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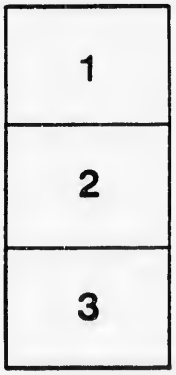

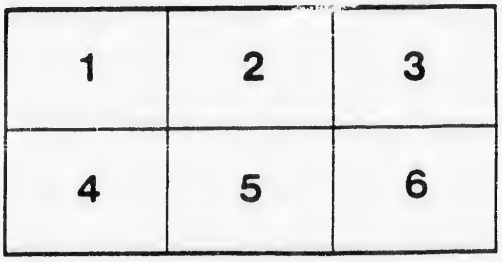

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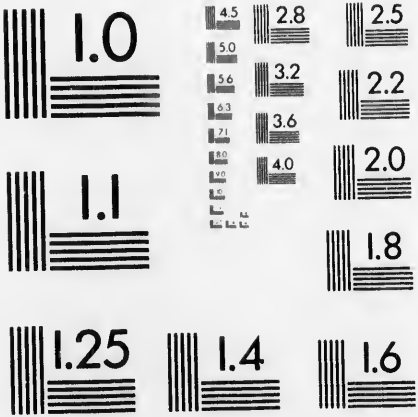

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HISTORY

OF THE

FENIAN INVASION,

OF CANADA,

WITH

NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS

BY

DOSCEN GAOUST, B. F. H. D

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I purpose to write a history of the Fenian Invasion of British America, from the intended attempt at Campo Bello to the retreat of the invaders from Pigeon Hill. I shall recount the particulars of all the combinations both military and civil that were formed, for the purpose of successfully opposing the designs of the enemy, and shall minutely describe their inception progress and ultimate success. I shall trace and explain the different influences as exercised by an armed and hostile invasion of our shores upon a peaceful, prosperous and loyal population, and shall show how the peculiar and excellent institutions of an eminently free country are calculated to withstand all attempts at their overthrow. I shall describe the effects produced by the developement of the Fenian organization upon the habits, temper and conventionalisms both social and political of the civilized world. I shall relate the causes. real and imaginary, that have contributed towards the successful formation of this huge league and covenant, having for its object the regeneration of mankind, and shall trace each successful step in the gradual progress of this heterogeneous mass.

Nor will it be less my duty faithfully to record disasters mingled with triumphs, and great national follies and disgraces far more humiliating than any disaster. It will be seen how the unfortunate and unpardonable errors of some of those high in authority exposed to imminent peril the proud

heritage of the British race. It will be seen how hate and jealousy spread broadcast the seeds of dissension, and created a bitterness of feeling not less disgraceful than dishonourable —And it will be seen—yes it will be seen too—

Yet, unless I greatly deceive myself, the general effect of this checkered narrative will be to excite gratitude in all religious minds, and hope in the breasts of all patriots. For the history of our trials during the last few months will have satisfied all doubts as to our ability to defend our altars and hearthstones, as it will show to all those who justly take a pride in our country and its institutions, that the brave and gallant sons of young Canada stand ready to die in its defence, or perish in the attempt.

I should very imperfectly execute the task which I have undertaken, were I to devote my attention exclusively to the recounting of battles and seiges, retreats and advances, skirmishes, stragetical movements and foot races. It will be my endeavour correctly to treat of the effects of each encounter upon the minds of the people far removed from the theatre of war, and of the influence upon the science, art, literature, whiskey and tobacco of the country, not neglecting the extraordinary revolution effected in amusements. It will be shown how the popular national games, of whist and coquet have given way to "Forty Fives" and "prig o' the loop," while cricket has been forced to yield the palm to crack-a-loo, and numerous other changes equally revolutionary, and equally Fenian.

In an undertaking so vast in its dimensions, errors in detail will necessarily occur, for which I venture to ask the kind indulgence of a critical public, and at the same time I may be permitted to crave their patience for the completion of my work. As it is the intention of the author to commemorate the event which has so recently caused this great commotion in our midst by a line upon line monument worthy

the occasion which suggests it, its consummation may demand the labor of a life time, but I, too,am prepared to die like a man or perish in the attempt.

Speculation has been rife in endeavouring definitely to determine the origin of the organization now known by the name of the Fenian Brotherhood, and it is unfortunate to have to acknowledge, that much of its early history is involved in mystery to be explained only by speculation. Happily, however, there are sufficent data upon which we can base a tolerably accurate opinion as to its rise, and it is now accepted as an incontrovertable fact that it has existed a number of centuries, under various names and for various objects. A brief reference to each of its numerous phases will be sufficient to answer all the purposes of this narrative.

The first establishment of the organization was at a period antecedent to what is known as Noah's flood—indeed as to antiquity, it dates almost from the creation of man. That the eldest son of Adam was a Fenian can no longer be matter of doubt—at any rate, there is the strongest presumptive evidence in support of the belief. After committing an act peculiarly, eminently Fenian in its character, if indeed, the characteristics of the Fenians of the present day are to be considered a just standard by which we may judge of Cain, we find that this eldest son for a time disappears from the scene of his younger days and not until many years after can there be found any trace of his whereabouts. It is then seen that in a remote district of the habitable world of that time there arises to the notice of historians a class of people strangely and strikingly resembling modern Fenians in many of their peculiarities. It is doing no violence therefore to reasonable conjecture to put Cain down as the great original founder of the Fenian Brotherhood. So far as we can now determine they do not appear to have had any particular name, nor to have professed any particular object, until just before the Flood, when this class exhibited the most

lively desire "to drink and be merry." They did drink and no doubt were merry until the Flood came and took them all away. It is much to be regretted that the early historians who treat of that time did not pay more attention to accuracy of detail. We are entirely at a loss to know to what point they were taken by the Flood and everything is again lost in speculation. From the fact, however that they soon afterwards turned up under, indeed, different aspects, we are justified in concluding that they were not taken far. It has been a question of considerable debate among learned philologists whether or not Ham was a Fenian. Without entering into the merits of the discussion we may be permitted to state as our own belief that he was not. His habits and tastes were too much localized to fit him for a Fenian, and if we judge of his intelligence from that of his descendants we should say that his mind was of a much higher order than was usually to be found in the Brotherhood, a fact that would render his position in the organization one of extreme annoyance to himself and of perplexity to the others.

