extending from Fort Erie to Stony Creek was that night in possession of the enemy. The fate of Upper Canada depended on the success or failure of this night surprise. Have you ever, reader, walked at night along a country road of Upper Canada in the old time, with towering trees, walnut, elm or oak, overhanging, adding to the darkness? If you have, you can picture the road over which this forlorn hope had to travel. Thence emerging from the thick darkness of their midnight tramp, they had to face an enemy's camp, having six to one to greet their early, unexpected, Sunday morning visit. "Hush!" said Harvey to a young man near him (the late Judge Jarvis); "Hush, we are on them!" In a moment the bayonets of two of the leading men pierced

the first sentry—the second shared a like fate—the third escaped, discharging his gun and alarming the camp. "Bayonets to the front!" were the words passed quietly through the ranks, and our leading bayonets were soon in front of the camp-fires, bayoneting many of the sleeping enemy. The men then prepared to adjust their flints. During this operation a volley came from out of the darkness, striking down a number of the men. To load was the work of time. It was first: Handle cartridge, prime, load, draw ramrods (all this had to be done with the old musket), then, ready, fire! Volley after volley followed, but with little execution, as they fired into the darkness, not seeing the enemy.

Harvey ordered two companies of the 49th to the right to attack, or rather throw into confusion the left and centre of the enemy. Three of their guns posted in the centre of the main road were captured; scarcely a gunner escaped. The late Colonel Fraser, of Perth, Ontario, then serving, we believe, in the 49th, was one of the first among the guns, bayoneting seven gunners with his own hands. He was present at the capture of the two American generals, Chandler and Winder, near the guns. There was a fearful confusion in the American camp. Being ignorant of the strength of the attacking party, they fell back in great disorder, numbers of them scrambling to the heights on their left. Colonel Burns, on whom the command now devolved, was among the first to mount his horse and clear off with his 250 brave cavalry, reaching the Forty-Mile Creek in a few hours on their way to Fort George.

It is not our intention to particularize or chronicle the many daring feats and hand-to-hand encounters during the darkness of that ever memorable Sunday morning, the 6th of June, 1813. Suffice it to say that Harvey's surprise was most successful and complete, causing the breaking up of

the American camp and their subsequent retreat Sunday morning, before break of day. The now scattered parties of this forlorn hope fell back to return over the road by which they had advanced. They had suffered fearfully. They were not now the 704 of the previous night. Over 150 of them, between killed, wounded and missing, did not answer the roll-call that morning.

Let us take a peep at the shattered remnant of this forlorn hope as they muster and re-form for their return march to Burlington Heights. They are gathering and coming in from all parts of the field, some in small squads, some in twos, some in threes, others singly, some bearing and carrying off wounded comrades. Over 150 of them are missing. But they have swelled their ranks. Two American generals, Chandler and Winder, seven officers and 116 men prisoners, with three guns trophies of war, gracing their blood-stained bayonets, thus rendering Stony Creek the most brilliant affair for the British arms during the war of 1812. There was only one mistake made that night—a fatal one—that of our men placing themselves in front of the camp-fires as living targets for the bullets of the unerring American rifle.

This ends our visit to Stony Creek, but it is necessary to show the results. Two days later, on Tuesday, June 8th, 1813, Sir James Yeo pushed into the shore with some vessels near by the Forty-Mile Creek, and played havoc among the retreating Americans, capturing twelve of their bateaux, and destroying five others, capturing also all their tents, stores, etc.

Four weeks later, early in July, General Vincent had his headquarters at Chippewa, three miles above the Falls, again master of the whole Canadian frontier on the Niagara, except Fort George, and within its lines the American force of six thousand men were cooped under the

protection of its guns and the guns of their shipping, and also covered by the guns of Fort Niagara, on the opposite side of the river. The Americans evacuated Fort Erie on December 12th, having on the 10th, two days previous, set fire to and wantonly destroyed the town of Newark (now Niagara), containing 150 houses, leaving but one standing, rendering houseless and homeless four hundred women and children to seek shelter where they might amid the storms of that unprecedentedly cold December.

Revenge for Newark was soon to follow. The Americans, in great terror of the coming storm, evacuated Fort George so hurriedly that they left all their tents standing, with all their guns and stores behind them.

Before the end of the month (December, 1813) the British had captured Fort Niagara by a night attack, which they held until the end of the war. They also took and burnt the towns of Lewiston, Manchester, Black Rock and Buffalo in revenge for Newark. And on the first day of January, 1814, not only was the Canadian Niagara frontier cleared of every American soldier, but the Union Jack of England floated proudly above the ramparts of Fort Niagara on the American side of the Niagara River. This was the crowning glory of Harvey's night surprise at Stony Creek.

The above account of the battle of Stony was written by some person in Montreal to the *Empire* newspaper. He seems to know its history very well, but makes one mistake when he says Colonel Harvey acted as a spy to examine the American camp the day before the surprise attack. In her history of Colonel FitzGibbon, lately written, Miss FitzGibbon, his granddaughter, says that Colonel FitzGibbon was the person who acted as a spy to so examine the hostile camp, disguised as a farmer, with a

basket, selling butter. He was, however, a very large man, had a military bearing. One would think even this not probable, but I give it here as what is so said by his granddaughter, who must have had some authority for so saying.—AUTHOR.

## THE WILD TURKEY OF ONTARIO, AND CANADIAN GAME BIRDS.

It does no harm to vary the articles appearing in a book when we write about Canada. To me it is pleasing. I will here say something about the game birds of Ontario, especially about that beautiful bird, the wild turkey, once so numerous in the western counties of our province, and now so scarce

A few days ago, in December, 1896, I saw a beautiful specimen of the bird exhibited at a butcher's shop at the upper end of College Street, Toronto, which had been trapped recently near Petrolea, in the County of Lambton. The bird was a young gobbler, not more than a year old, and the plumage most beautiful in its tints and colors. It weighed forty pounds, was fully four feet long from end of beak to the end of the feet; stood with head erect three feet high; was over four feet and a half long from tip of one wing to the other. The neck, for a foot and a half, was bare, with red skin, and the head was sharp and beak black and pointed. The neck below the bare part covered with most beautiful feathers three inches long, closely set together, of a black, gold-spangled color, which was the plumage on the breast and underparts, on top of the neck and back and upper shoulders of the wings. The tail feathers were about a foot long, strong and brown, barred with black, white at the points. The plumage on the top of the tail and approaching to it was thick, dark spangled, with gold intermingled with white. The legs

were lead color, over a foot long, strong feathered to the knee. The wings were strong, with wing feathers over a foot long, checkered with white and black bands, and the tops of the wings, first golden-spangled, next a broad band of reddish-brown extending to the wing feathers, next a band of dark, golden-spangled feathers.

This bird was trapped by placing a line of corn on the ground leading to a wooden pen, into which a door, not large, opened, and the corn trail entered the pen. The turkey followed the corn trail, entered the pen, and the door being low, it would not lower its head to escape, but remained trapped. A turkey will act in this way, will elevate his head inside the trap, but not stoop low to escape. In old times, when my father lived in Norfolk County, great numbers of this bird were seen in the woods along Lake Erie and all over the counties of Elgin, Middlesex, Oxford, Brantford, Essex and Lambton, and hounds were used to chase them. By placing its long, strong wings close to the sides of the body and running in this way, with wings a little extended, among the low brush and vines, they will outrun any common dog and even the swiftest hounds. If very closely pressed, they will rise suddenly to the nearest tree, and thus elude their persuers.

Men and women, from 1800 to 1830, rode a good deal on horseback through the western country about Niagara and Hamilton on horseback. They would see the turkeys often running before them. The turkey has spurs on its legs and a long, bristly tuft of hair extending from the breast.

## OTHER GAME BIRDS.

The partridges, the male especially, is a beautiful bird; looks very fine in the spring. By knocking its wings on its sides in the air (some say on a log on which it sits), it

makes a drum-like noise in the woods, in March or April, often heard by me. It is numerous all over Canada.

The beautiful little quail used to be very numerous in the west and middle parts of Canada. It is a bird of a beautiful color, and in the spring has when sitting on the fences of cleared farms a very loud pretty whistle like "Whoof! whoof! hughy!" Its flesh is very delicate.

The meadow-lark, with its grey back, yellow breast and varied colors, is a half game bird, known to farmers. It will fly into the air over clover fields, sit on fences, and utter its not unpleasant sounds on the wing and on fences. I used to think, when walking in the fields, it called to me when it uttered the cry, "Poor Charlie! poor Charlie!"

The wood-cock in the autumn is a game bird, so are some of the large specimens of golden-grey plovers.

### DUCKS.

At least twenty species visit our lakes, creeks and marshes in the spring and autumn. The largest and best are the black and grey ducks, the little teal, the beautifully plumed wood duck that builds its nest in trees near the water, carries its young down on its back, and is seen all over Ontario. Other species are esteemed by sportsmen, not so handsome in plumage. Wild geese, swans occasionally, visit our waters.

The wild goose is of a grey, black and white color, not so large as our common farm goose.

The wild wood pigeons used to vist us from the south in tens of thousands in my early life; so thick did they fly that they could be killed with clubs and sticks. They remained in the woods in the summer, raised their young, and left in the autumn. The male bird is very beautiful, with cream and red colors in front, dun back and neck, spangled with gold, long white and dun tails. They used

to visit our wheat fields in thousands at one time, forty and fifty years ago; of late, that is, for twenty or thirty years, they seem to have left us. The pigeons make a loud crowing noise in the woods, and gather in large flocks on trees.

### BLACKBIRDS.

The black, red-winged species gather in the autumn in thousands in flocks preparing to go south, and are often shot for food. They, with the pigeons, make a very palatable baked pie. We remember the little child's song:

> "Sing a song of sixpence,
> A pocket full of rye;
> Four and twenty blackbirds
> Baked in a pie."

## CHAPTER VII

Marshall Spring Bidwell—His illegal banishment from Canada in 1837—The meanness of Sir Francis Bond Head then, and in New York—Mr. Bidwell's eminent Christian and legal character—His father—Rev. Egerton Ryerson's conduct to him—Dr. Rolph and Mr. Bidwell life friends—Their letters to Mr. Durand—The tragic death in 1833 of James Durand, senior—A few words about his father and family—Solemn observations on religion—Hamilton's old people.

I PROMISED in a previous chapter to speak more at large about Mr. Bidwell, and what I knew of him, and now in a brief way do so.

This great lawyer and eminent Christian citizen was banished in 1837 in the midst of the excitement of the rebellion by Sir Francis Bond Head. Of all the mean, cowardly acts of that contemptible faction, composing the now almost extinct Oligarchy of Upper Canada, this was the most uncalled for, illegal and infamous. It was done at the instance of such men as Christopher Alexander Hagerman, the tyrant who, as Attorney-General in 1837-8, persecuted the patriot prisoners, and probably his friends the Chief Justice Robinson, Wm. H. Draper, Henry Sherwood and R. B. Sullivan.

Look for a moment at the circumstances of the case and the infamy of them:

1st. Mr. Bidwell had been twice Speaker of the Legislature of Upper Canada, and was leader of the Reform

party for over ten years, universally respected by everyone who knew him for his private and public character, likewise universally respected for his legal abilities.

2nd. The English Government had sent out a despatch requiring Sir Francis Bond Head to elevate him and Dr. John Rolph to the position of Judges of the Queen's Bench in 1836, which was basely disobeyed by the interference of the Family Compact, because Mr. Bidwell's father had been an American citizen. Contrast this with the present fawning of England on Ambassador Bayard and Americans generally.

3rd. Nothing had ever been done by him to warrant the belief that he was guilty of treason. He had during 1837, like Mr. Baldwin, kept himself aloof from politics, living in quietness, practising his profession. He had not attended any public or private political meeting, nor had he stirred up the people to sedition or rebellion.

In the months of November and December, 1837, he was unusually quiet (whatever his thoughts and sympathies might have been), and no man who regarded the rights of the people to the British constitution, could have failed to sympathize with the oppressed Canadians.

4th. Yet, quite suddenly, the vain, poor creature, Governor Head, under the influence of some one, sent for him, pretending to have a package of letters addressed to Mr. Bidwell by some person or persons, said to be treasonable. This supposed treasonable charge in Mr. Bidwell Governor Head laid before him, giving him as the alternatives: either leave Canada forever, or suffer these letters to be opened and undergo a trial for treason in the corrupt courts of Canada. Mr. Bidwell was a timid man. He knew that the courts of justice were all in the hands of his enemies, who, jealous of his great talents and eminent private character, would act unjustly to him. He knew

too well (as I did after trusting to their courts) what a packed jury would do, if there should be a trial. Therefore, he chose the safer course of banishment. The juries were all packed by such men as Sheriff William B. Jarvis, a violent partizan appointed by the Compact, and a bitter enemy of all Reformers. Bidwell chose to leave a country in which true British liberty and worth were not valued at that time. He sought an asylum in the State of New York, where he was honored, and where he lived for a generation practising his profession, and greatly admired by all lawyers.

6th. Now, this may fairly be asked: If Mr. Bidwell was a dangerous man, a leader of the so-called disloyal Reformers, a leader of such men as Lount and Matthews, who were hanged (rather, politically murdered), why was he allowed to escape the gallows or a trial, when such insignificant persons as the murdered men who were not leaders at all, were executed in Toronto in April, 1838? David Matthews was a farmer from Pickering, and Samuel Lount, who had been in the Legislature as a member once, and at his last election contest cheated out of his legal rights, was no leader. He was a blacksmith at the Holland Landing, a good but uneducated man, and universally beloved. He was not eminent in any public way, but his leader, Bidwell, was, and if suspected, should have been held, tried, and if guilty, punished.

7th. Why was this not done? And what justice or fairness was there in punishing his followers? The politically murdered men, Lount and Matthews, had read the speeches and observed the political acts of such men as McKenzie, Rolph, Bidwell and others in years then past when contending for a promised British constitution, as all had the right to do, and they were only followers. Mr. Bidwell had only maintained *constitutional measures,*

although the violation of despatches sent out in his favor had been set aside and the violations of the rights of the people warranted violent opposition, yet his mean enemies at the back of Governor Head said Mr. Bidwell was guilty of, or suspected to be guilty of, treason, and must be banished forever!!

Governor Head, when superseded in 1838 by Sir George Arthur (a tyrant and Botany Bay colonel, sent out to further oppress Canadians), sneaked off to England, and on his way home sought the presence of Mr. Bidwell in New York City (who tried to avoid him), and pressed for an interview, which the latter did not want, but which after some difficulty was obtained.

Head then admitted that he had treated Mr. Bidwell badly, and that he had been instructed in a despatch from England to make him and Dr. Rolph judges, and had disobeyed it. This was a fine way to use Britons!

8th. Mr. Bidwell's father was persecuted at Napanee, because he, an American, had with *bona fide* intentions, settled in Canada near Napanee, and his election there was voided by the Family Compact, as nothing was too mean for them to do. His son, Mr. M. S. Bidwell, was born and educated in Canada, and was a British subject.

Had Dr. Ryerson at that time gone to Head and remonstrated with him, and condemned his back-stair advisers, he might have frustrated it. But the treachery of Egerton Ryerson had been the cause of the defeat of Bidwell and Peter Perry in the election contest of 1835 at Napanee. This smooth, ambitious Methodist preacher failed in the hour of need to do his duty to a Christian brother at this election, and in December, 1837, when this once-called friend of his was about to be banished by legal spies, he also forgot him. Some twenty years after, Dr. Ryerson pricked in his priestly conscience, tried to persuade his old

friend to return to a country so base as to banish him without a cause, alleging that it was illegally done. Mr. Bidwell properly refused to listen to his syren-tongued Christian brother, so good in old times. He properly said no! he would never return to a country which would treat an innocent man as he had been treated. He thus spent his life in New York City. Up to the age of seventy, he lived there honored and loved until he passed to his God, whom he loved and adored, and the reward of eternal life. A great meeting of the bar of New York City was called on his death, many laudatory resolutions were passed in his memory, setting forth his great legal knowledge and eminent private character.

Mr. Bidwell was very friendly to me. He attended my marriage to my first wife in the spring of 1837, and wrote me the following letter after I had been so shamefully treated by the Family Compact in my imprisonment, to whose tender mercies some say he should have trusted himself: "I could easily have left Canada in 1837. I was advised to do so—*yes, offered facilities to do so*—but scorned to leave a country I loved, knowing, as I then knew and have always asserted, that I was not guilty of any offence, much less of treason or sedition."

In 1837-8, no influential man having political enemies (especially in the courts over which John Beverley Robinson presided, with the tyrant C. A. Hagerman as Attorney-General, and a packed jury), could expect a fair trial or British justice.

If there ever was an ornament to society and a Christian gentleman, Mr. Bidwell was one. When at school in 1827-8 in Dundas, as spoken of, I first saw him. He was a brother-in-law of that noble woman, Mrs. Manuel Overfield, of whom I have spoken in one of the early chapters of this book. I saw him several times as he passed the school on

his way to her house, and remember how his noble and intellectual face impressed me, and how his personal appearance indicated his true and lofty character.

### DR. JOHN ROLPH AND BIDWELL LIFE FRIENDS.

I have said in 1834 I spent two weeks at their house on then Lot Street, now Queen Street west, at the head of Bay Street. Mr. Bidwell was the best pleader and speaker in Upper Canada. John Beverley Robinson was before 1830, considered an eminent speaker and lawyer, but he was not equal to Mr. Bidwell, nor his knowledge of law as extensive.

Mr. Bidwell's wish, as expressed to his friends before his death, was that God might grant him the blessing of being called away from life in a moment, as it were. And so, when he was sitting in his office at his desk, he suddenly left this mortal scene of strife, and in the company of holy angels went to his eternal rest with the Lord Jesus, whom he had loved and worshipped so long.

### THE POLITICAL CONDUCT OF ROLPH AND BIDWELL.

The political acts of Dr. Rolph and Mr. Bidwell for many years, certainly from 1825 to 1837, all tended to promote Upper Canada's best interests. They were in favor of the true exposition of the British constitution, the devotion of the Clergy Reserves to education, and the tolerance of all Christian denominations. They were instrumental in doing what the large bodies of the Methodists and Presbyterians required.

The false reformer, Egerton Ryerson, knew this well, and obtained, in 1830, the right for all Christian sects to perform the marriage ceremony, shamefully refused by the enemies of fair privileges.

The law of primogeniture, the removal of priests and office-holders from the Legislative Council, the shameful plurality office-holding, the independence of the judiciary, the impartiality of the Land Grants department, were advocated by them—since obtained.

Their speeches and efforts in favor of a free school system were long precedent to Dr. Ryerson. No Canadian who knows the history of his country from 1825 to 1837 can forget the efforts of these two men.

These are the letters of Dr. Rolph and Mr. Bidwell alluded to, which I insert, and one from my Presbyterian pastor of 1838, which show the estimation in which they held me:

EXTRACT FROM MR. BIDWELL'S LETTER.

"NEW YORK, *Oct. 8th*, 1838.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I have received your letter of the 29th September. The circumstances under which I was admitted to practice were different from yours. I was a citizen of the United States, my father being an American. The judges are men of great liberality of feeling. Not being a citizen, your case may be different from mine. It will give me much pleasure to aid you all I can. Having escaped with very little means, it may be difficult for me to succeed here. I trust to a gracious and overruling Providence which, I trust, will also take care of you. Be cautious as to what you say about Canada, as the neutrality law of this country will be upheld. If any opportunity arises to aid you, I will not fail to avail myself of it. I take an interest, and always shall, in the prosperity of Canadians; feel deeply for them. I deplore the manner in which they are governed, and most ardently desire to see a spirit of mercy shown, and wisdom and liberality may be shown them. I am not without hopes that better days are in store for the Canadians who, it seems to be admitted on all sides, are in a very bad way. Mrs. Bidwell and my sister unite with me in desiring your and Mrs. Durand's welfare.

"Yours,

"MARSHALL S. BIDWELL."

## EXTRACT FROM DR. JOHN ROLPH'S LETTER.

"ROCHESTER, *Oct. 8th*, 1838

"MY DEAR SIR,—Your letter reached me to-day. I really congratulate you upon being banished to the United States, a country in which free institutions are fully recognized and enjoyed. It is true you are debarred from practising your profession, by which your acquirements and moral character would enable you to obtain a comfortable livelihood, but hope to hear of your being rewarded with the success you deserve. You must not think yourself a straeger amongst the people of this great nation or believe that the honor, knowledge and rectitude which you have brought with you will fail under Divine Providence to secure to you in the end greater happiness than could be obtained in Canada. Let me know how I can benefit you. I was a Bencher of the Law Society of Upper Canada when you passed, can certify to your admission under a creditable examination—will be happy so to certify—would recommend you to continue your practice—have no doubt you will secure an honorable distinction. As a friend of your father, and acquainted with you in early life, it would gratify me to hear of your happiness and success here.

"Truly yours,

"JOHN ROLPH."

## LETTERS FROM MR. FURMAN AND MR. MARSH, PRESBYTERIAN MINISTERS.

"BUFFALO, *Oct. 10th*, 1838.

"It affords me pleasure to say that the bearer, Charles Durand, Esq., has been a practising attorney and barrister in the town of Hamilton, Province of Upper Canada.

"From common report, as well as from personal acquaintance for the term of two years, I believe him to be of good moral character and to have maintained a reputable standing as a citizen and a lawyer. The bold and free expression of his liberal political sentiments has been the occasion of his late sufferings, and of his being now an exile for life from the land which gave him birth.

"I am cheerful in recommending him both for his abilities as a

lawyer, and for his worth as a private citizen, to the favorable consideration of all with whom my name may have any influence.

"CHAS. E. FURMAN,

"*Late Pastor of the Presbyterian Church of Hamilton, U.C., now of Victor, N.Y.*"

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"BUFFALO, *Oct.* 10*th*, 1838.

"It gives me pleasure to state that I have been personally acquainted with Charles Durand, Esq., for more than seven years, and I most gladly concur in the above certificate.

"EDWARD MARSH,

"*Late Pastor of the Presbyterian Church of Barton, Gore District, Upper Canada.*"

## ON THE DEATH OF MY FATHER, WHICH OCCURRED ON THE 22ND DAY OF MARCH, 1833, AT HAMILTON.

My father's grave at Ancaster has been visited annually by me for over sixty years, except during six years, from 1838 to 1844, when I was absent from Canada, and the monument over it was superintended when built by me in 1834, and the epitaph put on it by me.

In a book of my early poetry, I find these lines written on my father's death, and dated 24th December, 1835:

Awake, my muse, to filial love,
  Arouse affection's dearest flame,
  And praise a father's cherished name,
And all my tenderest feelings move.

My father! it is sweet indeed,
  Thy memory to recall again;
  Thou wert so kind, it gives me pain
To think of what the fates decreed.

And shall we never meet again?
  Oh, where thou art thy son must come.
  The grave, alas! is our last home;
Yet still thy memory doth remain.

As long as life shall warm my breast
  Or heart of me, thy son on earth,
  A father's kindness and his worth
Shall warm my soul until its rest.

Though wintry winds may sweep thy grave,
  And summer breezes pass it by,
  Yet I will come and o'er thee sigh,
And drop a tear no time can lave.

Eternal peace surrounds thy dust,
  And whether winter's tempests fly
  Above, or spring glows in the sky,
Thou carest not—the living must.

When young, I heard thy tender voice
  Applaud in me a studious turn,
  As early then thou couldst discern
A student's way, my life's first choice.

The following stanza is selected:

"Remember thy father, for now he is old,
  His locks intermingled with grey,
His footsteps are feeble, once fearless and bold,
  Thy father is passing away."

It was a melancholy time for me, at the age of not quite twenty-two, to lose a father whom I had known since childhood, who had ever, with all other faults, been indulgent and kind to me, seeking my welfare. No unkindness was ever shown by him to me, and if any word was spoken, it was for my improvement.

Moses, when he was the instrument of the promulgation of the wonderful Ten Commandments of God to men, if God

had ceased to be written on stone no other commandment than this, "Honor thy father and thy mother that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee," would be worthy of all admiration and reverence from all mankind so long as the world lasts.

Remember those who brought thee into being, who watched over thee in tender infancy, when thou wert a helpless infant, no eye to gaze on thee, no arm to clasp thee, no heart to pity thee.

Yes, who can forget father and mother? Oh, man! oh, woman! never forget those who shed tears over thy tender infancy. You may forget other things—never forget thy parents with all their faults. I thank God I can say that (and if faults I have, who has not?) I have revered my parents. If there is one fault God will not forgive, it is the forgetfulness of children of filial duties.

These wonderful commandments, given from Mount Sinai, at which infidels sneer, were never given by man alone, but emanated from some great and infinite mind. Even the commandment at which so many nowadays sneer, disregard and wish to turn the day into one of pleasure only, saying, "Man was not made for the Sabbath, but the Sabbath for man," which Christ meant in a good and wise sense, not in the sense taken by Sabbath-breakers, is a noble one. I am for keeping the Sabbath in a devout and holy way, not a bigoted way, yet in a devotional spirit. I believe in the cessation of all ordinary work, all unnecessary pleasures, that theatres, Sunday cars, excursions with music, and great military parades should cease on that day. "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." If it had not been among these wonderful commandments, it ought to have been put there. These commandments given in the mountains of the desert are for all time, for man at large, by the operation of a divine mind. The old

Book of our infancy may have its faults, its inconsistencies scientifically, but after all, its grand sayings and its many grand characters like Joseph, Daniel, Isaiah, Moses and Abraham, should make it honored and never to be forgotten. Who can read the Book of Job and not be struck with its bright thoughts, its deep morality, its grand reverence for God? My mother told me to read this book on her dying bed. I read it through before I was twenty, and when we think how many a poor dying woman, how many a widow or man of poverty it has consoled in his last moments of life, we feel constrained to say, as Jefferson did to Paine, "Mr. Paine, you may scoff at this Book, may try to turn men against it, but don't let the tiger loose on men."

We must have a God and a religion, and there must be truth in some place, in some book. Jesus has told us where it is—it is in God whom He represented.

On the thirteenth day of March, 1833, I was dressed to go to an evening party in Hamilton, was boarding at the great hotel of Mr. Burley, at Hamilton, and my dear father being there in his carriage, and about to go west to see his sons in Delaware the next day, came to my hotel to take an affectionate farewell of me for the time. He was unusually pleasant and smiling, talkative and affectionate. We parted pleasantly, affectionately, and he left in his carriage near dark, going towards Dundas, where he was to stay all night.

Now, how often we have heard the dread saying, "In the midst of life we are in death." Many instances have occurred in this city among my own personal friends. I might mention two. The late Hon. Stephen Richards, with whom I was very friendly—we always conversed when we met, frequently upon politics, often upon religions matters—was in 1895 residing with his wife on the Island At the close of the season in September, he and his wife

were coming away in view of going to California, and he, standing on the wharf by her, suddenly fell down at her feet, dead, said not a word, nor moved. He was not very old—seventy-five.

The late John Beverley Robinson, ex-Lieut.-Governor of Ontario, last June went to the Massey Hall great Conservative meeting to speak. He felt ill on arriving there and in an ante-room suddenly fell forward and died. He was the same age as Mr. Richards, and had been a very healthy athletic man all his life.

In the midst of life we are all in the midst of death. One hour after I had seen father, joyful and smiling, I saw him in the parlor of Mr. Peter H. Hamilton, his son-in-law, on the floor, with a doctor attending him.

On going to Dundas, he was passing the part of the town then known as old Mr. Mills' house, near where the Agricultural Palace grounds were, in a woody part, a short distance from Beasley's Hollow, as then called, and he stopped his wagon and horses to take in two young women walking towards Dundas who, from politeness, he wished to assist in their night journey. By some means not known, the horses took fright and started to run, throwing him out, and he fell upon his head, and caused a concussion of the brain. He lay in an unconscious state until the twenty-second day of March, and died insensible.

### HIS DOCTOR CALLED IN BY PETER H. HAMILTON.

This doctor was a bitter political enemy of his, who happened there at the time, and was the last man on earth who ought to have been. My brothers, James and George, were in Dundas, and did not like to interfere after Hamilton was called in, so let him be the leading doctor in the case. Dr. Merrick, of Hamilton, was called in as second doctor, and lastly Dr. John Rolph, of Toronto, was brought

up, whom my father, if able, would have called, but only stopped one day.

I was a young man, and could not interfere. What a melancholy change! George was at a dancing party at Ancaster, and I was dressed to go to one. Here was a scene, as it were, from joyous, expectant life in the full manhood of life to unconsciousness and death. Could anything be more startling to sons? My father was only fifty-eight just past, and in full health of body and mind.

He was the Registrar of the large counties of Wentworth and Halton, a valuable prize for anyone in a new country; had been so for about fifteen years, and this Dr. Hamilton was the person tried and fined in 1827 for the assault on Mr. George Rolph.

Dr, Hamilton was the bosom friend of Allan N. McNabb, the mean office-seeker of Hamilton, the bully in politics of the old corrupt Family Compact.

This office on my father's death should have been given to one of his sons, at least the Halton part should. Instead it was given, at Allan McNabb's request, no doubt, to a penniless brother of his, David McNabb, who died; then it fell to the brother-in-law, Stewart, of McNabb. The Halton part of it was given to a Mr. Racey.

I make no further comment on this matter than to say that the two, Dr. Hamilton and McNabb, were seen in conversation in a walk by my brothers, during my father's illness, near Hamilton. I shall necessarily have to show the doings and character of Allan N. McNabb in many Hamilton transactions in other chapters.

I continued in 1833 (as I always do) to employ myself usefully, never was an idle man, trust never will be. Thus being religiously disposed, not certain how life's events might turn out, I opened a farmers' Sunday School to teach farmers' boys and girls, three miles from Hamilton and two

from Dundas, on the road leading from Hamilton to Dundas, in April, 1833, with a school of about twenty girls and boys, from fourteen to twenty, and taught this school until December, 1833, very successfully assisted by Caleb Forsyth. It is one of the pleasant oases in my life I can refer to. God's blessing upon it. Then, in December, visited my brothers in the west, and in the States in 1835.

The world will not stand still, let what happen that may, but the sudden death of my father was a shock to all the affairs of our family. George went west to Sarnia to live, and opened a store, and my brothers who were at Delaware remained there; my sister Helen remained in Toronto at school until her death.

The citizens of Hamilton were then very few. There was no English church there, and no Presbyterian one, except Mr. Gale's on James Street south. A new one, the American Revivalist Presbyterian Church, established by the New York Presbyterian body, existed on John Street —an Episcopal Methodist, Wellington and King Streets.

I preferred the new Presbyterian Church, and its simple forms and mode of worship, as well as its earnestness in worship, to the Church of England; therefore as there was one which I thought earnest in its endeavor to advance Christ's Gospel, called the American Revivalist Presbyterian Church, I became a member. The Rev. Charles Furman was its pastor (see his letter in Chapter VII.). Mr. Leonard, a retired merchant, was a devoted and earnest member of it, a leader in this church. A Mr. Winchester was also a very earnest member.

As I am always earnest and energetic in all that I undertake, and there was only one Sunday School in or near Hamilton, I got up the above first Presbyterian Sabbath School ever started there, as said, three miles from Hamilton, on the Dundas and Hamilton road, taught in it all the

year, from early spring until December, walking out every Sabbath afternoon to hold meetings. On the way to my school, Mr. Caleb Forsyth, a farmer, as said, who owned a large farm which his son James still owns, used to meet me. He came out as I passed his house, joined me, and helped teach the young men and women.

The school was composed, as said, of young girls and boys, children of the resident farmers, some nearly as old as myself. I often think what a pleasant time we had in carrying on this school. I also call to mind the help Mr. Forsyth gave me. I never saw a more devoted Christian than he was. He seemed completely wrapped up in the worship of his Saviour, and as we walked along, he would exclaim, "Blessed Jesus! blessed Jesus! how I love you!" This is the sort of worship one likes to see in a Christian. It was not a put-on excitement, a temporary thing, but a real flow of religion from the soul, having faith in Christ as a loving Saviour. When I was in Chicago, in 1840, he and his wife called at my house to see me. He died, I believe, in the same loving faith in which he lived. Oh, that we all could do the same!

In December late in 1833, I paid my brothers Henry, Ferdinand and Alonzo a visit at their Delaware store, and went with Henry on a winter journey to meet our brother at Sandwich. It was a long sleigh ride, but a pleasant one; took us two days up and two days return. I recollect how common venison was in every tavern where we stopped.

### A PRIMITIVE ATTEMPT AT PREACHING IN THE BACKWOODS.

Before going up, I called by notice a Sunday meeting of the settlers to attend on the Sabbath to hear me preach in the woods (as it were) about the Gospel. This was the only attempt made to do so, although I have often spoken in Toronto to Sabbath Schools and prayer meetings.

Delaware village was a rude hamlet, and the people scarcely ever heard preaching of any kind, so my attempt to enlighten them was a good one.

After my visit to Windsor and Sandwich, I returned the way I came (stopping at Delaware a few days) to Hamilton.

### THE SURPRISE AT MY CHANGE IN LIFE.

Many persons in Hamilton thought it strange for me to join a revivalist church, a bright young student, and some ridiculed the idea. They are all dead who did so. I will name a few—Edward Jackson, a worldly, business man; John Winer, a good-natured, easy-going, worldly man; Mr. Daily, an innkeeper, very worldly; the two Clarks, one a cabinet maker, the other a tailor, very worldly; Alexander Carpenter, the foundryman; Mr. Burley, the innkeeper, and George Carey, the innkeeper; Mr. Sheldon, near Hamilton; the Case family, among them Horace, now dead, Doctor William Case, now so old, near 100; the Stinsons, merchants, all dead; the Hamilton (George's) family; Mr. John Law, Stephen Randall, Sheriff Jarvis, all dead. I forgot Mr. Andrew Miller and Andrew McIlroy. These were some of them that knew me, and yet another well-known worldly man, Allan N. McNabb, always then and ever so, to my knowledge, scoffing at religion. My own brother-in-law, Peter H. Hamilton, was very indifferent. I thought I was right—know it was so.

If there is any true religion, I then thought, still think, it is the Christian, founded by the Lord Jesus Christ. If it is not true, we are all at sea, wandering in doubt theologically, looking for some great impostor in religion to arise and lead us astray. Will there ever be such? Just at this time, 1831 to 1833, that great humbug, Joseph Smith, of New York State, arose to humbug people with his Latter-day Saint religion.

JOSEPH SMITH, THE MORMON IMPOSTOR.

A delegate of this infamous impostor came to Hamilton somewhere about 1831. He, Joseph, had started his new religion in New York State by pretending an angel had told him where the hidden stone wherein the latter day bible was concealed. The delegate held a meeting; only a few of us attended, among them the laughing, good-natured merchant, McDonald. Does anyone in Hamilton remember this man? His store was about three hundred feet from the south-east corner of John and King Streets. Well, he took the delegate in hand, and said: "Now, you say your prophet Joe can do miracles, and you can. Here," says McDonald, "is a crooked piece of wood; turn this into a pot hook to hang pots on, and I will believe you."

We had a great laugh at him, and he made no converts in Hamilton. One of the missionaries went to London, Canada, and attempted to walk the River Thames, and failed to do it and sank in. Who would think that in the enlightened United States, in the nineteenth century, such a rascal as Joe Smith could have got up a religion? He did so in Illinois.

When I went to Illinois in 1839, this great humbug was there, and opened his religious campaign at a place in the south of the State, called "Nauvoo," where he flourished for a few years, and finally the people arose against him and he was killed. More of this religion anon.

The revivalists of our Presbyterian Church in Hamilton, about twenty of us, went in the summer of 1833 in wagons to Brantford, then a little (chiefly Indians) village. We held meetings for about a week, had a successful time; did no doubt some good, for on all sides Indian villages are immoral. We had our meetings sometimes in old Mr. Wilkes' house, where he had a young family growing up,

and a few grown up. One of this family is alive still, James Wilkes, the treasurer, I believe of the city, about my age. I saw him and conversed with him in 1892. The father is long since dead. George Wilkes, late Judge Wilkes, of St. Vincent, Grey County, Charles Wilkes, now of Winnipeg, were then children. The Rev. Mr. Wilkes, of Montreal, Congregationalist minister, was a young man. Miss Wilkes assisted us all she could; a very fine woman she was. A Mr. Lovejoy and his wife (before marriage a Miss Case, of Hamilton) were alive and well known. We were at their house. Old (young then) Mr. Winchester, at whose house I boarded in 1833, was very active at this revivalist meeting. He was visiting the house of a lady who had attended our meetings, whom he wanted to convince, and he went to her house, the husband being out, and knelt down and prayed. The husband came in and was very angry, took him by the hair of his head and dragged him into the yard. He did not cease praying, however.

Well, it may be unruly to go to such extremes in agitating religious questions; many cry and say yes, but it was just in this way Methodism was established in England by the Wesleys and by Whitfield. Their modes were extravagant, but never did any have a truer religion. When we see the extravagance of the wicked, the drunken, the theatre-going, the private debauches of men and women, too often concealed, but secretly known, religious extravagances are infinitely better. No man was ever made worse by loud prayers to God and repeated prayers.

Edward Jackson, of whom I above speak, and who laughed at my turning to God in prayer-meetings, built the Centenary Methodist Church in Hamilton chiefly, and died on his knees praying to God earnestly, some twenty years ago. Blessed was he when he turned to God, blessed all his life; and if the Scriptures are true, he is among the

blessed in heaven. His wife was also a blessed Christian. The Hon. Mr. Sanford, of Hamilton, was his son-in-law, and was his nephew.

### THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY PROJECT.

In or about 1834, I was one of the delegates sent to London, Canada, with George S. Tiffany, a lawyer, and Andrew Miller, the innkeeper, to see if the people would act with Hamilton in building the Great Western Railway. We could not do much there. There was scarcely a decent hotel there.

### LONDON CITY, CANADA, AS IT WAS IN 1831.

It is surprising to see how this great place has grown when compared with the miserable little hamlet of 1833. All around London is spread abroad a most lovely agricultural country—one of the best, if not the best, in Upper Canada. General Simcoe in 1792 and before, when travelling in the western counties, thought seriously of making London the capital of the Province; and if the British had retained Michigan, Ohio and Illinois (as they legally had the right to do, according to the old French rights), of course it might well have been so. He was there with some of his friends, and greatly admired the general appearance of the country and beautiful River Thames. There was something, too, in the name of another London on the Thames. Standing on the ground where London stands, he said to his friends, "This ought to be the capital. I will lay out a road which will lead down east through the rich counties towards Hamilton and eastward towards Kingston." It was afterwards called the Governor's road, runs from London west, and east to Dundas, we all know it is now called the Governor's road up to Paris and London. But London was too inland to be

the capital. It was not on the great navigable waters; was open to invasion from Americans; so it was not to be the capital.

MY FIRST VISIT TO STAY IN HAMILTON WAS IN 1829.

If I mention who was there, how it was situated, its primitiveness, people may now laugh at me. The old log court-house I have described about to be torn down, was there, one built by Peter Hamilton, where the third building now stands was commenced. I saw the second one as spoken of in the process of being built, and some incidents that happened in it might be mentioned. Many a poor fellow imprisoned for debt I have got released by process of law when I commenced to practise from it.

William Munson Jarvis (one of the numerous family of that name), brother of Mrs. George Hamilton, was then sheriff.

Old and venerable County Judge Thomas Taylor, an English barrister, was the principal legal person. I must say something of his large family presently. George Rolph, of Dundas, was Clerk of the Peace; John Law, Clerk of the County Court; George Hamilton, Treasurer; Mr. Tidd, a six and a half foot tall Irishman, gaoler; Mr. Rolston, living on the mountain, was the crier of the court; Matthew Crooks, of Ancaster, the standing chairman of the Quarter Sessions.

I found Hamilton, in 1829, very primitive. Allan N. McNabb was the only lawyer there. Robert Berrie, my law master, lived in Ancaster. William Notman was living, or about to live, in Dundas; he was a well-known Scotchman there for many years.

The Stinsons were pedlars,—had not yet opened stores in Hamilton; can't recollect any store unless Leonard's. The Winers, Jacksons, Deweys, Dalys, Bernards, Leonards,

Carpenters, Clarks, Irwins, were there, others about to come. Perhaps Mr. Leonard, the revivalist, may have had a store; George Carey, Mr. Price, near Wellington Street, and a Mr. Huffman, had taverns. The English Church (when open) was held in the second court-house. Miles O'Reilly came to Hamilton in 1830, '31.

These farms were, those of Mr. Hughson, Hesse, Hamilton, Springer, Land, Mills, Ferguson and Mr. Kirkandall. All in a partly cultivated state. Only a few lots had been sold off.

Allan N. McNabb's office was on the eastern corner of James and King Streets.

"Billy" Sheldon (as they used to call him) came into the village to talk politics.

Old and young Drs. Case came in to prescribe medicine.

Mr. Berrie, appointed Clerk of the Peace, opened an office but still lived in Ancaster.

Only one store existed.

Peter H. Hamilton was the principal man of the town George Hamilton, the Treasurer.

Mrs. George Hamilton (who was a Jarvis) was the first lady of the town, a most excellent and amiable woman. She was a particular friend of my sister Harriet.

This was about the situation of old Hamilton in 1829. It had no newspaper, and scarcely a church.

By the way, Andrew Miller had a large wooden house, always a slovenly place, where the drug shop of Mr. Hamilton stands, west corner of King and James Streets.

### THE RELIGION OF JESUS IS ONE OF LOVE.

It differs in this respect from all other religions, and that is why I embraced it in 1833—still love it.

Mahomet came with a sword to murder. Jesus told Peter, when he cut off the high priest's servant's ear, "Put

up thy sword. He that slays with the sword, with it shall be slain."

Moses came with a more distant God; Jesus with the God of the Prodigal Son!—a God who fell upon his son's neck, clothed him in fine linen, put on a gold ring on his finger, killed the fatted calf, made merry with music for him. Why? Because he had repented and came back to a Father's house—*new born*. Oh, what a God was He of Jesus! Oh, what a Saviour was He! Peace and love were on His tongue; sacrifice of His blood was made for man! He was the chiefest among ten thousand, the friend of the poor and the rich alike, if they would come to Him in love and repentance.

### GOING TO OHIO IN 1835 TO SEE MY BROTHER.

My brothers Henry and Ferdinand gave up their business at Delaware in 1834, at the close of it, and moved to Akron, Ohio. In the summer of that year I visited them, by steamer up Lake Erie, and returned to see if I could settle their affairs.

I visited the great Niagara Falls for the first time that summer, and also the town of Niagara. I was then in full practice as a lawyer in Hamilton.

This account I must defer until a future chapter, and also an account of my doings in Hamilton in 1834-5. I have much to say about Hamilton not as yet said. It may be in Chapter VIII.

# CHAPTER VIII.

This is one of the most important—Attempt to establish Responsible Government by Baldwin—The Family Compact disloyally stops it—Sir Francis Bond Head a mere tool—It ends and old rule goes on—How things stood in 1836, and prior—A synopsis—Sketch of W. L. McKenzie's life—A rebellion forced on Upper and Lower Canada by wicked men.

THE contents of this chapter are a prelude to the rebellions in Upper and Lower Canada. Everything in reason having been submitted to, misrule, the English colonial office having been thwarted, the Canadian misgovernments at Quebec as well as Toronto having so disgusted all truly patriotic and intelligent men, that they were in despair of having redress made of their grievances; and, in addition, Mr. Robert Randall, of Welland County, had gone over to England with an immense petition (immense at that period) about the infamous Alien Act; W. L. McKenzie had gone over to get redress of Upper Canadian grievances, and Rev. George Ryerson had assisted him there; then the Rev. Egerton Ryerson, foaming over with grievances about the Clergy Reserves, had gone over too—the result of all which was, that Lord Goderich had sent out Judge Willis to take the place of the partial Canadian judges, and in 1836 that vain poor law commissioner, Sir Francis Bond Head, had gone out with despatches to make Dr. Rolph and M. S. Bidwell judges, and establish Responsible Government.

Yet all these things being before the people, to no good purpose, what conclusion could reasonable men draw? Were they to sit down and endure them any longer? Were they to hug these vile political masters for another generation? Were they to see the model British Constitution promised by Governor Simcoe in 1792 vanish into smoke? Yes, cried some political fellows in office—perhaps those who expected favors from them—endure longer.

Away with such mean thoughts and conclusions, only worthy of old Dr. Strachan, J. B. Robinson, C. A. Hagerman, Colonel W. Allan and such like. Britons ought to be made of better stuff, and the people of the days of James the Second, Orangemen and Protestants, did not fight in the battles of 1688 for nothing.

The governors, some broken down, gullible war colonels, like Sir Peregrine Maitland and Colborne, were sent out in old times, knowing little of popular rights or any government but that of troops. Under this state of things, in 1836, Governor Head, as a pretext, was told by the Compact, just call Robert Baldwin to form a Cabinet, and call a meeting of your Cabinet we will then kick up a fuss about patronage, shout disloyalty, dissolve the Legislature, use fraud and violence, get McKenzie, Bidwell and Perry (as many others as possible) kicked out of the House and country and carry the day by an hurrah!

Egerton Ryerson was secured by a promise of the Education Department, and to use his endeavor to carry the elections of 1836 by humbugging the Methodist people. The good old *Christian Guardian* was to be used under his manipulation and that of Ephraim Evans to work for the Compact, cry down the old friends of equal rights and true reform, like Dr. Rolph, Baldwin, Bidwell, McKenzie and others. See the *Guardian* of those days.

Here was the Compact's programme, and it succeeded, ending in the rebellion.

The promised Cabinet under Baldwin were Robert Baldwin, G. H. Dunn, Colonel Wells, Dr. Rolph, Peter Robinson and J. H. Markland. These men met, some in good faith, some probably knowing the real intention was to humbug. When they met, of course it was to dispense patronage (as is done in England and is done now in Canada, and has been since 1842). "Oh," said the Compact," this will not do. Our sons, cousins, families —what will become of them?" They had used the promise of Governor Simcoe as a plaything for near forty years, lived in the clover of office, had the appointment of all offices, the use of the land granting department, enriched many families by it, such as the Dicksons, Hamiltons, Colonel Talbot, the Canada Company, Clark and Street, and a thousand others. We want, they thought, to live in clover longer, to keep the necks of the farmers in the yoke a generation more. So the poor, weak creature, Head, yielded, and Mr. Baldwin's honest attempt to establish Responsible Government ended in smoke and humbug. Hurrah for the Compact—"here we are again, on board the ship of corruption." A clever trick, thought many, was this. Dr. Strachan puffed along the street as usual, Hagerman swaggered, the Robinsons and Allan chuckled.

Many others, especially such political turncoats as R. B. Sullivan, who when starting in life, politically, was nursed on the bosom of Dr. John Rolph, in Norfolk, and the Reform part of the Baldwin family, whom in his latter days he avoided, turned out a double-faced politician. I find in looking over the official almanacs of 1828 and 1839 that he was one of the most favored office-holders; finally, in the last year of his official duties, President of Arthur's

Executive Council, under Sir George Arthur. Here is a list of that Council who advised the tyrant Arthur: President of the 1839 Executive Council, R. B. Sullivan; William Allan (he always turns up in office), Augustus Baldwin (one of the Tory part of the family—proud and stiff), William H. Draper, Solicitor-General—smooth and eloquent, and a Mr. Tucker. This was the whole Council; yet this very year he was Commissioner of Crown Lands, and also at the head of the Surveyor-General's office—all offices of large emolument. Is it any wonder he stuck to the Compact? Yet this smooth, smiling, serene Irishman pretended to me to be a sort of Reformer! He was afterwards made a Judge of the Common Pleas. I find this on consulting the official almanac of 1838-39 and another of 1828—the last published by Robert Stanton, and the former "published and sold at the *Palladium* office, York Street, price $1.25, by Charles Fothergill." The royal arms are at its head.

The Executive Councils of 1827 and 1839 were full of placemen—two bishops, old Colonel Talbot, Baby, Wells, Dickson, Markland, Thomas Ridout, always William Allan, Cruickshanks, Duncan Cameron, Thomas Clark (of Clark & Street fame), and others, all executive favorites.

Is it any wonder they opposed Baldwin's attempts to establish Responsible Government? He in the end did so in 1842. Is it any wonder that honest men opposed, even with force, such a clique of unprincipled office-seekers and office-holders? How could any true patriot and Briton stand by and see the English colonial office set at naught by a weak governor and such men as then ruled at Toronto? Why, if the real state of this country from 1827 to 1837 was laid bare before this generation, in which we have such a Government as Mr. Laurier's, or that of Bald-

win and Lafontaine, in 1842-43, they would no doubt exclaim with Sir Poulett Thompson, afterwards Lord Sydenham, or as Samuel Bealey Harrison, the noble English Judge, said, "the poor unsuccessful patriots at Montgomery's were justified." I call these Compact people Tories, but they were not like the majority of the Tories of this day, who are honorable men. The Orangemen of 1837-38, under Ogle R. Gowan, were bigots as compared with our noble Orangemen of 1896, who fought Manitoba's battle of Protestant rights—in fact, put the Laurier Government into power.

### THE DIVINE RIGHT OF KINGS FORSOOTH!

That doctrine is long since exploded—was the cry of fools. The American revolution and William III. knocked that in the head. The divine right of such scoundrels as Henry VIII., Charles II. and James II. to rule England! Eh! Is that it? The divine right of bloody Mary to burn up English bishops for asserting the truth! Is that it, eh? The divine right of the tyrant of Russia to incarcerate the poor Poles and thousands of poor women! Is that it, eh? The divine right of Turkey to rule!

It is said that the Queen talked to Gladstone a few years ago rather haughtily about his Home Rule movement, and he said, "Madam, *I am the nation!!*" I don't vouch for this, but it was said so in some of the English papers. Wellington, in 1830-31, thought he was the people when the nation, under Lord Grey, demanded the abrogation of the rotten boroughs, and he put his foot down and said, "No, no!" When his carriage windows were broken in the streets, and he was hooted in London, he learned to say, "Yes, yes! the people are the nation!" Away with

your rusty old right of kings. Burns spoke the voice of human nature and truth when he wrote :

A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT.

Is there, for honest poverty,
That hangs his head, and a' that ;
The coward slave, we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that !
For a' that, and a' that,
Our toil 's obscure for a' that ;
The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie ca'd a lord,
Wha struts, and stares, and a' that ;
Though hundreds worship at his word,
He 's but a coof for a' that ;
For a' that, and a' that,
His riband, star, and a' that :
The man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that,
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
It 's coming yet, for a' that,
That man to man, the warld o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that.

Burns saw in the distant future the fall of the oligarchy of England in its unjust claims to rotten boroughs, the Reform Bill of 1834, the repeal of the Corn Laws, and the triumph of popular laws in England. If he meant socialism (which I don't think) then I am opposed to it. Equal rights for all —each class—is what we want; constitutional rights for the Queen, so for each branch of the British kingdom.

Now, I find that some men think that the Reformers should have waited still longer—yes, longer, for an indefinite time, before rising up in arms. Men I greatly respect took up arms and went to the battle of Montgomery Hill, with the minions of the Compact, to disperse an assemblage of farmers in arms there. Side by side they walked with Hagarman, McNab, the Jarvises, McLeans—the whole nest of base pluaralist officials—and shot down farmers—or tried to—farmers and their sons—the best men in the Home District—to please a lot of political tyrants. Many of us—and I was one—would have sooner cut off our arms than done this The grievances complained of were said by Lord Durham and Sir Poulett Thompson, governors, to be well founded; the last said if he had been in Canada he would have taken up arms against the Compact. The Honorable S. B Harrison, Judge of the Home District Court, often told me that the rebels (so called by Tories) were justified in doing as they did; the only regret being that the rising was not universal in place of local. Its failure does not prove it wrong. Suppose James II. had defeated William III. in Ireland, would that have made his tyranny and traitorous conduct less? Every Orangeman in that battle of the Boyne, or the defence of the gates of Derry, would have been called a traitor! What do they think of this? What do the men who helped the Compact think of it?

### MY ACTS IN 1835, '36, IN HAMILTON.

I acted as an attorney in 1835, and wrote a good deal in the papers—the Hamilton *Free Press*—some little of the time edited it. William Smith owned it. Mr. Johnson, who died with the cholera, had opposed it, on the Tory side.

### A VERY CURIOUS OLD SCOTCH WRITER, MR. M'CRAE,

wrote a great deal for this Hamilton *Free Press*, and a splendid writer he was—a well-educated man—but strangely constituted. He was very nervous—stayed in one room—never went out into society. Was versed in all current literature, especially that of England and Scotland. I often went and conversed with him.

### MY JOURNEY TO SEE MY BROTHERS IN AKRON, OHIO, IN 1835.

This journey, to which allusion back was made, I took to see what could be done in their affairs at Delaware, left in a disordered state, and brought many of their notes with me. Nothing could be done for them, although I made a journey up in the spring of 1836 on purpose.

Here about this time my brother Henry got married, and afterwards moved to Toledo, Ohio, where he died in 1839. My brother Ferdinand moved to Cleveland and got married, lost his wife, and, in 1840, moved to Milwaukee, kept a store for a time, then moved to Wisconsin and kept a store. At this place (McGregor) he died in 1839. I went to Ohio by steamer, and came back the same way.

### THE NIAGARA FALLS

were then of a horse-shoe shape on the Canada side, and small on the American side. I walked up on the American side close to the horse-shoe, on that side. It is sixty-one years since, and I consider the falls have receded many feet bodily. The falls probably recede on an average one foot a year.

### NIAGARA TOWN IN 1835,

was quite a busy place, had good hotels, store, and did a fair business. It was nearly as large as Toronto. St. Catharines was a mere hamlet.

Some prominent lawyers lived at Niagara, among them Charles Richardson, Robert E. Burns, afterwards a Judge, James Boulton, a wonderful noisy litigous lawyer, Mr. Hall, Mr. Campbell, afterwards a Judge of the County Court.

I returned to my office at Hamilton.

### CLERK OF THE TOWN POLICE OF HAMILTON.

In 1834, and part of 1835, perhaps all of it, I was very prominent as the clerk of the town—did many things towards its progress. Its books of 1834-5 are full of my entries and writing. Among the things I did was to superintend the building of a small market, near the wood market; the purchase of a town bell; the superintending of the census of the town. I also superintended the building of the town hall, first built in part. No one in the civic affairs was so active as I was. I also made out the title deeds conveying South James Street from Robert Hamilton to the city.

### THE HAMILTON OF 1836, '37.

I took the census of the town in 1835, early, or had it done. It was a little above 2,000.

### BURLEY'S HOTEL

was the chief one then. George Carey kept his new brick house. Mr. Bigelow kept a crockery store in part of the great brick house, corner of King and John, south side. The Stinsons kept stores, brick ones, above John, north side King—Ebenezer, Thomas and John, all of whom had been Welland canal jobbers—then pedlars. Allan N. MacNab ived in his Dundurn Castle—not finished. Colin Ferrie lived in a large wooden store and dwelling, near east corner

of South Hughson and King. My office was in a brick house a little south of his store on South Hughson. Where the great clock now is, corner of James and King, was vacant. Mr. Gale's church was on the corner of Main Street and James Street. Main Street east of it was mostly vacant. On the corner of John and Main Streets west, Bailey's bakery stood, where William Johnson Kerr, the giant quarter-blood Indian, assaulted W. L. McKenzie in 1832, at night. Mr. Bradly had a large wooden white hotel on the south-west corner of John and Main Streets. An old wooden farmers' hotel stood higher up, on the corner of Walnut and John, south side, a house that was there in 1826. I once saw a great negro dance there in about 1830. Old Mr. Rolleston, off the mountain, the court crier, came down regularly, often stopped there. Old Mr. Irwin, from across the bay, owned a two-story brick house on John Street, a little below the east corner of King and John. In it Mr. Berrie used to have his office—and in 1837 I had my office —which was robbed and broken up by MacNab's ruffian Tories, when I was in Toronto on business.

Old Andrew Miller had his wooden, ricketty, unpainted tavern on the north-west corner of King and James Streets. The south-west corner of James and King Streets was, I think, vacant. Peter Hamilton's farm was just getting cut up in lots. No market-place existed, no police station, except the one I helped to build on William Street. Peter H. Hamilton was the first mayor or police president. His partners in office, Mr. Gilbert, Andrew Miller, Andrew McIlroy and John Law. The next president was Andrew McIlroy, Gilbert, English, Miller and Allison. I was clerk in both years—a sort of general officer in this town office. In 1836-7 I did the town court business, collecting and sueing. Dr. A. R. McKenzie lived on Park Street, near old Mr. Hess's house.

Old Peter Hess had retired, old Mr. Mills lived on the hill a little above him, and Michael Mills near him. Samuel Mills began to be a great man, and to own a score or two of wooden houses.

Sam Patch Ryckman, so called there, kept a boarding house in old Peter Hess's house—he was the police bailiff. Paole Brown, colored, was the town crier; Captain Thorner, auctioneer, talked loyalty and sold heaps of fu niture, corner John and King, near Carey's. Later, or early in 1836 and all of 1837, John G. Parker and R. A. Parker had a large dry goods store on the south-west corner of King and John Streets, in the brick house of old Mr. Carey; on the opposite east side and corner, little, prim, Scotch, John Young had a store; on the corner of King and Catharine Streets, Mr. Chatfield had an hotel, a small wooden one, which was there in 1828, and long after; Charles McGill's mother kept a grocery a little lower, south side; old Dr. William Case's wooden house, now pulled down, stood on the corner of King and Walnut Streets; Mrs. Widow Price's, old country tavern, with the high poplars near it, stood on the north-west corner of King and Wellington, and on the south-east corner stood the ancient wooden Methodist church. Now, this will do for some notice of old places and old persons which I knew, and who knew me as well as thousands do now in Toronto.

### THE NIAGARA FALLS THE WONDER OF THE WORLD.

The greatest wonder, the greatest mystery of the world, pours, and pours, and thunders over its rocky precipice. Before Abraham left the plains of Mesopotamia or the tower of Babel was built, before the Chinese Empire was founded four thousand years, ten thousand years ago, when the great mammoth animals gazed over the heights

from Queenston to where they now are, the waters of Erie poured and thundered in one eternal roar, like eternity, over the rocks, rolling to fill up Ontario. Oh, what a picture of eternity! The numerous traces of creeks that appear, in the gullies for seven miles, all tell of the age of this great cataract. Seeing it sixty-one years ago, I can easily notice its constant retreat. When did the Indian first look over it, or the white man gaze in amazement at it? How many poets, authors, men of genius and beautiful ladies, love-sick swains for centuries have wondered at it? Byron, Agassiz, Volney, Audubon, Bryant, Longfellow, Washington, the Duke of York, Sir Isaac Brock, Jefferson, the Prince of Wales, Mrs. Stowe, Miss Martineau, Elliot, Mrs. Hemans, Prince Bonaparte, Emerson, Lamartine, Lafayette, Lord Durham, Lord Sydenham, Lord Medcalf, the Duke of Richmond, Count Frontenac, De la Salle and thousands of authors and authoresses; great Indian chiefs like Tecumseh, Brant and Pontiac, have gazed and wondered at it.

It is idle to speculate on the age of the Niagara Falls. When we say, as some do, they are 20,000 years old, it is only conjecture. Lyell thinks so, I believe, but others differ. If they wear away one foot a year, on an average, how long would it take to travel seven miles from Queenston? The evidences all along the seven miles go to prove that the water travelled back by degrees, at what rate is uncertain. The fact of going back is certain. Once the eye looking from Queenston Heights could, if possible, see a vast lake—twice the size of Ontario—flowing over the Burlington Heights, Hamilton and Dundas and down to Rochester, in the United States, to the heights above Toronto, to the heights beyond Oakville, and so to Kingston. On the St. Lawrence, it is likely there was a rocky dam or some hindrance to a flow down the St. Lawrence.

The lake flowed over Whitby to Port Perry. Forty years ago an embedded immense mammoth was found when the excavations for the Great Western Railway were made in the heights—seventy feet in the gravel, seventy feet above water. This animal had died, floated in the water, and been washed inward. When was that? When did those animals, found in all the western states and Ohio and all over upward Ontario, live? Ten thousand years would be a small figure to say. Geologically the world is very old, and mighty changes have taken place all over the world. I will again refer to Hamilton, which is my *Alma Mater*. I love Toronto, but why not Hamilton as well, or better.

### THE SCOTCHMEN OF CANADA AND EVERYWHERE.

As my volume of reminiscences has reference to old memories, I cannot omit to refer to the Scotch people, young and old, with whom I have in my young, middle, and old age, come in contact. My habits are somewhat like these excellent people, although I have not a drop of Scotch blood in my veins. My father, as I have said, was English—originally, three hundred years ago, French—and my mother American—and her parents, as I have always understood, originally Irish. In 1832, a large number of Scotch young men came to Hamilton and settled in some kind of business, among them the Hopes, the Osbornes, the Beggs, one of them who knew me intimately in 1834 Strange to say, when I was in Detroit in the autumn of 1895, the papers—at least the widely-circulated Detroit *News*, having a circulation, the owners told me, of 75,000—mentioned that I, the oldest lawyer of Canada, was in the city, stopping at my son-in-law's, Dr. Simon Fraser's. One, day I was surprised to find that an old gentleman named Begg wanted to see me. I called at his fine residence in upper Detroit, and there saw the young man, now old, over eighty.

whom I knew as a rosy young man in Hamilton among the Scotch who came out in 1834. He has a real Scotch wife, whom he got in Canada, as old as he is, talkative and healthy, and a great admirer of W. L. McKenzie. He is well off, but looks much older than I do, and he had not seen me for sixty years. Well, there were the Youngs and the Ferries—Colin at one time was the largest merchant in Hamilton. He married the beautiful Miss Catharine Beasley, the most stylish young lady I ever saw in a ball-room in old times, in Hamilton. By the way, I might here, speaking of ball-rooms, say after I saw my father in March, 1833, lying in the arms of death, and he had left me dressed ready to go to a ball in Hamilton, I never danced in or went to one. I thought of the serious things of eternity. There was James Brown, a strong, vigorous Scotchman, who did not do well, and died there young. There was McLaren, also McNabb, a merchant, not of Allan's family. In later years the Kennedys, the Leggatts, and the Fairgrieves, also the McIllwraiths and Rutherfords.

These are the men who have appeared and lived in Canada, caused more political excitement and exercised more personal influence than any other men in it. First and foremost Dr. John Strachan, who came to Canada a Presbyterian, well-educated teacher about 1800. He taught school at Cornwall as early as 1806, probably the District Grammar School, as I have said, taught numerous young U. E. Loyalists, the Robinsons, Joneses, McLeans, VanKoughnets, and others.

The English Church seemed to him a better opening than the then scarcely-known Kirk of Scotland, so, as the saying goes, the Scotch are fond of the advantages of life. He became an English Church clergyman, and finally, at Toronto, a bishop.

Dr. John Strachan was of a kind disposition to his most intimate friends, and particularly kind to young ladies whom he and his excellent wife often made intimate visitors at his house. I cannot omit to mention his kindness to two of my sisters before alluded to—Harriet, in 1816-20, and Helen, in 1833-4.

He often visited the great Toronto gaol on the Sabbath in the winter of 1838, where many hundred patriot prisoners were confined, and spoke to them about holy things. I knew him well then and before that. His influence politically and in a religious way was very great, and he was always in the Legislative Councils, influencing legislation and watching the laws passed, defeating any that injured the Church of England, especially affecting the Clergy Reserves.

He was a disturbing cause in this respect for over fifty years and until his death, now over thirty years ago. He was a great open air walker, very temperate—only took a glass of wine at dinner—no smoker, great family man, and constant preacher. He died aged over ninety.

ROBERT GOURLAY,

a great Scotch farmer and sensible man, from 1816 to 1820. See my mention of him in back pages. He exercised great influence for some five years in Upper Canada; also in Quebec—as I have shown, was shamefully used by the Family Compact, especially by Dr. Strachan.

WILLIAM ALLAN,

a thorough Scotchman, came to Canada about 1800. He exercised much influence in Toronto, held more offices than any man who ever lived in the Province. He was an amazingly conservative man, was very severe in his opinions on the patriots of 1837-8, sat constantly on the commission

who tried them. He sat on the great trial as chief second magistrate, along with Chief Justice Campbell, when the young Family Compact tories were tried in 1828, for destroying W. L. McKenzie's press. If any office required to be filled he was on hand to fill it. A poor man, named Wilcox, who used in aged years to walk the streets of Toronto, used to tell me and others, that Mr. Allan, when acting as custom-house officer, seized and sold his vessel and acted harshly to him.

W. L. M'KENZIE

commenced his great career as agitator in 1824, ending in in 1837-8. He was a wonderful little Highlander—sprang from two famous families named McKenzie. My readers will hear enough in this volume of him.

GEORGE BROWN,

a vigorous young Scotchman, commenced his career in 1843. He published the *Globe* from that time to his death. His career was vigorous, erratic, but very influential.

JAMES LESLIE,

the son of old Mr. James Leslie, of Dundas, was a very learned, excellent Scotchman, honorable, of deep religious thought and feelings—an intimate friend of mine. He exercised for many years great influence in Toronto.

ALEXANDER M'KENZIE

rose from being a contractor and stonemason at Sarnia, to be the Prime Minister of Canada. He was a vigorous thinker and speaker, an honest, upright politician. I once read of a traveller who was on one of the pyramids of Egypt. He met a stranger there like himself, and he asked

the stranger who he was. "I am a Scotchman," says he. So go where you will you will find a Scotchman. In Chicago, in 1840, I met two influential men, Mitchell and Brand, Scotchmen of wealth and influence. Carnegie, of Pittsburg, is a Scotchman.

### LAUGHABLE ANECDOTE AND RETORT.

I heard this anecdote of Dr. Strachan, too good to pass over.

He was dining a long time ago with a friend whose coat looked very seedy.

"Ah! my friend," says Jock, "shall I say—your coat is very shabby; why do you not look better?"

"Weel, Jock, I must tell ye; I ha' no' turned it yet!"

Dr. Strachan is said to have met his brother many years after in Canada, and scarcely knew him.

My father once told me—"Charles, if you cannot get a wife among the Canadians, be sure to take a Scotch lassie; they make excellent wives." If the Scotch lasses are such as Burns describes them, we all know they must be dears—and this I know too from long observation. He has immortalized the lovely dears of the lowlands and the highlands. Who can ever forget his Highland Mary, his Mary Campbell?

I say nothing in this article of Sir John A. Macdonald, who, although born in Scotland, was only a child when he came here, and who was emphatically a Canadian in all his feelings, ambitions and nature, but will allude to him in the last chapters.

## CHAPTER IX.

Thoughts on 1897—Turning back a moment to old memories—Sleeping in hay-mows or barns—Awakened by cock-crowing—Singing of birds—Skating—Riding down hills—Sleigh-bells and sleigh rides in the country—Snowbirds: Their flight to the north—Pleasures in winter—Presbyterian progress in Canada—It existed very early at Niagara—A short history of the Ryerson family—Land grants of old in Canada.

These beautiful lines, so appropriate, I took from the gazette of Mrs. Harvey, of Toronto—not original:

Will it run over with laughter,
  Or will it be filled with tears,
Will it be careless and merry,
  Or saddest of all the years?
Will there be lowering storm-clouds,
  Or will there be rainbows bright,
Will there be blackness of midnight,
  Or blush of the morning light?

Who knows what the day or the morrow
  Will bring to the waiting heart?
Thy duty is but to press onward
  And steadily do thy part,
Nor dream that the curtained future
  Will yield to thy puny power;
God's angel is holding that curtain,
  And lifting it hour by hour.—*Onward.*

It is a solemn thing to enter upon a new year with all its possibilities and its unopened future. How many entering into it will never see its end, from the countless accidents that may happen to any of us? It was so last year, 1896, now buried into the past. It reminds one of

the waves of the mighty ocean which we see following one another, each dashed upon a rock into nonentity in a moment. Another series of waves follows in the track of the first, to be, in like manner, dashed into oblivion Such are the races of men and women. Such, let us remember, will be our fate, and so let us spend our time in this great and unfathomable universe, apparently without beginning or end, which has been, and will be, from everlasting to everlasting. And yet this mighty, wonderful panorama of worlds, shining on forever, countless and beautiful, has a Creator still more wonderful, endowed with love, beauty and beneficence; Almighty in power, design and invention; at whose will all things move; whose nature is righteous, moral and infinitely good. We can only picture Him as seen in Christ, who was so wonderful in his nature; whose origin, although mysterious and unaccountable, is surrounded by some contradiction when contrasting Luke and Matthew's gospels, yet seems to be the Shiloh of the Old Testament; the seed that was to bruise the head of sin. If He did not rise from the gloom of the sepulchre at Golgotha, into which Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea placed His precious body, and appear and talk to his apostles, as certified to by them, then we are amazed at their unnecessary falsehoods and at St. Paul's testimony—amazed at Christ's promises—amazed at the progress of His religion in the Roman Empire—amazed at its power since and now in the world. "But now is He risen and gone into the heavens as our Brother, Friend and Saviour?"

## WINTER SCENES AND SPORTS.

### Reverting Back to Old Customs of our Young Days.

My father, James Durand, senior, I have always understood, stayed in Montreal for a time in or prior to 1800.

He was reported to be a very skilful skater there. In 1824 to 1830 I have known him to try to skate and he could not. It is strange how soon the power is forgotten. My brothers and I could skate very well at the last-named periods, but now the power to do so has gone with me. We used the rivers, creeks and ponds in early days; had no such thing as a rink. Girls did not skate then. In Holland the women use skates to do marketing, as well as for pleasure. I think it looks very pretty to see women skating, or to see ladies and gentlemen skate together. Riding down hills was common in my early days. Tobogganing was not in vogue in Canada.

Sleighing parties were very common, as was attending balls and other parties in sleighing rides. It was a laughable thing to get a turn-over, with ladies and gentlemen in the deep snow, affording laughing for days after.

The tingling and merry sound of bells at night passing our houses in the winter roads, fires burning bright and high inside, and the tingling of bells outside, were amusing.

Snow-birds on the roads as we passed in sleighs, rising from and sitting in cold snow, were generally seen. It of late is not seen so much. The little birds seem to enjoy the snowdrifts and enter with apparent joy into the clouds of snow as they rise, twittering as they do so. As soon as warm spring comes off they go to their northern aurora borealis regions until winter again visits us. They are our dear little snow companions. Occasionally I have made verses about them and about the merry winter bells. I used to be very fond, as a boy, to ride in sleighs.

### WOLVES IN THE SNOW.

I used to see wolves running through the distant fields on the old Grand river farm, spoken of in back numbers of this book. They love to travel through deep snow; lash

their sides with their long tails. It is not well to meet a hungry pack in the deep woods. Remember what I say about the long woods near London. If met alone they are cowardly.

### DEER STALKING ON CRUSTY SNOW.

When a rain comes on in winter, and an ice crust freezes on the top snow, hunters will stalk deer, and, worse still, wolves will chase them. In the deep woods, where the snow is sometimes three and four feet deep, the deer in jumping through the snow cut their legs, of course, sink in, and are so impeded as to be easily caught by wolves or lynxes. It is cruel to see this. They have a poor chance to escape. I once saw a poor deer come into our yard at the Grand river chased by wolves.

### INDIANS WITH THEIR WOODEN SNAKES.

The Indians in winter walk on snowshoes, and our hunters and travellers do so. In deep snow the traveller must have them. The Indians have their deer-skin moc-a-sins, hide-tanned. They used in old times to play with long hiccory, serpentine, smooth snakes, so-called, which when thrown in a straight line will run through the snow or on the ice very long distances.

### SNOWSHOES IN DEEP, CRUSTY SNOW

Used to be very generally used in distant travelling, in Montreal, the North-West, and on the Grand river. Ladies travel at times with gentlemen with them. If you travel far you will have great appetites.

### WHAT DO THE BEARS DO ?

Bears—probably raccoons, groundhogs, porcupines, and all animals having thick, fat skins and oily bodies next to

the hair, and long hair—winter in dense woods and swamps through the months of December, January, February and March, in Canada. It is said the bear comes out on the second of February and if he sees his shadow he goes back for six weeks, then comes out. They suck their fat paws and feet, rolled up like a big barrel. The white bear does not do so in Iceland.

### TRAPPING FUR ANIMALS IN WINTER.

Trapping is a favorite thing with hunters in winter. Such animals as foxes, wolves, beavers, lynxes, minks, otters, martins, fishers are trapped.

### WOODPECKERS AND BLUEJAYS

Stay with us all the winter, secrete themselves in hollow trees at night and eat worms in the bark. Bluejays do not all stay with us; woodpeckers do. The large red-headed kind, sometimes called the cock-of-the-woods, does. They are found in the Arctic region.

### SQUIRRELS OF ALL KINDS

Stop with us, living on nuts secreted in the autumn in hollow trees.

Such is winter—with its scenes, its joys, its privations and pleasures.

It purifies the air for the coming summer—makes our climate more healthy.

As a boy I loved winter and, all in all, thought it a beautiful change. My mind often goes back to my boyhood days, when, on our great farm near Brantford, I, Henry, Ferdinand and Alonzo used to sleep on the hot summer nights on blankets in the hay mow in the barn. We had a hired farmer and his wife, who slept on the floor

below us in the same barn. We had to rise early, but the cocks would commence their crowing when it was yet dark—when only a little glimmer was seen in the east. We could hear the barn swallow and the barn phœbes uttering their beautiful little twitterings in and out of the barn, the ringing of the cowbells, the cows getting up to graze in the fields, and we, too, would have to arise from a refreshing sleep where the new-mown hay was scenting the atmosphere. Perhaps we would be superintending the horses to commence to plow when the breakfast horn would call us in. We used to delight to sleep in this way, it seemed so healthy and was romantic.

Our hired farmer man and his wife would lie down on the barn floor.

Travellers tell of their making their beds of hemlock branches in travelling.

It was very invigorating. The more air we have in our sleeping apartments the better, if we can avoid colds. My brother Ferdinand told me once that he was employed to put up lighthouses on Lake Superior for the American Government, and on his return had to travel long distances in the woods from Superior to Lake Michigan. He made his bed of the boughs of trees and a blanket.

This brother once had a store on the Wisconsin River, among the Indians. He then went to the Mississippi, at McGregor, and opened a store. There a wicked and vicious clerk stabbed him in the leg or thigh, from which he ultimately died in 1859. His family and children live up in that region.

These verses are suggested in my thoughts:

THE MERRY BELLS.

Ring tingle tingle, here we go
Softly over the yielding snow;

How lovely it seems, crackling below,
With bells a tingling, hearts aglow ;
Laughing! Laughing! Our hearts are full,
Wrapped in robes and blankets warm,
Prancing horses our sleighs do pull,
Ladies near us with beauty charm.

## THE SNOW BIRDS.

Go little bird, when winter is over,
To far northern lands where icebergs do gleam,
With us you but seem a short little rover,
Appear with the snow and leave as a dream!

The wild wintry winds seem to thee a delight,
'Mid snow-banks and storms thou spendest thy time,
Twittering in comfort, in sitting or flight,
Till seeking again thy far northern clime.

Will we see thee again when winter shall come ?
Say little rover from the land of the North,
Where, with seals and the bears, thou makest thy home,
When again coming spring calleth thee forth ?

The snow-bird is of a white color on its under parts, white and brown on its back and wings, brown on its head, has a small bill pointed, dark legs, is about six inches long, is usually seen in flocks of a dozen, less or more; comes with the snow in late November or early in December times; leaves us in March. Is said to change its plumage to a black color on its upper parts in summer, breeds in the Arctic regions, Labrador, McKenzie River, Iceland, and other cold countries.

## REMARKS ON THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF THE CANADIAN PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

THE Presbyterian Church is included, or rather includes the Dutch Reformed Church, which may be called its founder. The poor Huguenots who went to Florida in

the sixteenth century (1562)—as I read history,—were killed by the Spanish Roman Catholic Church in Florida. The Spanish nation (perhaps I should say the priest part of it) does not deserve any sympathy from mankind at large; therefore I have been inclined to sympathize with Cuba in the struggle against Spain in the now war for independence.

The conduct of Spain in fitting out the infamous Armada against England, and the conduct of the Spaniards to Mexico and the Aztec kings of the Indians, and to the South American aborigines was infamous and bloodthirsty.

This short history of the church was kindly given to me to insert in my reminiscences by the best informed minister of the church in America, an aged and most devoted member in Canada, for which I thank him.

1. As to the first Presbyterian Church in the United States. A colony of French Huguenots was settled in Florida in 1562 under the patronage of Admiral Coligny. The Huguenots were Presbyterians in doctrine, government and worship.

2. In 1628 a congregation of the Reformed (Dutch) Church was organized by the Rev. Jonas Michaeline in New Amsterdam, New York. The Reformed Dutch were Presbyterians.

3. In the Dominion of Canada the first Presbyterians were French Huguenots, who with their ministers were settled in the Island of St. Croix, by De Monte, who was a Huguenot. This was in 1604.

4. Passing from the French and Dutch to the English.

I propose to state what great progress has been made in the Presbyterian Church for the past seventy years in Canada, in a brief way. I alluded to its beginning in a prior chapter. I mean the more modern church, as very recent. Below I give a list of the various Protestant

denominations in Canada. It is wonderful to contemplate this progress of the Presbyterians. The separation made by this body of Christians at the disruption in Scotland in 1844 from the old kirk of Scotland, which had got (as all established churches will do if pampered by the Government) too worldly, shows that self-supporting churches do better than pampered ones. The Presbyterians have done better than the Methodists in the past two or three decades in Canada, and than the Church of England, although the last church, since it has acted on the voluntary principle, has done better than when it depended on the Government for support. Had it not been for its ritualistic tendencies it would have done even still better. The leaning to Romish customs must be given up. The Presbyterian Churches have increased to an enormous extent in the Dominion.

From the census returns it is learned that there were 10,840 churches in April, 1891, a very great increase over 1881.

In continuance of this article I say the first Presbyterian minister was the Rev. Francis Macornie, who came from near Ramelton, Ireland, in 1683, and who settled in Rehoboth, Maryland. The first Presbytery was organized in 1705.

5. In the Dominion of Canada there was established, in 1749, in Halifax, a Protestant Dissenting congregation, partly Presbyterian and partly Congregational. This is now St. Matthew's Presbyterian Church.

6. The first Presbyterian minister who was permanently settled in the eastern provinces was the Rev. James Murdock, who came from the same neighborhood from which I came.

He came to Halifax in 1766, preached for a short time in the Protestant Dissenters' meeting-house, and afterwards

in Horton, Windsor, Cornwallis and other places. He died in 1799.

7. In the Province of Quebec the first Presbyterian minister was Rev. George Henry, who seems to have been a chaplain in Wolfe's army, and to have been present at the capture of Quebec city (1759). He organized a congregation in the city of Quebec about the year 1765, and died in 1795.

8. The first Presbyterian minister in the Province of Ontario was the Rev. John Bethune, who was a chaplain in the loyal militia during the revolutionary war, came to Montreal in 1786, and removed to Glengarry in 1787. This was four years before Upper Canada was separated from Lower Canada. Mr. Bethune died in 1815. Two of his sons were the late Bishop Bethune of Toronto and Dean Bethune of Montreal.

9. Other Presbyterian ministers who were settled in Upper Canada were: In 1793, Rev. Jabez Callner, Simcoe, from the American church; in 1795, Rev. L. L. Brepple, Williamsburg, etc., (Dutch) Reform; in 1794, Rev. John Dunn, Niagara; in 1798, Rev. John McDonald, Frederickburg, (Dutch) Reform; in 1802, Rev. John Young, Niagara; in 1802, Rev. D.W. Eastman, from Arnian, Ont., Niagara Peninsula; in 1804, Rev. John Burns, Niagara, father of Judge Burns; in 1808, Rev. L. Williams, St. Catharines, etc.; York, Toronto, the first Presbyterian congregation here was organized, in 1810, by Rev. John Beattie of the Dutch Reform Church, but it had no settled pastor. In 1823 Rev. James Harris was settled as minister at York. He came from Ireland, and was a son-in-law of Jesse Ketchum. His congregation afterwards became "Knox Church."

10. The Presbyterian population of the Dominion of Canada, according to the census of 1891, was 753,109.

11. The first general assembly of the Established Church of Scotland was in 1560.

My learned and aged friend who gave me the account furnished in this article does not mention the old Kirk of Scotland Church that stood so long in Toronto on the corner of Church and Adelaide Streets, and occupied by so many Presbyterian families in old times—such as John Bell's, the lawyer, his brother the land agent, the McMurrich family, Mr. Justice McLean's.

Manitoba is now, or has been, very like Upper Canada was from 1818 to 1830.

It will be seen that the number of Presbyterians now stands as high almost as the pioneer Methodists, and outnumbers all the others, except the Catholics, which increase has arisen since 1830, mostly since 1844, and since the great Scottish eruption of the church.

As a matter of curiosity I subjoin this enumeration of all the religious denominations in Canada, cut from the Presbyterian Almanac of 1896.

| Religions. | 1881. | | 1891. | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| | Number. | Proportion to Total Population. | Number. | Proportion to Total Population. |
| Roman Catholics | 1,791,982 | 41.48 | 1,992,017 | 41.21 |
| Methodists | 742,981 | 17.18 | 847,765 | 17.54 |
| Presbyterians | 676,165 | 15.63 | 756,326 | 15.63 |
| Church of England | 577,414 | 13.35 | 646, 59 | 13.37 |
| Baptists | 296,525 | 6.85 | 303,839 | 6.29 |
| Lutherans | 46,350 | 1.07 | 63,982 | 1.32 |
| Congregationalists | 26,900 | .62 | 28,157 | .58 |
| Disciples | 20,193 | .47 | 12,763 | .26 |
| Brethren | 8,831 | .20 | 11,637 | .24 |
| Adventists | 7,211 | .16 | 6,354 | .13 |
| Quakers | 6,553 | .15 | 4,650 | .10 |
| Protestants | 6,519 | .15 | 12,253 | .25 |
| Universalists | 4,517 | .10 | 3,186 | .07 |
| Jews | 2,393 | .06 | 6,414 | .13 |
| Unitarians | 2,126 | .05 | 1,777 | .04 |
| Salvation Army | ..... | ..... | 13,949 | .29 |
| Other denominations | 14,269 | .33 | 33,756 | .70 |
| Not specified | 93,881 | 2.17 | 89,355 | 1.85 |

## THE FAMILY OF THE LATE COLONEL JOSEPH RYERSON, OF NORFOLK, AND HIS SONS, GEORGE, JOHN, WILLIAM, EDWY AND EGERTON, THE LAST FIVE METHODIST MINISTERS.

Born at Patterson, New Jersey, 1761, son of Lucas Ryerson, and great-grandson of Martin Ryerson, who emigrated from Holland in 1646, a Dutch Huguenot. His mother was Mehetable Stickney, a descendant of an early New England settler. Her father removed to Maugerville New Brunwick, in 1764, soon after the cession by the French. She was born in the following year and married Joseph Ryerson in 1784. Died in 1851.

On the breaking out of the Revolutionary war Joseph and his brothers Samuel and Francis took the Royalists' side. His brother George L. remained neutral. Joseph joined the 4th Battalion of New Jersey Volunteers as ensign, took part in the South Carolina campaign, was wounded at Savannah, was twice promoted for distinguished service in the field, was transferred to the Prince of Wales' American Volunteers, and was one of the 86 out of 550 who returned home to tell the tale of his adventures in the campaign. He continued to serve with his regiment until the end of the war, having taken part in six pitched battles and numerous skirmishes. Under the Act of Attainder of New Jersey he was obliged to remove to New Brunswick with the loss of his inheritance, and settled at Maugerville, Sunbury County, where he became a Major of Militia. On the representations of Governor Simcoe, an old friend, he removed to Upper Canada in 1794, and settled at Vittoria Township of Charlotteville, Norfolk, on his grant of land. He was afterwards appointed Lieutenant of the County of Norfolk, High Sheriff of the Western District, and Chairman of the Quarter Sessions.

When the war of 1312-14 broke out he raised and commanded the 1st Regiment of Norfolk militia. He made

himself so obnoxious to the Americans by his activity that a price was set on his head and his house burned by order of the American general. He lived to the age of 94; died on August 9th, 1854.

Their children were George, John, William, Egerton, and Edwy; Polly, who married Colonel John Bostwick, M.P.P., and Mehetable, who married Judge Mitchell.

His brother Samuel settled beside him at Port Ryerse. His brother Francis settled in Nova Scotia, where his descendants are still to be found. One of them, John K. Ryerson, was a member of the House of Commons for some years.

This family of sons—five ministers—exercised a vast influence all over Upper Canada for a generation or more.

Only two of them meddled much with Provincial politics—William, who at one time was elected to the Legislature for one term, and pursued a useful and moderate course, and Egerton, who wrote a great deal in the *Guardian*, and in Lord Metcalfe's time opposed what Baldwin and the Reformers claimed to be the true meaning of Responsible Government, which conduct R. B. Sullivan opposed in Ryerson. But I believe, and Reformers of the old school believed, that the changes of his political opinion from what they were in 1830 and 1834 to different opinions in 1835-'6-'7 to the Family Compact side by Egerton, indirectly ruined the Reform cause, and the result was that it caused the rising of the people under McKenzie, and ruined for a time the programme of Reform.

John Ryerson and a Tory English Church minister got up a petition to save the lives of Lount and Matthews, whilst he, Egerton Ryerson, who really might have saved their lives by his great influence with such men as Attorney-General Hagerman, Chief Justice Robinson, and Sir George Arthur, used no influence in their favor. This con-

duct I very strongly condemned of old and now condemn. It was not on the ground of ultra-loyalty that this was done, because many as loyal as he was carried round petitions to save the lives of the two condemned men.

Mr. Rogers, a well-known U. E. Loyalist, father of the large family that bears his name, did so, and his son, who now has a large fur store on the corner of Church and King, told me some years ago that a super-loyal officer met old Mr. Rogers carrying round a petition near the market and accosted him with the question: "What are you doing, Mr. Rogers?" "I am carrying round this petition to get signatures to save the lives of Lount and Matthews."

"What,' says the officer, "you, a loyal man, do this?"

"Yes,' said the veteran of the war of 1812, "I do, and am justified in so doing." The Family Compact says: "He should have granted the people reforms asked for, then this rebellion would not have arisen." Mr. Rogers fought at the Battle of Queenston and other battles, and so, indeed, did Matthews.

The Ryerson family were a brave and very useful family in their day. Revd. George Ryerson was probably at Detroit in 1812, when General Brock took the army of Hull. He fought at, probably, Lundy's Lane, and was severely wounded at or near Chippewa in the face, and received a pension. In his latter days he seems to have changed his religious opinions in favor of a religious denomination called the Irvingites, the exact opinions of which I do not know. He died at the age of 92. His well-known, intelligent and respected son, who is a member of the Ontario Legislature, lives on College, near Yonge Street, and is attached as a physician to one of our regiments. The account of his grandfather's life given me by him reads like a romance in history, and is well worth noticing as a grand Canadian family relic.

I can remember one of the members of the family for over sixty-five years, and his vigorous and exciting manner of preaching. He was the Revd. William Ryerson, and his manner was so original that I used to sometimes try to imitate him in speaking. He preached in all the churches about Hamilton as far back as 1830, and exercised a great religious influence.

