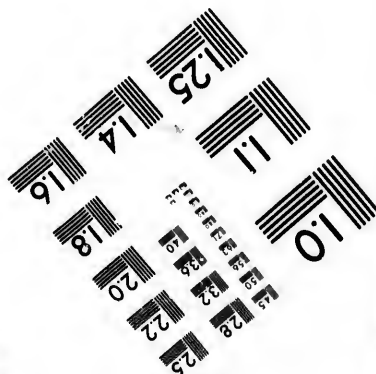
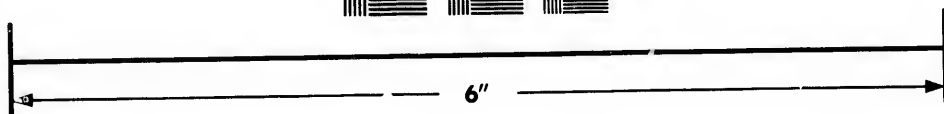
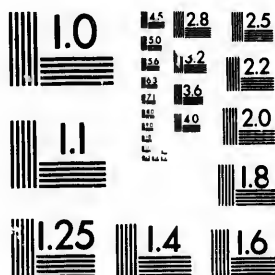


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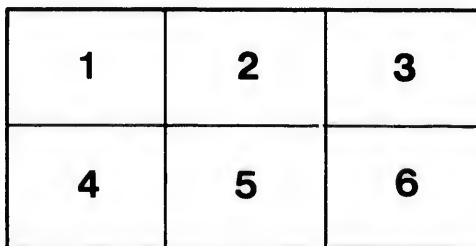
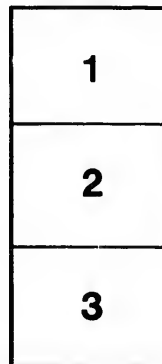
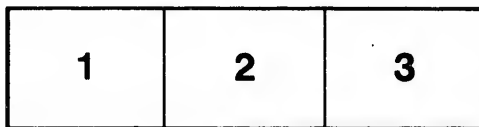
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LONG TO FEIGN OVER US, GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!"  
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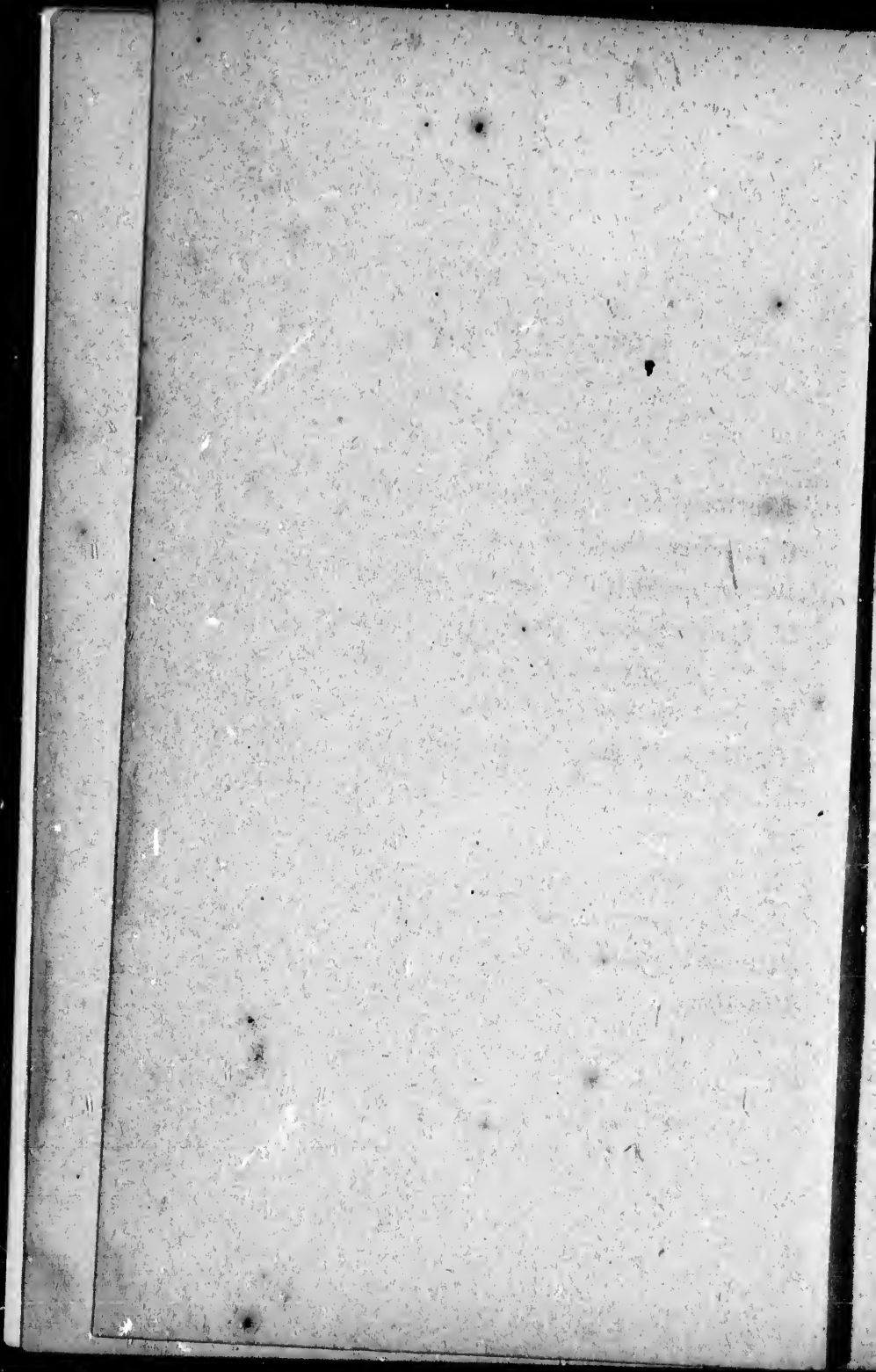
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As the Common Crow is made up of a small lump of carrion and two or three handfuls of feathers, so was this Volume originally composed of Political History, buoyed up by a few light sketches, solely written to make a dull subject fly.