From that time henceforth they have succeeded in keeping themselves together in a regularly organized body, with numerous and extensive ramifications in all parts of the civilized world. It is almost impossible to give anything approaching an accurate explanation of the one real purpose for which they pretended to exist, as they have been engaged in so many different objects and not one, apparently, having the remotest connection with any other. So far from this being cause for surprise, however, it is quite consistent with the peculiar instincts of the modern organization. In our own day we find Ireland singularly blessed with their attentions, the climate, no doubt, proving marvelously well adapted to the nature of the race.

For many years they have been operating in that country in a manner we cannot fail to recognise, and extending their la-

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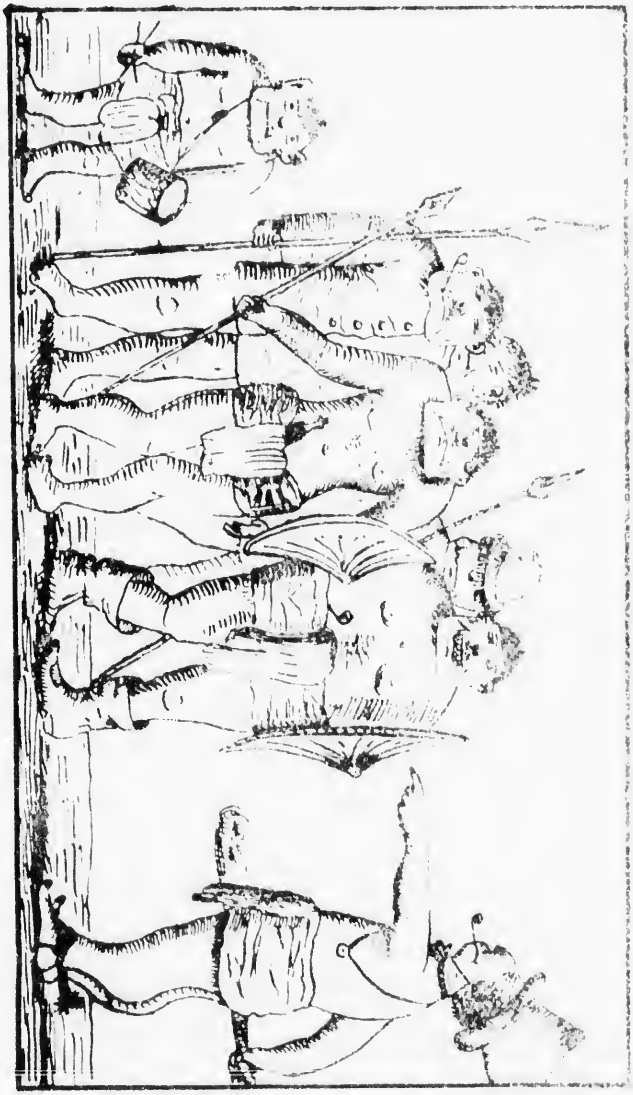

Ancient Fenian Chivalry

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bors to the United States of America, we are able to discover the precise character of their professions. More recently performing all the offices and duties of sneak thieves, pickpockets, bank robbers, public executioners, murderers, and newspaper correspondents, we are not only enabled to form a tolerably correct opinion of their numerical strength but we can account as well for their extraordinary popularity among the Americans, and the great consideration and importance attached to them on the other side of the line. The members of this jolly fraternity eventually became so numerous that a few of the leaders conceived the grand project of capturing Ireland and appropriating the whole of that beautiful island to purposes of their own. To effect this it was necessary first to invade the British North American Provinces, and although the first attempt has proved a failure and the leaders have been provokingly reticent as to their plans of the campaign we think we are safe in conjecturing that their projected line of march was an overland route through America, Asia, and Europe, crossing Behering's Straits and the channels about Britain by means of pontoon bridges. The conception was brilliant and such as could emanate only from the brain of a sanguine Fenian, but however brilliant, it would seem also to be impracticable. Such at any rate is the conviction forced upon our minds by the result of the two attempts already made, first, at Campo Bello, and then at Fort Erie and Pigeon Hill.

To give the history of which, is the object of these pages leaving the reader to form his own opinion of what the Fenians would do with Ireland had they succeeded: presuming only to suggest that their object could alone have been the establishment of a huge menagerie of sneaks, pimps, New York journalists, et hoc genus omnes.

Little need be said of the intended operations against Campo Bello as the movement was evidently intended as a division only, and under the consummate management of B. Doran

Killian it is gratifying to know that the object was most successfully accomplished. Indeed it is not too much to say that not only the Fenians, Americans and Provincials were diverted, but the whole world was diverted, so much so that it has not yet ceased laughing at the entertainment so considerately provided for them by old Dery. And the most amusing part of the diversion was contributed by the American authotities in putting a summary stop to the diversion.