The Revd. Egerton Ryerson was going to school to learn Latin, Greek and other branches of a learned education in 1826 and 1827, in Hamilton, when I was going to school at Dundas, to Mr. MacMahon, the Irish tutor employed by my father and other gentlemen before spoken of; therefore I may say I was contemporary with him. He was writing vigorously in the *Christian Guardian* in the years probably from 1830 to 1834 for the Reformers, after which he turned his pen against his old friends, Bidwell, Perry, Rolph and McKenzie; in fact, in my opinion, by so changing his tactics and going over to the side of the old Toronto Family Compact, was the cause, as said above, of the defeat of Responsible Government which Robert Baldwin tried to inaugurate in 1836, advised by Lord Goderich. He became, in 1836, and 1837-8, the advising friend of Sir Francis Bond Head, ultimately the indirect cause of the people, or a portion of them, taking up arms in the Home District when they saw there was no chance, after repeated failures of obtaining their just British rights.

When that hasty and, under the circumstances, imprudent act was done, imprudent because isolated and in only one part of Upper Canada, he was the enemy of the poor fellows implicated in the rising, and he and the Revd. Ephraim Evans were hostile in their remarks on all the Reformers who did take up arms. Everyone knows that many, a majority of them, were the oldest and most respectable farmers of the County of York and some in all the sur-

rounding counties. He also knew that one of the men executed, David Matthews, was a U. E. Loyalist and had fought for Britain in 1812. The father of this poor man fought in the revolutionary war for Britain.

As the sentiments expressed in the *Guardian* prior to 1834 led many such men as Matthews to become violent Reformers. It may be said that my remarks concerning the Revd. Egerton Ryerson may not please his personal friends. I beg of them to remember that I am not writing this book to please any family or any friend, but for truth's sake, and to hand down forever what I consider and know to be truth. I recollect, now over sixty years ago, how I felt at the sudden change of policy or politics in this eminent man and what all my contemporary Reformers felt. We felt that a once political friend had turned tail on us. Bidwell, Perry, Dr. Rolph, Dr. Morrison, Bishop Richardson (then plain Revd. James Richardson, felt so, and the Reform papers all took that view. Take them if you have an old file and see if it is not so. If this reverend man had been asked why this change of his mind towards his old friends took place, he would have said probably, because he thought them not truly loyal; but most of us thought there was a world reason. He visited Sir Francis B. Head, it is said, about the time of the rebellion, to counsel him. Now I say, and all knew it, that the leaders in the rebellion were loyal, all of them, until they were driven to the verge of political desperation, and even when at Montgomery Hill if they had been approached in a conciliatory way and offered what England (under Lord Goderich promised in his despatches), and a new election and fair play, they would have gone to their homes.

They were told (by the Tories and Governor Head I mean) when the flag of truce went out, that this would not be granted to them.

It will be admitted by me, and all fair men admit, that Dr. Egerton Ryerson was an eminent educationist and laid (after the struggles of the Reformers in Parliament) the foundation of the educational system of Upper Canada.

The sons of this aged father of the Revolutionary days are all departed from this world, and charity might well cast its shadow over all results; but truth must prevail in history although the heavens fall, as the adage in Latin says.

## LAND GRANTS OF OLD IN CANADA.

The Township of Yarmouth, the best in Upper Canada, was either given away or sold for a trifle to the Baby family, whose members were always the tools and favorites of the Family Compact. Some of their names are seen in the Legislative Council, sometimes as office-holders, in all the early records of Upper Canada.

It is said that this township ultimately came into the hands of the Canada Company for a trifle. Col. Talbot's biographer, Mr. Ermatinger, says that the Colonel wanted the land, but found it was disposed of. At that time this Company had acquired a million acres in the Huron district for one shilling an acre, as spoken of. It would have been better to have given it to Col. Talbot, who really was settling the country with good settlers. This is what Mr. Ermatinger, a Tory gentleman, very truly asserts. The Colonel, apart from his odd ways, was perhaps as good a settler as it was possible to have.

Col. Mahlon Burwell, a favorite of Col. Talbot, was a great land surveyor, and a Family Compact Tory. He brought up a family, two of whom I knew well in early times before 1830. John, a wonderfully jovial man, of Ancaster, and a surveyor named Lewis Burwell, also of Ancaster.

You will see how the Toronto or York faction honey-

combed all the country with land grants, whose owners were dyed-in-the-wool Tories.

Thus the country was enthralled with political corruption. Only subserviency to the York faction gave the entrée; and this subserviency made Col. Burwell a bulwark for the York faction at all times. How hard it was to be a manly, independent man, or to get any favors except at the price of mean truckling to the worst York officials. It is cause for wonder that it was endured so long; but men hate to agitate a country, and will often rather endure political slavery.

Mr. Ermatinger says that Col. Talbot superintended twenty-eight townships in the tracts granted to him, having in 1860, 150,000 inhabitants, and now nearly twice that number. These townships are now well settled with thrifty farmers, whose forefathers cut down the forests with their axes. Mr. Ermatinger says Dr. John Rolph was a "smooth, oily-tongued politician; as a politician he sadly disappointed the expectations of his warmest friends—even William Lyon McKenzie stigmatized him for his treachery and cowardice; spoke of him and wrote of him with contempt. The elevation of such a man as John Rolph is a lamentable proof of degrading democracy. McKenzie held him up as the meanest traitor that ever disgraced a gibbet."

This is in substance what he said. He also says he deceived the people, and tried to get Col. Talbot to marry one of his sisters. He forgets to give him credit for any good quality.

His brother, George Rolph, of Dundas, was a brave officer entrusted with despatches from General Brock from Detroit to York. He held a commission as a lieutenant. Whatever may be said of the conduct of Dr. Rolph in 1837, he was, as were also his brothers and his whole family, loyal in 1812, and long after. Mr. Ermatinger is too severe

on Dr. Rolph. It is only fair for a just and impartial historian to take a more generous view of this able man; all the virtue and all the bravery did not then, as it does not now, belong to one party alone. It is a poor way of consolidating a country to make one half of its population hate the other, or lie under the charge of disloyalty.

GREAT GRANTS OF LAND IN EARLY DAYS TO COMPANIES AND INDIVIDUALS IN CANADA.

1st. To Col. Thomas Talbot, in Elgin.

5,000 acres were granted to him in that county, in the townships of Malahide and Dunwich, as a right, he being a field officer in the British army—the amount usually so granted.

Then I have understood it was 50,000 acres were also granted to him upon condition that he would settle the lands with thrifty and proper immigrants.

2nd. The Canada Company in the Huron district.

This Company acquired a million acres of land for one shilling an acre from the British Government. Col. Vanegmond, who was imprisoned in 1837 in the low cells of the gaol in Toronto, and died in the hospital from ill-usage, told the Committee of the Legislature (then Reform) in 1835 of the privileges the Company enjoyed; although they got their lands for almost nothing, still they were allowed to deduct the price of opening up new roads.

3rd. Col. Charles Ingersoll was granted the township of Oxford upon the terms simply of settling it with thrifty British immigrants, with which he did not comply.

4th. A person named Daton was offered the township of Burford upon the same terms, but declined to take it.

A person named Sales was offered a grant of the township of Townsend in Norfolk County, but declined to take it.

These men seemed to think land worthless—were too lazy to look ahead for better times.

Another named Baby the whole of the township of Yarmouth, which he forfeited, and the Canada Company got it for a trifle.

The township of Nichol was given to Col. Thomas Clark, of the great land and money firm of Street and Clark, of Niagara Falls. Street was a Boston Yankee immigrant, and had all the fast young gentlemen of the Niagara district in his debt, and charged them enormous interest. In his latter days he was known to be a very fast living man.

To the Dicksons, or their father, of Niagara, the township of Dumfries was granted for a mere nominal sum. These last grants were from the upper and best lands of the Six Nation Indian Reserves, before alluded to. I suppose the money paid by them was part of the invested monies, the Indian Trust Funds, out of which the Indians receive presents.

All over the country the favorite way of buying the support of partisan Government tools was by granting them lands on nominal or easy terms, as in the cases of Clark, Dickson, Ingersoll and Talbot, creating a colonial dependent land aristocracy. For this they would and did support a Toronto faction in all their wrongdoings. Hence the persecution of Gourlay and McKenzie, and hence the rebellion of 1837. Yet Mr. Ermatinger condemns men for opposing such a system.

The life and actions of Col. Talbot are, taken from his standpoint, as a well-educated member of a highbred ancient family, very praiseworthy. He is not to be condemned for his Tory opinions, for such were those of his ancestors, and his military education tended to strengthen them, although a military man should not necessarily be confirmed

in that direction, but the aristocracy, men and women, from whom he sprang were a corrupt set.

What I mean by an old-fashioned Tory is a person who has a cramped and narrow view of the loyalty of others, an unpatriotic view, prejudiced against a man because he differs in political sentiments from him. Such was the general character of the old Family Compact Tories, men like Robinson, Jones and Hagerman. Such were a certain part, but only a part, of the U. E. Loyalists who came to the British Provinces before 1783. When they saw others come from the United States after 1783 they meanly passed the Alien Act, which for a generation caused a great political uproar in Canada West. Robert Randall, as I have said, carried over an immense petition to have it repealed. It was, like the Clergy Reserves, a subject of political agitation for many years. Under this act some of the best men in Upper Canada were placed under a political ban. Caleb Hopkins family, who came from North Carolina, where his parents, on account of their loyalty in or prior to 1780, had lost their property, and had hence fled to Canada, was one of these; and thousands like him were not considered loyal Tories, such as the Robinsons and Joneses, whose ancestors fled to Nova Scotia or New Brunswick prior to 1782, thence to Upper Canada. The Robinsons, I think, came originally from Virginia.

What right had such men to call Mr. Gourlay a rebel? He was a British citizen, more loyal to England than they were. Such Toryism as these men showed is simply detestable. We have a little of it now.

I was talking to a Judge Boyd, who is a strong Tory, a few days ago about the old Family Compact, and told him I intended to speak the truth about them in this book. "Oh," he replied, "they are all dead. Who knows where they are now?" His father was an English gentleman who came here about 1832.

His assertion, although not strictly true, is substantially so. God has stricken this old faction with annihilation in a very marked degree.

My words show that Col. Talbot never came to Toronto, or York, except on one occasion, to interfere for the Compact. Yet his name was always down as a Legislative Councillor. He lived in his woods and forests, and was very punctual in paying the Government all he owed them. It is said that he was at the battle of Lundy's Lane, and was of much assistance with his militia. I suppose he was also at Detroit, as Mr. Ryerson and George Rolph were. He died at an advanced age, on the 6th of February, 1853. Mr. Ermatinger's biography is very flattering to him, but probably not too much so, if the state of Canada of old be taken into consideration. Had the York Government, however, adopted a proper land policy, a free grant policy, and admitted American settlers, much of the backwardness of the Talbot settlement, as well as of all Western Canada, would have been avoided. When the Americans, under Harrison, conquered at the battle of the Thames River, a portion of them went to the Talbot Settlement and took the settlement, and robbed it so far as they could, and this incident took place.

Old Colonel Talbot, although the chief man and an officer, too, they didn't know, and he and his friends had no idea of having him carried away. The Indians saw him going out of his back door secretly, and asked Mr. Patterson, "Who dat man? Who go dere?" levelling their rifles at him. "Oh," said Mr. Patterson, "he keep the sheep—poor man; no officer." Down went the rifles, but again, having suspicions, they raised their rifles to shoot. Some of them said: "Don't shoot that poor man. He keeps the sheep." So he escaped into the woods, although the biggest man, Mr. Ermatinger, speaks of this in his book of Colonel Talbot's life.

### "GENTLEMEN, WHAT'S TRUMPS?"

The British, in the winter of 1813-14, after the battle of Stony Creek, compelled the Americans to evacuate the whole Canadian frontier, and they only occupied Fort Niagara, having burnt the town of Niagara and left the people homeless in the winter. A party of Britishers, 500 strong, under Col. Murray, I think, crossed over to Fort Niagara, slyly, and approached the fort silently, bayoneted the sentries on guard, and, as they entered the fort, a jolly set of officers, laughing, were playing whist. One of them cried out, "Gentlemen, what's trumps?"

The British troops rushed forward, and the officers retorted in the loudest tones:

"British bayonets!" and, rushing on, took the garrison, cannon, arms, provisions and all, prisoners.

The British followed up their victory, went up the river, burnt all the villages and the then little town of Buffalo, returning in triumph.

So the cruelty of burning Niagara was revenged. Alas! that men are obliged to in war, or will avenge all such wrongs!

### GENERAL PROCTOR IN THE WEST

Acted a cowardly part towards the poor Indians. He might have done better; should have chosen at Moraviantown a better position, or none at all, and retreated into the dense forests, where the Indians could have escaped or fought better. He left only one company to help Tecumseh, suffered him to do all the fighting, to be killed by Kentuckians, he escaping east to Burlington. He was court-martialed and condemned. Col. Talbot sat on the court martial.

# CHAPTER X.

In the last Chapter there was much about winter and sleigh-rides. In this I give an account of one momentous to me—My first acquaintance with my first wife—Miss Sarah Bostwick in March, 1836, in Hamilton—On a sleigh-ride—Remarks on W. L. McKenzie: his wrongs very great—My first Barrister trial with Allan McNabb, in April, 1836—John Sandfield Macdonald—My marriage in 1837—The comforts of a lovely home—More remarks on our judges.

## MISS SARAH BOSTWICK.

My first wife—Our acquaintance in a sleigh-ride, and our future marriage.

ALTHOUGH this article partakes of the romantic, and is personal, yet its reminiscence is the most pleasing of my life and cannot be omitted. My first acquaintance with her who suffered in the rebellion with me, in all my troubles, was in a ride in good sleighing, with a splendid span of horses and a select, small company, in March, 1836, going from Hamilton to Brantford with one who was to be my future wife and companion for many years in life, and was a pleasing affair, resulting in our marriage in 1837, after a courtship of some time. Her name was Sarah Bostwick, a young lady, the daughter of an estimable widow lady, Mrs. Sarah Bostwick, connected with one of the oldest families of Toronto. She had been stopping during the winter of 1836 with her brother-in-law, Reuben A. Parker, who was then a merchant and partner in business with John G. Parker, also a merchant, who was so badly used afterwards by the tories in 1837-8. These two gentlemen were Americans by birth, although they had lived a long time in Canada, the first as a merch-

ant on the corner of Yonge and King Streets, in one of Lardner Bostwick's houses, afterwards in a chequered store, where the Bank of Quebec now stands, formerly occupied by Messrs. Rutherford & Whittemore. Many years ago Mr. John G. Parker had been a merchant in Kingston. R. A. Parker had invited me and a small company to take a sleigh ride, and I was to be a companion in it of Miss Bostwick. We met there and at once loved, although there was a little delay in our marriage. How strangely our fates are shaped. I impute mine to a guardian angel that seemingly has been my life guide. Are they not sent, these invisible friends, to be our aids in life? Never on earth did two love better than this dear woman and I. Although we are parted for a time on earth, we will meet again in some future life. But to resume. Upon our return from this pleasant trip we continued the loved acquaintance. This is a delicate matter to refer to, yet it is part of my life, the most important and blessed, only interrupted by the rebellion and our persecuting enemies.

### A MEMORANDUM MADE IN 1836.

On the 8th day of April, 1836, I made an acrostic in poetry and sent it to my intended wife, Miss Sarah Bostwick. I omit giving the lines, but have them among my sacred things.

In May, as said below, after giving the present, poetry and several interviews, she suddenly vanished. For a long time I feared she did not reciprocate my love. She was much attached to her mother, who lived in Toronto, and wanted to act only with her consent, which is what all good girls should do; but love is not to be thwarted by locks or bars, and I was infatuated, and so was she secretly. In May, she, unknown to me, left for Toronto to stay with her mother. A terrible feeling came over me. 'Am I forsaken,' said I,

'by that angel girl?' Those who fancy love is a myth may smile; let them feel it if their soul is capable of entertaining so holy a passion. Mine was no fancy, and so it was from above! Some men and women in this world are made of very cold stuff. We were not. I wrote many, many stanzas about her who was gone (the above must suffice for this chapter), until we were engaged. A strange accident: was it fate or my guardian angel's guiding? A guardian angel I've always had. I said so in the beginning of this book, which will be made clearer before it ends.

This strange memorandum appears in a book I have: "Hamilton, 9th Sept., 1836." I had written a desponding farewell in poetry about her after she left Hamilton in May, fearing she did not love me. In June following I wrote a letter to her to Toronto, which she got from her mother, Mrs. Bostwick. She wanted to answer it favourably, for she secretly loved me. Her mother, Mrs. Bostwick, was in religion a Quakeress, and cautious and prudent. She told her daughter, 'Don't answer it; if he loves you he cannot remain away although it be not answered. Test his devotion to you; he will come and see you.' So true it was, my absence from her being unendurable.

So this memorandum appears in my writing seared with 60 years of aged writing:

"On Monday, 29th of August last, little did I think that a happiness I so coveted would finally be crowned with success. On this day I left Hamilton for Buffalo, as I supposed, on the steamer "William the Fourth," by way of Niagara and Toronto, and little dreampt I would miss the steamer and go down on the Hamilton boat to Toronto; but so I did. There stopping over night. I arose next morning, and, as if by fate, my feet wandered up Yonge Street, induced by what I knew not,

thinking I would try and see her I loved. I met her face to face as she opened the hall door, and greeted me with a sweet smile, neatly dressed in a (summer white) muslin dress. I perceived the two months since my letter was written had made a great impression on her feelings. My feelings were a little blunted, but her sight revived them at once, and were brightened up beneath the loveliness of her eyes. Before I had been in the house two hours she granted me—what? Her lovely hand forever. This was on the 30th of August, 1836. I then went to Buffalo, as I had intended, returned to Toronto, and stayed over Sunday, the 4th September, with her." Oh, what a precious memory this is of the past to one who so loved her!

Now, at the distance of nearly 60 years, since last August, how changed the appearance of Toronto and Yonge Street is. Where the Salvation Army building stands there stood great willow trees and a house among them, occupied once by, I believe, Mrs. Mewbigging, whom, if I mistake not, C. A. Hagarman married. From that the land was lying in open, cultivated fields A house stood in the field occupied by a man named Richards, just up Gerrard Street a short distance. There may have been a house where Jonathan Scott lived. Then all was vacant until we came to old Mr. Sharpe's house, the shoemaker. Captain Elmsley had a house some distance inward on St. Joseph Street. Then all was woods, until at the corner of Charles Street where an old wooden inn stood, which old inn was there afterwards for fifty years.

Then Mrs. Widow Bostwick's newly-erected roughcast house stood among trees, where I met the beloved woman who was to be my wife in all my future troubles, as aforesaid. The whole city was just as primitive. Yorkville was in the country, Bloor Street East and West all wooded land, except Mr. Bloor's house, eastward.

A burying-ground called the "Potter's field" occupied half-a-mile of land along north side of Bloor Street near to Canon Jones' church.

In the holidays of 1836, after this event of August, I drove from Hamilton in very cold weather, forty odd miles, in a sleigh, took my Christmas dinner with Mrs. Widow Bostwick, and afterwards drove with Miss Bostwick and a small party to Duffin's Creek, twenty-two miles, to the large farm home of Mr. Reuben A. Parker, dined there, and came home in a furious storm blowing over the Scarboro Heights. So furious was the storm that I feared we would perish, I and my dear one. The great hotel known all over the east country, then kept by the Gates family, stood half way between Mr. Parker's and Toronto. Here we warmed ourselves and managed to weather the terrible storm, and arrived at the house of Mrs. Bostwick again. The next day, one of the coldest I ever knew, I drove 40 miles through the snow to Hamilton again. I have driven many times in sleighs through all parts of the counties about Toronto and Hamilton in the stormiest weather since those days, amidst furious, drifting storms, when the snow birds (like the stormy petrel of the oceans) seemed to delight, the more furious the storms were, in flying before my horse.

The Bostwick family are nearly all gone from Toronto now, only a few branches collateral to it remaining, such as Mr. Barrett's, my own, and Mr. Playfair's. Mrs. Bostwick, the old lady, was connected with the largest families of Canada, the Hills of Niagara, originally all Quakers; and her husband, Lardner Bostwick, was also of a Quaker family of Niagara, originally connected with the celebrated Dr. Lardner, of England, an historian and philosopher. The Hills, the Bradshaws, the latter descended from Judge Bradshaw, of Cromwell's days, and Lardner Bostwick,

came to Canada from Pennsylvania about the year 1782, and were within the infamous alien law enacted by the Old Family Compact to keep out the best settlers of Canada in old times, originating with the foolish hatred of ultra loyalists, causing in the early days of this century much political trouble in Canada. The people who so came to Canada were originally British subjects, and there afterwards helped to fight in all the great battles of 1812. The Hills and Bradshaws fought at Lundy's Lane; Lardner Bostwick was taken prisoner and fought the Americans at the battle of York in 1813. Where the great stores now stand, including the Canadian Pacific Railroad Office to Walker's store, running down Yonge Street a long distance, (an acre and a quarter), the ground in 1820 was covered with a beautiful apple and plum orchard. On the opposite corner, where the Dominion Bank stands, Robert Baldwin lived in a large brick house in 1830. So times and localities change, and political parties change, yet I am sorry to say that the curse of our great province in early days was the old compact faction. We lived for many years (19) in much happiness. Our fortunes and happiness always greatly depend upon our marriages in this world.

Some say, "Is not marriage generally a failure?" I say "No, but the reverse, generally."

God gave this holy sacrament to man and woman as a source of their greatest blessing. No two ever tried to keep it more sacred than I and this dear lady in her and my life while she lived. Cut off, as she was, at an early age (which event will be hereafter referred to), it shows life's uncertainty.

The rebellion and my innocent implication in it separated us for nearly nine months, but we spent many happy years afterwards in life, and had many children.

We had much correspondence before marriage, which did not take place until 1837, a year after our first acquaintance.

In 1836 I bought a beautiful homestead in Hamilton from a gentleman, a well-known merchant in Hamilton, named Russell Prentiss, known there in 1832 to 1837. He had been a very successful merchant, and was a particular friend of mine. It was part of the old David Springer estate, the oldest in Hamilton, near the old Methodist Church, Wellington Street. This property had a large orchard on it, and was in every way an eligible home, and would have been to us in future life a very happy one if not deprived of it. It will be seen afterwards what was done with it.

But I must return to my courtship and marriage. Speaking for a moment of Mr. Russell Prentiss, I say he saw me at Chicago in 1840. He stayed there a short time, and settled in St. Louis, where he bought land and finally married. He met with his death shortly after in a fire accident, at an early age. How uncertain this life is; how full of accidents!

I have lived since my return from Chicago near 53 years in Toronto, and, with the exception of the loss of many dear friends (the greatest of which was my ~~second~~ dear wife), have been greatly blessed by God. God gives us troubles and blessings and we must abide His will.

first

A little further on I refer to my journey to see Miss Bostwick, in December, 1836, after our meeting to be engaged in August before, and will now refer to our marriage. But to give variety to my book I intermingle remarks and poetry. Love has interludes. . . . True love never runs entirely smooth.

I will also give Robert Burns' idea of love in a future place.

My marriage with Miss Bostwick took place on the 28th day of April, 1837, about seven months before the unhappy rebellion of Mr. McKenzie, in 1837, and we lived in the most comfortable manner all that time, not suspecting any evil would befall us; sacredly discharging all the duties of married life, with every comfort of life. We all, unfortunately, have our enemies, and I had some very bitter ones in Hamilton, simply because I was faithfully doing my duty to my country in advocating, what we now luckily have, a responsible system of government. None of us, the most extreme, ever thought of going the length in reforms that now even the tories go, in those days of the horrid system of the compact rule.

We, as a couple pledged to marry, were happy, and we were happy, the happiest of the happy, in all our life sympathies; with us home was our heaven to each other; her presence, my life—mine, hers!

These verses express more fully what I mean :—

WHERE IS HOME?

Where is home?
Is it where stately mansions rise
With dazzling splendor towards the skies,
The poor man's dream—the rich man's prize?
Where is home?

Where is home?
Is it in the cabin rude and cold,
Where wind blows in through rafters old,
Where want hath trod with footsteps bold?
Where is home?

Where is home?
What matter where my lot may fall,
Since storms and sunshine come to all,
In lowly hut or lofty hall!
Where is home?

Where is home?
The humblest place beneath the skies,
When viewed through love's devoted eyes,
Becomes a perfect paradise!
This is home!

Where is home?
'Tis where the heart's best treasure is,
For perfect love is perfect bliss,
Deny me wealth, but give me this;
Love is home!

Love is home!
And when our earthly loves are o'er,
And earthly mansions are no more,
Forever, on the other shore,
Heaven is home!

— *Albany Times.*

Oh, that we all in wedded life realized this! But we must not forget, and I and my dear, loved wife, perhaps, in this erred somewhat, which may God forgive. We must love God even more than we love each other.

If God will forgive anything that looks like earthly selfishness, it may be where two in wedded life loved as I and my dear wife then did. Angels will look on such love with admiration. But who can help to love our Saviour, the Lord Jesus, who shed His blood for us, and washed His disciples' feet, with a love far surpassing all others.

THE LATE LARDNER BOSTWICK,

Father of my first wife, died in 1834 from an attack of the then prevalent cholera, in Toronto, and his body is buried in the Necropolis burying-ground. He commenced to build in 1833 the first residence near Bloor Street, Toronto, which his family after his death finished. It was for many years the residence of his amiable widow and her family until her death. Old Mr. Bloor lived a quarter of a

mile east of Yonge Street on Bloor, which was named after him, and the old "Red Lion Inn" was there, but few other houses.

Mr. Bostwick was one of the first City Council in 1834, and was long known as one of the most energetic men of Toronto; a close friend of the celebrated Jesse Ketchum, whose munificence to city schools, churches, Bible classes and religious objects is felt and talked over now in our city. His gifts of 1820, before and since, are well known. Blessed are the dead who have performed their duty in their days, and the odor of their righteous works will last forever. Sweet are the memories of the just! Here I might say, going into other subjects at this time, in 1836 my eldest brother, James Durand, junior—the great merchant of Dundas in 1828 to 1835, before spoken of—was a member of the Upper Canada Legislature, with the celebrated Caleb Hopkins of Nelson Township, in Halton, as a coadjutor and had succeeded in the previous election in defeating James Crooks of Halton, and Absalom Shade of Galt, two Tories. I acted as the legal Counsel for my brother and Hopkins at this election, for a week, during which the elections in those days were held. Many hard knocks and fights at the polls Reformers then had to endure. The people can now go peaceably to the polling booths—which are so numerous. Struggling Reformers recently, with assisting Conservatives, have effected great improvements in election laws.

Let no one think that, from these remarks, I am a prejudiced politician. I have as many, perhaps more, friends among the now Conservatives (who love this great Dominion, apart from partizan politics) than among the so-called Radicals. Blind partizanship is not my creed; I am fair among all parties; and now, as in 1837, my motto was and is, "Canada first, Canada last and forever." If I was perse-

cuted in 1836-7, as I was, or since by any Canadian Tory who now lies in body under the cold ground in cemeteries in Toronto or Hamilton, charity requires me to say: "Brother Canadians, departed, I deplore your hatred and bigotry of old. You are in God's hands. He is your Judge. Your terrible wrongs towards me and others must be judged of by Him." Oh what a blessed thing it is to be charitable! We have Jesus for our example, who, when the iron spikes were being driven into His blessed feet and hands cried out in His agony, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." Wrongs and misery are past; but let those who did them, if alive, hang their heads in shame; if departed to the realm of forgetfulness, receive that judgment which God deems just. Should their wickedness be kept from exposure or the wicked not be remembered, even in the cold grave? He is no friend of God or man who covers up the deeds, past or present, of the wicked. "*Nil nisi bonum de mortuis,*" is all well to say, but there is another thing to say, "*Bonis nocet, quisquis pepercerit malis.*" Let nothing be said of the dead that is unjust; yet injure not the living by concealing the works of the wicked departed! The past is God's, as is the present. Cursed are the wicked who depart in unrepented sins; blessed are the good whose righteous works follow them!

Who is to repair the wrongs—the tyranny of such men as Christopher Hagerman and others in Toronto, or of Allan N. McNab? Can their children do it?

Blessed be God in whom we trust. He will reward or punish as we deserve.

THE GREAT BOOK OF LIFE WILL BE OPENED.

"And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God; and the books were opened, and another book was opened which is the book

of life, and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works."—Book of Revelations, 20th chap., 12th verse.

This is only just, and an awful trial if true. Shall the wicked sleep forever in their evil works? Yes, I hear the unbelievers say. Even if it were so, who would want to bear before men the stigma—the infamy of a Nero, Herod, Jezebel, Napoleon, Bloody Mary, Mary de Medici, the authors of the Inquisition, Borgia, held with others in detestation forever and forever by man?

No! let men do their duty, have mercy, and show it, not acting as many did in Toronto and Montreal, monsters of cruelty.

I have spoken of my courtship, now in a future chapter, after detailing the cruelty of the gaols of Upper Canada, my marriage will be also alluded to, in April, 1837, when many friends were present, among them Mr. Bidwell. Only two besides myself are now alive who were present at that wedding. Sixty years seem to sweep off the earth most of the then existing adult race.

The thought would be unusually melancholy if we were not to live in a future state; but most of us believe that we will, and every one is anxious to do so.

THE CHARACTER AND WRONGS OF WILLIAM LYON McKENZIE.

The *Advocate*, a paper published by William Lyon McKenzie in York, had been speaking very strongly of the abuses of the family compact since 1826. He had complained of the arrogance of this faction, whose tools and office-appointed minions dominated the whole province; and what he said was true. But bad men do not like to hear the truth; they like to be let alone. You cannot attack a hornets' nest and be unstung; the insects will come out and furiously surround you.

This clique of political land and office robbers had been growing fat and fatter since the war of 1812, and many because they had fought bravely in that war thought that they did right in monopolizing everything in the country.

On the 8th of June, 1827, the first illegal attack was made on McKenzie and his so-called vigorous press. Those who condemned the rising on Yonge Street in 1837, by Reformers, were willing to use lynch law against any one who offended them. So on that day the door of his printing-office, then near our now market-place, was violently broken open and the type and presses were seized by many a well-known young Tory upstart (urged on no doubt secretly by their official fathers), who ultimately, it seems, paid the fines inflicted on their sons! Among this class of property-lynchers was Henry Sherwood, the blustering Solicitor-General of after days, the son of L. P. Sherwood, a Family Compact judge of the time, and many others also connected with the Compact families. Notwithstanding this infamous act, and others too numerous to mention, it is maintained that the people should have tamely submitted to Tory domination for generations to come; and they did submit for ten years after.

At the time of this outrage, Mr. Lindsay says in his Life of McKenzie that the latter was in the United States on business of his own or driven away by his enemies, who were pressing him for debts in courts, that were all favourable to the Family Compact. Be that as it may, it makes no difference why he was away, but aggravates the outrage, if he was so driven away by persecution.

Miss Fitzgibbon has published a history of the life of her grandfather, the late Col. Fitzgibbon, who was so active and brave in the war of 1812 in opposing the American invasions of Canada, and whose brave conduct deserves much praise. In regard to this outrage, she says the Colonel dis-

played great activity in bringing the authors of this great breach of the law to justice. He was a magistrate and it was his duty to do so. The authoress gives him great credit for doing so, but spoils it by saying that when the trial was over and the lawbreakers had been fined, he immediately displayed an equal zeal in canvassing the young rascals' friends (the officials chiefly) for money to pay their fines, in which he succeeded admirably. It was to his credit to get them fined, but could not be equally so to let the young lawbreakers out of the difficulty by paying their fines in this manner. Does it not implicate the whole set of office-holders (of the compact), for whose benefit the crime was committed? He was an office-holder. Is this the way British justice should be administered? No, it was a direct encouragement of a second breach of the law, a repetition of it. It is a shame to see anyone reasoning as she does, and indicates little knowledge of strict duty to society, or regard for high duty or for religion. For if this is good law, if this is morality, anyone is justified in taking the law into his own hands and assaulting another, so long as he has friends who will pay his fine or release him from gaol.

If McKenzie had laid himself open to be punished by law, if he had libelled anyone, why was he not punished by law? In times long past the members of the Family Compact were guilty of many such disgraceful acts as this outrage. The clubbing of Mr. McKenzie at night in Hamilton, in 1832, by Kerr abusing him at the market meeting in Toronto the same year, and going with a mob to tear his house down after his pardon in 1849, or, under Sheriff William B. Jarvis, a keeper of the peace, to the Golden Lion, in 1840, and clubbing the farmers assembled there in a lawful meeting for the discussion of political questions, come under this category and must be placed along with the burning down of the Parliament Buildings at Montreal in

1849 by such rowdies as Allan N. McNabb and others of like criminality. The last was done because Lord Elgin had sanctioned what his ministers and the Parliament of the country had enacted as law. Just such deeds as this Press outrage on McKenzie brought on the rebellion of 1837. The Family Compact knew no law but such as favored their own interests. They were detested by the people, and their name will go down to posterity as infamous, anti-British and disloyal. Let people who are called brave be keepers of the law, not collectors of money to let lawbreakers out of prison.

Miss Fitzgibbon, in her book, the life of her uncle, is very fond of decrying the Reformers of 1836-7 as "Radicals," but if she had read the history of those times and those of 1895-6 she would see that we, Conservatives and Reformers, have become more Radical twice over than McKenzie, Dr. Rolph, and others did in 1836.

The old Reformers did not advocate universal suffrage, nor levelling all things, as they do now. Our Conservatives of 1896 go further than even the Reformers do.

McKenzie and his friends did not act as our politicians do: he was moderate compared with us. Col. Fitzgibbon was quite a partisan, always in favor of the old Tories, who constantly gave him offices. In the expulsion days of McKenzie he was the sergeant-at-arms, and, according to Mr. Lindsay's "Life of McKenzie," was partisan. He was also so on many occasions after that. It is not either loyal or proper to release the guilty by raising money to pay their fines, as was done by the brave Colonel.

It reminds me of the way some juries have brought in verdicts in certain dilemmas, "Not guilty, but don't do it again."

This outrage of destroying a press in open day in a public thoroughfare in Toronto in place of having a fine in-

flicted, or a verdict of damages given, should have been punished by a long imprisonment. J. B. Robinson was Attorney-general then, and should have (if doing his duty) had the young rioters indicted and severely punished.

Judge Willis, I think, made some severe observations on the conduct of Mr. Robinson, which he in court resented. What would we say if any set of rioters in open day forced the doors of the *Globe* or *Mail* and threw the type into the streets?

I might say here that cases are occurring in England now: one in the case of the late discharge of Mrs. Castle for stealing, under the excuse of "kleptomania." That woman was either guilty of larceny or she was a fit subject for an asylum. If the first, her hysterics should not have caused her release; if the last, she should have gone to the asylum.

But it seems the rich kleptomaniacs can be excused, and poor Irish women, who steal a ham or a loaf of bread to stay hunger have to go to gaol for 30 days! Justice should be blind. At Osgoode Hall it is so represented over the heads of the judges. The rich and the poor should fare alike. She should give Radicals their due, not speak harshly of their conduct. Acts disgraceful in Tories in Toronto of old, who held a plurality of offices, such as old Mr. Allan, or such as made use of the public lands of the Province to build themselves and their children up, should not be excused. Wm. L. McKenzie was hasty, but honest. Few men were ever more honest politically than he. He refused the offer of the postmastership of Western Canada when offered indirectly to him by Lord Goderich in 1832, in England; Mr. Stanley had the Eastern part.

The late Hon. Stephen Richards, whose word can be relied on, told me that Robert Baldwin deputed him to offer the postmastership at Toronto to Wm. L. McKenzie (before Mr. Leslie had it), soon after his return to Canada

from the United States in 1849; but as with Lord Goderich, so in this latter instance, McKenzie said: "No, they will think I am an office seeker, am bribed. I will work my own way with my brains and hands."

If he had not exposed the corrupt official ways of the Family Compact no one else would. He and others may be called "Radicals," but such are better than corrupt office-seeking Tories.

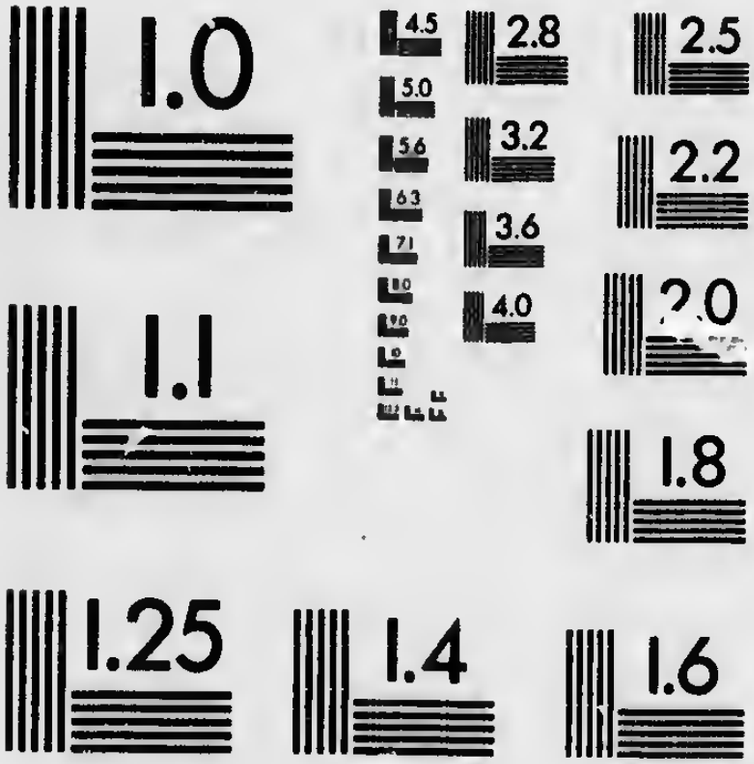
In 1832, at Hamilton, in the old stone Court-house, I stood by the side of my father at a public meeting where Mr. McKenzie was discussing the affairs of Canada (as he had a right to do), when William Johnson Kerr, a politician of the McNabb kind, sprang from the floor and violently pushed him off the platform, on which my father and others again put him up there, and he finished his speech. That night Mr. Kerr, with two others, with blackened faces, armed with clubs, called McKenzie out of his residence there, at the house of one Mr. Bailey, a baker, and beat him to the ground. They, or at least Kerr, was tried at the Assizes and fined $400. I was a witness to the Court-house assault at the time. Can anyone say this outrage was laudable? If McKenzie had spoken unlawful things there, or in Toronto, why was he not legally punished? If what he said was not unlawful let it pass? Lynch law with these Tories of 1828 was as bad as lynch law now in the wicked Southern States committed on poor black men, for crimes for which white men would be civilly tried.

McKenzie's expulsion five times by the Tories was disgraceful! And that persecuting politician, Hagerman, on the last occasion said publicly in the Legislature: "Well, I never thought these expulsions legal, but my Tory friends did, and I will support them!" A beautiful doctrine this!

The Tories in Lower Canada in 1837, under Sir John Colborne, acted in a most oppressive way to the French

MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)

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*habitans*, shooting them down, even in their churches. The late A. M. Smith, then in a Highland regiment, once told me some ten years ago—he being a soldier—it made his heart bleed to see the cruel conduct practised. The houses of the *habitans* were more generally marked "rebel," and others passed. A church full of French suspects was fired into, and a priest in it either wounded or killed. There was no occasion for such military cruelty.

Colonel Wetherall was also very severe. He was the person who acted so cruelly to Mr. Parker at Kingston.

The people of Canada in 1837 had more to complain of in Upper and Lower Canada than the Americans had in New England in 1775.

Then the Americans complained of taxation of themselves by a distant power without representation. In anger they threw British tea boxes in the sea. British troops interfered and the battle of Bunker Hill was fought, and the revolution commenced. The Americans, through Lafayette and the French, were successful. Now they are fawned on, and their right to control Venezuela conceded, their assertion of the Monroe doctrine upheld to a great extent. Ah! don't you see the difference? They were successful! Thus justice depends upon success, does it?

Yes, and see. Ambassador Bayard could cause the release of Mrs. Castle, of kleptomania fame! Don't you see that the Americans number about 60 millions? Some say more.

As to the expulsions, Hagerman, McNabb, and Henry John Boulton were the ruling spirits. They gloried in injuring a poor little Scotchman. As Hagerman said as to him, and Dr. Strachan said as to Barnabas Bidwell before, "Turn him out! Turn him out! Never mind legal technicalities! Never mind the people of the Home District! He is disturbing us in our offices, in our land monopoly! Turn him out—right or wrong!"

It makes all the difference in the world "whose ox is gored." Is this justice such as God approves? Look for a moment. Who were the movers in these expulsions of McKenzie? The chief movers were as I have said, Allan N. McNabb, Hagerman and John Henry Boulton (ex-Judge), who at last turned to be a Radical in Toronto.

How wonderfully changed from the palmy days of 1832 was John Henry Boulton. Behold what they did to McKenzie when in their power!

1st. They destroyed his press and newspaper office.

2nd. They expelled him five times when the whole County of York, then the greatest and richest in Upper Canada, constantly returned him again to the House, and once was he triumphantly returned, and then, at the Red Lion in Yorkville, honored with a Gold Plate.

3. The Tories, as in the case of Robert Gourlay, refused to let him hold meetings to discuss public questions! Suppose we were to do so now; what a noise it would make. Liberals and Tories alike peaceably hold meetings everywhere, make violent speeches, and all is right. Behold what a difference it makes "whose ox is gored!"

When he went to England, twice I think, with immense petitions, and Robert Randall also went, as did George and Egerton Ryerson, to set before the English Colonial Office Canadian grievances, and got despatches to remedy certain defects in our Canadian Administration, to establish the British Constitutional system, to appoint independent judges in Canada, the Compact party impeded the despatches, disobeyed them, ridiculed Baldwin's attempt to carry out in 1836 the principles of the British Government.

4. Finally, before the rebellion in 1836, they cheated him out of his constituency in the West Riding of the Home District, now the townships of Toronto and Chinguacousy, by intimidation and violence, and made out Government

patents for sand lots at Port Credit to give to bribed voters. Thus they thwarted the farmers' voices by old sand lot patents at the Credit.

They got rid of him there, and of Bidwell and Perry at Napanee, by Egerton Ryerson's influence. Then the field was clear for the Compact to work on. With all this, they expected the poor oppressed Reformers to keep their mouths closed as to all abuses, and as white British slaves to bear all.

I will elsewhere tell of the marvellous escape of McKenzie after the battle of Montgomery Hill, and of his usage in the United States.

Mr. Lindsay speaks of McKenzie's change of opinion about the rising, also as to his religious opinions. I don't agree with Mr. Lindsay about this. I was at his funeral. Is he ever to have a monument? When in 1891-2 I was canvassing many persons in the city and elsewhere, for money to raise the monument to Lount and Matthews—which is now up, standing in beauty in the Necropolis—many, when they gave $5 for that purpose, said to me, "this I will give willingly, but if it was for one to McKenzie, it would be $20 from me." His honesty, his independent conduct, made him an idol of the people. He was elected in 1850 in Haldimand, over George Brown, who, in a presumptuous manner, opposed him. He and his father were opposed to McKenzie as Tories at first. George Brown also was opposed to me and many old Reformers, when he first came.

## MY FIRST TRIAL IN COURT.

We shall see what was going on in the courts of Hamilton in 1836. Immediately on becoming a barrister I found plenty of business. The lawyers there were Richard Beasley, Robert Berrie, Allan N. McNabb and Miles O'Reilly. My first court contest after my admission in February, 1836,

was with McNabb as counsel against me. I was for the father, McNabb for the son. I was glad to have an opportunity to cut this old enemy of mine up in court, and did so in the end. McNabb's qualities were bullyism and unblushing cheek. These qualities have often carried men a great way through life. When I was a clerk, having to obey my master, Mr. Berrie, in business matters, he gave me some papers to serve on this bully lawyer. I went to his office and simply handed the papers to him. His face became suddenly deathlike in whiteness, and he drawled out in anger: "If you come into my office again I will kick you out!" This was said to a young student, doing an office duty which I was compelled to do. What person would act in this way but a blustering bully? I told my master, Berrie, who if he had had the courage of a fly would have gone and said to him: "If you want to kick any one, kick me, not my young, unoffending clerk." But he did not do so, for he was a very timid, quiet man, afraid to do his duty. This incident took place some years before I met McNabb in court. Let me give two instances of his bullying spirit: There lived near Hamilton a large-hearted noble Yorkshireman, a farmer, named Daniel Crosthwaite. He was in my father's Hamilton Militia Company in the war of 1812, at Queenston and elsewhere. His grip was like iron, a blow from his arm was like a horse's kick. I was standing in the newly-built stone courthouse by the door, near the sheriff's office, as you entered in far back years, perhaps 1834, when Crosthwaite came in and encountered McNabb, who had some words with him. I heard him say to the farmer: "You were a coward in 1812." Crosthwaite said, "You are a liar," whereupon Crosthwaite seized him in his powerful arms and shook him off his feet. The gaoler, a monstrous man, named Tidd, took Crosthwaite off McNabb, whose face was covered with blood. No living person but

myself can remember this, as the three then present besides me are dead; but I was glad to see a bully punished. My brother-in-law, Peter H. Hamilton, was a powerful man. He once told McNabb that if he showed his bullyism to him, he would flog him at once to his heart's content. This was the braggart I had come in contact with in this suit, and I overcame him. Miles O'Reilly, ex-judge in recent years in Hamilton, told me once that McNabb knew very little law, that he had often been obliged to show him how to draw papers in suits where any skill was required. In conducting this suit I quoted the commandment, "Honour thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God hath given thee." Poor Mr. John Sandfield Macdonald in after years, 1870, when I was acting as a General Inspecter of Courts in his government, used to laugh and talk about this suit with me. Although younger than I was, it is more than twenty years ago since he went to the land of spirits. He was a Glengarry Highland Scotch Roman Catholic, a close friend of mine, an excellent first Premier of Ontario from 1865 to 1871, better in many respects than any we ever had. I intend to speak of him, and Edward Blake's mean conduct, when in a future chapter, at the end of the volume.

It may be asked, why was McNabb so angry with me? For several reasons. I had, as my father's son, opposed his election in 1830 in Hamilton, when my father was a candidate for the Legislature, and McNabb was for the first time a candidate, and he and the Yankee turncoat, old Mr. John Wilson, were opposing him. Next, I had written in the *Hamilton Free Press* against him as the bully of the York Tories. In this I was simply doing my duty, as I did in all cases against him. Neither did he like my conduct as clerk of the Hamilton Town Council in 1834, when he, in an arrogant way, refused to obey the orders of the

town about removing a nusiance he had made, with piling bricks on James Street. He treated the Town Council with contempt and his brother removed the nuisance. About this last named time, 1834, he had a beautiful son, a boy of fourteen years, whom he lost through the accidental discharge of a gun in the woods near the Mountain. It ought to have set his thoughts on religion and the great future, but did not do so.

In February of this year, 1836, I went to Toronto and was examined by the Benchers, with many others, and among them John A. Macdonald, who was my junior in years. I was admitted with honors, as Dr. Rolph wrote. The Benchers present were : Dr. John Rolph (he alludes to it in the letter I insert in chapter 7), Robert Baldwin, Henry Sherwood, William Draper, and others whom I cannot remember. My office mate and a student, Mr. Hamilton O'Reilly, the brother of the judge, did not pass, nor did my office mate, Mr. Milne. Adam H. Myers of Belleville was among the successful ones.

In this year I was retained in several suits of ejectment to defend the American Episcopal Church, one of them the old and venerable Rock Chapel of East Flamboro', the oldest in the west, against the unjust attempts of Egerton Ryerson and his English Wesleyan friends, who were Wesleyan Tory allies from England, with whom he had allied himself, against his old Canadian Episcopal brethren, and James Richardson, for a mess of political pottage, or for political reasons. The cases were in court at Toronto up to the time of the rebellion, and I was then obliged to give them up. It was in 1835-6 when Egerton, forsaking Bidwell, Perry, McKenzie, Rev. James Richardson, and those who had, in fact, introduced him into the *Christian Guardian* office in 1829 (see the written certificate in chapter 4), tried to eject his old friends from their lawful

churches. It created a great sensation in the Methodist circle, but has, in the course of years, subsided by a general amalgamation of all the sections of the Methodist people, which, no doubt, was the best thing to be done.

As usual with me in life, I have taken the part of the injured and oppressed, and did in those distant years.

After what I have said as to my first acquaintance with my dear young wife, which was one of the most interesting events of my life, I will again refer to our marriage in April, 1837, our lives and happiness and position in Hamilton for eight months after in a beautiful home, my practice and comparative quietness, and my fatal journey on business in December, 1837, not suspecting any trouble there. My journey down was an ordinary business one, with a carpet-bag of papers and briefs to the court, expecting to spend a week in Michaelmas Term with other lawyers accompanying me.

When any candid person reads this he will say, how could I be guilty of any intention to take part in the rising of which I had not the remotest idea when I left, as stated in my account of the journey down, my family unprotected and not notified, as well in ignorance as myself of coming danger; manifestly intending to attend to two weeks' law business in Toronto.

Such a supposition is absurd, and my entire innocence plainly proved by such facts. First, I will state how things were in Hamilton on my journey up after my marriage.

We were married, and took the steamer for Hamilton on a lovely day. The sun shone out with its brightest rays; the spring was early, and when we arrived in Hamilton at our future home (only for eight months) the grass was half-knee high. Our garden was in good order, the trees nearly in full bloom.

One who attended our marriage was the dear departed

patriot, Marshall S. Bidwell; another, the late Judge Wilkes of the County of Grey, then a student; another, the oldest merchant in Toronto, Mr. Ross, of the firm of Ross & Mitchell.

MY MARRIAGE.

All the Bostwick family and the late Mr. and Mrs. R A. Parker attended.

Old Mrs. Widow Bostwick was there and in good health.

All who were at that wedding have gone from the earth except two brothers now in the City of Minneapolis, Minnesota.

The late Mrs. Bowes, wife of Mr. Bowes, once the mayor of this city, and member for Toronto, then a young woman, a lovely girl, was my future wife's bridesmaid. She and Mr. Bowes have left this world. She was a Miss Hall.

We lived eight months in great happiness in Hamilton, and dreadful is the responsibility of those who cruelly caused our future misery, for a time, her abuse—an innocent young woman—and her sister. Fifty thousand dollars would not (apart from nine months' cruel imprisonment) repay me for my losses then sustained, compelled as I was in 1838 to leave my loved Canada and reside six years in a foreign land. But God has been my protector in all this time, and often and often have I thrown myself upon His protection in those cruel times in prison and in banishment, and He has spared my life to write this book to tell of a wronged young couple, of innocent persons cruelly treated by wicked men.

REMARKS ON SOME OF OUR CANADIAN JUDGES WITH WHOM I HAVE BEEN INTIMATE IN TIMES PAST, NOTED FOR THEIR GREAT USEFULNESS, IMPARTIALITY, BEFORE WHOM I HAVE OFTEN APPEARED IN OUR COURTS.

Their names are as follows, all of whom but Senator Gowan have passed from this life. Some curious trials and incidents spoken of. My dear friend Samuel Bealey Harrison, Sir Adam Wilson, James R. Gowan (who, though retired, is, of course, still with us), Joseph Curran Morrison, Robert Easton Burns, J. B. Macaulay.

My readers will no doubt excuse me for writing a short chapter upon men in my profession, some of whom were peculiarly dear to and beloved by me. I felt when County Judge Harrison died as if I had lost a brother. He was always so kind and patient, so forbearing and considerate, although I did before him more business than any lawyer for about twenty years. Sometimes, indeed, I gave him much cause for weariness by arguments and long addresses to juries in Division and County Courts, as others did also. He never complained, but bore all the troublous arguments of lawyers patiently, and I never saw him angry at any one unless it was with James Boulton. He was the most patient of men, the most gentlemanly and the most dignified.

I never can forget his kindness to me when senseless men before him in court have called me a *rebel* with their lying tongues, and their vindictiveness overflowing with fancied lip-loyalty.

"No, don't say this of Mr. Durand, he is not such," he always said.

He thought as I did in respect to the troublous times of 1837. He thought the people had been shamefully misgoverned. We often dined together at the County Division

Courts. He, dear man, was fond of the old English custom of a glass of brandy and water, and of a good snuff-box. He would say to me on such occasions: "Well, I will not ask you to take a glass with me, I know you are a strict temperance man."

"Oh, yes, Judge," I would return, "I have found it always best for me."

Once when I was young, about twenty-four, I used to board at Burley's Hotel in Hamilton, and there I always found the table laid with a line of tumblers and brandy bottles before us. Not regarding it as a bad habit, I would generally take a glass of water with some brandy. But upon one occasion I mentally said to myself: "This will not do," and I stopped it at once. This is the way to do if any one wishes to avoid bad habits.

Many a young man is made a drunkard merely by this silly use of brandy. What does a strong, healthy man, especially when he is young, need of brandy?

My dear friend Judge Harrison never used it to excess. Yet moderate as he was in this, he was immoderate in the use of snuff, which shortened his life if it did not kill him.

He was very active in the days of Robert Baldwin and Lord Metcalfe in furthering good reform measures. It is said that he and Mr. Hopkins were the authors of our municipal institutions.

He used to dispose of 400, and even more, cases in one day in the Division Courts. We were most intimate friends to the end of his life.

From the lips of Judge Burns I have heard this remark: "I can never trust any man's oath (in court) who is not a religious man."

He also would sit all day like Judge Harrison and most patiently dispose of cases.

In the High Courts I often had suits before Sir Adam Wilson, and uniformly found him calm, painstaking and just. Sometimes he was stern; but he always strove to be just. At one time his patience and equity were greatly tried by the late George Brown, by whom he was accused of prejudice against his (Brown's) rights—perhaps I might say of partiality. But others were not of this opinion. Mr. Brown wanted to dictate unduly to him, and was naturally over-bearing in his opinions. With Scottish vehemence he was too fond of trying to make others bend their wills to his. I have seen this at his meetings.

The last conversation I ever had with Sir Adam Wilson was in the year he died, 1889, I think. I had my bag and was going to Osgoode Hall to tax a troublesome bill of costs. I told him so and said: "Don't you think, Sir Adam, it is time for me to stop this work?"

He replied in his calm, quiet way: "Oh, Mr. Durand, you are good for ten years yet."

It is six or seven years since then, and I am yet strong, and if necessary could tax a bill again, but I have not any occasion to do so. My principle is not to work at law after eighty. Nor should any judge, be he ever so strong, stay on the Bench after that age. This aged and impartial judge was not so old as I then was by several years.

The Honourable James R. Gowan I have known for nearly sixty years. He is some years younger than I am. He was known to me in 1837, when he was a student, and I a lawyer of two years' standing.

He was at the head of the County Courts, and was called by every lawyer the model county judge of Upper Canada. He made the Division Courts and the County Courts as dignified as the Queen's Bench, and very few ever doubted his decisions.

The *Law Journal* of old published his letters on these

Courts, and the letters elucidated the law applying to Division Courts especially in the clearest manner.

I very often saw him presiding in the courts in the country, occasionally at Barrie. A very laughable occurrence once happened to me at one of his country courts, in which, on account of a sudden illness, he got me to preside at Mulmur, about twenty-five years ago. Mulmur is one of the most hilly townships in the County of Simcoe, full of deep valleys, steep hills and wild scenery. The people are primitive, and rather noisy and quarrelsome too in the courts. They are generally protestants. I went over these valleys and hills to hold this court one Saturday from Mono, intending to get through in time to go from Mulmur to the Northern cars, and thereby to Toronto.

There were many rough, noisy people in court with tangled accounts and stupid witnesses. But the old clerk, Mr. McManus, gave me all the assistance he could, as he knew the people well, and I got through late in the afternoon. Straightway I jumped into a rough country waggon furnished me, and went off at a rapid rate to Cookstown. Although the middle board on which I sat fell down, thus increasing my discomfort, I arrived there, where I obtained a horse without a saddle. Determined not to be detained, I jumped on it and set off rapidly again. I had to go eight miles to catch the down cars from Barrie on this line. I had gone only half-a-mile, when the horse turned suddenly around, head faced homewards. "Ah!" said I, "you are a balky fellow; well, I will coax you." I did, and he started off again and continued for another half-mile, when suddenly he wheeled about a second time, face towards home, tail towards the railroad. I was reduced to coaxing him once more, till off he went at a gallop in the right direction for a mile. But again he wheeled, tail for the railroad, head for home. This process of alternate wheeling and

coaxing round again continued several times after, until at last, when we were within half-a-mile of the railroad, I heard the whistle of the engine a mile away. But the horse was again in a reversed position. In desperation I jumped off him, tied him to a fence, ran the half-mile, and just reached the train a few seconds before it started. I was sore in body and legs for two weeks after from this ride.

Robert Easton Burns was another patient judge. He and Judge Harrison used to go all over the present counties of Ontario, Peel and York to hold their courts, and I often went to those courts forty and fifty years ago, starting at daylight. Judge Gowan had a still larger circuit. Space will not permit me to describe the various curious cases and scenes which I have witnessed in these courts, in some of which I was acting for clients. In those days snuffing was a common practice; both Judge Gowan and Judge Harrison had the habit of using snuff often. If either desired to say anything very funny or clever, a pinch of snuff was always first taken.

Mr. Morrison was a very quiet, affable man, and conducted courts in a very fair way. I never saw any of these men do what I considered injustice in their courts.

Once, in the County Court, I was conducting a case for a man, and in the midst of the trial it became evident that my client was attempting to bolster up his case by fraudulent evidence. I threw down my brief and papers and said that I refused to be employed to maintain any man's fraudulent case. Judge Burns said: "You are right, Mr. Durand."

Mr. Morrison resembled this judge. I used to practice in the courts with him, too.

Judge Burns assisted me once in a very curious case about rape seed. A druggist, Mr. Neil Love's brother, sold a man rape seed by mistake for mustard seed and injured

him. John Henry Boulton and William Hume Blake were opposed to me in it, and I had very uphill work, and lost it.

Mr. Justice J. B. Macaulay was, at the end of his life, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas. I often had legal cases before him, and have seen him in various important cases, and although I didn't like his conduct as a lawyer in the case of the trial of the rioters of 1828, who destroyed McKenzie's press and type, I believe him to have been one of the most patient judges we ever had in Upper Canada. To me he was always most courteous and civil, and his decisions (which sometimes came in collision with Chief Justice Sir J. B. Robinson's) were remarkably learned and impartial. He and his family belonged to the Family Compact régime, but that did not seem to affect his general conduct as a judge. My friends will ever find me speaking fairly of any judge or man who deserves commendation. I knew this most excellent judge in my practice in the courts perhaps over forty years. I used, when hearing him speak and watching his judicial conduct, to think of the great Sir Matthew Hale of the 17th century of England, so noted for his great equity and upright conduct.

What so noble, what so valuable in a country, as a pure and upright judge?

## CHAPTER XI.

My journey on business in the law courts of Toronto, on the 4th December, 1837, first alluding to the cruel acts of the Tories on other reformers; then towards me—My experiences in Toronto—What I saw of the rising in Toronto—Conduct of Dr. Rolph and Robert Baldwin—My stay there, and attempt at return to Hamilton on the 6th December, and my arrest on the way back—Going up Yonge Street 5th December, 1837, to my mother-in-law's, at dark—Meeting Col. Jarvis—Conversation with him a few minutes, then meeting McKenzie and Lount and their regiment—Great surprise—Challenged—Battle of Yonge Street—Firing from the fields and in the roads—One man killed, several wounded—Sudden retreat of both parties—Danger of my life twice that night—On two occasions—My going next day by stage to Hamilton—The Governor in great fright.

NOT half of the cruel acts of the Tory party and British soldiers in Lower Canada have ever been told in writing, nor have a thousand acts of misrule, oppression and wrongs by imprisonment, and stealing, in Upper Canada by Tories been made public. The account of the rebellion in Upper Canada, by W. L. McKenzie, only gave a small part of these acts. For instance, he mentions none of the wrongs committed on my family, nor on the family of Mr. J. G. Parker, and hundreds of others, committed about Toronto, Belleville, Hamilton, Oxford and London. What were these acts, it may be asked? They were false arrests, imprisonments on suspicion, the abuse of women, driving suspected people from their homes, seizing their property, burning their houses in some cases. The acts were not

confined to any one county, but spread from Brockville to Sandwich, taking in all the intervening places occasionally. The faction and their abettors are mostly buried in the dust; even their children are gone, or passed into poverty and oblivion in many cases to my knowledge. I have up to this time survived nearly all my then enemies, especially the jury and judge, and officers who treated me with such cruelty and injustice, regardless of my innocence and business at Hamilton. Under the circumstances then existing I was busy in my Hamilton professional life, and ignorant of any rebellion, or its intentions. I prepared myself to attend to a two weeks' court business in Toronto, in December, in 1837, taking my papers with me on the 4th December, 1837, leaving my wife and her sister in my house at Hamilton unprotected. Any reasonable man would ask the question, is it likely I would do this if I was in any way implicated in this rebellion? Certainly not, for to do so would be the act of a fool. It may be said I might have anticipated such a thing; but not even this can be said, for the rising in Toronto would affect Hamilton and all business in Toronto, and at once render my business nugatory, and at once endanger the safety of my family.

I proceed to say that my journey down was a very quiet one, there appearing to be nothing to show that anything unusual was going on. The day was calm, and even mild. Miles O'Reilly, the lawyer, was on board; am not certain whether G. S. Tiffany was there, although I saw him next day in Toronto. It was dark when we arrived in port, and I hurried up to my mother-in-law's, Mrs. Bostwick, not observing anything unusual. No one came to see who the passengers were; in fact, the whole city seemed unsuspecting, not alarmed in any way. When I look back and think of it, I am surprised all was so quiet.

On my entering Mrs. Bostwick's house I was introduced

to the Rev. James Richardson, whom I did not before know. He was the first to tell me of the rumored rising on Yonge Street, which he thought true. I was almost thunderstruck at such a contingency to me and my family, who had just been left in a state of helplessness, and to me with my business all frustrated, but I retired to bed with much anxiety, and rose early on the morning of the 5th December.

The next morning, on the 5th, I visited the city for the purpose of seeing what could be done in the courts, or if any courts would be held. This I soon found out, and that the court would adjourn, as the acts of the previous night were noised about. It was known that the patriots had assembled, that Anderson had been shot by Powell, and although I did not go to see it, there was a great military stir at the market; many under arms there, as afterwards reported.

I then thought it would be best for me to go home by the stage; no boat was available so late. I believe one had gone early, in which Mr. R. A. Parker went, but my mother-in-law had advised me to stop over Tuesday and go by stage on Wednesday, which advice I took, and prepared to go on Wednesday, after seeing that no courts would sit. I also wanted to see if the rising would amount to anything, and if it was possible to do any law business; also, if possible, to see some persons who could tell me. I tried on Tuesday to see Dr. John Rolph and Marshall, S. Bidwell and Robert Baldwin, all of whom I knew, but saw none except Robert Baldwin, whom I saw when he went up to Yorkville, or Bloor Street, where the patriot insurgents were, and conversed for a short time with him. Now let me describe what I saw on Tuesday. I arose at an early hour and went to the city, where I saw Miles O'Reilly (a friend of mine), who was stopping at what was called the old Botsford hotel, the best in the city, standing where the

Bank of Toronto is now. I conversed with him and others whom I cannot recollect, and found that the judges would not hold any court, and were under arms, in fact, at the market-place. This was in the forenoon. In the morning, or at noon, the patriot party had advanced on Tuesday from Montgomery's inn (then occupied by a tenant of his) to the ridge of land overlooking Yorkville, as it is now, with its centre placed on Yonge Street at what is called Gallows Hill, with sentries on the road. I walked up with two friends, Mr. Elliott and Mr. Powell, to near the sentry most prominent, who had a rifle in his hands keeping guard, whom I afterwards found out to be one Captain Adam Graham, of Aurora, whose name I will frequently mention afterwards in this memoir. I was accompanied, as I said, by Mr. John Elliot, a long time Clerk of the County Council of York, an English attorney, and by a Mr. Powell, of Norfolk, a well-known citizen there. We did not see any of the leaders, unless this gentleman, Captain Adam Graham, might be so called. I was confined in the same rooms with him during the winter of 1838, and became well acquainted with him and his character. He was considered one of the best rifle shots in North York, and was a thoroughly brave man, very healthy and robust. After his arrest and going to gaol, in which he was some months before making himself openly known to me, he was never formally tried for his actions. I again recognized him as seen before. I knew him again at Aurora in 1845, and saw him often at Aurora, on or near his large farm there. He probably had lenity shown him, because he was, as I understand, connected in some way with a military man called Col. Graham originally. He was very fearful I would tell the Government commission what I knew of him, but he soon found out my honorable character. But if the Government had known what I knew, he would never have escaped so

easily. I saw him next time on my journey in the stage on Wednesday, the 6th day of December, 1837. He and another rifleman, named Alves, and W. L. McKenzie were the three persons who stopped the stage, and demanded its surrender, with all the passengers, on the morning of that day, and the moment I saw him I recognized him as the person seen the day before guarding the roadway at Gallows Hill. His military and tall appearance was at once recognized. Had the whole army of patriots been made up of such men as Adam Graham, Samuel Lount, David Matthews and Anderson, who was shot by Powell so treacherously, Toronto would easily have been taken. We simply noticed a long string of men in the woods; for then the whole country there was a forest. After standing at a distance of some hundred feet away we returned to the city, and it was there I made the enquiries I speak of. I saw no one that I knew except Miles O'Reilly, and I think I then engaged my passage from the stage office, kept at the Botsford hotel, for next morning, the 6th, and returned to my mother-in-law's, Mrs. Sarah Bostwick.

I WILL SPEAK OF MEETING W. L. MCKENZIE ON MY JOURNEY TO HAMILTON ON THE 6TH DECEMBER, 1837,

When the stage and mails were taken by McKenzie and Colonel Lount at the Peacock Inn, five miles west of Toronto, on my journey with other passengers to Hamilton, pursuant to my arrangement on Tuesday, the 5th, and of my walk, 20 miles. We passengers started early in the morning, escorted by two guards on horseback armed with guns. One I did not know, the other I did, named Hiram G. Bernard, a Yankee, formerly of Hamilton, where he acted as a circus rider in 1828-9, and where I recollect seeing his wife, who was a very beautiful woman, acting in 1829, as a ball thrower, throwing up balls

over her head and catching them as they fell—which is a Japanese dexterity trick. She was in a tent there performing this and other tricks for pay. We went quietly along Queen Street, all wooded then, and through the woods of the after-part of the road until we came to the hotel called the Peacock Inn. Then suddenly there came out Mr. McKenzie and two armed men; one was Captain Adam Graham and the other a man named Alves. I did not know the stage passengers; one was a woman, one a Dutchman, and the third a gentleman named Whiting, as I afterwards learned. I merely saluted McKenzie and shook hands with him; I had known him a long time and was an agent for his newspaper in Hamilton. The guards left us before we came to the inn. We were told to get out, and the mail man to give up his mail, by McKenzie. We all got out. Any acquaintance would have done this.

He probably asked me (which I can't recollect) what the Government party were doing in Toronto, but if so, I would have truly replied I could not tell. I saw, as I have said, no one on Tuesday, in fact, knew no one in the city, and could have given no information to him. No doubt I said I was hurrying up to my family in Hamilton to protect them, which he had learned the night before when he spoke to me.

He said nothing about Hamilton or its affairs to me, and probably knew no one there who knew anything about the rising; even Allan N. McNabb, the Tory, did not until Mr. Alexander, the Governor's chief servant, went on Wednesday post-haste to see him there. Mr. Alexander told me about this two years ago, gave me all the particulars of his going on Tuesday night, the 5th December, to McNabb's. He is still alive in Toronto, and about my age, and was many years the crier at Osgoode Hall for the judges in term. He was then, 1837, the chief servant to Sir Francis

B. Head, and entrusted in his house with all his plate and chief documents. In fact, so frightened was the Governor that he made this man bury them in his yard, of which I will again speak when telling of the fright of the Governor and his household. I walked on as fast as I could, passing Oakville, Palermo and Bronte, and at nightfall, after a walk of about twenty-one miles, stopped over night at an hotel with Mr. Whiting, very tired, about five miles from Nelson, or the residence of Mr. Caleb Hopkins, whom I knew very well. Now on my way I saw many people on the road, but spoke to none of anything going on in Toronto. Although some were armed, I can't recollect doing so, and as Mr. Whiting was a stranger to me and a foreigner, prudence would have stopped me doing so.

I don't know what became of him afterwards. In 1839 I saw him in Chicago but did not speak to him. Early on Thursday, the 8th day of December, the day of the battle at Montgomery Hill, I started on foot and walked to Mr. Caleb Hopkins' house, where I took breakfast with him and his wife, and talked over the exciting events at Toronto. I believe he was never molested in any way, although known to be a very decided Reformer, and had been a representative in the Upper Canada Legislature before the rising. I had acted in 1836 as his attorney at his election in Halton, when he and my brother James ran against Mr. James Crooks and Absalom Shade, of Galt, a Yankee Tory. I believe the first named were elected. After breakfast I went in Mr. Hopkins' waggon to Mr. Asahel Davis' farmhouse, some four miles nearer Hamilton, where I took dinner and got his horse to ride to Hamilton. He was an old and respectable farmer and a client of mine. On account of my stopping there, this aged and worthy man was arrested and imprisoned for a short time—which shows the venom and hatred of the then Hamilton Tories to me. He

had done nothing, only entertained me and loaned me a horse to go to Hamilton. When within six miles of Hamilton on horseback, two young men whom I knew not but who knew me told me that if I went to Hamilton I would be in danger of my life, arrested and treated with violence, so heated and violent were my enemies there. I didn't know then that they were attacking my house and annoying my wife and family, and thought under the circumstances of the town and country it would be better for me to write my wife and her sister to close up the house and go to her mother's in Toronto, and I wrote her by one of these two young men to do so and I would meet her there also. One of these young men promised to deliver her this letter that night, which was done, as I was told fifty years after by the person who did this kindness.

He was a carpenter, living near Stony Creek, named Mr. Hobson, who moved to Oxford, became wealthy, and died some years ago; the other, his companion, I did not know. He went there at the risk of being arrested and left my letter at midnight. The Tory ruffians had at that time been at my house and were watching for me. On doing this I returned to Mr. Asahel Davis' house, left my papers and travelling-bag at his house, and, taking the borrowed horse, took a course through the country townships, which I thought would lead me to Toronto in rear of the public roads, which were annoyed by Tory spies and ruffians between Nelson and Toronto. There were many of such people about Oakville, where the Chisholm families lived, and as I found out soon after, to my sorrow, about Port Credit and Streetsville. When I speak of such people I don't wish to cast any discredit on any man's loyalty, for in such, where proper and genuine, I believe, and then believed, but my readers must not imagine a man's safety, or that of his family, depended on his or their loyalty. It depended on

whether they were followers of a vile, selfish, colonial Family Compact, made up of little upstarts, stuck into office in every part of Upper Canada, as I have before said, from the bailiff dependent on petty magistrates appointed from Toronto, or families arrogating to themselves all the loyalty in the province. Now, the families I have named, that of Caleb Hopkins and Asahel Davis sprang from families in the United States, who lost all they had for taking part with England (as they then thought it was right), and fled to Canada only about fifty years before this time I speak of; in other words, they were U.E. Loyalists, loyal to responsible government; and to the Queen, in her proper place, but not loyal to the servile and persecuting partizans, then called Tories, and their dupes and adjuncts. Therefore, in a time like this the imps, the tools, the deluded creatures who adhered to the Tories, for office, were everywhere seeking to arrest old, loyal Canadians, such as my family were—Reformers.

Unfortunately, the Irish Protestants adhered too much to the faction, and listened to their insinuations of disloyalty in such families as the Hopkins and Davis families.

I had a splendid horse and was a good rider, and, knowing that the bloodhounds—the nest of Tories in Hamilton—would hear of my near approach to Hamilton (as it turned out to be the case that very afternoon) and would attack me with violence if they could, I went with great speed over fifteen miles directly north through the hills of Nasagaweya township to the rear part of the township of Esquessing, then almost a wilderness, and struck my course in almost trackless woods from the one township to the other, being guided occasionally in the dark by Scotchmen, strangers, who were all talking about the Toronto trouble, and seemed friendly to the McKenzie cause in their talk. I said little or nothing to them about it, did

not make myself known, but have no doubt that hundreds would have joined McKenzie's rising if they had had a warning in time, as was the case in many other parts.

Equessing is peculiarly an old Scotch Reform township, which supported and elected my brother James and Hopkins in 1836. After emerging from the more dense woods and blind roads, from information given me I went along the base line of Equessing, dividing it from Erin, to the north, and stopped about eight o'clock at a log shanty, one of the very wild-looking settlers' humble cottages, asked him if I could stop with him, get a shed for my horse, and he very kindly assented, asking me no questions, nor did I ask him any. I said I only wanted a bowl of milk and some bread for myself and hay for my poor horse, which must have travelled that afternoon from four to eight o'clock at the rate of ten miles an hour, part of the day thirty miles. The man was probably, from his talk, an Irish settler, hospitable and kind, with an aged wife and no children. What his religion was I could not tell.

What a precious thing is hospitality! As was often the case, his humble cabin had but one room for all purposes, with a bedroom adjoining. A large rousing fire blazed in a stone fireplace with plenty of logs of wood in it. He gave me (his wife did) a bowl of buttermilk and some plain dark country bread; and, seated in a basswood rocking-chair, I sat before his fire and ate my homely meal with a good relish after my long ride. My poor horse was put into a log shed, not much protected from the cold, and fed with hay or straw. Luckily at this time the weather had been and was then quite mild, unusually so for December, and the roads and country bare of snow. It will be remembered that I had come down in a steamer from Hamilton on the 4th of December to Toronto on a very calm, smooth lake. I passed quietly the hours of the long

night in my basswood chair, sometimes dozing, and mostly thinking of the terrible change I had undergone in a week from a lovely home in Hamilton, with a dear and loved young wife, and of the probable result of events in Toronto and Canada. Only one who had my thoughts, my doubts and fears, not only for myself, but for a wife I loved dearer than my life—such thoughts would be enough to keep anyone awake; but nature at times had to give way to rest, and my eyes would close on the great backwoods fire turning into embers. Such a time was the one to rely on God and His protection, but I did not, I am sorry to say, then sufficiently do so. I was young, and had seen life before me green and promising, and, as too many young men do, thought I could do without a communion with God all the time. We are with God in the night of sorrow, in the silent hours of the night, and in the bright day. With Him we go to rest and with Him we awake, and the wisest, only wise course, is to ask God's assistance At last a bright sun arose in the east and a fine frost covered the ground. It was a lovely winter's morning, not very cold, with a bright sun on the road, crisp to the feet. Without any breakfast, and not having spoken to my host about my name or journey, thanking him for his kindness, I started off at a smart trot of eight or ten miles an hour eastward along the town line towards Toronto and Chinguacoucy and the Credit River above Georgetown, ten miles or more. A countryman ran calling after me, but I did not stop to know his wants. I crossed the river somewhere into Chinguacoucy and followed the River Credit for almost twenty miles, perhaps more, until noon, seeing no one and taking no food until the afternoon, when I stopped at a farmer's house on the banks of the river a mile from Streetsville.

I did not know the country or where I was, nor its in-

habitants. Here, as before, a farmer's wife was kind, and gave me a comfortable meal. Who her husband was I never knew, nor asked. The farmer and his wife were very kind and pleasant. Now let me deviate a moment from the journey. The country through which I passed, as compared with its appearance now, was almost a wilderness, two-thirds woods, but very lovely, as the Credit valley from the Caledon hills is. There were few, if any, mills up the river. Georgetown scarcely existed, Brampton was only a hamlet, and Streetsville the largest village about then. Oakville was a small village. But I saw no evidence of any rebellion or disturbance among the people. They, scattered as they were, never had heard any particulars of the rising—had no time, indeed, to hear of it; yet this day, Thursday, the 7th day of December, 1837, was the day on which the final skirmish or battle was fought between the patriots, or insurgents, and the Tories at Montgomery Hill, in which McKenzie was defeated. All was quiet as I passed along the day before; and on this day, with few exceptions of talk, Now Streetsville was the greatest nest of Tories in the country, and had many well-known Tory families in it, and many Orangemen in it. I did not, however, know this, and seeing a village there, after my dinner at the farmer's near night, I thought I would go there and sleep over night (tired as I was) and go on next morning. I was conscious all the time that I was running away not from any crime committed, but only to go to my mother-in-law's house in Toronto to meet my wife, to whom I had written to meet me there.

I did not expect to be arrested for any imaginary crime, or because I was a Reformer. I did not know that I was going into a hornets' nest of Tories, so I crossed the river on a bridge, went to an hotel and put up my horse for the night. No news had then been heard there about the bat-

tle, so far as I heard, although it is possible the news had come. McKenzie that night stopped, as will be seen after, at Cooksville, at the house of Mr. Wilcox, now deceased. Miss Hamilton told me all about what took place two years ago. She is the aunt of a Miss Hamilton, a school-teacher about whom I will speak hereafter.

I had not been there half-an-hour when I was asked by some suspicious fellows (Tories) who I was and where I was going? They said my appearance was suspicious. I very frankly told them who I was, and my name, and where I was going. "Oh," said they, "that name 'Durand' is a well-known name," and so it was, for my brother James had been elected a member, in 1836, in that vicinity (Trafalgar). A part of the County of Halton adjoins Streetsville. "You are a Reformer and a well-known one—a Hamilton lawyer, an active friend of the rebellion in Toronto, and we must detain you here until we hear from the city!" "What have you against me?" said I. "I am not guilty of any crime, and know nothing of the rebellion." "Never mind," said they, "we will detain you here," and some armed men, Orangemen, kept me in a room. That night they gave me my supper and a bed on the floor, over which they kept guard with muskets. What could I do but submit to force and await events? I think I wrote to Toronto, so that my wife, who I expected, would go to Toronto, as directed by my letter, might hear from me.

I was in custody here of these ruffians about a week, during which several kind Streetsville people called to see me, among them a merchant named Sheldon, a brother of Mr. William B. Sheldon, a very old acquaintance of mine in Hamilton, and one of its first residents. This gentleman, knowing the ruffians into whose power I had got, came to me and whispered quietly that he would supply me with a horse and saddle at a private place near the hotel, which I

could mount at night and escape to the American lines. He said no one could overtake me with that horse. Such kindness to a stranger, as I was to him, surprised me, but after thanking him kindly for his offer I said I was sure to be discharged in a few days as I certainly had taken no part in the McKenzie rising. He said in such times as this no Reformer could get justice from the persecuting Tories, which turned out to be too true in my case. He was in business in Streetsville and knew the people there. One of the men active in my arrest and detention was a Mr. Barnhart, who had been a sheriff's assistant and gaoler in Toronto before that. The late Mr. Watson, who died in 1895 in Toronto, was there as a looker-on and often spoke to me of the fact of seeing me in custody. The neighborhood of Streetsville was then inhabited by many very bitter partizan Tories and Orangemen who had opposed and persecuted the late W. L. McKenzie in his elections in that part of the county of Peel; in fact, had once mobbed him. There was a family named McGrath (among them Captain McGrath at Springfield), well known there for their Tory bitterness. A village called Derry West was a great Tory nest. I call these men Tories in contradistinction to Liberal-Conservatives of the present day, who are more liberal, and as sons of old Tories now dead are much more in favor of political reforms than even the so-called Reformers themselves.

No doubt all, or nearly all, concerned in my then arrest are dead. One who was a young man—and who assisted in escorting me to Toronto to be confined under Captain McGrath—named Donaldson, is alive in Toronto, and is an emigration agent now in Toronto. He and I often talk over this affair. He is of my age and still hale and hearty.

I don't doubt that most who took part in my arrest were actuated by what they called loyal motives in such times

as those of 1837, especially as people were then in active rebellion in the County of York. Here I remained about a week, when orders came from Toronto that I and several others in Streetsville and Cooksville (among those in the last place was a very respectable American merchant named Lewis) were to be conveyed under arrest to Toronto. During my week's detention I had heard nothing from any friends or my wife. I will detail the particulars of my trip under a military snob called Captain McGrath from Streetsville to Toronto and show how self-important and dictatorial he was. This infamous proceeding towards me is surprising, but all liberty and men's rights had fled, as well for men as women. What right had ruffians to stop me because I bore the name of a pioneer, loyal name, and was only a Reformer?

After this I will give the account of the battle of Montgomery Hill, alluding to the escapes of McKenzie, Rolph, Lount and Gibson; the arrest of David Matthews, and some account of the cruelties of the Tories to the prisoners and Reformers.

Well, on the important day of my conveyance to Toronto, early in the morning, on about the 15th, a cavalcade of horsemen drew up before my hotel in military array, perhaps twenty-five of them, under McGrath, and three or four prisoners were placed in a waggon. There was no snow on the ground. We were not placed in irons, but crowded together.

The order was given, "Attention, men! March!"—and off we went on a slow trot, or at times a walk, to Springfield, four miles off. There we were left in the cold for one hour, until the order of march to Toronto should be arranged. Captain McGrath came out and called the attention of his men to this strict order: "Men, we are about to proceed now on our journey to Toronto with these prisoners. We

do not know what may occur on our journey. It is possible attempts may be made to rescue the prisoners. We are in perilous times. My orders are, men, that if any attempt be made to rescue these prisoners from you, to shoot the prisoners and do your duties in repelling the attack." I give the substance of what he said. What a brute such a man was!!!

"Attention, men! March!"—and off we went again in the waggon to Cooksville. Here we stopped for a few minutes to allow Mr. Lewis, the merchant, to enter our waggon, and again we set off for Toronto, occasionally stopping at taverns, until we arrived at the old Parliamentary buildings—the north-westerly wing of them—where we were taken out of the waggon and placed in a large room upstairs. The building was guarded by a squad of militia under the command of Lieutenant Walter McKenzie. This gentleman had taken an active part in putting down the incipient rebellion—had shot, he said, his man at Montgomery Hill, and was now on duty here. A fair, tall young fellow he was, and in every way a brave, excellent man—in later life, as all know, a most gentle and pure man, and devoted friend of mine. He was Secretary of the Governor, Sir Francis Bond Head then. I need not here say that his family was in England a military one. His courtesy to my then dear young wife upon her calling the next day after my arrival I never forgot, and we often, in his lifetime, talked about the matter.

Well, now, who was in the room assigned to us—for we were considered important prisoners—brought there by an important man?

I found thus temporary place of confinement in every way comfortable. I think Mrs. Bostwick's people sent me bedclothing. Our victuals were supplied by the Government authorities, and were such as gentleman should have supplied to them.

I found myself in company with new friends, and very respectable ones.

In our company of prisoners were Dr. Thomas Morrison, one of the Liberal leaders of the province and a member of the Legislature; James Leslie, a close friend of W. L. McKenzie—his father having been the earliest Canadian friend of this agitator and now leader of the rebellion. Mr. Leslie's father died at Dundas over sixty years ago, as spoken of before; and this his son was a very distinguished writer, bookseller and druggist in Toronto, also mentioned before. He is now dead, also Mr. Cathcart, a Scotchman and leading merchant in Toronto, whose monument has a conspicuous place in the Necropolis; he died forty years ago. Mr. John Doel, a leading brewer of Toronto, whose eldest son, the Rev. John Doel, and his next son, Wm. H. Doel, a magistrate, are still alive in Toronto, very aged. I think James Harvey Price was also for a time there. He was the Secretary of the Province under the after Government of Robert Baldwin. Mr. Lewis, who came with me as a prisoner, was also there; also Dr. Hunter, a talented writer and active man, but innocent of any crime, father of Dr. James Hunter of Stouffville and of the late Mr. Edwin Hunter of Newmarket, now dead. There may have been others. We were made very comfortable by the Government, and were before Christmas removed to the great prison then on Toronto St., opposite the Deputy-Receiver General's Office, now converted into law offices. This I knew because we all took our Christmas turkey and plum pudding, sorrowful although it was with the gentlemanly gaoler, the late Mr. John Kidd, of whom I shall often speak in this narrative. He was no common person, but a gentleman, courteous though firm. Little had I expected to spend my first Christmas after my marriage in this place or manner.

Judge what liberty existed in this country from the above facts!! I and Mr. Lewis were guilty of no offence. I was a Reformer. Mr. Lewis happened to be an American merchant. The man who brought us to Toronto was a detestable Irish snob! I had to pay my tavern bill at Streetsville! My horse was stolen and confiscated, as I never heard what became of it!! What an honest set they were!

### McKENZIE'S BRAVERY.—MEETING HIM BEFORE THIS RETURN JOURNEY.

This is a very interesting chapter, and I hope my readers will pay particular attention to it, as they will, I am sure, come to the conclusion that under the circumstances stated I was innocent of all participation in the rising, and innocent in every respect, notwithstanding my long imprisonment, trial, and loss of everything I had. No man was used worse than I was in the whole affair. I wish to give a plain and truthful account of what I saw on the 5th and 6th December.

I wish now to give an exposition of what was done in Toronto, as seen by me on the said two days in December; also how I left my family in Hamilton. After explaining these facts, I will state how my wife was used on those days and on her trip to Toronto.

I have also explained my attempt to return to Hamilton, which, in proper form, should come after my trip down. My family, wife, and her sister, then Miss Mary White, of Toronto, who afterwards, in 1843, married Mr. George Hazleton White, the well-known Yorkville builder, were left in safety and the greatest comfort when I left with steamer for Toronto on the 4th December. There was a good servant-girl in the house, and every household comfort. My expectation was to stay all the week in Toronto, and return Saturday night, the 9th December, not expect-

ing to be in any way stopped in my law work, and that the Court would sit as usual in Michaelmas Term, as aforesaid.

I had a doctor who attended in regular calls at my house. We lived just then on Wellington Street, on the then outskirts of the city.

I have before described my pleasant journey down, and safe arrival at Mrs. Widow Bostwick's, my wife's mother, at dark that night, the 4th.

It is not easy always to avoid repetitions in referring to various journeys, so my readers will pardon any seeming repetitions in these two journeys: the first to Toronto from my home and wife; the other the one made on my attempted return, and the third on my forced return under arrest to prison.

The journey to Toronto has been in part referred to, and my first knowledge of the uprising; also my going to the city on Tuesday morning to see if I could attend the Court, finding the city in an uproar.

I corresponded some time since with a gentleman now in Wisconsin, who was in the three days' movements on the Government side, and who gave me the knowledge of what he saw. He was then a young man just out from England, and had been a volunteer there in the militia. He was of my age. He was, as it were, forced into the Government service. He saw what took place at the market and garrison. He says they had three small cannon—one in the garrison, one in the market, and one at the Bank of Upper Canada. They had the muskets all in the market-place. He also went up to Montgomery Hill battle.

On Tuesday, the 5th, I went up to Gallows Hill with Mr. John Elliott, then Clerk of the County Council of York, now dead, and Mr. Powell, of Norfolk, to see of what the insurgents consisted, before alluded to.

The road was guarded by one Adam Graham, a sentinel.