The advantages thus gained were promptly followed up by a leader of another section of the Brotherhood and in less than two months after the close of the campaign at Campo Bello, an army, of eight hundred thousand Fenians under command of Col. O'Neil crossed the Niagara River from Black Rock in a Gumtree canoe* and after a stubborn resistence succeeded in capturing Fort Erie. This was effected early on the morning of June 1st, and the advantages of this success of the Fenians from a military point of view were of no ordinary consequence

The Canadians were somewhat unprepared for this second sudden diverson but lost no time in making every necessary preparation for a vigorous resistance. Before the sun of that eventful day had set forever an army of volunteers to the number of three hundred and fifty thousand had congregated at Port Colborne under command of Lieut. Col. Booker. These forces consisted of the Queen's Own of Toronta, Major Gilmour Commanding, the 13th. Battalion of Hamilton, under Col. Booker and several regiments from the immediate neighbourhood.

Besides these Col. Peacocke with regulars and volunteers numbering in all four hundred thousand had arrived at Chippewa a few hours march from Port Colborne. This latter force was supported by a battery of artillery consisting of two Armstrong guns under command of Lieut. Col. Hoste, C. B.

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* *Vide* Detective Gates Diary Vol. 1 Page 17 and McLean's correspondence.

Col: O'Neil addressing his troops

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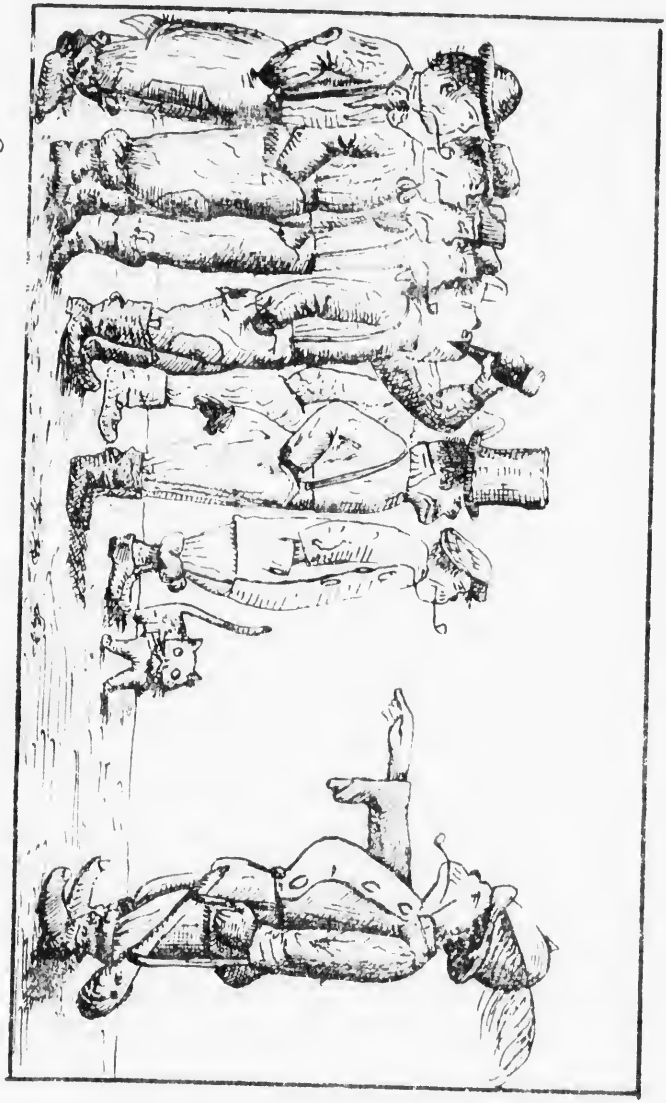

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Immediately after landing at Fort Erie, Col. O'Neil issued orders for his troops to hold themselves in readiness for marching at a moment's notice, and with his staff proceeded to the nearest hotel for refreshments. After partaking sumptuously of the delicacies provided for him he mustered his men and without any loss of time, began a march inland. This movement was known to both Cols. Booker and Peacocke, and their plans were consequently arranged so as to intercept the advance of the enemy. The latter officer telegraphed Booker to meet him the next morning (Saturday Jun 2nd) between 9 and 10 at Stevensville, and satisfied with the preparations made, they confidently awaited the developements of the morrow.

The morrow dawned calmly, beautifully serene, as if the God of nature never intended it to witness the unnatural and revolting spectacle by which christianity was so soon to be outraged under the accursed name of warfare.* As Col. Booker's command was the only one connected with the events of the day, we will first follow him through the engagement and the incidents consequent upon it.

That officer it should be understood in the beginning was in possession of a noble steed that had seen service in the Crimea and the far East, and one that thoroughly appreciated the most complicated manœuvres of military tactics. Headed by this steed with the not less gallant Col. on its back, the column took up a line of march for Stevensville the place appointed as rendezvous for the two armies. When within three miles of Ridgway, a station on the Buffalo & Lake Huron Railway, a detachment of skirmishers belonging to the Queen's Own came upon the advance guard of the enemy who had marched up from Fort Erie to get a drink of Canal water, that being doubtless the most palatable to their tastes The valiant commander of the Fenians who had revelled in the luxuries of the notorious Pig Pen, no doubt understood that a too sudden change to cleanly habits would have a disastrous effect upon his men and it is supposed that it was for this reason he displayed so great a haste in getting to Chippewa. It was an unfortunate blunder on the part of the Canadian officers that they were not allowed to proceed on their way uninterrupted, for beyond peradventure, had they reached the Chippewa distilleries they would never

* *Vide* Detective Harris' Report p. 40.

have been heard of again. The regret at this unhappy negligence and consummate stupidity is aggravated by the fact that both Col. Booker and Col. Peacocke in all subsequent movements evinced a most remarkable consideration for the accommodation and safety of the Fenian host.