I did not know his name then. I saw him on the next day under arms taking the stage. He was also in the skirmish on Yonge Street on Tuesday, as I understood.

We said nothing to anyone; did not see any of the leaders. The men in arms were located in a line east and west along the top of the hill, among the trees. We then returned to the city. Yorkville was then in the woods, with a few houses scattered about. I went then to the city, and, as I have said, made enquiries about the affair as well as I could. Saw Mr. O'Reilly and talked with him; found out there was to be no Court; that all were under arms. Could not see anyone I knew. I tried to find out Dr. Rolph and Mr. Bidwell, but could not. After this returned to Mrs. Bostwick's and took dinner. Upon going up, I saw the men seen at Gallows Hill, on Bloor Street; did not see who was on guard. They were in a line east and west on Bloor Street. Several were on horseback, riding up and down on Yonge Street. A young man named Edmundson, in the commissariat department, as I afterwards heard, was one of them. The line of men was a long one. You will remember that even Bloor Street was quite wooded, and all about unsettled. Old Mr. Bloor lived there on the east side. Mrs. Bostwick's house was the only good house seen there, except Bloor's. The Red Lion inn was of course there, for it was in it McKenzie had received a gold plate some years before. Dr. Horne's house was in the woods; so was Sheriff Jarvis'.

The most active insurgent I saw on horseback was one Mr. Milburn, an Englishman of Thornhill, afterwards Custom-house officer at Oakville, appointed to that office by the Baldwin Government in 1844 or 1848. He was very active, and, strange to say, seems never to have been punished for treason. He rode a fine grey horse; was no doubt in the fight on Yonge Street on Tuesday night, same

day. Mr. George Duggan was a prisoner among the rebels, or patriots, too, at the time—afterwards Judge of the County Court; him I did not see, but knew him well. Mr. Milburn has been dead now over twenty years. He was a very fine, manly fellow, a thorough Englishman. He lived then, in 1837, and many years after, at Thornhill, until appointed Custom-house officer by the Baldwin Government. Now, I learned in the afternoon, after speaking to Mr. Baldwin, that a deputation had been sent by Sir Francis Bond Head, at the instance of Col. William B. Jarvis, Sheriff of York, consisting of Robert Baldwin and Dr. John Rolph, under the escort of Mr. Hugh Carmichael, a Scotchman, whom I knew many years after, to see the leaders of the rising, and ascertain what they or the people with them wanted; what their grievances were, and if they would lay down their arms upon the Governor, Sir Francis B. Head, granting their request. That was the report, and Mr. Baldwin was waiting, as one of the expedition, when I saw and spoke to him. Dr. Rolph was not there, and I did not see him at all with Mr. Baldwin, although I knew him well. I am perfectly cognizant of all these facts, that is, to what I saw and heard. After this conversation with Mr. Baldwin I again went to the city from Mrs. Bostwick's to Botsford's hotel, and the city seemed very quiet. There did not appear to be much excitement, although I was not at the market, perhaps, when it was going on. It seemed to me as if the Government party were stupefied or quiet, awaiting events. I only saw one expedition up by Baldwin and Rolph, and then only spoke to Mr. Baldwin, although, as I learned, there was a second expedition up under the same Mr. Carmichael, which I heard afterwards.

I am now treading on the grounds of a controversy as between Baldwin and Dr. Rolph, as well as between Mc-

Kenzie and Rolph, as to what took place in this flag of truce business. I know nothing about it except what I there saw, but have heard a great deal, pro and con, since, and have my own convictions about it. After my conversation with Mr. Baldwin, having taken my dinner, I went again to the city to make arrangements to go to Hamilton, and was down there until near dark.

Everyone knows how suddenly darkness comes on at this season of the year. I started to go home, and the whole of Yonge Street, after leaving Albert Street, was unsettled—in fact, in a state of cultivated fields; even where the Metropolitan Church is now was a cultivated field; where St. James' Square and the Model School are now was half woods; all above Carlton was a beech wood. I used to shoot pigeons there after I came from Chicago in 1844. Where Gloucester Street is, and Mrs. Cawthra's (or Mrs. Murray, as they say) was covered with small pine trees up to 1845. I and my first wife have had many a pleasant walk on these pine groves in 1845.

I will refer now to the battle of Yonge Street, skirmish, Tuesday night, 5th Dec., 1837, after which, I will again refer to the flag of truce affair. Well, having started to come home I travelled to McGill Street. There I saw Col. W. B. Jarvis in the street. He knew me personally, as sheriff, as he had seen me in court often, and probably from business done with him. I said I was going to stop over night with Mrs. Bostwick, my mother-in-law, whom he knew, and that I was down to the city to attend to the sittings of Term on law business from Hamilton. He replied: "I hope you are taking no part in this rising, or trouble, and will not do so." "No," said I, "I am quite ignorant of the whole affair, and was surprised to hear of it." "Pass on, then," he says. He had a company of men posted in Jonathan Scott's house, McGill Street, which I afterward heard, but knew nothing of them,

which company were in command of Mr. John Hilliard Cameron, a lawyer, afterwards so long and well known as a leading lawyer in Upper Canada. He was one of the most active Benchers of the Law Society, and has been dead now near twenty years. I knew nothing of the military operations going on, nor what Col. Jarvis was doing there. I proceeded quickly from him to near Maitland Street, and was suddenly stopped by a loud challenge from some men walking in the dark near Grosvenor Street, where there was a small creek or bridge—"Who goes there?" Being thus challenged I knew not what to do, except to enquire if Mr. W. L. McKenzie was among them, which I thought was the case. He immediately and hurriedly stepped out of the ranks of the men in the dusk of the night—the darkness was then approaching. He was the only person that I could have called to my release, or that knew me, as I was an entire stranger to the surrounding country, and in the city with a few exceptions. I asked him to let me pass on to Mrs. Bostwick's, as I was in Toronto on law business. He knew me personally from my writing in his paper, the *Constitution*, as well as from having seen me in Hamilton and perhaps at times in Toronto. When I asked him to let me go on to my mother-in-laws house, he replied, "Will you not join us?" "No," said I, "I am ignorant of this whole matter, "as you know." "Am on law-business in the city." "Will take no part in it." "Have left my family and home unprotected in Hamilton." "Pass on, then, said he." All this said and done only took half a minute. I hastened on, skulking close to the shadow of a high fence for perhaps a hundred yards. I thought I heard persons inside the fence talking, probably scouts. Suddenly, above Maitland Street, near old Mr. Sharpe's then shoe-shop and house, a squad of men with lances (long-handled lances, made by Lount's

orders at Holland Landing) cried out, "Who goes there?" and left the ranks and ran at me, to stab me, as I thought. What could I say or do? If I had said, "A friend," they would not have heeded it. My name they did not know, being an utter stranger to them. So I thought my situation was one of death. They had a right to look on me as a skulking spy on them.

Luckily, at that moment firing commenced in front. McKenzie's column had reached at or below Carlton Street, very near Jarvis's men. It is only about three hundred feet from where he was. The men who were assaulting me ran into the ranks again, and I ran as I never did before, at the risk of my life, to Clover Hill, close by the place where I built a house in 1847 and lived for forty years. James Stitt lived in a brick house near that before I built there, on the east side. He was a carter and afterwards a Custom-house appraiser. When firing commenced the balls struck the fence near me.

Here I climbed a twelve-foot board picket fence, got into a wood leading to Mrs. Bostwick's house—all woods then. There was an old wood—the old, original trees standing still—logs lying down, and quite a wet, marshy place from Gloucester Street, no house, one-third of a mile long—through which I was ever and anon going over my boots in wet ground.

A THOROUGH STAMPEDE OF MEN

took place from old Mr. Sharpe's house to Bloor Street, thence to Montgomery's inn that night—of insurgents. One was killed dead - a Mr. Henderson, of Sharon—shot through the head. I saw him lying on the road next morning, Wednesday, as I passed down Yonge Street to take the stage to Hamilton. One—a Mr. Curry, a saw-mill owner—had his arm broken; went to Mr. George H. White's

house near Bloor Street and was sheltered all night, and was sent home next day. This is the man whom the Rev. Ephraim Evans—one of Ryerson's Tory preachers, and then editor of the *Christian Guardian*—urged Mr. White to betray to the Tory Government, which Mr. White would not do. I allude to it elsewhere. It is a question of morals to say if he should have done it. Some say yes, some—even Methodist preachers—to whom I have spoken, say no. It was certainly not his (Mr. Evans') business to do so, when Mr. White—a good Methodist, too—had taken the wounded man in as a friend. A young man, named George Fletcher, from the township of King—confined all the winter in gaol with me in 1838, the son of a very old and wealthy farmer—was shot through the sole of his foot. I don't know of any other wounded person.

A STAMPEDE, TOO, OF THE JARVIS MEN.

There was just as big a stampede city-ward of Col. Jarvis's men, under Lieutenant John Hilliard Cameron, that night, and the street was clear within half-an-hour up and down, of cowards on both sides.

A GREAT CRY FROM SOME ONE

I heard as I ran up through the woods, like this, "Stop, you cowards!" "Hold up, you cowards! What are you running for?" It was probably from Lount, Graham and others to their men, Col. Jarvis has often, in his lifetime, told me his men ran away, just as the other party did. He said if the men under McKenzie and Lount had come forward

THE CITY MIGHT HAVE BEEN TAKEN THAT NIGHT,

in his opinion. The city had no organized band of men, either on Monday or Tuesday, to put down 1,000 armed opponents, if the latter had any courage or skill. The Government had scattered men in different places, but not in one body.

They had arms—6,000 muskets at or about the market—but not the men. I don't know what this opinion is worth, but believe if the insurgents whom I saw at Bloor Street—say, half armed with rifles and the balance with good or bad shot-guns—had come boldly into the city to the market, Bank of Upper Canada, and Government House, that Sir Francis Head would have gone into the waiting steamer and sailed off to Kingston with his ladies, and probably many then very valiant men—

SAY, LIKE HAGERMAN.

But it may be asked, would not many of the insurgents have been killed? Yes, some, no doubt; yet riflemen used to shooting deer in the woods, as many of them were, could, if good shots, have killed two for every one whom the Tories shot. It would have been a dangerous thing for the Tories to have fired from their windows, which, in my opinion, they had made no plan to do. In such case they would have been not only picked off, but in danger of having their houses fired. Well, it was agreed (as I have been told since the rebellion) that 1,000 men favorable to the McKenzie cause were to rise and join him as soon as he entered the city. Many, no doubt, were armed and ready, but too cowardly, as were his own men, to do so.

These are, of course, conjectures, but such men as they were, with pluck, could have done all this; and men entering into such a plot and rising should not have been afraid to risk their lives.

What did they go into it for? To march down and sneak away again, as most of them did. Civil war is a terrible thing, a bloody thing, and only great provocation should have caused it.

But on this last head I have said much elsewhere. I think the leaders had courage, the followers very little.

Now I shall say a little more about Dr. Rolph and Baldwin.

### THE FLAG OF TRUCE.

There was some years ago a good deal of controversy in the newspapers, as well as in the late Mr. C. Dent's account of the rebellion, of W. L. McKenzie in 1837, and about what was done in these two interviews or expeditions of Baldwin and Rolph with the patriots when they came to Bloor Street at noon of the 5th December, 1837, for the purpose of entering the city. Dr. Rolph's friends say that he did not advise them to advance at once, or at all, into the city, and Mr. Baldwin's friends say that he did not interfere in any interview with the leaders, Lount and McKenzie, or even consult at all with them. As to the former I can say nothing personally, and as to the latter, I feel pretty certain that Mr. Baldwin was a passive spectator, no actor, but why he should have been so is strange. He was so when I saw him, and did not appear to be actively interfering at all, having, as I think, left the speaking to Dr. Rolph. If this be so, he may be to blame, for he undertook to see the leaders; if not, why did he go out there at all? The remarks I make have never to my knowledge appeared in any book. I don't think Mr. Dent referred to the facts I mention.

### THE FLAG OF TRUCE A TRICK.

Again I say, why did Mr. Baldwin go up to see the patriots if not to see their leaders, which Dr. Rolph very properly did do? These two men must have known their mission was a trick played by the Tories on them and the insurgents, for they were well known to be the leaders, especially Dr. Rolph, who was suspected then to be implicated in causing the people to rise. And the Tories knew their own conduct deserved the execration of every *consti-*

*tutional, patriotic man.* I say constitutional man, for a true Briton and American has a right, after trying every constitutional means, to resort to force to obtain his legal rights when those rights have been trampled upon by an irresponsible set of aristocrats, such as then existed in Canada, Upper and Lower.

WHO WAS TO BLAME?

But the question is, who was to blame in this flag of truce affair? If both Dr. Rolph and Mr. Baldwin had met the leaders, and candidly told them to go home, or if they had gone to Sir Francis Bond Head and asked him to give his word under his name, joined by such names as Hagerman, the Sheriff, Robinson, Sullivan, etc., that if the insurgents would lay down their arms and retire home a proclamation would issue of amnesty that no prosecutions would take place, would not the last have been done?

I think it is likely not. Then what was the next advice that ought to have been given? Why that, as they had assembled to require the granting of popular rights and responsible government, the insurgents should march into the city and take the Government leaders prisoners until the request was granted. I think there is no rational doubt but that Dr. Rolph advised the last thing to be done. Such was what Lount and McKenzie said was done. As soon as I saw Baldwin and asked him what the rising meant, or would amount to, he was very reticent, cold and indifferent, said nothing to me from which I could learn anything from him, and he seemed to be ignorant of the cause. He was naturally a very silent, cold man in his manner, as was his father in great crises. He never called to see me in prison, or render me any assistance, but was glad to get into power when all the trouble was over.

Dr. Rolph was a more candid and friendly man, but like

many great orators—remember how Demosthenes acted in Greece, as history reports, was timid—ran away. No one can blame him for escaping; if he had not, he would have suffered death. Abundant evidence could have been got to implicate him as the secret executive power in that rebellion. I did not know it—others did. Whilst this is said, it may also be said, he had good cause to do what he did, but should never have denied it; then he would stand higher in the estimation of all men. He was a great man; had done great good in the country. Who is without some fault? Shall all the good he has done be forgotten and only his errors brought forward?

Mr. Baldwin's conduct in this flag of truce affair is quite inexplicable. Bidwell would not go up; if he had, he would have acted plainly one way or the other.

It is open to observation that if the insurgents had been ably handled, a part of them could have gone down through the Queen's Park with rifles and taken the Governor in his house on Simcoe and King Streets; two other detachments could have gone down—one on Jarvis Street, and taken the Bank of Upper Canada, whilst the largest body could have continued down Yonge Street to King, acting in concert with the two. Speculations on such things are idle now, and it may be that all such events are overruled for the best. But this conclusion can be come to: that the rising and sufferings, even deaths, of Lount and Matthews, losses and imprisonments of thousands, myself included, certainly brought about a new system of government in Canada, opened the eyes of the sleepy and slow-to-move aristocracy of England, finally bringing us to a better state in Canada.

I am left at a very advanced age to write this history of terrible times, of an incipient civil war just stopped in time to save the country. It was a marvel that the country was saved from an American war, too, on the American lines,

all of which, and the bloodshed and sufferings, could have been saved by honorable and true concessions on the part of a wicked set of men, who would not do justice to the people at large.

The rising was badly managed; the day was altered, it is said, by Dr. Rolph from Thursday to Monday; it may have been for fear of the arrest of city men

WHO WERE AT THE BOTTOM OF THE CONSPIRACY,

and when it was altered these city participators had not the courage or manliness to assist McKenzie and Lount and the country leaders. All such enterprises as this require two things—courage, a willingness to die in the cause, and quickness of movement. There was nothing to prevent the seizure of the garrison by daring men, and the cowardly city SYMPATHIZERS knew just how everything was situated, yet really gave the country farmers who led and risked their lives no real aid.

DR. ROLPH'S FINAL DETERMINATION.

When Dr. Rolph saw that the entry of the patriots into the city, as spoken of by me, was a failure, he to save his life made good his escape to Lewiston and the American side. Mr. Bidwell was forced, as I have before said, to leave, by threats from Sir Francis Bond Head, threats of suspicions to be exposed through letters which the Governor pretended to have and offered to destroy if Bidwell would leave. Whether he had any such letters is a mystery which will never be known, and what will be said by all patriotic and loyal men is, that he, the Governor, had no right to let a leader of public opinion whose acts may have caused the rising in great part, escape, and afterwards arrest, punish and banish the dupes of leading agitators. I don't believe the Governor had any incriminating evidence sufficient to

make out treason against Mr. Bidwell. He was only a sympathizer with the wrongs of the people, as Baldwin was. Dr. Rolph was otherwise. He was guilty of aiding the rising, but would not see the matter out. On the contrary, the courageous little man McKenzie, although so badly treated, stuck to the sinking ship to the last moment, was nearly taken prisoner on horseback as he galloped off the field at Montgomery Hill, and on several other occasions in his devious way through Trafalgar, Nelson, and on the mountain above Hamilton to Chippewa. He actually was in the house of a loyal Orangeman, threw himself on his mercy, confessing his name, and the noble Orangeman (refusing to take blood money or betray such candor) let him have another chance for his life. It may be a question, (to which I will in another chapter refer) whether McKenzie, when in the United States, should, in the opinion of many, not have left a bad beginning, hastily begun, alone, taking no more part in it.—"Author."

## THE RAVEN.

The raven belongs to the family of the crows. I think you could hardly tell him from a crow. His feathers are quite black. He is bold and cunning, and a great thief.

Like some bad boys, he is fond of mischief. A man once drew forth his pocket-book, while a tame raven looked on, as if watching for sport.

The man dropped a bank-note on the ground. The raven hastened to pick it up, and the man ran after him; but the sly bird flew up on a tree, and there tore the note in pieces.

The same man was one day in his garden, trying to prop up a plant, when the same raven came by and knocked away the prop with his bill. Every time the man propped up the plant the bird would knock it down.

The raven may be tamed, and taught to utter words, and

to whistle. A raven was once kept in a barber's shop, and would cry out to people as they came in, "Pay your money! Pay your money!"

Some years ago, on a winter day, some boys were throwing snowballs at one another. A tame raven, that had flown away from a distant house, stood on a stump, and seemed to watch the sport.

All at once the raven cried out, "Hurrah for our side!" The boys, who had never heard that a raven could speak, were so much alarmed that they all ran home.

As the boys ran, this queer bird made a noise very much like a laugh, and that only made them run the faster.

The man who owned the raven had taught him to utter the words which frightened the boys. If these boys had known as much as you do now, I think they would not have been frightened.

When I was a young boy, I have often, when going into the dense woods on my father's great farm on the Grand River, come suddenly upon the ravens eating the remains of some dead animal, of a horse, cow, pig, or sheep.

They are of the vulture tribe, and can smell carrion a great way off, and will devour it, as I have seen the buzzards of Texas do. These birds of Texas will scent the carrion when soaring half-a-mile high in the air, and can be seen like specks in the white clouds above the Southern cities, preparing to come down and eat all kinds of carrion in the lanes of the cities.

When seen, the ravens will suddenly fly in their black dress of feathers, flapping their wings among the green trees, not uttering any cry.

### THEIR CURIOUS, DISMAL CRIES.

But this is not always so, for I have seen several of them together on a tree in old times, making a strange noise, a

sort of scream, as of quarrelling, or in pain, not unlike the lynx's scream, where they would sit, and scream and quarrel, as it were.

I used to see these birds very often in Ontario in my father's woods, between 1820 and 1830, but of late years they have become quite scarce in this Province. I saw them on the shore of Lake Erie in 1827.

Some ten years ago I saw the stuffed body of one at a bird fancier's on Yonge Street, and took particular notice of it and its size. It was caught, I was told, in the Lake Superior region. This bird is found now, I am told, in the most secluded and distant regions of the north, even in Labrador at times, not in the winter. Its habits are somewhat secluded, not like the common crow, which very closely resembles it in all things but size. The raven is nearly twice the size of the crow, and much more rapacious.

THE RAVEN OF THE BIBLE

is alluded to in several places. Ravens fed Elijah in the desert. See Kings xvii, 6th verse. Ravens are said to have been sent to feed him, and the bears were sent to punish children who insulted him.

The raven feeds on animal food, not on roots and insects, as the crows do. Crows will eat anything, corn, and small insects.

My father, prior to going to Belleville in the winter of 1815, had killed his cattle, and my recollection is, as a child in 1814, that my father had wounded a raven, brought it home, and I was in the habit of chasing it under the house. Its wings were broken.

# CHAPTER XII.

## A ROMANCE OF PRISON LIFE IN 1837-8 IN TORONTO.

My long imprisonment—The cruel and wicked conduct of Hagerman, the Attorney-General, and the executive authorities in refusing great bail offered—My sickness and that of others—Had to go to the hospital—Want of exercise and unsanitary rooms—40 persons—Doctors, mechanics, farmers, merchants among them—The history of David, the priest of Sharon, and his people—Many of them there—How we communicated with persons in the gaol—How we received news from outside—It came in stuffed geese, fowls, pies, puddings—A youthful courtship—An elopement contrived—Generals Theller and Sutherland, one an Irishman, one an American—Curious way to telegraph—Ministers of the gospel who attended—Dr. Strachan attended—Governor Arthur came—His cruel and insulting conduct—Col. Chisholm—25 guards below and in yard—Confinement—We made boxes as mementoes—I wrote and read much; made poems: one on my child, one on my wife—The loss of my dear child on the 16th August—Arrival at Buffalo—Stay there in 1838-9—Journey to Albany to see the Judges—Saw the great L. I. Papineau and his wife—the Judges there.

After the preliminary remarks above, and my Christmas and New Year's dinners of 1837, etc., we had to take up our winter-quarters of 1838, expectant of future results. I now give an eye-witness, ear-witness, account of all that happened in eight long months.

The rising in Burford and Oxford of Charles Duncombe, well meant to assist McKenzie, was soon dispersed. Many of the oldest farmers were arrested and imprisoned in Lon-

don; others escaped, as did Dr. Duncombe. The failure of McKenzie and Lount in Toronto caused this dispersion. In Hamilton there was no rising, but John G. Parker, a prominent merchant, was arrested and taken to Toronto, as also was a young lawyer (myself) in Toronto on law business, not participating in any rising or interfering in the movement, although an active Reformer. Michael Mills and Jacob Rymal, two prominent men near Hamilton, left Canada, and afterwards assisted McKenzie in Navy Island, in January, 1838.

At Brockville some persons were arrested on suspicion, among them William B. Richards, afterwards Attorney-General and Chief Justice of Upper Canada, also Chief Justice of the Supreme Court at Ottawa. They were detained, but soon released. Among the persons arrested in Toronto were Dr. Thomas Morrison, J. H. Price, John Doel, a brewer; the Rev. John Doel, his son, a minister; James Leslie, editor of the *Examiner* afterwards for a long time; Mr. Cathcart, merchant; Reuben A. Parker, brother of John G. Parker, both of Hamilton; and at Cooksville, Mr. Lewis, a merchant, myself, and several others. We were escorted to Toronto by Captain McGrath and a troop of soldier volunteers.

At first these persons were confined in the west wing of the Parliament Buildings, afterwards in the gaol, where they took their Christmas dinner together in December, 1837, with Mr. Kidd, the head gaoler, a gentlemanly man in manner and conduct.

### NAMES OF PERSONS ARRESTED CONFINED WITH ME.

The following are the names of men whom I know to have been arrested and confined in rooms in the Toronto gaol during the winter of 1837-38:—Joseph Gould, formerly of Uxbridge (a Quaker's son), since then a mem-

ber of the Canadian House of Commons; Dr. Hunter, father of the present Dr. Hunter, of Newmarket, a clever man; Lount and Matthews, and at least five hundred others, as aforesaid. Marshall S. Bidwell was driven from Canada by the threats of Governor Head, although guilty of nothing. John Montgomery, the celebrated Yonge Street innkeeper, was also arrested. William L. McKenzie, after many adventures, escaped into the States by way of Chippewa, and Dr. John Ralph at Queenston. On one occasion Mr. McKenzie, although a thousand pounds was offered for his arrest, trusted his life to a Loyalist, an Orangeman, depending on his hospitality. He did not trust vainly; he was allowed to go. The Orangeman would not take the price of blood.

Many of the farmers and their sons when arrested were brought in to Toronto, in a very disgraceful manner, by ruffians who called themselves Loyalists. The property of many farmers was robbed, and, as one instance of this kind, a merchant's store, Mr. Marshall's, at Aurora, was plundered, until Mr. Wm. Higgins, high constable of Toronto, stopped the plunderers. A man named Comfort and his wife were shamefully treated at Streetsville.

My wife, who was only seventeen years old, was terrorized by these lawless upholders of law, who surrounded and plundered my house at Hamilton, and arrested her when she was on her way to Toronto, and took her to the Hamilton Court-house, and all this was done without the least crime on my part to justify it. Although my family was well known to be of Reform principles, we were always loyal.

When the Yonge Street farmers and their sons were arrested in the country, they were tied sometimes with ropes and marched in gangs and brought to gaol in Toronto.

Where was this gaol, and who was the gaoler ?

The building, in which more than five hundred of these well-known farmers were incarcerated, was that now greatly altered building called York Chambers, on Toronto Street, opposite the Deputy Receiver-General's office, near King Street. At that time King Street was only partly built up in that vicinity, and the spot where the police court and court-house stand was vacant ground. The gaol had a high stockade (fifteen or more feet high) of wooden pickets around it. A Methodist church stood on the north-east corner of Adelaide and Toronto Streets, now occupied by the law offices of Smith, Lount, and others ; and on the north-west corner of Church and Adelaide Streets a Presbyterian church then stood, in which the old Kirk of Scotland people worshipped, among them Judge McLean, John Bell, lawyer, McMurrich and others. The gaoler was a large, gentlemanly man, named John Kidd, and he treated the prisoners very well. The five hundred or more prisoners, some of whose names I will presently mention, were put apart in December and January in various rooms in this gaol, closely crowded together. Most of them were rich, and had lived on beautiful farms in the vicinity of Newmarket, in North York, Vaughan, Bolton, Uxbridge, Whitby, at the Holland Landing, in Whitchurch, and other places. Many had wives and daughters at home, well-stocked farms and fine houses, with every luxury of life. They consisted of the oldest families in the country, had been always loyal before this rising in rebellion. Three of them were sons of the celebrated David Wilson, a quaker preacher, who had built the beautiful temple and other buildings at Sharon Village, near Newmarket, built in imitation of Solomon's ancient temple. This temple at Sharon and another fine building still stand there, and can be seen and examined.

### DAVID WILSON'S TEMPLES

Are, in fact, the strangest and most unique buildings in the County of York. Here David Wilson used to hold religious meetings and chant hymns on Sunday, accompanied by a band of all kinds of musical instruments, assisted by a choir of young ladies dressed in white.

### DAVID WILSON'S NUNS.

The buildings (for there were two) were partly of glass. Many of his friends and the members of his church, or religious community, were arrested and imprisoned. He was a very strange man, well versed in the Holy Scriptures, a poet, like his ancient namesake, King David of Jerusalem. There were many young ladies, people called lay nuns, who attended on Sundays dressed in white to sing in the choir.

### SOME ACCOUNT OF DAVID WILSON.

He was the owner of a large and beautiful farm of some hundreds of acres, then and still a beautiful spot lying high above Newmarket, on the road to Sutton village, from which a fine view of the surrounding country is got.

His sons also were able and intelligent men, and engaged chiefly in farming. Some hundreds of people were attached to his religious community. His opinions were somewhat like those of the Quakers of to-day, although he was not considered an orthodox Quaker.

He preached and read the Scriptures, and his own poetry, which consisted of religious hymns. He did not allow women to preach, which the orthodox Quakers do and always have done.

This curious society was known all over Ontario. David Wilson was a great admirer of women; was polite to them when they visited his buildings. He claimed the right to

escort them to a high flight of stairs, very steep, and see them safely up. I have often gone up these stairs—no easy job for an aged person.

Among the prisoners from Newmarket there was a young, handsome Irish Catholic doctor, who had but recently come from Ireland, Dr. McCormick. He was a single man, scholarly and very fascinating, but, like most Irishmen, of quick temper, attached to his religion and eager for his country's rights; just such a man as would naturally become involved in this patriotic rising. From this same town of Newmarket a very prominent man named Nelson Goram, the son of one of the first backwoods settlers in that part of the country, was also arrested and imprisoned. His father, who came from the United States, had cleared a beautiful farm there in the beginning of the present century, and was also the owner of large woollen mills. Nelson Goram is, I think, still alive.

### THE WELL-KNOWN GORAM FAMILY.

Many of the family and friends of the two old and noted settlers, named Fletcher and Loyd, Quakers, were arrested; another prominent man, a noted hunter and rifle shot, named Adam Graham, the son of a British officer named Col. Graham. Adam Graham had taken an active part as a captain among the patriots with whom he identified himself. He was very brave. When the patriots came to "Gallows Hill" he guarded the road at that place, two miles from Toronto, up Yonge Street, on Tuesday morning, December 5th, 1837. The insurgents were ranged along that high piece of ground, where John McDonald's house stands, for half a mile, with McKenzie, Lount and others. They had marched down from Montgomery Hill that morning. It is probable there were 1,000 there.

### WHAT WAS THE REAL STRENGTH OF THE PATRIOTS IS UNCERTAIN.

In two rooms in the third storey of this gaol about forty prisoners were confined most of the winter of 1838. He was among them, and knew that I had seen him on Yonge Street, and also in the stopping affray of the stage on the 7th of December, when it was held up in order that the Government despatches might be examined going to Hamilton. He was very much alarmed lest I might say something when examined before the Star Chamber commission which examined all the prisoners. He was soon made easy as to this.

### PRISONERS CONFINED WITH ME.

I will mention some of the prisoners who were confined in this room with me. Besides Adam Graham there were Mr. Brammer, an English farmer now living; young Mr. Edmundson, the son of a rich farmer about Newmarket, a fine young fellow who took a very active part in the movement, and afterwards went to Illinois; Mr. Milburn of Thornhill; Wilson Reed, afterwards a Councillor of York; his brother William, a bailiff; Mr. Elton, a tailor (a comical fellow); Dr. McCormick and Dr. Hunter; John G. Parker and his brother Reuben, of Pickering, one a merchant, the last a farmer; Joseph Gould, John Montgomery, three sons of David Wilson, the Quaker preacher; George Fletcher, a fine young man wounded in the Young Street encounter on Tuesday, in the foot; two men named Doan, two men named Irwin, rich farmers about Sharon; several of the Sheppard family, who lived up Yonge Street ten miles, near the Golden Lion, very old and large farmers and millers, always before called loyal men; they were afterwards banished, but escaped; one of the Andersons, a family well

known in Toronto, a brother of Thomas, and others that might be mentioned. I think a Mr. Lundy also was one.

THESE TWO ROOMS HELD FIFTY PRISONERS SOMETIMES.

There were usually fifty prisoners in the two rooms, sometimes less; but they managed to exist. The space was always more than full, too much so to afford any comfort.

DR. McCORMICK CARRIED ON A CURIOUS COURTSHIP.

Dr. McCormick made a confidant of me, and told me his secrets. One of these was an ardent love (an Irish love), which like Irish patriotism is usually fiery, for a beautiful girl of fifteen, whom we will call Gertrude Wyoming, the daughter of rich parents in Newmarket. He had fallen in love some time before the rising and this imprisonment checked their intercourse, but not their love. "Love fears not locks nor bars," as will be seen afterwards.

MY WIFE WAS IN HAMILTON

when the rising took place, but came to Toronto early in December. It was terrible for her and for me to be so soon parted from our beautiful home in Hamilton, consisting of ten acres, left vacant, and all my business stopped. How sad it was also for so many rich farmers to be so confined behind iron bars, with turnkeys watching them, frowning guards with bayonets marching around their gaol. Here they were deprived of all home comforts, church worship, newspapers, exercise, children, loving wives, with iron bars in front and bolted doors in rear, all through the winter, and many of them (as I was) through the spring and summer of 1838. And these men thus imprisoned were the best farmers and mechanics of the County of York and other places, men thoroughly loyal to the Queen, only hos-

tile to the wicked usurping oligarchy of the Province, who had abused and misgoverned them for two generations.

### THE TERRIBLE CONDITION OF UPPER AND LOWER CANADA.

Think for a moment of the condition of the country. There were then no County Councils, the Protestant dissenting churches had not until 1830 been permitted to marry their adherents in their churches. This was allowed only to the churches of England, Roman Catholic and Kirk of Scotland. An attempt had been made and partly accomplished by Sir John Colborne at the instigation of Bishop Strachan, Judge Robinson, Hagerman and others to create an established church, as in England, endowed with one-seventh of all the lands of the Province, lands improved by other church people. All offices now in the gift of the people by law and a responsible executive, as now enjoyed, were in the power of an executive council appointed by English Governors, acting as the tools of a clique of family upstarts at Toronto, without any responsibility to the people at large, whose money they used, and whose Legislature, when fairly chosen, the Legislative Council chosen by the Governors defied, annulling all Acts objectionable to them.

### THE REBELLION WAS FOR BRITISH RIGHTS.

Against such abuses, and in favor of British rights, to which Englishmen were accustomed, the imprisoned farmers arose after long attempts to get their grievances redressed. Many say, why did they not wait longer; but we are not the judges of the limit of a people's patience. Why did the people not wait longer in England when their kings were their oppressors? Ultimately their sufferings resulted in our responsible government, but martyred blood was shed, tears flowed, and family ties were severed for sacred truth.

**Lount, Matthews and others suffered martyrdom, and many went to Van Dieman's Land ; thousands lost their property, their all !**

Among the prisoners, but not in the two rooms, there was a noble young fellow named Latimer, from Simcoe. He afterwards went to Illinois and purchased a farm. I don't know what became of him.

### PRAIRIE SCENES ARE BEAUTIFUL.

Once only I met him ; on the wild prairies of Illinois we encountered one another. The glorious sun was above us, and around us were the boundless prairies where the flowers and the grass waved, and had waved for generations. The wild curlews screamed their melancholy notes in the high sky, the prairie-hens, water-fowl, and blue cranes flew out of the flowery plains as we approached. The scene, wild, beautiful and grand, contrasted strangely with the sombre prison life in Toronto, where I had seen him last, and where I spent near nine months in its guarded, iron-bound prison, being innocent, on account of the hate and malignity of the Compact Tories of 1836-7.

### THE TWO CLOSE IRON-BARRED ROOMS.

The two rooms in which we were imprisoned were very small for so large a party. One was probably twenty-five feet long by twelve wide, the other twenty-five feet wide by twenty-five in length, as near as I can remember.

In the morning we arose as soon as possible, that is, as soon as daylight would permit. Thereupon the beds were neatly piled up around the rooms against the walls, and chairs, small seats, benches, and tables arranged, so that breakfast could be taken. We had a cooking-stove for the preparation of our meals ; and of what did these consist ? Most of us had been accustomed to the best of tables.

Whence came now our daily bread? Our wives, always faithful in trouble, and friends, did not forget their dear ones in gaol. They were busy outside in their peaceful, comfortable homes in the country, making up all kinds of good things. Every few days, and generally at stated times, sleighs or waggons, according to the state of the weather, came in with cooked meats, vast quantities of poultry, fowls, ducks, geese and turkeys, with all kinds of pies, vegetables, apples, preserves, and whatever they thought their husbands and sons had liked at their once happy homes.

### WOMEN ARE ALWAYS KIND

to the imprisoned, and as home is their sphere, where the kindliest affections reign supreme, they never need urging in this respect, are far more inventive and thoughtful than men. They never forsake the unfortunate and suffering. What a blessed thing it is to have a home where woman reigns in love and affection! Never may we see the day when homes in our land will be broken up, and loving children fail to be delighted to throng around their parental table! Never may our land be disgraced by that infamous divorce system of many of the American States and some European countries.

### PIES, PUDDINGS AND STUFFED POULTRY.

But the pies and puddings, and stuffed poultry were not only used as eatables, but were the precious and kindly purveyors of news from homes, love-letters, political news, written greetings of dearest wives, sisters and brothers. Laughable it often was to see how the little missives were concealed in the fowls, the cakes and the pies. I had my little letters from her whom I loved so dearly, whose heart beat in unison with mine, and whose smile was so cheering in my home. Nor did the Irish doctor who had his young

dulcinea of Newmarket, fail to often receive little billet doux from the young heart that was beating for him, hoping for happier days. I have said that he made a confidant of me, and these little letters with the answers, and sometimes with sweet verses were secretly read to me, and my opinion of their appropriateness was asked.

It was curious to see how carefully these letters were concealed, wrapped up in the smallest spaces possible, written on very thin paper. Had the gaoler been disposed to examine these eatables closely, he could not have discovered the letters unless he had cut the pies and cakes into small pieces. But the inside watchers expected their coming postals, knowing that love outside would be sure to send. Love! Most precious word! Who gave thee to the human bosom but that great God who reigns unseen yet felt in this mighty universe around us!

The Irish doctor was very strong in his feelings on the Roman Catholic question, and hence a very laughable affair occurred one night in these two rooms. John Montgomery was a jolly, intelligent, talkative man, equally strong in his Protestant views. The fifty prisoners were a good-natured, intelligent set of men, not generally religious, but open-hearted and pleasant.

Often when all had gone to bed the conversation would turn on various subjects, story-telling, prison prospects, outside politics, the events of the past few months, Canada's future hopes and prospects, but seldom on religious topics. A discussion, however, arose one night between the Doctor and John Montgomery, on the morality of the Roman Catholic priests in convents and in the confessional. John held that their wickedness was a fact, the Doctor as strongly held to the negative. Contradiction followed assertion, when suddenly the contestants were heard to assault each other in the dark. Then they began to trample on the beds and the

sleepers lying thickly on the floor, and I among others felt their struggling feet. Both rooms were aroused and candles were lighted, whereon the combatants about religion were found in the most laughable positions: John with his shirt torn, but ready to continue the contest, and the Doctor bare as the day of his birth. Friends intervened, explanations were made and tempers cooled, amid peals of laughter, as the well-proportioned body of the young Irishman was beheld. Although the balance of the night was spent in quietness, the incident was not soon forgotten.

The courtship continued between Gertrude and the doctor, and one day it was suddenly rumored that she had escaped out of a window at Newmarket and had come to Toronto, where she had very rich friends, in order that she might be nearer the loved doctor. One of her relations was a millionaire, the richest man that ever lived in Toronto. It is said that love has wings like a dove's to fly, so she flew away from her forest home to be nearer to her lover.

There was another doctor named Hunter, as I have said, among the prisoners, an elderly and very restless man, who was constantly writing about his wrongs and corresponding with the Government. Manuscript after manuscript was sent out, and during the winter he was let out on bail, and afterwards tried. After his release he lived a long time in Michigan and in the State of New York. He and the son of Erin, Doctor McCormick, have long since gone to that "undiscovered land from whose bourne no traveller returns," otherwise I would not use their names so freely.

How, it may be asked, did these prisoners spend their Sabbaths, and the weary days of a long winter? The Sabbaths were quiet, and various ministers of the gospel used to visit us by turns. The ministers who did visit us were Bishop Strachan, of the English Church, Rev. James Rich-

ardson (afterwards Bishop Richardson), of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and the Rev. John Roaf, a very celebrated minister of the Congregational Church, father of the late Barrister Roaf; who was the father of two of our estimable young barristers now in Toronto.

The prisoners, according to their tastes, read some the Bible, some novels or other books. The old English St. James' Cathedral stood where it now stands. The bells rang, the troops marched to and fro from it, the people walked in family style, or rode in carriages home, and the Governor and his suite, with military officers, rode conspicuously through the streets. The prisoners, watching, thought of their homes and firesides, and the old country churches they used to attend.

David Wilson's sons occasionally sang hymns, or played on instruments; but we all sighed for liberty, dear liberty, so precious to all. Some paced the rooms, like Byron's "Prisoner of Chillon," until the floors were worn with their feet. Sunday after Sunday passed in the dreary winter months until spring's bright days were looked for.

During the week days the prisoners used to make all kinds of memento boxes of cedar and Canadian maple wood—boxes for snuff, for needles, money or rings. On these boxes all kinds of mottoes would be written in indelible ink, and the names of their dearest outside friends, wives, sisters, mothers, and sweethearts, were remembered. The boxes were really very beautiful, with carefully-fitted sliding lids. I have some now in my house. Hundreds were sent out to friends, and are now, no doubt, in existence among the families of York and the city of Toronto, and many are, perhaps, scattered in the United States. Paper mottoes and fancy papers of various shapes were also made. The doctor did not forget Gertrude, nor I my wife at her mother's home. John G. Parker and his

brother Reuben remembered their wives, and the Sharon people sent out hundreds to the temple.

At times songs were sung, and everyone joined in the choruses of "Sweet Bye and Bye," "Auld Lang Syne," "Home, Sweet Home," "Annie Laurie," "Scots Wha Hae," "Ye Banks and Braes of Bonnie Doon," and others. I was a great singer. John G. Parker sang hymns and was a strict Sunday-school teacher in Hamilton. The doctor hummed his Irish melodies, the mellow songs of Moore—"There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet as the vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet—'Sweet vale of Avoca;'" or, "There came to the beach a poor exile of Erin; the dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill," etc.

It was necessary in this prison-life to keep up the spirits of the men by stories and songs; for the prisoners had no means of gaining outdoor exercise, to which they had been accustomed all their lives; and this confinement was a most trying and terrible thing to intelligent and industrious men. John G. Parker had lived in Canada (although by birth an American from New Hampshire) as an active merchant, going frequently to Montreal and New York. He had lived a long time also in Kingston. He had married a beautiful woman, and had a fine family of boys and girls. He was a man of about fifty years, with religious and moral habits. I mention this as I knew him well, and know that he was shamefully treated by the Family Compact simply because he was an American. He was guilty of nothing, unless it was opening his mouth in favor of reform. Yet he was sentenced to go to Van Dieman's Land, and was only liberated in England by the efforts of Lord Brougham, as were many others.

How few who read these lines can imagine what the dreary prison is, especially when so many are confined in two rooms! I, who had been accustomed to all kinds of

outdoor sports and exercise, and had been also active in business as a lawyer, soon became sick with the gaol fever, and was obliged to go to the hospital, where I lay amongst over fifty patients, half of whom had the smallpox. No bail would be taken from my friends until there was danger of my dying, although the cruel Attorney-General, Christopher Hagerman, was offered $10,000 bail.

My wife, risking her life, came to see me in this terrible hospital. Her brother also came, and contracted the smallpox. Finally I was released on bail, and lived for a month or so with my wife in the spring of 1838. Shortly before this a beautiful little girl was born to us, while I was in prison. We called her Helen. She was a link to make our hearts incline more closely to each other. I shall say something more about this little child, who died during the following summer.

I have told of the way the prisoners lived, of their work, their exercise, and songs. I have yet to tell of another thing they did, which is a secret known, perhaps, to few. There were no telegrams in those days, no telephones, yet ingenuity invented a way by which nearly all the prisoners communicated with each other in that great gaol of five hundred men, daily, hourly, if necessary, unknown to their gaolers or the Government which confined them. The walls between the rooms were of brick a foot or more thick. These were carefully pierced with small holes, invisible to all but those in the secret, and completely covered at all times when not in use. Through these holes little paper despatches were pushed from one room of the prisoners to another, leading down to the bottom of the gaol, where Lount and Matthews were confined, as I then understood.

There were, perhaps, two thousand volunteers under arms, young men, chiefly Orangemen, from the surrounding

country, in Toronto all that winter. A guard of twenty-five soldiers was constantly in the gaol, and arms were packed at the foot of the lower stairs. Soldiers were on guard also in the gaol yard. In the silent hours of the night the cry was heard: "1 o'clock, all's well; 2 o'clock, all's well," etc., falling occasionally on the ears of the awakened prisoners.

There are some incidents I will add in a short article to this, after which further comment I will describe my trial on the 8th May, 1838. These will be found equally interesting as the above.

Our means of communication with one another was put to frequent use. All the leading prisoners were in communication with each other, and knew what each one thought and heard, how each was treated, and the wants and trials of each. Presently I will tell you what occurred thereby. In a room next to ours two American prisoners, called generals, were confined. They had been taken prisoners near Detroit late in December, 1837, or early in 1838, by one Col. John Prince, of Windsor (a lawyer and active Englishman up there), who exercised great influence in that region. He was afterwards for many years a member of the Canadian Legislature, and lastly a judge over the region of country now called Sault Ste. Marie, where over twenty years ago he died an old man. His sons afterwards were lawyers at Windsor; possibly some of his family may yet be alive. These generals were named Dr. Theller, a Catholic Irishman, and Sutherland, an American soldier, who had seen some service, but was quite an adventurer, as was Dr. Theller also. Theller was an intelligent, well-educated man, but a thorough hater of Britain in Canada and Ireland. He and Sutherland were men marked by the powers that were at Toronto, but the Canadian authorities did not want to be severe on them for fear

of retaliation from the Americans. They were less particular about the fate of the Irishman. The two generals were both tried by martial law, then in force in some parts of Canada, and condemned to die. There was a settled determination upon a fixed time to hang Dr. Theller. General Sutherland was respited, but not until he had attempted to bleed himself to death. It is said that an order in council by the Government was passed to execute Dr. Theller within two weeks, and preparations were made to erect the gallows in the rear of the gaol. This order came to the knowledge of the Irish volunteers, together with the order of the Government to release Sutherland and send him to the United States. A threat of a mutiny among the volunteers was bruited about, till it reached the ears of the executive. It was said: "If you discharge the Yankee Sutherland, you shall not hang the Irishman." It was also reported that W. B. Sullivan, afterwards a judge, then one of the influential Irishmen about Toronto, used his influence to change the order and determination of the executive, consequently Dr. Theller was not hanged, but sentenced to be transported to Van Dieman's Land. He escaped, however, from the citadel of Quebec, with other prisoners on his way to Europe. He emigrated to California, and before he died wrote a short history of the rebellion and of his escape.

Sutherland was banished, and went to Buffalo in 1838, where I saw him. He was a man of very bad morals, and it is not known what became of him.

When it was made known among the prisoners that Dr. Theller was to be executed and that the time for rescue was short, he made a proposition in the gaol, by means of the paper telegraph, to the principal prisoners, and it came into the room where we were first, to rise upon a certain day when the gaol doors were opened by turnkeys at night-

fall, overpower the guards, take their arms and escape. This could have been easily done had it been finally determined on, but John G. Parker and I opposed it, and the volunteers becoming appeased, the event, which would have been of frightful consequences, never happened. Perhaps no one but myself knows of this affair, which is absolutely true.

## BIRTH OF MY DEAR LITTLE DAUGHTER HELEN.

On the 5th of February, 1838, I have said, a little daughter was born to my wife at her mother's house. Afterwards, during the lovely spring days of May and June and July, the little child, named Helen after my sister, who died when she was a schoolgirl in Toronto, in 1834, was frequently brought to the room in which I was confined, and my wife and I would place it upon a blanket upon the prison floor and watch it smile and play. One of the boxes spoken of above was made and given to the child. and is yet in existence, with her name upon it. Innocent children, like the rosebuds of June, are beautiful, but often doomed to perish early! This lovely little daughter, so often carried on bright summer days in the arms of its mother all the way to my prison to be fondled by me, became sick, and died on the 14th of August, 1838, and I was not allowed to attend the funeral. I wrote many verses about her, and a short poem, still in existence, addressed to her, on the duties of womanhood, little supposing that she would depart so soon to live among the angels in Heaven; for there, Jesus says, they go "to behold the face of God."

### EXECUTION OF LOUNT AND MATTHEWS.

The prisoners had to behold a terrible and heartrending spectacle on the 12th of April, 1838. On that day, almost

in the spot where the Police Court now stands, Lount and Matthews were put to death. These men had been originally loyal. Matthews was a volunteer soldier in the war of 1812, and Lount had been a member of the Upper Canada Legislature, and was defeated the last time he ran for the office by the corrupt practices of the Family Compact's agents. He was a man of commanding figure, something like Abraham Lincoln in appearance, six feet six inches tall. He was by trade a blacksmith, living and owning a farm near the village of Holland Landing. Matthews was a farmer from Pickering, one of the bravest men in the war of 1812 and at all times.

Communications by paper telegraph were held between the upper room prisoners and Lount. He visited the room where we were imprisoned the morning before the day of his execution, in chains, which rattled on the floor. He bade us all farewell under the door. Clank, clank, clank, rang his irons!

They ascended the gallows platform with courage. Bishop Richardson officiated for Lount, and another minister for Matthews. It is said that three days after their execution a despatch came to Toronto from England for their reprieval, but Sir George Arthur, a very cruel man, the successor of Sir Francis Bond Head, at the instigation of the Attorney-General, C. A. Hagerman, and others in the executive, hurried the execution. This was done in the face of the presentation of petitions, to the number of 30,000, from the best known inhabitants in Canada. Lount was a colonel in the rebel rising, and Matthews was a captain in the rebel army.

MANY OF THE BEST KNOWN TORIES OF TORONTO AND OTHER PARTS OF CANADA SIGNED THIS PETITION TO REPRIEVE AND SAVE.—THE LATE MR. ROGERS, THE REV. JOHN RYERSON AND AN ENGLISH CHURCH TORY MINISTER, SIGNED IN TORONTO.

The doctor from Newmarket was pardoned, and left gaol about this time; but he did not, after all, marry Gertrude. She ultimately married another doctor, and became the mother of children, one of whom is now a leading member of the House of Commons and a prominent university man.

THE GOVERNOR, ARTHUR, TOLD MRS. LOUNT HER HUSBAND'S POPULARITY WAS TOO GREAT—HE MUST BE HUNG.

I was released on the 14th of August, 1838, three days before my dear little child died, and had to leave Canada forthwith. My wife and I went to Buffalo, thence, in 1839, in October, to Chicago, where we lived near five years in happiness, travelling often in buggies over the plains of Illinois.

WE LIVED IN BUFFALO A YEAR AND A HALF.

Then we lived in the greatest comfort and happiness in Chicago for near five years. Everything then was in a primitive state—very cheap. We could buy beautiful prairie-hens for ten cents, which now sell for fifty. Meats of all kinds were low. Wood was used in stoves; no coal was used. We got our water drawn in large puncheons from the lake half a mile away. People were very neighborly and kind to each other. Our journey homeward was a very beautiful one—the lakes were all calm and smooth, very different from the journey up in 1839. But in the midst of life we are in death. We little expected she

was to depart so soon; but her pure spirit winged its way to those blessed spheres which all Christians who love and worship God hope to see, and where she said she would meet me. She died as I have mentioned in another chapter on the 12th December, 1855. in Toronto.

The farmers of the County of York returned one by one to their homes again, but many left for the Western States. Captain Adam Graham lived and died on his beautiful farm at Aurora. Some were banished to foreign countries, and some to the United States.

Lord Durham came out in June, 1838, by the Queen's commands, and examined into the people's grievances. He reported adversely to the Family Compact's government, condemning their acts, which led to McKenzie's rising, as well as many acts in Quebec.

In 1840 responsible government, such as England has, and we have now, was conceded to Canada. The two Provinces were united; Robert Baldwin came into power in 1842-3 in Upper Canada, and the friends of Papineau in Lower Canada. Papineau and McKenzie at first had no idea or wish to sever Canada from England.

The old Prussian Colonel Von Egmond, who came too late to assist McKenzie and Lount, died in the gaol or hospital from disease contracted in gaol, and it was a cruel thing to put so old a man in a damp cell. Thus ended this sorrowful, popular rising, which by timely concessions from the Canadian Executive might have been prevented. There is no doubt that the rebellion may be fairly laid at the doors of such men as were in office in Toronto. There is no doubt that England was to blame, too, for allowing such men as Gosford in Lower Canada and their military officers to oppress the people. A judge to whom I lately spoke of writing this account and my general reminiscences lately told me: "You need not do it; why, the Family

Compact are dead." And certainly a curse has hung over the faction and over their children. I will speak more of Buffalo of 1838 and of the now great city of Chicago in future chapters. Many incidents arose, which I must mention, in Chicago. I had three lovely children there, two girls, one of whom is my beloved and well-known daughter the wife of Dr. Wm. Oldright, who has a child now living there, married, the other an unmarried daughter equally dear. My beloved son died there in his infant days, and his body was brought in a coffin by me in 1844 and is in my vault in dust at the Necropolis. I knew all the inhabitants of Chicago, all its lawyers, and practised about five years with success. Now this great city is the wonder of the world, with a million and a quarter of people.

The telegraph arrangement I had nothing to do with, only mentioned it as an arrangement in the gaol known to me, nor do I know exactly how the telegrams were conveyed, as I did not use the convenience. In the early days of our confinement the windows were partially boarded up in addition to the iron grates, to prevent any speaking to outsiders or communications, but not later on. There was a room in the third story, opposite our rooms, in which the unruly or disorderly women were confined, many of whom existed in the city on account of the many volunteers present. It was necessary to have them, when permitted by the gaoler, to scrub our rooms and sweep every week, and they were paid for it. The prisoners had necessary expending money from their friends.

George Gurnett, mentioned in the first chapter of this book, was very active about the city, especially in quartering men on the Reformers. He quartered them often unnecessarily. He quartered them on George Leslie, the great gardener, two miles on the Kingston Road—he told me in his lifetime. He quartered them on the Rev. John Roaf,

whose goods were sold for not allowing it, and his friends bought them in. This most worthy minister, as also the Rev. James Richardson, were very kind and attentive to our room, and I suppose to all the rooms. Dr. Strachan came in occasionally, but was rather stiff, although he knew me well before the rebellion. He never spoke kindly to me, although he was once a Presbyterian teacher — an adventurer, as it were, prior to the war of 1812, when my father was up to the top of society and active in business; but, nevertheless, it was kind of him to come in. His conduct in high church and legislative matters was the cause of my and others being in prison.

Col. William Chisholm, of Oakville, one of the veteran officers of the war of 1812, once came in and had a long conversation with me. He said, kindly, "Well, Mr. Durand, this is all the fate of war; we are up, you are down. It might have been otherwise." He was a noble man, brave and generous. When my wife was so badly used, and stopped even at Burlington Heights bridge, on her way to Toronto and arrived at Oakville—on her way to Toronto she told him of her shameful usage. She and her sister had to watch the road, looking back as they travelled to see if the Hamilton wretches might not still be after them He said to her, "This is shameful! I will give you a written safety pass," and he did so. I only repeat the substance of words spoken.

In March, without any notice given,

### SIR GEORGE ARTHUR'S SUDDEN VISIT AND OVERBEARING CONDUCT.

He was then Governor, just from a penal colony of Botany Bay, where he was known, from report, for his cruel, aristocratic conduct.

I was standing near the large door opening into the corri-

dor—Mr. Joseph Gould by me—and I simply bowed courteously to him, thinking it only proper. Being the first one, he came near, and he stamped his foot on the floor, and to my great

SURPRISE, IN COLD, MILITARY TONES,

said, "How dare you, sir, speak to me!" I often spoke to Mr. Gould in his lifetime about this, in Uxbridge, and he said he well remembered it, and was, as I was, astounded at its overbearing impertinence. I don't know what he said to others.

THIS MAN'S ORIGIN, AND ARROGANCE.

Now, I don't know why this man was in favor in England, except that he was one of Wellington's colonels at Waterloo. Many of such men, like Maitland, Colborne and this man—others, no doubt—were placed improperly over small colonies.

ROME'S OLD CUSTOM.

This was the old military custom of Rome, which tyrannized over the earth. Pontius Pilate, Herod, Titus of Rome—the first the wicked governor who crucified Christ, were her cruel officers.

Sir George Arthur was no higher in society, if so high, as my grandfather and father. The one was a high officer in the regular British service, and my uncle Charles was an active lieutenant of volunteers in opposing Napoleon, and my father, as I have shown, the intimate friend of General Brock, and a captain in the war of 1812.

Well, what did this cruel Governor mean by such conduct to a young man who was innocent, had then had no trial, and was a barrister?

It showed two things: his want of humanity, his bloodthirsty conduct and ungentlemanly nature. He was the

man who, to poor, kneeling Mrs. Samuel Lount, the day before her husband's execution—when she spoke of the great petitions in his favor for a reprieve—said, cruelly, "Madam, your husband is too popular; I can't reprieve him!"

BEAUTIFUL ELM TREES IN SUMMER.

I am, and always have been, very fond—admired the extreme beauty—of great elm trees, as their pendant branches hang down near the earth, in which the lovely Baltimore oriole, the brightest golden-breasted bird of Canada, builds its nest so often. Their note and its constant utterance is so beautiful in tune; their sprightly movements are so gay and admirable; and they come to us just as the blossoms of spring come out of the trees, all of which was entrancing to me to hear their lovely whistling voices.

Oh, the lovely green elms! How refreshing they were to see when I was behind iron bars for the cause of liberty and conscience. I was, as this book of mine shows, always delighted with the woods, in which I wandered in youth, under which, in Hamilton, I may say I breathed the first breath of life.

Lovely elms abounded in Toronto, and still abound, and then in particular. I gazed in June, July and August's warm days on them thousands of times and sighed for that

LIBERTY OF WHICH, THROUGH TYRANTS'

oppressions, I was for a time deprived of. I used, when looking through iron-barred windows, in the beautiful June, July and August days, to see a gentleman and lady, his wife, genteel and well dressed, walk down King Street every evening. Often I thought it was only a year before, in the summer of 1837, that I and my dear wife, who so often came with our child Helen to see me in my lonesome

room, used to walk under the beautiful mountain woods in Hamilton, or in the wooded roads so abundant there.

What do my readers think of Governor Arthur's conduct to me? What would my grandfather, a gallant English officer, who had fought, in about 1760, two duels for honor in England, and fought under the old English flag that had floated over brave men? What would my uncle, who, in 1803 (I have the poetry he made at the time), stood on the cliffs of Dover to defy the threatened Armada of Napoleon in France; or my father, who risked his life at Queenston—of this base, cowardly conduct? The first would have cut him down with his sword, and the latter kicked him downstairs. But I was a prisoner, in such a man's power; could say nothing. Judge of that power from his conduct to Mrs. Lount!

### COL. WETHERALL'S CONDUCT TO J. G. PARKER AT KINGSTON IN 1838.

Among the prisoners in my room were John G. Parker, John Montgomery, two of the Shephards, large farmers and millers near the Golden Lion inn, ten miles up Yonge Street; one of the Andersons, perhaps two, brothers of Mr. Thomas Anderson, late of Yonge Street. They were on their way to Van Dieman's Land, and were temporarily confined in the Fort at Kingston.

### WONDERFUL ESCAPES FROM PRISON.

These men thought as a last resort they would escape from that great fort; so they commenced. Having found out how the fort was built from the room where they were, by digging gradually into the brickwork, concealing the hole by day, throwing the debris out of the room—the particulars are too long to tell—until they had got a space wide enough to raise themselves upon a wall through the

space, from which they let themselves down, by making blanket and quilt ropes, into a ditch, quite deep, below the hole, escaped. When they were ready to escape they chose the wildest, windiest night possible, carried quantities of crackers with them, and went down perhaps fifty or more feet. One of them, John Montgomery, broke his leg in so doing, but was hauled up by the others to the top of a wall, that was scaled by some means, and carried along outside when the guards were away. They wandered through the fields and woods at night for several days, until they found a boat to take them across to the States, near Brockville, carrying poor Mr. John Montgomery. Mr. Parker, however, left them, they said dishonestly, to take care of himself: if so, it was very dishonest, and he was the only one that was captured and taken to prison again. Col. Wetherall was the commander at the fort. When the blacksmith was ironing Mr. Parker as he was lying on the floor, he says Col. Wetherall, in his anger at his escape out of the fort, struck him with his fists. *If this be true, it was a mean act.* Whilst there are some rascals in the British army, the majority are brave and honorable.

MY FAMILY ON THE FATHER'S SIDE

were military for at least three generations. My grandfather was of the name I bear, Charles, as I believe his father was. He was born in 1725 in London; was in the army perhaps forty years, as a high officer; fought, as I said, two duels for honor; retired before 1800 on half-pay pension; died in 1820, aged 95; was quite active when old, and a great musician. His wife was a great beauty and a Welsh lady. His eldest son was named Charles (a family name it seems), a lieutenant in the volunteers of 1800; employed in the East Indian Company at a large salary; died about the same time as his father. I have a picture,

dated 1803, with poetry made by him in reference to the invasion contemplated by Napoleon about that time.

My prejudices are in favor of the regular army, so, although I speak against these two men, and might do so also against Colborne, I cannot be charged as wilfully misrepresenting military men.

The escape of these prisoners was wonderful; they all got, except Parker, away. He went with many others to England. There Lord Brougham looked into their cases on Habeas Corpus and got them off, as their imprisonment was illegal. Others went to Van Dieman's Land. Arthur had been Governor there.

The escape of General Theller and some others at Quebec after this was still more wonderful. What will not great necessity do?

### THE COMMISSION THAT SAT ON THE PRISONERS' CASES.

There was early in the year 1838 a commission that had to examine the prisoners and get them to confess (as many did) and punish them.

A smooth, unprincipled man, Jamieson, an English lawyer, was the president. Old Mr. Allan, W. L. Draper, Sherwood, Sullivan, Wood, an old favorite of the Compact, Hagerman, some of the Robinsons, and others, were commissioners. I knew them, as I was before them once. They heard the truth from me. I told them I was innocent—had nothing to do with the rising and rebellion. The commission was a Star Chamber, or *political inquisition!!*

The prisoners, upon condition of pardon, confessed their guilt in many cases, when their guilt probably could not have been proved. On this condition they were told, "Your death sentence will be passed over, and you will be transported only, sent to Van Dieman's Land for terms or life." Death was preferable often to this.

I believe John G. Parker had this sentence passed on him, and I never could learn that he was guilty of anything more than a mere sympathy, or an American *open-mouthed* desire for a republic, natural to most of his countrymen. His goods probably were all destroyed, so his going to the United States was a blessing; but the Compact Tories sentenced him, an American citizen, to Van Dieman's Land. In fact, they cared little how they transgressed the laws of England. What right had a little colony to send British subjects out of the country to other colonies, unless by a British Act? I think it was upon these grounds Parker was released.

I BELIEVE SAMUEL LOUNT TOLD THEM

that Dr. John Rolph advised them to come into the city when the flag of truce went up on the 5th December.

They tried me upon an *ex post facto* law, or Act, passed by their fraudulent House of Assembly after the alleged deed of treason was committed.

This commission would gladly have got me to confess something against myself or some one else. But my confession would have been that I considered them a set of political rascals, especially the chief of them.

When I went to the hospital, sick with gaol fever, bail having been refused me, although offered $10,000, one of whom was Mr. Dickson, the chief Orangeman of the city. I laid at the head of the then hospital. An armed guard paced the hospital. He was smoking near me. I asked him to be so kind as to stop smoking, and he swore at me, and said "If you say another word I will bayonet you, you d—— rebel." This was said to me as I lay sick with fever, in the night. What a state to be in, at the instigation, under the oppression of, the legal brutes who controlled the destinies of many innocent men!

About this time I received a letter from the Clerk of the Executive Council, refusing bail. I have it in my possession. However, after a day or two, upon repeated representations of Mr. Dickson and my friends, $10,000 bail was accepted by Hagerman, and in the middle of April, probably, I was let out until 8th May, so it will be seen, in February, all through March and part of April, when my wife was so sick in February, and I was sick, the Government refused to act out of pure oppression.

### A CONTRAST WITH A REBEL ESCAPING ON THE 7TH DECEMBER, TWO DAYS AFTER THE BATTLE OF MONTGOMERY HILL WAS FOUGHT.

W. L. McKenzie was the last to leave the field, as leader at Montgomery Hill. He was chased, and nearly caught on his swift horse, but escaped up a high hill, where Lount and 100 men were with arms, and his pursuers ran off. He that night, and for several days after, travelled through the county of Halton and went to a place in the county of Welland, not many miles from Chippewa. With torn clothes, dishevelled appearance, he found an asylum in a farmer's house, which afforded him shelter for the night on hospitable grounds.

In the morning, when about to start, he said to the farmer, "Do you know who I am—whom you have hospitably sheltered? You are a stranger to me, as I am to you. I throw myself upon you, and tell you that I am W. L. McKenzie, for whose apprehension $4,000 is offered."

The farmer said, "I am a loyalist and an Orangeman, but I will not betray you in my house, nor live by the proceeds of blood. Leave my house; I will give you a fair start, and I will then follow you and give the necessary information against you."

McKenzie was on horseback quickly, made his way to a

known friend above Chippewa, with whom he stopped, and next day escaped, I believe in woman's clothes, to the States in a row-boat, with the Chippewa friend.

What do you think of this affair? The Revd. Ephram Evans, in 1837, after the skirmish on Yonge Street at night, chanced to be in the house of a Methodist brother, viz., that of Mr. George White, near Bloor Street, and noticed a wounded man just from the battle, getting assistance from Mr. White for a broken arm. He was known to be on the patriot side, and was an acquaintance, perhaps patron, of Mr. White, who was a builder; and the wounded, a sawmill owner in York Township. Mr. White was pressed to give the man up to the Government authorities, but would not, which displeased Mr. Evans, who remonstrated with him. The man went home next day—was saved from prosecution at that time. Mr. Evans was a strong, violent opponent of the Reform cause, writing strongly, as Editor, in the *Guardian*. I have before referred to the incident. The wounded man's name was Curry, if then given up he might have gone into a cell and died, or in any event, would have been transported for life from his family. I mentioned this, not long since, to a Methodist preacher in Toronto, who thought Mr. Evans' conduct was cruel. A prominent medical friend of mine, now living in Toronto, told me he knew of this conduct of Mr. Evans. He met the preacher many years ago in London, Ont., in his lifetime. The preacher extended his hand to him. "No," says the medical man; "I scorn to take the hand of a man who advised so base a thing as you did in the wounded man's case in Toronto."

### THE LEVITE AND THE SAMARITAN.

A poor man fell among thieves, was wounded and about to die. A Levite came, and sneaked away, passed him by

and left him in his wounds and blood. A poor Samaritan took compassion on him, bound up his wounds, took him to an inn, paid his board, and said, "Here is your pay; take care of him—if it is more, I will pay thee when next I come."

How does this contrast with the act of the late Rev. Ephriam Evans in December, 1837, after the battle of Yonge Street, when poor Curry had his arm broken with a ball.

I think that he should have let the man alone with Mr. White, who, in his lifetime, told me about this act of Mr. Evans, and did not like it at all. It might be suggested that the preacher sought out the wounded man. How did he know he was in Mr. White's house? Who told him? Certainly not, Mr. White. Then he must have heard of the man being there. If so, this makes his conduct more objectionable still.

The Rev. Jas. Richardson was in the next house, and probably heard of the wounded man. He did not search for him. He, too, was the editor of the *Guardian* in 1829-30-31, before Mr. Evans.

With my remarks made about the Revd. Mr. Evans, his friends will not, I dare say, agree; but I don't intend that my remarks are to disparage his general character for probity, religion and true usefulness as a minister of the Gospel. A preacher may be a Tory, and yet a pious, good man. He was, when I heard him first, in 1833, preaching in Hamilton—a splendid preacher—no doubt a truly pious man. We may do things with which all will not agree, but watchful eyes are over all our acts, and God sees our acts and motives. I can't understand how Mr. Evans could think it right to do as he did in this care, or write so bitterly against men struggling for justice, as the noble farmers were who took up arms against an ungodly set of office-holders like those of Toronto in 1837.

## CHAPTER XIII.

My trial before Judge Robinson—My defence and speech—Great Battle of Lundy's Lane—The arrest of Lount and Matthews—Beautiful Landscapes.

Now this is entirely a personal matter, which I am obliged, yet sorry, to speak about. Throughout my life narrative of these days—1836-7-8—I have asserted that there was no cause for my arrest; that it was the result of the spite and malignity of personal enemies in Hamilton, and principally that political meddler and upstart, Allan N. McNabb, who was the persecuting tool of the Tories of Toronto, and his followers at Hamilton, was the cause of my troubles there. Wherever he could interfere with his disagreeable and obtrusive presence in worrying any person who was a prominent Reformer he would do it, until finally he was hurried out of the world, only two persons (Mr. Geddes, an English Church clergyman, and the other a Roman Catholic priest, the latter being the friend of his Catholic wife), being desirous to claim his spirit were present; a caricature of it was made on paper at the time. They had no more right (they and their ruffians in Hamilton, in 1837) to disturb me and my dear young wife, breaking up our home and family comforts, as they did, than they had to disturb the most loyal person in Canada, except from some malignant motive. He had in Toronto an old but cruel Tory friend and persecutor in Attorney-General Hagerman, who, unluckily for the patriot prisoners in those days, happened to be the Attorney-General—to further his vindictiveness. He it was that assisted McNabb

and others in expelling, for political reasons, Mr. McKenzie so many times from the Legislature. He belonged to an ultra-loyal Toronto party of Tories like Dr. Strachan, Judge Robinson, the Jones family, and others that might be named, and was used for dirty political work; made himself necessary, as the term goes, to them in political emergencies. He had ruffian followers at Hamilton, whose names are not worth mentioning, who were used to persecute his political opponents. He cared nothing for true religion, unless it could be made a stepping-stone to accomplish political plots.

He knew I had suits in the court against him which stood in his way, and I attribute the hostility shown to me in Toronto, and the abuse shown to a young lady, innocent in every respect, to this man's and his retainers' political spite. In fact, it seemed as if, when the rising in Toronto failed, that victims to injure were wanted, if they were Reformers. McNabb, after his crusade to Toronto, to aid that political fool, Sir Francis B. Head, went with his dirty political followers to Brantford, Oxford, and the west, and arrested every one bearing the name of Reformer, if only suspected. Well, I can only call to mind when his, as it were, tragic death scene is remembered at Hamilton, above named, what the Psalmist says in Psalm xciv., verse 23, "And he shall bring upon them their own iniquity, and cut them off in their own wickedness; yea, the Lord our God shall cut them off." Also see Psalm lxxiii., verses 17-18. These beautiful Psalms show what is the end of the false and wicked men of the earth.

McNabb, and a set of upstarts like Catholic Sheriff McDonald and a few Tory followers in Hamilton, were my enemies there. It did not matter whether I was innocent or not, nor did it matter that the welfare of a dear young woman was concerned, when they had once secured my

arrest, innocent or not. I must be tried and ruined. Ruined for the time being, not for all time; for here I am, all safe and God-blessed, in a very advanced age, half a generation older than he and Hagerman were at their deaths, able to swing my pen, to utter my mind, and scourge these two, if not three, men thoroughly for their wicked persecutions of a young man who had done no wrong, who had lived an upright, religious life in his beloved country.

In Hamilton, as this book shows, I was born; in it, too, I had lived a religious life, advocated moral reforms, practised my profession for some years honorably, and had been an agent employed by suffering men to scourge this fellow McNabb through suits in court, two or three of which were then (1837) pending in my hands against him.

But this was not enough. He had an opportunity, for the time being, to gratify his vindictive spite against me. One word from him would have made Hagerman drop his groundless persecution of me, founded on falsehoods, bribed or frightened witnesses, and a packed, ignorant jury in Toronto. If a committee were to be appointed from the Legislature of Ontario, or the House of Commons at Ottawa, to thoroughly look into the circumstances and evidence of my trial, they would come to the conclusion that it was similar to that of Algernon Sidney's case in England in 1688, in the time of James the Second, when he was condemned and executed because some compromising papers were found in his bureau recommending a new system of government, such as now exists in England. The infamous scoundrel, Judge Jeffreys, the tool of Romanists and James the Second, was the villain used to try and condemn Sidney, and finally had to be confined in the Tower of London, to be saved from the vengeance of the people. Sidney's attainder was, after the expulsion of the traitorous James the Second from Ireland by the Prince of Orange, set aside by the Parlia-

ment of England, and declared illegal—declared, in fact, a political murder of a brave British subject, and so appears on the records of the English Parliament.

So in my case, although convicted falsely, wickedly, of treason and sedition, never even dreamed of by me against Queen Victoria, on the 8th of May, 1838, I was wholly innocent. I was convicted by a court, presided over by J. B. Robinson and C. A. Hagerman, and an ignorant jury not of my own county; whereas I should have been tried, if at all, in Hamilton, where I had lived and committed anything charged—convicted, I say, in an infamous and disgraceful manner, and caused to leave a country I have always loved; *convicted of an offence never committed.*

The judge was told by me (I will insert a part of my speech to him at the time, hereafter) as then spoken, He should have told the jury that if there was any reasonable doubt of my offence they should acquit, but through the bullying pleadings of the Attorney-General, and the miserable management of the two lawyers who were acting for me (James E. Small and John Bell) the packed jury (complete strangers to me) were induced to convict.

This conduct on the part of Hagerman was shown towards others also. He struggled to convict Dr. Morrison, and almost succeeded. He convicted poor John Montgomery, and I believe tried to convict Dr. Hunter, who escaped conviction. The times were such that no fair trial could be obtained, and most lawyers were afraid of the judges.

My trial was put off constantly. No bill could be found, for want of evidence; no overt act of treason could be proved. Some false, trumped-up evidence was obtained from an ignorant Dutchman, who was present when the stage was stopped and the mails were examined, on Wednesday, the 6th day of December, 1837, by McKenzie, to which I will refer briefly later on.

Mr. Dent (now deceased), who wrote the account of the exciting times of 1837-8, of the rising of W. L. McKenzie. and of this stoppingof the stage,after examining the grounds of my conviction, says in his history that he cannot see how or why there was any conviction in my case.

Now, after sixty years have passed—and when I am old, and may soon go before that Judge who will examine all truths from the Book of Life—I can again say before Him in truth what I told Judge Robinson and the perjured jury who tried me: that I had nothing whatever to do with the rebellion of W. L. McKenzie; that I had refused to join it, and had never in any way countenanced it by word or deed; in a word, I was as innocent of it as the young Queen who had just ascended the English throne.

The rebellion, in fact, was not against her at all, but was simply an attempt to put down the intolerable oppression and wrongs of the Family Compact—as it were a local one.

While I have these thoughts, and still think these men thus rising in arms were justified in so doing, they were ill-prepared, hasty, ill-led and ill-advised. But with that I had no hand or part, and was simply a looker-on, not an actor in the matter.

### CONCLUSION OF MY TRIAL—SUBSTANCE OF WHAT I SAID TO JUDGE ROBINSON.

First, I quote here my words at the conclusion of this trial, which was a mockery of justice, a farce in court, a *dernier ressort* to justify the wickedness of the Attorney-General, who, having arrested an innocent man, must end it by a conviction before a packed jury, to justify the general injustice commenced by refusing the redress of the people's grievances, by the conviction of everyone who had acted conspicuously in either taking up arms or, as in my case, advocating their rights in the press before the rising.

I said to Judge Robinson:

My Lord, I beg leave to say, although I have been convicted by the evidence as produced, I feel it is not just. Much of the evidence against me is untrue and false, which assertion I solemnly call God to witness. I came down to Toronto about the time of the commencement of the recent insurrection to attend to law business in term, expecting to stay in term two weeks, having a good deal of law business after the recent assizes in Hamilton.

The most that I, and many others of the Liberal side of politics, expected would take place in this Province was a convention of delegates to be held in December, who were said to be about to meet the last of December in Toronto. This last thing I only knew from report in the papers. I was not a member of it, or in any way concerned in it. The utmost I would have sanctioned would have been the assemblage of a peaceable convention to address the Queen of England by a petition on the subject of our political wrongs. I had not taken any part in this contemplated convention, and had never attended any meetings, although a number had been held by McKenzie in the Gore District for the purpose of selecting delegates.

As soon as I found I could do no business in Toronto, I naturally turned my attention and thoughts to my wife, whom, owing to my ignorance of the expected rising about to take place in Toronto, I had left wholly unprotected and exposed, and in a delicate state of health.

There were none but females in my house, and as I did not know, and they did not know, what was about to take place, they would be greatly alarmed and disturbed on hearing of it. So I hurried home, having nothing to detain me. I was anxious to go home on Tuesday, Dec. 5th, but could not, as there was no boat up. I was advised to stay at my mother-in-law's until Wednesday, and go by stage in the early morning. I went to town on Tuesday with

the intention of going by boat, but could then get no boat. I was on the stage with others, stopped, unfortunately, by McKenzie, and spoke to him as an acquaintance only, and was anxious to avoid him in conversation.

It appears to me that the jury has placed importance on what a witness (Shafer) swore against me with regard to what took place at the stage and afterwards. I am sorry to say this witness appeared very anxious to give his evidence entirely on one side, and swore to things that never took place. The persons in the stage were never placed in a circle with me left out. I did not leave the stage before it had stopped; I was in it a minute after it stopped; nor did I advise persons to go to Toronto to take up arms; nor did I talk to McKenzie, as he swore; nor did I use any of the expressions he said I did; on the contrary, I strongly disapproved, on various occasions, of the rising, and gave no intelligence to him. (I had none to give, it is plainly seen.)

While in Toronto I had nothing to do with McKenzie, or any of the rebels, but stood aloof from him. I could have joined if I had chosen. That might have been done on Tuesday night during the fight on Yonge Street. I took no part particularly on the Government side. I was busy on Tuesday with law business in the city. I had come down late on Monday night by the boat. On Wednesday morning I started for home, but was stopped. Early on Wednesday morning I saw Mr. O'Reilly, as he proved (he swore that I did not meddle in the matter, that I was quiescent, and was walking about as he was.) I also saw Mr. Tiffany with him (another lawyer from Hamilton). Neither he nor Mr. Tiffany had then taken up arms, or exhibited any more anxiety or activity on the Government side, than I had. They were both, like myself, down on law business.

With regard to my procuring arms, I am wholly ignorant of it. Mr. Mills once, in a casual conversation, told me he charged a certain price for rifles; but he spoke of his own accord, without a question from me. I never bought or owned a rifle or gun; nor did I ever intend or contemplate getting one from Mr. Mills; nor did any correspondence ever take place between McKenzie and me about it. (This man Mills was never examined in court, and the whole thing consisted of a mere rumor.) The conversation was long before any rising.

I cannot think, my Lord, that I have been guilty of treason. It may be in some respects that there is suspicion in my conduct, but nothing more. I have been a well-known Reformer and Liberal in politics. It is also well known that many persons who are Liberals, although not aiding in the late rebellion, or even approving of it, yet felt a delicacy in making themselves officious on the Government side (knowing that they would be viewed with suspicion and looked upon with a jealous and watchful eye). Such a course, if it is not right, is not criminal. Mine was a line of conduct not perhaps discreet (I had had no time even to take up arms, as I was on my way home), "but many others have acted in this way without being considered guilty of treason." (Robert Baldwin, his father, and at least half of the people in Toronto and the country generally, acted as I did.) "Neutrality cannot be justified always, but in this case it can."

"The letter written to McKenzie was one on business connected with his paper, of which I had been an agent for years. I was intimate with him as a Reformer, and had written to him in this way frequently before. It was not with any criminal intent." (This letter had been written in the summer, long before any rising, and had not been in view of any rising.)

"I am naturally attached to the British constitution; I admire it, and desire to live under it."

"If I have erred in my views and conduct in politics, I hope it will be overlooked. Your Lordship knows that the past year has been one of great excitement in politics in Upper and Lower Canada. Men may have honestly erred in such exciting times who would not when public life was more quiet."

I am a young man with a young family; I am but starting in life, and I hope that you will recommend that a lenient course be taken towards me. *I have suffered now five months of close imprisonment, separated from my wife and child, part of the time on the point of death, unable to see me,* and part of the time I also was sick.

My father's family, and my father as well, in this country as in England were always loyal supporters of the British constitution. It was always my wish, my intention and my duty to be so too, yet thought myself justified in being in opposition to the way in which we were governed by the colonial offices in this Province. But I never advised any one, and never intended myself, to take up arms.

"I ask you to restore me to my former liberty, rights and family by your influence, for which I shall be duly grateful in after life."

REMARKS.

This is only what I said in part, as I referred more to the evidence and circumstances; but such was the substance of my address, which occupied half-an-hour. I dwelt also somewhat on the law of treason, of which I contended there was no proof against me, as there certainly was not. Surely there was nothing treasonable in merely speaking to a man whom I had known for almost twenty years, as I had known McKenzie, and who belonged to the same Reform party.

Shafer swore to wanton deliberate lies. I had no conversation with him at all or in his presence. I walked away at once with a strange gentleman, Mr. Whiting, whom, if any, they should have had there. I walked twenty miles with him to Nelson.

Now, it will appear by these facts how false was his evidence. Whether he invented the lies, was frightened and induced to lie from that of his vileness, or bribery of the tools of the court, I cannot say. He was the only one examined as to the stage talk.

1st. Is it likely that I would say openly in the presence of a stranger what he swore to? If I had desired to say anything to McKenzie I could have called him aside. If I did not know anything to communicate, why should it be done? It was early in the morning when the stage was stopped, and it was about six o'clock on Tuesday, the night before, that I had spoken to him on Yonge Street in the battle and had said nothing to him, not even telling him where Jarvis was, but merely stating that I could have nothing to do with the affair.

2nd. How could that liar hear me say anything to people about going into the city, when he did not walk with me at all: and if he had, is it likely that I would have thus spoken in the presence of a stranger whom I did not know?

Mr. Whiting, not he, walked away with me. I believe Shafer told the Government that McKenzie did some cruel act to the woman—robbed her; if so, how was he with me? for Mr. Whiting and I walked on quite rapidly. We had, as I thought, twenty-five miles to walk before dark on bad roads.

3rd. I never saw him after I left the stage, or anything of what was done. If I had said what he swore to it might be evidence of an overt act, but it would require additional evidence to make it so. Two witnesses or strong circum-

stances in addition are necessary to constitute an overt act.

The judge (if doing his duty, and Hagerman) should have so laid it down.

4th. The evidence of Mills as to the rifle was only hearsay, he not being there; and if he had been there, it was not important, it was not an overt act. Furthermore there was no rising then in Upper or Lower Canada. It was, if true, in the previous summer or early autumn. No rising took place in Lower Canada until late in November, and none in Upper Canada until the 4th or 5th of December, 1837. Overt acts of treason should apply to an actual time of warfare or rebellion; and if I knew nothing of it, how could I be guilty by merely talking to a man about a rifle? I give only the substance of my remarks.

The Chief Justice should have told the jury (which was evidently a packed or strongly prejudiced one, from a county not my own, none of whom I knew) that any doubt as to my guilt must go in my favor, and that they must be certain of all facts in so high a crime—that mere circumstantial evidence would not do. This was not done, nor was there any desire to give me fairplay or justice in the face of facts which I stated to him showing my innocence.

To sum up this matter, I conclude by saying that Judge Robinson, as all who know him can testify to, was, when politics were in question, a very one-sided, prejudiced man. Dr. John Rolph, prior to 1830, used to appear in court often as counsel, but said he could not get justice in the court in which this man presided.

I once heard either William Hume Blake or R. B. Sullivan say that political prejudices warped his judgment. It appeared so in the ejectment cases, where the old Methodists and Egerton Ryerson's new Methodists were concerned, also in his prosecution of the editor, Francis Collins.

It was so with me in 1850, when the Marshall and Widow Mercer's case was before court; and more still in 1844, when I first met him in the library at the old Parliament buildings. I had just come from Chicago, and was looking up books in the library; had not seen him for years, and had the Queen's and Governor-General's pardon for all political offences (if any there were) committed in and prior to 1837. He stood by me for a moment looking at me, and remarked, without my speaking a word, "Are you back again?" "Yes," I said, and he walked away. Of course I could say no more, as his salute was as much as to say, "How does this happen, that you are allowed to come back?" I understand, if Blackstone is law, if a pardon amounts to anything, that it restores a man to his former position, to his former standing in society. If not, what is the use of it? If a man is restored under the Queen's great seal is he to be forever debased? Is there "no balm in Gilead"? Is the pardon for sin by the shed blood of Christ of no use? If so, then no sinner can stand in heaven. St. Paul was the greatest of sinners; he held the clothes of the slayers of St. Stephen, and was an accomplice in his murder, which he deploringly acknowledged; yet there is no greater, grander saint in heaven. No man ever did so much good on earth as he. His words will last whilst the world lasts, glorifying God and Christ.

But it seems a man (perhaps as I was) wrongfully banished from his country, when returning to his native country by order of the Queen's Governor-General is to be asked, "Are you back again?"

C. A. Hagerman, when I first appeared in court before him after 1844, scowled over his heavy eyebrows, looked angry in his tiger countenance, never exchanged a word with me, nor exhibited any civility. On this trial, J. B. Robinson forgot that, as a stripling youth, he enjoyed the hospi-

tality of my father (while with General Brock on his way to Detroit) when my father, mother and sister got up a grand English dinner for them, in 1812; forgot that General Brock was my father's intimate friend, and that it was in my father's paper Brock's proclamation to Canadians to come forward and defend their country was inserted and spread over Canada. He, that young Mr. J. B. Robinson, forgot that my father's large company of Hamilton militia took an active part at the first great battle in the war of 1812. He saw them there as a young man. He knew all this, and probably knew that my grandfather was a high officer in the regular British army prior to 1800. He forgot that my father was one of the oldest English Canadian gentlemen that came to Canada as far back as 1800, and that his character up to his death in 1833 was that of a loyal, well-known Englishman all over Canada and in the Legislature. With all this, not one word could be said in favor of his young son in 1837, when in the lion's mouth, of him who was a lover of his country and an innocent man.

With all the above surrounding indications of innocence, it being self-evident that I intended to stop in town two weeks, having all my brief papers and having written to my wife about my stay; with the facts of my trying to get back home, and going most of the way to do so; with opportunities to escape, offers to enable me to do so, my refusal on Yonge Street to have anything to do with McKenzie's rising, and having no part in the affairs at Toronto or Hamilton; facts such as these, if not strained to convict, should have surely caused an acquittal. Then the Judge—say anything in mitigation of this most serious of offences made—the Judge and his Attorney-General seemingly wanted a conviction to take place before an ignorant and prejudiced jury! I seem to hear lawyers and persons of common sense cry out "Shame! Shame!" What did it

amount to? Why, my banishment from Canada for six years and the loss of all my property, until called back by Mr. Baldwin and the Queen's pardon.

### THE GREAT BATTLE OF LUNDY'S LANE.

In the former part of this volume I have described in a short way some of the battles of the war of 1812, viz., those of Detroit, Queenston, and Stoney Creek, and it was my desire to describe the above, which was, perhaps, (although the numbers engaged were much smaller) one of the severest contested battles that ever took place in the world, not even excepting Waterloo; the only difference being that cavalry were largely used at Waterloo. And the fatality, too, was immense. The American battles in the late civil war were severe, especially that of Gettysburg, which was a very severe one. With all that can be said, and has been said, by the Americans about Lundy's Lane battle, unquestionably the British side was best maintained, and finally triumphed. This letter was written by me for the *Empire* newspaper in 1888.