No time was lost after coming up to the enemy, before firing began. The smell of gunpowder at all times offensive appeared particularly so on this day, and quite a number of volunteers suddenly experienced symptoms of cholera, diarrhœa, and sun-stroke. Those quickly fell out of the ranks, and a few others soon made their way to the rear, to look after their comfort. The devotion and self sacrifice of those heroes, who upon the very eve of winning imperishable fame upon the field of battle, did not hesitate to throw down their arms, and hasten to the assistance of their sun-stricken comrades, challange our highest admiration, and lend a halo of glory to their names, that will last as long as the strongest pair of brogues in the whole Fenian ranks. A few others again not at all ambitious of the bubble reputation, leisurely sauntered into adjacent fields, and took refuge from the burning rays of the sun, under the inviting branches of some shady tree, behind stumps and fences, or under the more effective protection of neighbouring out-houses. Divested of all these, the gallant fellows who stood at the post of duty, stood ready too for every emergency, and began their work like brave fellows as they were.

Towards the beginning of the engagement and while the commanding officer was quietly enjoying the flavor of a very bad cigar in a farm house, Major Gilmour, of the Queen's Own, rushed past the orderly in attendance, and, with his field glass cocked to his eye, enquired, "Aw, I say Bookah, what do you think we had bettah do ?"

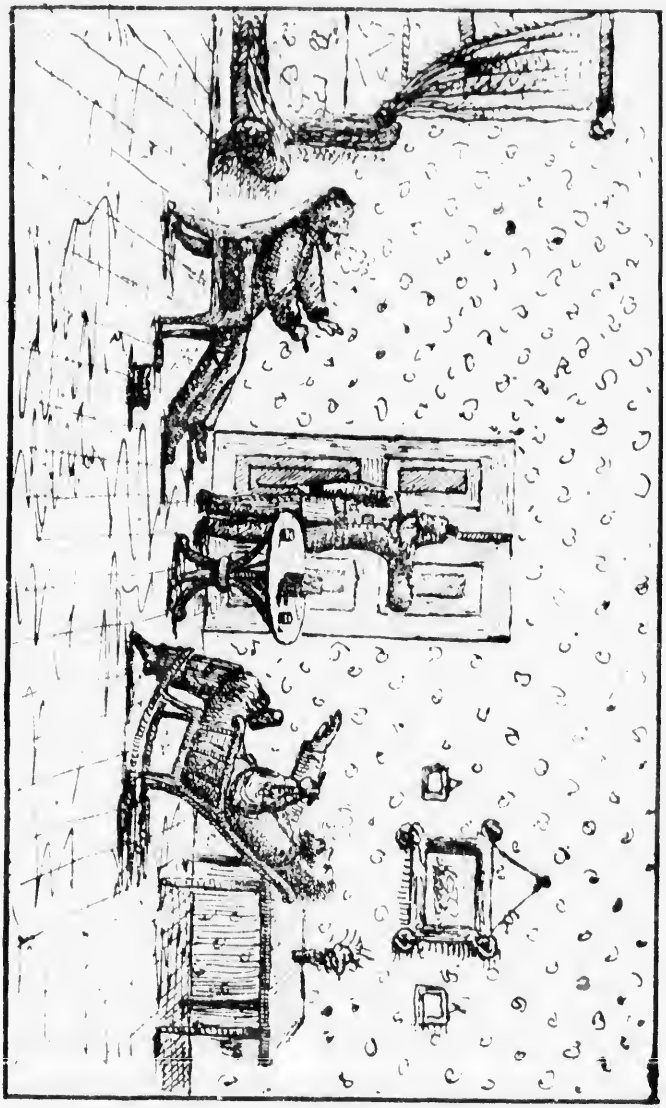
"I don't know, Gilmoah," replied Booker, "what do you think ?

"Send a support to those skirmishers, of course," promptly responded the orderly, who was himself a bronzed veteran.

"Aw, Bookah," faintly shouted the incensed major, "who the devil is that impertinent fellah ?"

"I'm a soldier, sir," replied the undaunted and disgusted

Council of War



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orderly, "and unless those skirmishers are supported at once they will be cut to pieces."

They were not supported, and fortunately they were not cut to pieces, although they were forced to retire. The conduct of those two officers during the morning of the engagement and more particularly in the retreat which ultimately proved inevitable was the theme of universal praise. But we will not anticipate, to use a peculiarly original phrase.

The decision at which the two officers arrived in the above conference was promptly acted upon, the subordinate officers immediately afterwards receiving instructions to advance and do it. Nothing could exceed the enthusiasm and resolution evinced by our gallant volunteers upon receiving their orders to carry out this brilliant piece of strategy, and with a shout of hope, encouragement and defiance they went forth to do it. And they did it, in spite of the mute remonstrances of Col. Booker's steed which evidently entertained a different opinion of the situation from that of its master, they went forth and did it. The poor horse pranced impatiently and despairingly at what it considered an unhappy blunder on the part of the brave Col. but the Col., unfortunately, was in command and not the horse—had it been—but why add to the bitter cup, already full?