In 1811 the Americans were divided into Democrats and Republicans. As now, the Republicans were chiefly in the New England States, and were opposed to the war of 1812—the Democrats strongly in its favor, and determined to take Canada. May it not be so now to a great extent? It may be doubted if General Harrison will prove more hostile than such men as General Butler and Senator Morgan. Many of these Senators and public men have lately told the world how easily Canada could be conquered now, and, as was done in 1812, have mapped out certain lines of attack. Remember what Senator Morgan said and Secretary Whitney said about the navy, and lately what Butler said in the *North American Review*. They were to attack in three quarters in 1812—at Detroit, Niagara and Montreal—and

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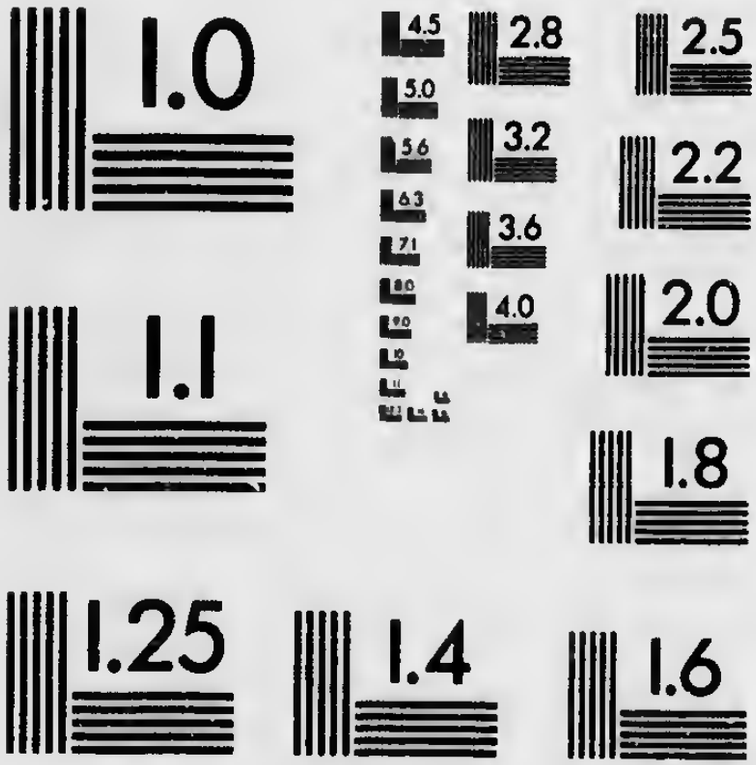


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got armies ready to do so, commencing with Hull in the west, who surrendered to Brock's inferior force, 14th of August, 1812, and his 1,000 regulars were marched down to Quebec. They attacked the Niagara frontier with 8,000 men, under Van Rensselear, and were beaten at Queenston by Brock and Sheaffe, with a loss of 900 prisoners. They prepared, under General Dearborn, 10,000 men to march and take Montreal by way of Lake Champlain, and were driven back, and all that bluster and great mapped-out campaign fell through. Their numbers were sufficient; their management bad The Canadians had only 4,500 regulars to assist the militia. In Upper Canada the population was less than 100,000; in Lower Canada not more than 250,000; whereas history says the Americans had 8,000,000. They had 3,000,000 in the revolutionary war. Now, it will be seen they had sixteen men to our one in 1812, and now they have about eleven to our one. We have over 5,000,000, they have over 60,000,000. We are homogeneous in races, they diverse, consisting of 8,000,000 blacks, over 5,000,000 European foreigners, such as Norwegians, Germans, Italians, Bohemians, Russians, Swedes, who would not care to fight Canada; the Fenian-Irish, of course, would. Our people, being all British in origin and French, would fight for their homes. So whilst it is easy to talk and map out campaigns, it is not so easy to fulfil hopes; and we all should remember how much better it would be to spend national efforts and wealth in the conversion of the world to the religion of Jesus Christ than to shed each other's blood.

Now the Americans, such as Butler, Sherman, Morgan, Whitney, the New York *Sun* and other fire-eaters, have mapped out the whole Dominion in something the same way as in 1811-12. It will be seen we are far stronger in proportion now than in 1812, as compared with them. The

South, on account of the war of 1861-5, is still sulky, would not aid the North in a war on us, as the Eastern Republicans did not aid the Democrats in 1812. In fact, there was a strong talk of secession to England by the New England States in 1812. I am a believer in the interposition of God —the God who placed man on the earth—in all great movements on earth; and although a nation may seem very powerful in numbers and resources, unless God wills it, men can't do just as they please. This was shown in ancient times in the old Jewish wars, and in a remarkable way in the preservation of England from the great Spanish Armada, in the success of William of Orange, and in the downfall of that great tyrant and unprincipled adventurer, Napoleon the First, who, as a caged lion, breathed out his life on the island of St. Helena, under the folds of the streaming British flag.

The Americans threatened to do great things in 1812—as they threaten to do now—but they had better enquire if God is with them. Agnostics say God is with the successful brave, with powerful armaments and gunpowder; not always, by any means. If God reigns in this universe, which I believe, he can secretly thwart the evil machinations of men. The armaments of the Americans of 1812-13 came to naught, as the surrender of Hull, the taking of Mackinac, the battles of Queenston, Stoney Creek, and many other reverses, clearly show. The campaigns of 1814 were in some respects more successful, but not on the whole, and the terrible battle of Lundy's Lane shows what hard work they had and were conquered.

I find this account in the work of William H. Withrow, M.A., published in 1876, which can be found in the Toronto Public Libraries, purporting to be for the use of schools. I have read many parts of this work within a few days, and am sorry to say that, like many American works on the war of

1812, it is not entirely reliable. I know, from my own knowledge, it is grossly wrong in its accounts of the civil commotions of Lower Canada and at Toronto in 1837-8-9. The account it gives of the battle of Montgomery's Hill, in 1837, is a pure fabrication, as are its implications of some persons in Toronto (such as Bidwell and Dr. Morrison), who were never proved guilty of treason; also its great prejudices against the leaders in Lower Canada and William Lyon McKenzie are unjust. As to Lundy's Lane battle, given in Mr. Withrow's book, it is as follows:

"Early in May (1814) Sir James Yeo and General Drummond, with a thousand men, attacked Fort Oswego. The assaulting party of three hundred and forty soldiers and sailors, in the face of a heavy fire of grape, stormed the strong and well-defended fort. In half-an-hour it was in their hands, and the stores, barracks and shipping were destroyed. A few days later, while attempting the capture of a flotilla of barges near Sackett's Harbor, a British force was cut to pieces with the loss of two hundred men. Napoleon was now a prisoner in Elba, and England was enabled to throw greater vigor into her trans-Atlantic war. In the month of June, several regiments of the veteran troops of Wellington landed at Quebec. The most sanguinary events of the campaign, however, occurred on the Niagara frontier. On July 3rd, Generals Brown, Scott and Ripley, with a force of 4,000 men, crossed the Niagara at Buffalo and captured Fort Erie, defended by only 170 men. General Riall, with a force of 2,400 regulars, militia and Indians, met the invaders, led by General Brown, at Chippewa. Instead of prudently remaining on the defensive, he boldly attacked the enemy, who had taken up a good position, and were well supported by artillery. The battle was fierce and bloody, but the Americans were well-officered, and their steadiness in action gave evidence of

improved drill. After an obstinate engagement, and the exhibition of unavailing valor, the British were forced to retreat, with a loss in killed and wounded of 470; that of the Americans was 320. Riall retired in good order to Twenty Mile creek (towards Hamilton). Brown followed to Queenston Heights, ravaged the country, and burned the village of St. David's, and returned to Chippewa, followed again by Riall as far as Lundy's Lane.

"In the meanwhile, General Drummond, hearing at Kingston of the invasion, hastened with what troops he could collect to strengthen the British force on the frontier. Reaching Niagara on the 25th of July, he advanced with eight hundred men to support Riall. He met Riall's army in retreat before the immensely superior forces of the enemy, but countermanding the movement, he immediately formed the order of battle. He occupied the gently swelling acclivity of Lundy's Lane, placing his guns in the centre on its crest. His entire force was sixteen hundred men; that of the enemy was five thousand.

"The attack began at six o'clock in the evening, Drummond's troops having that hot July day marched from Niagara. The Americans made desperate efforts to capture the British battery, but the gunners stuck to their pieces, and swept with deadly fire the surging masses of the foe, till some of them were bayoneted at their post. The carnage on both sides was terrible.

"At length the long summer twilight closed, and the pitying night drew her veil over the horrors of the scene. Still amid the darkness the stubborn combat raged. The American and British guns were almost muzzle to muzzle; some of each were captured and recaptured in fierce hand-to-hand fight. About nine o'clock a lull occurred. The moon rose upon the tragic scene, lighting up the ghastly, staring faces of the dead and the writhing forms of the dying, the groans

of the wounded mingling awfully with the deep eternal roar of the neighboring cataract.

"The retreating van of Riall's army now returned with a body of militia, twelve hundred in all. The Americans also brought up fresh reserves, and the combat was renewed with increased fury. Their lines of fire marked the position of the infantry, while from the hot lips of the cannons flashed red volleys of flame, revealing in bright gleams the disordered ranks struggling in the gloom. By midnight, after six hours of mortal conflict, seventeen hundred men lay dead or wounded on the field, when the Americans abandoned the hopeless contest, their loss being nine hundred and thirty, besides three hundred taken prisoners. The British loss was seven hundred and seventy. To-day the peaceful wheat fields wave upon the sunny slopes, fertilized by the bodies of so many brave men, and the ploughshare upturns rusted bullets, regimental buttons and other relics of this most sanguinary battle of the war. Throwing their heavy baggage and tents into the rushing rapids of the Niagara, the fugitives retreated to Fort Erie, where for three weeks they were closely besieged by half their number of British. Two American schooners were very cleverly captured by Capt. Dobbs, of the Royal Navy, by means of boats conveyed by sheer force of human muscles, twenty miles across the country in the rear of the American lines, from the Niagara to Lake Erie.

"On the 13th of August, after a vigorous bombardment, a night attack in three columns was made upon the fort. Two of the columns had already effected an entrance into the works when an explosion of a magazine blew into the air a storming party, and caused the repulse of the British with a loss in killed, wounded and captured of 650 men. The Americans, strongly reinforced, a month later made a vigorous sally from the fort, but were driven back with a loss

on the part of both assailants and assailed of about 400. Shortly after General Izzard blew up the works and re-crossed the river to the United States territory."

This is a very different account from that given by the best American authorities, as well as to the Chippewa-Lundy's Lane battle and subsequent and prior events.

There must be egregious errors, if not falsehood, in some one; Mr. Withrow is too favorable to the British, the Americans equally so to their side. But it will appear evident to everyone that the battle of Lundy's Lane was a defeat to the Americans, instead of a drawn battle. I think, however, that the forces of each were pretty equal.

Another book, authorized by the Ontario Minister of Education, and used in our public schools on the history of Canada, is a small work by J. Frith Jeffers, M.A.

This book says, 25th July, 1814: "And now commenced the battle of Lundy's Lane, the bloodiest battle of the war of 1812. It commenced at five o'clock and lasted till midnight, when the Americans withdrew, having lost 1,200 men, the British 900, with their general, Riall, who was taken prisoner when carried off the field of battle. General Drummond pursued the enemy and besieged them at Fort Erie, which the Americans held till the 5th of November, and then withdrew."

This account and Withrow's account do not look like the Americans' history, which says (the reader will remember) that the Americans held the field, and the British lost the most men. And it will be seen that Withrow's and Jeffers' account differ in the number of the Americans killed or lost, and in some other respects. Withrow says the British loss was 770: the Americans say it was over 900, Such war accounts cannot be fully relied on.

I saw in the autumn of 1839 on the steamer Illinois, when going from Buffalo to Chicago, a Captain Blake, in

charge of this boat, a large, athletic man, who told me he was in the battle on the American side, and described its terrible nature, and the hand-to-hand strife between the bravest and most powerful men. The late Judge McLean —a noble specimen of a man, tall and powerful—was in this and Queenston battles, and was badly wounded. His noble figure was for many years seen in Toronto about fifteen years ago, being the Chief Justice of the Court of Appeal. My wife's father, the late Mr. Bradshaw, of Hamilton, a son of a U. E. Loyalist of Niagara, then a young man, fought at Lundy's Lane, and a buckshot or ball knocked off the lock of his musket, but still he fought on; and I have heard, I think, that the butt ends of their muskets were used in the fight, when no other use could be made of them. The same Mr. Bradshaw was one of the band of Canadian militia who took Fort Niagara from the Americans by a surprise night attack, and assisted afterwards in the capture of Buffalo, in the winter of 1813, when it was burnt in retaliation for the destruction of Niagara on the 10th December prior. The Americans had at that time 2,000 men, the British only one-third the number. This burning of Buffalo took place on the 30th December, 1813.

The taking of Fort Niagara was a very brave affair. The post was surprised at night, the sentinels killed, and the soldiers being all asleep, except some officers who were playing whist, who, whilst talking aloud, were seen through the windows by the British, and one of the number said "What is trumps?" when the British rushed in on them and replied, "British bayonets," and the fort fell with 300 prisoners, 3,000 stand of arms and all the stores.

My remarks on the battle of the Thames, also on the taking of York, will next appear.

WRITTEN BY CHARLES DURAND FOR THE *Empire*.

Toronto, November 21, 1888.

N.B.—Since the above was written, about six years ago, I attended the celebration of this great battle, when a great company was there, I read a more elaborate account of it than the above—lectured on it for half an hour—my wife and son were with me.

### THE LAMENTED NOBLE DAVID MATTHEWS.

He was a fine looking man personally, very stout, fully five feet ten inches high, rather handsome in face.

Mrs. A. M. Smith, now living on Gerrard-Street East, near Pembroke, told me lately, and some years ago also, that she happened to be at the house of a farmer named Duncan (whose son, by the way, in 1890-1-2, helped, with Mr. Thomas Anderson and William H. Doel, to get the beautiful marble monument erected to the memory of Lount and Matthews in the Necropolis), when poor Matthews, after the battle of Montgomery Hill, came on to Mr. Duncan's house for a night's shelter, with eleven men. She was a young girl, 12 years old, then, and being alarmed hid under a bed in the room where they rested. She saw and heard all that took place, and has described it to me. I put this in connection with the capture of Mr. Lount on the ice near Dunville. Matthews, after the battle, had with eleven men—two of them his sons—been in the woods several days, until they were nearly frozen and starved. He had been trying to get to Pickering, hoping to escape in a schooner, but was so weary and his men refusing to follow him down there, he stopped for the night at Mr. Duncan's, who was a strong sympathizer with McKenzie.

Matthews was not at Montgomery's Hill at the battle, but had been sent, very foolishly, to the Don Bridge to enter the city that way; whereas, all the patriot forces should have been concentrated if they wished to make a bold stand. When in the Duncan house, a company of 50 men from the city and country surrounded and attempted to ar-

rest the company. The patriots at first, she says, fired some shots, and, she thinks, wounded the outsiders, but were persuaded by Matthews, as it was useless to oppose the large company of Government Militia, to surrender, when the latter entered and took the patriots' guns, and them prisoners. One of the guns was a fine, beautiful rifle that Matthews used in the War of 1812, and his father had used in the Revolutionary War of 1775 in favor of the British Government. How strange this was! The patriots were tied with ropes and marched into the city. See the account of his death elsewhere.

He and his two sons and the other poor fellows, with their sore feet, were tied together with ropes and marched off, six miles or more, to gaol.

Here were the sons of noble farmers—he a farmer having 200 acres of splendid land in East Pickering near Whitby, a lovely spot close to Brougham Village—he, the son of a man who fought in the battles of New York in 1775, for Britain, and his son, at Queenstown and perhaps at Lundy's Lane, used like a dog. Had he not stopped the firing his men would have killed many of the men who so used him. Mr. Alexander Manning told me that when the old prison floor of the cell where he and Lount spent over 4 months awaiting their fate was removed, one of the planks was found with the name "Matthews" written or marked in blood.

Matthews (I saw him and Lount walk) walked bravely to the gallows, mount it, with his brother patriot Lount, 12th April, 1838, and shed his blood for liberty and Canadian rights. He struggled some. Lount died instantly.

The Rev. Bishop Richardson told me what Lount told him, which I may speak of again. He died a rejoicing Christian.

Both of these men were in the middle of life, with large families. Their families and wives left Canada.

SAMUEL LOUNT, THE NOBLE BLACKSMITH

of North York, beloved by everyone. The Indians loved him and came long distances to get his axes. He was a very conspicuous man in size—a head taller than most men—and could not fail to be identified by the public; but he worked his way to Dunnville, and on a cake of floating ice, opposite Buffalo, was taken from it by some watching Government spies, conveyed to Chippewa and Niagara, and used with a good deal of indignity by a few.

The country was under a terror there. More than half of the people took no part in this affair, probably sympathized with the rising people. Men may do so and yet not take up arms. The whole affair took the country by surprise. Had there been a convention called first, the matter might have been different.

LANDSCAPES AND BEAUTIFUL VIEWS IN CANADA.

I have been very fond of looking at these in our Dominion—some years ago wrote an article on many of them in the *Globe*, too long to put in my volume, but will here allude to a few.

The views of the Blue Mountains of Collingwood are very fine, and the scenes along the lake, as you go to Meaford from Collingwood, are so. Not far from Thornbury, towards Collingwood, the height of some of the Blue Mountains is perhaps eleven hundred feet, and in old times, when I first saw them, eagles—the white-headed species—were in the habit of frequenting them. Trees of all kinds adorn the sides of the mountains. The view from the mountains a few miles from Collingwood, over the Georgian Bay, at the Christian Islands and eastward, and southward towards Barrie and Midland, is very fine. Meaford and Thornbury I used to visit often twenty and thirty years ago, attending courts.

### HAMILTON MOUNTAINS.

Views over Hamilton to Flamboro' East and West, and over the Burlington Bay and Lake Ontario, and from Lee's mountain, above Stoney Creek over the lake, especially at sunrise, are very grand. Nothing can exceed the splendor of the

### SUNRISE VIEW OVER STONEY CREEK.

From Ancaster fine views can be had northward over Dundas and the West Flamboro' mountains.

### QUEENSTON HEIGHTS AND BROCK'S MONUMENT.

There a wonderful, expansive view can be had of Lake Ontario, Niagara, north, east and west, and towards Toronto, as far as the eye can reach, perhaps twenty or thirty miles.

Hills around Dundas and its gorge on the Flamboro' mountain are some of them beautiful. Among these hills I was delighted, as a little boy in 1816-17-18; later, too, in 1828-30.

Once a beautiful stream poured as a waterfall down on the mountain at the base of a very high piece of land just west of the Grand Trunk station, above Dundas, through bold rocks, a rock-bed, and amongst beautiful trees. Then it was a large creek, upon which beautiful sea-salmon swam to the mountain base. The pouring of waters, the high peak still there, but treeless, and the singing of birds, made the sight a lovely one, especially when anyone stood on the mountain.

### FIG BLUE SONGSTER.

I used to sit on some of the hills, as a boy, and listen for hours to a little singing fig blue bird, just the color of indigo blue, as it would mount the highest tree and sing for an hour so beautifully.

LANDSCAPE VIEWS IN MUSKOKA

are often exceedingly beautiful. One from the hotel at Woodington, where I stopped in August, 1896, is so. So is that from Maplehurst. The islands in Lake Rosseau are of all sizes and lovely. A view from the high hill at Parry Sound over the Georgian Bay is very fine. A view from Goderich westward over Lake Huron at sunset is magnificent, where you can see over an expanse of water near (if possible to see) fifty miles.

Of course, going out of Ontario, the view from the mountain at Montreal is fine—from Mount Royal.

In the great Far West, from the Rocky Mountains there are views that cannot be surpassed in the world. It is not my purpose, and, personally, I could not describe their beauty and sublimity.

If God be willing, in a future year or two, I may visit them. We have a grand Dominion; let us possess it with delight, honor, and enjoying a pure and economical administration of public affairs. Our children in future generations, when our bodies moulder in the dust, will thank us for our efforts. If the Laurier Administration of public affairs fail to be pure and patriotic after all their boasting and promising, we may well despair of getting a good one.

If they do well as patriots they shall have my support. So, indeed, shall any other good Government in such an effort. We are all tired, wearied at partizanship, at priest government, and government by corrupt contracts and bribery by offices.

There are, no doubt, fine scenes up the Ottawa. Some views about the Bay of Quinte are very beautiful—from Picton, from Belleville across the bay, and westward from the west part of Prince Edward Island.

## CHAPTER XIV.

Journey to Chicago—My stay there—What I saw—My admission to practice—Stayed there 5 years—Discription of the people—Incidents there—Some account of the death of my daughter in the goal in Toronto, and poetry—My return in 1844 by the consent of Mr Baldwin, under the Queen's pardon.

It will be scarcely believed when I state what Chicago was in the fall of 1839 when we arrived there. The first thing we did was to try and get accommodation for some short time at an hotel, or good boarding-house. Then it was our purpose to take a plain house, which had office convenience for me to act as a lawyer. On Clarke, near Water Street, there stood a large, unpainted house, two stories high, owned by a man named Couch. In subsequent years this was turned into an auction room by Mr. Couch He then built a good wooden house on the corner of Lake and State Streets, for a long time the best in the city. The town contained, it was said, 4,000 people, in scattered tenements; the main street was Lake, running from West Chicago river to the old fort on the lake, with wooden stores, and some dwellings of a poor sort. Lake Street was a mile long. We could not go to this old hotel. There was another too far away east called the Ogden House, on the north-east skirts of the town. It was called a city, remember, although a town. We got a plain, one-storey, wooden house, which we divided by a partition into two, office on the west, sitting-room on the south, just sufficient to suit us for a year. We had no children. It had a summer kitchen and a winter

kitchen, which served as an eating room. Girls were out of the question in that day there. We boarded at a curious place across the river, east side, called "Hole in the Wall," for two weeks at tolerable board, with a bedroom. The landlord was an Englishman named Mills, who, with his wife, gave us plain board. "Hole in the Wall" does not necessarily mean a mean place; it means a plain, cheap place. The landlord was quiet and civil. We were the only regular boarders. In two weeks I fixed up my new house on Lake Street, about two hundred yards from Clarke Street, west side, and there we moved in the great west in October. I put up my sign there, called "a shingle," and tried the western law practice. We found everything wonderfully cheap, but I had to get a law license; showed my Canadian diploma, all satisfactory. Justicee Brown and Smith, the first a stout, funn udge, of the Supreme Court, gave it to me. The judges are very plain there. They were very kind to me. Not long after I saw one talking amid a clump of lawyers, and I approached. He was a great snuff-taker. He held in his hand a nice French snuff-box; he showed it to us, and it had a back lid concealed, back of which there was a picture of a woman, which made us laugh.

There was a Judge Pearson of the same Supreme Court. We used to laugh at his sayings. Abolition principles then began to run high. I belonged to an Abolition Society in Chicago. A lawyer by name of DeWolf did, and we used to have frequent talks and interviews. Judge Pearson said: "A colored man should not only have equal justice with a white man, but he should have more." He was an Abolitionist of a very extravagant view surely. So numerous were the Irish there, they elected an Irish Sheriff for Cook County, in which Chicago is situated. They also elected a representative to the State Legislature named

Murphy, and a Canadian, named Peck, from Lower Canada. The Irish thought I was one of their countrymen, and without my acknowledging it, or soliciting their help, often took my part, and elected me a delegate to one of their conventions, and would have elected me to the State Legislature. This endeavor, however, never pleased me, for I never intended to spend my life there, and did not consider that Canada would always be under the old Compact Tory rule; indeed, the reign of that faction ended with the coming of Lord Durham and Sir Poulette Thompson and the union of Upper and Lower Canada, so I made up my mind to return as soon as they got Responsible Government.

After the Irish Sheriff went out, his term being ended, the people elected a man named Steele, a very original character, wonderfully cunning. I will just tell one anecdote of him—perhaps I should say a very clear detective discovery. There was a plausible, smooth, so-called honest Irishman in Chicago, in about 1842, named Morris. No one would suspect him of stealing. There was a banking house called the Wisconsin Marine Bank in Milwaukee, managed by a Scotchman named Mitchell. He gave Morris a quantity of money to carry from Milwaukee to Chicago, $4,000, in a package. On his way up he said he lost the money; how, he could not tell. Steele was employed to discover how it was lost. He went to the last hotel where Morris had stopped. Having made enquiries what the man was seen to do there, he discovered that he had gone out for a distance on some pretext and came back. Steele went to the place and looked all round, and discovered tracks leading into the woods. He could discover anything, deer, for instance, by tracks. He followed on into the woods, examined the trees, and found a hollow tree. There he found the package and money. Morris was arrested, tried in Chicago, and sent for either five or ten years to the State

prison. Soon after I went there, a man came there, named long John Wentworth, from Maine, or some New England State. He was six feet six inches tall. He had no trunk, not even a valise; all he had was done up in a red handkerchief—probably a couple of shirts and some other small things. He was a young man; pretended to be a newspaper man. He started a paper and called it the *Democrat.* The paper attacked every one, cut right and left into every one but himself. He was a Simon Pure. He flattered the gullible farmers, and got into the favor of the mob. He was very plausible and talkative. Finally, in a few years was elected to the Illinois Legislature (it takes very little to do this), and after I left he was, as I heard, elected to the Washington Congress. His paper kept up a regular Democratic fusilade. I think he also was the Mayor of Chicago. He was called "Long John." He has been dead now many years, but was a strange character. So it is with the American people. They spring up into great popularity like a *mushroom* or rocket for a time, flash for a time, bomb for a time, and go down almost as soon.

Lincoln came up in this way, and is still bombing there. The war of 1861-2 made him. He was not known much when I was there. A man (very small) named Stephen Douglas was all the talk there in 1842-3-4. Southern slavery was in full vogue there at this period. The poor slaves used to stop on their way to Canada in Illinois and Wisconsin. Many were waiters at the large hotel on Clarke Street in 1841-2, called the Palmer House. I built a small house in 1840 on Clarke Street; it cost me the enormous sum of $300. I have seen the slaves chased by Southern slave owners past my house in broad daylight, as if they were wild beasts, by slave devils who claimed them. I had my office in this house, but no children at first. One of my dear daughters was born there in 1841. A Canadian

doctor from Hamilton, Canada, whom I knew there, named Dr. Merrick, attended on my wife.

You could get lots, if you paid the taxes, for nothing in what are now the most valuable parts of Chicago. My lot, then worth perhaps $50, on Clarke Street, near the Palmer House, is worth now $100,000, perhaps more. It was about 30 feet wide by 100 or so deep. I may be wrong in my estimate. It may be worth $5,000 a foot, or $150,000.

I owned afterwards a lot about the same size, with a two-storey wooden house on same street, opposite the Palmer House, worth about $500, now worth (the lot I mean) as much as the other. In 1843, I owned a large lot on State Street, half a mile from Lake, bought very low, but larger, with a two-storey house on it. I did not hold all these lots at once; changed properties. The lot on State Street was about a quarter of an acre, and valuable, would be now worth (as State is one of the best in this great city) $500,000. It was only about half a mile from the corner of Lake and State; opposite this lot there was a large common, perhaps 20 acres, and an old Catholic church on the lake shore. Most of Chicago was then in a common, on the outskirts. There was east of the main river of Chicago (you understand, the river forks a mile up, and when joined they caused a large river to form in one; one fork ran north, the other south-west). On the east, or north side, there was, a mile from the Palmer House, an old, sandy burying-ground, in which I buried a son, a little boy, who died in Chicago whose body was taken up and brought to Toronto. It was full of small oak trees.

One night I had been riding on the prairies, 20 miles towards Wisconsin. The old superstition about

GHOSTS AND BURYING-GROUNDS,

and I had them from childhood (a superstition all children

and many grown persons still have), about going at night through burying-grounds, and as I was riding through it on a gallop with my horse, an ox dashed with great speed before me, with tail up and horns on high, and would have alarmed some, but I dashed on to the city unconcerned. I believe the cemetery is now a park. It was half a mile from the Ogden House in those days.

One Sunday morning I went down to the river to see the steamboats go off to Michigan across the lake, about 60 miles across the lake, with my then only child and daughter, three years old, in my arms. Before I knew it the boat was off down the river. I could not get the captain to stop, so I and my child had to cross the lake, stay over night and return on Monday; it greatly alarmed my wife, but she was told I must have been taken off in this way, and quieted down. This was in August, 1843.

### A STRANGE INCIDENT AS TO NAMES.

I was once 20 miles west of Chicago on the prairies, at a village called, I think, Elgin, Fox river, on some business. The innkeeper, on learning my name, told me that some years before a father and son came to his place and stopped, of my name. I enquired of the innkeeper more about it, and he said the father's name was James and the son's Charles, just the counterpart of my father's and my name.

Names are very curious. You will often meet with persons of the same identical names in the world. My name, Durand, is as common on the signs in the streets in Paris as Smith and Brown are here. There is a lawyer of my name in Rochester, and another in Detroit.

From my house door on Lake Street (the one I first took), I could see, six miles or more westward, a ridge of land covered with trees, about 20 feet high. Standing on

this ridge you could see Chicago and the lake southward, and 20 miles west a rolling, lovely, grassy prairie, covered with flowers and high grass, without a tree. It was a lovely sight. Now this ridge is part of the great city and the prairie immense farms, and villages or towns, bordering on Fox river. How wonderful are the changes in this world!

I think Chicago now, when compared with the little town of scattered houses, vacant lots, and muddy streets, lower than the river (of 1841), is the wonder, the marvel of the world. It has a million and a quarter of people in it; is probably 20 miles long and 10 broad, including Pullman and the suburbs. It has houses 20 stories high, numerous railroads running in sunken beds, immense hotels, immense churches, great stores like Eaton's, innumerable restaurants, low inns, great and numerous private residences and parks, great and beautiful illustrated newspapers, 10,000 lawyers, and as many doctors, no doubt.

Lately the papers said there were, I think, 10,000 destitute families there. The poor are very numerous. Vice, gambling, houses of vicious women and men, Chinese opium houses, low theatres and Jews' pawn-shops are too numerous to name. Divorce cases, cases of abandoned men and women, are very numerous, great street railway systems, numerous low and high theatres, Sunday desecrations of all kinds in existence.

With all this there is much benevolence, Church work, excellent women and men at work doing all the good in their power; prayers and worship, songs and revelry, sweet hymns in churches go on side by side on the Sabbath and week-days with all that is wicked.

Like the great world, there is in it a great pandemonium of good and evil scenes. If saints are seen—angels in the shape of good women—the devil and his messengers of sin

are also rampant. Chicago was burnt up some thirty years ago, probably for its wickedness. It sprang again to life, Phœnix-like, greatly enlarged, still more rich, still more wicked.

It had, a few years ago, the most splendid show and exhibition of all things, men and women, from all countries, the world ever saw. The great show passed away, and the city goes on in its pride, wealth and vices. From 1839 to 1844 I knew every street in it—almost every man—its lawyers and its stores.

In 1857 I visited it, also in 1858 and in 1881. In the first period I stood for half-an-hour, to see if I could recognize any person, on the corner of Clarke and Lake streets, leading to the old river I had seen so often; I only recognized one, so great was the change in thirteen years.

Now, in 1897, the change is immensely more extraordinary. It has, I suppose, 50,000 (some say 60,000) Canadians in it. Many of them I know, or have known.

The name Chicago is synonymous with great conventions, riots, murders, Presidential nominations, vast strikes and evils of all kinds; and this is the result of only 52 years. It contained only about 10,000 people when I left in 1844. There was then not a mile of railways and very little enterprise in it.

### GOING TO MILWAUKEE TO SEE MY BROTHER FERDINAND.

My brother Ferdinand was in Milwaukee in 1840, and for many years after. I went there to see him in the above year. Subsequently he went to the Mississippi in 1854, I think, and opened a store at McGregor. Milwaukee was only a straggling village in 1840, but, like all western towns, soon sprang into a city.

### ST. PAUL AND ST. LOUIS.

These cities increased greatly, with Chicago. I was in

St. Paul in 1858 and in St. Louis in 1881, on my way to Texas.

The people of Chicago were very civil to me as a rule. The lawyers there then are mostly all dead; so soon does death carry away generations.

### NAUVOO AND THE MORMONS.

When I went to Chicago the superstition and immoral movement of Joe Smith, the New York humbug of whom I spoke in an early chapter, had got there and opened his debauching life and religion. This fellow had forty wives at one time. The delusion increased yearly, until the people raised in the county surrounding his town and killed him in a fight. The great Sioux Indian war had just ended when he arrived.

Black Hawk was the leading war chief, and fought bravely for a time. Charles Duncomb's brother was a resident in this State when I went there. He was a doctor.

About 25,000 Canadians left Canada in consequence of the rebellion. Most of them settled in Iilinois and Iowa, and many retunred.

### IN 1841-2 THE BALDWIN–LAFONTAINE MINISTRY

came into power by the union of Upper and Lower Canada. I immediately made up my mind, in 1843, to return to Canada, and in the autumn of that year was given the privilege of doing so.

I remained until June, 1844, to settle up some business, and then came down in June to Toronto, and commenced to practise. As I have said, my wife and I, also her little girls, one a baby, came down by water.

### PERILOUS AFFAIR IN THE STEAMER DOWN.

When in the middle of Lake Huron we came near having a collision with another steamer at night.

We were just going to our berths at 10 o'clock when we saw—the captain of course first—ahead, a quarter of a mile or less in our track, a great steamer coming towards us. Great excitement ensued; all hands were called to work and shy off, which was done, and the mighty steamers, in the middle of Lake Huron, passed not far apart. Is this not one of my escapes from death, as was my being caught in a battle of balls on Yonge Street, December, 1837?

Guardian angels protect some people. I can tell of some escapes stranger still.

On the 14th of August, 1838, having been most of the time within iron bars from the 7th December, 1837, having by consent of the cruel authorities at Toronto, such men as Sir George Arthur, Judge Robinson, and Attorney-General Hagerman, and after a mock trial on the 8th of May previous, been compelled to sign a consent to leave my country forever before Robert Stanton, an acting commissioner, to take this consent, I left Canada to go to a country, although it has been the refuge for over two hundred years for the oppressed of Europe, and was in 1837 for the poor oppressed Canadians, I simply then loved, because to me it was the refuge of myself and perhaps 25,000 others in Upper and Lower Canada. This is a large figure; but it was estimated that that number left Upper Canada alone, and nearly as many in Lower Canada. Many of these afterwards returned like myself, because they preferred to live and die in Canada; but thousands never did return. I saw them in Illinois all over the State, and Iowa had a Canadian colony; also Minnesota received many. It is a low estimate to say that there are two millions of Canadians in the United States now. I had a dear little girl, Helen, lying at the point of death with the summer disease, whom my dear wife had stood by until her death on the 17th August. If the wretched officials (one of whom was

the adventurer Governor of Van Dieman's Land) had left Canada as I did, it might have been a good thing to rid the country of their presence, but my readers will easily see that, from their past experiences and writings, I loved Canada far better than they did.

It was sad to leave Canada under such circumstances; sad to be compelled to do so, when all I had done was to uphold her liberties and privileges, entirely innocent of any treason or hatred to her then young Queen; but I was in the lion's mouth, as I was when insulted by a foreign British upstart Governor, as told; my life was even at the mercy of tyrant officials.

Whilst in prison, when my wife used to bring the dear child to play with me, in June, 1838, among other things written was a poem on this child, quite long, which would make a small volume of itself. I also find among my papers of the same month a short volume of my life up to that time.

These verses I insert from the poem to dear little Helen, whose spirit is among the angels in Heaven, for Jesus said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the Kingdom of God."

To my infant daughter Helen: On "Childhood, Womanhood, and Human Nature." Written at the Toronto Prison, June, 1838:

Come, list my child, my daughter dear,
To thy father's kind advice;
Thy father speaks, then hear
The voice of him who loves thee!

Bright and sweet is thy young mind;
All thou hast seen has yet been kind;
Thy mother's kiss, her kind embrace,
Her yearning heart, her smiling face;
Her pitying eye, oft wet with tears,
The offspring of a mother's fears.

These thou hast seen, and these have known,
With thy father's love and likeness shown;
But little of the ills of life,
Its sorrows or its motley strife,
Thine eyes as yet have ever seen,
Or mingling in life's trials been.

Ah! little dost thou know, my child,
Her pangs of heart, her cares for thee;
How oft when sleeping, she has smiled
In gladness, watching with lullaby.

Nor little dost thou know, or dream,
The love for thee thy father feels;
How blest he is, when thou dost seem
In joyous health and doing well.

Misfortune now is his sad lot,
He cannot rock thee in thy cot;
Give in liberty a father's smile,
In playful mood, time away to while.

He cannot rock thee on his knee,
In the sweet joy of liberty;
Nor in the morn and closing eve
Thy laughing welcome e'er receive.

But with affection's fondest care,
Thy little mind he can prepare
To walk in life in virtue's way,
To shun all vice that leads astray;
His love this prison cannot bind,
It holds his flesh, but not his mind.

Thou art thy parents' firstborn child,
The issue of their purest love,
By them thou, therefore, will be styled
Love's early rose sent from above.

These are only a few verses taken from a poem of sixteen pages of closely-written verses on the duties of after life, written by me to while away the tedious summer days

of 1838. I wrote a poem, something similar, to my wife at the same period.

Having delayed to see this rosebud placed in her little coffin in the then Potter's field cemetery, the only one used in Toronto for people of dissenting churches, in which her grandfather, Lardner Bostwick, was also laid, and where the bodies of Lount and Matthews were, laid, until theirs and also Mr. Bostwick's, were removed to the Necropolis burying-ground; there are now 26,000 bodies in this last cemetery. She left Toronto to meet me.

My wife dropped a fond tear over the ground that concealed little Helen's body from the sky's bright glow. There it lay until June, 1844, nearly six years, until she and I returned from our exile. We went together to view the little grave where she had laid our child in August, 1838, and a sympathizing tear she gave in memory of the risen angel. When we rode over the plains of Illinois, the spring birds whistled near her grave, and the winter's winds too were near it. Her little body was moved in 1856 to where the body of her dear mother rests in my vault in the Ne-Necropolis.

Ah! the sympathy of a mother, how great it is! We, on my departure, awaited a meeting again. She often told me, "My love for my children is very great, but for you, my most loved and devoted husband, it is greater"—that was her oft-expressed expression. Shall not such hearts meet again in some bright world? Can love so great be eternally severed?

We soon met in the land of our only freedom until better days, as Mr. Bidwell wished might be the case, in Canada in 1842-3-4.

I met her at Lewiston; we went, I think, in a wooden horse railway; there were no iron railways then in New York State. We boarded for a time with a Mr. and Mrs.

Clemens, and then took a house, letting off part of it to boarders, on Pearl Street, living very economically. I saw many of the old Canadian refugees there at first.

McKenzie had given up his Navy Island expedition; was in Lockport publishing a paper and almanac about Canadian wrongs.

### GOING TO ALBANY TO SEE THE JUDGES.

In 1838, in the autumn, I was anxious to see the Supreme Court Judges at Albany about my admission to practise in the State. Therefore as early as possible I went in a Canal Packet parlor boat to Albany—the easiest way, although the slowest, to reach that city. I had numerous testimonials of character and abilities from Canadians and Americans who were living in Hamilton, or had been there with me.

So I started in September of that year to Albany, having had some correspondence with the clerk of the Supreme Court beforehand. It took, I think, two or three days to go. The Canal Packet was drawn by horses, in relief, so we travelled night and day.

Having arrived there I had several interviews with Justices Cowen and Nelson. The latter was many years afterwards the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court at Washington. I have a letter from him, which reads thus:

"MR. DURAND. "ALBANY, *Sept.*, 1838.

"Dear Sir,—We find on examination of our Statute that your application comes in collision with a provision of our Statute, but desire to give it further consideration. If you will call at my room at 7 o'clock p.m. I will communicate to you the result.

"Yours truly,

"S. NELSON."

I did so, and it was adverse. The clerk had written to the same import. So I had to return to Buffalo without

effecting my object. The judges, however, were very friendly.

### MY BROTHER JAMES GOING TO ENGLAND.

I had a ride of 60 miles, in the winter of 1838-9, to Rochester with my wife in a cutter to see my brother James on his way to England to settle some money affairs relating to the will of our uncle Charles' estate, which concerned our family. A cold ride it was, and made my wife sick for a week.

A great political, semi-rebellious organization I found started all along the borders of the British provinces from Detroit to Maine, over which one General Borse, of Ohio, was placed by the organization, which had a secret password, and were called "Hunters." Their number, it was said, amounted to 40,000. I knew only by rumor and what was spoken of by the refugees about this organization—had no part in it. It was probably the cause of many small raids made in 1839 on the Canadian border. I will refer to this again in a future chapter—say what I know.

My narrative leads me to speak of a further stay in Buffalo, then of going to Chicago, returning and again entering Canada in 1844.

I, of course, could do nothing in Buffalo either. I had to stay there to endeavor to get some money from Canada, precious little of which I could get. I probably lost $1,000 in debts of various kinds by not being able to collect them, and also my place in Hamilton, worth $5,000, besides a practice then good for $2,000 a year, by this unnecessary and barbarous treatment of myself.

But in 1839 it was uncertain what the future of Canada would be. Lord Durham had made his report in favor of a union of Upper and Lower Canada. The English aristocracy, jealous of him, had been the cause of his return and

ultimately of his death. I will refer again to him and my petition to him.

J. B. Robinson, the Chief Justice, who was in the court when I was found guilty, went, I have understood (although I have never seen it), and issued a pamphlet against the contemplated union, and tried to neutralize the Durham report, as all the ultra-loyalists did. He was a busy Tory, ultra in all his actions. He was then Speaker of the Legislative Council, a law-maker and a law-executor. What an anomaly! One would have thought his British blood would have recoiled at this. I was in 1839, at the close, in Chicago, and for five years, still I heard all that was going on. It was said Judge Robinson was much alarmed about the execution of Lount and Matthews, after 1838 and in 1839.

It was in 1840

THE GREAT RIOT AND POLITICAL ABUSE OF REFORMERS

at the Golden Lion Inn occurred. The Reformers of York —perhaps 1,000—assembled to hold a political meeting at the inn. R. Baldwin was chairman. Mr. Price and Mr. Hincks were there. and the leading Reformers of York who had not been banished. Most illegally and wickedly

WILLIAM B. JARVIS, A SHERIFF,

went out with some hundreds of rowdies, armed with axe-handles—perhaps other things—attacked the Reformers, chased them through the fields, nearly killed one man, wounded many, and broke up the meeting! Mr Price and Mr. Hincks, afterwards Prime Minister of Canada and Governor of Barbadoes, had to run for their lives.

THE OLD LEAVEN OF THE FAMILY COMPACT

again boiled up. Jarvis, who ran away on Yonge Street

from the farmers, armed, on Tuesday, 5th December—as spoken of—as the farmers ran from him, was there

AS A PEACE OFFICER

in his former glory. The Compact's venom was expiring, and, as it is said a snake will turn and bite when dying, and there is life in its tail for a day, so there was life in the Compact still. But this was not so bad as the election of Dunn and Buchanan in 1841, of which I will again speak.

MY STAY IN ILLINOIS AND DEPARTURE IN JUNE, 1844.

In continuation of my first letter on the sojourn in Chicago, I further say that the experiences there, whilst chiefly pleasant, were quiet as to events. I got familiar with all the people and the laws of Illinois, also with the manners of the lawyers, higher classes, as well as the lower classes of the people, if such an expression be proper. It will be seen from my observations on the gentleman called "Long John," or, properly, Mr. John Wentworth—who came to Chicago, as it were, at twenty—how soon he was an editor, then an Illinois legislator, then the mayor of the city, then a Washington legislator. Levelling is the doctrine of the republicanism of the United States! The now ex-Governor Altgeld, who is said to be the right-hand man of the late Nebraska candidate for President against McKinley, the elected President, was a very common personage, a short-time since. He is still what the Americans call a power in politics in the Union, amongst Socialists and the common mass of the people.

THE GREAT ABRAHAM LINCOLN

was, although a lawyer, a rail-splitter at one time near Springfield in Illinois, and actually got into the Presidential chair by the popular soubriquet among the *hoi polloi*,

by being called a *rail-splitter*. I heard nothing of him when I was there. Major McKinley, who is now in a position able to control to a large extent the destinies of perhaps 70,000,000 of people, and to influence the world of Europe, was quite a common man ten years ago. Napoleon, or some author, said that there is only a step

FROM THE RIDICULOUS TO THE SUBLIME, AND VICE VERSA,

which he showed clearly by being one day the governor of Europe's destiny, the terror of old England, and the next the chained

LION OF THE ENGLISH ISLAND OF ST. HELENA.

But is it not also to a great extent so in England. Many of her greatest men arose from a very low estate or position. Many of her Chief Justices and judges, and even statesmen and bishops, had very humble parents—one a barber, others mechanics for fathers.

WAS IT NOT RICHARD THE THIRD, AN ENGLISH KING,

who, in the midst of the battle of Bosworth Field, cried out,

"A HORSE! A HORSE! MY KINGDOM FOR A HORSE!!"

Then his kingdom was worth only a horse.

The kings and queens of all countries sprang from very low parentage. The great Catherine of Russia was only a favored country maid. Peter the Great of that country worked as a carpenter at ship-building. But let us go on to the ancients. King David was a shepherd-boy; his son Solomon, the so-called wisest man of the world, the chance, adulterous offspring of Bethesda, the loved mistress of the same man David.

THE CHILD OF THE STABLE AT BETHLEHEM

became the Saviour of the world.

### THE FATES ARE LEVELLING, VERY MUCH SO.

Chicago was a frog-pond when I went there, in which, by digging one foot down, you could get water, the ground being below the level of the river. Now a grand, palatial city stands on this frog-pond, with one million (some say) and a-half of people—the grand city of the lakes. I knew, when I was there, all its chief men, spoke in its courts often, wrote some in its papers.

### VAN-BUREN AND GENERAL HARRISON

ran, whilst I was there, as candidates for the Presidential chair. The one was a Washington snob and courtier, a pet minister of General Jackson; the last, the conqueror of Tippecanoe and the Indians, the General Harrison who conquered at the battle of the Thames in 1813, and might, if he had come on, conquered all of Upper Canada in the west. He was the cause of the death of the great Chief Tecumseh. Anyone who had resided two years in Illinois could vote although not naturalized. I then voted for this great man over Van-Buren, who had shown himself an enemy of the Canadian patriots. Harrison was elected, but died before he enjoyed the honor long. Van-Buren was a mean snob, an office-seeker of the worst kind.

### THE POET WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Whilst there, this great poet visited Chicago. I called on him at the Couch Hotel. He is, in my opinion, one of the best of American lyric poets, not for long poems, but for short, beautiful poems. I will insert one of his short pieces of poetry at the page where I speak of the death of my first dear wife, in 1855. I thought him very stiff and rather *uncourteous, un-American* in his manner; he

had very little to say. He has written some good poetry about the Pampas of Illinois.

STEPHEN DOUGLAS,

that political lion of the West, who ran against Lincoln for the Senatorship of Illinois, spoke there several times. He had the true American manner of speaking—bold, high-faluting, rousing, emphatic, lavishness of words. He was short and stout, but not successful as a candidate for the Presidency. None of the great Americans have been so. You recollect Daniel Webster, Calhoun, Henry Clay, Blaine, Sherman, General Scott, could not be elected. The lawyers in Chicago, when I was resident among them, were Col. Strode, Morris, Spring, Dickey, Scammon (the author of some good reports, a great Swedenborgian advocate), Brown, Goderich, Hamilton, Hubbard, DeWolf, Ogden, Ryan (a very noisy Irishman, but talented), and others. They are all probably gone to the unknown land before this; some were older, some about my age.

THE JUDGES STAND UP WHEN ADDRESSING JURIES,

the lawyers use the tables for footstools in courts, spit tobacco in the court rooms, even smoke in court. No gowns or black dresses are worn. You might take them for farmers or mechanics of the city. They speak loud, often laugh in court, are "hale fellows well met," thick with the *hoi polloi*, or mob.

THE HOOSIER SHIPS—WAGGONS OF THE PRAIRIES

are great curiosities (were, I should say, in my day), bringing in all kinds of produce from all parts of

THE OUT COUNTIES OF THE STATE.

To see them on the prairies five miles off they resemble

little vessels on the bay or distant lake. You could see them on clear days ten miles on the distant sky. Their occupants wore large straw or felt hats, lived, slept and eat in them. Oxen and horses were used to draw the waggons. The teams came from hundreds of miles distant, in from the back country, and brought in for sale butter, hogs, corn meal, corn perhaps, apples, prairie hens, chickens, turkeys, meat of all kinds. Berries were brought in. Their wives and children did not come in with them. There was no market-place in Chicago of any account when I was there. I only knew two newspapers, the *American* and *Democrat.* One Mr. Stewart edited the *American.* I can see him now in my mind's eye. He was a Republican. Chicago was a drunken place. They had no theaters then, and few churches, very little religion, plenty of Irish, no other foreigners. Now it is full of all races. I knew a curious man there, named Col. Kircheval. Once he was a very great man. He had a brother in the Illinois Legislature. The man I speak of, however, had given way to strong drink. So far had he gone (and that is very far indeed) that the crown of his hat was out, and other evidences of dilapidation appeared in his clothes. He was well educated, too. If sober, a gentleman.

### THE WASHINGTON GUTTER TEMPERANCE SOCIETY

was in vogue then in the United States—that is, a society that picked men and women from the gutters at night.

### HE WAS GOING FAST INTO THE DEPTHS.

He joined this original society as a last resort, and soon became a sober man. But there was a great recoil in the blood and body. Liquor called for its usual supply; the stomach said

GIVE! GIVE! MORE OF IT! GIVE! GIVE!

He was about to die. Doctors were called in; they said: "Colonel, you will die unless you give your stomach some more, ever so little, stimulus which it has had for a generation." Col. Kircheval said: "I will not! I must not!" "Then you will die," said the doctors The brave man said: "I will die if I take it, and if I die without it, then I will die sober. Let me die sober, at all events." Glorious resolution! He did not taste; he lived and got well; was elected a Justice of the Peace about the time I left; became an honored citizen, renewed in looks, dress and nature. I don't know if he so continued, but hope and believe he did. That was putting the foot on the devil. I said, when speaking of brandy on Burley's table, a few pages back, putting my foot on it, I said to it "Henceforth, avaunt thou *hidden devil.*"

I have been called for fifty odd years—and was there, in Chicago—"The Temperate Lawyer" of the City of Toronto and County of York. Many a man, by my example, has shunned the intoxicating bowl. Many have been ashamed to drink when I was present; even judges have been ashamed to drink. I will speak in a future chapter, very soon, of my publishing a

TEMPERANCE AND LITERARY PAPER IN TORONTO

from 1851 to 1855, which advocated total abstinence. During that period no liquor—intoxicating beverage—ever passed my lips. But I was always so; only the *tempting devil* sometimes came before me. Oh, the mighty spirits, the noble souls, the geniuses, beautiful, noble in everything but drink, that have sunk into—what? Destruction and shame from excessive drink? Yes, women—ladies have destroyed themselves in this way often in To-

ronto. I could name noble lawyers in Toronto who have done it. Well, with digression I proceed.

My brother Ferdinand was doing business in Milwaukee up to the time I left. He allowed my and his aunt, Sarah Simpson, once Sarah (beautiful Sallie) Morrison, the sister of our dear mother, to live and die with him.

### IT IS A DIADEM TO HIS NAME.

She had not been very well, was in some respects in need, but good and pious. She was the dear woman who, in 1811-12, held me in her arms at the risk of her life when the vicious bull at Hamilton attacked her with me in her arms (as spoken of in one of the first chapters of this book), and saved my life and her own. The bull threw us both over a high fence on his horns, and could not follow to do more injury.

### HER SON BECAME SUCCESSFUL IN BUSINESS,

and is so still, in Milwaukee, and became a member of the Wisconsin Legislature.

The end of my Illinois sojourn about this time drew to a close.

### DR. DUNCOMBE IN ROCK ISLAND.

This doctor was the brother of the celebrated Dr. Charles Duncombe, of Burford, who raised 500 horsemen to assist McKenzie in 1837, but only remained in arms a short time. I intend to speak of him in a future chapter. The first-named was successful. Many of the collateral branches are still in Canada.

### THE NAUVOO MORMONS.

These wicked people did not live long in Illinois; they were driven away, and one Brigham Young became Joe

Smith's successor, and he and his people went to Salt Lake, where in a reformed state they live. Joe Smith once lived at Lewiston; kept an inn there away back in 1830. He came to Toronto. Mr. Samuel Walton, then a boy, knew him here, saw him playing ball in Toronto, he told me.

CHICAGO STILL IN ITS SMALLNESS,

but soon to rise. It arose in 1848 suddenly into greatness. Some have blamed me for leaving, but I don't regret it. More wealthy I might have been, but not so happy. The ground of the city was raised eight feet up all over by immense efforts and work. They raised the great Palmer Hotel eight feet by thousands of screws. Now it is the Hotel Grand of the West. Mrs. Palmer is a grand woman, they say, for all good things; was a leading lady in the great Show of 1893.

I have in Chicago perhaps 1,000 acquaintances, some nieces and a granddaughter, a Toronto girl, with two fine boys, my great-grandchildren. It must not be forgotten Chicago gave a Moody to the world. It has great churches, presided over by very pious and useful ministers. I saw two of them in Muskoka three years ago. It has splendid parks now.

When I was there I considered its people selfish. They hated foreigners, and looked on me as one. The fact is, they then hated the Irish, do now, such as are native Americans. When I left there were 800 cases in the courts untried, and one, in which I was interested, was not tried until three years after I had left. Their way of doing business is very slow. I am now an attorney and counsellor of these courts, and a counsellor of the Supreme Courts of the United States. Here is my license in form:

SUPREME COURT UNITED STATES,
*E Pluribus Unum.*

District Court of the United States of America.

I, JAMES F. OWENS, Clerk of the Circuit Court of the United States of the District of Illinois,

Do hereby certify that Charles Durand was duly admitted and qualified as an Attorney and Counsellor of the said CIRCUIT COURT of the United States of the District of Illinois, on the ninth day of September, of the term of the District Court, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty-two, and of our Independence the sixty seventh.

In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand and affixed the Seal of said court, the ninth day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty-two.

JAMES F. OWENS,
*Clerk.*

But, as I said, they have, as I was told, 10,000 legal practitioners there, and many Canadians amongst them.

## THE LATE BISHOP JOHN STRACHAN OF TORONTO, THE EVIL GENIUS OF THE FAMILY COMPACT.

Mr. Edward Ermitinger of St. Thomas, in his history of Col. Talbot and the Talbot Settlement, published in 1859 at St. Thomas, Elgin, speaking of Dr. Strachan, says:

"Dr. Strachan came to Canada as tutor to the family of Mr. Cartwright of Kingston." I presume this Mr. Cartwright was the father of Sir Richard Cartwright, originally a Tory, but, owing to political disagreements with Sir John A. Macdonald, arising from the too great political prominence of the latter, he became Sir John's enemy. He is now the cleverest of Mr. Laurier's Cabinet, as a Minister.

Mr. Ermitinger says, "The father, who brought out plain Mr. John Strachan from Scotland, belonged to one of the best families Canada has ever known. He, Dr. Strachan, afterwards became the instructor of the most eminent men

in the provinces, among whom we may name Robert Baldwin and others of like distinction."

Mr. Ermitinger might have said Dr. Strachan was the instructor of Judges Robinson, Jonas Jones, McLean, Sherwood, and old Mr. Vankaughnet, and probably the MacAuleys, as early as 1806. I have a picture of the school at Cornwall where they were taught. He also says these men were *indoctrinated* with the same principles as their tutor. Yes, no doubt of this. And at Toronto for perhaps forty years these men (with others so indoctrinated), especially Dr. Strachan, ruled this Province politically to its great injury. The latter was always in the Legislative Council obstructing all reform and liberal legislation, opposed to everything not subservient to the Church of England.

Now, in 1897 even the Presbyterians number nearly 200,000 more adherents than this old, venerable Church of England, which has grown wonderfully ritualistic and semi-Romanist. The Methodists are still more in excess of the old church. When I first knew and occasionally attended this church, once as an adherent, in 1856, there was no *burning of candles, no bowing to the East, no receiving of the offerings* by the minister and then turning and bowing to the holy pulpit, no *preference* made in administering the sacrament to the priest over the layman, *passing* the latter to serve the former—a very disgraceful thing. Is the priest better in heaven than the layman? Are we not all brethren, as Christ said? Did not Christ wash His disciples' feet the day before the crucifixion, to show men forever that we should be all alike in heaven?

Mr. Ermitinger remarks that Mr. Robert Baldwin always held the character of the Bishop in the highest reverence. That he might do apart from his political Toryism and arrogant conduct in the church. But the error of Mr. Bald-

win's life was his asceticism, too much leaning to his church and opposition to the other Christian people of this Province, just as good as he or Bishop Strachan was.

"Dr. Strachan," Mr. Ermitinger further says, "entered into Holy Orders in the Church of England at an early date, having, it is said, abandoned the religious faith of his forefathers"—meaning Presbyterianism—"whether from conviction or from motives of *worldly ambition*, as has been alleged against him, we shall not presume to decide."

This early age was probably about 1810, about the time he came to Toronto. He was originally a Presbyterian in his early days, also his successor's father, father of the late Bishop Bethune, who wrote the Life of Bishop Strachan. He was a Presbyterian minister in Montreal early in this century, and his brother also, both of whom joined the English Church.

There is no harm in all this if it is done honestly, without ostentation and without conduct which shows they despise, or rather will not associate spiritually with, those persons from whom they sprang of old. The haughty conduct of many English Church ministers in refusing to go on the same religious platform or in the same pulpit with Methodists and Presbyterians is contemptible, anti-Christian, unworthy of the Christian name. What will they do in heaven? *Sneak into some corner*, and point their fingers at their *old fathers*, their ancestors, who are, we presume, in heaven. At such men as Knox, Chalmers, Principal Caven, Principal McVickar, Bonar, the great hymn-maker, John Wesley, and in my day at Dr. Topp and a thousand others, as good, perhaps better, than they are. For shame! that Christian brethren should be so treated, when we know Christ did not hesitate to wash His disciples' feet, to call His poorest followers *brothers* and *friends*. He said, "If you do My will you are My friends." You may depend on

it there are no distinctions in heaven of this kind, as there if Christians we are all brothers and sisters. It is very strange what necessity will make people do. When Niagara (Newark as it was then called) was in its infant state, the Presbyterians and the Church of England people, also the few Roman Catholics who were there, used to worship in the same church, before, and even after, 1800. Were they any the worse for it? No, but much better, for peace, good brotherhood and loving charity prevailed there many years.

The article which appears in chapter XV. of this volume shows what was done there at that time. The Roman Catholics were buried in English Church cemeteries. Mr. Kirby, the author of a book called "Historic Niagara," says the grave-stones in the old cemetery of St. Mark's Church, Niagara, show that Catholics were buried there. Will the souls of these persons not go to heaven? What nonsense this *exclusive system is!* Away with this old prejudice! Away with these proud dogmas of priests, worthy only of *hell*—to use a harsh word. God and our Saviour, Who represented Him on earth, never taught such doctrines as these. I have no prejudice against any church organization, if it admits its belief in the Godhead of Christ. But if doctrines such as the *real presence* or *transubstantiation* are maintained, and the bishops maintain that they have the power to bring down from heaven before us *Christ as a reality*, this doctrine is so abhorrent to reason and God's will that I abhor, perhaps I should say pity, the wickedness and folly of any bishop who would uphold it.

An instance of great prejudice I remember in connection with what once occurred in Toronto ten years ago. I went to an English Church asking the privilege as a Christian man of addressing the Sunday-school and Bible-class.

## SUNDAY-SCHOOLS AND BIBLE-CLASSES.

I was then in the habit of addressing the schools and Bible-classes in all the churches in Toronto. I have spoken to from ten to fifteen thousand children in some years at that period. I met a Church of England deacon in his robes, and told him my desire, mentioning that I was a Presbyterian. He said, "I don't think it right to allow a Presbyterian to thus speak to our children." I said to him, "Your religion is *very thin* if it be this way." Jesus proclaimed to the world that He wished His followers to "go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." But I suppose the deacon thought of the doctrine of "Holy succession." But this was an isolated case. I found the Church of England very liberal to me everywhere. Even one Roman Catholic church (St. Mary's) allowed me to address the children. I spoke to the school of All Saints', at Canon Body's school, at St. George's, at St. Paul's, at Canon Jones' school, and twice at Canon Sweeney's, and at the school of Holy Trinity, as well as at the church, which some call a very high church, on Howard Street. They all used me with civility, some very much so.

Mr. Ermitinger, in his Life of Col. Talbot, relates a curious anecdote of an aged Presbyterian Christian woman and her old pastor in Ireland. He says it is applicable to Dr. Strachan. "When Cowper (once a Presbyterian minister) was made a Bishop of Galway, Ireland, an old woman who had been a parishioner and a favorite of his, hearing he had left his old kirk, resolved to see him and learn the reason, paid him, as dean of the Chapel Royal, a visit. The retinue of servants she passed surprised her, but being ushered into her old pastor's presence she exclaimed, "Oh, sir, what's this; ha' ye really left the guid cause and turned prelate?" "Janet," said the bishop, "I have got a new

light on the subject." "So I see," said Janet, "for when ye was at Perth ye had but one candle, but now ye hae *twa* before you! *That's your new light!*"

In Mr. Ermitinger's very interesting little book this is given, and may go for what it is worth. He is very clever in expressing himself in many ways; but, unfortunately, he is too Tory, and has too much of the old Compact spirit. He must remember this will not do. The Orangemen will not swallow this old faction. It was only fit for the old times of 1820 to 1830. Now they are liberal, open-hearted men. This Manitoba knows well. Many in those days wanted more light. They are naturally constitutional Reformers. The ritualists now in their high churches often have "twa candles," and even more. I hope they will not go in for Holy Water and wafer holiness!

But what I want to impress upon all is, that mere symbols, candles in the daylight, mysterious bowings, preferences for priests over laymen in Christ's sacrament, and mysterious bowings over the offertory, amount to nothing. Christ despises such things, as He did the *philacteries*—long prayers uttered at street corners by the Pharisees of His time.

John Wesley and his brother Charles always contended they had not left the true English Church, only its "tomfooleries." So they lived a true life, humbled themselves on their knees, lived in the spirit, and remembered the chapter of Christ on the doctrine of the true vine and branches. He said, "Unless ye are in the vine ye are none of mine"; "ye must be in the vine, in the spirit"—fervent always in the spirit. Christ loved the spirit of things. He saw in the poor woman of Phœnicia, whose daughter he cured, when she said, "Yea, Lord, but the dogs eat of the crumbs that fall from their master's table," a spirit of humility, the true spirit, that was in Mary Mag-

delene when she washed her Lord's feet with her tears and wiped them with her hair.

There are thousands of dear Christian men in the Church of England, and dear Christian ministers, too, no doubt. Personally I love them, but all such must remember the 13th chapter of 1st Corinthians, and its assertions; ask God for charity and have it, if we are to be the angels of God. I once heard the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage preach truthfully on this topic at Grimsby. Forms, ordinances, bowings are of the world. "For the wisdom of this world is foolishness with God." For it is written, "He taketh the wise in their own craftiness." In the great hereafter, in the pure heaven of spiritual life, it is the heart which God sees and loves. If it be humble and pure as Christ's was, that is the glory. Don't understand me to say anything maliciously against the old Church of England, but all true Christians will say it was a pity that this Church had such a director or foster-mother as Queen Elizabeth. Whilst the evilly-inclined Romanists were gnashing their teeth at her, formed a devilish Armada in Spain to destroy her kingdom, she was persecuting the best friends of Christ's kingdom in her own dominion, and Church upholding Roman forms and heresies in the Prayer Book and English Church. This Church, as a Church, must fall on its knees before God, be pruned of its errors and ceremonies, and be what the Reformation intended—a truly godly Church. I hope to live, as old as I am, to see it.

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# CHAPTER XV.

My petitions for bail in vain in 1838—Sick in hospital—My wife at the point of death—Head superseded—Arthur's arrival in March, 1838—Lord Durham came in June—Baldwin invites me to return on my petitions—My position in the West—My letter to Baldwin—Dr. McKenzie's letter to me—Constructive of my crime, writing letters for Responsible Government—Bench of Magistrates examined remarks on the sons of Judge Robinson—My wife's box—Battles of 1812—Rev James Richardson's strange mistake in history in the Educational Department—Will Christianity last?—Niagara town, the Indian Problem—Captain Brant—Benedict Arnold—Lights and Shadows—Spirits—Are presentiments true? Lord Cecil's conversion—Strange presentiment about Dr Hare—Strange appearance at a death—Strange incident to myself—Mr. Rorke, the Quaker—Elijah in Mount Horeb—The judges of Canada—A mystery at Ancaster—Our modern judges

I HAVE looked over these petitions—the copies of them—and I only give the substance of them, but they are worth referring to as showing the dreadful cruelty of Hagerman the Attorney-General, and the then sitting Star Chamber Commission which was investigating the prisoners' cases.

In the face of these petitions I offered the leading Orangeman, Mr. Dickson the saddler, well off, and Mrs. Widow Bostwick, worth at the time $200,000, with an income of $8,000 a year.

My wife was lying dangerously ill at one time, not expected to live, with a young child just born, and I was ill, and about to be confined in the hospital, and was confined there in March.

I refer to this state of things to show how detestable the conduct of the faction was that then had got the best men in the country into their power, and how regardless of either womens' or husbands' rights and troubles they were.

It is all part of my reminiscences of life, and must be referred to. At that time remember I was an innocent young man, and my wife a young lady connected with one of the oldest and most worthy families of Toronto.

1st. I petitioned Sir F. B. Head, 4th February, 1838, which was refused, the Commission disregarding it, or saying it could not be done, and there was not a tittle of evidence against me.

2nd. I wrote to Hagerman himself (the substance of this letter I give) for bail, which he did not think proper to answer, although I was as high in the law as he was, except that he happened to be the Compact Attorney-General.

SUBSTANCE OF MY LETTER.

1. This letter is dated 6th February, 1838, in the emergency of my wife's sudden sickness, expressing a strong desire to be admitted to bail.

2. That such could not be injurious to the cause, as the bail would be very high. That I would, if necessary, remain in the home district; would not in any way meddle with the affairs of the country (it was quite clear that I had not done so, even then, to him).

3. That I was entirely innocent of any offence; was now and always had been attached to the British Crown. That my business was suffering for want of my personal attention. That if required I would renew my oath of faithfulness to the Crown; would do everything to satisfy the Government of my peaceful intentions.

4. That my wife's health was suffering from anxiety at my absence and imprisonment.

5. That I did not in any way participate or take part in the late rising, which the lawyers with me, Mr. O'Reilly and Tiffinay, could vouch for.

To my first application to Governor Head, 4th February, which, no doubt, Hagerman had caused to be refused by

the Commissioners, the Secretary of the Governor, J. Joseph, replies:

"The Commissioners report they cannot recommend him to grant my request for bail."

This fool of a Governor was soon after this recalled home. Went to New York and confessed to Mr. Bidwell he had not used him well.

Then the matter asking for bail remained refused until Sir George Arthur came out in March. I then petitioned him to the same import as to Head.

He replied through the same Secretary, J. Joseph, 30th March, 1838: "Your petition of the 26th, having been referred to the Commissioners by his Excellency, they report to his Excellency they cannot recommend bail." This it will be seen was nearly two months after my first application.

I was then sent to the hospital very sick. My wife was also sick, and had not seen me since her sickness in February, nor I her.

Upon learning of my dangerous sickness in April, they, about the middle of it, admitted me to bail. The Commissioners were, of course, instructed by Hagerman, and were composed of the bitterest Tories. They had never taken any evidence against me, and were told by me on a partial examination that I was innocent and had had nothing to do with the rising. Not one word did they get from me of any incriminating evidence.

On the 19th July, 1838, Lord Durham was in Toronto, and I sent him a long petition. His address was "The Right Honorable John George Lord of Durham, Viscount Lambton, etc., Her Majesty's High Commissioner, and Captain-General in and over the Provinces of British North America."

"Your petitioner has heard with joy and gladness of your Lordship's arrival, clothed with power to settle the unfor-

tunate differences and disturbances in these Provinces. The evidence, in part, on which he was convicted consisted, the Attorney-General stated, of a letter found in his, your petitioner's, bureau," (but never published in the papers). This letter was never produced to the jury in court, and did not exist, and was never found in my bureau, and how Hagerman could have told anyone so is a marvel. If it was so found, it would be a case like Algernon Sidney's of England in 1688, who was pronounced by the English House of Commons innocent, and that Sidney was legally murdered by the court that condemned, and King James the Second, that caused him to be executed. In fact, the evidence against me was very different, consisting of some casual conversation about rifles with a Yankee babbler in Hamilton, and at the taking of the stage by McKenzie.

I was soon after, or within a month, by order of the Executive, allowed to go to the United States for life, until Robert Baldwin sent me this letter:

"KINGSTON, *Oct. 7th*, 1843.

"*C. Durand.*

"DEAR SIR,—I did not neglect your petition, and only delayed writing until I could send you your pardon with the letter which I now send to you.

"I remain yours truly,

"R. BALDWIN."

It is likely Lord Durham made a representation to the Executive in Toronto.

My petition to Sir Charles Metcalf, Governor-General, was on the 14th August, 1843, which, of course, was to his Council, and states that I had been convicted for

"CONSTRUCTIVE TREASON,"

for writing political letters. That since said time I had resided in the United States, in Illinois, and practised my

profession. That I am desirous of residing again in Canada. That he respectfully requests a pardon may be extended to him, restoring to him all his former privileges and rights in the British Empire and Provinces."

My letter to Mr. Baldwin with the petition, I find, in substance reads this way :

"CHICAGO, STATE OF ILLINOIS,
*14th August*, 1843.

"*Honorable Robert Baldwin.*

"MY DEAR S-R,—I send this letter to you with the *annexed petition* for a pardon.

"The great political change that has taken place in Canada and the enlarged and enlightened policy pursued towards the Canadians by the British Government induce me in some measure to take this step. The desire also to visit my native land and friends unmolested also prompts me.

"Believing you are my friend and the friend of my family induces me to address this letter to you for your immediate action in laying my application before the Council.

"I have the honor to be

"Your most obedient and humble servant,

"CHARLES DURAND."

I have copies of all petitions, papers and letters ever made or were sent between me, the judges and Governors, at Toronto in 1838.

In order to show my position in Chicago I insert a copy of my licences there :

"To all to whom these presents shall come, know ye that the undersigned two of the Justices of the Supreme Court of the State of Illinois, having received satisfactory evidence of the good moral character and legal attainments of Charles Durand.

"DO HEREBY BY THESE PRESENTS AUTHORIZE THE SAID Charles Durand to practise as an ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR-AT LAW, and Solicitor in CHANCERY in all the Courts of Record of the said State.

"Given at Chicago this twenty-fifth day of September, 1839.

"*Witness*, RICHARD J. HAMILTON, *Clerk Cook County.*

"THEOPHILUS W. SMITH.

"THOMAS C. BROWNE."

I have a similar licence to practise of a similar kind from Springfield, Illinois, signed by the Clerk of the Supreme Circuit Courts and all Supreme United States Courts, which, if I chose, would now enable me to do so.

This was my position when I returned to Canada in 1844. I have a great number of certificates from the people of Hamilton of a high kind, inhabitants of high standing, such as this one:

"LOCKPORT, *October the 9th*, 1839.

"TO THE LEARNED BAR OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK:

"I take great pleasure in stating that I have been intimately acquainted with Mr. Charles Durand, late of Hamilton, Gore District, U.C., for the last five or six years, and for the last two years have employed him at the Bar as a choice, both on account of his talent and attention to business; and take pleasure in further stating that Mr. Durand is a young man of excellent moral character.

"Sgd. A. R. MCKENZIE, M.D.,
'Late of Hamilton, U.C."

This gentleman was long known as an excellent and worthy man, and in addition I could give the names of many more—have got their certificates with me—who certify in the same way.

I can say at the time of my imprisonment and persecution, and that of my wife, two-thirds, perhaps three-fourths, of the people of Hamilton would have certified in the same way. But a few rascals, vindictive and vile, tyrants to me, servile tools of Allan N. McNabb, over-awed aud kept in terror the best men of Hamilton at that time, drove me and my beloved young wife away from our home because we loved our country's interests and were true Canadians.

It will be seen in my petition to Lord Durham, 10th July, 1838, I use these words: "I was convicted of

"CONSTRUCTIVE TREASON."

What is this? Just what Algernon Sidney was convicted

of—having papers in his private bureau setting forth in 1688 a system of general reform in England in the corrupt

REIGN OF THE JACOBITE,

James the Second; and that ancient, corrupt judge, Jeffreys, construed it to be

CONSTRUCTIVE TREASON.

Constructive treason was what Judge Robinson and Attorney-General Hagerman said I was guilty of, and a soft-brained, ignorant, corrupt jury echoed their sentiments.

How many men of the past could be punished on the same ground for the expression of honest opinions? But they were puzzled in their construction of the law. Some thought speaking to McKenzie, which I was compelled to do by accidentally meeting him on my stage journey, was treason. Was my asking him to let me pass to my home, on Tuesday night before, treason? What more could I do in either case? In the one I wished to pass on and have nothing to do with him, and in the other I wished to go on my walking journey when the stage was stopped. No letter was found in any bureau of mine or in any box. I am soon going to write a curious story about a little box, made in 1834, taken from my wife when arrested on her way to Toronto, and which has travelled with me and travelled with her to Chicago and back, and is with me still, which a bench of Tory magistrates examined and found only love letters and correspondence with brothers and my wife in it. The Tory fools, thought there was treason in it.

Constructive treason is the excuse of fools and the plea of tyrants and oppressors, and might well be applied to my case. My offence was simply political—writing, as I told Lord Durham, writing letters in favor of the very Government he came to establish, through Baldwin!

The sons of the late Chief Justice Robinson were (only one is now alive) most excellent men. The late Sir James Lukin Robinson was a most gentle, lovable, Christian man, a dear friend of mine. We never met without a kind conversation. He always welcomed me to his office in Osgoode Hall, and I have little doubt he and his amiable, Christian wife are in a blessed Home in the world of spirits.

The late ex-Governor was always very friendly with me, and once scolded me and my wife for not calling oftener to see him. The son who is still alive, Mr. Christopher Robinson, has often stopped to speak to me, even crossed the road to speak to me, and is a most amiable, excellent man and citizen. These sons of the late Chief Justice, so far as I am or was concerned, always had my kindest wishes for their happiness; nor would I, if it had been in my power, have done anything to injure their father in life. When I was suffering, as I and my wife thought, by his acts and unkindness, she asked me, "If you could would you injure him in any way?" "No," said I, "I cannot retain vindictive feelings against any one, although it may appear so. Forgive and forget is my desire, but I must not forget his wrongful acts, the misconstruction of the law, (in my opinion), shown on my trial by him and Hagerman, or his unfriendly manner, and that of Hagerman's, on my return in 1844. All this causing me and my wife injuries nothing can repair; seemingly trying to ruin me in character and property, all of which I lost. I had thousands of dollars in Canada *lost.* Who is to repay all this?

I must not forget their brutal refusal to grant bail to a suffering man, to one who never offended against the law. I must not forget the enemies of my country, and those who for forty years trampled upon the rights of Canadians, and banished me, thinking their

## CORRUPT REIGN WOULD ENDURE.

But the "Are you back again?" expression was only temporary. All efforts to neutralize Lord Durham's report failed. The Robinson pamphlets had no effect in England. I, at least, as I told Mr. Baldwin and others, (even W. L. McKenzie, who caused the rising, with all his errors), came back. His errors, of course, had nothing to do with me, as I was not in his movements. So, came back I did, to support the Queen and people in their lawful and proper rights in the balmy month of June, not as I went six years before, but restored to those rights which a miserable faction deprived me and my wife of in the long time agone. The serpent had a tail, however; it wiggled this tail a little under Lord Metcalfe, Draper and Ryerson; again, under McNabb in 1854; again, when the fag-ends of the faction burnt down the Parliament buildings, and mobbed Lord Elgin in 1849 for carrying out the demands of his Ministry. "I am back again,"—no thanks to my enemies—if necessary, as I have often said within the past ten years, to defend and uphold the rights of my beloved Canada.

## SOME MORE BATTLES.

The battle of Chrysler's Farm was a severe one, and the British succeeded there. I cannot say more about it here.

The battle of York was one in which the militia and a small body of regulars under General Sheafe had to oppose the American armed fleet and a large force of American regulars. The British could not expect to succeed, and had it not been for the carelessness of General Pike, the brave American, they would have had everything their own way. He carelessly ventured near the magazine, and was blown up with several hundreds of men. The Americans, after plundering the town and burning the old Parliament build-

ings, left with little to boast of. General Sheafe, with his regulars, retreated to Kingston before the end of the battle, and was blamed for it, apparently without much cause, because his stay would have resulted in his surrender as prisoner.

### BATTLES OF SACKETT'S HARBOR AND OSWEGO.

Here the Canadian militia were withdrawn from the action, when, it is said, they might have succeeded, by the incompetence, if not cowardice, of the leaders on the British side.

### REV. JAMES RICHARDSON.

It was here that the late Bishop Richardson (so well known in the Methodist Church, of whom I have often spoken in this volume) lost his arm. He was a brave and good man, and useful to his country so long as he lived. In his last days it was overwork in the cause of his Master, the Lord Jesus Christ, that caused his illness and death at eighty-five years of age. He came regularly every Sunday to preach to the prisoners in gaol in 1838, and administered the last rites of the Christian Church to poor Samuel Lount, attending, finally, on the gallows with him. He frequently told me that Mr. Lount died a devoted, loving Christian. When asked by Mr. Richardson if he would like to live, he said for his family's sake he would, but not for his own sake. I may say something more about this when speaking of Lount's execution. I was in the habit of talking often to this great and honorable Methodist.

### SPIRITUALISM: IS IT TRUE?

I once asked him what he thought this strange system of belief was. "Do you think it is true or real?" "Yes," he said, "it is a reality, but not of God; it is of the devil, it is supernatural."

Now, this is probably true: for if we believe Christ and the Old Testament (strange as it may be) there are wicked (hidden from human eyes) spirits in the universe that affect human beings, and some think insane persons are affected by them—that insanity is often caused by them. As to this last, Christ says so. Remember the insane man in the tombs. Who tempted Christ in the wilderness? "No one," some say. Is the story of the Witch of Endor a fiction? Who went with saints before God, as spoken of by Job? But whilst wicked spirits thus act unseen, so, no doubt, angels unseen appear to influence and guard saints. This is also asserted by Christ and the Old Testament. See 1st Hebrews. Paul so says. Peter was liberated by an angel from gaol. So the good spirits may appear to us on earth and in spiritual manifestations. See Chapter XIII. on this matter.

A VERY STRANGE HISTORIC ERROR

about James Durand, senr., in the Documentary Educational History of Upper Canada. This work is alleged to be edited by J. George Hodgins, M.A., LL.D., barrister. So learned and careful a man as he is should not have made this mistake.

At page 159 vol. II., from 1834 to 1836, when speaking of the Legislative Assembly for 1835, just elected, and giving their names, it is said, among others: "Mr. James Durand, who had been elected a member of the House of Assembly for the County of Niagara in 1814, and for the County of Wentworth in 1817, was elected to Parliament for the County of Halton." One would have thought that it would have been noticed that a person elected in 1814 must be very old in 1835, but it carelessly was not. Now James Durand, junior, was the person elected for Halton in 1835, and was a boy of only fourteen years in 1814; when,

in fact, his and my father was elected in Niagara and Wentworth, and was a man of the age of over forty. He was the person who was captain at the battle of Queenston owned and published his paper, the *Bee*, in 1812 to perhaps 1814—long a resident of Halton and Wentworth.

Such a mistake should be at once corrected. No person, from 1800 to 1833, ever had more influence in Western Canada than my father, and was more universally known. He was known well at Toronto, at Hamilton, in London, Norfolk and at Sarnia, where his son George was afterwards a merchant. He owned, in 1805, probably, or before, the great Bridgewater Flour Mills at Chippewa, which were assigned to the greedy, semi-Yankee and Scotch firm of Clark & Street, and were burnt down by the retreating American army after the battle of Lundy's Lane in 1814. I feel somewhat indignant to think my father should be thus, as it were, ignored, his acts and memory lost sight of. What kind of a Canadian history is this—all within this century! One great object with me in writing this book was to let the Canadian people know that such a man as he once walked and lived on this earth.

### WILL CHRISTIANITY LAST ?

Suggestions from the editor of the *Mail and Empire* on the prospects of religious truth.

I lately saw an article, in December I think, speculating on what is likely to be the future position of our churches and religion. It is too long to insert and was merely thrown out as a *feeler* after the probable truth; but its conclusion was that religion is not really losing ground in the world. The discussions of agnostics and sceptics show that religion is necessary for the world's good and man's welfare in society. I have thought the same. It is necessary to check crime and selfishness. I penned the following thoughts at the time and now insert them :

## THE ASPECTS OF CHRISTIANITY IN 1897.

The following are the opinions of a great secular paper, the *Mail and Empire*, on the subject of the aspects of religion at the close of this nineteenth century, and I make some remarks on them.

Religion is closely connected with my reminiscences from very early years, and as soon as I was a boy of even seven years old, especially as I grew to the age of twelve, I made more or less a study of it.

If Christianity be what Christ said in these memorable words: "And He saith unto them, whom say ye that I am? Peter answereth and saith unto Him, Thou art the Christ." He then said, "Upon this rock," this doctrine, "I will build My church."

So it must prevail, notwithstanding all the adverse criticisms of the old sceptics like Voltaire, Bolingbroke, Gibbons, Hume, and the modern sceptics like Darwin, Tyndal, Spencer, Huxley and Ingersoll. I fear I must include with them the great New Englander, Emmerson. Thomas Paine and Jefferson were of the Revolutionary times, the first a very unhappy man, the last cautious and sceptical.

The sceptical writers may all mean well, and they may say that all they desire is the truth as to a future life, but, have they ever found this truth? The wise, self-sufficient, scientific men of the past and present could not and cannot find out God by reasoning, and if they could, of what use were Divine revelation?

God can only be known spiritually, and that through and by humble, adoring, praying minds. The proud, self-sufficient, scientifically mad He despises, or rather, rejects, and confuses them in their own pride.

I once asked a judge, high on the Bench, what he thought of religion? He said, "I have tried to find out the truth

in spiritual things but cannot." "Did you ever," I said, "fall on your knees before God, and in humility ask Him to show you the truth?" Did he do this? No; and God resisteth the proud.

The reference to the present position of religion is all well enough, but the writer in the *Mail* must know that where God sees religion declining, He raises up such men as Wesley, Whitfield, Moody, the Salvation Army, and other people, to revive it, and it will never perish unless Christ is not what He said He was, that is, FROM GOD, *a divine person!*

Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom shall stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

For Him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown His head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name!

Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar blessings to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen!

—WATTS.

## THE INDIAN PROBLEM—THE HISTORY OF THE TOWN AND PENINSULA OF NIAGARA.

There is no other place or locality in Ontario that has so interesting an historical character as the good old town of

Niagara, as well for the Indian legends, battles and associations as for the sufferings and primitive troubles of the first white settlers, French and English, who, at different times for at least three centuries, have made it their temporary or permanent abode.

My families' ancesters by of my first and second wives were originally settled there. Mr. Lardner Bostwick, of whom I spoke in the tenth chapter of this book, was married there, had his first child born there, and his wife was born there. Her parents came from the United States to reside there, as also did Mr. Bostwick between 1780 and 1790. My present wife's parents were both born there. My father was very often there, owned the Bridgewater Flour Mills there about the year 1810, and published the paper called the "Bee" there in 1811-12. It produced many very eminent citizens, men and women; was once the seat of our Provincial Government, the birth-place and death-place of many of the most loyal and warlike of Canadian loyalists and patriots. These loyalists, from their standpoint in the Revolutionary War of 1775, were brave and patriotic, and if the true tales of their suffering families—many of whom went to Niagara, others to the Bay of Quinte, others to Brockville, Cornwall, and many to Nova Scotia—were published it would fill the largest volume. It would be a romance of great interest, of real earth scenes, not only involving great families but the Indian races.

This revolution has resulted in good, and was, to a certain extent, justifiable. It was caused by the obstinacy, overbearing conduct of the English aristocracy. Washington was, perhaps, the greatest man of modern times, and in every sense a patriot, although even he was for many years opposed by the extreme restless Jefferson democrats. The American nation, with all their latitudinarian notions of things, extreme democracy at times, is the great-

est the earth has produced. Of course they derived their energy from the old and glorious land of England, including Ireland, and including Holland and Scotland.

But the United States of 1897 is not the same country that Washington governed or made. It is now a mongrel land of all nations under the sun—a land of Socialism, divorce and loose manners in married life. Canada's Dominion to the north is necessary, not only for its own good but for the good even of the United States. But there is a party there, most of them Jingoes, haters of England and Canada, that have little morality and less true manhood and patriotism.

### THE CELEBRATED CAPTAIN JOSEPH BRANT.

I want to say a few words about him. He knew Niagara well; fought in the Revolutionary War; born at Burlington, eight miles from Hamilton; died there in 1806; his body was carried to Brantford, where it was buried. He had a beautiful daughter, educated in England, who was a very particular friend of my sister, the late Mrs. Peter H. Hamilton, in 1820. She married William Johnson Kerr, a very brave, fine looking man, at Burlington. I knew him well. He was a noble looking man, stood six feet and a-half high; fought at Queenston and other places. Captain John Brant, son of the great Chief Joseph, I knew well, too. He was an accomplished gentleman, educated in England. He, too, fought at Queenston. Mr. Kerr was violent in his politics in his last days, and acted wrong to W. L. McKenzie; yet was a fine specimen of a man. Who has not got his faults? I am not sure of Brant's birthplace.

The noble race of Indians of America, many of them I like to write about. Among these noble Indians were Brant, the great chief, and Tecumseh. When did this great race, many tribes, come to America? Were they here

when the mammoth lived, the bones of which were found in Burlington's Heights? Some say they came from Asia, are Tartars. I think the Indians of South and North America, of old Mexico, were only varieties of the same race. They may have been here thousands of years. Some have been so bold as to say they were created here as the Africans were in Africa. This I never have thought. Why should our Maker create more than one man and one woman? All over Ontario evidences are seen of the existence of the race in all parts of it. Lately I saw an account of the traces of a very ancient race in the Vancouver island, by figures in the rocks found in it. Evidences also exist of a mound-building race, perhaps thousands or more years ago.

OLD NIAGARA AND THE GREAT FALLS

have been the resort of Indians thousands of years ago. I never knew until lately that the poet Moore had visited them. The families, such as the Hamiltons, Dicksons, Clenches, Clauses, Halls, Richardsons, Johnsons, Butlers, Crookses, Addisons, Burnses, Dunns, Merritts, Clarkses, of old, and their descendants still live there, have given great *éclat* to Niagara.