The battle had waged fiercely for about an hour, our boys gradually, but surely, advancing, when the extreme right, which was formed of a large portion of the Queen's Own, unexpectedly encountered a hand to hand fight with a strong body of the Fenians. It is almost impossible to account for this extraordinary and daring movement of the enemy's in the face of the fact that they had hitherto jealously guarded the advantage which they derived from a thick underwood, and one which they used with incalculable benefit to themselves. The only explanation that can be offered with any pretensions to plausability will be found in the fact that the color-sergeant of the battalion, who had allowed his valor to get the better of his discretion, was seen side by side with the foremost rank of the advance guard, and there can be no doubt that the enemy at once determined to obtain the prize so recklessly exposed to the possibility of capture. Having no colors of their own and an eye to plunder, with a faint hope that the bloody standard could be metamorphosed into a flaunting green, they threw

themselves upon the right and fought like enraged sheep. Our brave fellows at first wavered, broke and fell back, but they soon rallied and returned to the encounter like men resolved to win or run. For a time it was impossible to conjecture the result as both sides fought with singular determination. The unhappy color-sergeant whose post rendered him conspicuous was three times shot down, but as often recovered himself still retaining hold of the precious colors. Numerous instances of personal daring and prodigious achievements signalized this desperate encounter and more than one Fenian for once in their lives had cause to regret the existence of greenbacks.

Fortune at last decided what valor was unable to achieve, Major Gilmour, who now for the first time was seen by any of his men, by some inexplicable concatenation of circumstances allowed himself to be carried into the very thickest of the fight. Being mounted he of course attracted the notice of the enemy and immediately became the mark for a hundred sharpshooters. Before he could extricate himself from a position the last in the world he either expected or intended to occupy, a Fenian bullet pierced his fieldglass and he fell to the earth exclaiming, "I'm killed—my glass, oh, my glass!" The fall of their follower naturally caused the greatest consternation among the troops. Firing was at once suspended, swords reeking with sweat and dust returned to their scabbards, smelling bottles thrust at the nose of the fallen hero and messengers at once dispatched for surgeons to attend to the wounded field-glass. It was during this lull and frenzied excitement that the Fenian leader ordered the final charge. They came on with [illegible] Milesian yell, and before the men of the Queen's Own [illegible] cover from the shock caused by the lamentable accident which had deprived them of their commanding officer, the color-sergeant was overpowered, the standard secured, and the enemy retiring in triumph. The victory was dearly purchased, not less than seventy-five thousand mosquitoes being left dead on the field from suffocation by smoke and fright at the unearthly yells of the savage combatants.*

The enemy had not retired far when they were heard to give a shout of rage and disappointment caused by the discovery that the colors for which they had fought so long and gallantly consisted of a primitive mop which had been picked up in a

* Vide Col. Booker's Report.

Fortune and Colonel Gilmour's Curse.

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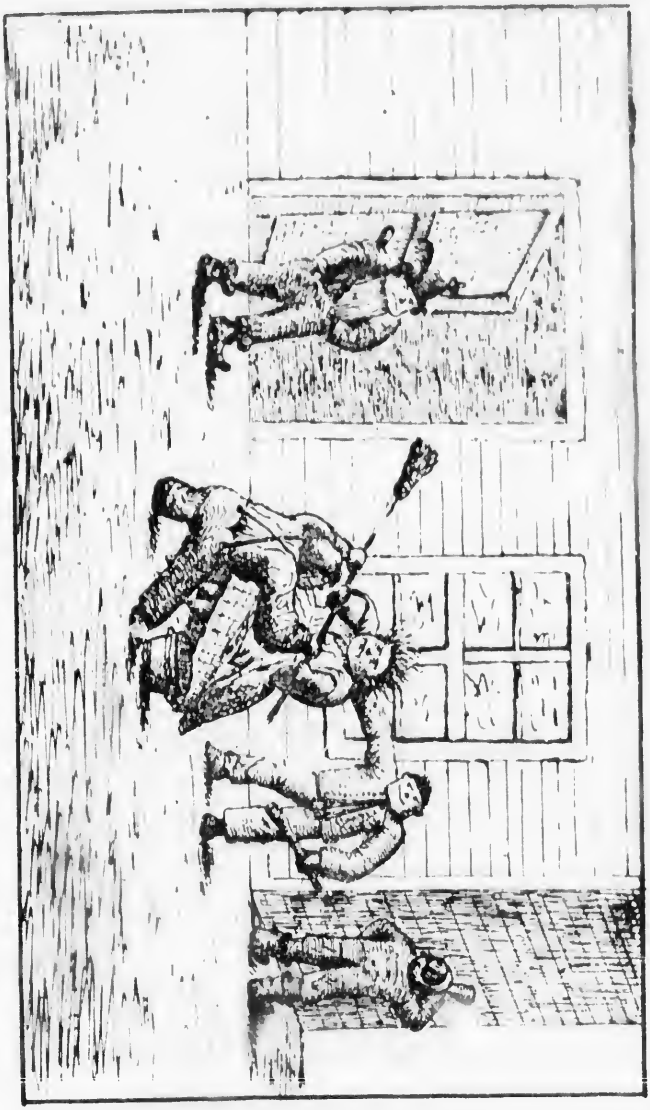

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* Vide

farm-yard on the way to the field of battle. They were somewhat compensated for the disappointment, however, by the necessities of their general, who appropriated the old red flannel shirt, of which it was made, to cover his nakedness.