My line of reminiscences of my family come in here, too My father, it seems, represented in the Upper Canada Legislature that part of Canada, in 1814 and in 1817, and owned the great Bridgewater Mills at Chippewa before the war of 1812. Speaking of the Bridgewater Mills, I find in the late valuable book issued by Mr. Kirby, of Niagara, as to the old Indian and U. E. Loyalist History of Niagara, facts which show that one Daniel Secord erected a grist and saw-mill at the Four-mile Creek, west of Niagara, very early in the century, perhaps in 1804. This book I have found exceedingly interesting as to the old U. E. Loyalists

Captain Brant, the Johnstons, Butlers, and a dozen old, well-known and some extinct families of old Niagara and Newark, most of whom I knew as a youth, and all of whom no doubt my father knew in 1810-12, were the fathers of Niagara.

I find by Mr. Kirby's book that there was a year among the U. E. Loyalists who had come over to Canada called

### THE HUNGRY YEAR OF 1785.

I have often heard the late Widow Bostwick, my mother-in-law, speak of this year. Her mother and father must have told her. Her mother was named Hill, her father Bradshaw. She told me that the people used to be so hungry that they had to dig up roots in the woods to allay their hunger. The Government furnished what food they could spare to the people. Mr. Kirby says it was said about 100,000 U. E. Loyalists came into the British provinces, and 10,000 into Upper Canada, about Niagara, Norfolk, Hamilton, Bay of Quinte and Brockville, in 1782; more afterwards in 1790, and after 1800.

The whole population of Upper Canada in 1790 was probably not 50,000. He says wild turkeys were seen in great flocks in the Niagara District and westward, I suppose to Windsor. He speaks of the beavers being driven away from the Niagara Peninsula, also of an animal called the panther, the last of which was killed early in the century. I don't believe there was any large animal called a panther in Canada. It must refer to the lynx, which is yet very common. Panthers only inhabit the southern parts of America, like Texas and Mexico. Elk and cariboo were common early in 1800; wild fowl of all kinds very plentiful.

It is strange to see how changed the politics of people have become. The Clement family, prior to 1800, were

strong Tory U. E. Loyalists. Now all the family, and I have known them years, are strong Reformers, and are now so in Brantford. The Secords, Servoses, Hamiltons, Dicksons and Clarks are still Tories. Mr. Robert Hamilton, the father of numerous sons, was a very active and respect able man always in the Niagara Peninsula. He had families by two wives; the eldest was, I think, George, of whom I have spoken in the early part of this book, when speaking of Hamilton, and the person who bought my father's property there in 1814. Old Mr. Robert Hamilton had sons named Alexander, Robert, James, Joseph, John and Peter. The latter married my sister in 1824. His country was Scotland, and his children were educated there.

In reading the valuable book of Mr. Kirby I was surprised to see that the celebrated Benjamin Franklin took a very active part against the English in western New York in the war, and was hated by the U. E. Loyalists. Brant, the great war chief, on the contrary, was very active, along with the Six-Nations Indians, in routing the warring so-called rebels (the Yankees). One of the worst things that happened to the Americans was the defection of General Benedict Arnold from Washington.

### GREAT GRANT OF LAND TO HIM IN NORTH YORK.

I suppose very few of my readers know that a great grant of land was made to the heirs of this general in the north part of the County of York, in Georgiana and North Gwillimbury. I have had in my hands several suits about this tract of land, twenty years ago, in the courts. The Indians of northern New York seem to have generally taken the English side, except a portion of the Senecas. Helen Butler, the daughter of Colonel Butler, commander of the great regiment of the Rangers, married my old law master, Mr. Berrie. She was a particular friend of my

sister Harriet. The world has never yet been told of the horrors of the Revolutionary War, or the wonderful struggle of both parties. The hatred between them is not yet obliterated, although 125 years have nearly gone. Sir William Johnson was the greatest man on the English side, Schyler on the American; Brant and another chief named Sacoyonwas on the British side. We would have had in 1837-8 just such a war in the Canadas if it had not been so suddenly put down. The people were greatly divided. God avert civil war! May it never occur again in Canada!

## LIGHTS AND SHADES OF LIFE—CURIOUS SCENES AND INCIDENTS.

Do angels or spirits of another world visit man, or is it fancy?

"And of the angels he saith, Who maketh his angels spirits, and his ministers a flame of fire."—Heb. i., 7.

"The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit." John iii., 8.

Now, these are strange doctrines, yet we find them in the most sacred Word of God—one spoken by the great St. Paul, the last by the Lord Jesus Christ.

The Old and New Testaments are full of visitations of angels to men in dreams as well as openly to eyesight. So if we believe these books we must believe the realities of the visits and that they are true.

Remember the visits of angels to Abraham, to Jacob, and Joseph's dreams, and Sarah's visits, Job's account of angels and Satan, Solomon's dream, God's appearance to Moses and Elijah, the Apostle Peter's release from prison, St. Paul's account of an angel speaking about the shipwreck.

### A CURIOUS PRESENTIMENT—ARE PRESENTIMENTS TRUE?

This gentleman, Dr. Hare, I once knew intimately in Hamilton; have often had conversations with him on mystical and abstruse subjects. He was the brother of the Rev. Dr. Hare, the principal of Whitby Ladies' College, whom I also knew. This is a strange incident, but I have heard of presentiments similar happening to others, a few of which I will mention, as well as an actual appearance of a spirit at a bedside.

### DR. HARE, LATE OF GUELPH AND HAMILTON, CANADA.

The *Times*, of Manitowoc, Wis., records the following strange incident: The Rev. Dr. Bray, Rector of St. James' Church, had a very strange thing occur to him on Monday night, the 4th inst. About 1 in the morning he was in a semi-conscious state, when he heard a voice saying, "R. B. Hare is dead." On the following Wednesday he received a letter from Canada, a part of which reads thus: "I suppose the sad news of the death of R. B. Hare has not reached you. He died last week after a brief illness." He was Science Master at the Guelph Agricultural College. Dr. Hare, in their university days, was Mr. Bray's intimate companion. 1860-1870.

This is something like what occurred to the High Priest of Jerusalem, Eli, and Samuel, the student, or scholar, of Eli, as recorded in the Old Testament. Dr. Hare was a German scholar, a man of some note, and at the time of death at Guelph, in the Agricultural College.

I once knew a teacher in a select private school in Toronto, at which one of my daughters attended some thirty-five years ago, who, when walking out one day, seemed, or imagined he heard, some one whispering to him—perhaps he was told it, though—"Your mother in Scotland is

dead." He made a note of it, and the next mail from Scotland told the sad tale that his mother died on that day. This was a spirit whisper.

I once stood by the bedside of a dying friend—the dearest on earth; was about to take her in my arms, and did do so in her last moments. Suddenly there appeared above me a spirit form, absolutely perfect as to countenance, eye, expression of face, and apparent expression in the shape of fire. I was astonished at it, not at the time thinking of such a thing. It was only for a moment, and I made a written note of it over forty years ago, when I was forty-five years old, in full strength of mind and body. This I told to my most intimate friends in the family. Well, some will say all those things are imaginary, temporary illusions. Half, perhaps many more, of human creatures don't believe in the strict immortality of the soul. We have thousands in Canada, tens of thousands everywhere, who disbelieve. Yet you all know what Jesus said to the Sadducees: "God is not the God of the dead, but of the living." How can God hold intercourse with a mere creature of the dust? The body perishes, but not the mind. Would God give a conscience, a conscience speaking of moral responsibility, to a mere body of clay?

### PRESENTIMENTS, THEN, DO COME.

Lord Cecil, as a lieutenant in a regiment in Hamilton (Lord Russell's, I think), heard a voice—so thought, at least—saying, "Come out of the wicked world; turn to God." He left his regiment and the world, became an eminent preacher for many years among the Brethren until his death in Canada—was drowned in the Bay of Quinte ten years ago. He was a relative of Lord Salisbury, who was a Cecil. What made Lord Cecil, a wild young man, suddenly give up society, worldly society, and devote himself

fo the Gospel? Was it a fancy freak, or did some angel spirit whisper to him to do it? Will some one turn up his nose, pout his lips, and say all this conduct in Lord Cecil was a mere fancy, a craze, as they do when one speaks of St. Paul's conversion on his way to Damascus? Yes, there are too many who snarl, cavil at all references to a great hereafter or to God.

### STRANGE INCIDENTS WITH MYSELF.

I used, about thirty years ago, to go often to Collingwood, and up to Meaford, along the north base of the Blue Mountains, which run all the way to Owen Sound, even to Kincardine.

I was at court there beyond Thornbury; the judge of the county of Grey held it, and I was thinking how dishonest people ever seemed to be.

A Mr. Rorke (afterwards a member of the Ontario Legislature) was Division Court Clerk. He had a father, an aged Irish Quaker, who had a daughter who kept house for him. The aged father had lived long in Ireland, and was perhaps eighty years old—is, I suppose, now departed this world.

### INVITED TO STAY OVER-NIGHT WITH HIM,

I accepted the offer. In the morning at breakfast he and his daughter were the only persons present besides me. She opened the Bible, turned to some fine chapter, read it, and we sat silently thinking of its import and wisdom. No one said anything, but all partook of the breakfast.

### QUAKERISM.

I said within myself, "When I go home I will follow this practice in my family." My now wife and I had then a table-full of girls and boys. Two girls and a boy are dead, and three of the girls are married.

For about thirty years I have followed, and still follow, this custom. I said within myself, "Although the world about us seems wicked, still, see this aged man, his pious daughter, and his sons away from him are good, and he and his daughter lead the life of angels. All we see may look bad, but there are many who live around us that are good, true worshippers of God."

### ELIJAH ON MOUNT HOREB.

This scene reminded me of what God said to Elijah in the awful solemnity in the great cave on Mount Horeb, perhaps the most solemn and grand place in the world. The words, the place, the scene are not surpassed in anything in the Bible scenes. But I refer only, and compare it only, to God's words about the mistake Elijah made as to the state of society.

God said, "Yet I have left me *seven thousand* in Israel, all the knees that have not bowed unto Baal, and every mouth that hath not kissed him." So, in the darkest times, God has some good we know not of. I will in a future chapter disclose some more strange things.

### THE JUDICIARY OF CANADA.

Under the old Family Compact the Judiciary of Canada was to a great extent venal and partial. The Reformers had no confidence in the bench. The court consisted, until Mr. Jamieson came out, of one court, the Queen's Bench. The District Courts, as they were called, were presided over by favored individuals, lawyers who won the ear of the Compact at Toronto, and had jurisdiction for many years over debts from eight dollars to two hundred. The courts now called Division Courts, then called Courts of Conscience or Requests, only had jurisdiction up to eight dollars until the Draper Act of 1844, and were presided over by commis-

sioners—generally favored Tory magistrates—in all parts of the province.

There is nothing more important to a country than an able, independent and impartial judiciary, which is above the influences of executive power. I am able to make, if necessary, extended remarks on this subject for at least seventy years in the past history of Upper Canada, but will content myself with a few summary remarks at present.

My acquaintance with law in this province, by study and practice, it will be seen has existed since 1829. As student and practitioner I was acquainted with lawyers before that period, and with judges who were made such since 1827, when I saw them at a great trial at the old log court-house, in 1827, on the east side of John Street, at Hamilton, as before described. Unfortunately, the judges, before 1842, may be said to have been under the influence of the then existing executive power, and to have been chosen under strong Family Compact pressure, from that party of oligarchs entirely. To this there was one striking exception—in the instance of Judge Willis, who was excessively disliked by such men as Sir J. B. Robinson and the families of that party; and upon their representations he was driven from Upper Canada to England. J. B. Robinson quarrelled with him in court when he was Attorney-General. It seems to have been their policy not only to hold all power over the land-granting department, and, through the churches, over the right to marry, and over the general distribution of all smaller offices throughout the country, but especially to control the judicial bench, thus securing the power to punish for *libel*, to decide on rights of property—as was done with poor Francis Collins by Robinson, to promote law preferences, to patronize lawyers at the bar, and to control the benchers who admitted students. All these things gave them a most improper

power. This is a wide subject, embracing a period of fifty years, from 1792 to 1842, and I only propose to allude to part of the history, to which I may add in another volume.

The High Courts have always had in Upper Canada an Attorney and Solicitor-General. Sir John B. Robinson acted in place of the unfortunate Colonel McDonnell, the aide-de-camp of General Brock, and who was, with him, mortally wounded at Queenston in 1812.

### A MYSTERY NEVER EXPLAINED—LITTLE KNOWN OF IT.

Mr. Robinson acted in the prosecution of certain Americans, and perhaps also Canadians, who were charged with treason at Ancaster during the war; but he was superseded afterwards by others until 1827-8, when he again became Attorney-General, until he was made a judge in 1831-2. There is a mystery about that Ancaster prosecution for treason, in which I believe certain persons were hanged, which I have never heard explained. These officers, Attorney and Solicitor-General, assumed great powers and privileges under the old Compact rule. J. B. Robinson quarrelled bitterly with Judge Willis, and was reprimanded by him, and he used his always great influence to have him recalled to England. He was also at the bottom of the prosecution of Francis Collins, to which reference has been made in a back chapter. We know from history the bitter political conduct of John Henry Boulton, and especially of Mr. Hagerman, towards Lount and Matthews. Simon Washburn had a great dispute, almost an open fight, with Judge J. H. Boulton (as alluded to elsewhere) at Port Hope, about a vessel seized there belonging to Mr. McIntosh. I speak of this in another place. When I returned to this province in 1844, after my disgraceful usage by the then Compact, "under the great seal of the province," which Mr. Blackstone, the great English lawyer, says covers any past

offences (always so held in England), I should have been looked upon (if I had committed any offence) as reinstated in all my rights and honors; but, as I have said was innocent, it was the duty of the judges then on the bench to have used me with courtesy. Macaulay and McLean did do so, but Hagerman, Draper and Robinson did not.

### OUR MODERN JUDGES.

These judges I knew from having practised in the same courts, but some are even too modern for me. I never practised with Judges Ferguson, Street or McMahon. Judge Osler used to practise with me, and was a chamber lawyer. He did not go into the Assize court much, if at all. Falconbridge practised very little when I was in the Assize court. Robertson was from Hamilton, Street from London, and Burton from Hamilton.

Judges Galt and Haggarty practised at the same Assizes that I did. The latter judge was always precise in his views and addresses to jurors. His cases were got up by clerks more than mine were, and his briefs made up by clerks. He once asked me (I daresay he will recollect it), "Mr. Durand, how is it that you succeed so well with your jury cases? You seem lucky." Well, I told him, "I always examine the witnesses in my office—don't trust them to clerks. When you see the witnesses personally, their characters and appearances, you can tell better what your verdict will be. A lawyer who has a batch of reliable witnesses behind him can thunder away with his eloquence."

Judge Galt was a very pleasant lawyer and a courteous judge, but some thought him too curt with them. Haggarty was short with his observations, but generally very correct. I never practised before Judge Armour; he was new on the bench when I left off practice. So were Mc-

Mahon, Falconbridge, Osler and McLellan. The latter I had some contests with.

Well, as for Judge Rose I knew him at the bar, and he and I could never agree and never spoke to each other out of court. I always thought he lacked a knowledge of men.

My dear friend Chief Justice Cameron I was always friendly with, for his strict honesty and openness of character.

Judge Richards was a cold judge but a good lawyer.

Some say our modern judges (I speak of say 30 or 40 years) are not comparable with such men as Draper, Robinson, Sullivan, and Hagerman. This is all nonsense. They are superior in what lawyers generally like, courtesy, the milk of human kindness, and, shall I say, *brotherliness.*

They are not so self-important; probably quite as good lawyers, but not so eloquent. I never saw much of Judges Ferguson or Robertson in the courts. Chief Justice Meredith I never saw in court. Judge Patterson, deceased, was a ready, pleasant lawyer and judge. Harrison, Chief Justice, was hasty and over-bearing, not to me, but in some cases. He rose like a flash and did not live long. But one thing may be said of our judges in the High Courts and that is they cannot be charged as prejudiced.

Judge Patterson (lately deceased) was a very pleasant, indeed, amiable man; a ready, good lawyer. Chief Justice Harrison I always thought hasty and a little overbearing, got up the steps too soon. He died very young, went up like a rocket to preferment owing to the favor of the Premier, Macdonald. One of the most straightforward, firm and equitable judges was Chief Justice M. C. Cameron, whom I knew in Hamilton when he was a boy. I often saw him in courts, where his eloquence generally suc-

ceeded in carrying successfully his cases. How soon he was carried off! He and I frequently were opposed to each other, but in a friendly way. To me he was always most kind and friendly. His partner in the law practice, Daniel McMichael, was a very able lawyer, and though not so old as I was, seemed to pass off and get old very quick. He was a good, special pleader and he and I used to have some combats about that part of the practice. We had a great contest over the plea *De injuria.*

The days of special pleading have long gone by, now we have slovenly pleading, a mere statement of the case, which is perhaps just as well.

Henry Eccles, the special pleader, the great examiner of witnesses (better than any one I ever saw at the Bar in Toronto), has passed away. Young, too, in comparison with many others. He was powerful in his examinations, powerful in speech, dignified and commanding in deportment.

Chancellor Moss, who died so young, was a wonderfully smooth man in his way of conducting a case.

Judge Haggarty, now retired, was remarkable for his quickness in seizing the salient points of a case, as he was also for a desire to see justice done.

Well, our old judges, I mean of the compact time, are all gone. Those of the days of myself are tottering to that "bourne whence no traveller returns," but they have, to my observation, generally tried to uphold the impartiality of our Bench. May it ever be done, and may the blind angel that holds the Scale of Justice over their heads ever do justice with an even balance, favoring neither man nor woman. Simply for riches or poverty, justice against a woman ought to be dealt out as severely as to a man. We have not always seen it done.

Now this article is ended, except that I will observe: a judge who ascends the sacred Bench has no right to de-

scend again and mix himself up in politics. It is a shame to do so, as several of our judges have done, but much more among Quebec Judges.

Sir John A. Macdonald may have appointed many good judges, but he was not sufficiently careful in such appointments, especially in Quebec. I say it deliberately.

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MRS. CHARLES DURAND,
At 32 Years.

## CHAPTER XVI.

My journey from Chicago to Toronto in June, 1844—How I found parties in Toronto—How Judge Robinson and Hagerman behaved—My office near Capreol's auction room—Blake's office opposite—My residence at first—Buying a lot on Yonge Street—Built a cottage there—Capt. Elmsley and his wife—Gifts of land to the priests—The papers in Toronto—The Sparrow nuisance—Union of the Canadas—First of the Brown family—Geo. Brown's ambition—The *Examiner* newspaper—Noble Jas. Leslie—McKenzie party—Francis Hincks—Election contest of Dunn and Buchanan against Monroe and Jarvis—Compact killed—Lafontaine elected—Ryerson supported Draper—Visit to Hamilton—Saw McNabb—My first paper—Poetry on the Robin and spring birds—Slavery in Canada.

OUR beautiful journey down the lakes in lovely June, 1844, soon ended with the sight of old Toronto, abused Toronto, and our native land once more greeted our eyes. It was a different country from what we had left; liberty reigned, the British Constitution existed, the Family Compact trembled, judges began to see the errors of their old ways, the Legislative Council lost the presence of old Dr. Strachan, J. B. Robinson could not *make the laws* he carried out in his courts, old Hagerman could scowl over his eyebrows, but he could not expel the elected members of the Commons, nor prevent me and other innocent men from walking in liberty. I saw him very seldom, never spoke to him unless in court as a matter of business, and had the right inwardly to think of him as a type of Nero. He walked the streets and was by some means appointed a judge. How, or by whose influence, I know not, unless by the silly aristocrats of England's Colonial Office, who seem to think it proper to make judges and governors of the worst men in the colonies.

I took an office next door to the auction rooms of Mr. Capreol, the celebrated advocate of the Northern Railroad. This auction room was where the restaurant rooms of Mr. Webb are. I was soon engaged in an important lawsuit, which I won. We boarded a short time with Mrs. Widow Bostwick, then took a house opposite Mr. Webb's father, who carried on a bakery. We then lived, in 1845, on Charles Street, and until the spring of 1848. I built a beautiful cottage among the old pine, beech and butternut trees, and bought half an acre of land on Yonge Street, near St. Joseph Street, and spent eight years there with my loved wife Sarah, and, after her death, thirty-five years in the same lovely spot, until I moved to where I now live on Huron Street in 1885.

This cottage stood amid the ancient trees of old Toronto, some two hundred years old, and some older were cut down. Many a wild Indian camp stood there, and the wild animals rested under them. Among them was an ancient butternut and as old a beech full of nuts. It was a shady cottage, where the birds used to sing constantly in spring and summer, the ground being sandy and very fertile. Land then was very cheap. I only gave $400 for half an acre, freehold.

This beautiful property was bought by me from Captain Elmsley, who had owned, since a very early date, a large quantity of land, from the present site of the Yonge Street Avenue to Bloor Street up to the Queen's Park, a great tract of land, over a hundred acres. He always told me he was very fond of trees, did not like to see me cut down the old forest trees, but I think now it was not healthy although very beautiful to have so many trees around my cottage. They attract too much dampness.

I filled my lot with abundant choice apple trees, grapes, peach, plum, cherry, pear and other trees, also with currant

bushes, and had perhaps $500 worth of such trees. Not long after I moved in had over a barrel of peaches; the soil was adapted for fruit.

In the hot summer days I could sit on my large verandah and hear the cuckoo, the Baltimore oriole, the bluebird, the yellow warbler, the garden sparrow, the robin and other birds singing in the spring and summer. We had not, in early times, the nuisance of the English imported sparrow, which drove away all smaller birds. They came here about 1858. What a nuisance they are! They have no song, are dirty, and very voracious. Now exist from Canada to Texas and Mexico, all over the south and north.

Captain Elmsley had a Roman Catholic wife (she was a Sherwood) who got him to give vast quantities of his beautiful land to the Roman Catholic Church, perhaps 35 acres, now forming the sites of the college, and great nunnery and young ladies' school, worth perhaps $500,000, for which the owners pay no taxes, although receiving the benefits of all city taxes, light, water and sidewalks. When I returned, all the western parts of the city, Spadina Avenue, lands west of the park, Col. Allan's great estate, lands where the Model and High Schools are situated, were cultivated land, some of it with trees and small pines on it, or with original trees. The Pottersfield cemetery was used. Yorkville was unsettled in many places, full of brickyards.

The Baldwin Government, that had given me leave to return, was in force; Lord Medcalf, from India, the Governor-General; a union of Upper and Lower Canada effected. The seat of Government was at Kingston.

The Brown family had come to Toronto. Old Mr. Peter Brown had issued a paper called the *Banner*, the object of which was to combat Roman Catholicism, and slavery in the United States. George Brown was just starting, perhaps had started, the *Globe*, which paper opposed the old Reformers, and McKenzie's return.

The *Examiner* newspaper, owned by James Leslie, was in existence.

The *Examiner* was a thoroughly honest, trustworthy paper, owned and published by one of the most reliable men in the Province, Mr. James Leslie, whom I knew from 1828, I think, until his death. It represented the old elements, the old party who had risen against the Family Compact and had been fighting for proper reforms for many years before the rising. I occasionally wrote in its columns prior to 1850, also in the *Globe*, but the *Globe* was in many respects an interloper. The Browns, when they left Scotland, perhaps about 1835, had gone to New York city, and established for several years and published a paper called. I believe the *Chronicle*. The old gentleman probably wrote in its columns, but also occasionally the sons, or George and even Gordon, both of whom were clever writers, I have heard it said that Gordon, when very young, a mere boy, wrote well.

George came to Canada as a sort of semi-Tory—perhaps I should say high-toned Whig—from Scotland. Their paper had opposed the rising in Canada in 1837, and when they came here did the same. It may have been from not understanding the true position of the Reformers.

Old Mr. Peter Brown, in 1848-9, strongly opposed W. L. McKenzie's coming back to Canada, and in 1850, when J. B. Robinson, in the suit of Mercer *vs.* Marshall (of which I spoke in my trial case) the *Globe* refused to insert letters in my vindication, which letters the *Mirror*, an able Reform and Catholic paper, inserted for me—the editor was Mr. Donlevy. The old Reform party — the McKenzie party—looked with suspicion on Mr. George Brown and his father then.

Well, how did I find parties? Francis Hincks was with the old party, and edited the *Examiner* for a time. He

afterwards had a paper of his own in Montreal, the *Pilot*. I am not very intimate with the political doings in Upper or Lower Canada during the episode of time from 1839 to 1844—five years—although my friends here kept me posted a good deal. The party of Reform, however, gathered great strength from the union of Upper and Lower Canada, but the Tories, *tail and rump* of the old faction, died hard—were bitter as wormwood and gall. As I have said, they broke up in 1840-1, a lawful meeting of farmers up Yonge Street nearly killed one man, and Hincks and Price had to run for their lives. W. B. Jarvis acted as the chief in this shameful affair although Sheriff! The election of Dunn and Buchanan in Toronto in 1841 was a terrible scene.

John Henry Dunn was one of the most respectable men in the province, and Isaac Buchanan was the leading wholesale merchant in Canada West. They, in the Baldwin-Lafontaine interest in that year, ran in Toronto, and were opposed by, I think, Jarvis, above named, and Mr. Monroe, a merchant. The fight was the political fight of this era of struggles. Like the battle of Montgomery Hill, every old officer, old Family Compact man, their sons and expectants, turned out to put the d—— rebels, as they called them, down. The city was canvassed everywhere. Votes were bought, in a procession one man was shot, and the city was in as much uproar as when the Tories and their sons tried to kill and murder the farmers on Montgomery Hill. But the Government at Kingston supported the noble candidates Dunn and Buchanan, and they won only by the skin of their teeth. I was in Chicago, and heard an account of it. The Tories were greatly crest-fallen. It was truly an election to uphold the British responsible form of government. The Roman Catholics supported Dunn, and among them, very warmly, Peter and Terence O'Neil. Do you re-

member them? The Orangemen supported the Tories, for they were under the influence of the great and well-known Ogle R. Gowan, who caused such trouble at Brockville and Leeds. The Orangemen are now, as a rule, all right. These were led astray by this man Gowan, who was always a time-server. He once told me twenty-five years ago or more that he would support any one to get office—Catholic or Protestant. He was a very bitter partisan all his life.

Lafontaine, in those days, was elected to the House of Commons by the great radical and Protestant riding of North York, although he was a Roman Catholic and from Montreal. He was a fine-looking, tall man, once the leading supporter of Papineau, as was Cartier in Lower Canada.

Now we enter upon another episode, just as I came to Canada. Baldwin was always honest in his advocacy of Responsible Government, although a little Conservative. In or about 1844-5 Lord Medcalf, a military man, like most of these English Government Governors, did not like too much dictation from Mr. Baldwin, as to office patronage. There was a quarrel over it, and, I believe, William Henry Draper was chosen as Premier. The House dissolved, and a new election called. Draper, I believe, got a narrow majority, and tried to carry on the Government on the old principle of 1836-7. I don't know who his colleagues were, but they were Tories. I may again refer to their names.

WHO SUPPORTED THE DRAPER DOCTRINE, DO YOU SUPPOSE?

Why, the Methodist preacher who was the cause of defeating the Reformers in 1836-7. Egerton Ryerson came to Draper's assistance. R. B. Sullivan opposed his arguments under the *nom de plume* of "Longinus," I think. But here was the Methodist preacher on the wrong side again. Draper was defeated by Baldwin again, some four or five years after, of which I will speak.

### WHAT PAPERS WERE IN TORONTO THEN—WHO THE LEADING MEN.

There were in Toronto, on the Tory side, in 1844, the *Patriot*, owned by Mr. Dalton; the *Colonist*, owned by a Mr. Scobie; the *Palladium*, by Dr. Fothergill; the *Courier*, by Gurnett, I think (possibly the two last were not in existence, but had been some time before); the *Christian Guardian*, and the Government *Gazette*, by Stanton; and by the Reformers, the *Examiner*, *Globe*, *Banner*, and possibly the *Christian Advocate*.

McKenzie was not in the country then. The judges in the High Court were Robinson, Macaulay, Jones, Sherwood, McLean; and in the County Court R. E. Burns. S. B. Harrison succeeded him in 1848. It was said the latter got his office by supporting Draper in preference to Baldwin. Jamieson was acting as Chancellor.

Wm. Hume Blake's office was opposite mine, in the house now occupied by the Canadian Pacific Railway.

The leading lawyers were: Sherwood, Sprague, the Duggans, Sullivan, Hagerman, Baldwin, Small, Bell, Draper, King, and some smaller ones.

### MY START AS A LAWYER

was at first slow. There was a prejudice against me, but I gradually went up the ladder—went a good deal into the country.

### HAMILTON VISITED.

I visited this town very soon, and my father and mother's graves at Ancaster—not seen for six years. I met many of the old bigoted Tories; turned my back on them, especially Allan N. McNabb, who had the impudence to speak to me.

HE WAS THE OFFICER IN COMMAND OF THE TROOPS IN 1837.

They certainly could not have taken possession of my house and my wife's carriage without his consent.

I will proceed now to 1848-54, and state what was going on at that time—McKenzie's return, my paper, the *Son of Temperance*, and other things. I was not idle in acts, I trust, for the general good, and for four years aided with my pen in the great Sons of Temperance movement of the period from 1850 to 1860, and longer by moral acts.

THE DEAR, SPRING ROBIN—THE BLUE BIRD—THE PHŒBE—THE BARN SWALLOW.

I cut these sweet lines out of a little Gazette (not original) published by Mrs. Harvey. The dear first robin! Hear it whistling from the tree, although the March winds still blow coldly. I have from my earliest years delightful recollections of the robins whistling from the trees in early spring, picking up the first peeping worms or flies around, walking over the green grass and mingling from the trees with other little birds, like the blue bird, the phœbe and the garden sparrow.

THE FIRST ROBIN.

Sweet harbinger of golden days,
  My heart leapt up with glad surprise,
When, floating down the garden ways,
  I heard thy plaintive warbling rise,
  Key-note of summer's melodies.

No hint of spring was in the air;
  Stern winter held unchallenged sway,
On ice-bound stream and forest bare;
  Snow-mantled all the landscape lay,
  And cloud flecked skies were cold and grey.

But thy sweet song the world made new ;
I lived in dreamy summer hours ;
Soft gales, with fragrance laden, blew
O'er meadows galranded with flowers,
And bird wings glanced through leafy bowers.

The bird has from the garden flown ;
But still within my heart she sings.
No joy is lost when truly known,
Life's treasures are rememberings,
And shadows are the soul of things.

—*Selected.*

The above beautiful, refreshing stanzas, how they remind us of scenes so often enjoyed and seen in our childhood's days, as well, indeed, of our enjoyments in old age. My delight in youth was to mingle in nature's quiet places, to hear the birds sing, to hear even, as I often have, the little frogs—which have just emerged from their long winter's sleep — make a joyful whistling towards the great sun along with the birds at morn and at night.

The red-breasted robin, near our gardens, in our orchards, in every sheltered nook, chirps its mellow notes at early morn and late at night. It is very likely, if there is a prospect of rain, two or three of the male birds will run over our lawns, or sit to cheer the females on their early nests.

The phœbe, on the eaves of our houses, or the barns near the house, will sit nodding its little head and moving its long tail, and turning its eyes to the sun will sing "*Phœbe! Phœbe!*" as much as to say, "Glorious sun, welcome is your sunshine!,'

Ah! there is the sweet little blue bird, with a breast as red as the robin's, but a back and wings blue, like the deep cerulean sky. See! it starts, flaps its wings, and, soaring away in the air, whistles prettier than any school-

boy. Away it goes to the neighboring apple-tree and whistles, as much as to say, "Beautiful April! beautiful April!"

Then I see the swift-winged, short-tailed swallow, with its mate, gathering straw and mud to build its nest under the eaves of the barn, in the inside, perhaps. Swiftly it darts, with its shining coat of glossy black and ochre-colored breast, hither and thither, all day, catching all passing flies. And in the garden, near me, I hear the little mottled-gray sparrow singing, "Sissybee, sissybee, sibo-see!"

The blue bird and its sweet whistle I always loved, and have made verses of old and published them. It floats in the air above us whilst singing, or, rather, warbling, and floats away in the fields or gardens. It comes even when snow is on the ground. This year, just watch and you will see it here in March late and early April. Although nearly eighty-six, I can make poetry, and some of it is in this book; but I have enough to fill a good-sized volume, which, possibly, I may publish in 1899 or 1900, if I live so long by God's will. Now, on this 20th day of March, good or bad, I indited these verses in Toronto:

### LINES ON THE BLUE BIRD.

Again hast thou come, sweet little bird,
  To greet with thy whistle, warbling and song;
A welcome to thee, tho' oft have I heard
  Thy sweet little notes when spring comes along.

When spring comes along and flowr'ets return,
  Its perfumes and verdure and you,
We shall see thy red breast seeming to burn,
  Thy coat, like the sky, cerulean blue.

Far off in childhood I first heard thy note,
  In bright April days when all was so still;
In the soft, balmy air thou warbling did float,
  Whilst robins near by in the orchard did trill.

## THE SLAVES IN CANADA—ANDERSON'S CASE IN 1861—JUDGE ROBINSON IN IT.

The Declaration of American Independence sets forth amidst its platitudes, in 1775, that all men were born free and equal, and were entitled to the full use of life and liberty and all their privileges; yet in the hypocrisy of those times and the hypocrisy of times long after, until 1862-3-4, men held many millions of their fellow-creatures, even their own children begotten on slave women as concubines, in abject slavery, and sold them as chattels. What abominable hypocrisy! Even the great Washington had his slaves. How obtuse is the mind of man! How slow to apprehend the glorious saying, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." God, in His Son Jesus, washed the feet of the poor fishermen of Galilee, mere common laborers, as low as those who use the shovel in our muddy streets.

Yet these mean Republican boasters of old, and at present in the Southern States, do not believe a colored man is a man or a neighbor, even if only one-quarter of his blood is black. There are now in the United States fully 8,000,000 colored persons, including those of mixed blood. In the early chapters of this book I mention the fact that my father hired a slave woman or nurse, who had been under a semi-state of slavery for twenty-one years. She it was who nursed my brother George when my father, in going down the Hamilton mountain in 1806, lost his first wife. He did not retain the slave very long. The English statute, chapter 33rd, George the Third, forbids the introduction of slaves into Canada, and prescribes how children born of slave parents are to be treated, but provides that slaves now there are to be the property of their masters on certain conditions. A previous Act of the 30th

George the Third allowed such importation, and is by this Act repealed.

The case of "The Queen against Anderson" (Queen's Bench) occurred more than thirty years ago in Upper Canada, at Toronto, and was an application for the extradition of Anderson on the charge of murder, for the alleged murder of a white man in a Southern State of America. Chief Justice Robinson and Justices R. E. Burns and Archibald McLean formed the Queen's Bench then, and I believe Draper, Sullivan and Connor, the Common Pleas. The negro Anderson, in trying to escape from some master, was walking past a white man's estate, and was observed by the slaves thereon. The white man ordered his negroes to follow and catch Anderson. When they refused to obey he did so himself, and was, in the endeavor, killed. Robinson and Burns thought he ought to be given up, and McLean decided not. The case then went before the Common Pleas, and that court refused to give him up, and he was discharged. But during the course of the proceedings an application was made in England to hold him until discharged pending habeus corpus, which would probably have been successful had not the Common Pleas discharged him.

Much excitement was aroused, and many remarks were made at the conduct of Judge Robinson, and it was thought that he had taken an unfair view of the law applicable to the slave. I recollect that I did not like Robinson's view of the law. Judge Robinson's ancestors came from a slave State, and the spirit of slavery may have been in him. That a lingering of the slave-holding feeling does remain in slave-owners' children may no doubt be true, and children may inherit it as they do consumptive tendencies and intemperate tastes.

Judge Robinson was, as I have said, a man of strong

political prejudices. He was not wise in the crises of his life. He should have gone in for Responsible Government when Lord Durham came out and recommended a general amnesty. Instead of that, he wrote against the first and no doubt opposed the last. In the cases of Lount and Matthews, since they were subordinate criminals, he should have recommended either transportation or banishment.

Lount had opposed his brother William in his election in Simcoe.

In the trial of the Church cases, as I said, between the Canadian and English Methodists, he was said to have leaned towards the latter.

### ALIEN LAW'S EXCITEMENT.

In the great excitement in 1820 and afterwards, about the exclusion of certain settlers on the plea of being aliens, he took a stand against the aliens because they were Americans, although they were loyal. This alien law was wrong, and 15,000 petitioners petitioned against it. Robert Randal, of Welland, carried the petitions to England about 1826.

The law was founded on the pretext or idea that those American emigrants who took no part in the Revolution there, but secretly preferred English rule to American, and came here after the close of the war in 1783, were not loyal, and must not have the same favors as the regular U. E. Loyalists.

In the case of Anderson, the man who was murdered had no right to arrest him and hand him over to another slave-master not known to him. A man (and a colored man is such, if the laws of nature be true) has a right to resist, even to the killing of the offender, to save his life and liberty. No man, even if there be a law to that effect, has the right to enslave another who has been guilty of

no offence, simply on the ground that the man enslaved is his chattel. The American federal law was against God's law, was unchristian and abominable. The American Declaration of Independence was correct, but the double-faced, false-hearted, slave-holding Americans were too vile to observe it. Their greed was above all principle. Where are the souls of those who upheld and followed slavery? Where I say? If there is a hell, are they not in it? I impute no corrupt motives to Robinson's decision, only deep moral views of right and wrong were wanting. He was always wrong in great moral crises.

Wrong in having Francis Collins put in gaol. Why did he not have the man let out of gaol for a mere slip of the pen? Why did he not respect Judge Willis? Why did he persecute the Americans called aliens? Why did he sit in the Legislative Council as a law-maker and in the court as a judge for a generation? Why did he go, and ex-Governor Head, too, in 1840, to oppose the great triumph of Responsible Government? Why did he influence the decision in Anderson's case? Why was he so bitter against the Reformers of 1837? Why? Echo answers, Why?

### THE IMMENSITY OF THE UNIVERSE—IT BAFFLES THE IMAGINATION TO THINK OF IT.

When the human mind begins in its calmest moments to think on this subject, it at once is filled with amazement, and if the thought is continued it is difficult to refrain from an insanity of thought—to coin a new phrase. Is there, can there be, any bound to the universe? And if there is, where does it commence? And what is there to end? Is there anything beyond the beyond? That is the puzzle of minds. Hume, the Scottish philosopher, commenced to think of this immensity of space, and of the infinity of mind and thought. He reasoned well enough so long as he did

not go beyond certain bounds of thought. But at last he came to the conclusion that all mind, all matter, and he himself, were mere phantasies, mere ideal imaginations. In other words, he became a bigger fool than the clown that jokes for a living in a circus, or the boy that cleaned his boots. Some one said to him: "You think you and all things are mere phantasms or ideals—that there is nothing real." "Yes." "Please stand fifty feet from me." He hesitated. "I will fire a rifle ball at you," said his interlocutor; "we will then see if you are a reality." He hesitated and would not. What is the conclusion, then? Why, we must not, being limited in mind, think too deeply, but, trusting in an Infinite Being, in humility be finite under Him, and remember what the Psalmist says: "What is man, that thou art mindful of him; or the son of man, that thou shouldst visit him?" "God reigneth over the heathen; God sitteth on the Throne of His holiness."—Psalm xlvii. God holds in His hand all things, the greatest mysteries of this universe.

### MAGNITUDE OF SPACE.

A cannon ball moving with a velocity of 500 miles an hour, and leaving the earth at a certain time, and travelling in the direction of the nearest fixed star, would not reach it in less than 4,500,000 years; and yet there are stars in the heavens, and visible through telescopes, that would require a cannon ball moving with the same velocity at least 500,000,000 years to reach them. When you read these figures do you have any idea of the vast amount they represent? Let me ask you a question. Suppose the same number of sheets of paper the thickness of that on which this paper is printed were placed one upon the other, to what height would the column reach? Think of the highest church steeple you have ever seen, and, if you were

ever at our nation's capital, compare the imaginary column with the height of Washington's Monument, which towers 555 feet in the air. Would it reach that height? Yes. Recall to mind the highest mountain on the earth, and place fifteen such mountains one upon the other, they will have but reached the top of our imaginary column, 75 miles in height.

It was said by the elder Herschell that it would require light, travelling at the rate of 185,000 miles a second, 2,000,000 of years to come to the earth from the remotest luminous vapors within reach of his forty-foot telescope, and yet, whatever may have been the effort of astronomers to bring the starry heavens as a whole into view, even with the most powerful reflectors they have so far proved futile. Hence, to the minds of men, the universe must seem forever to be and to remain immeasurable, incalculable and incomprehensible. And while we may be able to weigh and measure suns and systems within range of our telescopes, there are others so far away, and so far beyond our powers of vision and our powers of calculation, that even our present supposed great knowledge of the sidereal heavens would dwindle into the thinnest of mental vapors.

The book has been merely opened; pages upon pages remain to be written. The upper rounds on this ladder are not crowded. There is more fame for more Herschells.—*New Ideas.*

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# CHAPTER XVII.

## GOING BACK A LITTLE INTO 1837.

The arrest and abuse of my wife at Hamilton by Tory ruffians in 1837—Curious history of a pine box—Its travels—Women ought to be exempt from wanton insults—The conduct of the Hamilton people, it is hoped, is an exception—The suspense of the wives at the Montgomery Hill battle—The Tory injustice to Gourlay of old, like that to me in 183

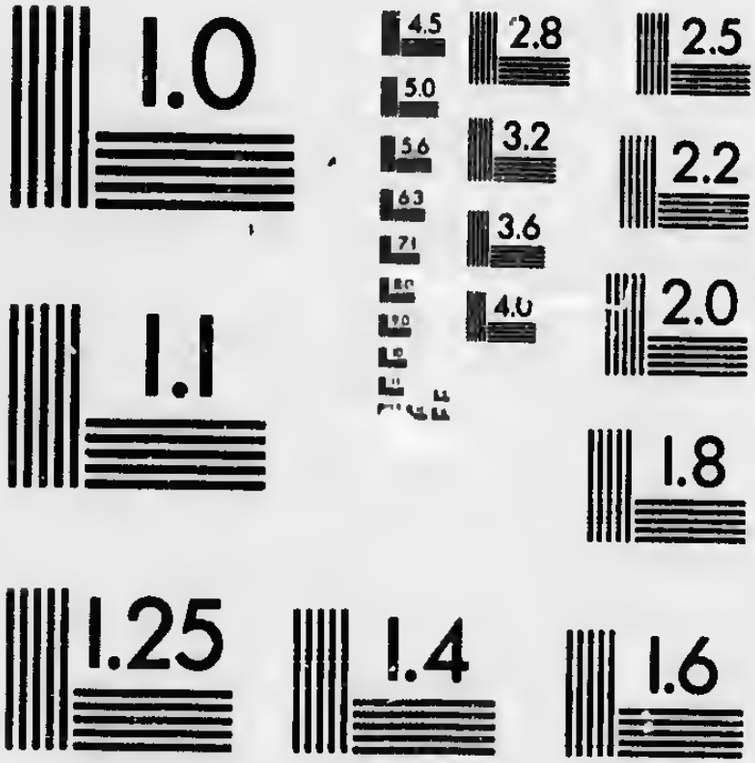
I DON'T wish to be understood as saying that all the Tory office-holders of 1837 were alike—there were some exceptions; but their errors were a diregard for the rights of others, no sense of public duties, immoral conduct in public and private life. Immunity, according to their advocated system of no responsible government, made them reckless as to what they did. Their fathers had been in political crime and official wantonness and corruption; their sons and sprouts followed in their footsteps.

Hence we saw the way they used Gourlay in 1819-20, and McKenzie in 1828-30-36-7. Hence we saw how savage their acts were in the Rebellion to men and women.

They had as friends, strangers from this land, such as half-pay officers, favored land-grabbers, and vindictive Orangemen under Ogle R. Gowan, judges, who sat as such, as well as makers of the law they carried out, as Robinson did. They had priests like Bishop Strachan, and the Roman Catholic Bishop of Kingston, McDonnell. British rights and privileges were one thing, their own quite another—all the patronage in their hands, they were a most disgusting aristocracy of upstarts, disregarding others' rights.

MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)

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This disgusting, local, colonial aristocracy of little office-holders, officials of all grades, chiefly magistrates, in different counties, held their official rods over the people until they were cowed (as they were in Toronto, in December, 1837, and were afraid to rise to help McKenzie and his farmers from the country), would have continued, hoped to do so, if the rising had not taken place, and opened English eyes, and caused Lord Durham to come out.

Yes, wonder that any people could have endured them so long; don't wonder at their rising, but that they did not do so before, when they had so often appealed to England.

Look at the position of the Legislative Council, in which so many office holders constantly sat for two generations. In that body sat Chief Justice Robinson as President and law-maker, also as judge out of it, carrying out the law as judge which he had made in the Legislature! When he tried me being a legislator and a judge, and helped to make the law. (See Acts of ——, 1838, Chapters one, two, nine, ten), which enabled him to try me, and others, at Toronto, whereas I ought to have been tried at Hamilton on the 8th May, 1838. No jury of Wentworth would have found me guilty. The injustice of this was great

I then condemn these 1,500 or 2,000 office-holders, their sons and tools, who went with their guns and cannon to kill and murder the farmers, burn down the hotel and Gibson's dwelling-house and barns.

Look at what I have said about the land-grants of the old Family Compact—at their persecution and banishment of Mr. Robert Gourlay in 1819-20, for doing what was best for Upper Canada.

Look at their fraudulently expelling McKenzie five times unjustly; of their refusing a fair and pure re-election in 1836.

It was a sad day for the poor wives of York to know that their dear husbands and sons were exposed in the battle of Montgomery Hill in December, 1837. What a dreadful suspense they must have been in all that day—wives who had lived forty or fifty years with husbands; sons who had been rocked in cradles by their mothers—all were there exposed to the cruel musketry of the office-holding Tories on that battle-field. And for what? Did they risk themselves out of any enmity to the Queen, or merely for the sport of the thing? No, it was because their rights were trampled upon, and they could see no way to obtain justice or good government except by force.

### THE HISTORY OF A LITTLE BOX.

I had a client in Hamilton named Brian Carpenter, of whom I have before spoken as having sat with me on a Coroner's inquest in 1831, on the poor young man, Baby, who poisoned himself and died. He was a carpenter, and owed me, which he paid in carpenter work.

He made a neat square pine-box, varnished it neatly, so that it was fit to keep private papers in, such as letters or private literary papers. It was made, I think, in 1834, and at once used by me for the said purpose; and in 1835-6-7 contained correspondence with my brothers, finally with my then wife—that is, in 1837—as well as many literary and poetical effusions. It was kept very sacredly and safe on this account in Hamilton, and went to Buffalo, Chicago, and back again in 1844, and has since been with me, where it now is; consequently has been a great traveller. This box I left in my house on the 4th December, 1837, when I left for Toronto.

My then dear wife did not know what it contained, and when the ruffians came into my house in a rude, boisterous manner, she and her sister hid the box in a part of our

cellar, where it was not noticed by the blackguards who came there looking for me.

It was hid in the cellar, into which they went with their muskets, poking their bayonets into every suspected place. They did not find it.

Who sent them I don't know, but Mr. Miles O'Reilly, then a friendly lawyer, upon hearing a set of rascals were disturbing my family, went down and tried to get them away. They would not leave, stayed there, frightened the servant girl away, dared the doctor to come in.

Old Col. Land, who lived a few miles away, and who was the real colonel in that part—not McNabb—sent a note to the person apparently in command to leave the place and go away—the note I have—and for the time being they left.

My wife and her sister then sent word to their uncle to come and take them down to Barton East until they could go to Toronto, as requested by me. They then went to Mr. Daniel Crosswaite's farmhouse, four miles east.

Before the ruffians left they went through all the rooms, ran their bayonets into the wainscotting of the room, into the mattresses on the beds, into every place, to try and find me. They also visited my sister's house on the Burlington Heights, and did the same, disturbing the children and her. They or some rascals, sent by McNabb, I suppose, went to the house of my brother James at Dundas, and wanted to make a disturbance until ordered away.

WISHING TO COME TO TORONTO,

the two ladies prepared to do so, and take the stage on the 6th or 7th of December.

Mr. Crosswaite was preparing to take them to the stage office, when the same gang—some of them, apparently, being on the watch—took Mr. Crosswaite's horses and wag-

gon and the ladies under guard to the open space in the then Courthouse Square, where a Bench of Tory Magistrates were in session in the Courthouse, and

KEPT THE LADIES WAITING

for hours, until they could examine the love-letters and correspondence in this little box which the ladies had to take to Toronto.

SOME OF THE LETTERS HAVE MARKS IN RED INK ON THEM, MADE BY THE VARLETS WHO WERE IN SESSION.

Finding nothing, they gave the box back to the ladies, who again went to Mr. Crosswaite's, to go next morning to Toronto.

Now, where did the official scoundrels in Toronto get any letters of mine? They got none there or anywhere.

THE NEXT MORNING, PROBABLY THE 7TH,

the ladies again went to the stage office, and started off to the city of Toronto, until they came to the hill that goes from Burlington Heights to the road leading to Oakville, in the stage. Here the stage was stopped by fellows stationed as a guard. Enquiries were made who were in it. When they found Mrs. Durand was there they said she should not go on. The officer in command said he would not allow such conduct in his men, that he would break his sword and quit them, or break his sword over them—words to that effect; then they allowed the stage to proceed.

All this greatly alarmed my wife. It is questionable if she ever fully got over it, but passed on, looking back for the ruffians to follow. When, as I have said, she got to Oakville, Col. Wm. Chisholm gave her a written pass.

Now, did any civilized being hear of such shameful treatment of a woman, who, of course, was guiltless?

Only the vile and oppressive refusal of Hagerman and his friends, the sitting Commissioners, to give me bail in the winter and spring of 1838 could exceed this barbarous conduct!

Is it any wonder that I and others are indignant at the old Family Compact rule of 1837-8?

My little box went on its way to Toronto, went with us to Chicago, and is now in my house, 62 years old, in full beauty and safety.

It will go down as an heirloom to my eldest daughter, and so to future heirs, so far as I am concerned, forever! But it all shows what a set of brutes were under McNabb, domineering over the people at that time. I know not who ordered all this outrageous conduct, but it was done, and that fellow McNabb, of course, knew it was done. No apology was ever made to the ladies or to me for it.

Now my pen indites its infamy, and if the aged eyes (for if alive they are aged) are allowed to read these lines I would say to him, "Avaunt, ye miscreant! Shrink into the shameful grave that await you."—I mean of any one who so acted.

### WHAT WAS PUBLIC OPINION SECRETLY—THE BATTLE OF 7TH DECEMBER, 1837—MONTGOMERY HILL.

There have been some gross misstatements made about this affair, which was only a scrimmage, the number engaged very small, probably not 500. Before I speak of it I would say there were five errors committed in this affair and the conduct of parties after.

1st. England, instead of sending out Lord Durham in 1838, should have done so in 1836 or 1837.

2nd. Toronto should have had at least one regiment of regulars in 1837.

3rd. McKenzie, Rolph and Lount, if they had had any

foresight, should have had some pieces of cannon and 4,000 or less of good firearms.

4th. When the insurgents did commence they should have been prompt and regulated by plan.

5th. The Americans, who then and since have been talking about conquering Canada and the whole Dominion, should have done so when there was general discontent in two provinces. Thus opportunities were passed.

We now are determined to be a nation, will fight to the death.

There have been some strange misstatements made about this battle, or, rather, call it scrimmage—dreadfully mismanaged, and it is evident that Lount and McKenzie did do nothing in a military way, and knew nothing of military tactics.

The late ex-Governor, John Beverley Robinson, made some curious misstatements about it, in an interview held with the *Empire* newspaper some eight years ago, which I contradicted in the *Telegram.* He was a lad of sixteen only at the time.

The Rev. Mr. Withrow, in a school-book, also made some woeful misstatements in reference to the number killed there.

Lastly, there is a strange discrepancy between the late Walter McKenzie and a letter which Judge Gowan sent me some months ago.

THIS BATTLE WAS THE CANADIAN END OF THE WAR

with McKenzie and Lount. Strange that the best man they had—Matthews—and 200 or less of his picked men that day were down at the Don bridge during the affair, of no use to the patriots. The Government people had all their forces concentrated on the farmers there—even small lads.

But first for these discrepancies.

The late Walter McKenzie claims—told me so repeatedly—that he positively saw Morden rise from behind a stump, and he, in self-defence, shot and killed him. Lately, ex-Judge Gowan, in writing about the rebellion, says: "I went to the battle of Montgomery Hill on the 7th December, 1838, with the Government militia, with Clarke Gamble, an aged lawyer, two years older than I am, and also with a colored man with us. This colored man, as Morden arose from behind a stump to shoot at us, shot him dead."

Mr. Robert Moore, of Newmarket, a lawyer, told me he was at the battle with the patriots, and was sixteen years old, the same age as the late ex-Governor J. B. Robinson. He and one of the Snyder family, he says, carried Morden, after being shot, off the field of battle.

Mr. Moore says he only knows of this one death on the patriot side.

How, then, can Mr. Withrow and the ex-Governor be correct who talk of many killed?

Another discrepancy as to the number killed on the patriot side therefors exists.

The late ex-Governor J. B. Robinson, in this *Empire* interview speaks of six or more being killed and many wounded and sent to the Toronto hospital on the patriot side. But who were they? What were their names? This is wrong. I never heard of any of the Tories being killed. I doubt if any were,

### WHO COMPOSED THE TORY TROOPS?

Yes, this is a serious question. Take away some such men as Mr. Gowan, Sir Thomas Galt, then only a lad, and some others not connected with the old Compact Tories, who went up as boys with the best of motives, no doubt, you will find the bulk of them were the sons of office-

holders, the office-holders themselves fighting for their bread and offices. It was a life struggle to retain their offices and to put down the poor farmers of York and their sons, who had for forty years or less asked for, voted for, peaceably demanded in a constitutional way the rights of British subjects, the fulfilment of what Governor Simcoe promised in 1792—

THE FULFILMENT OF BRITISH COLONIAL DESPATCHES AND PROMISES.

Oh, what a beautiful sight to shoot down the farmers! To kill those assembled to ask for justice! I thank God I was not there to shoot them down; for when in gaol in 1837-8 I saw the well-behaved, noble fellows, the sons and fathers of the County of York, who had, in 1800, before and after, cleared the forests by the sweat of their brows with their axes, and could only say I pitied the poor men who were imprisoned behind the iron bars of the great gaol.

I did not know them, was a stranger among them, and had no part in their struggles or actions on that day, or at all; but I saw they were the blood and sinews of our country, such as had not lived on the fruits of corruption in offices, or been trained to feed at the cribs of the office-holders of Toronto.

SUCH MEN AS THEY WERE, OR THEIR FATHERS,

I had known in old times to go into the wilderness with their wives alone, build up a shanty, and with a cow and the clothes they wore, and an axe and a gun, open up the wilderness and make it bloom like the rose. One such man I knew in Ancaster, a Mr. Shaver, whose children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren now number perhaps 500 souls, and they were U. E. Loyalists.

Another man of the same kind I knew, Major Westbrook, near Brantford, who did the same, and he and his family fought, as did poor David Matthews' father, for the British side in 1776.

OH, WHAT A BEAUTIFUL SIGHT

to drag such people by ropes to a great gaol in Toronto, hang two of them, banish many to the distant VanDieman's Land and others to the American north-west wilderness! The office-holders conquered, burnt the great hotel of Montgomery, Mr. David Gibson's private farm-house and barns up Yonge Street, robbed the store of Mr. Marshall, of Aurora, put dozens in stores at Newmarket as prisoners, and chased others all over the county, as if they were wild beasts, regardless of whether guilty or innocent, so long as they were Reformers or for British rights!

THE BURNING OF THE HOTEL AND MR. GIBSON'S HOUSE AND BARNS.

For these acts what excuse can be given? What but low, revengeful motives? It was said the insurgents had burnt Dr. Horne's house in the woods by order of McKenzie and Lount. If this was so, it was unmanly and cruel to commit such acts. The two great properties were not those of the rebels, and the one was tenanted by a Tory, the other by a member of the Legislature, Mr. Gibson, who was not conspicuous in the rising. At all events, after the battle was over the excuse was disgraceful.

In full war times no victorious army is justified in burning private property. The killed at the battle are uncertain. Ex-Governor Robinson's account cannot be proved at all, and as the insurgents were well-known, respectable farmers, or their sons, if six by the ex-Governor talked of, or sixteen by Mr. Withrow, had been killed, their names

would surely have been known. Besides, the insurgents were so situated behind fences, in the hotel and scattered, it is not likely in an uphill place that they could have been killed. The Snyder family, who lived there, never heard of any being killed but Morden, nor did Montgomery or his tenant.

On the Tory side it is doubtful if any one was killed. Who is able to give the names of the killed? Let any one name them—the killed on either side. The Tories were in every way better able to conquer on that day, as well from numbers as from the use of a cannon. And it would have been well for the insurgents to have retreated in a body. It is probable there were not 500 of them there.

### CURIOUS ESCAPES WORTH MENTIONING.

Two who were in this battle are still alive—one, a boy, as it were, only sixteen; the other, an Englishman. They got into a farmer's barn, and hid in the manger under the straw, very deep down. The farmer came in early in the morning or late at night, and stuck his fork down, and almost stuck the men's bodies with it. They then struck for the woods towards Holland Landing, and one got home: the other was not so near home, and hid in a hollow log all night, then went west and into the States, and taught school for a year or two.

### THOMAS ANDERSON,

who did so much with me in putting up the monument to Lount and Matthews (he gave $100 down), escaped in a schooner to Lewiston. He took his rifle and went in broad daylight, passed Sheriff Jarvis on Yonge Street, joined the patriots at the hill, and was in the fight on Yonge Street on Tuesday night, the 5th, and also on the 7th. He was a brave fellow. He carried for fifty years one of Lount's

teeth on his watch-chain, removed from his body in 1859, when the martyrs' bodies were buried from the Potter's Field in the Necropolis cemetery.

MR. DAVID GIBSON

went east through Scarboro' and Whitby, was hid some days in a pea-stack, and escaped, I believe, in a schooner. The season was so warm schooners were s^oat. Old Sir Francis, you remember, had a steamer lying at anchor, to take him off to Kingston in case of necessity.

W. L. M'KENZIE

stopped with sixteen men going across the Humber, near Klienburgh, then to Cooksville, at the house of Mr. Wilcox, where he rested, ate his breakfast, dressed, got some disguise, took young Wilcox with him, and went through Trafalgar and Nelson, waded in the cold, icy water up to his neck over the Bronte River, stopped at a farmer's all night. Every spy was after him there, but he was disguised, very small and very spry. One morning some parties came to the farmer's house, looked all over, examined the barns. McKenzie was feeding the pigs not 200 feet away, in an old shabby dress. He went up to Dundas, to Mr. Obed Everett's, an old friend. He knew that region well, struck over to Barton South, to Mr. Jacob Rymal's, got a horse and went to the Orangeman's house in or near Smithville, above the mountain, then to Chippewa. I believe he used to say "he was not born to be hung."

CHARLES DUNCOMBE

hurried over to Detroit. I have not heard how

POOR LOUNT AND MATTHEWS WERE TAKEN—POOR OLD COLONEL VAN-EGMOND

could not get away. He was caught on the road, shoved into a cell, then into a hospital, where he died of neglect

and old age. He was not liked by the Canada Company, which is a Compact affair and always favored by it, and was in turn an engine of the Compact. This old man has relatives now near Stratford; was always used badly by the Company.

## PAPINEAU.

### WHAT WAS THE SECRET POLITICAL OPINION OF CANADA?

It was in favor of the insurgents of Lower and Upper Canada. A large proportion of the French people of Lower Canada were with Papineau. He was right in his demands for the enactment of the ninety-two resolutions which have since been carried into law.

Papineau was a great man, and did not allow the priests to dictate to him. He was very like Mr. Laurier, quite as much of an orator and a perfect gentleman. I saw him and Mrs. Papineau at Albany in September, 1838, when I went to Albany, and conversed with them.

Why, then, it may be asked, did they not succeed? There were four reasons:

1st. The people had no arms, and did not intend to go to war.

2nd. The priest party were secretly opposed to him and his radical movements. The Pope is a Tory, a European despot, as he is now secretly. The Church of Rome is a despotism.

3rd. The fact is that the rebellion, if it was such, was precipitated, forced on the *habitans*—then they were shot down.

4th. The British people were opposed to the French; were, in fact, Tories in disguise—mean-spirited, as they are still. Some are not so, but that is the character generally of them. Upper Canada was not prepared for any rebellion, although there was a majority of them thought that opposition by force ought to be made to the Compact.

If McKenzie had taken Toronto he would have had 5,000 men within a week, perhaps more. Many were on their way from Thorah and Mara to join him, and they say Peter Perry, from Whitby, could have done so with 800 men.

The majority in the Home District, two to one, were in his favor; so were the people of Halton and Wentworth. Norfolk, Oxford and Middlesex were favorable to the rising, but not in any way prepared to do so.

M'NABB AND HIS GANG

of perhaps 500 or 1,000 were allowed to maraud, wander around the country, and imprison and abuse the Reformers with no opposition, whilst he was hated everywhere.

The office-holders and their sons had a clean walk-over at Montgomery Hill. Thus a general onslaught on their enemies, as they called them, the Reformers. Who can wonder at their success?

# CHAPTER XVIII.

The death of my wife—Her mother and relatives present—Her funeral—Strange death—Strange sights—*Son of Temperance* paper published by me—The Order of Sons of Temperance and my connection with them—The House of Assembly of 1835—My brother in it—Its composition—Baldwin's attempt to form a system of responsible government—Its failure by the misconduct of Governor Head and the Family Compact—Head forms an old-fashioned one—Sullivan, Allan, Elmsley (all Tories) in it—It is carried on in the interest of the Compact—Conduct of Elmsley—Change of his religion—W. L. McKenzie and Charles Duncombe—McKenzie's defeat in Western York by fraud and violence.

## THE DEATH OF MY WIFE, 12TH DECEMBER, 1855—"IN THE MIDST OF LIFE WE ARE IN DEATH."

The sad death of Mrs. Sarah Durand, my wife, occurred 12th December, 1855. This very sad event, the saddest of my life, at the early age of 35 years, leaving me with an interesting family of six dear girls, then quite young, the youngest only a child of a year and nine months old, cast a great sorrow and gloom over my life and household, and over her many dear relations. Her mother, Mrs. Widow Bostwick, very far advanced in life, of whom I have spoken in connection with my wife and her daughter's troubles of 1837, still lived in the old homestead near Bloor Street, and all my wife's sisters and brothers, some older than she was, were still alive and well. Mr. R. A. Parker, who had married one of the sisters, and Mr. George H. White, who had married the eldest sister, and their wives were alive and in Toronto. Her eldest brother, George, and his family were alive. Her brother, Lardner, who had gone to Chicago, and was married, lived in Minneapolis, Minnesota. She

had a large number of acquaintances and friends, who deeply mourned her loss.

The death was quite unexpected to me and all of us, and her sickness lasted only seven days, caused by childbirth. We as wife and husband had lived so closely together, ever enjoying the blessings of a happy home, and with a delightful young family of girls, made me feel the sudden misfortune in the keenest way. What can describe such a sorrow? What can equal it? Only those whe had loved and lived as we had near nineteen years together, and loved still the same at her death, can appreciate such a loss. All the dear memories of 1836-7, all the dear memories of our troubles then and in after years in Chicago, all the sweet peace and comforts of a happy home, arose and clustered around this melancholy death, and only the hope and belief of a meeting in a renewed life and heavenly home through eternity, could sustain us at such a time.

We had spent the past year, summer and autumn very happily and in various ways of pleasure. It was, however, in this year that the terrible

STORM I HAVE SPOKEN OF ON THE BAY

in the earliest chapters of this book, caught all my family and a large company of Toronto ladies in a horse-boat on Toronto bay going to the Island, by which, for a time, I thought we would have all perished by being upset. The year was 1855, the month July. It was a very hot summer day and clear when we and many others thought we would go for coolness to the Island in the old one-horse-boat, propelled by a horse-power, a horse going round on the deck (front of boat); a very odd and original way of doing such a thing. The wharf that was used was on Church Street. We were perhaps in the middle of the bay when the hurricane of wind and rain burst on us, as if in a

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CHARLES DERA

had a large circle of [illegible] and friends, who deeply mourned her loss.

The death was quite [illegible] and all of us, and her sickness lasted only seven [illegible] childbirth. We as wife and husband had [illegible] together ever enjoying the blessings of a happy home [illegible] ful young family [illegible] sudden misfortune in the [illegible] way. What can describe such a sorrow? Who can equal it? Only those who had loved and lived as we had near nineteen years together, and loved still the same at her death, can appreciate such a loss. All the dear memories of 1856-7, all the dear memories of our troubles then and in after [illegible] the sweet peace and comforts of [illegible] mastered [illegible] hope and [illegible] heavenly home through [illegible] at time.

We had spent the past year, summer and autumn very happily in various ways of pleasure. It was, however, in this year that the terrible

STORM I HAVE SPOKEN OF [illegible] DAY

in the earliest chapters of this book, caught all my family and a large company of Toronto ladies in a horse-boat on Toronto bay going to the Island, by which, for a time, I thought we would have all perished by being upset. The year was 1855, the month July. It was a very hot summer day and clear when we and many others thought we would go for coolness to the Island in the old one-horse boat propelled by a horse power, a horse going round on the deck [illegible] boat [illegible] very odd and original way of doing such a [illegible] The wharf that was used was on Church Street. We were perhaps in the middle of the bay when the hurricane [illegible] burst on us, as if it

CHARLES DURAND,
At 44 Years.

minute, from the north-west, coming from a previously clear sky, dashing the water over the boat, and hurrying it across the bay, everywhere for a time. We were driven within a short distance of the south shore, the horse was useless. I walked over the boat as well as I could and tried to calm my wife and children, all of whom, six girls, and the youngest, Jessie, in the arms of her nurse. I have a picture of all the girls, made that summer in a gallery, and of myself and wife. All the women, except my wife, were in tears. She was always calm in such cases, and in every crisis. Once before, in a runaway by a horse for a mile, she and a daughter at Woodbridge, were in danger of death, by a terrible runaway. She was then also calm.

The storm lasted only perhaps twenty minutes, it passed away, all was calm again. As I said when alluding to this case of danger before. It was here the late Mr. Wilkes, whose widow on Bloor survives him, was so calm, then only a young man, and spoke so kindly and religiously to my daughter Sarah Ellen, now Mrs. Dr. William Oldright.

We all thought we were in the midst of death. My beloved wife even in her last scene on earth, was calm, although in much pain near her last moments. She died in my arms, gazing in love at me, no doubt thinking of our past life and its loves and trials.

It is said when we pass away, a few moments before death, all that is past comes up in our

MEMORIES AS A PANORAMA

before the mind. We then pass away and enter the dark unknown to us, and we hope the

GLORIOUS LAND OF IMMORTALITY.

So she died on the 12th, a terrible day to me, surrounded by children, mother and some sisters, in our beautiful wooded home on Yonge Street.

To dwell on the scene of death is painful. Dr Aikins was there, he who is now, and has been, sick for two years. But how many others have had to go through such a sad scene—husbands losing wives, wives losing husbands, parents losing children. Oh! that we might all be prepared to meet that loving God in a brighter world, whom Jesus so beautifully depicted in the parable of the

PRODIGAL SON.

I promised to insert what Bryant, the poet, so beautifully wrote, in this part of my book, and what poet Burns wrote about his Highland Mary in Heaven.

This beautiful poetry of Bryant was inserted in the *Son of Temperance*, November 11th, 1854, and is cut out of one of my papers.

## THE FUTURE LIFE.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

How shall I know thee in the sphere which keeps
  The disembodied spirits of the dead,
When all of thee that time could wither sleeps
  And perishes among the dust we tread?

For I shall feel the sting of ceaseless pain
  If there I meet thy gentle presence not;
Nor hear the voice I love, nor read again
  In thy serenest eyes the tender thought.

Will not thine own meek heart demand me there?
  That heart whose fondest throbs to me were given,
My name on earth was ever in thy prayer,
  Shall it be banished from thy tongue in Heaven?

In meadows fanned by Heaven's life-breathing wind
  In the resplendence of that glorious sphere,
And larger movements of the unfettered mind,
  Wilt thou forget the love that joined us here?

The love that lived through all the stormy past
  And meekly with my harsher nature bore,
And deeper grew, and tenderer to the last,
  Shall it expire with life and be no more?

A happier lot than mine, and larger light,
  Await thee there; for thou hast bowed thy will
In cheerful homage to the rule of right,
And lovest all, and renderest good for ill.

For me, the sordid cares in which I dwell,
  Shrink and consume the heart, as heat the scroll
And wrath has left its scar—that fire of hell
  Has left its frightful scar upon my soul.

Yet, though thou wear'st the glory of the sky,
  Wilt thou not keep the same beloved name,
The same fair, thoughtful brow, and gentle eye,
  Lovelier in Heaven's sweet climate, yet the same?

Shalt thou not teach me, in that calmer home,
  The wisdom that I learned so ill in this—
The wisdom which I love—till I become
  Thy fit companion in that land of bliss?

Her funeral took place on the 15th December, and the sun shone out in a most beautiful manner, the month up to that time having been remarkably warm. The Revd. Mr. Adamson, the minister in St. Paul's English Church, officiated. Among those who attended was the noble Robert Baldwin, who went to his last home two years after.

Only those who have truly loved a woman—who as truly loved him—can appreciate the above thoughts, or those which here follow—written by the great poet of nature, Burns, who could write as well on the mournful and pathetic as on love. He beautifully expresses it in these lines:

"Thou ling'ring star with less'ning ray
That lovest to greet the early morn,
Again thou usherest in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn!
Oh, Mary! dear departed shade,
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

THE SON OF TEMPERANCE PAPER.

The establishment of the *Son of Temperance* newspaper by me in January, 1851; its usefulness and great circulation continued for four years; it circulated all over Upper and Lower Canada. My travels about it in buggies all over Upper Canada, often with my late dear wife; she helped me to manage it. An office was built in which to write for it and attend to office duties. The great temperance movement from 1840 to 1860. I was an officer in the order. Going to Ottawa with Dr. Ormiston in 1852-3.

A great movement took place in the United States, commenced chiefly by the *Sons of Temperance*, about 1840, in favor of the temperance movement, and quickly spread to all the British Provinces, chiefly in Upper Canada. I took part in it in 1850, became a member of this great organization in Toronto by joining the division or lodge called the "Ontario Division Number One of Toronto," which was the largest in Upper Canada, numbering over 300 at one time, embracing many of the most active citizens of this city. Such men as Withrow's father (I mean the father of Mr. Withrow the now President of the great Agricultural Show Company of Toronto). He, the President, was then only a boy of 14, and was one of the temperance cadets. There was, along with many divisions, a system of youths called Cadets, in age averaging from 14 to 18, I think. Exact duty or ages I don't put down, not having the rules before me;

but this is not a matter of importance, as it is the movement I am speaking about. The cadets were trained to become full members at say 20 or 21.

Mr. Withrow was a very active and a very intelligent, worthy man, as his son is.

The Rev. Mr. Withrow is also a son of the elder man spoken of.

In 1853, I think, there was a great gathering of the Sons of Temperance in Toronto, and a great procession with bands—numbering, as it was said, 5,000—the largest ever seen here. They came in from all parts of the surrounding counties, as far indeed as Hamilton. There is a report of this procession in the paper. At one time the Sons of Temperance numbered over 20,000 in Upper and Lower Canada, and 200,000 in the United States. Many speakers from the United States attended at this gathering, among them a gentleman named General Carey, another from Kentucky. At first, ladies were not admitted into the divisions, later on they were, and are now, as they are also in the Templar Societies. The Sons had a pass-word authorizing admission into the division, given out once a year, but no grips or signs of recognition outside. My paper was well got up with illustrations, and certain departments, Temperance the principal one; then news of the day, and youths', poetry and literature. For that time, 1851, its circulation was large, about 4,000; and the various divisions formed clubs of a dozen to 20 and 40. The names of the members are still with me. The price was $1.50 when it was weekly, and $1 when it was semi-monthly. It was so printed as to be bound, and I have the four volumes for 1851-2-3-4 bound. It ceased to be printed at the end of 1854.

I don't know the number of Sons now, but they are still generally in existence, two divisions, perhaps three, in the

city of Toronto. Our pledge was total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors, unless prescribed by a doctor for a specific disease, and we could not use cider, about which there was a great contest at first among the farmers.

I don't remember how they got over the taking of the Sacramental wine, but believe it was using the immediate pressed grape wine, not fermented.

A great amount of good was done in these divisions; thousands rescued from drunkenness. There was a small fee payable as admission and annually, and a small benefit fund in case of sickness.

My wife and I used to travel in many counties to look after my paper and visit members in the summer, and had beautiful rides in June, many of which I remember with a fond memory of them.

I often lectured at great temperance gatherings in the city and country in many localities. A gentleman, now 89 years old, used to be with me, Mr. Alcorn of Yorkville. We had great gatherings of ladies and gentlemen and bands in the woods. One I attended was near the Falls. We had a great meeting at Bytown, so called then, now Ottawa, in 1852, at which I recollect the celebrated Dr. William Ormiston attended, Mr. Farewell of Oshawa, and Abisha Morse of Canford, and many prominent men. I could, if room in this volume permitted it, mention many curious incidents that happened during my connection with the society; only one will be mentioned, to show how trying one's situation may sometimes be.

I had been travelling in 1852 or 1853 from Brockville among all the towns from that place to Toronto. It was the cholera year. Near Cobourg a violent diarrhœa attack came on me, so dangerous in cholera times, at this place, and I had to go on in a buggy to Bowmanville, where I had hired a horse and buggy to get through the country,

down and up again. There were then no railroads in the country, only steamboats on the lakes.

So bad had my attack become that I felt a little alarmed, and had no medicine with me (and it is difficult to tell what to take often). I had to walk at night from Bowmanville to the lake port. I would not take any kind of liquor, so bore it all. When I got to the lake port I had to wait until midnight for a steamer. I bore my sickness until I arrived at Toronto, and by care got well, and the disease left me on the boat in great part in my berth; but my pledge was observed and it was all well.

Some people used to say that the Sons "drank behind the door," which was a slander, for I believe the Sons, as I was at that time, were very faithful in all their conduct.

Well, this is an *oasis* in my life of four years of useful conduct, as well in aiding the good cause of temperance as in publishing a very useful paper some part of this period. The *Globe* published my paper in 1853-4.

THE ASSEMBLY OF 1835.

By looking at the Educational Department book issued by the Department of Education Bureau, I find that these persons formed the Assembly in 1835, among whom it will be seen are the names of poor martyred Samuel Lount, and my brother James Durand of Halton. His name made my Streetsville Orange Tory persecutors more determined; they said the name Durand was well known to be strong for reform, therefore they must detain me, right or wrong. (See Chap. IX., Vol. 2, Educational Proceedings 11th Parliament.)

There were sixty members:—James E. Small, Charles Richardson, Alexander Chisholm, Charles Waters, Thomas McKay, William Bruce, M.D., Donald E. McDonell, John Chesser (in place of Mr. McDonell of Prescott County, de-

ceased), John Cook, Hiram Norton, William B. Wells, Ogle R. Gowan, Robert Jamieson, Attorney-General (in place of John H. Boulton), Edward Mallock, Josias Taylor, Jacob Shibley, John Strange, Henry W. Yager, John Gilchrist, Samuel Lount, Thomas D. Morrison, M.D., Gilbert McMicking, Harmanus Smith, M.D., Thomas Parke.

Besides these there were old members elected such as Charles Duncombe, Peter Perry, Bidwell, Hopkins, Hagerman and others.

Of all the men in the Assembly of 1835, no man was as industrious as McKenzie. Dr. Charles Duncombe was a very useful man, and a leader in educational matters. I have a most beautiful speech of his on this subject. This House was clearly Radical in 1835, as will be seen by their votes as reported in this educational volume, and truly good. In the year 1836 there was another election, in which some of the above Radical members were defeated by fraud and even violence. McKenzie was cheated out of his Peel election, Lount out of his Simcoe election by base means, generally by patents issued by the Family Compact officials, who had all the offices at their control.

If nothing had taken place before this last election of 1835, the infamous means resorted to in 1836-1837 to defeat the popular voice, and the contemptible tricks of the poor-law upstart Governor Head, would have been sufficient to cause a rebellion. Probably a meaner upstart, a more deceitful English snob, never crossed the ocean, than this fellow Head; he thought himself of vast importance, although he was only a manager in an official way in a poor-law establishment in England, called by an incapable minister like Melbourne to misgovern an important and intelligent colony like Upper Canada.

One would have thought the result of the American Revolution (just ended in 1783) would have taught English

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One would have thought the result of the American Revolution (just ended in 1783) would have taught English

MRS. CHARLES DURAND,
At 35 Years.

aristocrats, who so often misgovern England, a lesson on American pluck and independence.

The period from 1835 to 1837 was one of the most exciting in Upper Canada, beginning with repeated impertinences and insults to the House of Assembly, and ending in murdering the people at Montgomery Hill and corrupting the Assembly of 1836-7, which superseded that of 1835.

When Baldwin attempted on the 20th of February, 1836, on the arrival of Head, to carry out the system of Responsible Government, which the Family Compact had not the capacity, seemingly, to understand, the Assembly in existence sustained Baldwin. The council chosen by Baldwin consisted of three Reformers and three Tories—R. Baldwin, Dr. Rolph, G. H. Dunn, Wells, Markland and Peter Robinson, a brother of the judge. This council was, soon after its formation, dismissed and humbled by Head and a league of secret advisers. (I have in the 8th Chapter fully alluded to this matter). As Head could not carry on his Government without a council, in the same year he chose a Tory council, composed of that changeable, unreliable Irishman, Robert Baldwin Sullivan, Wm. Allan, and again Augustus Baldwin, a Tory of a collateral branch of the Baldwin family, and John Elmsley. This Mr. Elmsley seems to have been, in early Family Compact days, quite an important man. He was one of the party who cut out the rebel or McKenzie steamer *Caroline*, on Navy Island, in 1838. He was the son of Chief Justice Elmsley. Latterly he became, through his wife's influence, a most superstitious and close Roman Catholic. How a man could live to the age of sixty and act as a strong Protestant, and thus so suddenly change, seems an indication of great weakness. No one can blame another for a rational, proper change. Compare the mummery of the Romish Church with the plain simple preaching by St. Paul—how does it

look? A man has a right to change his religion if he thinks he is wrong. But this gentleman had lived to a more than middle age; he was probably over sixty when this sudden and great change came over him, and all his ancestors had been Protestants. Then, if there is a change, it ought to be to a more rational system. What Protestants think is that Luther, Calvin and Knox were right.

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# CHAPTER XIX.

THE SECOND CHAPTER ON MY RETURN AFTER 1844. DRAPER'S GOVERNMENT UNDER LORD METCALFE.

The Draper Administration did not endure. Baldwin came into power again—Responsible Government carried the day—A nobleman, Lord Elgin, came into power from England—He was gladly upheld; in order to protect him they walked in a procession of 500 (I was one of them) to his house, where the Central Presbyterian Church now stands—There were terrible transactions in Montreal—The Parliament buildings had been burnt—Who caused it, and who were conspicuous in the affair?—One of them was Allan N. McNabb—George Brown's career was commenced—Great meetings of the people in Upper Canada to sustain Lord Elgin.

THIS is a very long and eventful chapter, and I must pass over it as hastily as possible, giving prominence to only the most important events that happened to the ministry of Baldwin and Lafontaine. My room is getting scarce in this volume. Mr. Draper's ministry, to sustain Lord Medcalf's contention that Responsible Government in Canada had not so extensive a meaning as it had in England, was justly repudiated by the people at the election in which he was defeated. It was the old story, in fact, again, of the Family Compact's contention of 1836, when Archibald McLean (the Chief Justice of Appeal afterwards in Ontario) foolishly contended that it amounted to "Republicanism." The fact being that it means a great deal more; for, in the United States, their government is not really as Republican as ours. There, the President can veto any measure, and

his Cabinet are irresponsible to the people; he can choose any man he likes for Secretary of State (the most important office), and all his ministers, without asking the permission of Congress to first sanction his choice. This ministry or Cabinet may formulate a policy antagonistic to the public opinion—of course the House of Representatives and the Senate may block his action, may over-ride his veto by a two-third vote.

Under Responsible Government, on the other hand, the House of Commons is supposed to be (must be) in harmony with the ministry, to do as it dictates, and the policy of the one is the policy of the other. The present Laurier Government is an example of this; where it will be seen that the country, as to official appointments, as to ocean steamers, and of the tariff, likewise of emigration, railways, etc., must be in accord with the Government which the House of Commons supports, which also controls the revenues, as it would in England. Lord Salisbury's Government there, as to Greece, Ireland or India, etc., must be in accordance with the majority opinion of the House of Commons. Now, this was just what the people wanted before 1837, but did not get until 1841-2. Who then was the cause of the rebellion? Had not the people contended for this for 40 years, and did not Governor Simcoe promise it?

Lord Elgin was a man of great mental power and administrative ability, and superseded Lord Medcalf. He was, in all his acts, governed by the doctrine established by Baldwin and Mr. Lafontaine, in 1842, and the latter was afterwards knighted and was also a strong advocate of this great principle. He and Baldwin came to the conclusion that Papineau had been right in his general political conduct in Lower Canada before the rebellion, that the rebellion was, in fact, forced on the people, that they rose on account of their oppression and the refusal of their just

demands, that what Papineau had asked in the 92 Resolutions ought to have been granted; therefore, that the people in Lower Canada should have been paid for their losses caused by the War of 1837. It was a disaster emphatically forced on the French Liberals by Lord Gosford. I wrote against this in 1836-7 in McKenzie's paper, and one letter of mine appeared in 1837, in the summer, saying "That it justified the taking up of arms on the part of the French Liberals." It was the illegal removal or taking of £34,000 sterling from the

PUBLIC CHEST

by Lord Gosford to pay the judges and Provincial Executive officers, because that Papineau's party had stopped the Government supplies on the ground that that Government would not redress the grievances of the people *set forth in the 92 Resolutions.* This is a popular right known to the House of Commons for two hundred years; in England it was a sacred one, as sacred as the Queen's throne itself.

The Orangemen (led by many very bad men in the ranks of the order of the time, from 1837 to 1854, such as O. R. Gowan, of Brockville, and many in Toronto) took an unconstitutional course and grossly insulted Lord Elgin in many places, especially in Toronto, where a public body of citizens, as above said (of whom I was one), walked, armed, in a public walk from the steamboat landing to his house on Grenville Street, in order to protect his personal safety with the police, and this was because he had signed the Rebellion Losses Bill in favor of those who in 1837-8 had had their property destroyed by military despotism. A similar bill should have passed in Upper Canada; but, of course, that was then impossible. If the people were right (as Lord Durham said in his English report), why should those who resisted unjust acts be made to suffer the losses

inflicted by the real cause of the rebellion? Why should my property have been destroyed, or the house of Gibson on Yonge Street have been burnt?

The violent conduct of these Orangemen (falsely so-called) and of many as violent Tories in Montreal (assisted by such men as McNabb in Upper Canada) resulted in the destruction of the Parliament House at Montreal, and the Public Library ir 1849. The seat of Government was, in consequence, moved to Quebec in or about 1852-3. It was held there when George Brown had got into the House of Commons from Lambton, and commenced making his great agitation in the country about the encroachments of Popery. Mr. Brown's first attempt at candidacy for Parliament was in Haldimand with William Lyon McKenzie, in 1848 or 1849, where he was signally beaten by the latter.

Notwithstanding McKenzie's banishment, the riot at his home in Toronto in 1849 after his return, all his old expulsions by Hagermans and McNabb's means, notwithstanding his Navy Island attempt, he really was exceedingly popular in Upper Canada, and could probably in 1850 to 1858 have been elected in twenty constituencies in that Province. This was because (although hasty and foolish in the Yonge Street affair) he had been contending for a great principle, against a corrupt and oppressive set of officials, of whom I have written so much in previous chapters.

The burning of the Parliament Buildings at Montreal—1849—was one of the most disgraceful transactions that ever took place in Canada, or in any British provinces. It created a wonderful excitement in Canada and throughout America. Unfortunately for the name of Tory, it was done by the so-called leaders of that party. But allow me to say that they were not true representatives of our Conservatives of 1897 or previous years for a generation. The Conservatives of this generation, going as far back as 1875.

are much more moderate men, ready to accede to any reasonable reforms. It is true, we hear of very bad contracts about canals, railroads and job work of all kinds in Quebec and the Maritime Provinces, unfortunately often corrupt, which are made in view of advancing the interests of individual contractors, and not those of the country. But I fear that both parties may be more or less guilty of such things. It is to be hoped the Laurier régimé will refrain from this corruption. The Conservatives of Ontario considered upon the whole, like the Reformers, mean well for their country; like the Reformers, they are ready to adopt necessary reforms; so that the name of either party has ceased to be significant in this respect. In the ranks of each there are no doubt exceptions of corruption or failure of duty, as it was in 1837.

Then, with this digression, who were to blame for this most deplorable and wicked act? I know of no one more to blame than McNabb, a man who had lived in political corruption since 1828 in Upper Canada. Sir John A. Macdonald was then a comparatively young man, not more than thirty-five years old. He had not been in any prominent political position, but was in the Draper Administration, I think, as Solicitor-General. He, no doubt, was in Montreal assenting to the act in a general way. William Hume Blake took a very active part with other strong Reformers in stopping it; but all in vain. Stoning, shouting, threatening at Lord Elgin, if not actual violence, were used; so much so that he was in danger of his life. The corrupt tail of the Upper Canada Compact were there with McNabb, as well as many rascals of Montreal—called influential men. The act was rejoiced at in Upper Canada by the old Compact's friends everywhere. The Hagermans, the Drapers, the Jones, and even Dr. Strachan's friends (I hope not the Ryersons), secretly worked for and approved

of this act of the hero of Navy Island—the hero of the arrests of unoffending Reformers and the burnings at Montgomery Hill, all over Upper Canada, including my own arrest, and that of my wife in Hamilton.

Has it not appeared to my readers in the description of this lady's arrest in Hamilton, that it was strange that McNabb, who was in command of the ruffians in Hamilton in 1837 and 1838, should never have offered any apology for or enquired into such an act? He pretended to be a very gallant man to ladies, must have known of this base conduct, yet never punished the perpetrators or made any apology! I believe that the fellow—limping and impertinent—called Sheriff Allan McDonnell, of Hamilton, who was an aide-de-camp of McNabb at Navy Island, had a good deal to do with the outrage on this lady, and must have known of it. The burning of her Majesty's Parliament House was, too, such a conspicuous act of loyalty for such exceedingly loyal men as the McNabb crew!

Did they think when they stoned and mobbed Lord Elgin who he was—whom he represented? "A fig," said they, "for her Majesty the Queen if our interests (their contemptible interests!) stand in the way." Yes, *their interests*, the rascals, were what made them refuse responsible government to Upper Canada for fifty years and cause the rebellion! Out upon such bastard loyalty!

To consummate this act many of the pre-movers got up a loyal programme of annexation to the United States. I do not know that McNabb signed it, but dozens of his friends did. The procession of 500 in which I walked, to protect her Majesty's envoy in Toronto on his arrival, formed a strange contrast. We, the alleged rebels of 1837, walked in loyalty to keep order and sustain her Majesty's Governor-General!