While this was taking place the officers and men of the 13th Battalion were scarcely less active and from the steadiness and precision of their fire were gradually driving the enemy before them. Nothing of special consequence occurred to warrant particular mention until the keen penetration of the commanding officer discovered a movement towards the right of the enemy which he was not slow in concluding was a strong body of reinforcements. A retreat was immediately sounded and very reluctantly obeyed by those whose success up to this time had convinced them of the certainty of ultimate and glorious victory. The disappointment, regret, and consequent embarrassment caused by this order were materially increased by another of still more alarming import and which followed closely upon the first. It was nothing less than to prepare to receive Cavalry. Owing to the extremely irregular nature of the ground, and which besides was cumbered with logs, stumps, trees, snake fence and every other possible or imaginary obstacle that could contribute towards rendering the order as unneccessary as its performance was difficult, the troops found it almost impossible to get together. Before a square could be formed the cry of "Cavalry" was raised and spread like the measels from one end of the division to the other. This completed the confusion and the men at once began a precipitate and promiscuous retreat. The alarm was not without foundation for two or three mounted Fenians were seen decending the hill to the summit of which they had retired before the fire of our men, at a rate of speed that would soon bring them into the midst of our men. Upon a nearer approach it was seen that these daring cavalrymen were mounted on milch cows that had been found browsing in the underbrush*. A body of cavalry so few in number and so poorly mounted was not calculated to make a formidable appearance nor to strike terror into the hearts of the brave boys against whom they were charging, and before the retreat had assumed any worse name the rear company No. 3 of the 13th received orders to "halt, right about turn, form square and prepare to receive cavalry. These orders were readily obeyed and a firm and steady front was presented to

* *Vide* Spectator correspondence of June 1st.

the advancing troopers. In the meantime the frightened Fenians who had mounted these novel chargers for the purpose of affording some amusement to a party of their comrades whose supply of whiskey was exhausted, and who were upbraiding their officers for not keeping the promise made them that the Britishers should be forced to provide them abundantly with the crathur so dear to their tastes and so necessary to their courage were using every posssble means to stay the unhappy brutes now as much frightened as themselves from rushing so madly upon certain destruction. It was of no avail. On they came faster, if possible than ever, their tails floating in the breeze with heads braced and horns prepared for any danger, roaring and bellowing on on they came over logs, fences, stumps, ditches, through bog-holes, wheat field, orchards, right against the solid fifty red coats who with trembling lips, beating hearts and cold sweat coursing down their backs and breasts and with closed eyes received the shock, they knew not how. Two of the cows leaped clearly over the bayonets, shakoes and everything right into the very heart of the square. The others stopped suddenly in front of the steel barricade, causing the half dead Fenian to bob unconsciously down between its horns where he was caught, and the cow receiving this new light wheeled directly and took across country in the direction of the Canal. It is unfortunate to have to relate that neither of the poor brutes has been seen since, and it is feared they both shared the same fate in the dark and filthy waters of the Welland Canal. For the cow we can drop a sympathetic tear, and deplore the calamity that brought it to so untimely an end—for the Fenian we can too feel pity, but thank God he died in his element and in good company.*

Meanwhile the other two calfalry men not liking the position in which they found themselves, were somewhat solicitous of their safety and began executing perilous acrobatic feats in conjunction with the cows. This continued until the men of No. 3 recovered from the consternation caused by the extraordinary appearance of the Fenian rangers in their midst, when it was determined to effect if possible the capture of the whole troop. For this purpose a party of six under command of the first Sergeant was detailed to get a supply of salt and a milking pails from the nearest farm-house while the remainder of the Company

* Vide Gates Diary. Vol. 2, P. 29—and Gordon Brown's Report to Col. Peacocke.

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were extended into a hollow square onedeep to guard against the escape of the intended victims. These arrangements did not appear to suit the ideas of the Fenians—or cows, it was impossible to tell which, and a combined charge was made by the two Fenians—or cows; to break through the line. It was entirely successful, each of the animals bearing away upon its horns one of the company while as many as could conveniently get hold of the tails did so, and in this position a steeple chase and foot race was begun all over the field of battle. The contest was too unequal, and ultimately the cows were forced to surrender at discretion and were sent to the front under a heavy guard. They were afterwards conveyed to Toronto where they now lie awaiting, like many other fellow brutes their trial for murder. What became of the Fenians no one seemed to know, and when everything is lost in conjecture it were useless to speculate as to their fate.

During this engagement in which the men of No. 3 Company established their reputation for valor, the rest of Col. Booker's command was rapidly pushing towards Fort Erie or Port Colborne, while the main body of the enemy was evidently making for the same point. Booker, however, hav ng a few miles of the start and being resolved to push forward without any delay the odds seemed greatly against the Fenians. It is proper here to state that the men of the Queen's Own and 13th Battalion did not appear to have any correct notion as to where they were going. and this uncertainty unquestionably adds to their reputation for fortitude and endurance. They could do nothing else than follow their commanding officer however, and this they did with commendable perseverance until pursuit became hopeless. They succeeded in keeping him in sight long enough to learn that they were expected to reach Port Colborne with as little delay and small a loss as possible and thither they went.

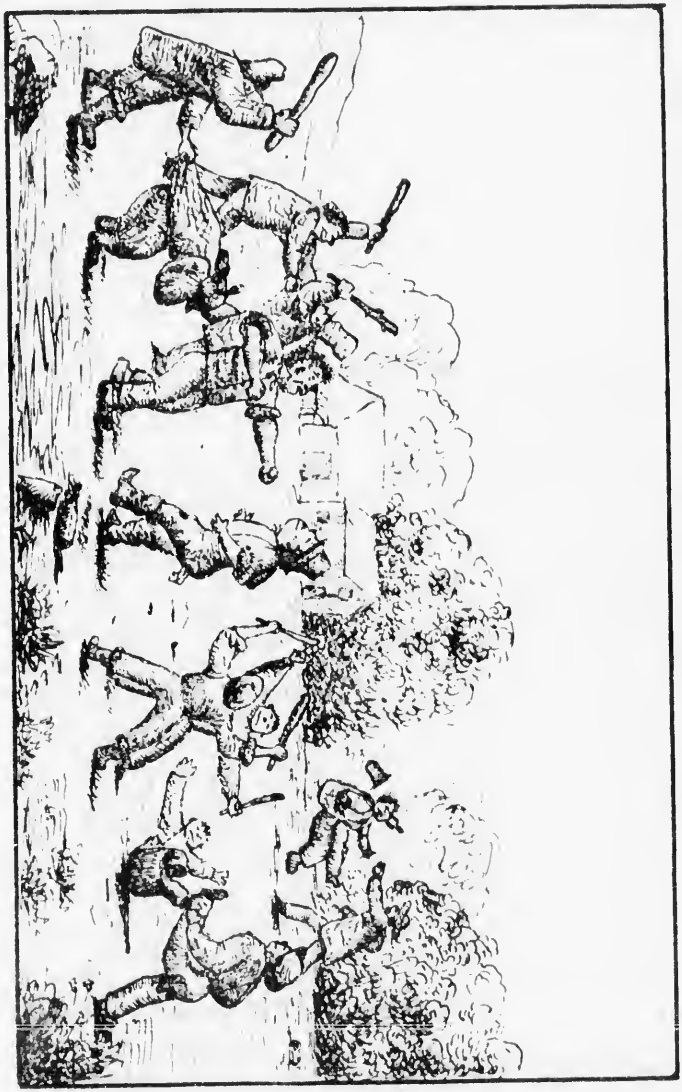
The Fenians, on the other hand, made directly for Fort Erie, for the object of capturing it the second time, and recovering a portion of their supplies, left there the previous morning and which consisted of a limited quantity of salt potato peelings and whiskey. They were successful in both, and then began a feast of peelings and a flow of bowl that could be enjoyed only by the blood-stained veterans who had crossed over the Niagara to steal chickens and rob churches. There we will leave them for a time to bring up Col. Peacocke who seems somewhat tardy in his movements.

That officer, it will be remembered, arrived at Chippewa at o'clock on the evening previous to the battle of which a description is given above. During the night and early morning he received large reinforcements, and being naturally elated at the numerous body of men under his command, having never seen so many armed men in a body before, he telegraphed Col. Booker to join him at Stevensville the next morning by 9,30. When morning came it was found that one of the volunteers wanted to go across the road to see a man, and permission being given Peacocke again telegraphed Booker that he would not be able to leave Chippewa until an hour after the time previously appointed. The volunteer returned from his errand in due time, (it was supposed then and is now generally believed that the errand was to prevail upon a hotel-keeper of the village to put a cloth steeped in Chippewa whiskey upon the head of one of the Armstrong guns that accompanied the force as it had exhibited unmistakeable symptoms of diarrhœa*) preparations were made for the overland trip and soon after 7 o'clock the order to march was sounded. Off they all went to the tune of "Old Hundred," "Annie Laurie," "The Last Rose of Summer," and other quickstep marches. The journey was almost void of incident if we except an event that occurred after about an hour's march. One of the guard of fifty that was appointed to look after the safety of the Armstrong guns and to protect them from the gaze of rude husbandmen who could not appreciate their value and beauty of symmetry, feeling fatigued from the excessive heat of the day rested his hand for support upon one of them. On taking it off it was seen that the perspiration had entirely destroyed the fine polish of that portion on which his hand had been placed, and the fact having been reported to the Col. the offender was at once arrested, tried by blockhead court-martial and sentenced to be flogged. The sentence was forthwith and very properly executed. This little circumstance of course caused some delay but that was of minor importance to the proper care and safety of the guns.

Upon entering New Germany the gallant Col. discovered that he had lost a small and beautiful bouquet that had been placed in the button hole of his uniform by some tender hand. The whole column was halted and a vigorous search instituted to

* Vide "Jottings of an Editor for a brief review of a short campaign" by Gordon Brown.

Scene at the Battle of Ridgway



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and the missing souvenir. It proved fruitless until the lagging energy of the troops was stimulated by the promise of a liberal reward, when one lynx-eyed volunteer found it about two miles in the rear, bashful and blushing at the bottom of a deep wagon track. On returning it to the Col. he was heard to explain that "he didn't care so much for the flower, but he wanted to know where the bloody thing went to." How satisfactory to know that this laudable curiosity of the Col's. was gratified.

By this time the morning was far advanced, and the heat becoming more and more oppressive. It was decided, therefore, that the troops should lie over until the cool of the evening, and joyously did the men set about making their stay as comfortable as circumstances would permit, every necessary precaution being taken, however, to secure the proper care and safety of the guns. Here they rested till 5,30 in the afternoon when the march was again resumed, and prosecuted with the same energy and rapidity as in the morning, the Col. evidently being resolved, if possible, to keep his engagement with Booker and if he failed to guard his guns at all hazards. It is cause for regret that notwithstanding the forced march to which his men had been subjected Col. Peacocke was unable to effect the proposed junction, the truth being that Booker had marched 8 or 10 miles, fought a battle and retreated to the place occupied in the morning, before Peacocke had half finished his nap at New Germany. It should be remembered, however, that it is much farther from Chippewa to Stevensville than from Stevensville to Chippewa.