The then few groaning Orangemen (false in that period),

if they had dared, would have used violence in Toronto to Lord Elgin. What strange changes circumstances make! Lord Elgin was afterwards the Governor-General of India, a trusted envoy in China, who did services for England.

Petitions by the hundred poured in from all parts of Upper Canada sustaining his course in Montreal, and the émeute blew over in a few years. Yes, these very men, and McNabb was one of them, took some of the French of Lower Canada into a patched-up Union Government to see if they could feather their nests again with public money, and John A. Macdonald took into his Government George E. Cartier, one of the most violent of Papineau's friends of 1837-38

Strange to say, the Tories, especially McNabb and his somewhat similar friend, John A. Macdonald, could accommodate themselves to any position. I have sometimes thought that after they burnt down the Parliament House at Montreal and issued a proclamation for annexation, they would have gone for plunder to Washington! But are the Reformers (the modern Reformers) any better? Politicians often sleep in the same beds, although at one time it seems as if they could have cut each other's throats. In office or out of it makes a wonderful difference with people, especially old, hard-headed politicians. One thing I always noticed in Sir John A. Macdonald: he was hard on anyone concerned in the Rebellion of Upper Canada, but easy with those of Lower Canada. Do you know why? Because the former were not so numerous or influential; the latter held the keys of power by their numbers and their priests.

Oh, what a difference it makes whose ox is gored! Even the rabid political scapegrace McNabb fraternized with Lower Canada rebels. No rebellion would ever have occurred in Upper Canada if Lower Canada had not first resorted to arms, and invited the ultra-Reformers of Upper

Canada to do so. Do the present race of men know this? Who thus was the most to blame?

A great wave of Annexationism seems to have come over Canada in 1848-9. The Tory movements: Newspapers established: *The North American*, by William McDougall; *The Pilot*, by Hincks; *The Leader*, by James Beatty; *The Son of Temperance*, by Charles Durand, in Toronto; *The Advocate; The Witness*, in Montreal, and many others in various parts, from 1848 to 1855. Hugh B. Wilson and *The Independent* only lasted a short time in the movement. The Canadians had no cause or reason to aid such a movement, but with many a sudden

GENERAL MOVEMENT

came into their minds in the east and west about annexation to the United States, in the year 1848, and contemporaneously with the burning of the Parliament House. Many men since that time—a few are still alive—have openly and secretly favored this movement. A large annexation declaration was signed in Montreal, and was also signed to a small extent in Upper Canada, in favor of this idea by men afterwards prominent on the Tory and Reform sides of politics. Among them were such men as these: Sir Alexander Galt, a very talented man; Mr. Abbott, a late Prime Minister of Canada, and a great lawyer of Montreal; also, I believe, Mr. Rose. These three were knighted afterwards. Mr. Abraham Farewell, of Oshawa, in Whitby, advocated it. Hugh B. Wilson, son of the celebrated John Wilson, of Hamilton, once Speaker of the Upper Canada Legislature, and the close friend of Allan N. McNabb, whose entry into the Toronto Assembly he caused, went to Washington to see how he could influence public men there and in New York State. Among the men whom he sought to influence were Governor Fish and Secretary Marcy.

Hugh B. established, and published for a time, a paper called *The Independent.* Sentiments will run in the blood. Republicanism, like slavery, seems to run in the blood. Old Speaker John Wilson came with his brother to Hamilton from the United States. Although at first they were quite democratic, John became a thick Family Compact man and an office-holder all his life. He was inspector of licenses and stills (at that time a good office) all his life, in Wentworth. His son, James Wilson, was once mayor of the town of Hamilton, in 1837.

### UPS AND DOWNS—CHANGES IN POLITICS.

Sir Francis Hincks married Robert Baldwin Sullivan's wife late in life. It will be remembered that this latter gentleman was a thick and thin supporter of the Family Compact up to 1839, doing all their dirty political work, and often filling a plurality of offices. He was chosen to be the moving and active executive councillor, in 1839, by Sir Francis Bond Head, with old Mr. Allan and others, after Robert Baldwin's Responsible Government Council of 1836 was dishonestly dismissed by Head. Mr. Sullivan was the brother-in-law of Baldwin.

Mr. Baldwin acted sensibly. He put his foot down at once on this annexation *émeute.* It would have been a most ungrateful thing, just when England had very properly given the Canadians Responsible Government, if they had gone over to the United States. But the McNabb Tories had commenced it by raising the outcry about the Lower Canada Rebellion Losses Bill, and burning down the Parliament buildings. Many who signed this annexation manifesto were magistrates (Farewell among them) and were dismissed. It was said that John A. Macdonald encouraged the movement. This I do not know. The Montreal fire-eating merchants were the most violent. But

for Montreal nothing could have been worse, in my opinion, than this very movement. It blew over when McNabb got into the Ministry as Premier.

He said he cared not any more for politics or anything; but railroads were his cry, railways were his politics. Many of my readers will remember a certain County Court Judge, appointed in Hamilton, named

JOSEPH DAVIS OF HAMILTON,

the nephew of Ashael Davis of Nelson, who loaned me a horse to go to Hamilton to see my wife, on the 8th day of December, 1837. Well, this gentleman, Joseph Davis, had done some so-called useful acts for Allan N. McNabb, one of which was to sell him his mother's

HOMESTEAD NEAR STONEY CREEK,

on which he had some mortgage claim, as I understood; in consequence of which his mother and sisters were turned out of it.

I HAVE KNOWN OF SOME VERY POOR

County Court Judges; but this man was the worst I ever knew. He was succeeded by Mr. Miller, who was a very fair man, and ordinarily efficient.

# CHAPTER XX.

The Blake and Sandfield Macdonald Government embroglio—Macdonald's conduct as Premier—Goldwin Smith's opinion of him—My appointment—What is treason?—Col. Talbot and Dr. Dunlop—Egerton Ryerson and Joseph Hume—Macdonald's Cabinet—Blake as a politician—The Pope's act—Benedict Arnold.

## EDWARD BLAKE AND JOHN SANDFIELD MACDONALD.

ONE of the modern episodes in Ontario's history was the displacing in 1870-1 of Hon. John Sandfield Macdonald by Edward Blake, by means of a political fluke, a mean political trick, taking the advantage of the election of the ministers of Sandfield, who had to go out to be elected, thus leaving a small majority against him in the House in Blake's favor. One Macdonald man, Mr. MacManus of Mono, changed his former manner of voting, and through political promises given the political turncoat, Wood of Brantford, went over to Blake, who as a reward (political I mean) was afterwards made the Chief Justice of Manitoba, an office disgraced by his oddities and other conduct. He was called ever afterwards "Speak now," as he was told to speak against his Premier at a given time.

Feb., 1897, Professor Goldwin Smith's opinion is thus given about the merits of this shamefully abused Premier. His abilities were above those of Mowat, whom Blake got to leave his position on the bench and mingle in the political arena.

## CURRENT TOPICS, BY GOLDWIN SMITH, FEBRUARY, 1897.

Among the achievements of Mr. Edward Blake, rehearsed at the presentation of the portrait the other day, was

his famous victory over Sandfield Macdonald. In Grit annals this probably stands as a triumph of austere virtue over political corruption. A triumph of austere virtue, of very austere virtue, it undoubtedly was, but not over political corruption. There was no nonsense about Sandfield Macdonald. He did not pretend to be anything but a party politician, thoroughly unsentimental, holding his party together and playing its game by the usual tactics, and in the common way. Yet he was a faithful and watchful guardian of the public interests, and, above all, of the public chest. He owed his position not merely to his skill as a politician, which strangely deserted him at the last, but to the geniality of his character, and his staunchness as a comrade and a friend. What is commonly called magnetism is not indispensable to a leader. Neither Pitt nor Peel had it. But it was known that their hearts were warm. They were unselfish, devoted to the corporate interests of their party, and always true to their friends. Sandfield Macdonald, however, had warmth of manner as well. There is nothing imposing or romantic about his figure. He is now almost forgotten. But when his name is brought up in connection with his defeat, those who knew him will bear witness that we may think ourselves very fortunate if we do not fall into worse hands.

Blake, after displacing Sandfield by this trick, that of gaining over the "Brantford sneak," Wood, and humbugging a subservient House of Assembly of poor Grit tools, went to Ottawa, where he remained a while. He there proved his weakness as a leader and left McKenzie; quarrelled politically with him, some say tripped him up. After a few years he, a so-called Protestant (his wife a strong Protestant), went to the Roman Catholic Irish in Ireland; there, with bishops and politicians, held political meetings on the Sabbath, hob-nobbed with them, never did any good, and is there now.

He has been for many years the paid counsel for the Mowat Government in Privy Council cases.

He is proud, conceited, and vacillating.

A mean political trick was played on poor Mr. Macdonald and his colleagues, M. C. Cameron, Stephen Richards and Mr. Carling, of London, and it will (its memory) stick to him as long as he lives, and injure his character politically.

POLITICAL ADVANTAGES

fairly won, such as that of Mr. Laurier at Ottawa, are commendable; of course, some say he got in by making pledges of what he would do for the priests' party in Quebec on the School Question; but I don't place much stress on that.

His course, on the whole, was fair. If he had the general vote of the Orangemen it was because Sir Charles Tupper had taken a most iniquitous course the other way.

It may be said Mr. Laurier is a fair and clean politician on the whole. I don't like the manner things, of late, have been going on in Rome for his interests with the Pope. The Pope, as the head of the Roman Catholic Church, has a right to advise as to the general interests of his church (or the church of his ancestors), but not to meddle with the private political quarrels of Canada in the School Question.

THE CONDUCT OF EDWARD BLAKE

in politics has been *unprincipled* and *vacillating*. When he displaced Sandfield it was because, he said, he did not consult the House sufficiently; but the moment he got the control he led them by the nose like a flock of sheep, did infinitely worse than his predecessor. He is and always was a proud, conceited lawyer; the same as a politician, and in the courts with the judges he is dictatorial. As for prin-

ciple, he can talk of it; but when a pinch comes, the principle is quite secondary. He is not so clever as his father was, not so gentlemanly or learned. I never saw any civility (I say real gentlemanly civility) in him or his brother, but his father seemed to me a very gentlemanly man. Shortly before his death, now over 20 years ago, I met him on the street cars, and he was very friendly with me, shook me by the hand, wished me well and hoped that I was yet able to enjoy life. I was quite struck with his marked friendliness. He was a very handsome man, and had not the foxy look or sneer of either of his sons,—a sneer which is as much as to say, "I am a great man—greater than you; hold the stirrup of my horse for me to mount."

Do such men think that the shrewd observers of man can't see what they are?

Wm. Hume Blake, at his death, was so careful of avoiding public notice or observation, or flattery of man, that he or his friends (at his desire) were not allowed to know the hour of his burial. I thought this was much to his credit. For this reason I could not attend, which I would have desired to have done.

### SANDFIELD MACDONALD'S CABINET, CAMERON, RICHARDS, CARLING AND "SPEAK NOW" WOOD.

These men were honorable, useful and talented men. Wood was a very clever fellow, but a sneak in politics and had no principle. He was the man (say Judas Iscariot) that betrayed Sandfield Macdonald to Edward Blake and was called "Speak now," as he spoke out on the betrayal. M. C. Cameron had no equal in Canada for candor and openness of character and firm principle. Sandfield was a Roman, but liberal Catholic. He had no cramped ideas, was not a priest-ridden man, and, officially, cared as much for a Protestant as a Catholic, as a man should. It is the

way with me, although I am generally known among bigoted Catholics as very much opposed to them. It is not correct; I respect a man not for his particular creed, but for his general character. A priest-ridden man, be he Catholic or Protestant, is offensive to me.

M. C. Cameron and Stephen Richards were free-thinkers, not religious men as we understand the word. With the latter I have had many conversations on religion. With the religious opinions of Wood and Carling I was unacquainted, but the latter was a fine business man.

With this man Wood I had a conversation once in 1865 on the railway, as I was going from London, on the subject of the Macdonald Government about to commence. He was then violent in its denunciation and of all coalitions. Not long after to my surprise he had joined this very Government, and was for five years a violent supporter of it! Here was inconsistency; but that was his general character. Judas Iscariot was close, so far as the money-bags were concerned. Remember how careful he was (pretended to be about the poor); he was alarmed that so much ointment should be spent on Christ's body. Yet the rascal betrayed Christ for thirty pieces of silver.

Some of the noblest men have been sceptical in their religious belief; some of the meanest of God's creatures have been religious in name.

Egerton Ryerson attacked Joseph Hume in London, England, in 1834-5, because he was sceptical, although the greatest friend to the Reformers and the truest of Canadian supporters of Responsible Government. Yet this man, Egerton Ryerson, was contriving at that time to put down Bidwell and Perry and Responsible Government in Canada by caballing with Head in Toronto, and advising with the enemies of the Colonies in England, as well as with old fogy Tories in Canada. Which of the men was better—

the professedly religious man or the open and honest sceptic? To my mind the latter. So Judas Iscariot, with his love for the poor and his sticking fast to the money-bags, afterwards conspired with the High Priest and Sanhedrim at Jerusalem to fill his pockets by the betrayal of Jesus, whom he knew to be honest, pure and true.

Away, away with such miscreants from the world! Guilty he knew he was. He went and hanged himself, and threw his thirty pieces into the faces of the wicked Sanhedrim priests, and said on the gallows, "I have betrayed the innocent blood!"

What kind of feeling must the betrayer of poor Sandfield have had on his death-bed, when he knew he had wrongfully sold so good a man for his judgeship in Manitoba, the duties of which he never properly discharged!

So it was with Benedict Arnold in the days of Washington, that noble warrior and president. Why did he betray so noble a man? Did his 12,000 acres grant of land do him or his heirs any good? Washington put the greatest confidence in him; yet he was betrayed at a time when it might have greatly injured the cause of American Independence.

It was simply disgraceful in Wood to act as he did, and as disgraceful to the purest politician, as he is called, Edward Blake, to reward a political traitor to his Premier, Macdonald, with a judgeship. And this is the man (Blake) whom so many call a great man. He is great on oratorical platitudes, great in conceit, but a humbug in his political conduct. He has, however, feathered his nest with the Mowat regime.

Goldwin Smith very properly speaks in high terms (not high enough, however) of Sandfield. He says he is now nearly forgotten. What! after only twenty-six years? If so, the country is basely ungrateful. How can he be forgotten who did so much for Ontario? He established

an economical, pure government in Ontario! He left a surplus of $4,000,000 in the treasury, much of which has been, and was soon after, misapplied and wasted—in some respects

He greatly improved the courts, and caused reforms in the laws and courts of a valuable kind.

He watched the conduct of judges, the bad conduct of clerks, and judges, and court officers. He opened up the Muskoka country and improved it. He settled the back townships fairly in his time, and snubbed (as they deserved) such pretended patriots as old McKellar.

He would not submit to the dictation of the loud-talking Scotch agitator, George Brown, consequently was libelled and opposed by him.

George Brown, when Sandfield was placed in power by John A. Macdonald, saw him, button-holed him for days to carry out his (Brown's) views of Ontario reform; but Macdonald's Highland blood would not give way, and he answered: "I will do as I please. I am not here as the tool of any one!" and his course in all his time was open, manly and independent. What did he do with the courts?

## JOHN SANDFIELD MACDONALD'S WATCHFULNESS OVER THE COUNTY AND DIVISION COURTS.

It was a rumor quite current in 1868-9 that the clerks of the Division Courts, Surrogate Courts, County Courts, and others using stamps, then generally used to stamp papers for revenue purposes, also that many judges in the County Court, were negligent, immoral, drunken, in the discharge of their duties, when they should be sober; and that they allowed their clerks to act improperly in the discharge of their duties.

MY KNOWLEDGE OF THESE COURTS, HAVING PRACTISED IN THEM OVER FORTY YEARS IN ONTARIO,

was known to Macdonald, and he consulted Judge James R. Gowan, of Barrie, as to the best person to appoint to inspect and examine into these matters; was told by that judge (as I was informed) that no person in Ontario could do so as well as myself.

As to this I am not going to pass any opinion, but would say that I had written in the *Law Journal* a good deal on Division Courts acceptably to the public (the lawyers I mean), and had done business in the County and Division Courts since 1844 to that time on a large scale, which might have warranted the opinion of Judge Gowan.

MY APPOINTMENT BY THE GOVERNMENT

was made in 1870 to this office, in view of its being a permanent one.

I gave up a good deal of my usual practice in 1870 and part of 1871 to attend to this inspection of all courts below the Queen's Bench, and went into the Counties of York, Wentworth, Halton, Wellington, Dufferin, Simcoe, Huron, Middlesex, Essex, Kent, Brant, Welland, Lincoln, Ontario and Grey, to discharge these duties. These duties of inspector were assiduous and careful. In one year I saved the Government about $1,500, and made several lengthy reports of what was done. I also examined into and reported on the conduct of several judges. I may presently allude to a few incidents that occurred in the journeys and examinations.

The crisis in the Macdonald Government came on in December, 1870, and in January, 1871, Blake was Premier and Crooks Attorney-General. The former attempted to bully the Assembly and effectually did so. Alexander

McKenzie and Mr. Scott, now of Ottawa, were in the new Government, too, for a time. Old Mr. McKellar, now deceased, was the chief leader in it after Blake and Crooks. I had been, and have been always, a moderate man in the Reform ranks, and I was so, in fact, in 1837. I was what has been called a Baldwin's man. Blake was a one-sided, conceited politician; in plainer terms, a George Brown man. Crooks was a semi-Tory. His father, James Crooks, in old time, was a violent Family Compact Tory. The latter did not like my family, or my leanings towards Macdonald, so I had to wait and see, in 1871, what the two—Blake and Crooks—would do. I wrote to Crooks (see the letter on the next page), and found the course of these two men was full of shufflings and evasions. I spoke to poor Sandfield on the subject. He said: "You cannot trust them. They will evade your enquiries, humbug you, finally get someone in your place." I felt that his words were prophetic, as they became during the year.

They did not want me. I was too independent, and not of an obsequious nature. I had a mind, a nature, not of a machine and small partizan calibre. The *Globe* knew that. So, without giving me an answer or dismissal, disregarding the true public service, Blake and Crooks, on the recommendation of Mr. Paxton of South Ontario (a supporter of theirs in the Legislature), got a gentleman, Mr. Joseph Dickey, to perform part of my appointed duties, and Mr. Jackson, of Osgoode Hall, to perform other parts. These two gentlemen I know and esteem, and no blame is attachable to them. But blame is attachable to these two nondescript political schemers, Blake and Crooks, who had politically betrayed Sandfield Macdonald in 1870, and treated me discourteously. They set aside the appointment of the Macdonald Government, when that appointment had been properly discharged by me.

To me it was no great loss, and no great disappointment. I never asked for it, and it was given for the best interests of the public service.

Now other persons were treated in the same manner. Blake, growing weary of the small sphere in which he was acting, coaxed Oliver Mowat to leave the Chancery Bench (a very improper act), and belabor the Macdonald men, or Independents, of whom there were many in the House of Assembly. He has proved an apt scholar of Blake in many things, but he was not a shuffler. He was to be depended on; he did not conspire to defeat anyone. He had not the conceit of Blake, but was possessed of more sense and principle.

### IS THERE TREASON TO THE PEOPLE?

Yes; and most abominable it is. Was James the Second guilty of this? Yes; and justly driven out of England. Was Bloody Mary guilty of it? Yes. So was the worse bloody Marie De Medici, the inidrect authoress of the Massacre of the Huguenots, which caused the death of, history says, 30,000 of the choicest blood of France.

Charles the First was guilty of treason to the people in nursing Romanism in his kingdom.

Was Lord Gosford of Quebec guilty of treason in taking £34,609 sterling out of the treasury of Quebec in 1837, for which, at the time, I condemned him in a letter in McKenzie's *Constitution* paper? Yes. The people's Legislature stopped the supplies, under the great Papineau, a long-known constitutional right in the Commons, because their grievances were disregarded. He forcibly, by Order-in-Council, took the money out of the treasury. That was the blackest treason to the people!

Was Sir Francis Bond Head guilty of treason to the people in 1836-7? Yes, when he disobeyed the orders of

the Colonial Ministers, Lords Goderich and Glenelg, to make Bidwell and Rolph judges, and establish the English system of Responsible Government. Well, I hear some one say, "What! speak thus of kings, queens, lords, aristocrats?" Pray who are they? Who were their ancestors? Trace their origin and you will find that they were low barbarians in Europe.

Is there for honest poverty,
  That hangs his head, and a' that?
The coward, slave, we pass him by;
  We dare be poor for a' that!

Our toil's obscure, and a' that;
  The rank is but the guinea stamp,
The man's the gond for a' that!
  For a' that, and a' that!

A king or queen is the established head of a government by consent of a nation. The moment he or she disobeys the national will—tramples on the liberties of the nation—it is treason, as it is for a people to do so against law. There must be a responsibility somewhere. So the origin, "Divine right of kings," is the old maxim claimed against ignorance. When you see a man (Egerton Ryerson used to talk about the sacredness of it) uphold the divine right of kings you may put him down as fit for the dark ages. Who made the first king? Was he not a man like the rest of us? Oh, yes; the world should be all brothers. Kings and queens can be guilty of treason, as well as the subject.

## JOHN SANDFIELD'S DEATH IN 1872.

As is well known, this gentleman was affected with a disease of the lungs, which he had had for years. This disease was greatly aggravated by the misconduct of the betrayer Wood, and the supercilious conduct of Blake,

Crooks, McKenzie and Scott, as well as by such men as McKellar and George Brown in the *Globe*.

His death was in a certain sense hastened by disappointments caused by false friends, the above men. Mr. Mowat's conduct in this matter I do not propose to discuss here. If I ever write an impartial account of his régime or of John A. Macdonald's political life at Ottawa I shall give them as they should be, with all faults and merits, which probably has not been done. I owe them nothing for favors and have never craved any from them. I could live without them, and can say what neither of them could: "I am not a trickster, am not a political partizan; politically my hands are clean as to both of you."

John Sandfield Macdonald was Premier for a short time at Quebec in 1863. I think viewing him as a politician (which he was, as Professor Smith truly says) he was an honorable and useful man, did much for the country and especially for Ontario. He was unworthily betrayed and politically sneered at by this man, Edward Blake, who was and is a political snob, a vacillating fellow who has been petted and hurrahed for entirely too much by young students who did not know his true character and merits.

TWO CURIOUS AND ODD MEN

formerly lived in Canada, named, respectively, Col. Thomas Talbot, who, in the early part of 1800, settled many townships in the region of St. Thomas; and Dr. Dunlop, who was the oddest of living men and a chief manager of the lands of the Canada Company about Goderich, in the Huron tract, and died some half a century ago.

The English Government, at the end of his life, gave Col. Talbot a pension of $2,000 a year—Lord Bathurst was the cause of it—which offended the Toronto Tories, for they thought he had enough already. Mr. Wm. Dummer Powell

complained that he took away many settlers and prevented them from buying Government lands towards the end of his life. They grew very jealous of him and his old-fashioned home-life and exclusiveness. His biographer, Mr. Ermitinger, says William Dummer Powell complained to the Governor Smith about his backwoods authority and said his power looked like an "imperium in imperio." However, he did not mind them, but went on to the end of his life undisturbed in his old curious ways, and died in 1853, in London, under somewhat neglected circumstances, and left a large landed estate to a gentleman named McBeth, who had paid great attention to him in his old age.

### OLD DR DUNLOP'S ODDITIES—ONE OF THE STRANGEST MEN THAT EVER CAME TO CANADA.

In Mr. Ermitinger's book on Talbot's life, he says that Dr. Dunlop once called on the Colonel and spent two weeks with him as far back as 1832, and they saw that "like had met like." Col. Talbot had a valet, or favorite man, a "jack of all trades," called Jeremy; and likewise Dr. Dunlop had a man to do all his errands, to crack jokes for him, a kind of secretary, to write, laugh and mourn, if necessary, for him.

Col. Talbot was fond of the *best whiskey* he could get; Dunlop, the *best malt* he could get; so they had a good time when together. It reminds one of what Burns said of his boon companion:

> "Willie brewed a peck of malt,
> And Tam and Allan came to see," etc.

Col. Talbot could not go to church even if inclined. He was far in the woods, where no suitable one could be found. Dr. Dunlop had his objections to parsons and churches. He was broad Scotch and thorough Tory, as was Col. Talbot. When he was asked the reasons for his objections, he gave three:

"1st. I don't like to see one man monopolize all the talking.

"2nd. I don't like to have or see singing where there is no drinking.

"3rd. I don't care to go to a place where I must see my wife."

He preferred to act the bear alone, or with one like himself. He was the great talker of the Canada Company's Huron tract—the drinker, smoker and joker—the life of every company, laughing and causing others to do so. He was something like my old genial Englishman spoken of in one of my back chapters. He believed in taking in all good things as he passed through the world, believing in no other. "It takes all kinds of people to make a world," as the old saying goes. In the wilds of Huron, how could he spend his time unless over the glass, with the pipe, and his broad Scotch humors and songs?

Among the Canada Company's great and learned men was another, Mr. John Galt, the poet and novelist, father of Sir Thomas Galt, the judge. Another well-known man there was Mr. Jones, who married one of Dr. Strachan's daughters, and was long in Western Canada, and in Toronto Tory society, "A good fellow well met."

Mr. Ermitinger says that Col. Talbot had the superintendence of about 500,000 acres of land in twenty-eight townships, and contributed by his efforts in settling the same in the Talbot settlements, famous in old and recent times. Although the plans adopted were slow and odd, they were greatly to his credit. He did much better than the Canada Company considering the favors they received from the Canadian Government, and the number of persons

who aided in developing the Company's lands, as well as the unusual favors received. The Colonel and the old Tory Compact, in an indirect way, discouraged Mr. Gourlay's schemes, and, of course, Col. Talbot was a political enemy of Wm. Lyon McKenzie, Dr. Rolph and Reformers generally. He looked with suspicion on civilians, and was a military man in his views. A story is mentioned by Mr. Ermitinger of a trap, said to have been laid by Dr. Rolph, to get the Colonel to marry one of his numerous sisters. The plot signally failed, it is said. The story is probably apocryphal. I think Col. Talbot would have been wise had he married and brought up a family (this is Mr. Ermitinger's idea, not mine); it would have made him a better man in every respect. His example, too, (this is my idea) in the use of so much whiskey was not wise, from either a moral or physical standpoint. He was no friend of temperance or of church-going people. But in his early days the use of liquor was general. Dr. Dunlop was even worse in these matters than the Colonel. Is it wise for men calling themselves sensible and patriotic to do what is so destructive to morals and religion? Should men in this life act like sceptics and scoffers of everything but their own oddities and selfishness, as if there were no hereafter, no God, no Christ in history? We surely don't come into the world for playthings, for fools? Life is a serious thing! What estimate are we to place on the wisdom of men who live and die like brutes, neither knowing nor caring about their destiny, and perhaps not believing in the existence of the soul? Yet, alas! how many so-called wise men—odd creatures—live and die in this way in all countries! They are often good fellows, with many lovable qualities. I dare say Bismarck, in Germany, is just such a man. Certainly Dr. Dunlop's heathenism was manifest and is almost as prevalent in modern countries as it was in the time of

old Rome, with such men as Nero, Caligula and other rascals. Christian lands are full of people who call themselves Christians, but are Pagans at heart, under this merely conventional covering! It is often so even in our churches, and this conduct is causing a general system of hypocrisy in society. The adage "Aut Cæsar aut nullus" should be the motto of Christendom. As the great successor of Moses over the Jews said, "Choose ye this day whom ye shall serve, either God or the world. If the world, receive the reward, death; if God, life eternal and happiness." Who would die as a yellow dog and be a lump of dust? Why not be a man? What was Lord Byron but an ancient heathen poet in sentiment? He was learned, but worldly. Shelley was the same, indifferent to all true religion and virtue. The sentimental, yet loving, Burns had very little faith in the Bible. He had a great faith in humanity, the pretty Scotch lassies, and good malt, in fellowship with the world; all which, without Christ, are vanities. What are the "hoi polloi?" They are innately corrupt if left alone. Observe the United States recently running after a western demagogue, and the success of a scoundrel like Altgeld of Chicago, who flattered the vilest party in Chicago. Such men as he would have their country about their ears, and amidst its ruins and vice, amid the shouts of the "hoi polloi," fall into a bloody tyrant's hands (like Napoleon the Great or Robespierre), crushing out all truth, liberty and virtue!

But, after all, wisdom would cry from the ruins, "Remember there is a God in the universe." This was the conclusion of even Napoleon at St. Helena, of Wolsey in his adversity, and of old debauched Solomon—where all pleasures ended in ennui and weakness.

Col. Talbot and Dunlop might have been all that good men should be, without their profanities and bad examples.

# CHAPTER XXI.

Accounts of the Canadian Governments from 1852 to 1863—McNabb, Hincks Dr. Rolph, Malcolm Cameron and J. A. Macdonald—J. B. Robinson's conduct to me in suit, "Mercer *v.* Marshall"—Lawyer Eccles acted as my friend—Judge Sullivan and the Benchers thought it unfair—Reversed in a year—McNabb's, Hincks' and J. A. Macdonald's characters as politicians—The Confederation movement—Mr. Laurier alluded to—Baldwin's popularity—Col. Thomas Taylor—Mollie Brant—Col. Swaize—Farm life—Grievances of 1837.

I PROPOSE to summarize these administrations as much as possible; will only allude generally to them.

After the Government of Baldwin and Lafontaine, the second one I mean, expired, Allan N. McNabb for a short period held the reins of power on the strength of the loyalty cry, after the Rebellion Losses Bill had been written upon and magnified. He got a temporary majority in Upper, and fraternized with the Tories of Lower Canada, and a few half-Tory Frenchmen. But John A. Macdonald was assuming his tricky and political manœuvres. He saw a chance and tricked him out of the premiership. McNabb was never a deep man, nor learned. He was blustering and cheeky, and his opponent in rivalry was young, and easily got round him. The Navy Island affair had assisted McNabb.

But the cheek and bluster and cunning of Macdonald could not long deceive the people, and the next turn of the political wheel threw the power into Francis Hincks' hands. He called Dr. Rolph, and, I believe, Malcolm Cameron, into power.

The Clergy Reserve question and Church of England

Conservative tendencies of Baldwin had hurt Mr. Baldwin; and he lost his popularity. He was a perfectly conscientious man; did not like to sacrifice his church too much.

Francis Hincks cared little for church politics, and the Dissenters and Radicals naturally went with him against High Church tendencies.

Mr. Baldwin's death, was, I think, in 1856-7. During this regime this noble man died. He was very unworldly. The *Globe* opposed him in the latter part of his life, although George Brown attempted to defeat W. L. McKenzie sailing under Baldwin's wing and principles, half Liberal, half anti-rebellion principles. It was in 1850 that he refused to insert articles in his paper in support of my contention that Judge Robinson had done wrong in his judgment in the case of "Mrs. Mercer and Mr. Marshall," moved in by G. T. Denison, the present Police Magistrate's father.

This case of "Mercer against Marshall" was moved in in 1850, and argued by me on affidavits which were published in the Toronto *Mirror* newspaper, and as I then said, and the Bar and Benchers said, should have prevented Judge J. B. Robinson from giving the judgment he did. Judge R. B. Sullivan was then in the Common Pleas, with Chief Justice Macaulay. He told me when I saw him that he was surprised at the judgment; but there was then a strong prejudice in the country about some acts which a Mr. Hawke had committed on farmers, and it gave an opportunity to Judge Robinson again to show his prejudice against me. The Benchers (Mr. Eccles acting for me) set the matter right the next year, and the Common Pleas did not act on the Queen's Bench judgment. I cannot speak further on this matter for want of room, nor could I without giving full particulars.

I asked Mr. Eccles what he thought of the judgment. He used a very harsh expression at its enormity, which I

will not here repeat. I may refer to this case again. Now with this digression, and these interludes must occur some time in one's life and reminiscences, I will proceed with Mr. Hincks' Government in 1856-7.

Mr. Hincks was a cleverer man than J. A. Macdonald, cleverer because he was the best financier in Canada. Macdonald knew nothing about finances; political tricks he knew well. Strict principles he never cared for much, but was a wonderful adept at promises.

### J. A. MACDONALD'S PROMISES.

I once heard of a friend of his, Mr. Corbett, having his eye on an office; but a more influential man wanted the office too. So as the moon was shining in the sky, Macdonald said to Mr. Corbett: "You see that moon there in the sky?" "Yes." "As sure as it shines, you shall have that office." A friend of his told me this story. Well Corbett did not get it.

About that time Sir Richard Cartwright quarrelled politically with Macdonald about influence, and they were opposed politically ever afterwards.

He once made a promise to me nearly as large as this, in 1865, but it was forgotten in 1872, when he left power, giving way to McKenzie's regime, about the Pacific scandal.

Hinck's Government went out, and one, I believe, only temporary with John Sandfield Macdonald, Mowat and Dorion came in. Then J. A. Macdonald came into power again as Premier, and the great Confederation movement commenced.

I don't propose to discuss this question, it is too large, but if I ever, as said above, publish a book on the different regimes from 1865 to 1898, or 1900, if I live so long, I will speak of them, not in a mincing, laudatory style, but with truth, fairly to all!

The political history of Canada from this period to Laurier's entry into power has been a chequered one. The Conservatives have generally been in power.

Let us see what Laurier, Mowat and Blair will do!

The Reformers have blundered before; let them not do it again.

My hope and desire is not partizan nor prejudiced. I have my likes and dislikes, but my greatest wish is to see Dominion great, prosperous and well governed.

Sir John A. Macdonald's great mistakes were perhaps three, but certainly two, prominent ones.

1st. He courted the priest influence of Quebec too much.

2nd. He gave way to contractors, or allowed his ministers to do it, and made the Senate a mere machine for party ends.

3rd. He often for party purposes allowed the laws to be misused, such as his Franchise Act and his Electoral Division laws, turning the Electoral Divisions upside down.

But he had prominent good objects in his general government too. He was loyal and true to great Dominion progress, and the National Policy was necessary as against American greed and exclusiveness.

To me in 1865 he was the most kind and hospitable of all the ministers, inviting me specially to his house.

I must now, after I write a special miscellaneous chapter, end my book. It is necessary to refer to many things, such as the American Civil War, Fenian invasion, and Confederation discussions, as well as some short governments.

## THE CONDITION OF POLITICAL MATTERS IN 1837—WHAT THE GRIEVANCES WERE.

It is worth while to describe what the Reformers asked for in 1837, and to observe that everything has since been conceded.

1st. Abolition of the Crown-nominated Legislative Council. (Here let me say that there has been since Confederation a shameful abuse of Executive power in our Dominion by putting in Senators, many of whom were unfit for the Senate, and taking them out again as party exigencies required; and by rewarding men who have been rejected by the people. These Senators should be elected for large sections of territory for long periods. As it is, the Senate is a mere echo of the Executive power, with little responsibility.)

2nd. A more equal taxation of property. (Since accomplished.)

3rd. Abolition of the law of primogeniture. (Since accomplished.)

4th. Disunion of Church and State. (Since accomplished.)

5th. Secularization of the Clergy Reserves. (Since accomplished.)

6th. Provision for the liquidation of the Public Debt.

7th. Discontinuation of Downing Street powers in the Colonial Office in the local affairs of the Province. (Since accomplished.)

8th. Cheap postage.

9th. Amendment of the libel law.

10th. Amendment of the jury laws.

11th. The control of the Provincial Revenues by the people's representatives.

These have since been granted, but the Compact opposed them. The Reformers at this time also advocated the ballot system and a written constitution, which have been granted.

An alliance was formed on the 9th of December, 1834, to carry this programme out, to watch the acts of the people's representatives, to issue pamphlets and give the people general information. Mr. James Leslie was chosen presi-

dent, and Mr. Wm. L. McKenzie corresponding secretary. Mr. Lindsey, in McKenzie's Life, gives a description of the alliance, and says that out of eighteen subjects of amendment twelve have been carried. That year, 1834, Mr. McKenzie was chosen Mayor of Toronto, the first mayor ever elected, and he seems to have discharged his duties very faithfully. It was the cholera year, and he discharged his duties so faithfully that he caught the disease in a mild form.

### THE LATE JUDGE THOMAS TAYLOR.

I love to allude to the old families of Hamilton; indeed, the old people there whom I knew in 1829–30, up to 1837. Among these there is one the head of which was quite celebrated, that is County Judge Col. Thomas Taylor, who was a Judge of the County Court at a very early day. I practised before him in 1835–6–7. He was the first reporter of the Superior Courts in Upper Canada. "Taylor's Reports" can be found at Osgoode Hall. Next came "Draper's Reports." William Henry Draper was a very clever young lawyer and clever judge, perhaps the ablest man in Upper Canada in early times. Col. Thomas Taylor was a very able lawyer, a scholar of high standing in the English universities. He was also a military man, brave and experienced. In the battle of Stony Creek he was wounded in both arms and left for dead on the battlefield. His son, Thomas Taylor, was one of the oldest lawyers in Toronto; was my first law agent in 1835 there, and had a small office in a one-story wooden house near the corner of Church and King streets, south side. Mrs. Fairbanks, the milliner, had a milliner shop just east of it on the same corner. Col. Taylor had another son, a lawyer named Robert, in Hamilton, when I was a student; a very good-natured man. Another son, very aged, is still alive four

miles west of Ancaster, on a large farm; I saw him there in 1895 and took dinner with him. He had also four daughters; a very pious girl, named Eliza, who joined the Hamilton Presbyterian Revival Church in 1833. She married the Rev. Mr. Hodgson, an English Church clergyman, now of Deer Park; has departed this life to a glorious world many years ago. She used to do Sunday-school work with me in that year.

Col. Thomas Taylor was in the terrible battle of Niagara when the Americans took it before going west to Stoney Creek, and was wounded there also. He was also at one time a prisoner in the hands of the Americans, and his wife and one or more of his daughters were used very badly.

THE TRUE HISTORY OF THE TERRIBLE SUFFERINGS OF THE U. E. LOYALISTS OF 1775 HAS NEVER BEEN WRITTEN.

It could be written in tears and blood. Two famous persons in it, one a woman and one a man, I will refer to for a moment: The man was Col. Swaize, who fought through all the battles of 1775 to '80; was hated by the rebels, so-called, but, as we call them "Washington's patriots." Finally, in one of these battles he was taken prisoner and sentenced for some cruel act, as the rebels said, to be shot. His wife was a large woman, and on the day of execution called to see him and have a short private interview; she was on horseback. In the private interview she dressed hastily in his clothes, he took hers, and mounting her horse, fled for his life and escaped. She was held as a prisoner, and he never saw her again, did not know what her destiny was, thought she was either killed by the rebels or the Indians. He went to Canada, got a grant of 500 acres near St. David's, and was a most bitter opponent of the Americans in the war of 1812. He fought in the battles as colonel of militia at Queenston and Lundy's Lane.

Molly Brant, an Indian woman, was one of the best known woman in 1775; a sister of Captain Joseph Brant the great chief, and had as much influence with the Six Nation Indians as he had. She used to advise them, make speeches to them, urge them to war by her eloquence. Her mother and father were born at Lake Cayuga in the State of New York; she, too, but she finally came to Niagara, lived there, and was known to many before 1800. I may have mentioned in this volume that the great chief was born at Burlington; which is wrong, for he was born near Cayuga, but died in 1812 at Burlington. He was a wonderfully active man and Indian warrior. He was educated in England under the care of Sir William Johnson, under whom he fought; was a Freemason, a brave man at all times.

### THE DESTINY OF THE DOMINION IS TO BE A NATION.

McNabb had about 2,000 men armed at, or nearly opposite, to Navy Island. Why did he not take it?

### THE "CAROLINE" WAS NOT SENT OVER THE FALLS..

It was set fire to at the wharf, and went to the rapids, lodged on some rocks, burnt there and then in pieces went over. I don't know all the names of those who burnt it. Three of them were Captain Emsley and Captain Drew, and Mr. Armour, of Bowmanville, brother of Chief Justice Armour, late Registrar there, an intimate friend of mine twenty-five years ago. It is probable McKenzie had not 500 fighting men there. See Chapter XXII. for balance of my remarks on this Navy Island subject.

### JOURNEY TO OTTAWA IN 1865.

I went, in 1865, to visit Ottawa and saw the ministry from Canada West.

The Macdonald-Howland-Macdougall administration of 1865 was afterwards joined by George Brown for a short time. Then he and Macdonald differed and he left. Alexander McKenzie always told me that George Brown should not have joined this Government, but should have given it merely an outside support where its objects were good and and proper. J.A. Macdonald was glad to get him out. George Brown's short government under Sir Edmund Head, about 1858, soon ended by a trick of J. A. Macdonald and Vankoughnet, called the "double shuffle"; the Macdonald Government not going out, but taking advantage of him in some such manner as Blake afterwards took advantage of Sandfield Macdonald. It was no doubt unjust, and Sir Edmund Head assisted the Tories in it. This Governor was some relation of Sir Francis Bond Head—not much wiser. Many thought George Brown was used badly in this affair. He, however, was too anxious to get into power. He was by nature an agitator, a dictator in politics, and not consistent. After all his writing in the *Globe* against Quebec and opposition to the hierarchy, in the Confederation settlement he allowed the separate school law to go into the act, giving the Catholics powers in Ontario that they never should have had, nullifying his previous opposition to them.

And these Separate Schools are actually injurious to the children of the Catholics and the public in two ways. They estrange the children of the cities and country, and their education is not so good as in the common schools.

## MY LETTERS IN THE "LEADER" FROM 1860 TO 1875.

I wrote an extensive series of letters on the public affairs of the country in this paper, which was circulated everywhere. Chancellor Vankoughnet, then the principal friend of J. A. Macdonald, thanked me for them. George Duggan,

then in England on account of ill-heath, said he saw them in the *Leader* newspaper. They related to the Confederate movement, the conduct of George Brown, to his dictatorial course to those under him, and to the course he was pursuing towards Quebec, at one time agreeing with the people of that province, and at another slandering them.

It is necessary for me to allude to these matters as reminiscences, but I am not going in my reminiscences beyond 1872 and the Confederation movement. This movement excited all public men greatly. Some people thought (and I among them) that a public convention of all leading Canadians should have been called to fix the terms of the new constitution, and that the House of Commons, then sitting, in 1865, was not elected, as it certainly was not, to alter our constitution and create a loose federation without letting largely interested men discuss its terms. Such were the reasons why M. C. Cameron and Sandfield Macdonald opposed the Confederation Act at first. The whole thing should have been settled by a general convention.

### AGRICULTURAL AND PROFESSIONAL PURSUITS IN LIFE.

By far too many of our young men have abandoned the pursuits and callings of their fathers in Canada, especially in our old native province of once Upper Canada, now Ontario, which has its age of a century, and four years.

If we are ever to be a great nation, a thriving nation, and have a beautiful country, we must be an agricultural people. Our sons and daughters must love the farm and farm life, with all its healthful influences, its beauties, its incidents, its walks and its mixture with nature. We ought to love to meet the sun as it rises in its glory in our spring and summer mornings, to gaze upon it in its mellow and yellow autumn settings; to delight in the raising of cattle, sheep, horses and poultry. In the quiet country

home we can retire, as it were, into the bosom of Nature, gaze upon the lovely trees and the forests that still fringe our farms, or such as in a generation we have grown upon our farms. It is curious and gladsome, shall I say, to see the beautiful orchards and fruit trees on our farms, and to know how soon we can raise such on them. I have passed by the old farm at Dundas on which I lived in 1816, and could still see the old apple trees, now aged over seventy-five years, perhaps a hundred in some cases, and recollect that under them I played in infancy, gathered luscious fruit, and heard the birds sing on their boughs.

I know of many orchards on the old farms about Dundas, Ancaster, Hamilton, and in the counties in which they are, where the old apple trees are still growing and bearing fruit, and have grown fruit beautiful to look upon when our grandfathers and grandmothers, now dead and passed away played in infancy. There are many such near Hamilton, in Barton, Saltfleet and in the beautiful township of Ancaster and others near it—on farms where huge trees once stood that were attacked with the axe, over a hundred years ago. Hundreds of our farms in Ontario were cleared a century ago in some counties and townships.

Well, if we want health, purity of air, delightful echoes, the singing of the little birds, the gambols of the squirrels, let us go to the farms. Do you want again to hear the whip-poor-will at early morn or close of day? Go to the old farms. Do you love to see the white thorn in June with its blossoms of white, or see its red berries in autumn? Go to the farms. We cannot dress so well; must have plainer clothes than city people. Our girls may even have to spin or wear home-made clothes, yet does a beautiful, rosy-cheeked farmer's daughter look less lovely thus attired than in silk? Nay. When I used to see Catherine Vanderlip thus dressed, and old Mr. Choate's daughters, in

Barton, milking the cows or doing house-work, they were equally lovely as if adorned in silks.

Most of my life I have risen with the sun and beheld its beauty. For the past six months I have generally risen with the sun, and gazed on its glorious rising.

If we had more small agricultural holdings we would have less tramps. Fifty years ago there were no tramps in Canada, few anywhere; now they are a nuisance all over America. Horace Greeley, the great editor and founder of the New York *Tribune*, used to say to young men idling, "Young man, go west, go west." I would say, "Young man, go to the farm; don't crowd cities; don't starve in cities. Shortly, I fear, poor-houses will exist, like they are in England, in Canada, if we do not cultivate our lands more generally.

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# CHAPTER XXII.

Manitoba Schools—Wrong to go to Rome about this—Reference to various Governments from 1855 to 1872—J. A. Macdonald supplants McNabb—Navy Island invasion by W. L. McKenzie foolish—Americans chance to conquer Canada—Correspondence of Col. Fitzgibbon and Walter McKenzie—Primitive Christian Brethren—Monuments to public men—Abraham Lincoln—President Washington—T. DeWitt Talmage—Dangerous positions of myself in o d times—Mean conduct of Americans to W. L. McKenzie, Dr. Rolph and Bidwell—Ryerson and Hume their quarrel—My last words to my country in this and next chapter.

THIS is a miscellaneous chapter, and refers to various matters which separately might form a chapter of themselves, and extend from 1855 to 1872, at which period I propose to leave off commenting on the affairs of Canada.

My reminiscences, however, extend to the present period of 1897, my memory and notice of passing events being quite distinct as to everything that is going on. No one took a more active part in writing about and discussing the great absorbing

SCHOOL QUESTION OF MANITOBA IN 1896

than I did, in that and previous years. It is probably now nearly settled, although the Catholic priests of Quebec still agitate the question; and the going to Rome, and the coming of a Popish delegate look suspicious.

I wrote extensively in 1895 and 1896 in many papers, especially in the Toronto *Orange Sentinel* and Winnipeg *Tribune*, and sometimes in the Kincardine *Review*, on this question.

My object is, however, now to close this volume, which is extended much beyond my original intentions, by refer-

ring briefly to the administrations of our Government from 1855 to 1872, up to the time Sandfield Macdonald left his Government, which include McNabb's, Hincks's, J. A. Macdonalds, Sandfield Macdonald's and Brown's Governments at Ottawa, Toronto and Quebec.

McNabb, as I have said in a prior article, had a short administration, in which J. A. Macdonald was Attorney-General, who ultimately supplanted him, and took the reins of power into his own hands.

McNabb was good at blustering and bullying, not deep at all in statesmanship, and knew very little about the great interests of Canada; some have doubted even his bravery.

The late Walter McKenzie told me once he did not consider that he exhibited either skill or bravery at Navy Island, and he said he told him so. McKenzie was at this place. He thought McNabb should have gone over and taken the island.

### NAVY ISLAND AND ITS INVASION.

As I am speaking of it I might as well make a few remarks about it and W. L. McKenzie's going there. I have thought that as he saw the coldness and indifference to his rising in December, 1837, that, like Dr. Rolph, he should have hesitated to make the trouble he did. It all ended in failures, and he must have known that whatever the Canadians thought of the Compact (and it was a bad opinion) it would be foolish in them to risk their lives and the peace of their families, unarmed and with no military leader, and trust to the tender mercies of

### A BLOODTHIRSTY PARTY SUCH AS RULED AT TORONTO.

Therefore what was the use of taking a few hundred men to Navy Island? The Americans, too, he must have seen,

as I saw, were very selfish and cold as to the whole rising at Toronto. They knew little about it. If there ever was a chance successfully to invade and take Canada, they then had that chance, but will not have it again.

### THE LATE WALTER McKENZIE, CLERK OF THE COUNTY COURT.

The late Walter McKenzie, clerk of the County Court of York, was a very intimate friend of mine for over fifty years, as I first saw him on the 15th December, 1837, when he was very kind to me and my late dear wife. He showed her a great deal of kindness then and often spoke to me about her. I did more business at one time in his court than any lawyer in Toronto.

He was also an intimate friend of the late Col. FitzGibbon, the gallant soldier of 1812. In his younger days, say from 1837 to 1860, he was worldly, although an attendant on the Church of England.

He showed me, a year before he died, some correspondence he had with Col. Fitzgibbon—we were talking about the gentleman. The Colonel, at the time of this correspondence, seemed to be very religious and talked about the future life.

Mr. McKenzie mentioned a curious incident that the Colonel said once happened to him—indicating the presence of guardian spirits over us.

### ARE THERE GUARDIAN SPIRITS OVER US?

There were in the War of 1812-14 many Indians around the regulars, aiding them as was the case in the battle of Queenston.

Col. Fitzgibbon was lying at one time in a profound sleep, being wearied with some military work. He suddenly awoke, why he could not tell, and saw standing over him an Indian with an open knife raised as if to kill

him, and he sprang suddenly up and seized the Indian and stopped the attempt.

Mr. McKenzie had a dear little girl, under seven, very intelligent and religious in her talk and conversation. She got very sick and was about to die, and with tears in her eyes used to talk to him and say: "Father, you must come to me in heaven, where I am going to live with the angels." She continually spoke about going to heaven, often seemed to look into the future, and said she "could see angels of light in the heavens." He often told me with tears in his eyes of this dear child, that it broke his heart, and seemed as if her voice was sent as a warning to him from God; it almost made me shed tears. The angel child died and was carried up among the angels, for on earth she acted like one. Twenty-six years ago at Hamilton a dear child of mine died of diphtheria, named Clara Jane, whose disposition was like Mr. McKenzie's child, somewhat. She would go into her little bedroom—different from all other children—and pray; was very innocent and passed from earth in my presence and her mother's with a smile on her face to heaven. She was less than seven. I have often spoken of these two little girls to Sunday-school children.

Mr. McKenzie left the Church of England about the year 1860, to which I have alluded, and became a most devoted and loving Christian man. We have talked on the subject of religion perhaps hundreds of times. He joined the Primitive Brethren Society of Christians, and used to preach and pray with them for many years until his death. His wife was equally zealous as a Christian, and they are both with their child in heaven among the glorious bands of angels who praise God for ever and forever.

His conversations used to do me a great deal of good, so I thought it was my duty to speak of it. It may likewise do others good. A future life of glory; yes, that is

the most glorious of all ambitions, with Jesus who died on the Cross for us.

The Brethren (and I have known hundreds of them) have been the means of converting to God and to Christianity, countless hundreds of dear people, men and women.

The late Major Oldright was an eminent member of this society, and led the life of a Christian—devoted to the Brethren, as was Lord Cecil, of whom I spoke as converted at Hamilton by "a voice speaking to his conscience," as he walked with his regiment.

Major Oldright was a great example to his soldiers and thousands of others in his life.

Sir James Lukin Robinson, the son of Chief Justice Robinson, of whom I have had to say, with sorrow, for the sake of truth, many bitter things, lived and died an eminent disciple of the Society of the Brethren, who follow very closely the doctrines of the followers of the Lord Jesus. I am not myself a member of this Society, but know what I say to be true. Heaven is full of the followers of Jesus who only go by the name of believers and followers of Him who was slain on the Cross for us.

### THE LIFE OF W. L. McKENZIE, BY CHAS. LINDSEY.

Upon perusing this valuable book recently, I have found many hints to refresh my memory as to the events of 1830 to 1837, whilst not in any way copying its accounts. It is very full of his eventful life, and shows clearly how useful he was from 1828 to 1838 in endeavoring to effect reforms since granted to Canadians.

I think that a second edition might in a few years be usefully issued.

It does not please me, however, to have in it so many notes or so large an appendix. In fact, a considerable portion of the book consists of these notes and appendix. It also

shows how just my remarks have been about several characters whom I have denounced for their vindictive and oppressive conduct, and Egerton Ryerson's political treachery in 1838 and in previous years in acting against Canada's best interests in England and Canada, especially in 1836-7. In a word, he was an aid or spy for the Family Compact's interests. Mr. Hume was not too severe on him in this respect.

I have found Mr. Ermatinger's book (Tory as it is) very amusing and useful.

McKenzie not only did his duty manfully after the rising, but seems, in 1837, to have advised actions that were capable of effecting his and the Reformers' objects against the wicked officials better than in rising, and the alteration of the day of rising was not his fault. Mr. Lindsey and he were wrong in saying that the Gore District was ready to rise; this District knew nothing about it.

### "AND THE TWELVE GATES WERE TWELVE PEARLS."
(Revelations xxi., 21.)

I was once present, perhaps seventeen years ago, at Grimsby, when the great T. De Witt Talmage—the sensational preacher, then of New York city—now of Washington—preached on the twelve gates by which all enter the Holy Jerusalem: "And the twelve gates were twelve pearls." It was to show the justice of God—the uselessness of mere earthly distinctions.

Forms, ceremonies, names are man's work, he said. God looks at the work, the faith, the heart.

1st. Who is that entering the first gate? It is a Quaker; let him pass. But he was not sprinkled with water and did not take the sacrament. Let him pass, he loved and obeyed God, has the mark of Jesus on him.

2nd. Who is that entering the second gate? It is a Protestant—a Baptist, a Presbyterian, a Methodist, a Con-

gregationalist, an Episcopalian, a Disciple of Christ, a Christadelphian, a Calvinist, a Menomist. Let them pass, but they all differ. Some believe in baptism as essential; some don't. They all differ; they will not go into the same pulpit. The Episcopals are Ritualists, have curious ceremonies, burning of candles, bowings, surplices, chanting boys and girls; they will not amalgamate, will not fraternize. How are their hearts? They love God, they love Christ, they love the Holy Spirit, they try to do good; their mottoes are the Lord's Prayer, the Sermon on the Mount. Let them pass in!!

### POSITIONS OF GREAT DANGER—NIGH UNTO DEATH.

In 1837, when I was living and practising law in Hamilton, I went to Toronto to do some business, and on my return, about half-a-mile or less from Oakville, in the lake, our steamer struck a snag, a tree in the lake, stuck in the mud, which had probably come down the river. It ran up near the ladies' cabin, within a few inches of the water, making a hole a foot wide, which might have caused the boat to fill and kill persons in the cabin. It caused a great fright, and looked very terrible at the time to me.

### IN THE COUNTRY AT A COURT, ABOUT THE YEAR 1852,

at Pine Grove, about a mile and a half from Woodbridge, I had attended to a suit, gained it, and one of the parties, or some friend of his, the losing party, as I suppose, was angry at me. My dear wife and my daughter Julia, four years old, were in the buggy with me. It was a close one, the top being up. On starting, the whiffletree was found to be loose, the iron pin holding it having been wickedly drawn; and it knocked against the horse's hind legs, causing him to run furiously. I had no other chance to save our lives but to let the horse run as he did for a mile and

a half furiously to the next inn, where he was guided into a shed and stopped. All along the plank road there were trees and stumps. If I had turned him off death would have ensued to my wife and child, or some of us. It was a terrible position. Death seemed before us. I had to hire a man to walk several miles with the horse after, he trembled so.

My brother Ferdinand came down to see me in 1855 from Milwaukee, having been in New York buying goods. He was on his way home, in cold weather, in October. I went to Church-street wharf, which had a "T" wharf, as I have mentioned. I bid him good-bye, was on my way along the "T" the end or top of it before getting on the main wharf. It was just dark. I thought I was on the main wharf leading to the land and was just about to take a step forward which would have thrown me headlong into deep water, when the wharfinger, who had not been near me, rushed up and caught me round the arms, and said: "Mr. Durand, in the name of God, where are you going? You are jumping into the deep water." I was thunder-struck at the peril of my life. Have we guardian angels? What did I say in the early chapters of this book?

### THE SNOWY, BLOSSOMING THORN TREES OF JUNE.

I have alluded to my buggy rides in the country with my late wife. Those rides were often taken in my frequent visits to Division courts at Markham village, Richmond Hill and Woodbridge. I can never forget them.

In June the lovely thorn trees of Canada are in full bloom, and contrast with the green meadows in the most delightful month of Canada. The singing of the thrush, so fond not only of singing on the thorn trees but also of building in them its nest, forms the most enchanting of all our Canadian scenes. Through such she and I used to

ride to these courts, and when she, with her smiling face, sat beside me, my heart would be filled with a delight that time can never obliterate. The memories of such things arise after two generations before me.

### THE NAVY ISLAND AFFAIR.

Mr. Lindsey, in McKenzie's Life, gives a long account in detail of what took place at the capture of the *Caroline* steamer in 1837, by Col. McNabb, and justifies it as right by the law of nations. This is doubtful law. It is open to argument to the contrary. It is not at all clear that the boat was piratical. He also says one man, Durfee, was cruelly shot, and many wounded, Americans on board the boat. The attack was made by one Captain Drew, R.N., and those on his boat, but other boats were ready to assist. In all, 60 men were on the attacking British boats. Captain Zealand, of Hamilton, was an active assistant of the British. I knew him in Hamilton in 1837. Mr. Lindsey also seems to think the boat went over the great falls as a whole; I am credibly told she burnt on the rocks of the rapids and went over piecemeal.

It was a mean thing for the American Government to imprison McKenzie, I believe for a year, in Rochester, for breach of the Neutrality Laws. No doubt some punishment of a mild kind should have been inflicted. See what the Americans allowed in the Fenian raid in 1866. How moderate the punishment was there on the Fenians. The Canadians were not influential there in 1838; the Fenian Irish votes were necessary in their elections. See, too, how lenient the British have been in their punishment of the persons who raided President Kruger's Transvaal kingdom. Only nominal punishments were inflicted on Dr. Jamieson and the others as compared with this punishment of McKenzie. The aristocracy, one of whom was the Duke

of Fife, were in some way interested in this South African raid.

In the Navy Island affair the invaders, as at Montgomery Hill, exhibited no generalship, pluck or strategy. Mr. Lindsey says that McKenzie and his friends appointed spies to see if an invasion from it upon Canadian soil would succeed, and found it would from reports made especially at Belleville, in the County of Hastings.

This was only an isolated case. No invasion would have succeeded unless under authority of the American Government, under such a man as General Scott.

The Americans knew how tyrannically the Canadians had been used by the Tory party for half a century. They knew how their citizens had been used; and this was the time, when public opinion was so strong in favor of Americans, if ever, to have had a war to gain Canada.

The English aristocracy, especially Lords John Russell and Melbourne, were regardless of Canadian rights. Russell's conduct to Lower Canada was insulting and tyrannical. Now, all this conduct is different. Lords Durham, Elgin and Dufferin outlined the manner of using the colonies—as I said above, the day has gone to conquer Canada. There was also on the whole borders of Canada, from Sandwich to Maine, a secret society.—

A SECRET SOCIETY OF HUNTERS

to which I alluded in one of my chapters—which I found to exist when I went to Buffalo in 1838, numbering as it was said 40,000 enrolled Hunters or pledged advocates to conquer Canada, who, in Freemason style, had grips, signs, penalties, to act under one General Hunter, leader. This organization was prevalent in 1838-39-40. Lower Canada was throughly alienated for a time from England. France would have aided the French.

Upper Canada would have acted with such an invasion. They had been loyal for fifty years and had been constantly disappointed and misgoverned by England and the colonial upstarts she sent out as Governors. See the reward Sir John Colborne got on his return to England for his murders of the poor French habitants. He was created Lord Seaton.

The stupid Governor Head was sent back into obscurity, which was only fit for him.

The news of Navy Island were constantly communicated to the prisoners in jail secretly by their friends.

Is not this whole affair, including the failure at Montgomery Hill and at Navy Island, and the non-interference of the Americans in the war, the secret society of 40,000 Hunters, evidence that God foresaw it would be best that it should be so? Some will say, "All nonsense; God does not deal with this world in this way."

How was it with the Southern secession movement?

Then, if the Americans had conquered Canada, probably the country would have greatly progressed; but whether in twenty-five or fifty years hence, although now so slowly advancing, we will be better, and they too, is doubtful. A separate northern Dominion is a problem that may be answered in the affirmative as what is best for us. The Americans in that time, perhaps, may be separated into different confederacies.

## REMARKS AT END OF THIS BOOK.

Our public men are too fond of partyism. There is too much abuse of each other—often too much partyism. When death comes, as it did suddenly in the case of Sir John Thompson, and rather suddenly on Sir John Macdonald, there is an immense amount of laudatory talk expended, but during life an equal amount of abuse, very unnecessary. There

were too many monuments put up in favor of the latter gentleman. Then we have histories written of the most laudatory kind. Do any suppose they are important or true? No one in her day was more flattered than Queen Elizabeth, but when her history is closely examined she was anything but a true and exemplary woman. Take care that interested flattery of the present generation will not be set aside in a century hence. Some persons who have lived on earth have been truly deserving of praise, and even adoration. I speak of such persons as the prophets of Israel, of Moses, of the Apostles, especially St. John and St. Paul, but, above all, of our Lord Jesus. Where in this agitated world of ours will we see such noble words and grand advice as are given in the Sermon on the Mount, in the Lord's Prayer, and in the last chapters of St. John's Gospel; likewise by St. Paul in the 15th Chapter of First Corinthians, and 13th Chapter of First Corinthians?

Public men should not be in such hurry and bustle in their public conduct—should reflect on the day when they must go to their silent place of earthly rest (where we all must go)—be sure that they are acting under God's guidance. I have always admired the words of Abraham Lincoln: "Show me what God desires me to do and I will do it." The cruel war of 1861, and the freedom of the slaves, were acts caused by the judgment of God. So with Washington: his last words to his countrymen were grand; it would be well if they were observed; his great example to his country and the world is one that should be ever reverenced.

In our Dominion we should set an example of purity and uprightness in all our public acts. Looking to what our posterity should be; too little respect has been paid to the memory of Robert Baldwin, and too much to George Brown and J. A. Macdonald; and there is no doubt that a monument should be erected to William Lyon McKenzie—if we

are to have such things erected—for with all his faults he was a patriot, and suffered greatly at the hands of our Canadian country.

Marshall S. Bidwell and Dr. John Rolph were men who struggled practically for the good of their country for over a generation. The faults of the Family Compact in their two generations were selfishness, deep and shameful, and political vindictiveness. The saying that "sins in the end will come home to roost in our homes" is now and will ever be true. In religion let us be charitable, let our priests and churches remember their so-called Master, the God who formed our mighty universe (see First Hebrews), and live as if they, we all, must finally spend an eternity in another world of spirits. This life is not our only one; we must live again.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL'S ARBITRARY RESOLUTIONS IN 1836,

coercing Quebec, and taking the people's money out of the public chest, because the people's representatives wanted a redress of certain specified grievances, one of which was a reform of the Legislative Council, which obstructed (as it did in Upper Canada) the popular action of the House of Assembly and stopped the supplies, were tyrannical.

These resolutions amounted, in fact, to taxing the people, without representation, by a foreign power. Such conduct by England caused the loss of the thirteen colonies of America in 1775; conduct which modern Englishmen, who are enlightened, now think wrong. Yet this act of Lord Russell's was upheld by the Tories in 1837.

Oh! what a difference it makes "*whose ox is gored!*"

At this ending of my book, which is dedicated to my dear country, I feel in my heart to say, God bless and preserve it under His kind Providence forever as a great Dominion, free to all lovers of true liberty and Christianity.

# CHAPTER XXIII.

Some mistakes rectified—My father's expulsion—His conduct justifiable and honorable—Elected again immediately—Mr. Kirby's pamphlet, "The Annals of Niagara," very interesting—Lord John Russel's bad conduct—His coercive resolutions; Gladstone, then 26, supports them, also Stanley and Labouchere—They were the cause in part of the rebellion in Lower Canada, and were contrary to England's promise made by Governor Simcoe—The Ancaster mystery explained—Col. John Prince's cruelty—The aristocrats and kings of Europe; they want another Napoleon to wake them up—Moral on future events in Canada—The end.

SOME explanations, necessary as to what I have heretofore said in this volume.

The mystery of the Ancaster deaths and hangings. The expulsion of my father in 1817 by the arbitrary conduct of the then House of Assembly and his immediate re-election. It will be remembered, by looking back at what I mentioned that there was a mystery hanging over the transactions that took place at Ancaster in the early years of the war of 1812-14, which I did not understand.

In the war of 1812, the family of the Kirbys, of Niagara, took an active part. One of this family, Mr. William Kirby, F.R.S.C., last year published an interesting and large pamphlet in the interest of the Niagara Historical Society, entitled "Annals of Niagara," which I have during my writing of this volume occasionally looked into.

1st. It contains a very interesting and probably correct account of the earliest settlement of Niagara by the first U. E. Loyalist people, who fled from the Revolutionary War and made it the base of operations, assisted by many

tribes of Indians, especially Joseph Brant and the Five Nations (the Senecas, the sixth, seem to have gone with the American revolters) to fight the revolting Americans.

2nd. It also alludes to the first visits of the old French Jesuits to this locality and other operations among the tribes of Indians in Canada, especially the Hurons.

3rd. It also gives a long description of the Indian nations in Canada and the regions surrounding it.

4th. It gives, probably, the truest accounts of the battle of Queenston, Brock's death, and Lundy's Lane battle on the 25th July, 1814, and Stoney Creek battle on the 6th June, 1813. As this gentleman's parents were on the spot where many of the proceedings of these battles took place, much reliance can be placed on the facts spoken of.

5th. He also speaks very strongly against large numbers of disaffected people on the lines of the Niagara peninsula who left on the declaration of the war and took part with the Americans. Especially in 1813, at the taking of Niagara by the Americans in May, 1813, and of two principal men, Major Mallory, who had been a member of the Legislature of Upper Canada, and taken an active part with the American invaders; and one Wilcox, an influential man, then an inhabitant of Niagara, who fought in the American armies until he was killed at Fort Erie in 1814. These two men raised a troop of cavalry and injured the loyal settlers of Niagara, and were opposed by Wm. Hamilton Merritt with loyal troops.

THE ANCASTER EXECUTIONS.

6th. He speaks of General Brock causing the arrest of fourteen traiters of Niagara on the lines, (Canadians) taking them to Ancaster, and trying them there, I suppose by court-martial; hanging seven and sending seven to Quebec to be dealt with, I suppose, shot or hung. This is the mystery

to which I alluded, and in which J. B. Robinson, then the acting Attorney-General *pro tem*, in place of Col. McDonnell, killed at Queenston in October, 1812, with Brock, (McDonnell being then Attorney-General for Upper Canada) acted. I say J. B. Robinson acted in the prosecution; but I don't know, and it is not said, whether they were tried by civil court or by court martial.

It is strange that no public account is given of this affair. Of course there must be in old records in Canada or England some account of what was really done; I am not going to say (being ignorant of it) how J. B. Robinson acted in the matter.

7th. Then, according to the Book of Annals, there were, in 1813, constant skirmishes between the Canadians and Canadian Indians with the Americans and their Indians, in the vicinity of Niagara in the summer of 1813, after Niagara was captured, and after the American defeat at Stoney Creek. Skirmishers quite sanguinary at times.

8th. Then the Annals describe the defeat of the American Col. Boerstler with 700 men, who went to dislodge Col. Fitzgibbon's force at Beaver Dams in 1813. In this affair Mrs. Laura Secord very valorously and loyally figures, (for going through woods and creeks to notify Col. Fitzgibbon); but it seems to me, from the "Annals," that the Indians had captured the Americans, or at least nearly so, before Fitzgibbon finished the capture. The Indians were numerous and had skirmished with Boerstler a long time bravely.

### BROCK'S RASHNESS AT QUEENSTON.

The "Annals," in its description of the battle of Queenston, shows that General Brock was very foolish in venturing up the Queenston Heights in the face of a larger force to dislodge the Americans, when by waiting for General

Sheaffe from Niagara and the Militia from Chippewa he could, without risking his life, have defeated the Americans, as Sheaffe did in the afternoon. It will be recollected that I spoke of my father having sent Lieutenant Hughson, of his company, to warn Brock to be careful.

By his rashness he, Brock, lost his life, and greatly injured the British cause thereafter, by his premature death.

BROCK'S PECULIAR CHARACTER.

He was very impetuous, hasty, perhaps too dictatorial. Remember his conduct to his men at their mutiny.

My father's expulsion from the Canadian Assembly in 1817 was for his manly protest against too much military rule by Governor Drummond, put on for a time as Administrator. The cause of this expulsion reflects credit on James Durand, senr., because he stood up for the liberty of the people at the time. (See Lindsey's Life of McKenzie, page 310.)

The Governor in power had been empowered to allow the Habeas Corpus Act to come into operation after being suspended during the war, Col. Drummond, Governor *pro tem*, illegally kept the Act suspended. In consequence of this, severe strictures had been made by Mr. James Durand on this breach of the liberty of the subject, which was construed by the House of Assembly into a libel, and he was expelled. I have heard one Nicol, of Niagara, was the chief actor in it. He went immediately to the people, and was re-elected. This is the way I understand it. (See as above, page 310.)

SIR PEREGRINE MAITLAND,

prior to 1820 and up to 1825, seems to have favored James Durand, and appointed him registrar for Wentworth and Halton, held by him until March, 1833. I have referred to this in a prior chapter.

McKenzie, I believe, raised objections to Mr. Durand for his support of Governor Maitland, and George Hamilton, of Hamilton, was elected in his place in Wentworth, probably in 1822 or 1824.

Notwithstanding this temporary estrangement Mr. Durand supported McKenzie and the Reformers in 1828 and up to his death.

During the expulsions of McKenzie five times there were, after 1830, two McNabbs—one Allan McNabb the member, and his brother David the Sergeant-at-Arms; the latter, forcibly put McKenzie out of the House, at the order and the resolution of the House, a most irregular thing.

### LORD AYLMER, GOVERNOR IN LOWER CANADA,

in a case of one Mondelet, held, before 1830, that the House of Assembly by resolution could not legally expel a member legally elected. His decision was upheld in England. This decision would clearly make the expulsions of McKenzie illegal.

Although expelled for cause—even good cause—if the people again sent him back he goes to the House a new man; as if a person be pardoned, he is re-instated in his former rights, and it is an insult to the Queen or King who gives the pardon to deny this effect. Yet this was the way Hagerman acted to me, as well as J. B. Robinson, by his words, "Are you back again?"

It is really shocking to read the accounts of the conduct of these men, Hagerman, McNabb, J. H. Boulton and Mr. Peter Robinson in their expulsion movements.

### THE DECLARATION OF WAR BETWEEN THE NORTH AND SOUTH, IN 1861-2.

In this great movement I took from the first, as did the *Globe* newspaper, a very active stand in favor of the North;

the Canadian Tories and Tory newspapers took a stand hostile generally to the North and encouraged the Southern slave owners amongt us.

I was sometimes, in travelling through the country, (from this prejudice) in fear of bodily danger. I went to Detroit at one time under a passport—wrote many letters in the *Globe* in favor of the North. I feel proud of the stand I took, and believe God was with the North in this movement for liberty.

It is said 40,000 Canadians enlisted in the armies of the North during the war.

England had many years before paid over $25,000,000 to emancipate the West India slaves, and it was a disgrace that a nation calling itself a model republic should uphold the abominable doctrine that one man could own another as a beast of burden, a mere commercial chattel, and could use his negro women for adultery; yes, barter away as goods his half-blood sons and daughters.

### THE THREATENED ASSASSINATION IN TORONTO OF W. L. MCKENZIE IN 1837,

which compelled him to leave Toronto and go into the country. This threat no doubt was made. A man made an affidavit, by the name of Howe, before Mr. J. H. Price, that he overheard members of the Executive Council discussing it as they walked near him.

Mr Lindsey, at page 37, vol. 2 of his book, says a letter was sent to me in that year, signed "Brutus," saying that such threat would be carried out; but, if so, it is forgotten by me. I have no recollection of ever getting a letter from an anonymous writer "Brutus."

I believe, however, if McKenzie had not gone into the country some villain would have tried to take his life.

Did not William Johnson Kerr try to do so in 1832—of which I have spoken elsewhere? How did Kerr know but that his bludgeon would kill him?

IN THE ELECTION IN WEST TORONTO TOWNSHIP,

at his meetings they would have killed him, the most violent being the Orangemen in 1837. In the discussion of Lord John Russell's resolutions against Lower Canada I find that Mr. Gladstone spoke in favor of them. What a shameful act! He was then only 26. How changed is he who went, when in power, for Ireland's Home Rule Bill? He has been a very inconsistent man in his time, although now and heretofore in favor of Armenia's people and now strongly advocates the cause of Greece.

POLITICIANS ARE VERY INCONSISTENT.

I was never so, and he is only one year and a few months older than I am. Labouchere and Stanley also spoke that way. Stanley has always been inconsistent.

Look back at what I say as to Simcoe, our first Governor, in 1792, and at his speech, and you will see, he says, we are to have in Cauada

AN EXACT COPY OF THE BRITISH CONSTITUTION!

Could not such men as these see his promise? What an arrogant, inconsistent set of noodles many of the aristocracy are in England!

It is at this moment the ignorant, luxurious aristocrats and imbecile kings of Europe that stand in the way of

GREECE NOW GETTING CRETE,

and are upholding that (as Gladstone calls him) infamous assassin and debauched tyrant, the Sultan of Turkey. We

want another Napoleon the First to make some of these monarchs tremble on their thrones.

Yes, Lord John Russell's resolutions set aside the principles of the American Revolution of 1775, and the English aristocrats need not praise and uphold this revolution, whilst granting to a large extent their Monroe Doctrine, when they used Canada as they did in 1837.

### THE CONDUCT OF COL. JOHN PRINCE OF ESSEX, IN 1837-38.

This Tory Englishman was the tool of the Toronto Compact faction for many years, and acted in a very arbitrary way in the County of Essex. He took a number of the invaders, in 1838 who came from Michigan; and one batch of them, numbering eight or more, he ordered to be shot, without trial or court martial, "and it was accordingly done" as he said.

In 1895 I was at Sandwich, and it was told me that the bodies of the slain were all laid in a plot in a burying-place there, and, as I understood, quite exposed to view.

Prince was at last rewarded by a County Court Judgeship at Sault Ste Marie, where I believe he died. His name was hated in Essex by many.

I intended to say a good deal about him, but this will do.

### THE BATTLE OF THE RIVER THAMES.

The "Annals" of Niagara, Mr. Kirby' sbook, upholds the conduct of General Proctor wrongly in this battle. He says nothing as to his running away from the great Indian Chief Tecumseh and his warriors. His is not the opinion generally of military men. Why was Proctor court-martialed? I don't know the result. He wanted the warrior chief to run off without any attempt to fight.

I cannot see how any person can justify such conduct in

a British General who had received such signal services from the Indians as he had in Michigan. I wrote a poem on this great warrior, and if room would allow I would put in some verses here. The day is gone when Indians will ever be again employed to any extent in American warfare, and I think we will not in our lifetime see any more such wars as we have had in our now peaceful times. Cursed be the man who causes them. Our destiny should be to build up a great Dominion, and if we are let alone for a generation, it will be so strong that the United States will respect our power.

The homogeneous nature of the two people should make them maintain each other's welfare. Yet man is prone to quarrel. See now the state of Europe. Christianity is our hope. It only can save the world in a peaceful mode, if properly observed.

It will be seen how true my conjectures have been since 1896 when the previous part of this volume was written.

Nothing is truer than that man is and has always been a warring — a fighting animal.

Christ's errand was essentially one of Peace — the opposed were

June 1900 Author

## ERATTA.

1. C. A. Hagerman—Errors will, with all our care, occur in a large book like this. I find I have mistaken the fact of the marriage of Mr. Hagerman. Mrs. Newbigging was his niece, not his wife. She is now a very aged lady—Mrs. Charles McGrath, wife of the late Charles McGrath, aged 90, living on Peter street. Mr. Hagerman was first married to a sister of the late Chief Justice Macaulay, then married twice afterwards, to two different English ladies.

2. The ramifications of the founders of the families of the so-called "Family Compact" were extraordinary; like the branches of a tree enterwining with each other. (See chap. 10 of this book.)

3. I don't believe in one chamber only in the Legislature; it is dangerous—the members of one chamber work into each other's hands. It is possible to have a "family compact" among Liberals as well as among Tories.

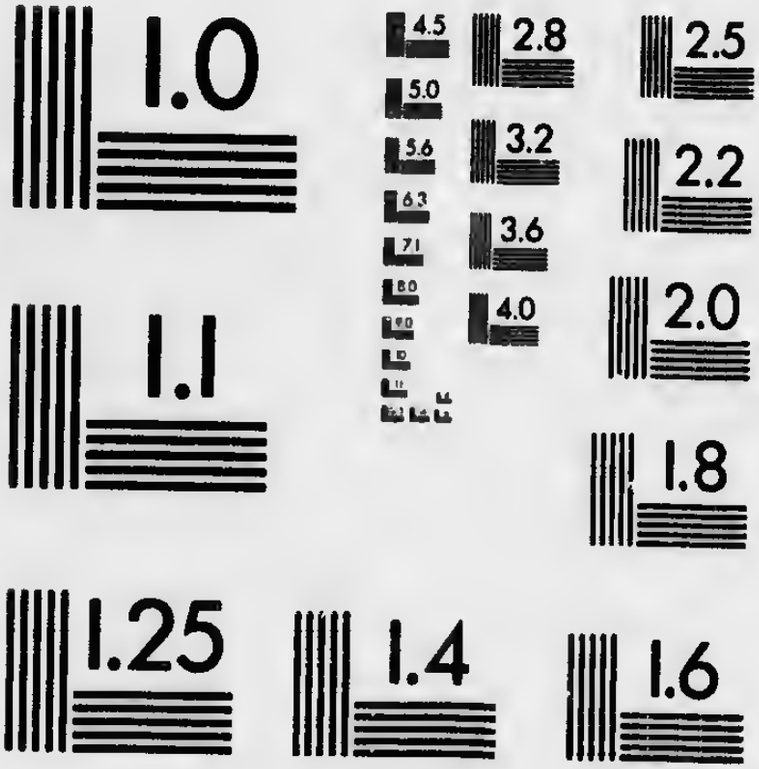
4. It is impossible to write a large history without "treading on someone's toes." Remember the story in "Æsop's Fables" of the old man, his son and his donkey.

5. In speaking of Sir Allan McNabb's death it is said, "his wife, who attended on him, was a Catholic, and Catholic priests consequently attended at his house;" but it seems his late Catholic wife was not living, and the lady who attended on him was the wife of his late brother David and was then living with him; also, the name of his first wife was Miss "Brooke" before marriage, and not Miss "Brooks" as spelled.

She is said to have exercised a great influence on his religious feelings — so much so that Catholic Priests called there — and the Catholic Bishop is said to have administered the sacrament to him upon dying. Canon Geddes objected that

MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)

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of 1899

by the author

Charles Durand

CHARLES DURAND, Barrister,
89 Years of Age.

# ADDENDA.

## PREFACE.

In commencing the following extended [illegible] the new volume it is necessary to [illegible] words:—

There were 500 volumes [illegible] delivery in 1897, and the [illegible] the Judges of the Courts, [illegible] residents of the city, to some of the [illegible] lawyers who, the author believes, were pleased [illegible] information contained in the book.

A good many were sold to the principal people of Hamilton and London, but very few elsewhere.

The people in many other parts of Ontario were anxious to read the volume but [illegible] and the author, having reserved [illegible] d, has determined to [illegible] within the months of October [illegible]

These extra copies [illegible] author's very accurate [illegible] the Confederation [illegible] the principal actors [illegible] conduct of the pol[illegible] of Ontario and Qu[illegible] able John Sandfield [illegible] in 1872, [illegible] remarks on the tre[illegible] way in which [illegible] Alexander Mackenzie and Mr. Scott, of [illegible] Government, displaced him and obtained [illegible] power in Ontario, which is still held by their successors at Toronto

CHARLES DURAND, BARRISTER,
80 Years of Age.

# ADDENDA.

## PREFACE.

In commencing the following extended remarks to this new volume it is necessary to preface them with these words:—

There were 500 volumes of my work bound ready for delivery in 1897, and they were sold chiefly in Toronto to the Judges of the Courts, to the merchants and older residents of the city, to some of the clergy and many lawyers who, the author believes, were pleased with the information contained in the book.

A good many were sold to the principal people of Hamilton and London, but very few elsewhere.

The people in many other parts of Ontario were anxious to read the volume, but could not be supplied, and the author, having reserved many printed copies, but unbound, has determined to have them bound and ready within the months of October and November of 1899, to be delivered.

These extra copies, now to be finished, will contain the author's very accurate knowledge, in a summary way, of the Confederation movement at Quebec in 1863 and 1864-5, the principal actors in it, their characters politically, the conduct of the politicians who conducted the political affairs of Ontario and Quebec after the resignation of the Honourable John Sandfield Macdonald in 1872, with some further remarks on the treacherous way in which Edward Blake, Alexander Mackenzie and Mr. Scott, of the present Ottawa Government, displaced him and obtained the power in Ontario, which is still held by their successors at Toronto.

The author trusts that those who know the way in which he has portrayed the acts and characters of the Old Family Compact in the previous chapters of this book, will be convinced that anything he will write in these additional remarks will be equally true, explicit and convincing.

The author has always been a non-partisan Reformer in Canada, and although sometimes severe on political hypocrisy and the inconsistencies of public men, he has not failed to give the good and honest parts in their characters.

Many may say he was too severe on Sir Allan N. MacNabb, Christopher A. Hagerman and a few others of the Family Compact regime in their hey-day of power, yet their acts clearly prove the correctness of his remarks.

Our Judges before the union of the Provinces and some after Confederation were not always pure and non-partisan. Now so far as Ontario is concerned, we can say our higher Judges are fair and impartial as a rule.

The author is now and always was opposed to Judges leaving the bench to enter into party politics, and to the traffic in judgeships so common in Quebec.

He is also opposed to the one-man power shown in the Legislature of Ontario where patronage to favorities is the bane of the ruling Ministers.

The Government at Ottawa is not free from the curse of undue patronage, and the Senate might exercise some control over it as they do at Washington.

Mixed in with the future chapters of this additional book will be found occasional remarks not political, but speculative and scientific.

The price of this additional book will be greater than the first volume and the appearance also somewhat better, affording perhaps the best account ever issued of the past political history of Ontario and its political troubles ever given to the public. He has not copied his remarks

from any other book, nor falsely called his history of the troubles of 1837-8 a rebellion without evidence, but was a witness of and saw what he describes, and although innocent of participation in the rebellion, knows from actual sight or immediate information on the spot all events he describes. His history of Canada extends from 1792 to the end of the present century.

Since the first volume (apart from these addenda) was written, that is in 1896, many very extraordinary events have occurred. The Americans, having excited troubles in the Spanish colony of Cuba upon the pretext that Spain was oppressing the half-breeds, made war upon Spain, which ended very disastrously to Spain, that nation being ill prepared for it, and the Americans ended the war by robbing that nation of its territory, doing no good to the world or to the United States itself, and breaking up the old policy of Washington, the father of their country, which was not to meddle with European nations or wars.

The Soudan war of Britain in Egypt has taken place of doubtful use. The great empire of China has been torn to pieces by internal distractions and outside robberies of its territories by European nations upon false pleas set up by Russia and others. Now the Kruger war is appearing to distract the world. The internal troubles of France are exciting the world, and the discovery of gold in the Yukon and South Africa has made men crazy with covetousness. The world moves sometimes for the better, sometimes for the worse. It is to be hoped ultimately for good.

CHARLES DURAND, Author.

Toronto, September, 1899.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

Reference to the Confederation movement—Poetry by Arthur Cox—Baldwin's Ministry after the Union—Baldwin's family very old one—Sheriff Jarvis' misconduct at the Golden Lion, 1842—Improperly left in office—Mr. Sullivan in office with Baldwin—Sullivan a very two-sided man; a Family Compact friend, and yet a Reformer—Cause of Confederation—George Brown's agitation the chief topic—George Brown and Edward Blake would not be knighted—Names of the knighted mentioned—A general convention in 1859 by Reformers, at which Confederation was opposed—Brown, Macdonald, Foley, Cameron and Mr. Durand attended—Governor Archibald's prediction as to our destiny—Bad emigration must be avoided—The life and character of Oliver Mowat—Improper appointment of his son Sheriff by him—George Brown's comments on Catholics before Confederation—Political conduct of Edward Blake—Notice of his father, the Chancellor, and his brother.

THE Confederation movement was a grand one—grand because it was the beginning of a national attempt, now going on—to form a great moral, constitutional confederacy, founded on liberty and human rights with a constitution similar to that of England. It was established in one of the best climates on earth for human happiness and durability, blessed with a noble virgin soil, the best of water, made grand by great fresh water lakes and towering mountains in the far west, made grand by immense prairies and forests in most parts, swept by invigorating north and the genial western winds.

The elements in this confederation all have a tendency to make a population superior to any in America, and perhaps in the world.

The corrupt elements now amalgamated in the popula-

tions of the various American States—their negro population, and the great and corrupt cities of the same—with their immoral laws as to marriage and Sunday observances, render such a confederacy as ours in America necessary, our populations being chiefly from the three kingdoms of Great Britain and France.

Our destiny points to greatness, and on this topic I add these lines of poetry.

These beautiful lines were written by Mr. Arthur Cox, whom I do not know, on the occasion of the Queen's anniversary of her 80th birthday, last May. (I omit the first verse, entitled the "Invocation," as not applicable to this occasion, and proceed with the verses thus):

OUR MESSAGE TO THE WORLD.

1.

Our word is Peace, our rights are equal laws.
Our arms of love we spread from sea to sea,
Our life is progress towards the broader cause,
Our hope through Justice to give liberty.

2.

No tyrant owns us, and we own no slave,
But brothers see in all the good and true.
Home of the hopeful, refuge of the brave;
Here may Despair her faith in man renew.

3.

In amity to bind the rich and poor,
To break the shackles from the mind and soul;
By honest labor make contentment sure,
We upward press on to our destined goal.

4.

Seeking by knowledge to let in the light
And all the blessings art and science bring,
Till our vast lands with human smiles are bright,
And every league shall hear our children sing.

5.

In our strong right we bid aggression halt;
Our bond of Empire brooks no vile assault,
We rise with Britain or with Britain fall.

6.

Thus shall we take our high and sovereign place,
And Canada for truth and honor stand;
A loyal people, a united race,
A happy "nation" in a glorious land.

ARTHUR COX.

May 23rd, 1899.

THE FIRST MINISTRY UNDER ROBERT BALDWIN.

When I came from the United States, after a sojourn there of six years' banishment by the old, bigoted Family Compact, I found a Ministry formed of Reformers, Mr. Sullivan and some moderate Tories.

It is strange that Robert Baldwin never dared to dismiss William Botsford Jarvis from his office, although he was present and saw that he broke up a lawful meeting of the York County farmers near the Golden Lion Inn on Yonge Street, and beat (his rowdies did) one man nearly to death and chased with clubs Francis Hincks (afterwards Sir Francis) and James Harvey Price over the fields with intent to kill.

So great was the terror of this bloody aristocratic faction, the old, rotten Compact of office-holders and their sons and the brutal mob they controlled—many of them then the worst class of Orangemen—now extinct, that no lawful meeting could be held.

I found Robert Baldwin in power in June, 1844, when I entered the Province after an absence of six years from the cruel banishment of the Family Compact. He still had R. B. Sullivan in his Ministry, and this gentleman upheld the Compact through the worst years of their latter reign. He

also was an intimate friend of the cruel Hagerman. Mr. Sullivan was a very plausible man—clever speaker, but not a true patriot. He wanted to be on good terms with the old Compact, yet to have a foot in the Reform party's affairs. I was surprised to see him in power with Baldwin in 1844.

Mr. Baldwin, like myself, was intensely opposed to the Family Compact and his father was equally so.

He did not take up arms but stood aloof. I did the same, yet they made me guilty because I had written against them extensively.

And Allan N. McNabb, of Hamilton, and his political myrmidons were opposed to me and my family.

Mr. Baldwin was one of the most conscientious politicians in Canada, and sought to govern it on the English Responsible Government system. He was displaced in his first Government by Draper, a cunning, slippery Tory, who took Lord Metcalf into his confidence, and had that ambitious Methodist priest Ryerson to aid him. John A. Macdonald, a very young man, also aided him. (I call people of that time by their unknighted names.) Draper lost his election next time Baldwin came into power a second time, and was displaced by Hincks and Dr. Rolph.

The Baldwin family was the oldest in Canada, and his father came to Canada about the year 1800. They were Protestant-Irish. Some of the family were Roman Catholics in Canada and Ireland. Augustus, the admiral, was a Family Compact man.

If any man in Canada deserves a monument at Osgoode Hall or our public Parliament Buildings certainly Robert Baldwin does. He was a great friend of the Law Society —honorable in all his views. His father, I believe, was the first, or very early, treasurer of the Society. I will speak of Mr. George Brown's conduct to Robert Baldwin.

He was a close Churchman, perhaps too much so. This was a fault, yet he generally acted fairly in all things. He may be called the greatest and truest friend of British and Constitutional Government in Canada. I was always (and my family were) friendly to him.

My preceding pages show how I saw him on the day of the rising of the people against the Compact, and conversed with him. He had nothing to do with the rising, and was strictly loyal.

The men who took part in forming the Confederacy of all the Provinces of British America.

I will say a few words about the cause of this Confederacy—its beginning—the chief political members of Parliament who caused it, and afterwards will give their characters politically in this chapter and the next chapter, XXV.

The cause was undoubtedly the agitation kept up by George Brown and his Reform friends, chiefly Scotch, in Upper Canada, against Quebec, its Catholic priests and grasping proceedings in money matters—taking from Upper Canada an improper share of the public revenues, in the shape of sectarian grants and local improvements—a grievance that has always existed, and as has lately been said by Mr. Brittan, the member for Kingston and a Reformer, even now. This grasping of the revenue was always feared. Now, the smaller Provinces, called the Maritime, at times join Quebec in this matter.

George Brown, in his agitation, joined the question of Separate Schools and the evil of the Roman Catholic religion in it too. He was always against the system until he, to use a common phrase, "ratted."

I believe the movement may be attributed to John A. Macdonald, George Brown, Mr. Morris, George Etienne Cartier, William Macdougall, Mr. Hamilton, of Nova Scotia, recently dead; Oliver Mowat, William S. Howland and, it may be, Galt and Dr. C. Tupper.

These gentlemen are called by their original names it will be seen, dropping their knighthoods, which I have always thought not much of. Canadians should not regard or respect such little trumpery titles of *Sir* or *Baronet*, although given with good motives, perhaps, by the Premiers of the day.

I respect the late George Brown and the present Edward Blake for refusing (as I believe they did) such proffered honors.

These proffered honors are often bestowed on persons of little moment in their several Provinces.

What better are they in their lifetime, or if Baronets, their children after them?

The late Chief Justice Sir John Beverley Robinson was a Baronet, and his title descended to his eldest son, the late James Laken Robinson, who was for a long time the Clerk of the Probate Court at Osgoode Hall, and was the plainest and most simple of men, and never regarded the title at all. His son is living in Toronto, and is scarcely known.

Does the title make Sir Wilfrid Laurier any better?

Does it in any way ennoble Chief Justices Meredith, Burton, Boyd, Strong, of Ottawa, or did it add anything to the late Sir James Edgar, the deceased Speaker of the House of Commons at Ottawa?

Did it make the late Sir Adam Wilson or Sir Daniel Wilson any more thought of or known?

I am now giving the political characters of Sir Oliver Mowat, Sir John A. Macdonald, William P. Howland, Geo. Brown, Edward Blake, John Sandfield Macdonald, William Macdougall, Francis Hincks, Richard Cartwright, Drs. Charles Tupper, Wilfrid Laurier, Mackenzie Bowell, John Thompson, George Etienne Cartier, and perhaps some others, in a summary way. I drop the "Sir" in all of them.

I don't go back to the Family Compact dignitaries, as I have described them in the chapters heretofore written Nor do I touch the characters of the present judges, as some of these characters are mentioned in chapters elsewhere.

### THE CONVENTION OF 1859 AGAINST CONFEDERATION—MACDOUGALL, FOLEY, HOWLAND AND BROWN.

These gentlemen took an active interest in this convention. Strong speeches were made. Strong resolutions passed against Confederation as we have it. Dr. James Hamilton, of Dundas, was there and I was a delegate. The objections were that, as it was called, the *Ontario Milch Cow* would be milked by Quebec, also by the small Maritime Provinces, which, by the way, has been *thoroughly done*. This year 1899 is perhaps a good proof of it—at the Montreal harbor, International Railway lately, which is necessary as an all-through route, but formerly very costly. The winter bridge to the little island of Prince Edward and the great bridge at Quebec. It was urged that Great Britain should pay for a railway to the great west, as it was she who would use it for military purposes. There was truth in this and it was said the Hudson Bay Company should do it in part—these were urged as objections.

It was urged that it would depopulate Ontario and draw away our money, that it would injure our agriculture, lessen the price of wheat and cattle, thus impoverishing our farmers.

It was even said it would injure Toronto, build up a western rival. This last was chimerical, but for some years, since 1872 and 1880 especially, it drew away our best farmers largely.

By the way, we will be injured if we allow ignorant Europeans like the Galicians to be brought into the North-

west, also caution should be used against the *Mormon adultery and debauchery!* This convention resulted in nothing final, and Brown going on with his tremendous assaults, abuse of Catholics and their terrible religion and wickedness brought on the crisis which resulted in Confederation in 1865. Here we are, in 1899-1900, shall I say a nation of near six millions now? We must go on, and as Governor Archibald, I think, of Nova Scotia, said "God had decreed that we were to be a nation," and I believe it. We must accept our destiny. We don't know what the next few years may do with the United States. Many say there will be a revolution. Wait, wait; God rules nations as well as the world.

Since writing these words, I see that the Canadian settlers are moving away from the neighborhood of the Galicians.

### OLIVER MOWAT'S CAREER.

No man in Canada had a more successful career than this politician, and his history is well known to me. The first I knew of him as a politician was his running as a candidate in South Ontario under the wing of George Brown as a red-hot anti-Catholic, at the time this Scotch demagogue was building up a rickety reputation as the greatest hater of Catholics that ever lived in Canada, before he *ratted* so infamously by consenting to the *Separate School System* in Ontario. W. L. Mackenzie, and Alexander Mackenzie after him, were never so terribly anti-Catholic as George Brown. Little Oliver Mowat succeeded in getting elected in South Ontario to the House of Commons, and there he commenced his career of sophistical politics. He was the son of a soldier of one of the regiments in Kingston, and was born there. He was of Scotch extraction, and was originally of Tory tendency in politics. I have heard he was educated as a lawyer in the office of John A. Macdonald in Kingston. John

A. Macdonald made him a Chancery Judge—as he was considered a successful Chancery lawyer—all his prejudices being in favor of that line of law. He was in the Confederation movement, and no doubt consented to the Senate as now constituted, and to the Separate School law for Catholics. Although introduced into political life as a violent Protestant under George Brown, he soon trimmed his political sails to catch the Liberal Catholic vote and influence in Ontario, by making them a separate power entitled to aseparate Minister in his Government by which he kept himself in power for twenty-five years. Being a professed Presbyterian, he also came in for George Brown's influence with his countrymen, thus cementing a union with Presbyterians and Roman Catholics, of all things the most anomalous, as they are naturally opposed. He is a very small man in physique, a man of mediocre talents, a poor speaker, but fair arguer, and plausible manners. The two elements, Scotch Presbyterianism and Roman Catholicism in Ontario, carried him through all his elections. He committed a serious offence in leaving the bench to mix in politics, but he always had an eye to his salary, as he has at last had by being appointed Governor of Ontario at $10,000 a year. Success has followed him to the last, as it did his old master, John A. Macdonald.

It must not be concluded by my remarks that he has been barren of good to Ontario. Some of his prominent good qualities are that he has always shown himself to be a truly loyal man, and in great questions affecting Canada's interests, particularly in land questions, he has faithfully stood up for Ontario. Yet he is himself a political trickster, grasping patronage to maintain his power, being unwilling to yield the people any more patronage than he could possibly help. This has been a steady trait of his character. He has always kept his eye upon his friends, who were

only his tail-bearers—his political yelpers—whether fit or not for the office given them, the most obsequious he would always help first. For truly patriotic, independent men he cared little, preferring servile followers. He is a spoilsman; "To the victors go the spoils," is his darling motto. He could always manage to get round loose Reformers by dangling before them some expected office. At this he was quite as proficient as was his old master, John A. Macdonald.

The bane of both these men was the patronage they had to reward *time-serving men.* Mr. Mowat, by the course he pursued, filled his legislatures with ignorant time-serving men, who voted not as the country required them to do, but in view of offices for themselves or relatives. Thus, every county had its servile office-seekers as well as the cities. His conduct in appointing his son Sheriff of Toronto, and separating it from the County of York, and appointing a sheriff for the last; also in dividing the Registrar offices of Toronto, giving one to Mr. Peter Ryan, showed his want of strict principle as a patriot. His dividing the Toronto County Attorneyship in the same way, and holding over offices for years to give them to some expectant member of the Legislature, who voted as he was required, was indefensible. The old Family Compact did the same, but the times were then darker.

Oliver Mowat is called "*the grand old man*" of Canada, yet he is nine years younger than I am. He is certainly a *grand old politician,* who has cleverly *manipulated the Reform Party of Ontario* and made them often choose what was contrary to the country's interests. The country some years ago wanted to clip some of the patronage from the Government's power. He appointed a number of his friends to report, after examining into the matter, whether it was for the interest of the Province that this *vast pat-*

*ronage* now in the power of the Ontario Government should be reduced, that is, divided between it and the people, and they determined after careful examination of witnesses that it should be taken, in some instances, from the Government, in accordance with the popular demand. The report can be seen among the public records yet. After this he and his Cabinet would not, nor has Mr. Hardy ever, carried out the report.

The late John Beverley Robinson was the Chairman of this Commission, but the majority were Reformers.

He also attempted to deprive the City of Toronto of one of its three Conservative members (for it would elect three under ordinary circumstances), and choose one of the Reform Party, as it is called, on a minority vote for one member, thus electing the late member John Leys, which was in effect a *Gerrymander scheme.*

He is the author of a pamphlet in favor of Christianity, a praiseworthy act, but Christianity is best shown and maintained by a consistent upright life, as a legislator and appointer of offices, not as a rewarder of servile men. He is, on the whole, what is called a *politician*—having his eye ever on *number one*, that is, himself; next on his servile followers.

He lacked a large impartial patriotism, and a sterling consistency.

I was one of the delegates asked to attend on Premier Mowat to appoint his son Sheriff, as aforesaid, by Peter Ryan, another delegate. Thinking such an exercise of patronage by him for his own family wrong in principle, I declined to attend.

Whilst making these remarks of this gentleman—who has many estimable qualities in private life—I wish to express my sorrow at his present illness from, perhaps, a too busy official life.

GEORGE BROWN.

I wish to show how very inconsistent the *Globe* editor was in the years before.

He joined the Confederation Governments of Cartier and J. A. Macdonald, and forever ruined the Ontario National School system, pure and simple, by assenting to Separate Schools.

We should have National Schools in the Province of Ontario in their full simplicity.

No bargain should have been made with the politicians like Cartier on a compromise.

If the Confederation could not otherwise be carried out while public opinion was against Separate Schools, let it wait.

The *Globe* said in a number of places prior to 1865, that no compromise should be made with a bad system, and no trust could be placed in Roman Catholic priests, which all time has proved true.

In September, 1854-5, the *Globe* uttered these words:

"Rolph, Hincks and Drummond, the leading men of the then Ministry in power, have fostered sectarianism, pandered to priest-craft, and riveted the connection between Church and State in a manner which no Tory Government would dare now to attempt."

He opposed that Government all through their career. Again, he says at the same time:

"Doubtless every intelligent man is aware that so far as an Irish priest is concerned, he is loyal to no being but the Pope, and to no place but Rome. An Irish priest is not, and cannot be, loyal to our Queen, Empire, or our people."

"He is an alien, though born within the bounds. He lives to serve Rome and crush Protestantism."

Again, as late as March 9th, 1863, we find the *Globe* under Brown saying:

"The Catholic clergy will take all they can get and ask for more immediately afterwards, and they will continue asking as long as there is any chance of getting anything." —*Globe*, March 6th, 1863.

Yet he consented to allow them afterwards to have Separate Schools by his vote in the Ministry? So far did he go before that time that he moved to abolish tithes in Lower Canada. I have a paper and documents from which I could quote fifty, perhaps a hundred, more or less violent attacks on Roman Catholics and their religion.

Were they fit under such circumstances to control our children, although Catholics? Surely our Canadian-born children should be properly educated, although Catholics, and such priests should not have the control of Separate Schools and the monies raised in them. Everyone knows they set aside the power of the trustees and assume it themselves.

Yet Mr. Brown, having fought this power of the priests, and against Separate Schools for perhaps twenty years, stultified himself and consented to them when in office with Cartier and Macdonald. I never spoke to him after that time although I often travelled in the same train and car.

Charles James Fox, the great English orator of the eighteenth century, once said, "There is no principle in love or politics." I don't agree with him. He lived in or during the time of *Walpole the Corrupter*. He helped to form the Canadian Constitution of 1792, and was very democratic and liberal.

Mr. George Brown was naturally an office-seeker, so commenced in 1849-50, when he ran to oppose W. L. Mackenzie in Welland, it is said at the instruction of the then

Baldwin-Price Government. I know nothing of this, whether true or not, as to their instructions. He was there, as a youngster, badly beaten by the old agitator.

J. A. Macdonald, everyone knows, had little political principle, and he wanted to make use of Brown to quiet him in some way, and got him to join his Confederation scheme. Cartier had, for the Catholic hierarchy of Quebec, a grand condition before the Confederation would be assented to. Protestant Ontario must be made in part Catholic by the Separate School system. J. A. Macdonald, although an Orangeman, agreed to it.

Well, George Brown, up to the time of Confederation, had got the political affairs of Canada into confusion, and some end must be reached. John A. Macdonald did not care much for principle so long as he could gain his ends. He took George Brown into his Government in or about 1865, where he kept him until he could pick a quarrel with him, and he and Cartier got him to consent to the *Separate School* law in Upper Canada, then he quarrelled with him when Brown had swallowed this pill of inconsistency. Yet after this he was ready in the Government of Blake, Scott and Alexander Mackenzie, after the latter had turned out poor John Sandfield Macdonald in 1872, again to commend Catholics as fit to be trusted as good, loyal fellows.

See the *Globe* of March 9th, 1871. He says:

"I am persuaded, and will not err in so saying, that Protestant reformers, with trifling exceptions, would welcome with gladness the return of Catholics to their party."—All the badness of these Catholic priests had vanished!!

Ah, yes; Blake was then in power; Sandfield Macdonald and his Ministry had been kicked out and Mowat was soon to come in; Blake had to go to Ottawa and the *Globe* would get the bad Catholics into his fold, and the patron-

age, of course, of the new Government. A change of this kind covers a multitudinous amount of sins, and since 1872-3 has been the rule in Ontario. *Mr. Brown ratted* in the *Catholic question.*

I use the term deliberately for a man who caused so much disturbance in Upper Canada for at least fifteen years about Roman Catholics and Quebec aggression, to change his opinions in the Confederation discussion, when he joined John A. Macdonald's Government so suddenly on a *vital* question, may surely be said to have "ratted."

He consented in this movement to *Separate* Roman Catholic schools in Upper Canada, provided that a certain kind of *bastard Protestant* schools were allowed in Quebec, which are only partially so, needed never to have existed, and don't help Protestants.

I cannot here fully describe the latter, but they have never done Protestants any good, whereas, in Upper Canada Separate Schools form a regular system by which Catholic priests build up their vast religious Church, and by which they separate the people into religious hostility, tax their own people, propagate their doctrines, and often meddle with Protestants' rights. In a few words *divide the community* in which they live. In place of this, schools should make the people an *harmonious* community. There is no need of two hostile camps of people in the conduct of public schools.

Now, see what Mr. George Brown said in these quotations about the Catholic system in his paper, the *Globe.*

It must not be supposed that I dispute what he, Brown, says, for my opinions have always been as he asserts his were before he assented to Separate Schools in our great Province of Ontario.

I complain of his gross inconsistency. No one did more than I did in 1896, before and after, to prevent Separate

Schools in the Province of Manitoba by pen and local influence.

Mr. Brown having been the cause of the Separate School system in Upper Canada in the Confederation Government in 1865, left that Ministry suddenly, leaving Howland and Macdougall in it.

Had he stood up manfully against the system it would not have come into force.

But when the new turn of affairs took place in Ontario, J. S. Macdonald being driven out, it was necessary to conciliate the Ontario Catholics, and Mowat found it necessary to take into his Cabinet a special Minister on the Catholic side for the Catholic party, and he took in Mr. Fraser, of Brockville; notwithstanding which, with all Mr. Brown's hatred of former days, he supported this move, and laws were passed to facilitate the working of the Separate School law.

Had not his friend Mowat been in power Brown would have denounced this.

The Ministry of Mr. Hardy has to continue that policy; this shows how insincere the so-called Reform party and Mr. Hardy are in their opposition to Catholics. He went so far (did Mr. Brown) as to agree to have elected certain Catholic members in certain counties, and attempted to elect John O'Donohue in Toronto and was defeated. At this election the well-known Dr. Dewart went boldly forward and voted the first for John O'Donohue. Part of the understanding with Mr. Brown and the Catholic party was also that other members should be elected. He and they ran the present Judge McMahon in London, and he was defeated. Not only this, but a certain number of offices were to be given to Catholic aspirants. A sheriffship was given at L'Orignal to one, and others at Osgoode Hall.

In carrying out the policy, Mr. Mowat made Dr. Mac-

Mahon, of Dundas—very improperly—a seller of stamps at Osgoode Hall. So the policy went on.

Remember, this was from a party who abused John A. Macdonald for pandering to this Catholic party, which, no doubt, he did improperly.

### THE POLITICAL CHARACTER OF EDWARD BLAKE AND HIS FAMILY BEFORE HIM.

After the assumption of office as Premier of Ontario by Mr. Mowat in 1872-3, Mr. Blake and his political friends went to Ottawa, viz: Mr. Scott and Alexander Mackenzie and Brown to try to oust John A. Macdonald. The last gentleman about that time wished to get some one to build the Canadian Pacific Railroad, and being acquainted with the firm of the Allans, the great sea-going ship owners, by some hasty and careless conduct, his enemies say corruptly, offered the Allans a great bargain or inducement to undertake to build this great road. What it was I never understood nor do I know whether John A Macdonald was to be the recipient of any bribe or money. But the bargain was not honest and aboveboard, was not what an honest Minister should have made. It was not denied that he had acted imprudently, his friends say indiscreetly, or in a way the public could not sustain. It was called "The Pacific Scandal," and he was forced to quit the Government. Blake, Mackenzie, Scott, Brown and their expectant Lower Canada friends seized on the crisis to get into the Government. Alexander Mackenzie became Prime Minister and Blake Attorney-General. I have alluded to this gentleman's conduct in the latter part of the volume and to his dishonesty, politically, in ousting John Sandfield Macdonald from power in 1871-2 before a fair trial. I allude to him, now, politically since and to his generally inconsistent, *if not mean conduct*, in this last affair. He has often spoken as

if he was super-loyal and super-Protestant. To disprove the last one has only to see him leave his native province (if not native, he entered it as an infant with his father) and take up the role of Irish Home Rule and become the companion of bitterest Anglophobists—disloyal indeed —in Ireland in trying to take Ireland, as it were, from English control, hobnobbing with the Irish Roman Catholic priests and bishops and gathering money in America, Canada and everywhere to promote Home Rule—Home Rule which would eventually turn to a civil war with the northern Protestants and the intervention of an English army to put down the Roman Catholics. The Roman Catholics consider their allegiance to England secondary; their mother of Rome is their first love, all over the world Rome and the Pope first, the Queen and England second. This secondary allegiance is seen everywhere in the United States, Canada and Ireland. Mr. Blake knows this. He lately said in the presence of Lord Aberdeen, Dr. Parkin and Col. George T. Denison (as reported) that he could not see a glimmer of hope for Canada, meaning that her independence must perish in her being absorbed by the United States. He was called to an account for this at the National Club by the large assembly, as reported. Ireland will never be independent of England until England goes to the wall; if she were, France would get her and England be ruined.

In 1872-3, I think, Mr. Blake called Sir Oliver Mowat from the bench to manage the political affairs of Ontario and he went to Ottawa. There he ruled for a while as Prime Minister after Mackenzie, having supplanted Alexander Mackenzie, as it was said. Disgusted with the position of affairs there, he left, came to Toronto and his exposure of the Liberals' attempt to take us over to the Americans by a Commercial Union is well known. It was a half-hearted affair on his part.

His brother Samuel, (the ex-Chancellor) induced Mr. Blake, notwithstanding his expressed opinion as to the effect of Commercial Union by Canada with the United States to give his (Blake's) support to the Liberal member in Durham West—who was running in Blake's old riding —and was favorable to this policy of Commercial Union. His name was, I think, McBeith.

It will be remembered that John A. Macdonald came to Toronto in 1891, and exposed the conduct of the Liberals in this Commercial matter, showing clearly the ultimate effect of it upon us. He also exposed the friendliness of Goldwin Smith to the policy, and there was a great noise in the papers about the matter. I personally saw John A. Macdonald and had a long conversation with him, as he was about to return to Ottawa, in the presence of the late Col. Denison, the police magistrate's brother. We know the result of the elections of 1891, in an overwhelming defeat of the then Liberal party. The *Globe* erred on the side of the Liberals in this policy. Since then a more loyal feeling has come over the Liberals and the *Globe*. Mr. Laurier has emphatically declared his loyalty to the English system of government and people. It was at this period that Sir Richard Cartwright went to Washington and Boston, Mr. Laurier too, I think, and the Americans went so far at Boston as to call Cartwright a Senator for Ontario should Commercial Union effect annexation, no doubt, without Cartwright's consent, but the Yankees were immensely pleased with the prospects before them.

Mr. Blake was entitled to great credit for his political sagacity in seeing into the effects of Commercial Union on Canada, and exposing it as he did in a letter at the time, by which he then forfeited the good opinion of the thick-and-thin Grit party. We can be honest Reformers without sanctioning what leads to selling our country to a nation

who would be glad to take possession of it and make use of so fine a people as we are. To boast a little, as a native Canadian, I say unhesitatingly, with all our faults, a more pure-minded people than Canadians, looking at their morals and homes—more blessed Christian homes—more dear affectionate families—which God can visit in His Spirit, cannot be found on earth than are in Ontario.

Soon after this escapade about Commercial Union, and Blake's connection with it, he foolishly, unnecessarily, left Canada for Ireland, as above said. He should have either joined John A. Macdonald, or formed a Baldwin party in Canada. He acted in this matter as Baldwin would have done—as John A. Macdonald once said: "A British subject I was born, and such will I die." So, more properly, I will say: "A Canadian I was born, and such will I die, being British." Mr. Blake is a very commanding man in his figure and demeanour, his eloquence is pure and dignified, but not sufficiently impassioned, he wants more fire! Whilst I can never forgive his conduct to John Sandfield Macdonald, who was a true Canadian—governing Ontario for its real good, associated with three good men like Matthew C. Cameron, Stephen Richards and John Carling (but with a political Judas like Wood), who betrayed John Sandfield basely, he should have had a chance to show his hand still longer—Blake forced him out of power, cheated him politically, took advantage of his position when his best men, like Lauder, were out getting elected, took a catch vote in the House, a vote of one, and turned Mr. J. S. Macdonald out—in fact, as he told his friends, broke his heart. He left Toronto a broken-hearted man who had striven to save the public money and purify the public offices.

Having said this much about Mr. Blake's conduct to J. S. Macdonald, I go on to say that after the retirement of

Alexander Mackenzie in the regime of the Liberals from 1872 to 1878, Mr. Blake, for a time, took Mackenzie's place, it was alleged, owing to the latter's illness—others said he supplanted him. Mr. Blake acted very well in the capacity of Premier as to the North-west, in many respects, better than J. A. Macdonald; but he failed, (which the latter did not) to see the importance of having a railroad to the sea over the mountains. If the Dominion was to be a great inter-ocean country, there must be a railroad from the Atlantic to the Pacific oceans, and it was understood that England's Asiatic policy required it; as it has now turned out in the course of time it is seen to be the right thing. I once had a short correspondence with Blake and approved of his then policy to stop the railroad on the east side of the Rockies which he and Mackenzie thought right at first, owing to the vast debt which would be incurred in going over the mountains, and British Columbia was not so much thought of then as now. Probably Blake's policy was more just to the half-breeds than Macdonald's. The war with them in 1885 might have been avoided if they had been treated more justly as to their lands. I was opposed to the war on that ground. I will speak more of this hereafter when I come to speak of the great tariff campaign of Macdonald in 1878.

I attended many of these tariff meetings in Toronto and was always in favour of a tariff; even the present Government of Laurier dare not repeal it—they may modify it. I refer to J. S. Macdonald and Malcolm Cameron in this chapter, but will reserve remarks on them to a future chapter; also will defer any remarks on J. S. Macdonald's short term of office, in 1863, at Ottawa, to a future chapter, and may say something more on the North-west Rebellion, of the half-breeds and the execution of their leader.

### THE LATE CHANCELLOR WILLIAM HUME BLAKE.

In my criticism of the political character of Edward

Blake I cannot omit to say that I do not mean to underrate the qualities of his father, the above-named, for his great learning, gentlemanly character, and uniform good conduct, as well as the dignity and high respect he caused to be thrown around the Court of Chancery.

To me in his last days he was very courteous, had not any cynicism in his manners, and never did anything to throw a blot on his Protestantism or demean the great purity and sacredness of the Bench of a Chancery Court by resigning his office to quarrel with his political enemies.

He was a great friend of Robert Baldwin, by whom he was induced to become a member of Parliament (House of Commons) in, I think, 1849 for Norfolk County, and during the conduct of the FAMILY COMPACT TORIES, such as Allan MacNabb, (probably John A. Macdonald assisting them) he took a strong stand for Lord Elgin against the Tory mob who destroyed the Montreal Parliament House and library in 1849. I wish his two sons had always imitated his example in boldness of action and patriotic views.

His brother, the Rev. Mr. Blake, of Thornhill parsonage, was a very learned and useful divine.

We cannot deny that Mr. Samuel Blake, although wrong in resigning his Chancery Judgeship to meddle in politics and carry on his profession again, has set a good example in advocating Christianity, but has shown himself to be a bitter partisan in politics.

# CHAPTER XXV.

The political character of John A. Macdonald—His early life—Convivial habits—Different Governments he was in—His connection with George Brown—Connection with the Confederation discussions and formation—His views in favor of the Quebec Catholics—My letters in the *Leader* about Confederation—Life of the late Rev. Robert Addison of Niagara—Chapter on the birds and animals and extinct animals of Canada—Chapter on the mysteries of human life—Two great events of Canada in 1782-5 and in 1816. Remarks on the great Navy Island affair—A new account of it—Cowardice shown by McNabb—Great bravery by the men who made the night attack on Captains Drew, Elmsley, and others.

I EXPRESSED my views at great length, mostly in the *Leader* newspaper, then widely circulated in Canada and England, on the confederate movement with other objectors.

1st. This party of patriots thought it was premature and too expensive.

2nd. But more because the Parliament sitting at Quebec had not been elected to dispose of such momentous questions that a general convention of the whole provinces should be called.

Amongst these were John Sandfield Macdonald, Matthew Crooks Cameron (afterwards Chief Justice) of the Queen's Bench, the Richards family and myself, and perhaps Edward Blake. However, it turned out all for the best.

### JOHN A. MACDONALD.

He had some standard jokes; one was, that he never could tell the probable result of a coming popular election

or the result of a horse race. He was always ready to tell some laughable story, political or otherwise, that would set his companions in good humour and take away bad feelings. In fact, he was what the world calls "a jolly good fellow." But "his political expediency" and his desire to please and secure those who would make the most for his insatiable ambition; a desire to be uppermost often, perhaps generally, made him do unjust things—patronize the worst at the sacrifice of the best. He had an old friend in Kingston belonging to a family named Corbet. One of them, this friend, wanted the office of sheriff, vacant. One night he saw John A. Macdonald and asked him for this office. John A. said, "Corbet, you see that moon. As sure as it lights the sky, rely on it you shall get that office." Another person that could or would be more useful to him politically nevertheless got it. A very intimate friend of his told me this: Mr. Sheard, the great Toronto architect who built some of the Ottawa public buildings, told me he was standing with John A. looking on a public ball, when John A. pointed out the most conspicuous lady dancer or waltzer and said, "Sheard, you see her. I could tell you something about her." He told me when I was in Ottawa and spent the night in part, at his house, having left with him the strong recommendation of my appointment to the county court judgeship from Chief Justice Adam Wilson and his strong personal friend, Senator Gowan, then Judge of the County of Simcoe, and Chairman of the County Judges,—he told me this in 1867, "Mr. Durand, you shall have an appointment to one of the first vacancies for a Judgeship." In 1872-3 when he went out of office, (many offices being vacant) he appointed County Judges to offices, forgetting his promise. When the Honourable William Macdougall was in difficulty in the Northwest, chiefly on account of the enmity of Catholic priests, who had quarrelled

with him about matters in the Manitoulin Islands—he did not act in good faith to him but left him in disgrace.

## THE BIOGRAPHY OF THE LATE SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD, OF OTTAWA.

I wish to say something about this great Canadian without pretending to give more than an outline of his character and acts. My life was entirely contemporary with his, the difference being that I was about three years older. He was admitted as a barrister at the same term (that was in 1836) as I was. How different were our destinies and characters! He was nurtured in the lap, as it were, of the leading men (legal) of the old Family Compact in Kingston, among such men as the Joneses, Vankoughnets, Hagermans, Cartwrights and McLeans. I mingled only with western Reformers and Liberals, such as the Rolphs, Bidwells, Duncombes, Mackenzies, Baldwins, Perrys, Durands, older than myself. The Family Compact were possessed of all political power, absolute all over Upper Canada, and Kingston was the headquarters of the power, monopolized by a number of old families there and about Brockville and Cornwall. Mr. Macdonald was always what is called by the world a *bon-vivant*, a jolly fellow, careless of his morals, and at home with any young man who would go into moral mischief. That was, in fact, the fault of the Family Compact families. They were immoral, worldly, selfish, and in early times possessed of the best talent in the country, excessively loyal, partly in pretence. Among such families Mr. Macdonald was cradled and soon courted on account of his effrontery and conviviality. I never knew him in or after the rebellion until I saw him in Toronto late in 1850, but often heard of him about that time. He was a particular friend of Chancellor Vankoughnet and of John Hilliard Cameron, not so good a lawyer, but a better politician. He was not

conspicuous in the rebellion on the Tory side, but ultra loyal when he did act. He was in the Draper Government as Solicitor-General. Whilst ultra loyal, he was always, with all his tricks, a man of expediency. He knew when to yield to public opinion on great issues such as the Clergy Reserves, Representation by Population. With all his foresight into Canadian character, he could not see that ultimately the Roman Catholic hierarchy would have to give way to public opinion, and the power of the press even, in Quebec; to the last year of his life he still tried to support himself in power by yielding to corrupt Lower Canadians who were supported by the Roman Catholic priesthood. I think he should have disallowed the Quebec School Bill in 1889.

WM. MACDOUGALL.

His being left neglected by John A. Macdonald to fight the hatred and the Catholic emnity of priests in the North-West, when he went to assume the Governorship there in 1870, was a great fault of the latter's. Governor Aikins took Macdougall's position as first Governor—the latter was more able than any one—and the hate of the Catholic priests, originating in the Manitoulin Islands, was the fruit of Macdougall having done his duty.

If he had disallowed that Popish act passed at the instance of Popish authorities and upheld by the Pope, the general Protestant feeling in Canada of all parties would have upheld him, but in this crisis he failed, as he did in the Northwest rebellion. Sir Wilfrid Laurier was or is wrong in coquetting with the Pope about the Manitoba Catholic schools. He ought to know Rome never yields any of its authority, or if the power gets an inch it will try for a yard. But Sir John A. was at heart a Protestant and only looked to present things to sustain him. Luther, Calvin,

Knox and Wesley were men who looked to the future; so were the apostles of Jesus Christ.

The great events that came before Macdonald to decide in a right way or a wrong way were these: 1st, the Clergy Reserve question; 2nd, the settlement of the Northwest question and first and second rebellions; 3rd, his conduct to George Brown called the double shuffle; 4th, his conduct in what is called the Pacific scandal with the Allan Ship Company; 5th, his subsequent conduct with the Canada Pacific Railway; 6th, his dealings with the tariff question; 7th, his manner of conducting the land question; 8th, his consent to attempt to centralize all power in Ottawa, which the Laurier Government are imitating; 9th, his abuse of the patronage power at all times.

Now future history will pronounce on these questions; personal flattery by his historians will not cover them up. The moral side of great men must be known. The misfortune of historians is (rather their hypocrisy and falsehood) to flatter the departed great. George the Fourth, King of England, was a courted, flattered man for perhaps thirty years, especially whilst he was acting as Prince Regent, but what was he in private life? The world, as advanced as it is in Christianity in name, really does not believe in a RISEN CHRIST—an actual spiritual world beyond this. We have heard what this corrupt king said, when facing death on his death-bed, "Oh, God, is this death?" When in his last agony he thought of the reality of a future in which he had not believed, but had been a world! a woman worshipper!

Oh, the hypocrisy of this world! What was the character of Sir John A. Macdonald as to religion, the hereafter, most of his life? Does Mr. Pope or Castell Hopkins speak truly of this? They durst not. What are the opinions of politicians any way as to religion?

Now for fifty years he was mixed up with the dirty politics of Canada. He first entered as a Minister with William Henry Draper, who was a tricky time-serving lawyer. We find him afterwards as Attorney-General in Allan N. MacNab's Ministry. Next, in 1865 to 1872, we find him the Chief Minister in the Canadian Government. In 1867, I see by my letters, I saw him in Ottawa in relation to a matter of my own—my application for a county court judgeship. I had a correspondence with him and his Ministers, Howland, Macdougall, Aikins, Spence, etc. He had got rid of George Brown after the Confederation Act was passed. Whenever he was in power he courted the corrupt time-serving Quebec politicians like Cartier, Chapleau, Caron and Langevin, who in turn flattered and coaxed the bishops and Church of Rome. History has never revealed, and never will, the corrupt political acts of Quebec politicians suffered by this politician from 1860 to near his death in connection with office and patronage. These acts were winked at—endorsed. Judgeships were trafficked in, and contracts as to railways, harbors and public works were used to uphold his Government. The present Mr. Tarte, now holding Sir Wilfrid Laurier in power, brought himself into power by exposing some of this corruption. Tarte was and still is a Tory and holds the political power of Quebec, which brings the balance of political power to the present Premier and checks the Quebec hierarchy. As Sir Oliver Mowat kept himself in power for twenty-five years in Ontario by bribing a wing of the Roman Church, so Sir John A. ruled the Dominion through Quebec and its Roman priests. Do Pope and Hopkins admit this? Political promises with Sir John A. were a staple commodity, made to put off temporary troubles—made never to be performed—for in the end the most available man, not the most honest or patriotic, would

be selected by the wily Sir John A. Now under Sir Wilfrid Laurier the same system of traffic in judgeships is going on in Quebec. When a troublesome person is in the way he is put in the Senate or on the Bench—a position the most sacred in the country. It will always be so, so long as Quebec is ruled by greedy office-seekers. In Ontario a certain decency is observed, especially as to the high courts. In the county courts Sir John A. was often reckless, especially in 1872 when Mackenzie displaced him. He was always very small and mean to any persons in any way implicated in 1837 in the rebellion of this province because he could not use them politically to his advantage. He took Macdougall and Howland into his Government—the first he used badly in the Northwest affair, and Mr. Howland was a pleasant, agreeable man, but not a politician.

### A VENERABLE CHURCH OF ENGLAND MINISTER OF EARLY DAYS—REV. ROBERT ADDISON, OF NIAGARA.

I have in the early pages of the first part of this book referred to the very great services rendered to the old Canadians at Niagara by this most eminent Church of England minister.

He was not the only one deserving of notice here, but my remarks will chiefly refer to him. He was my father's and mother's pastor in two ways, for he married them, and travelled many miles to do so. He also on the eve of the battle of Queenston came and christened me at Hamilton in 1812, and probably two of my brothers, Henry and George.

It is no small thing for a man to do this, when the country was a primeval forest and the roads often only Indian trails.

He used to go into other counties to celebrate marriages. I think I have read that he went into Norfolk, and even

into the County of York, and he married more than any other minister. There was no other minister than he within 80 miles of Niagara at a very early date. Dr. Strachan was not in Toronto, and there was none in Hamilton, Dundas, Ancaster, or west of them.

He was universally loved and respected in his day, and in 1828 was the chaplain to the House of Assembly in Toronto.

The services of this good man to the dying and at funerals were no less common than at weddings and baptisms. By statute law in his early days, if there was no resident minister able to do so, a justice of the peace could marry a couple, and many around Hamilton and in other parts of Upper Canada were married thus, among whom were my eldest sister, old Mr. Richard Beasley and Mr. George Bradshaw, as early as and before 1816.

This excellent man was a true example of what a church of England should be—no ritualist, no formalist, *burning incense* and *candles* in the middle-day services; no bowing east, or excessive dressing up in white of church choristers, were done or allowed in his simple church or services. The existence of this ritualism in the Church of England in England, Canada and the United States is shameful, a virtual approach to the mummery and (shall I say) tomfoolery practised in the Church of Rome. It must be very offensive to God, who loves simplicity, heart innocence and truth, a broken-heart offering in all services.

Who was more simple in His worship than our great and blessed Saviour, the Lord Jesus?

He says as the test of sincerity, when you worship God go into your closet, lock the door, then in secret worship God, and He who seeth in secret shall reward thee openly.

Mr. Addison should have been the first Bishop of Upper Canada, before Dr. Strachan, who was also in most things

an amiable and worthy man apart from his too great a liking to meddle in political affairs.

This reverend minister had a fine library at Niagara at an early day, and it is said some of it still remains there.

He was chaplain to the military there, and officiated in the venerable St. Mark's Church as early as 1804, I think.

This venerable church was built of Queenston quarried stone, and Sir Isaac Brock, his officers and soldiers helped to build the church, also assisted by old Niagara families.

The Rev. Mr. Addison was a very useful man in the war of 1812, in alleviating its terrible troubles, and in looking after the killed and wounded. His church was injured by the balls fired, and the churchyard was occupied by the Americans in part, I am told, and the gravestones were in some places injured, as a battle was partly fought in the neighbourhood, and the Fort Niagara fired across into the town.

He was the first pastor of St. Mark's Church, and preached in it until he died, in 1829, and was succeeded by the Rev. Doctor McMurray.

He died in the year 1829, aged 75. He had, however, preached 12 years before it was built. A tablet of his name, services and age are in the church.

I also knew at a very early date, say in 1828, a very devoted Church of England minister named Mr. Leming, of Dundas, who preached in various churches about the parts of the country in and near Dundas, Ancaster and Hamilton.

### A CHAPTER ON CANADIAN ANIMALS AND BIRDS.

I have always taken a great interest in observing the characteristics of our native animals and birds. There is something so interesting in their habits and appearance. A few of our once native animals, mammalia tribes, and

even of our birds, perhaps of our serpents, are extinct. We once had the huge mammoths in this region of country and all over the north and south-west. I say we, but rather say they once existed here—when, it is impossible to say. It may have been five or ten thousand years ago, when the country was uninhabited. We once had a savage animal called the panther, larger than the lynx or wild-cat which animals are still found in our southern backwoods. Two of them were shot some years ago near Barrie—stuffed specimens of which I saw a few days ago in the possession of Mr. Flemming, son of the late James Flemming, florist and gardener of Yonge Street. Speaking of the son, I would say he seems to possess an extensive knowledge of animals and birds, and showed me some beautiful specimens of the Canadian eagle, two species, the white-headed and black eagle; also of the moose, cariboo, buffalo, red deer, wolf, lynx and wild-cat.

The raven is a bird rarely seen now in the settled parts of Canada; once in my time very common. Swans are rarely seen; so are the wild pigeons, once very common. I have seen the sky almost darkened with flocks of pigeons forty years ago. The wild turkey is becoming very scarce, a bird of great beauty, once common all over the middle and western parts of Canada. The wild-cat is rarely seen now, but the lynx is still often seen. There is a great difference between the two animals, in color and size. The wild-cat is of a brown color with no tips of black on the ears or tail, and very much resembles a large tame cat, except that it is two or three times larger. The lynx is grey and stands much taller. The tips of the ears of the lynx have black tufts, and the tail has rings of black on it; is short, composed of one joint; the wild-cat, on the contrary, has two joints in its tail. The lynx is a very powerful animal when of full growth, has large teeth and

claws, and can run with great speed, much faster than any dog, and will master any two of the most powerful dogs. I have never heard of this animal attacking men or children, but it is destructive of sheep, poultry and small animals. I saw, not long since, in the papers of the south-west that the lynxes had in Kentucky attacked men.

The wild-cat lives more in the woods, rarely in the far north, and probably depends for food on small animals and birds, such as squirrels, hares and partridges.

Mr. Flemming showed me a powerful specimen of the moose, which stands five or six feet high and is as large as an ox. He says they have been known to weigh 2,000 lbs., and to stand six feet high. They are even now quite numerous north of Lake Superior, Huron, and the Muskoka lakes. So is the cariboo, which is not more than half the size of the moose. The elk is also much smaller than the cariboo. The horns of the cariboo an moose are different. The elk has very large branchy horns, the moose and cariboo short, thick horns, apparently not for defence, with small flat branches.

One who had not seen the moose would not suppose it, as it is so powerful an animal. It is in fact a wild ox of the woods. It must defend itself, as also the cariboo, with its powerful feet. The elk, once so common in Canada, and yet seen in the most northern parts of Canada, is a powerful animal, as large as the cariboo but of a different form, with large branchy horns falling back on the back. I do not know whether the moose and cariboo shed their horns annually, but believe the elk does. The mouth and lips of the moose are not unlike those of a horse.

There is a stuffed specimen of the Rocky Mountain goat in the shop of Mr. Flemming, an animal of a brown color, with large horns extending over its sides, which may be classed with the Canadian animals.

I have heard naturalists say there are at least twenty different species of ducks that visit Canadian waters. Mr. Flemming says there are more than that number. He has in his shop many very beautiful specimens, among them two species of the eider duck.

A curious feature about the eagle is the fact that the young of the white-headed and popularly called bald-headed eagle are of a black-brown color until the second year when they assume the plumage of the parents, a fine glossy black color, with snowy white heads, necks and tail feathers.

The black eagle is the same size as the bald-headed one, and his plumage of a brownish black bespangled with a golden hue.

A fine specimen of the white-headed kind was shot in the Humber valley near the lake during the autumn of 1897. It was about seven feet in breadth of wings. It fell into the water and fought desperately before it was captured.

I suppose the traditions of the oldest tribes of North American Indians gave no account of the buried mastodons so often found in Western Canada and the North-western American States. Yet this species of animal doubtless lived in these northern latitudes since the water receded from these regions, and after the glacier period, if such a period as geologists persist in saying, did exist. There can be no doubt that at one time water covered the face of all of North America. I saw, when travelling over the highest part of the pampas of Illinois beyond Chicago, incontestable evidence of this.

The mammoth is extinct, as the buffalo soon will be. By the way, Mr. Flemming has a beautiful preserved head of a fine buffalo bull in his collection.

The remains of the extinct mammoth animals, twice the size of our elephants, are constantly found in Canada, the Western States, the Northwest, and one was found this

year (1899) in the Yukon ice grounds, nearly perfect. The animal could endure great cold, was covered with thick black hair. One was found in the ice in the Russian ice-fields many years ago. When did they exist in Canada? That is a great question.

Bears and wolves, once so common in our now settled counties, are yet common in the woods north of the great lakes and of Muskoka and the Ottawa Valley.

It is a solemn thing to hear at night the flap of the wings of flocks of wild geese and water-fowl—high up, wending their way instinctiveiy to the south.

### THE MYSTERIES OF THE UNIVERSE AND OF HUMAN LIFE.

I HAVE alluded to these before, but the more we think of them the more wonderful they seem.

The extent and varieties of the stars or worlds, for such they are, and their wonderful apparent order is extraordinary.

It is computed, to which I allude in the latter part of this volume, that a cannon ball if it could be fired off in a straight line, could not reach the great world or star in a million years.

Thus it is impossible to compute the distances of thousands of fixed stars, nor can we imagine for what object they were created nor when first created, or why they exist. We cannot suppose that they exist for no purpose, nor that they are uninhabited, the strong probability being that they are.

As space is infinite we cannot imagine a void anywhere, consequently countless worlds exist in this space, revolve in order and are preserved from universal chaos by some great DIVINE HAND and INTELLIGENCE.

We cannot imagine that evil exists in God's immediate

presence, or ever did exist, therefore we cannot suppose that there was war among the angels, or that heaven was turned into a battle field. Why evil exists is a mystery, but yet it does exist. Some have thought it necessary in the order of all things.

Why the punishment of evil should be eternal is equally a mystery impossible to comprehend. Look for a moment at the end of the 15th chapter of St. Paul's letter to the Corinthians—1st Corinthians—and his description of death. The 27th and 28th verses say what the end of all things shall be, and Christ shall put all things, death and evil, under His feet.

Is there still to be confusion, death and misery after that, and no end to it, or is not God's goodness and wisdom able to order otherwise?

Looking at man, his appearance and form so beautiful; so grand in mind on this earth, so capable of mental progress, and with power to measure the earth, nature, planets, comets, eclipses, past and present, it is preposterous, sinful, to say that he was once a mere muscle, then a monkey, finally a perfect intelligent man. It is disgraceful for pretended philosophers to stultify their natures and beings as some have done.

The immortality of man is a thing that must be true, else we are not accountable for sin to God. Do my readers not see this? Why are we accountable for sin if we live only in this life? To make us so would not only be derogatory to God's character but tyrannical in the Divine Being.

We therefore, as Christ said to the Sadducees, speak to God in thought and worship because we are immortals and accountable to Him.

Whilst unable to understand the mysteries of the TRINITY of God, yet we cannot, if we rely on the best human evidence, deny the DIVINITY of the Lord Jesus. His resur-

rection cannot be denied, His prophecy of His future power over the nations is established, for is not He now the ruler, the controller of all civilized Gentile nations?

The world cannot do without some religion, and none is more likely to be true than that of Christ. We have to take what God has apparently revealed in nature and by Christ.

See my remarks in Chapter 16, page 446, on this same subject.

### THE TWO GREAT EVENTS OF EARLY TIMES IN CANADA—ONE ABOUT 1782 AND THE OTHER IN 1816—THE FIRST IN NIAGARA.

I did not intend, in this volume and its addenda, to go back beyond 1792, and, properly speaking, should not touch the first question (the hungry year), but I will allude to it. It was an extraordinary time. The people had no food except what the Government supplied them, and what they gathered in the woods. The weather was very dry, all creeks, springs and wells dried up at Niagara; only the Lake supplied water and, of course, the Falls and Niagara River. Crops would not grow, did not come up, dried in the earth. Cattle perished; the leaves on the trees withered. The inhabitants were obliged to go into the woods, cut down elm trees and live on slippery elm bark. Birds perished for want of food. Roots like wild onions, and various other roots were dug up and eaten.

I heard, many years ago, Mrs. Sarah Bostwick, my mother-in-law, tell what her parents—Mr. and Mrs. Bradshaw, of Niagara—told her as to this terrible time.

Then the *Cold Year*, 1816, was nearly as bad. Nothing would come to maturity, there were frosts everywhere, and, of course, wheat would not ripen, nor corn or vegetables. The population, however, was small and scattered. This cold affected Upper, perhaps all of, Canada, east and west.

Something was wrong with the sun, perhaps there were cold sunspots. At times the sun is so affected, if it is proper so to speak.

I must credit "Annals of Niagara" with information gleaned from it as to the Hungry Year; but the Cold Year took place when I was a boy in 1816, and only know about it from information got from living persons many years ago. It may be difficult now to find any living person who can of himself remember it. You see, the person then living would be 84 years old, and a child cannot remember such strange events. I distinctly remember things that transpired at that period, 84 years ago. I went in the winter of 1815 from Hamilton, with my father, mother, brothers and sisters (except Helen, who was not born, she being born at Dundas after our return), to Belleville. It was during the War of 1812, which lasted into the summer of 1815. The last battle fought in that war was fought on the 18th June, at New Orleans. General Jackson (called Old Hickory, from his toughness, and one of the American Presidents afterwards, about 1828) fought it behind cotton bags piled up as defences, through which balls could not penetrate.

General Packenham with, I believe, 15,000 of the best English troops attempted to take New Orleans. He came (as the English often do) in bulldog fashion, through low, marshy land, right up to a barricade of cotton buttresses; my readers may learn that these are perhaps from three to six feet thick, and when piled form a defence stronger than stone or iron, because they receive bullets, yield a little and rebound or spring back.

I don't, of course, allude to cannon, for in this battle they were not and could not be used in a marsh.

The bulldog English soldiers were mowed down by thousands of Yankee or Southern rifles like pigeons on a stubble field, and, of course, had to retreat.

My father opened a store and salt works near Belleville in view of the continuance of the war; sold his valuable land in the then village of Hamilton; stayed away until the summer of 1816, a little over a year, until peace was proclaimed. We then returned to near Dundas. I recollect the going through Toronto, then Little York, in sleighs; we had a great deal of luggage; and the return by a schooner to Burlington in the summer of 1816.

The *Hungry Year* and the *Cold Year* are true Canadian events.

The population in all Upper Canada, in 1786, would not amount to more than 40,000, mostly U. E. Loyalists and emigrants to Norfolk and London, Cornwall, with some scattered French and Europeans.

Slippery elm bark and basswood, and many ground roots can be used for food.

As for sunspots, cold or at times too warm, all astronomers know they exist at times. The sun seems to be a boiling fountain or caldron of moving electric fire, perhaps only on a deep outside rim. Possibly in its inside inhabitable. This is conjecture, but its immense diameter, over 800 millions of miles, does lead to wonderful conjecture.

Only think that our solar system with all its planets is a universe of itself!!

Herschel is hundreds of millions of miles from the sun and takes several of our years to go round it. Jupiter is also many millions of miles from the sun and takes some thousands of days to go round it. These planets are the farthest away, with Saturn so far immensely larger than our earth. The exact distances I have not got before me. But large as these distances are, a little grain of sand on the Pacific Ocean is larger in comparison to this solar than our solar system is to the universe which the telescope discloses to us.

THE BURNING OF THE "CAROLINE," AN OLD STEAMER, BY THE TROOPS UNDER ALLAN N. M'NAB, IN THE YEAR 1837.

Lieutenant-Colonel John Mewburn, formerly of the Militia at Cobourg, but promoted from the ranks to be a Lieutenant in 1837 (by degrees for efficiency) to be Lieutenant-Colonel in the regular army, has lately been interviewed in England in regard to what took place in December, 1837, on the Canadian Niagara frontier, and as I have said something on previous pages of this volume, of it I now give his description of the cutting out of the *Caroline* steamer, learned since, in which he took part as one of the volunteers. He was then a young man of about twenty, and is, of course, about eighty-two years old now, in 1899.

This account of his was copied into the *Hamilton Spectator* of the 3rd of December, 1897, and is well worth perusal.

But I only give the substance of what he says. There is part of it not mentioned before of a proposed second general attack by the British on Navy Island, not generally known. This proposed second attack should be known. He describes very particularly his share of the first attack which exhibited great bravery. But his description of the burning of the steamer is somewhat different from what I have learned from another eye-witness and participator in the affair. Some who witnessed the burning say the steamer was caught near the Falls on the rocks and only partly went over, or rather went over in pieces, as Mr. Armour, (now dead) brother of Chief Justice Armour, one of the attacking party, said to me.

The attacking party consisted of *ten boats*, containing each ten men armed with cutlasses, under the command of Captains Drew and Elmsley, formerly of the City of Toronto. They had very little resistance. Took the

steamer's crew almost by surprise. The sentinel fired off his rifle and left the boat. The attacking party had to row very quickly to resist the current running (he says) eight miles an hour, towards the rapids. There was constant danger in going and returning. The attacking party might have been successfully resisted had the Navy Islanders been aware of it, armed to resist it. Some days after this a council of war was held in the British camp (Sir Francis Head being present), in which it was proposed to make a general night attack on the Patriot Army, but prudence, if not what is worse, cowardice, prevented, and it was thought best not to do so, to save, it was said, the loss of life. Such an attack might have been made, and probably would have succeeded. I once heard a volunteer say it was owing to McNab's timidity. Sir Francis was there and perhaps thought it best not to make an attack. He was brave enough at Toronto after the battle of Montgomery Hill, but in the early days of this rising had a boat ready to take himself and family to Kingston.

The rebel party were very careless. The steamer was cut from American land and an American wharf, for which England apologized afterwards, but she was in the Patriot service. The United States contended that the British-Canadians were acting contrary to the law of nations in coming on American soil and cutting out the boat, although it was in the Patriot employ. It is very doubtful if the Patriots had, at any time, a force of one thousand well-armed men to resist a night or day attack.

It is true, as the council of war said, there might have been some, perhaps many, killed, but might not the Island have been taken? The night attack and cutting out of the *Caroline* was a brave and hazardous affair, and with resistance offered would have been a bloody one. Such incidents as this of the rebellion of 1837 are worthy of

record, coming as they do from such a source as this aged Canadian officer Sir Francis Head was a coward from various causes. Had he obeyed his English instructions to make Marshal S. Bedwell and Dr. John Rolph judges of the High Canadian Court, and to establish Responsible Government in Canada, as *distinctly ordered by England*, no rebellion would ever have occurred, and many valuable lives and many millions of dollars saved.

England was wrong, very wrong, if not base, in not at once punishing him for not doing so, and should have recalled him—not sent out a bad man like Sir George Arthur, who caused Lount and Matthews to be hung—to succeed him.

England is often (the aristocracy are) most tyrannical to her Colonies. Why did England on the occurrence of the justifiable rising not recall this offensive, lying upstart, Sir Francis Head, and why did she appoint in his place a tyrant like Arthur who came with a bloody record from Van Dieman's Land. She did so in a spirit like that which caused the American Revolutionary war. A spirit of *foreign dictation* over people who had just rights to uphold.

As for Sir Francis' fears and cowardice, the facts of his having a boat ready with his wife in it, to escape to Kingston had the Patriots taken Toronto; and his burying his *official documents* silver plate and *great valuables* in the Government grounds, prove them plainly.

His confidential servant, the late Mr. Alexander, of Osgoode Hall, now deceased (in his life-time a servant he sent to Hamilton to warn Allan MacNab to come to Toronto) told me these facts in the year 1896, as told in a former chapter of this book in the life-time of Mr. Williams.

A nation with great strength has no right to be tyrannical or unjust; she should make her underlings like Head and Arthur obey.

The men on Navy Island were partly Americans and Canadians, and with anything like prudence or courage (which was always wanting in this rising, there as well as at Toronto) could have made a night attack on McNab and driven him away, or a day attack from land and water and done the same.

Mr. Michael Mills, of Hamilton, Mr. Rymal, of Barton, and others of Canada were with Mackenzie on the Island, but it is probable not one who was able to lead men, which was the same at Toronto.

It is folly for men to attempt such things without pluck and knowledge; men going into battle must expect death, be prepared to die. The second attack spoken of should have been made by McNab if he had had courage.

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# CHAPTER XXVI.

The life and political acts of George Brown and some remarks on his father and family—The conduct of Lord Durham to Mr. Parker and others in 1838—Sir Francis Bond Head's disgraceful conduct to Mr. Bidwell the great Canadian lawyer and leader before 1837—Some curious remembrances of the period from 1814 to 1830—About the Family Compact and the late John Wilson and James Durand, the author's father—A chapter on the Canadian and American Indians and Count Frontenac in the 16th century—The bitter wars of the Six Nations of Indians, whose descendants are on the Grand River now—English aristocracy—Lord Melbourne in 1837—Shameful conduct of him and Lord John Russel.

## POLITICAL LIFE OF GEORGE BROWN, FATHER, HIS RELATIVES.

As this gentleman filled so great a space in the public eye from 1844 to his death, and took a strong stand on the great agitated questions in Upper and Lower Canada for about thirty years, using his powerful paper, the *Globe*, to express his sentiments, as well as expressing them in the House of Commons, this chapter cannot help but be interesting to all Canadians.

I knew him about the time he started the publication of the *Globe*. He commenced its publication in 1844, or late in 1843, about the time I returned from Chicago in June and opened an office in a room next to the auction rooms of the celebrated Mr. Capreol, the originator of the Northern Railway, and the advocate all his life of a Georgian Bay canal from near Collingwood to Toronto.

Mr. Brown's life and conduct were continually under my

observation until his death. I knew his opinions and also his objects of life. He and his father were what might be called in Scotland Whigs—not Radicals—and at first they took the side of the Tories and were opposed to such men as W. L. Mackenzie, Rolph Bidwell and James Leslie; in other words, those who sympathized with the Mackenzie rebellion.

Peter Brown was bitterly opposed to American slavery and the Roman Catholic Church, and his sons, especially George, took the same side. They were opposed to the return of Mackenzie and Rolph to Canada, and were opposed personally to me without taking the pains to enquire into the causes which led to the rebellion.

Peter established a religious paper, the *Banner*, the object of which was to fight slavery and Roman Catholicity. George and he joined their energies in establishing the *Globe* soon after the *Banner* started. George was ambitious and unscrupulous, and soon joined his fortunes with those of Robert Baldwin, and the politicians like Price who supported him, although he subsequently opposed Robert Baldwin in 1854-6, and very improperly supported Mr. Remaine—a mere puppet of a politician—and the Hon. G. W. Allan, Senator, in preference to one of the noblest men Canada ever produced. He also opposed Francis Hincks and James Leslie, who were carrying on the *Examiner* newspaper—then, in 1844 to 1850, the leading Radical paper in Ontario.

In 1849-50 he came out as a supporter of the Baldwin-Price Government in Haldimand, and ran as a candidate against W. L. Mackenzie and was badly beaten. He ran, in fact, on the Tory side. Soon after this he opposed Baldwin and Price, and took up the anti-Catholic cry strongly. Peter continued his course, too, in the same line.

In 1859 Mr. Brown opposed the notion of the Confed-

eration of the then British Provinces in North America, which he so ardently supported in 1865. He and William Macdougall were politically opposed. Brown and the *Globe* opposed the Grit party and such men as Malcolm Cameron, Hopkins, Perry and Leslie, and very strongly opposed W. L. Mackenzie all his life. He generally supported leading Reform measures. In 1861 he came out very strongly for the North American cause in the great civil war, also took a strong stand against the Fenian invasion; he was always found on the loyal side and against Roman Catholics, and was the ablest writer in Canada after Mackenzie.

Peter Brown was a most worthy, religious man, and his motives of life were all good. He got into some money difficulty as a trustee in Scotland, and left to reside in New York City, where he and his son George published for a time a British paper called the *Chronicle*, which took sides against the Canadian patriots.

Ultimately, Mr. George Brown got the people who had supported William Macdougall, Leslie, Malcolm Cameron, and the Radicals to patronize his *Globe* which became, about 1854 up to 1865, the general organ of the Reform party, and continued to belabor the clerical party of Quebec under Cartier and John A. Macdonald.

He was favored early in 1850-52, by the Baldwin Government with a grant of land at Boswell. He also very patriotically opposed the Catholic spirit displayed by the Duke of Newcastle when he brought out the Prince of Wales in 1861, when the Duke showed a rather bigoted spirit towards the Orangemen in Toronto. I recollect walking the streets of Toronto with George Brown about that time to protest against the Duke's Catholic conduct. Mayor Metcalf of Toronto did everything he could to put down the bigotry, and the spirit of Protestantism was greatly aroused.

George Brown's agricultural enterprise, displayed in his Bowpark farm, near Brantford, in importing and raising the best breeds of English cattle and sheep, I think, was very creditable to him.

During the Confederation discussions he yielded to Cartier and Macdonald, and gave the Catholics Separate Schools in Ontario (it was said in lieu of their doing the same to Protestants in Quebec, which was not true), sealed forever his Protestant consistency, and has caused a great misfortune to the cause which he and his father so long advocated, and fastened upon Ontario a cursed system of useless partizan Separate Schools—upholding an apostate Church.

Since 1844 he had constantly opposed that Church, and it was shameful for him to yield to its chief plank entering our school system. Had he firmly held out, Confederation would have come sooner or later. I never spoke to him after such an act. So firm was he in his hatred that a great riot took place in Quebec when Gavazzi, the Italian evangelist, was in Quebec in 1861, and the emissaries of the apostate Church *mobbed* the great *evangelist*, and him and Malcolm Cameron. He ought to have remembered the Church that burnt up the great Protestant Bishops of England only about 250 years ago; the authors of the massacre of St. Bartholomew, whose motto is "Semper Eadem," always the same for self—who hate the open Bible, and say ignorance in the people is preferable to light and learning.

Mr. George Brown came to Canada in 1842-3, from New York, and was a very active young man, promising in his appearance. I knew him pretty well from 1844, when I came to Toronto from Chicago, in the summer, and now recollect the different places where the *Globe* was published; if I tell it will surprise many. It was printed in the

upper storey of a house that stood where Stitt's fancy store stands, then occupied by Thomas Thompson, shoe dealer. For a long time it was published after that in a house owned by a Mr. Dallas, a Scotchman, which stood where the Bank of Commerce stands. Here for two years, in 1853-4, it published my literary and temperance weekly paper, called the *Canadian Son of Temperance and Literary Gem.* In one number of this paper, which had a wide circulation, I made laudatory remarks on Mr. Brown's character. He had not then sinned so much politically as after. When his office was over Thompson's, in 1851, he refused to publish my letters against Chief Justice J. B. Robinson—explaining the wrong decision he had given against me—whereas all other Reform papers readily did so, and was very gruff, if not impertinent in his refusal. At that time the *Globe* and Brown were no favorites with Reformers or Reform papers—the *Examiner*, Mackenzie's Message, the *North American*, and the Irish paper, the *Mirror*—the last was under Dr. Workman as editor, who readily published all my letters.

The *Globe* and its old manager used to publish many letters after this time, many of which appeared in its columns in John Cameron and Gordon Brown's time, on all subjects. After 1854 it in effect swallowed up the patrons of the *North American*, under William Macdougall Mackenzie, and the *Examiner*.

The Ministry of Alexander Mackenzie made him a Senator, and he was such when he died. He was, I believe, once an Orangeman, when he ran against John Hilliard Cameron in Toronto at a hardly contested election, and perhaps when he ran against Mr. Gibb in Whitby; in both elections he was defeated.

I may be mistaken as to his being an Orangeman, but think not.

He had a wonderful influence over the Scotch people, and was first elected either in Chatham or Lambton, where old Mr. McKellar (afterwards Sheriff of Hamilton) was his great champion. The *Globe* has been and is a great political paper in Canada, and is the leading paper in Ontario by odds. I wrote extensively against this paper in the *Leader* from 1870 to perhaps 1880, at times agreeing with it in some things. Now it is simply a beautiful paper as to appearance and composition—a credit in these respects to Canada. In my *Son of Temperance* paper, in 1854, in summing up the character of George Brown, I gave him credit for a manly advocacy of two things especially—the secularization of the Clergy Reserves, which Baldwin hesitated to do (but which Hincks and Rolph did after that), and for his opposition to the arrogance of the priests in Quebec, the corruption of its politicians, and his support of the temperance cause, which ended in a great speech made by him at Guelph about that time.

In Dec. 22, 1857, the *Globe* was evidently either an Orangeman or wrote like one when it uttered these words:

"Go to the polls at once—*Orangemen, don't surrender!* We are glad to see that in spite of the efforts of some of their officials—who have sold themselves to the Ministry—a large number of the *Orangemen* of Upper Canada stand firmly by their Protestant principles in the present contest with the MINIONS OF THE POPE!"

At this time Mr. Brown was trying to throw himself into ORANGE HANDS. Well, we conclude this article by saying, if I and other consistent men opposed Mr. Brown in his life, looking at his *notorious* inconsistencies, we were justified.

We must not forget, with all his faults, that he had his good side, and we believe he died trusting in God as a

Christian. Alas, for poor human nature! The Brown family—the older ones—are all—gone from earth.

The sisters were most amiable women. Gordon, his brother, was a very able writer and often allowed me to write for the *Globe*; but in his last days, in conversations with me, seemed sceptical of the Divinity of Christ.

## THE EARLY PERIOD OF THIS PROVINCE FROM GENERAL SIMCOE'S TIME TO SIR PEREGRINE MAITLAND'S TIME, INCLUDING GOVERNORS SMITH, HUNTER, DE ROTTENBURGH AND GORE.

The Canadian people of Upper Canada did not like the latter nor De Rottenburgh. A vote was taken for $12,000 in favor of Gore for a service of silver plate for an order or proclamation he had issued to exclude American citizens from flocking into Canada after the war. Many prominent citizens, like Legislative Councillor Dickson, of Niagara, and probably Mr. Thomas Clark, who owned large quantities of land to be settled about Dumfries, were anxious to get American settlers, but the Jingo class of people did not like it. I believe my father made himself unpopular by voting in the Legislature for it; in fact, lost his election in Wentworth County by the vote, and George Hamilton was elected in his place. There were, however, in the then state of feeling in Ontario, from the then late war, reasons for the proclamation. Old John Wilson, the Yankee of Saltfleet, no doubt used his influence against my father. He came in after the war, and was not over loyal. People in political matters change in a wonderful way. This man, John Wilson, later, from 1820 to 1830, became a Family Compact tool, and was made Speaker of the Legislature, and afterwards all his life held the office of License Inspector of Wentworth and Halton, and was a great friend of such men as Allan N. McNabb and the

Chisholms and Tories of these counties, whilst my father acted on the Reform side after the time of Maitland.

It is curious to see how strange some parties acted in that day. This man, John Wilson, was a Yankee and a brawling Methodist, yet turned Tory in the end and, supported, ran for the Legislature Allan N. NcNabb—as I have said a most reckless politician at all times. Another Yankee, Samuel Street, of the Falls, came to Ontario at a very early date, got into the favor of the old York Compact families, and was the Speaker of the York Legislature, although at first a mere adventurer. I give, for a curiosity, the names of the men who then, about 1808, composed the Legislature. He became the financier of the best families of the Niagara District, and skinned their sons with money loans. These families were the Hamiltons, Dicksons, Clenches, Clauses, Balls, etc. He finally died very rich, leaving his usurious riches to a son. It is not difficult to make a Tory out of a Yankee.

All the difficulties of that early period arose out of land grants, improvidently made by the York Compact, and hence political discontent. A man named Mr. John Mills Jackson, from England, had, like Robert Gourlay, great difficulties with the York lands granting people about the year 1808. The Chief Justice, named Powell, and his people were called selfish and persecuting. Powell, who shot Anderson on Yonge Street the first day of the Rebellion of 1837, was one of this family. Two men during the period, say, from 1800 to 1812, named Judge Thorpe, an Englishman, and Mr. Joseph Wilcocks, at one time the Sheriff of the County of York, and the owner of the first published newspaper there, called the *Guardian*, had great difficulty with the York Tories The Judge, like Willis, was driven out of the country, and the other, Wilcocks, joined the Americans when they invaded Canada, and was

killed at Fort Erie afterwards. He was one of the leading traitors of that period.

It is somewhat strange that there should have been three men who were so factious within fifty years as these three—Jackson, Gourlay and W. L. Mackenzie. Yet all three were in many things justified. One might add three or more Scotchmen, who have figured as agitators or great movers of society: Dr. John Strachan, Robert Gourlay, W. L. Mackenzie, George Brown, J. A. Macdonald, Oliver Mowatt and James Leslie.

The man I speak of, Mr. John Mills Jackson, wrote early in this century a sketch of Upper Canada, and was severe on the executive authorities, but like Gourlay was driven out of Canada.

I have spoken of Samuel Street being the Speaker of a Legislative Assembly. Here are the names of the members who formed the heads of many of our old families: James McNabb (was he the father of Allan McNabb ?) Stephen Barrett, Henry Mallory (he turned traitor with Wilcocks in 1812), J. B. Baby of the Western District, Allan McLean, the head of the McLeans; Philip Sovereign, T. B. Gough, Peter Howard, John Wilson (the Yankee), Joseph Wilcocks (the traitor), D. M. C. Rogers, Thomas Fraser, Matthew Elliott, David Secord, Levi Lewis, John McGregor, and Crowell Wilson.

Robert Gourlay was a scion of an eminent Scotch family, near Edinburgh. He went, he says, first to Canada, in 1817, after Gore left it.

He says Judge Thorpe was recalled for carrying home a petition to the English Government, setting forth certain colonial abuses, and presenting it to Lord Bathurst, who was the Premier. From England he was sent out to Sierra Leone (tantamount to banishment). There he resided two years, and he had to return to England to save his life.

He died there, being old and infirm, leaving two lovely daughters.

He had quarrelled with Governor Gore and when the latter went to England Judge Thorpe convicted him of criminal libel. Mr. Gourlay speaks in very high terms of Governor Simcoe and his amiable and talented wife.

I am not sure whether the $12,000 was voted to Gore or Maitland. My father was particularly friendly with Governor Maitland, and acted as marshal of the day at a great military reception to him at Hamilton and Burlington in 1828, at which I was present as a boy.

The late William B. Richards, then of Brockville, Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench, afterwards Chief Justice of the Supreme Court at Ottawa, and Mr. Wells, of Brockville, were arrested and detained for a time there, but Charles Durand, of Hamilton, barrister, and Marshall S. Bidwell were the only lawyers in Upper Canada compelled to leave Canada.

Mr. Bidwell was a true Reformer, an American by birth, but came into Canada with his father at the age of 13, and his father settled at Bath, near Kingston. His father's name was Barnabas, and was a very talented, prominent man, and was used badly by the Compact Tories of that day. Mr. Bidwell, his son, was born in 1799, and died in 1872 in New York city, where he had practised law over thirty years. He was an intimate friend of mine, was at my wedding with my first wife in April, 1837, at Toronto. He held the first rank as a barrister in Upper Canada, was in the Legislature from 1824 to the year 1836, twice its Speaker and most talented member. He and the celebrated Peter Perry were members for Lennox County a number of times.

HE WAS A LOYAL MAN TO THE QUEEN AND HIS COUNTRY, not to the Family Compact, and when the Rebellion broke out

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Three times Speaker of the Legislature of Upper Canada.

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took no part, although in Toronto, but had done nothing to compromise himself. The Compact lawyers, Hagerman, Boulton, Sherwood, Cameron, Hilliard, and the judges, too, of that day, feared his powerful abilities, his great eloquence and knowledge of the law, and made use of that contemptible fellow, Sir Francis Head, to use a MEAN SUBTERFUGE to scare him, in other words, to drive him from Canada. No doubt one reason was because he was American born. The evidence Head brought up was that the patriots carried a flag with a motto on it headed "BIDWELL AND POPULAR RIGHTS," with the making of which Bidwell had no more to do than the Queen, and knew nothing of. Now, just look at this position of the upstart Governor, Sir Francis B. Head, no doubt urged by the leading Compact lawyers of the city of Toronto towards this eminent gentleman, Mr. Bidwell. He is accused of treason by Head, told the patriots who had risen on Yonge Street had among them banners, one inscribed, "*Bidwell and Popular Rights*"—no doubt one of the past election banners. He is told by Head, "Here is a package; it contains proofs by letters which will or may cause you to be arrested for treason, or implicated in this treasonable rising. You now have a chance to leave quietly, if you like, or stay and and take the consequences." Mr. Bidwell, knowing the justice he would receive if he stayed, left his country, forced, under threats, to go. He was perfectly innocent. The city and country were in a panic of outrageous injustice. The innocent and guilty were all arrested.

The reader will see that if Mr. Bidwell was guilty, being a leader of popular rights, a public man, he should have been detained and tried, not such men as *Lount and Matthews* who were hung. Why hang and detain the dupes (if such they were) and let off the great and guilty, but an excuse was wanting to force him away. What be-

came of these proofs in the withheld package?—burnt, Head said, with the lie on his lips. This man Head when he left Canada, passed, in 1838, through New York City, where Mr. Bidwell was and tried to see him. For a time Mr. Bidwell avoided him but finally met him. He then told Mr. Bidwell: "I had instructions to make you and Dr. Rolph Judges of the High Court, but disobeyed them and did wrong." Of course it was, and it would have saved the rising. Now England or the Colonies knew or should have known of this interview. Of course they knew the disobedience of instructions, and the English authorities were guilty of a *high breach of faith to a British subject*, which they never repaired.

Dr. Ryerson tried to get Bidwell to return but he indignantly refused.

*John G. Parker* was a most reputable and well-known Christian gentleman of Hamilton, formerly a merchant at Kingston, known well to Hagerman there. His wife was a refined and beautiful lady. His family, a bright set of beautiful boys and girls, he was doing a large business in Hamilton.

Why he was seized and brought to Toronto I never could learn, but I believe he was not guilty of any treason—only sympathy in the patriot cause—probably. He was confined in the same room with me all the winter of 1837-8. No person in Hamilton had a more promising family than he had. They had been brought up in luxury, were well educated and well connected, all the children were born in Canada, he being an American, she Canadian. Reuben A. Parker, of Pickering County of Ontario, was a rich farmer, and formerly a merchant in Toronto—one of the first ever in business there—as far back as 1830-1, was a brother of J. G. Parker, in order to avoid a long trial and imprisonment, under a specious act passed by the Toronto Family

Compact, confessed his knowledge and complicity in the rising, thinking some light sentence would be passed. The base compact by their equally base outrages altered the law to suit their cruel will and purposes, passed ex post facto acts authorizing the Toronto courts to try prisoners from other counties at Toronto—an ex parte facto law. The English common law, our law in Canada, requires any one committing an offence to be tried in his own county by his peers. In that way he should have been tried; in my case the law was disregarded.

Parker's chief offence was that he was by birth an American, as in Bidwell's case.

Now it suits the purpose of England to stoop to Americans, to put up with their impudence—even with their insults—at times, and because England favored the United States as against Spain, things have taken a new turn within two years.

Yet at this time England is suffering this country (the United States) unjustly to claim lands in Alaska and to disregard her Atlantic fisheries contrary to the treaty of 1818.

I saw Mr. J. G. Parker in church at Hamilton about the time of the rising and he never opened his lips to me about any contemplated rising, which he certainly would have done if he had known anything of it.

If he knew as little as I did, he was as innocent as the Queen on her throne.

He went to England with Mr. Waite in irons in the nasty hold of a sailing vessel, in foul air, with bad food and water, and the wonder is that he did not die.

There, as I have said—all the proceedings against him being illegal—he was liberated.

Mr. Waite was taken with arms in his hands in 1838 in the Niagara district, his case being aggravated and different.

Mr. Lewis was an American citizen of high character, against whom nothing could be proved, yet he was driven out of the country by threats and persecutions of the times.

These three men, by the then infamous old Compact authorities and the neglect of English officials, who ought to have looked into colonial misrule, were thus treated and Mr. Parker ruined.

The fact was, at that time to be an American was a sure way to suffer every wrong possible to inflict. When I was arrested and most unjustly detained at Streetsville on my way to Toronto, under an upstart called Captain McGraw, he stopped on the road and made the said Mr. Lewis an American merchant, at or near Cooksville, come along under his forcible dictum, and remain in custody at the old Parliament Buildings, where he was detained some days. No charge could be made against him, and he sold out and left the country. Mr. Parker was sent to Kingston, and from there to Quebec, from which place he and some twenty-two other political convicts, and about as many felons, were placed in mid-winter in a beastly dirty timber vessel and conveyed to England. He (Parker) was chained to Benjamin Waite, the author of the book of which I have spoken, fed on half-rotten meat and black bread and biscuits, and nearly perished with cold and filth. They managed to live from God's kindness to them. In England, through the action of Lord Brougham and Mr. Roebuck, finding their conviction illegal, they were, that is part of them were, released and sent to their homes—amongst them Mr. Parker and a Baptist minister named Wixon—but poor Mr. Waite and a dozen others were hurried off to Van Dieman's land, no time being given them. From the latter dismal place he escaped, as said. Mr. Parker settled in Rochester, a broken-down and ruined man. His store and

business had been ruined in Hamilton; he had been confined, imprisoned and abused for two years by what is called barbarous officials, some of them British officers. Nearly every American in Hamilton left the country their business ruined. While this was going on such men as Lords Melbourne and Russell were neglecting the colonies, living in bloated luxury, misadvising the young Queen, and, as I have said, sending out such political rascals as Sir George Arthur to misgovern Canada.

I don't know where Mr. Lewis went to, but Mr. Parker's family were scattered in various parts of the United States, he being a ruined man, settled in Rochester and lived there for many years.

It is easy to see that at his time of life and with his prospects, probably broken in health, he could do little to elevate himself again.

I was six years away in the west and did not follow his history after the rebellion. I would here say that in 1834, when a student, I went to Toronto, and being acquainted with Bidwell and Dr. Rolph, stayed in their house on Queen street, opposite Bay street. The doctor was not then married and Mr. Bidwell had lost his wife. The simple way in which they lived struck me forcibly. They were very temperate and careful in their diet and habits; in fact acted like two philosophers.

Mr. Bidwell was a devoted Christian, and asked in prayer that he might die suddenly when he had possession of his full intellect. He was sitting in his office in New York at his desk looking over law matters, and dropped his head in sudden death, in 1871, at the age of 72. The bar of New York and the Judges met and passed strong resolutions commendatory to his eminent life and character as a man and abilities as a lawyer. I have all the resolutions.

Dr. Rolph died at Mitchell, County of Perth, at about

the age of 80, and he and his wife were buried in Toronto. These were the two eminent men that the Colonial Secretary in 1834 instructed Sir Francis Head to make High Court Judges (Bidwell, Chief Justice), but failed to enforce against their governmental tool (Head) their own order.

Is it any wonder that an oppressed and misused intelligent Canadian people rebelled? Is it any wonder that I and many others omitted to take up arms, but stood aloof from the support of such a set of rascals as the Family Compact were? These two men had the same opinion of this base set of colonial men that I had. Bidwell did nothing, Dr. Rolph actually in secret acted in aid of the rebellion, but took no action when he went to the United States, and was after 1850 made Minister of the Crown by Sir Francis Hincks in Canada.

### WHAT IS TO BE DONE WITH QUEBEC IN THE FUTURE AS TO ITS POLITICS.

That Quebec will not be English is certain. English politicians used to think that as time rolled on the French would be absorbed by the English, that they would amalgamate with the English, speak their language, become the same in religion.

The making of Ottawa the Canadian capital was a fatal error. Kingston or Toronto should be the capital, and as the North-West gets settled, when it has five millions of people, which it will have in 20 years, then Toronto will become the capital. I have just cut this piece of news out of the *World* newspaper, the 3rd October, and is, I suppose, correct, as it contains the opinion of Mr. Israel Tarte, of Quebec, the best exponent of Frenchmen in Quebec.

Here is his reported speech: Spoke in low and impressive tones when referring to the sufferings of "My country," 3rd Oct., 1899. He assured the interviewer that

Quebec is French through and through, and that the Tri-color waves free y.

Montreal, Oct. 2.—(Special).—During his visit to France, Mr. Tarte gave an interview to the Paris *Figaro*, in which he uses language which is exceedingly interesting. He declined to say anything for publication on the Dreyfus affair. "Say, however," he went on, "that I suffer keenly from the sufferings of your country—of my country."

These last words were uttered in a very low and impressive tone. "For, after all," he continued, "we are still French in Canada. We have 2,000,000 people who only speak French. The country people about Montreal do all their business in French; on a national holiday in the Province of Quebec there is not a house that is not decorated with the French flag. I have even seen, amid countless tricolors, two or three white flags, with the fleur-de-lis—relics." Mr. Tarte went on to say that the Province of Quebec was becoming more and more French. "French immigrants arrive every day, and when the English are not in a majority in a county—when they are not the masters—they go away. . . . To give you an idea of the influence of the French-Canadians, I may tell you that in the Province of Quebec alone we have 20 regiments, composed entirely of French officers and soldiers and volunteers. General Hutton has ordered that the words of command shall be given in French, and not in English, of which a great number of the soldiers do not know a single word."

It is undoubtedly the fact that the large majority of the corruption before and since Confederation has arisen from the French politicians. Their competition for Judgeships, their scramble for office, their sticking together, their bigotry for their religion and priests, their priestly ignorance and bigotry have cursed Canada and corrupted the English

politicians. He (Tarte) ought to learn that this is not a French or a Catholic country. The sooner the Lower Canadians see this the better.

### LORD DURHAM'S ACTION 1838. ENGLISH ARROGANCY. NEGLECT OF COLONIAL DUTIES. NO JUSTIFICATION FOR HIS DOMINERING ACTIONS.

Every one thought when this eminent man was sent out in 1838 to redress the wrongs of Canadians that he would act wiser than he did. He made an excellent report as to the causes of the rebellions in Upper and Lower Canada, in effect justified the risings, yet in an unaccountable way he caused some of the best men of Lower Canada to be sent to Bermuda, and failed to help the Upper Canadians or order a general amnesty, as he should have done. In this respect, the Premier of England, Lord Melbourne and Lord John Russel failed egregiously.

It is hard, or was then, to get English aristocrats to understand their duties to the Colones. Lord Durham was guilty of gross inconsistencies. He was vain and incapable of understanding that age. Lord Elgin was a far better man. These are the persons he caused to be sent to Bermuda. The Governor would not receive them, saying the Province had no power to send them there or to order him to retain and imprison them.

The prisinors sent to Bermuda, by order of Lord Durham, as I am informed, were Messrs. W. Nelson, Bouchette, Desriviere, Gauvire, Manchasault, Goddeau and Viger. They returned to New York City from Bermuda, were leading French patriots. Now how could Lord Durham, after making such a report as he did, send away such men for life or the period assigned? Did he suppose men were to be punished for patriotism, for the assertion of their rights? Such, however was the course pursued in those days, and to

make the matter worse, Sir John Colborne and the oppressive Governors were elevated to high rank. It was an infamous act when Sir Francis Head was withdrawn from Upper Canada to place over that wronged Province such a villain as Sir George Arthur of Van Dieman's Land, a man of bloody memory there.

### LORD DURHAM IN 1838 IN CANADA.

It reminds one of the way old heathen Rome acted towards its colonies. Rome placed, as a rule, the most corrupt and infamous rascals in Rome over her colonies. Look at HEROD, TITUS, AGRIPPA, PONTIUS PILATE and others. Some few of her Governors were kind and decent men, such as the Plynis. Pontius Pilate was kind if left to himself, but generally acted unjustiy. He was at heart not so bad, but he had no idea of true justice.

A prisoner of 1838, who wrote a very interesting book, which is now out of print, but was loaned to me to read, named BENJAMIN WAITE, taken on the frontiers of Niagara in arms and was tried and condemned to death, but afterwards had his sentence commuted to imprisonment for life in Van Dieman's Land, thus describes the character of the English RASCAL SIR GEORGE ARTHUR, who insulted me once, as I have written at page this volume, and who came out in 1838 to supersede Sir Francis Head. He was Governor of Van Dieman's Land before the then wicked rulers of England sent him to Canada. Mr. Waite says he had the name of "BLOODY BUTCHER OF THAT PENAL COLONY." He is said to have delighted to see people hung there. What has become of this man of blood who was the cause of the hanging of Lount and Matthews?

Benjamin Waite wrote this very interesting book of his trial in Canada, his conveyance to Van Dieman's Land and his escape after two years to America, finally to his family

at Niagara in an American vessel after an absence of four years. He was chained to poor John G. Parker, of Hamilton, in crossing the ocean in 1838 as a prisoner. The book is entitled "Letters from Van Dieman's Land, written during four years' imprisonment for political offences committed in Upper Canada," by Benjamin Waite, published at Buffalo by Mrs. Waite, his wife, in 1843.

England could allow the United States, because she was powerful, to insult us on the Pacific Ocean and take Canadian vessels without blowing them out of the water, which would have been done had she been a small Republic like Kruger's; and that troublesome upstart Chamberlain, with his Yankee, wife could fail to claim damages or write sharp letters, and England could be insulted about the Venezuela matter by the same now strong power, seemingly without any retort.

Col. Wetherley could strike the prostrate prisoner, J. G. Parker, in the fort at Kingston because he had tried to gain his liberty (he a British officer) when he would not dare to speak an angry word to some blustering Yankee upstart at Washington who had insulted a British ambassador for writing a letter to a friend in California, as was done in the case of Minister Castle, I think, and England had to recall him.

Oh, yes, the power of the adversary opposed makes a great difference with military and aristocratic people. At the close of the American civil war in 1865. England knew the Irish Fenian soldiers, American citizens, naturalized or natives, from Buffalo, who invaded Canada at Niagara, also at the east near Montreal; yet dared not, or did not, make the United States, for this allowance of a breach of neutrality laws, pay us any damages for invading Canadian soil, and killing loyal young Canadians. The damages amounted to three million dollars, and deaths many. Sir John A., although he went to Washington as a commissioner,

did not insist on this payment, played *second fiddle* to the Yankees, and *England softly passed it by.*

LORD DURHAM.

Lord Durham came to Upper Canada two months after the execution of Lount and Matthews. I was then imprisoned wrongfully, being innocent of any treason with which the leaders of the old Compact charged me. He must have heard of the wrongful executions, but made no enquiry about it, did not punish the *bloody author*, paid no attention to a petition I sent him, and never enquired into the wrongful expulsion from Canada of Marshall S. Bidwell, whose portrait stands at the head of this article. Mr. Bidwell was a worthy and eminent man of Upper Canada.