As soon as he ascertained that Col. Booker had retreated to Port Colborne, Peacocke determined to push forward to Fort Erie and the march was therefore continued until within three miles of that place when the loud shouting and hurrahing of the Fenians caused him to shudder for the safety of his guns and a halt was immediately sounded. Scouts were at once despatched to find out the cause of all this uproar, and returned with the intelligence that the Fenians were engaged in singing the "Irishman's shanty" and other pathetic pieces. This appalling announcement quickly decided the gallant Col. as to the course to be pursued and orders were given to bivouac for the night where they then were. About noon of the following day renewed efforts were made to find out the disposition of the enemy when it was learned that the whole army had broken up camp during the night and started for the opposite shore, hen-

coops and things being used as means of tranportation. It will thus be seen that in forty-four hours Col· Peacocke accomplished the unparalelled feat of marching a body of armed men cumbered with artillery from Chippewa to Fort Erie a distance of nearly half as many miles. The surprising, indeed extraordinary celerity of this march is not less the cause of astonishment than admiration, and we venture to assert that Col. Peacocke has thereby gained a reputation before which the most brilliant achievement of Napoleon's deservedly pales and the famous march of Sherman from Atlanta to the Atlantic would render comparison both ridiculous and contemptible. The only thing needed to complete his temple of fame was the capture of the whole of the enemy. But we must not be unreasonable and more particularly with Col. Peacocke. What could mortal man do having the safety of two bnt Armstrong guns constantly to guard was done. And when we remember that through all the vicissirudes of this weary march he succeeded in protecting them from the hands of the enemy, it was charity at any rate if not jnstice to acknowledge that the escape of the Fenians was an event of unmeasureable insignificances. *Montes parturiunt nix cum arous.*

As soon as Col. Booker reached Port Colborne and found that he was safe for the time from the dreaded enemy he sent in his resignation as Col. of the 13th Battalion and to his unbounded joy and gratification it was accepted. The Col. is a generous man and having won enough glory to satiate the ambition of any ordinary person he magnaniously gave way to allow others an opportunity of culling the laurels which he had found so plentifully on his path. This noble disposition was made the more manifest early on the morning of 3rd of June when an attack by the enemy was momentarily expected at Port Colborne. No sooner was the alarm sounded than Booker hurried to the railway depot and used his best endeavours to get to Hamilton; inwardly resolving that by no possible contingency would he interfere with the success of any aspiring Military Chief. To his great mortification he was unable to leave so soon as he wished, and while pacing up and down the platform at the depot, almost distracted by contending emotions and vehemently but vainly shouting "A train! a train! My auction room for a train!" he was urgently asked to be patient and told that a train would soon be in attendance. "Slave!" he roared, "Ive set my life upon a cast, and damnee if I stand the hazard

of the die." "*Degustilus mortius hunkey dorey*" murmured the astonished official and quietly walked away.

The alarm proved to be unfounded and in a few hours afterwards the escape of the Fenians was known in the camp at Port Colborne. It was then that Col. Booker exerted himself to get reinstated into the command he had voluntarily resigned a few hours before. Gen. Napier telegraphed to Col. Lowry for advice, but that officer, whose stainless honor, intrepid courage and high sense of justice prevented him from lending himself to an act his soul condemned, promptly replied that he could not recommend the appointment of Col. Booker to a position in a time of peace which he had been so anxious to resign in the face of the slightest danger. The General then telegraphed to Col. Villiers telling him to put himself in communication with the officers of the 13th Battalion and ascertain the state of feeling among them. He did so. The officers of the 13th Battalion, however, from junior ensign to the gallant Major Skinner, unanimously resolved that the former services of Col. Booker had immortalized both them and him, that his labors had been great and the honors he had won many and weighty, and that they could not think of his again burthening himself with the cares and responsibilities of the Colonelcy of the 13th Battalion. They would therefore most respectfully beg to decline the proffered honor, and in some humbler and less important person hoped to find a commanding officer every way suited to their tastes and ambition. Both Gen Napier and Col. Booker were so struck with the force of the argument used that further attempts at reinstatement were immediately abandoned. The Col. is now at home enjoying the blessings of retirement in the bosom of his shirt.

Col. Peacocke is still at Fort Erie and it is to be hoped that he will always stay there, for another march from Chippewa would kill him outright, and he might lose his guns into the bargain.

Before closing the first part of a work to which I have consecrated the labors of a lifetime I desire in all earnestness and truth to lay at the feet of the brave Volunteers who took part in the action at Ridgeway and more particularly the gallant fellows of the Thirteenth Battalion my humble tribute of admiration and sympathy. It is perhaps difficult to decide to which Battalion belongs the greater credit for bravery and devo-

tion on the field of battle, but we all know to which is accorded the lion's share, and we know too, to whom we are indebted for that flagrant injustice. Admiring panegyrists who not only palliate but defend the conduct of that officer, apparently for no other reason than that he happens to be just who he is should remember that in attempting to regain for him his lost reputation, they do it at the trible expense of three hundred and fifty others, the least of which is just as valuable and as sacred as ever Col. Booker's was. Never did a body of men advance with more spirit and resolution than did the red coats at Ridgeway. They fought with calm determination and with a confidence of success fully warranted by the results of the engagement, up until the time the retreat was sounded, and they retired with great reluctance, contrary to the advice of their own judgments and confused by the inexplicable nature of an order so unexpected and so disastrous.—These are the men who are to be branded as little less than cowards, who have already been charged with being hopelessly demoralized in order to exculpate one man from the responsibility of his own disgraceful and criminal blundering. And this intolerable injustice has recently been aggravated by an insult offered by our government itself in appointing the wretched farce going on at the Royal Hotel during this present writing. The officers and men of the Thirteenth Battalion have abundant cause for dissatisfaction, but right will triumph, and soon they will be understood and admired by the whole country, as they are now the pride and boast of their fellow citizens.

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