He, or those sending him to Canada, having justified in effect the rebellions in Upper and Lower Canada by DURHAM'S REPORT, should have advised the young Queen Victoria, then only a girl, to issue a *general pardon* for all concerned in the risings. He went to England, and the jealousies of the Government (it is said) broke his heart. His pride could not stand it.

It may be said that there still lingers too much *hauteur*, too *much* old English bull-dogism in many members of the aristocracy, not at all becoming this age. In that day Lord Melbourne was a proud, cold-hearted aristocrat. So, in the American Revolutionary times, was Lord North, and in 1798, in England, Lord Castlereagh, who committed suicide.

Will Englishmen in *high positions* never learn that they have no right to domineer over weaker nations that they are rulers over?

It looks just now as if the domineering of that Birmingham politician, Chamberlain, over Kruger partakes of old English times spoken of.

The worst is the domineering aristocratic upstarts can be very strong opponents, being at times equally mean in subserviency.

Lord Durham might have done far better than he did. He came hastily to Canada, and departed as hastily; he met the callous, hard-hearted, proud Melbourne, who cared not a fig for Canada's rights, Upper or Lower. When W. L. Mackenzie and Egerton Ryerson went to England in 1832 to get Attorney-General Hagerman and Henry John Bolton dismissed by the then Secretary for the Colonies, Lord Goderich, they succeeded in doing so, and it was thought it was all right; yet the Downing Street influence vacillating that they were reinstated these men soon after, and laughed in the faces of the people of Upper Canada, then called Reformers.

When Lord Gosford, of Lower Canada, put his aristocratic hand in the Treasury of Lower Canada in 1836, and took, I think it was £14,000, against the Parliament controlled by L. J. Papineau and the Legislature, the Colonial Secretary upheld him and his arbitrary act. I condemned this act of spoliation in the Constitution Paper of Mr. Mackenzie in the summer of 1837. This spoliation was done because the Legislature by a vote said they would not give the Executive the supplies until the people's grievances were redressed. This Secretary in England upheld the Governor's unjust conduct, and Lord Gosford and his Executive forced the people into rebellion; and these people were, many of them, murdered in cold blood by British soldiers under General Colborne's officers, their principal men, like Papineau, Nelson, Brown, Cartier, Lafontaine and others being driven from the province. This is the Governor Colborne who acted so badly in Upper Canada.

What became of him? He was elevated in England to

the Peerage—rewarded for misgoverning Upper Canada and putting down the French people with the bloody sword for asserting their rights. I have described some of his acts in chapters in the front part of this volume.

In Upper Canada he was the tool of the old wicked Family Compact, and in the face of the votes of the Legislature and voice of the people, created the *fifty-two rectories* of the Church of England now in existence—in effect then making the Church of England the *Established Church.*

It will not do to look upon such things approvingly for they were acts of tyranny and spoliation—days of English arrogance and Colonial dark domination, but I saw them, and it is my duty to speak of the past in this book.

### BORDER WARFARE IN CANADA IN 1838.

Few people know much about this warfare, although it was of more import than that of 1837 or early in 1838. All along the lines in early 1838 there was a guerilla or border warfare along the western lines of Ontario, from Sarnia to Amherstburg and from Buffalo to Ogdensburg and Vermont. 40,000 persons, called hunters or secret soldiers, occasionally invaded Canada, which, if England had granted an amnesty, never would have done so.

### THE BATTLE OF PEELE ISLAND BY THAT BLOODY OFFICER, CAPTAIN PRINCE, AFTERWARDS MADE COUNTY JUDGE BY JOHN A. MACDONALD, WHERE HE DIED.

I cast my eyes a few days since on a published account in the then called *Gazette of Hamilton*, dated March 13, 1838, of this bloody battle carried on by Captain John Prince, of a bloody disposition, also of his spies taking General Sutherland prisoner. It is worth mentioning here as it is hard to be found. This man had an aide-de-camp named Spencer, and was taken on the ice not far from Detroit—he said, on American ice. He came to Toronto

and was placed in a large room in the then court house for prisoners, just next to where I and 30 others had our winter quarters, and we had a telegraph through the brick wall, two feet thick, to him and General Thellar, or Dr. Thellar, in March and April.

The Yankees would have been hung if the Canadian Compact had dared to do it.

But the Compact was afraid of the retaliation of the Yankees on them. He finally got off by a compromise through British cowardice and influence.

Poor Irish Thellar was court-martialed, sent to Quebec and escaped over the ramparts in the winter of 1839 from the British grasp. He would have gone to the despots of Van Dieman's Land, where poor Waite was imprisoned five years. It will be recollected this was the bloody land from which that *cowardly, mean rascal Arthur* came, of whom I have spoken at page 337 of this book, who wantonly insulted me, as there spoken of, in the presence of another prisoner. And this insulting rascal, a British officer sent out by negligent old England to take the place of a fool and knave, Sir F. Head, as if in mockery of Canadian rights ! !

The wrongs and insults inflicted on Canada in these days can be written in blood.

A fellow named Prince—Col. Prince they called him —had a persecuting crew of spies along the western border in these days. His name was a bye-word in all the western country.

Speaking of Dr. Thellar, I would say he wrote a history of his arrest, imprisonment, escape and the wrongs of Canada which is somewhere in print. He went to California, and died many years ago. He had an aide-de-camp, who was arrested with him near Pelee Island, who escaped at Quebec.

I have given elsewhere the reason why he was not hung,

in accordance with the Toronto court-martial, as I have as to General Sutherland, more fully elsewhere, at page 330. In his case the Irishmen—Orange, too—said to the bigoted Tories of Toronto: "If you will not hang the Yankee general you shall not hang the Irishman." This was after the time fixed for his execution. Another one of them was told: "If you do hang him we will throw down our arms, and go home."

The Compact Tories and judges, being cowards, got afraid, and altered his sentence to imprisonment for life.

Now this old English Tory Prince, once up there, arrested by his spies eight *invading Americans*, in the winter of 1838.

He wouldn't try them by court-martial; that was too lenient, too British!

But his remarkable words were: "I have given orders that they shall be shot," and accordingly it was done. What can we think of such a brute, and he a British militia colonel! They were shot, and their graves are in Sandwich Church.

Bah! If the 40,000 hunters or patriot secret soldiers had been properly handled some michief would have occurred to old Prince, MacNabb, his intimate friend, and others. But the Americans, who had a chance to conquer Upper and Lower Canada—selfish and cowardly—were afraid to attack the Power. England was afraid of them. They lost a chance. They say that at the end of life this wicked Col. Prince, with all his sins, was pushed off into a remote Judgeship in Algoma County by John A. Macdonald, where he died many years ago. His family all seemed to disappear.

The border warfare of the hunters and Canadian sympathizers is a little further to be spoken of.

Another great life sacrifice was made in the death of a poor but noble patriot, named Von Sholtz, who thought

the Canadian people in 1839 would rise if they had a fit leader brave enough to lead them, so he passed into Canada, near Prescott, without any aid, and got possession of a large windmill, which answered for a temporary fort, and held out there for over a week against the combined efforts of the *lip-loyal captains* of that vicinity.

Any amount of shooting was done to dislodge him; he was starved out or surrendered to the crowd of cowards who tried to arrest him, but were afraid to go near. Among the brave ones was Ogle R. Gowan, who became a hero worthy of the support of John A. Macdonald all his life, for he always held an office at Toronto, not caring whether Roman Catholics were in power. There were then, and may be now, too many of such *green-and-orange*-faced Orangemen left in Canada: I hope not, for as a rule I respect this body of men.

Just then two political rascals came up for notice in Canada. F. B. Head left in disgrace his abused and betrayed country; deceiving the Home Government, lying, and betraying everyone. Another entered the province to deceive it.

Col. Arthur, of Van Dieman's Land, seemingly was commissioned to hang *Lount and Matthews*, which he did 12th April, 1838. I said just then, but it was in a line with the border warfare.

Well, they arrested poor Von Sholtz, took him to Fort Frontenac, and tried him, whether by a jury trial or by court martial, I am not sure; but John A. Macdonald defended him, and it is said very ably; he got a great deal of praise for this act, whatever his motive was. Von Sholtz was not spared, he was hung. The whole official crew of Canada, Upper and Lower, had not sufficient generosity or nobleness of nature to do a real humane act. The prisoner lived in a poor, mean, low-natured country, cursed with British officials like that which curse England to-day in the jingo circles. He died as he lived, a nobleman of nature.

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MRS. SARAH BOSTWICK DURAND

And her daughter Anne Maria in 1848. Aged 28.

## CHAPTER XXVII

Shall we meet again in another world—Remarks on the Great Roman Cicero and his contemporaries—Talk personally with a Judge who had lost his wife—Also with Mr. Mason, the Barrister—French Society—What does it—His story of his society in strangers there—Parallelisms of all my private doings—I feel alone—Beautiful poetry—Important texts of Scripture—A description of the Canadian Oriole and beautiful trees in Toronto described—All gold and beauty—Some fine poetry—Description of the wonder of our age—Their virtues and faults—Bicycle errors—Great care by parents and children's guardians required—Interesting description of old and new newspapers of Canada—Mr. Durand's great knowledge of such—His own literary and temperance papers of 1851-4—Judge J. B. Robinson's hostility to the freedom of the press—Wonderful improvement in the press—Its depravity and goodness—Mackenzie's great papers—The propriety of colonies having a voice in treaties affecting themselves—Brown and A. Mackenzie's and Blake's opinions—The great Mr. Chambers of Scotland—His opinions—John A. Macdonald's Great Tariff Election of 1878, in which he carried that election—Defeated A. Mackenzie—Tariff tactics—The article very interesting on Count Frontenac of 1679—Of Kingston—He lost there—Wars with the Iroquois—For over 100 years—French power in those days—French travellers all over the west—Their great discoveries of western rivers.

## SHALL WE MEET IN ANOTHER WORLD?

### SOME REMARKS ON THE GREAT ROMAN CICERO AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES.

Is there in human life a more important question than this? All of us know it is so, and unless God had revealed in some way to us the fact that He exists as a great

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## SHALL WE MEET IN ANOTHER WORLD?

### SOME REMARKS ON THE GREAT ROMAN CICERO AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES.

Is there in human life a more important question than this? All of us know it is so, and unless God had revealed in some way to us the fact that He exists as a great

personal Spiritual Being in the Universe, how could we know that there is a future life?

That was the reason that, in the course of time, God proposed to appear in the form of man—God-man—in Christ Jesus.

This is a wonderful mystery, most men can't comprehend the *Trinity of God.* It has been to me in the course of my long life a mystery—is now to a great extent, although I believe it. I believe it because Christ, whom I consider Divine, says so, and, moreover, it seems to me only natural in a social aspect of the spiritual nature of things in the universe.

Well, I am induced to write this article from having lately met a high legal friend (now on the Bench) with whom I have been acquainted over thirty years, and was acquainted with him when a student. I once, perhaps thirty years ago, had a conversation with him on the subject of Christianity.

He, some months ago, lost his dearest earthly friend, a wife, and feels, of course, much distressed. I lost my first wife forty-five years ago, and felt it a great, very great loss. Well, this question comes up under such circumstances,

SHALL WE MEET AGAIN?

If not, then, how sorrowful it will be! We are in civilized society, all thinking, living beings, if morally educated.

We wish to know that after spending half of our lives in deep social intercourse on earth, bringing up a family, whether we are

TO MEET AGAIN IN ANOTHER LIFE?

We feel that we are accountable morally to God, and why should we be so if we are not to meet again? After passing for a little while, as we rode in a street car, talking on sub-

jects, my friend asked this question. I replied, "With me a future life is not a matter of uncertainty, for in the death of my first wife I saw what convinced me, there is another life; a being from another world appeared to me as she was expiring in my arms."

"But," said I, "Jesus Christ positively says so; he told the Pharisees and Sadducees so. 'God,' says he, 'is not the God of the dead, but of the living.' Indeed how could He be so? Could God talk or speak to what is only mortal? If the Bible be true, he did so to Abraham and Moses. The Apostles heard His voice speaking on the Mount of *transfiguration* as the cloud passed over them; and Paul (unless he spoke falsely) heard the voice of Christ as he journeyed to Damascus."

"No," said I, "my dear friend, I believe we shall meet again." He turned his head aside as if affected at the deep and great subject.

My dear wife, whose photo is at the head of this article, said to me she believed it.

The great and good Marshall S. Bidwell, once of Canada and Toronto, who died in 1872 in New York city, also Dr. Rolph, were firm believers in the doctrine, as have been thousands of other great and good men. Not long since, the great and learned William E. Gladstone, of England passed away believing this.

There died about fifty years before the appearance of Christ our Lord in the world, THE NOBLE, LEARNED, ALMOST INSPIRED, CICERO, the Roman senator, orator and savant. He was a believer, it is said, that in some future world we should meet again. He was cruelly ordered to be assassinated by that MONSTER OF HYPOCRISY and villainy, Mark Antony, who was afraid that Cicero would expose his character. Antony's assassins followed him from Rome, as he was going to his country seat, and struck off his head

in his carriage. Perhaps in all ancient heathen history no greater man can be read about than Cicero.

That period of Roman history—say about fifty years before Christ—was productive of some great and wonderful men; like Cæsar, Pompey, Antony, Brutus, Cassius, Augustus, Tiberius, Lepidus, and before that Cato, the Scipios, famous either for virtues, learning and patriotism, or villainy and vice, as were Cæsar and Antony.

It was a wonderful period. The world seemed wrong—men forgetful of all principle, blood-stained, forgetful of all human duties!!

Then appeared in the time of Tiberius two men—JOHN THE BAPTIST and JESUS OF NAZARETH—noble, pure, heaven-born as if from the hands of God.

Jesus is now the controlling spirit of all true civilized life. Without His name and religion the civilized world would be heartless again as the base Rome of Cæsar's time was—venal, avaricious, adulterous without any true or conscientious convictions or actions of right. This was the Rome that burnt up the Christians, murdered St. Paul and, the Roman Catholics say, crucified Peter.

Perhaps France and Paris society are bad like Rome. This man Cæsar was guilty of robbing the public treasury of Rome, debauching a vestal virgin of the heathen god Jupiter. He was made a priest of that god when 16 years old, and then probably a profligate debauchee. He was assassinated in the year 44 before Christ, by the best men in Rome, at the age of 56.

Perhaps the great villain of France, Napoleon the First, comes very near this Roman profligate and despot in character.

N.B.—With regard to Cæsar I received much information from Mr. Meek, Barrister, who is deeply read in Roman history and classic literature.

## THE HISTORY OF A FAMILY.

### NOT STRANGERS THERE.

To whom would heaven's doors so freely open
As to a little child,
Who stands with timid feet upon its threshold
Lovely and undefiled?

And such an one, of late, was lowly lying,
With fast receding breath;
Over her face the first, last shadow falling—
She was afraid of death.

Her loved ones said, "O, do not fear to enter
That land, so wide and fair."
To all their words of cheer she could but answer,
"I do not know them there!"

But, even as she spoke, her hands were lifted
In sudden, sweet surprise;
And the reflection of some dawning splendor
Illumed her wondering eyes.

No longer clinging to her tender watchers,
And darkened by their woe,
She looked as if she saw some loved one beckon,
And was in haste to go.

What she beheld we saw not, and her rapture
Our hearts not yet might share,
But with a last bright smile she whispered gladly,
They are not strangers there!"

—FRANCIS L. MACE.

On the 21st of March, 1871, my little child, Clara Jane Durand, entered heaven with a smile. She became sick with diphtheria in Hamilton and was sick only a few days; she was always a praying child, used to go into her bedroom, kneel down and pray by herself; God only knows what the child said, but she addressed Him. She was not quite seven years old, was my third daughter of my second wife, Mary Ann, beautiful and simple.

On the day she died to the earth she appeared in good spirits, often smiled, and when I and her mother were standing near her, to please her I gave her ten cents; she smiled, and in a moment her little spirit passed from here to her Saviour.

*Well, will we be strangers there?* No, I will not. I am the only representative on earth of all my original family, the family of James Durand, sr., consisting of six sons and three daughters. The last, my eldest sister, Mrs. Maria Morrison —Maria Durand that was—died on the 20th of October, 1890, aged 92 years; born in London, England, on the 10th Sept., 1798. It is a solemn thing to think of, yet it will and does happen to all, for I know of many families in the same position, even worse. My first wife, this book shows page 249, was by her maiden name, Sarah Bostwick, died 12th Dec., 1855, and since then all the family has passed away.

My own family, the Durand family, before 1828, in Upper Canada consisted of six sons and three daughters, father and mother, all in the full vigor of life, of whom I am the only one now left.

How can I be a stranger when I go to the world, the life, where they are.

They died of various ages and diseases or causes. Shall I know or meet them there? If we are true Christians—immortals—why do we doubt this? These are their names and dates of death:

First, my dear mother died on the 18th August, 1828, aged 37, nearly, of fever. She loved me and used to call me to her bed and speak of God to me. What a wonderful effect a mother's advice has on the young.

My father departed next. On the 9th March his horses bolted as he went from Hamilton to Dundas. The result was he was thrown on his head and died in two weeks—1833.

The next was sister Helen, who caught a violent cold in March, 1834, whilst at school and died in two weeks; was buried in Old St. James', their burial ground.

The next my brother Henry, who died on the 9th of March, 1839, of fever malaria at Toledo, Ohio; left a wife and one dear child.

The next was my brother Alonzo, who caught a violent cold from imprudence in lying on the ground near Lake St. Clair, Chatham, on the 17th of December, 1840, aged 26; left a wife and one child.

Next was my beloved brother Ferdinand, who died at McGregor, a village in Iowa, from the effect of a stab in his thigh by a clerk with whom he had a quarrel in his store; left a wife and family, aged 46, on the 1st August, 1859.

The next was my brother James, who died at Kingston in 1871, from a disease of the heart, aged 71.

The next was my sister Harriett, who died at Hamilton, aged 56, of consumption; left a large family.

The next was my brother George, aged 75, who died at Queenston, Niagara, 20th November, 1880; left a family.

The next was my aged and first sister Maria, who died near Dundas on the 20th October, 1890, aged 92; born in England in 1798, and nursed me in Hamilton when a child in 1811.

Now it will be seen that I am alone of all this dear family in this world. Will I be alone in the spirit world? There too I have my dear wife, spoken of on page 248 and other pages of this volume, and I have also many departed children in that world, two of them of adult growth.

If our faith is true, if Christ's words are true in the 14th chapter of St. John's Gospel, we will not be alone.

I know of many families who are in similar circumstances with me as to the departure of all, not one left in this world—among them is Mr. Overfield's family, of Dundas.

We stand like the fallen autumn leaves: we flourish, are green, and depart one by one. Without the resurrection promised by Christ the world is a barren waste.

Hearken, ye broken-hearted,
Why do we mourn departed friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to His arms.
Why do we tremble to convey,
Their bodies to the tomb?
'Twas there the flesh of Jesus lay
And left a sweet perfume.

Let those who read this article reflect that Jesus rose on *the third day*, and appeared first to the mourning Mary Magdalene, once a sinner; and read the 15th chap. 1st Corinthians and the 12th chap. 2nd Corinthians; 5th chap. 2nd Corinthians: "For we know that if the earthly house of our tabernacle be dissolved, we have a building from God not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

## BEAUTIFUL TREES, BEAUTIFUL OCTOBER.

### ITS GLORIOUS TINTS AND GOLDEN COAT AND CROWN.

No country excels Canada in its October beauties, and it is a treat to go into the country and behold them. We need, however, not go so far, for our parks and lawns afford their sights. The beauties of maple trees exceed all others, but many other trees are beautiful, too.

In my former pages I have quoted verses from the

"YOUNG WOMEN'S GAZETTE,"

published monthly by the Young Women's Christian Associations of Canada in connection with the Young Women's Christian Guild, McGill St., Toronto.

This little monthly visitor I have taken for many years, the price being only twenty-five cents per year, and it is

worth five times the amount easily. Yesterday, Sunday, 8th October, I went to my Erskine Presbyterian Church, and also to a branch of their Sunday Schools to speak to the children, and saw the beauty of the October trees and fallen leaves.

This *Gazette* for October contains these verses:

"Sweet welcome we give thee, October,
In mantle of scarlet and gold;
What splendor in all thy leaf tinting,
Charms in thy wealth never told!

Full clusters in transparent purple are peeping
From bronze-colored vines,
All luscious, and perfect, and tempting,
And fairer than gold from the mines.

Rare pictures on mountains, in valleys,
Are seen in the beautiful light,
Which only an autumn sun gives
In its unchanging light."

Now let me say something about other trees: there stands in the small, but convenient little park, half-way down Denison Avenue, running from College Street, west of Spadina Avenue to Queen Street, a

NOBLE WALNUT TREE

in this park which I often gaze upon. The park I visit to spend an hour to take in the fresh breezes from Lake Ontario.

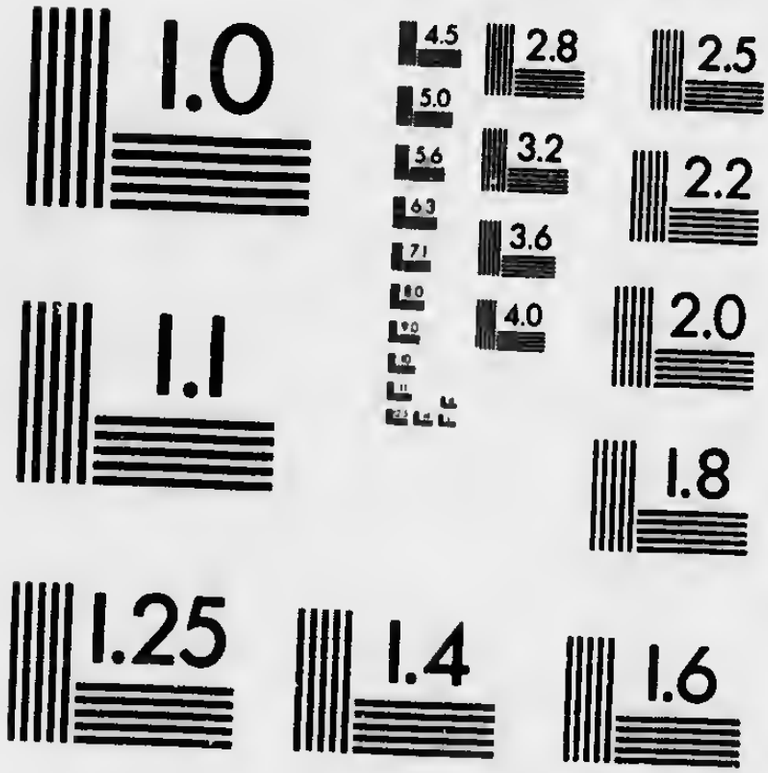
The tree stands, measuring the topmost branches, perhaps 120 feet high, with expanding middle and lower branches, in all directions from seventy to ninety feet wide, covering a space of near half an acre.

THIS NOBLE TREE IS EIGHTY-SEVEN YEARS OLD,

and was planted, I am told, by Grandmother Denison, wife of old Captain Denison, grandfather of the Police

MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)

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Magistrate, and father of old Major and Colonel George T. Denison and of Richard Denison, the two last now dead. A walnut was brought from Niagara town in 1812, the mother and her son Richard planted it in the ground then owned by her husband, the old Captain, to grow opposite their house. It grew in eighty-seven years to its colossal stature, has braved so many years and still waves in beauty, the mightiest tree we can see around.

### THE ELMS STILL STANDING ABOUT TORONTO IN VARIOUS PLACES.

How beautiful they are in their silent, solemn loneliness; some of them are as old, perhaps more so, than the walnut They were there before Toronto had a name; the Indians have encamped under them; the deer and bears have laid by them; the birds (the beautiful golden oriole) built their nests in the hanging boughs.

One stands in beauty on John Street and is very large. One stands between Huron and Beverley Streets, near D'Arcy Street, tall, clean, in a magnificent shape, perhaps 120 feet high and two feet thick. Scattered in various parts of the Toronto city plot are others of various sizes, but all in silence, standing green and stately. A few stand on the old Government House grounds, small in comparison, but high and lonely, which stood there when Governors Maitland, Colborne and Head occupied this stand; some I saw there in 1837 when the Courts all sat and the Parliament met in the old Parliament buildings. A few very large ones stand, and one three feet in thickness stands next to the University building, west.

In the summer of 1838 in the western parts of this city there were few buildings west of Yonge, or near Beverley or Queen Street. When imprisoned for my constitutional support of the British rights of the Canadian people, in-

nocent of any crime, by the base and oppressive old Family Compact, I could sit at sunset and at noon and look at these noble trees in the clear sky and sigh for the liberty denied to me who so deeply loves my country. Tall pines once raised their heads 120 to 150 feet high on the city plot.

### THE DON VALLEY.

Let us go over the Don valley to see the variegated foliage there; poplars, maples, pines, beeches, the lovely white birch trees, foliage and bark alike picturesque, what a grand sight!

Let us go to Markham and see the beautiful maples. Take a run over to Niagara or St. Catharines and see the foliage of the grand spreading maples; and at Hamilton, Dundas and Ancaster, and gaze at the two sides of the rocky hills, or mountains as they are, and see the display of gorgeousness everywhere.

## THE WOMEN OF THIS AGE.—1899-1900.

### SOME REFLECTIONS ON THEIR PRESENT HABITS, PROGRESS, ERRORS, VICES.

I don't usually write in this manner objections to women, but I am going to do it in this article, showing wherein I consider many err.

The positive duty of all married women, above everything else, is home, and if they have children their highest duty is to see after them morally and physically.

How beautiful is a home sanctified by the love of two parents that love one another and love their children with true love. Can such a home be secured or exist where husband and wife are continually, habitually apart—he at his club on pleasure, or political meetings, or shall I say, his lady meetings in clubs, such as I hear and am told by a Christian granddaughter of mine are held in Chicago.

In like manner what must be the state of mind of her, his wife, far away from him, in the company of other men or women who inculcate bad habits and advice.

In conventions got up for ostensibly moral purposes—say temperance, foreign missions, where the society is that of other men—or other frivolous women—away from that holy place called home and the children?

How long, it is asked, we know not, but it may extend to England, all the while the object is religious.

We do not wish to discourage religion, but religion could be carried on without taking married women far away from their homes, children and husbands. It is said what harm is there in it? A great deal. Home is for married people—the raising of families, domestic life—not the chatting of men and women as if marred away from their protectors. Yet those pretending to be religious can see no harm in it, and are ready to condemn nunneries. There is too much of this female humbug in our country. There is too great a desire to get women to-day into even Sons of Temperance and Good Templar Lodges, where they are kept until ten o'clock at night and accompanied home by their husbands or by some one else amidst gossip and laughter.

What are the names of all these modern male and female societies? One sacred one is "The Christian Endeavorers." Cannot young men carry on a Society of their own?

BICYCLE CRAZE.

This craze, so long as it was kept in limits—the limits of simple exercise—was all right. It was right for people such as doctors and business men living up town, to use it for expedition and health, or ladies for airing in parks with their daughters or husbands; but when it comes to holding conventions of women for spouting their opinions—with women or men as has been done in the United States and England—it is wrong. Much more is it wrong, when young

people single—not engaged persons, not married, wander into the woods one or two miles in the country, resting occasionally. In such cases let them be accompanied by sisters, brothers, or parents. Am I right? As sure as the sun rises and sets, evil will come of it—has come of it—it is a modern innovation! Women live too fast now, in many ways. Home, husbands and children, God loves to see together.

The Woman's Scientific Association met many years ago in Toronto, at which time I published a letter in the *World* animadverting on the bold mannish costumes of many modern so-called literary women with whom scepticism in religion is common, and the negation of home life is common. A lady commented on it, imputing it to old age. Since then I have written many other comments.

Rome never began to take strides to destruction until her, shall I say, beastly women became glaringly bold and unvirtuous.

The Republic of the United States may in the future, with her infamous divorce laws, get a similar fall through such laws and the hatred of their firesides, our dear but quiet homes.

If there is anything God hates more than others, it is a disregard of the sacredness of the marriage vows made before Him! How sacred is such a vow! Man may recover his lost virtue often—woman, seldom, if ever. I say this after a long observance of men and women.

What an example we have set in England too in many of its women. Oh, for a virtuous and God-blessed home such as Mr. Gladstone had, and probably the Marquis of Salisbury has! Mr. Grant Allen, the great and well-known writer, was very hard on loose, home-forsaking women at the time I was, and their generally loose habits in nursing children. Grant Allen was a Canadian—has just died.

## THE NEWSPAPERS OF CANADA OF AN OLD DATE AND THOSE OF THE PRESENT TIME.

Nothing shows the civilization of a country, or the intelligence of a people, better than their newspapers. They show the energy, vigor of mind, spirit of enquiry of the people who read and support them. Thus we see in England, particularly in the Northern American States, as well as in France, evidences of these facts.

Yet it depends upon the way the papers are conducted—whether the tone is moral, ennobling, patriotic, truthful—if the people are to be advanced, or, on the other hand, degraded or made vicious, irreligious, given to slander, with minds unjust to other nations, according to the conduct of the general press.

I am going to say a few words about the oldest papers that I know anything about in Upper and Lower Canada in the past—the papers of the eighteenth century, the early papers of the nineteenth century, and some modern papers.

The Quebec *Chronicle*, established, I believe, in 1763, in Quebec, is the earliest I have heard of. The *Herald, Gazette, Vindicator, Pilot*, and *Witness* are late papers—all since 1830, I think. The *Vindicator* and *Pilot* discontinued.

In Upper Canada, now Ontario, papers were established at an early date at Niagara, which was at first the seat of the Colonial Government—then called *Newark.*

1. Probably the earliest was the *Guardian*, owned by a man named Wilcocks, at one time a very influential man, but in the end became a traitor, joined the American army in 1812 and was killed in a battle in 1814 at Fort Erie.

2. The *Gleaner*, owned by Mr. Samuel Heron, a great steamboat owner, was established early. On looking at a number dated August 31, 1833, it was No. 38, Vol. 16, so it must have been in existence in 1816. One Wilcocks, and a friend of his named Mallory, had a paper before this war

of 1812 of much influence there, and at then Little York, called the *Guardian*. I have been told Mallory was once the sheriff in the County of York, but it is so long ago the real truth cannot be found out.

3. The *Bee*, a paper owned and managed by James Durand, senr., my father, was in existence in 1811-12, of which I have a copy, made from the original, the only one known to be in existence. This original, the late Mr. Miller, the father of the late Judge Miller of the County Court of Waterloo, owned, and whose son at Galt now has. This copy of the *Bee* contains the strong proclamation of Sir Isaac Brock to the people of Upper Canada to turn out for the King, and many strong loyal letters in favor of the British cause. It alludes to General Hull's proclamation to the Canadians in the west to join the Yankee cause, and defies him.

Now as I have been connected with Canadian newspapers all my life I can speak of all or most of the leading papers since 1840 up to this date.

In 1851-2-3-4, I was publishing the semi-weekly and weekly literary and temperance paper called the *Son of Temperance and Literary Gem*, and had the privilege of a wide exchange of Canadian and American newspapers, many samples of which I still have.

Among the papers started from 1836 to 1850-60 were the *Examiner* owned by Mr. James Leslie, an eminent Christian man, who kept a book store in Toronto. It was merged about 1850 in the *Globe* and *North American*. We had the *Pilot* of Montreal, published by Francis Hincks, afterwards made Governor of one of the West India Islands. The *Witness* and Montreal *Herald*, and Montreal *Gazette*, Brockville *Recorder*, Cornwall *Freeholder*, Belleville *Intelligencer*, Port Hope *Guide*, St. Thomas *Journal*, London *Free Press*, Chatham *Planet*. The *Globe*, started in 1843-4,

is a leading Reform paper, the *North American* by the Honorable Wm. McDougall, the Hamilton *Spectator*, the Bowmanville *Messenger*, Whitby *Chronicle*, Galt *Reformer*, Guelph *Mercury*, Markham *Economist*, the Toronto *Mirror*, a Catholic paper, the *Patriot* and *Leader*, by Mr. James Beatty. But I must not omit McKenzie's *Advocate* of 1824, and his constitution of 1837.

When W. L. Mackenzie returned in 1849 to Canada, after a ten years' sojourn in the United States, he published a newspaper called the *Message*, which was carried on in the same vigorous (in some respects) abusive style of his old ante-rebellion papers. It lasted, perhaps, ten years (am not certain) until near his death. But the *Globe* became and has been since the leading Canadian newspaper, then the *Leader*, next the *Mail*. The *Globe* and *Mail* still continue the leading Canadian papers. It may be said that the Montreal *Herald* was the next. The *Witness* of Montreal is now a leading paper, and has been for over 40 years.

Mr. Hunter, the agent of the Ontario Government for the General Insurance of Government property, told me in 1899 that there was published in very old times at Niagara, a newspaper called the *Guardian*, by whom he did not know. It was a political, Radical paper, published perhaps between 1808 and 1812, probably as I mention above.

Another paper that lies before me is the *Canadian Freeman*, whose editor was imprisoned unjustly by the late Chief Justice, John Beverley Robinson, for alleged criminal libel, and put in prison. It is called the *Canadian Freeman*, and owned by one Collins, an Irishman. This number is dated March 26, 1829, No. 20, Vol. 4, therefore must have been in existence four years, or in 1825. William Lyon Mackenzie was then publishing his *Advocate* at Toronto. He had, (the *Gleaner* says) in August, 1833, just

returned from England with a very active Quebec politician named Mr. Viger, the active agent and friend of the great Louis J. Papineau. "All these Reform papers, and what they contended for, was just, and has since been granted to the people." This number of the *Freeman* shows how unjustly and oppressively Mr. John B. Robinson, then Attorney-General, had acted, and the Legislature was about to expel him. He was member for the then town of York, in 1828, and had been active in persecuting the English judge, Willis. The Niagara *Reporter*, dated May 10, 1833, Vol. 1, No. 1, was then just started, and was in opposition to the *Gleaner*. It was owned by one Thomas Sewell.

This paper gives the news of the colonial times and world. It speaks of an assault made by a Mr. Randolph, of Virginia, on the President of the United States at Washington.

The late George Gurnett, ex-Mayor of Toronto, and ex-Police Justice, was in 1833 publishing a high Tory and family paper called the *Courier*, with which I often had political controversy. There were at that time in Toronto papers, *McKenzie's Advocate*, Mr. Carey's *Observer*, Mr. Fothergill's *Palladium*, Mr. Dalton's *Patriot*, and Mr. Robert Stanton's *Upper Canada Gazette*. The Kingston *News* was also, I believe, published in Kingston. It was the *Gleaner* that persecuted Gourlay, and was always an unprincipled Family Compact paper. In 183[illegible] and many years after, I wrote in the Hamilton *Free Press* at different times, and feel it my duty to allude to this most able and stalwart advocate of the Reform cause of old times, from 1831 to 1837, decidedly the best then in Western Canada. It was established by an energetic man named William Smith, the brother-in-law of the Honorable Samuel Mills, long since deceased. Mr. Smith died before his wife, who only passed away a few years ago, aged 84. I wrote extensively, sometimes editorials, for the paper.

The old Tories used to cringe beneath its lashes. We have no such Tories now as the bigoted ones of 1837. It made the Compact party fairly mad. It was described as neither monarchical, republican or responsible, but greedy of power and office. Query, What about Mr. Hardy's new government ?

I have described the papers existing between 1810-20 and 30, up to 1840. Hugh Scobie, a bigoted Scotch Tory, had a paper in Toronto called the *Colonist*, in and prior to 1837, well conducted, when established I don't remember. I know it existed in 1836-7-8 up to 1841. The *Christian Guardian* was established (a religious paper) in 1829, by the aid of Bishop Richardson and Dr. Ryerson.

I am acquainted with papers since 1840, which I will refer to.

Turning again to old times, that arrant tool of the old Compact, the late George Gurnett, published his *Gazette* at Ancaster in 1827, and a copy of which I have. One James Johnston published the *Mercury* paper in Hamilton in 1832-4. A paper called the *Gazette* was also published there by, probably, the Messrs. Butts.

Upper and Lower Canada, and even the Maritime Provinces, as well as the North-West, are full of good papers.

I will mention a few and close this article. Winnipeg, the capital of Manitoba, has two very talented papers, the *Free Press* and the *Tribune*, for the last of which I wrote a good deal during the school agitation four years ago. The Regina organ of Mr. Davin is a good paper. Also Vancouver has its organ. The St. John, New Brunswick, *Sun* is a good paper. Halifax has its organs too.

Again, Ontario has a fine display of well-gotten-up papers like the Brantford *Expositor*, the St. Thomas *Journal*, the Chatham *Planet*, the London *Free Press* and London *Advertiser*, the Hamilton *Times* and *Spectator*, the Woodstock

*Review*, the Stratford *Beacon*, the Guelph *Herald*, Brockville *Recorder*, now over 50 years old, the Cornwall *Freeholder* as old, the Ottawa *Citizen* and *Journal*, the Montreal *Gazette* and *Herald*, and many others, the Dundas *Free Banner*. In Toronto, the great dailies, the *Globe* and *Mail*, the *World*, *Sentinel* of the Orangemen, *Telegram*, *News* and *Sun*.

### THE POWER OVER TREATIES AFFECTING THE COLONIES—WHAT THE GREAT SCOTCH WRITERS MR. CHAMBERS AND MR. BLAKE THOUGHT OF IT.

Imperial Union may be a fine thing to talk about, to bring colonies into the fancy wars of England may be a grandiloquent patriotism. But suppose colonies don't feel any interest in them? What interest have we in a war on the Dervishes of Omdurman?

Why should we be dragged into a war with Kruger and the Orange Free State? Oh! say some, if we don't help England in such wars, she will not help us in Canada in a war with the United States with which she is now humbling herself. Very well, suppose she does not, and we go over to that republic, how much would England be worth in the world?

The treaty-making power is a very important one. Such power the colonies and Canada well might have. She has no power in this matter at all, and England may dispose of our boundaries, our fisheries, Pacific or Atlantic, without our consent.

Mr. Chambers thinks the colonies should have a voice in the making of treaties affecting them; if not, it is clearly an example of taxation without representation. We in Canada have been often injured by English treaties. If I recollect rightly Mr. Alexander Mackenzie and the *Globe* took this view many years since. The whole Colonial Gov

ernments often get into a tangle by England over-riding their interests, but it is difficult to see how the entanglement can be mended ?

If the colonies always had a voice in the making of such treaties by their representatives present, it would be a great improvement on the present state of things.

To represent the colonies Canada has a colonial officer, such as Lord Strathcona is, yet he can only speak, whereas a delegate with power to vote would be better.

Representation in an Imperial Parliament of a few (perhaps five or even ten colonial representatives) in a House of about 656, is almost a farce. This treaty-making by England must be altered.

There is a bastard loyalty in this country, assuming that those who do not agree with the Imperialists are disloyal. It is best for us to mind the affairs of America, which immediately concerns us, not to run into European difficulties. If it is not for the interest of England to defend Canada, (and we know it is greatly so), and we can't defend ourselves, why we must take the consequences.

## SOME ACCOUNT OF COUNT FRONTENAC, THE GREAT FRENCHMAN AFTER WHOM THE COUNTY OF FRONTENAC, KINGSTON, IS NAMED.

He lived in the locality of Kingston, and the fort there is named about the year , and may be well called a very early Canadian

## COUNT FRONTENAC AND FORT FRONTENAC 1663.

The French Fort was on the site of the present Fort Cataraqui.

Here is a substantial history of his Canadian acts and wars with the Iroquois or Six Nations of Indians in those those early times.

These wars were carried on at the same times that European wars were being carried on between the French and English in Europe.

They were the old New England colonial wars before 1775. But little can be said of the Iroquois Indians in the way of peace or humanity, for their bloodthirstiness and cruelties were notorious. Much may be said of their steadfastness and observance of their treaties in favor of the British and old colonists.

In 1671 a grand congress of the French and Canadian French Indians was held at the Falls of St. Mary, where the great canal is now built by the Americans, and another by the British Canadians. The Indians then professed allegiance to the Great French King, East and West—not in the English settlements—which was done in a grand French way. M. de Courcelles was the French Governor-General. He built a rough fort at the outlet of Lake Ontario where it enters the St. Lawrence, below the new Fort Frontenac, as a barrier against the New York State Iroquois and their warlike incursions. This fort, only partly built, was finished with stone in 1663 by Count Frontenac, the next Governor, and he called it, as it is now called, Frontenac. This man was a great, warlike and enterprising man, who had many wars with the Iroquois.

The same year the French, under Father Marquette, built at the confluence of Lakes Huron and Michigan a fort of great beauty and strength, Mich-ili-makinac, one of the most beautiful spots on all the great lakes. It was about this era that Father Marquette La Salle and others went up the lakes. One Lassen built a small schooner for Lake Erie, and went up the lakes to the great Mississippi, first part of the way, finally to the mouth of it.

A man called Ferdinand De Soto had discovered the mouth of the great river 130 years before for Spain, but possession was not taken of it.

Father Hennepin was another great missionary traveller, and went up the lakes and up the great river until he came to St. Anthony's Falls in 1680. It is like romance to read of their discoveries.

The first nunnery of Ursuline nuns was founded at Quebec in 1639 by a nun named Madame de Peltice. A very great Frenchman and explorer, named Champlain, died in 1635.

Count Frontenac made his war excursions on the Iroquois from Kingston or Frontenac, always from Canada, into the New York State country, at one time against the Mohawks, at another time against the Senecas. The two attacks were only partially successful for the French.

He, Count Frontenac, sent up 200 carriers to Mich-ili-makinac for furs, and had some difficulty in getting them down to Montreal,

So dreadful were the Iroquois' sudden attacks at Montreal, that 1,200 of them attacked and sacked Montreal on the 1st July, 1716, and massacred all the men. The Count died 1698, aged 78. A Frenchman named Dennonville was the first to build with steel bastions, at Niagara, the beginning of the present great fort about 1687. It was abandoned and again rebuilt. It is said, at this period, Canada, which means Quebec, had a population of only about 17,000 people, and could only raise 4,844 men to defend it against the Indians.

There was a small tribe of inoffensive Indians called the Eries living on the shores of Lake Erie and Niagara River, perhaps 200 years before this date, and in one of their incursions into Canada the Iroquois exterminated them.

The Hurons were the natural enemies of these cruel people, and a battlefield of Woodbridge and vicinity, full of bones and skulls, now grown over by great pine trees 200 years or more old, where a race of Hurons lived, shows there must have been upon one occasion a great battle there.

I have frequently visited ground on the east bank of the river about the villiage. The Huron settlements extended to the mouth of the river, thence to Collingwood, its vicinity and probably over the Muskoka Lakes.

N.B.—I find historic annals say in 1678—Fort Frontenac having been destroyed (probably by the Iroquois), Father La Salle rebuilt it—launched a bark of ten tons on Lake Ontario—the following year a vessel of 60 tons on Lake Erie and built a small stockade fort at Niagara.

THE GREAT TARIFF CAMPAIGN OF JOHN A. MACDONALD IN 1878 BY WHICH HE CARRIED THAT ELECTION—SOMETHING ABOUT THE HALF-BREED WAR—HIS POLICY ABOUT THEM.

This was a great affair. Mr Ick Evans had erected a great platform and a great yard an acre large in on Albert Street, in rear of the now city hall. There was a city band. Thousands attended, hundreds on the platform. Tall chimneys and manufactures the talk. All the principal manufacturers of the country were here from Hamilton, Dundas, Galt, Brantford, Guelph, London, all sent their quota to hear Rogers, Sir John A., Mr. Samuel Tilley, Mr. Galt, Dr. Tupper, Mr. Langevin, Mr. Gurney, Mr. Brock, Mr. Pope, Mr. McKay, who were there.

The bell was rung by Ick Evans, and forward came the stalwarts of Toronto, the men who gained the elections of 1878, and kept Sir John in power until 1896. No other Premier was in power so long, in fact, too long. The cry of disloyalty gave him another lease of power in 1891.

He did many acts that were contrary to good policy after 1878. He governed the North-West Territories badly, brought on the half-breed war of 1885 partly in that way, gave away 25 millions of acres of the best public lands to the C.P.R. The same Ick Evans attended meetings in the St. Lawrence Hall with me in 1880-1, to oppose his conduct

in that respect, he having signed requisitions with others for them. I approved of his tariff for the most part, but opposed his grants, also his leaning to Catholic priests and their political lives. Such things never suited me. His better judgment told him they were wrong, yet his honesty was not such as would bear him up in resisting the false things of earth. In such conduct he differed from many honest Canadians.

Such was his shuffling way in political actions that at times, apart from his natural geniality of heart and good nature, he was heartily despised. How much better it would be for men always to do their duty, how much more pleasing to God! What was called "the Gerrymander act of his Ministry," in 1882, I considered very indefensible, and as it now stands it is still so.

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## CHAPTER XXVIII.

Family affairs in 1858—My marriage again, 16th September in that year, at Hamilton, to my first wife's cousin—Family by her—How many alive—Remarks on Psalm number one inserted—My beautiful journey west up to Chicago and St. Paul, up the river Mississippi and down on steamer—Romantic journey, saw my brother Ferdinand at McGregor, Iowa, since dead—Remarks on this journey and the times of 1858—A description of the various Premiers of United Canada, and after the Confederation—State of Confederation and its consummation in 1865-7—A. Mackenzie, J. S. Macdonald, Dr. Tupper—Some account of the close of the Hincks-Rolph Cabinet—George Brown's short Government—Special reference to Dr. Tupper and J. A. Macdonald—Their similar political characters—The bad conduct in reference to Toronto—Election of Tupper—A description of what is called the Responsible Government of Ontario—A true model of it—It would be as bad for one party as the other—Men are equally bad with bad systems—A short reference to C. A. Hagerman and his marriages—Rectifying mistakes ante-pages—A short allusion to Ontario song-birds in northern latitudes, and animals and snakes that remain in sleep—George Brown's one week's Premiership, taken from him by the trickery of J. A. Macdonald, Philip Vankoughnet and others, assisted by the Governor Edmund Head—An unjust Act—Wilfrid Laurier, now Premier, on his trial yet—Sound advice to him—Comparison of William the Third of Holland, the liberator of England, 1688, with Kruger and his countrymen, the descendants of this Great Conqueror—They are standing for civil rights—Some advice to the United States, England, Canada—A warning to all nations—Don't be too warlike—God, according to history, gives a turn to each nation—Where is Rome?—An article on my private family matters in 1858—My marriage that year, a second time—My wedding journey west—Remarks on events.

My second marriage, in 1858, to my first wife's cousin, in Hamilton, to whom I have since been married over 41 years, and by whom I have had a dear second family; some

of them departed this life; three of them alive, all adults; two of them University graduates. My wife, like myself, is now old, but much younger than I am; she is grey in the duties and services of wifehood, which have been well served. I will be excused if in this I add some religious advice and other remarks, which ought to be of interest to all.

PSALM.

"1. Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful;

"2. But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night.

"3. And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

"4. The ungodly are not so; but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.

"5. Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

"6. For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous; but the way of the ungodly shall perish."

This is one of the most beautiful Psalms in the list of Psalms, and might well be read at every rising and resting for the day.

I am a believer in marriage, and when my first dear wife departed this life in December, 1855, as spoken of elsewhere, having a young family of dear girls left to me by the hands of God to bring up, and take care of morally and lovingly as a father, I thought it my duty in due time to marry another lady who would be suitable to my habits of life, and one who would be kind to my orphan children. This I did on the 16th day of September, 1858. She was the first cousin of my first wife, being the daughter of the late

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MRS. MARY ANN BRADSHAW DURAND,

Second Wife of Charles Durand, 1898.

George Bradshaw, of Hamilton, and my first wife was the daughter of the sister of that gentleman. They both were of a U. E. Loyalist stock, and connected with two of the oldest, best known and worthy families of Ontario. The families came to Ontario between 1780 and 1790. I will say something as to how the world stood at that time, then a few words of my journey.

In 1858 the world stood in a waiting state awaiting greater events. The great war of France, England and Turkey against Russia had ended; the Emperor had died France was under the weak and debauched Napoleon III.; Russia and Turkey stood ready to fight, but were stopped by vacillating Europe—always will be. A Tory Government under Disraeli or Earl of Beaconsfield was existing, to maintain a mean peace; the United States were again on the brink of civil war about the slave question, and the Civil War was soon to break out, in 1860 —the greatest in modern times. England, then, and France, were not friendly with the North. Afterwards the Queen would not consent, in 1862-3, to their interference. It may be questioned whether a break-up into a division would not have been better. It would have been done had foolish old President Davis declared freedom to the slaves. The United States are too large and powerful now, and require a curb on their mouths. Great Britain is soft and yielding, and has turned the world against herself.

We returned on the 28th September, 1888, by train, and found that the fair was going on near the present Asylum on some land then held by it. It was a very small affair as compared with its present great size and enterprise—a size equal to any on the continent.

It is a long time to look back to, forty-one years, and to the fact that I and my wife have raised six children, three of whom are livingand three departed this life. This to

me was a second family; a great responsibility rests on any husband under such circumstances.

Toronto has grown much since, but has been and is still wastefu'ly and badly governed. We have wasted millions of dollars on a much too large City Hall. Great expense lies before us yet.

### THE DIFFERENT PREMIERS OF THE CANADIAN UNION AND OF THE CONFEDERATION OF CANADA.

I have mentioned some of these men already, particularly John A. Macdonald, Mowat and Blake.

Now I propose to allude to the general character of a few more in fewer words.

The great *so-called* model,

### ALEXANDER MACKENZIE.

The Reformers called him a model—such, no doubt, in many things he was; he tried to act honestly, and would gladly have hid himself from the office-hunters if he could have done so. He became an agent of mine for that useful and much read newspaper the *Literary Gem*, also called the *Son of Temperance* in 1851. He did not consider himself, nor did anybody else, consider him of much importance in the little village of Sarnia, in 1850-51. He was looked upon as a plain, industrious and good stonemason, likely to rise in the world—not in literature and statesmanship, but in the ownership of property and the good opinion of his neighbours; but, like a great many Scotchmen in the western part of Canada especially, he was inquisitive and meddlesome about politics and religion, for, let it be said, the Scotch are meddlesome. He would have lived and died a much happier, wealthier man, and quite as useful if he had not been a Scotch politician.

His health would have been better and he would have lived longer.

He was overrated as to talent in life, not as to principle, for he was, take all in all, a man of principle. Like all his countrymen, he would let his tongue wag too much, and was dictatorial and self-opinionated; he was no great statesman, and did not look far into his adopted country's future.

Can anyone tell me what great good or what great harm this Premier ever did, or why he should have been Premier?

I met him first as a public man when he was acting with Mr. Amos Wright in West York, and John Bell, the Toronto barrister, was running for the Ottawa House of Commons, and I acted as a canvasser for Mr. Bell as his particular friend, perhaps thirty years ago.

He (Mackenzie) was ever using his influence with the Scotch voters there. He appeared to me to be very morose and severe in his manners. In fact, he and Mr. George Brown thought they had a right to lead the Scotch by the nose, politically; that was why the latter did not like William Lyon Mackenzie, who was a more generous man, respecting people of all countries, even the Catholics.

Mr. Alexander Mackenzie was slandered a good deal about the purchase of steel rails beforehand for the C.P.R. I believe he did the best he could for the public; he did not think the road should go over the mountain barriers at first.

He was a Baptist in religion, very strict. I once asked him if he thought George Brown acted right in going into the J. A. Macdonald Government as he did; he said no, that it was a great mistake on his part. He was very bitter against J. A. Macdonald for his grants of land and money favors to the C.P.R.

He was not like Mowat and John A. Macdonald, a politi-

cal trickster. He acted badly to John S. Macdonald whom Blake tripped up, but did not conspire against J. S. Macdonald, as his countryman McKellar, of Chatham, did; the latter was a bitter old fellow in all his ways.

Mackenzie was honest, but could not see honestly in any other way than through, as he thought, Scotch eyes.

### JOHN SANDFIELD MACDONALD AS PREMIER AT OTTAWA AND AT TORONTO.

Now this gentleman was a particular friend of mine all his life.

He thought I was honest and I thought he was in his general views.

One thing that made me think so was, that although he was a Highland Catholic Scotch Canadian—all his friends were such—yet he could not be led by the nose, politically, by any Catholic simply because the man was such and belonged to the Catholic Church. No one would know he was a Catholic by associating with him, but they would know he was a Canadian. I saw him first in the spring of 1836, acting then as clerk of assize, acting for Mr. Justice McLean, at Hamilton. We got pleasantly acquainted, and our acquaintance lasted until his death. I had acted for him in his Ministry—W. C. Cameron, John Carling, Stephen Richards, and the base fellow who betrayed him, Wood, of Brantford—in a very responsible situation of General Inspector of all the courts in Ontario, except the Supreme Courts, for over a year. I do not know who composed his Ottawa Ministry unless it was (among them) Dorion, of Montreal, Mowat, Foley, William Richards and some Quebec men not remembered, nor do I know that Mowat did. He was not in power long, but acted as he did in Ontario in a reasonable way for the benefit of his country. He was not a tool of any party, and was very fit to be Premier over

the first Government of Ontario, where he effected many reforms and acted economically. Mr. Macdonald was a tall, dignified man and very genial.

### ALLAN N. MACNABB—HIS MINISTRY AFTER HIS BURNING THE MONTREAL PARLIAMENT HOUSE.

This self-styled loyalist and his friends in Montreal having burnt up the Parliament House in their loyalist movement in 1849, on account of the Canadian Parliament voting to pay the Lower Canadian people the losses they had sustained by the cruel and brutal conduct of British troops under Sir John Colborne, managed to rally in its dying efforts the tail of the old Compact to create him Premier for a few years. His worthless Ministry was succeeded by that of Sir Francis Hincks, one of which Ministry was Dr. John Rolph, the secret executive leader of the Mackenzie rebellion in 1837. This was a curious elevation of an alleged traitor from his unsuccessful attempt to overthrow Sir Francis B. Head—a rascal who had deceived him and England, too, to so high an office of the Crown in Canada. It was, however, no more than Dr. Rolph deserved. He was a patriot if there ever was one, with some faults no doubt. By the boldest effrontery and knavery in his dealings with men, this man (upstart by nature) managed by his lip-loyalty, to get himself into the Premiership, in which he was, before it ended, superseded by John A Macdonald, his Attorney-General in that Ministry. His Attorney-General was a younger, better educated, more cunning man than his elder in political tricks. MacNabb was never fit to be a Premier, and did no good. At that time, in Ontario, a certain Irishman named Ogle R. Gowan, strong in Protestantism, full of *professed loyalty*, but yet when office was in view could be a good Catholic, had great influence among the party called Orangemen, especially east of King-

ston, aided the MacNabb party. This man, and such men as George Gurnett, of Toronto, full of self-dubbed loyalty, were such as made the rebellion of 1837 so bad. With such men and by his power and oppression, with the aid of the dregs of the crew of nearly worn-out families of the corrupt party which was soon to disappear, and have disappeared, from this much-abused country, he got into power on the glamor of loyalty—loyalty consisting of burning a Parliament House and library and stoning and mobbing Lord Elgin. I am glad that I was one to help to sustain the Governor in his extremity. That rebellion, so hated by MacNabb and, secretly too, by his ambitious Attorney-General, was forced on the French people; they were driven into it by the rascality of their English Quebec rulers, in defence of sacred rights. How could such men as Papineau, Nelson, Viger, Lafontaine, Cartier, who loved their country, help but turn round and retaliate? This hero of Navy Island, of the house burning of Montreal and many other bad acts, has gone. Orangemen of our time are a very different class of men from those of 1837 to 1840. No party of men in Ontario as a whole can compare with them for order, intelligence, liberal views and strong patriotism. John Hilliard Cameron used to allow them to be used by John A. Macdonald for the double purpose of serving the Catholic priest party of Quebec and the Tory party of Ontario. I have written a good deal on their behalf for the past ten years.

## A MACHINE GOVERNMENT IN ONTARIO.

It is not a monarchy—an oligarchy is very like, but not exactly—not a republic, but simply *one-jug on handled* sort of a machine—the like no country in a civilized land at this day has.

SUCH IS THE SO-CALLED RESPONSIBLE GOVERNMENT THAT

EXISTS AT THIS TIME IN ONTARIO!! Let us describe this *curiosity*! We were, under the confederation system, made a Province—one in fact, the bone, sinew and substance of this great Dominion of lands, lakes and prairies. The Executive at Ottawa appoints the Governor and the Judges, high and small, and controls the Militia Department.

But all the small offices, executive and municipal, are appointed, salaried and controlled by what is called a responsible Ministry who are named by the majority of elected popular members.

This number is 90, out of which a Ministry is chosen: Premier, Minister of Education, Minister of Lands, Minister of Works, Minister of Justice or Attorney-General, Secretary of State. Then there are two men who are in the Ministry called Ministers without portfolios. Why they are is a mystery, unless to allow them improperly to meddle with public business, and as to salary they are little *honorable*!

Now, this is the Ministry who have control of all departments—moneys, lands, patronage of an immense Province, as big as two Englands, exercising over the people all municipal power. Forty of the Legislature of 90 are called the Opposition without any power, except talking, scolding and fault-finding. Take out the eight Ministers. There are 42 voting tools who are looking for office, expecting and voting for it. What kind of a Responsible Government is this—eight Ministers dependent upon 42 tools!!

What is the result of such a Government? It is a plan or conspiracy "for DECKERS' PLOT and SECRET agreements for official plunder, and during the administrations of Oliver Mowat and Mr. Hardy such it has shown itself ever to be. What are the offices to be distributed by the eight Ministers and 42 men, if so many are tools? I merely guess

numbers for argument's sake, and moreover, under like circumstances, think one party as bad as the other.

Sir John A. Macdonald showed himself utterly regardless of principle or the good of the country when his power was in question. I am condemning the system and would give no man or men the power to be selfish and corrupt.

1. This sort of Government has the appointment of all magistrates who appoint all criminal constables and have many little pickings.

2. The appointment of all sheriffs.

3. All clerks of the peace, all county attorneys.

4. All Crown officers who prosecute and fix their fees, about which they are not particular.

5. All coroners who, as all know covet the honor, have often very fat fees.

6. Clerks of the Division Courts and all bailiffs thereof—a mighty big army, going into all parts of the Province.

7. All commissioners to grant liquor licenses—a mighty great power in all parts of the Province.

8. All marriage license sellers—a great general power.

9. All land, road and bridge inspectors and all land surveyors—a wonderful power!

10. All game, fishery and net inspectors—a great power. They appoint their legislative servants, clerks and sub-clerks, and the Legislative Buildings swarm with them.

11. The control of all provincial moneys, sale of all public lands. About 500 little petty offices besides, with little pickings; registrars, surrogate, probate, Osgoode Hall clerkships, etc. All this in the hands of eight Ministers and, say, 42 tools under them, looking up as the crumbs drop from the table!! This is our RESPONSIBLE GOVERNMENT. Mr. Hardy, it is said, has appointed or assented to the good friends he left to, as a *matter of course, appoint him* to be Process Clerk in place of a little office-jumper

named McDonald, and of Probate Clerk in room of the late Mr. Anglin, who died two years ago—this office and *countless others* being *conveniently* left *open.*

Lastly, the vast power in the Minister of Education, all underlings and school *perquisites.* And this is our contemptible thing called *British Responsible Machine Government.* Well, I hear some one suggest, find a remedy—Mowat's own committee of Reformers did so some four years ago, as the public press told him to do. But he is an office man—has one now of $10,000, with nothing to do. Did he do it? no; it would be contrary to his nature. I say, divide the power with the people!

## WILLIAM THE THIRD, 1688 KRUGER, 1899.

We have fallen upon curious times. What does all this war cry mean? England has gone crazy on the Kruger war! I mean not sober, peaceful England, but crazy Chamberlain, jingo England, using all their military forces to crush two little, but brave, Protestant Dutch Republics because they will not yield their rights and internal affairs to a bullying Minister like Chamberlain.

212 years ago, England, ground to the dust by a Papist rascal, James the Second, called upon the great Dutch King, William the Third, to relieve them from tyranny of soul and kingdom. He, of immortal memory, crossed the Channel with his Dutch soldiers, and drove this great tyrant away, shedding the blood of his men in Irish waters. He is the king whose descendants are fighting with Paul Kruger, the son of a Hollander in South Africa, at this time, November, 1899. The blood of his noble followers made the waters of Boyne and Derry red in British defence.

In 1800, about this time, Napoleon the Great had all Europe in his power, and England was trembling in her shoes; the United States, whom England is trying to hug

to her bosom, were her bitterest enemies, and preparing, at the suggestion of Napoleon, to invade Canada.

How different is this century. Now this old aristocratic country is trying to destroy an unoffending Dutch people in South Africa, having no good reasons therefor—212 years ago.

England, at the close of the nineteenth century, is murdering and conquering two little African Republics of Protestant Hollanders, numbering perhaps 500,000 white, praying Protestants, and we Canadians are to-day, the 25th October, sending off 1,000 poor soldiers and officers to help also.

Yet the ancestors of these Hollanders, 212 years ago (their ancestors, I mean) sent over the great (and, as Orangemen say) William the Third, of immortal memory, to free England from a despot who held her in Roman Catholic despotism and superstition. Yes, and the soldiers did so and shed their blood in doing so on the Boyne and at the gates of Derry! When will the memories of their Orange descendants be aroused? Is it right to destroy—to destroy the brave Dutchmen?

Everyone knows the way the scoundrelly Judge Jeffreys behaved to Algernon Sidney, the great English patriot, who was executed by one of his judgments. Everyone knows how the English Parliament most indignantly and instantaneously, upon being freed from the presence of the Papist crew who surrounded James, repealed the execution, restored Algernon Sidney's heirs to all their honors and estates, and wiping from the English statutes the vile act of James and his more vile judge.

Everyone knows that to prevent this judge being torn to pieces in London by an indignant mob, the law authorities were obliged to confine the miscreant in the Tower of London.

The way the law authorities acted to Bidwell and me, an innocent lawyer, in Canada, at the instance of John Beverley Robinson and Hagerman, 1837-38, condemning us in the absence of any good or legal evidence, was not much different from that of Algernon Sidney. With our judges now, in this free age, things, thank God! are different.

## DR. CHARLES TUPPER, OR SIR CHARLES AS WE CALL HIM, PREMIER FOR 1896.

What shall we say of him? I fear I can say but little to please many of his friends, if he has many, which I doubt. He has talents of a high order and great parliamentary experience and general knowledge. For a man now, I am told, over 78 years old, his volubility of tongue and ready ability to answer his opponents with not words only, but arguments to the point, and their confutation, is wonderful. His combativeness is wonderful, his obstinacy great; even his power to deceive is equally great, not always with fairness. His great friendship for the late John A. Macdonald, his respect for him and the reciprocal respect between them was great. John A. Macdonald had greater confidence in Dr. Tupper than any man in his party, and his thorough Toryism.

For that reason he made him leave his official post in 1891 and come to his political help. The question of his good judgment may be well brought up, for he certainly ruined the Conservative cause in 1896 and turned many of the best men in the party either against him or made them lukewarm. His adherence to the strict letter of the law in the Manitoba School law, instead of its equity and patriotism, showed him to be not a true Protestant or worker for the best interests of Canada. The best interests of Canada are not the promotion of the Catholic Church, its bigotry and mediæval *standstill nature*, but the enlightening of its

doctrines which, say what we will, are semi-heathen, dark anti-republican, against true light in the partial sense and conscience. It is anti-Christian, non-progressive, particularly as regards the female nature. In past age particularly, not so much this age.

Why make half the human race semi-prisoners?

What are we to say, then, of John A. Macdonald, only that he was like Tupper, hypocritical in his sentiments; not up to the progress of the times in his mental views, more ambitious of power than of real good in human nature.

My opinion is that Dr. Tupper is not the right person for leader; the Conservatives are too honest for him.

Many persons say Lord Aberdeen did not use him well at the end of his administration. It seems to me a Governor has no right to presume a Premier is out of power until Parliament decides it. A distinction was made with John A. Macdonald and also with Mackenzie as to the power to appoint.

There seemed to be a leaning of Lord Aberdeen to the Grit or Laurier side; that was my impression about appointments.

This question of appointments is a perplexing one, capable of much abuse, and has been abused by all parties in Canada.

It would be better to put Dr. Tupper in the Senate and let Mr. Foster act as Prime Minister. I am speaking as a non-partisan, for I am not a strict party man; the good of the country at large would be my object.

We can't forget how Dr. Tupper came to Toronto in 1896, tried to force on the people Mr. Coatsworth against their wish, and was hissed out of the city. He should not, in case of a general election, be forced on the country as a leader. His opposition of Mr. Robertson of the *Telegram*

was improper, and he was defeated by an overwhelming majority. He is an unsafe, rash man, not guided by strict principles.

The Hincks-Rolph Cabinet settled the Clergy Reserves question with John A. Macdonald, continuing in 1854 and afterwards.

That was the standing political sore or dispute of Ontario, after the union of Upper and Lower Canada, to Quebec, as the Seignorial question was in Lower Canada.

George Brown, however, kept agitating the Representation by Population, or as it was in short words called: "Rep. by Pop." question, and in addition he was continually objecting to the favors shown the Lower Canada people in votes of money for various local improvements, sectarian grants for charities, churches, etc. He opposed the Hincks-Rolph Government, which in Lower Canada was supported very well, for Hincks was a very clever man, and had his paper, the *Pilot*. At the fall of this Government John A. Macdonald again came into power, with that gentleman as Premier, from Ontario; the Governments of Brown and J. S. Macdonald coming in for a short time.

From Quebec a strong pro-Catholic Government, composed of J. A. Macdonald, Howland and Macdougal was in power in 1865.

The Government was carried on at Quebec that session, and in the session when Confederation was agreed to.

The session when it was completed was held at Ottawa—that is in 1865.

I was down at Ottawa that session, and Brown had left the Ministry, leaving it a half Reform Ministry (as it was said, with William Howland and William Macdougal who were Reformers in it) Wm. Macdougal took a journey to Europe—he told me—to assist in getting Confederation properly into shape. He said to me: "Europe and its literary men had little religion to boast of."

Well, Confederation came into fair working order in 1865-7. Sir John on the top.

He appointed J. S. Macdonald and W. S. Howland to rule in Ontario from 1867 to 1871-2.

In the meantime he tried to carry on the Northwest, got himself into trouble with Louis Riel and the Catholics, and finally into the Pacific Scandal in 1872.

### HAGERMAN, OF KINGSTON, SPOKEN OF IN MY BOOK SO OFTEN.

I lately spent a few hours at St. Catharines with County Court Judge Sencler, now the County Court Judge for Lincoln, and a very fine old Englishman; he, in fact, very much resembles that dear old friend of mine, the late Samuel Bealey Harrison, of the County of York. He was working in his shirt sleeves in his office, it being uncommonly warm; he says he knew some of the relatives of the late Judge, and in the rebellion times the bitter, vindictive persecutor of the patriots, and particularly of myself. It seems the Hagerman family are from Perth, or that part of Canada. The person he knew was probably a nephew of his, and was a pettifogger, noisy and impertinent, like the grim old bull-dog uncle.

I mentioned in my first part of this book that Mrs. Charles McGrath, widow, still, was his wife, but she is his niece, and must be now near 100 years old; he used to board with her in his life-time; was married at first to a sister of the late Judge J. B. Macauley, and afterwards to two English ladies. Mrs. McGrath was a wife of Robert Stanton, and then a widow; then married Charles McGrath, brother of that upstart Captain who took me to Toronto in December, 1838.

## SOME BIRDS AND ANIMALS OF CANADA I WANTED TO REFER TO.

In my volume, of which these addenda are part and postscript, I alluded in several places to our Canadian birds, animals and snakes, a subject of which I am very fond, and in one place erroneously mentioned that the porcupine, so common in all parts of North America, even to the Arctic regions, did not climb trees; my son Charles told me since he had once shot one in a tree in Muskoka. It is a curious little animal of the badger species, covered with hair interspersed with quills—like long sharp points to any enemy that attacks it—which come out and stick in the mouth, teeth or jaws of an enemy, and work into the flesh like needles; it does not, as supposed, throw off the quills, but they adhere to the enemy. My father had a fine dog killed by one. The Indians, as I have said, kill them and make ornaments of the quills. The animal is innocent, in fact, of the badger species, the size of a large cat. These animals, the bear, the racoon, the ground-hog, the squirrel, are *semi-morphous*, sleep part of the winter, probably from December to April, live on nuts stored away in holes and trees, in this way lingering out the cold months; the bear, racoon and ground-hog suck their fat paws in a semi-comatose state until the sun warms them in March and April. The snakes do the same seemingly dead, they don't suck anything. I find that rattlesnakes and other snakes enter into deep holes in rocks; squirrels into old, rotten, hollow trees; bears into swamps of dense trees.

Birds which stay with us at times, like the jay and woodpecker, shield themselves in dense woods in hollow trees, and feed on worms and nuts.

I find that our best song-birds go as far back as Muskoka, even to the north of Lake Huron in summer.

A daughter of mine who spent the summer months north of Bracebridge this year, saw the cat-bird, bobolink, wren, canary bird and robins, 100 and 150 miles north of Toronto. In 1895 I saw these birds at Woodville, in Lake Rousseau, and all kinds of woodpeckers, even singing-birds.

Birds venture almost to the North Pole. Fur animals delight in very cold weather. Snakes are found (rattle and others) on the rocky islands of Lake Huron.

### THE JUDICIARY.

A few words in parting on this subject. I warn Canadians, Upper, Lower and Western, never to suffer judges to throw off their robes and become politicians. It is a degrading, shameful practice of coming down from the bench to carry on politics. Mowat and Samuel Blake, are examples; it is common in Quebec. Laurier sanctioned it in many cases; Langelier was put on the bench by him. Why? Thompson the Premier left the bench. John A. Macdonald acted very badly in this. Would Judge Gowan, Boyd, Strong of Ottawa, M. C. Cameron, J. B. Macauley, J. E. Robinson have acted so? It is disgraceful; down with the practice. Look at the examples named, Canadians, and follow them.

### SOME SHORT-LIVED PREMIERS.

George Brown, by tricks, agitation and political manœuvres, I think about 1860, after Hincks and Rolph, gave up power in the time of Sir Edmund Head, cousin of Sir Francis, worked himself into the Premiership for about a week. Dorion, of Montreal, was in it. John A. Macdonald and Van Koughnet an old school companion, whom he had made Chancellor, Hilliard Cameron and other tricksters, assisted, no doubt, by the Governor (of the Sir F. B. Head breed) by what was called a double political shuffle, what

it means I don't know, shuffled him out of his Government. It was not a difficult thing for a trickster like old Sir John to do. He had many shuffles in his time.

LAURIER ON TRIAL YET.

I will say little about him. He has yet time to redeem his political character. He has not done any great harm, nor any great good. His duty is to get us preferential trade and protect us against the rapacity of the Americans, the imposition of lip-loyal Imperialists.

In 1858 the world stood thus:—Bismarck governed Germany, the South governed the United States until the Civil War, when everything was in confusion.

I think, and the colored people think, they have gained very little by their alleged enfranchisement. There is not enough true virtue or honor in the whole United States to fairly carry out Lincoln's acts. I took an active part in upholding the action of England and France against Russia in 1855. But, after all, what is to be done with Turkey? and when are the Armenians to be avenged? When is Palestine to be freed? The question is, did not then, and does not now, the interests of England in the East Indies stop the conquest of Turkey? Are her interests to stand in the way of the interests of the world? What has England really done to elevate the East Indies or Christianize them? —I mean her governmental management. I look at both sides of these questions. The money she expends in her useless, unjust wars would look better spent on great Christian purposes.

THE CANADIAN PEOPLE had not thought of Confederation in 1858—were just thinking of it; but the Clergy Reserve question was settled by Hincks and Rolph, who were in power.

THE UNITED STATES—looked thus in 1858 in my eyes. I found them wonderfully agitated.

Again referring to our marriage trip, we went to Detroit, Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul; visited four great States; went up and down the Mississippi to St. Paul, which was discovered in 1686 by Father Hennepin. It was a small place in 1858. Lots could be bought very low; the great North-West was an Indian wilderness in 1858. The run of tens of thousands of buffaloes was heard on the prairies. The Indian war of the Sioux and American West was just over in Minnesota. The banks of the Mississippi are on both sides very high—300 feet high in most places—the river very shallow; it is hard to navigate with steamers, which must have flat bottoms. We stopped to see my brother Ferdinand, then a merchant at McGreggor and Prairie du Chien, in Wisconsin.

In Chicago, which I had left with 10,000 people in it in 1844, the population had greatly increased and was growing; did not contain more than 250,000, perhaps less. After that it was burnt up (they say for its wickedness) and hastily rebuilt. It is now the second city in the Union.

Ah! how the world moves. Look at the Turk since the Germans and French fought in 1871, the fate of Napoleon! Look at our Confederation, the fall of the Southern Rebellion 1865, the death of Lincoln! the death of Prince Albert, the Queen's husband, the death of the Emperors of Germany, of Bismarck, Gladstone, Beaconsfield, the massacres in Armenia.

## OBSERVATIONS AT END OF THIS VOLUME.

Since the first part of this book was written, in the autumn of 1896, issued the next spring, some things have occurred in the world (especially in England, the United States and the Dominion of Canada) meriting notice by a writer of reminiscences, viz.: the Spanish-

American war, the Egyptian war, England and the now South African war; lastly, the negotiations of England, Canada and the United States about unsettled international questions.

The Spanish-American war was forced on Spain—hastily carried on and ended. Before it the Americans pretended that the Monroe doctrine estopped European nations, (England, of course, included) from interfering with the internal affairs of American Republics—therefore almost jumped on England about the Venezuelan embroglio—but before the end of this war with Spain we find them trying to conquer a people in the far Pacific (the Philippines) and threatening even Spanish cities. We find them trampling upon the time-honored warnings of Washington, not to embroil themselves in European difficulties, and resolving to build up a great standing army!

We find them disputing about important boundaries with England—disowning their treaties of 1818—refusing fair proposals to arbitrate and for commerce.

As to their Moral Progress, I am told that the Sabbath is almost nullified in their cities; and lately in the great Chicago meeting, laying the corner-stone of a post office, Sunday was the least of all the days held sacred, but was universally desecrated; that with their disregard for the marriage vow—their patronage of divorce laws will make them as bad as old corrupt Rome. The Spanish war proved them capable of breaking all pledges, and now Cuba and the Philippine Islands are a puzzle.

England by her wars in Egypt has made the upper part of it a land of widows and orphans—a land ornamented with thousands of the graves of the poor Dervishes, and her cruelties towards them the astonishment of even Asia. She has rewarded a cruel conqueror with a large sum of money, and while apparently neutral, leaned to the United

States in all Spanish matters, making Spain an implacable enemy, the United States a hypocritical friend.

The Spanish war could have been stopped by English interference as the South African war could have been by the acceptance of wise offers made to England.

I may be asked, how do you know? Sir Vernon Harcourt in the House of Commons told the muttering, spluttering Chamberlain and his upstart jingoes so a few weeks ago. He is a man of great experience in public matters. Messrs. Morley, Labouchere and Stead think the same. It is said this Chamberlain was in some way concerned with Rhodes in the Jameson raid which so annoyed the Transvaal by conspiring against their national rights.

If the Arabians and Dervishes were asked what they think of England, they would say, we execrate her. It was said after the battle of Omdurman, there were (if my memory serves me right) 60,000 women left without husbands; the men have a plurality of wives in that country.

KITCHENER AND THE MAHDI.—He dug up his bones and paraded them before his army. Charles II, the debauched scoundrel, hung the bones of Cromwell on a gallows in England. Where is the difference? Cromwell is honored, Charles disgraced. It is a standing disgrace that Cromwell, the greatest of rulers, is kept in the background by an aristocratic class who worship kings and their courtiers. He was better than any king in England, history proves this. The excuse for parading the dug-up bones by Kitchener is that it might cause unbelief among Mahomet's followers. A poor excuse is better than none. A correspondent of his army mentioned the case of a poor wounded Dervish being stabbed to death with a bayonet.

Fate, with its wheel of punishment, will be sure to come around. Nations and individuals will receive their reward;

history proves this so far as human records give any true account, therefore if England has done wrong she will not escape. The New Zealander standing on the ruins of a London Thames Bridge, crying, "alas! where is the Great City?" may come to pass. Rome once contained probably more people than London does now. So did Babylon and Nineveh. Where are the proud, bloodthirsty, murdering people of Rome that under Titus destroyed Jerusalem? Where are the proud, vile aristocrats, and still viler women, who walked that God-cursed city?

Chicago, New York, New Orleans, San Francisco and other corrupt cities of the United States, will they escape judgment unless they live before God as virtuous, cities?

That virtue and morality are the cardinal laws of the Great Supreme Being of the universe is attested in this world by the conscience of individuals and of nations and proved by their laws. An individual is just what society makes him, and a nation is but an aggregate of its people. If Great Britain has been unjust in her wars, or her soldiers cruel and bloodthirsty in the East Indies, in South Africa or Egypt, she must answer for it.

Imperialism is a mere farce unless it is accompanied by a substantial benefit, such as a favor, if small, given to her Colonies in preference over outside nations. Imperialism is of no use in the House of Commons, and if England is forsaken by, or forsakes her Colonies, her destiny is sealed among the nations.

England thinks she is safe in the arms of the United States and in the secret favor of Germany, with her Colonies all loyal. She has acted upon this principle of selfishness. How long may selfishness keep these two powers, Germany and the United States, in their present mood? What is the friendship of the United States with their changeable people? Her Colonies will be kept loyal

by the way England uses them. When Canada has 10,000,000 people she may say if any treaty is being made concerning her, we want to have a yea or nay in it.

We will not allow our boundaries to be figured out for us by England, nor our fisheries on the Atlantic or Pacific sold for a mere song. See what fifty years are going to do for or against England, the Colonies and Europe.

## CONCENTRATION OF EMPIRES AND STATES—THE GREAT DANGER.

I have limited the time to fifty years, when great changes may be seen in Europe, especially in England and in the United States—in other European and Asiatic countries—but might more properly put it at one hundred.

Does any rational or deep-thinking man believe the United States will exist as they are even fifty years with all the elements of evil and disorganization existing in them we see now so patent? The enormous taxation they will be called on to endure—the enormous pension list they will have to pay and now pay will create a revolution or revolutions and divisions will take place in the west, middle and south, their present *concentrated power*, dangerous to themselves and their liberties, more dangerous to other countries, will end in disorders.

Their concentrated power, as in old corrupt Rome, will end in dictatorships—perish in its own rottenness.

So the danger to England will be the same. In the United States Christianity may modify, but not save.

In England Christianity has more influence, but very little with the aristocracy, especially the military class, who are urging on the present destructive war with the Boers. Some wonder at the unity and power displayed by the latter just now. Do you ask the reason? They are a *religious*

*people, deeply patriotic.* They will fight in the last ditch, as the Americans did in 1775.

England is too concentrated as to Empire. She had no right in Egypt fighting where her people cannot live. She is politically friendly with the United States prejudicing Canada and her colonies, yet in their country—the majority—hate her, and a few years ago mapped out Canada to be overrun and conquered. Why do not her papers expose the lynchings and burnings of the poor negroes? They are afraid to do their duty—have not the virtue—even the Canadian papers are too cowardly to do so.

SHE (ENGLAND) HAS TOO MANY IRONS IN THE FIRE.

Can't she let any other country live? What will she do with her increasing people? She committed a great wrong to us in not paying her people to emigrate to Canada for the past twenty years. She has done little for us, but spent much in useless wars, and it is the refusal of England to allow the Boers to quietly enjoy their Republics that created the dreadful war now going on. England wants to obtain the two Republics these people possess as their territory.

RUSSIA IS CONCENTRATING, AND

will overshadow *Asia*, take Turkey, all within fifty years; ultimately will tumble into ruins and split up. She wants to get even Sweden and Denmark. My belief is she is the most dangerous Empire of the earth, and the word concentration is the cause. Holland, Belgium, Switzerland might unite. DECENTRALIZE! DECENTRALIZE! for the cure. Honesty before God should be the cure for national wrongs. If He is denied—negatived—alas! alas! for mankind.

Nov., 1899.

AUTHOR.

# INDEX TO SOME OF THE CHAPTERS OF VOLUME ONE—ALSO REFERENCE TO NOTED EVENTS AND PERSONS IN OTHER CHAPTERS.

In order to make it easier for readers to find the contents of some of the chapters in Volume I, I add here an index to part of Book One.

## CHAPTER I.

of 1815, also of return in a schooner in 1816—Lived near the Bay of Quinte—when down there. Hamilton, called so after George Hamilton —To whom father sold his farm—in Hamilton, it should have been called "Durand."—My father took an active part in war of 1812, had company of 100 men from Hamilton—Was the first member of the Legislature in Wentworth, in 1814. We landed at Wellington Square, settled on the "Mills Farm," near Dundas, 1816, on a 200 acre farm near "Cootes Paradise," three miles east of Dundas—Sister Helen born there in 1816—Prince Edward County described—Beautiful country near Belleville—Bidwell and Perry represented Lennox near it, many years—Mrs. Overfield, of Dundas, came from that island county—A branch of Mohawks—Six Nations Indians—Settled on land opposite, in Lennox—Oldest Methodist Church in Canada on land in Bath, in Lennox—River Trent spoken of near Belleville—This part of Canada an old abode of U. E. Loyalists—Story of a rattlesnake, would not attack me—My belief in guardian angels—Supported by Old and New Testaments and Christ—Habits of snakes, pages 24-25—Strange crazy man—Sisters Harriett and Maria—Last got married in 1816—First at school—Eve and the serpent, page 25—Kindness of George Durand to Maria—Cause of my old age—In the open air a great deal—Belief in eternal life—Caution to parents—Playing truant at school—Instance of it—Caused by brother Henry—1817—He and I went to school in Dundas—Description of the "Mills Farm"—Indian woman forsook her child—Attended two schools in Dundas, Messrs. Rice's and Kirkpatrick's—Could read, spell and write in 1817—Family went to Grand River in 1819-20—Gold hunting—Hasty marriages—Solemn thoughts, 37—Mother a great cook—No English church in or near Hamilton, in 1820—Manner of lighting matches, 39.

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## CHAPTER II.

Early days of home in Dundas—Helen and her nurse—School days there—Great love of learning—At the age of seven I looked upon life as a real thing—Thought of eternal life—Page 41, strange incident at night in my bed—Greatly alarmed—Ran to my mother—Religion a great blessing—How different man is from other animals—Went at wicked sports —Beautiful gardens and fruit—My mother fond of them and flowers—Keeping bachelor's hall—Story of an apple thief—My first appearance in court at 10—Mayor Gurnett acted—Afterwards Mayor of Toronto—A very bitter Tory—And persecutor of the Patriots of 1837-8—His conduct as Police Magistrate—His paper, the *Courier*—The families in Ancaster in 1820-30—Beautiful locality—Now gone to

destruction—Story of an Indian girl—Indians of the Grand River there—My mother's household duties—My helping her—Harris' Creek —Old residence at Grand River road described—My school in 1827-8 described at Dundas—Where I learned Latin and Greek—Before this Mr. Hoag's country school near Brantford—Catharine Vanderlip, a schoolmate of mine—The Vanderlip family—56—Song birds described 57-8—Old Mr. McMahon and his sons and wife—My school days at Dundas—1827-8—Allusion to M. S. Bidwell—Story of a mare—Her revenge on me—Mr. Randall—Bishop Mountain—Poultry—My grea passion for raising—Habits of fowls well known to me—It lasted from 1822 to 1828. Riding horses—A mania I had for it—Climbing trees a great thing with me—Kicked by a horse—Almost killed—Memory of animals, 62—Kindness to animals, 63—My mother's death, her bed advice—Awful thunderstorm at our house—65—Burial place in old times—Peter Hamilton's farm in Hamilton—Hamilton cemetery—Story of a sad suicide—My verses about it—By me—Ex-Sheriff Angus McDonnell—1832 first cholera year—My account of it—Had a great sickness in the summer fever—Sacred grave-yards—Abraham's at Macpellah—Old residents of Dundas in 1816-1820—Hatt family—Over fields—W. L. Mackenzie first seen here in 1821—The Leslie family—James a great friend of mine—John Gamble an old settler there—John Leslie died at a great age, 90—Peter Desjardin, an old clerk of my father, settled here, died here—The Desjardin canal.

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## CHAPTER III.

My commencement of law studies in 1829 with Robert Berrie at Hamilton —Boarded at Peter Hamilton's—My sister Harriett married him in 1824—Lost in the woods in 1832 near Guelph—Awful feeling—Was on horseback—Rev. Egerton Ryerson commenced life in 1827-8—Was a preacher first—He commenced right—Helped Dr. (or Bishop) Richardson to establish the *Christian Guardian*—Then caballed with the Methodist body after he had been in England—First was a Reformer—Then a Tory intriguer—Then intrigued with Sir Francis Head—Betrayed his old Methodist friend, M. S. Bidwell—Opposed his and Mr. Perry's election in Lennox in 1836, when Head and the Tories had dissolved the House—Might have saved Lount and Matthews in 1838—His brother William tried to do so—He neglected to do so—Very shameful conduct—Was an intriguing man all his life—My studies—Coming to Toronto in 1831-2-4—Sister Helen died 1834—Great sorrow—Beautiful girl—My father died in 1833—In that year I attended to religious duties mostly—Went to see my brothers in Jan., 1834, at Delaware, near London.

## PLEASE NOTICE.

I will not further continue this index because the caption of each chapter is very full in most cases, and particularly full in the next book of Addenda, but I will call the attention of the reader to some of the chapters—I mention the chapters referring to the incidents of my first marriage, to the chapter referring to the people of Hamilton at that time, to the shameful usage of my then young wife—a lady of Toronto—by the ruffians, under Allan McNabb's management, and the rascally magistrates who permitted it—to the incidents of my father's death in 1833, before the rebellion—to the very long chapter called the "Romance of Prison Life," describing many men of prominence, all the prisoners of 1838, about 500, composed of the best men of the County of York, and the curious things that occurred. This chapter was never equalled by any in Canada and is worth more than the price of the book—to the corrupt trial of myself, under the management of an officer of the law like C. A. Hagerman, Attorney-General—tyrannical brutal and unjust, and the bigoted, prejudiced judge, who saw his conduct, Robinson—also to the chapters showing how Edward Blake, A. Mackenzie and Scott used John Sandfield Macdonald in 1871-2, cheating him politically out of his just rights in his Government—all these chapters

show that although I was the last person allowed to leave the dismal gaol in 1838, the Family Compact authorities knew I was innocent, and the negligent English authorities of that day allowed their colonial officers, as in Gosford's case in Quebec, and Colborne, Head's, and Arthur's, to do what was unjust, and winked at their official corruption. So in Gosford's case he drove Papineau and the best men in Quebec, by conspiracy and tyranny, from their country and our Upper Canada—forced the people into acts called illegal to protect their lives and liberty. The scandalous Jameson Raid of 1897-8 in the Transvaal, winked at in England, is one of the principal causes of the great war now going on.

AUTHOR.

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