As these sketches—I believe faithfully—delineate the interior of one of the noblest possessions of the British Crown, they are offered to the public in their present form, divested of those observations of a personal nature to which it would now be useless to refer.



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THE EMIGRANT.

CHAPTER I.

A NEW SKY.

HOWEVER deeply prejudiced an Englishman may be in favour of his own country, yet I think it is impossible for him to cross the Atlantic without admitting that in both the northern and southern hemispheres of the new world Nature has not only outlined her works on a larger scale, but has painted the whole picture with brighter and more costly colours than she had used in delineating and in beautifying the old world.

The heavens of America appear infinitely higher—the sky is bluer—the clouds are whiter—the air is fresher—the cold is intenser—the moon looks larger—the stars are brighter—the thunder is louder—the lightning is vividder—the wind is stronger—the rain is heavier—the mountains are higher—the rivers larger—the forests bigger—the plains broader ; in short, the gigantic and beautiful features of the new world seem to correspond very wonderfully with the increased locomotive powers and other brilliant discoveries which, under the blessing of an

Almighty power, have lately been developed to mankind.

The difference of climate in winter between the old and new world amounts, it has been estimated, to about thirteen degrees of latitude. Accordingly, the region of North America, which basks under the same sun or latitude as Florence, is visited in winter with a cold equal to that of St. Petersburg or of Moscow; and thus, while the inhabitant of the Mediterranean is wearing cotton or other light clothing, the inhabitant of the very same latitude in the new world is to be found either huddled close to a stove hot enough to burn his eyes out, or muffled up in furs, with all sorts of contrivances to preserve the very nose on his face, and the ears on his head, from being frozen.

This extra allowance of cold is the effect of various causes, one of which I will endeavour shortly to describe.

It is well known that, so far as temperature is concerned, cold is increased by altitude as it is by latitude; accordingly, that by ascending a steep mountain—the Himalayas, for instance—one may obtain, with scarcely any alteration of latitude, and in a few hours, the same change of temperature which would require a long journey over the surface of the earth to reach; and thus it appears that in the hottest regions of the globe there exist impending stratifications of cold proportionate in intensity to their respective altitudes.

Now, as soon as moisture or vapour enters these

latitudes, in southern countries it is condensed into rain, and in the winter of northern ones it is frozen into snow, which, from its specific gravity, continues its feathery descent until it is deposited upon the surface of the ground, an emblem of the cold region from which it has proceeded.

But from the mere showing of the case, it is evident that this snow is as much a stranger in the land on which it is reposing, as a Laplander is who lands at Lisbon, or as in England a pauper is who enters a parish in which he is not entitled to settlement; and, therefore, just as the parish officers, under the authority of the law, vigorously proceed to eject the pauper, so does Nature proceed to eject the cold that has taken temporary possession of land to which it does not owe its birth; and the process of ejection is as follows.

The superincumbent atmosphere, warmed by the sun, melts the surface of the snow; and as soon as the air has taken to itself a portion of the cold, the wind, bringing with it a new atmosphere, repeats the operation; and thus on, until the mass of snow is either effectually ejected, or materially diminished.

But while the combined action of sun and wind are producing this simple effect in the old world, there exists in the northern regions of the new world a physical obstruction to the operation. I allude to the interminable forest, through the boughs and branches of which the descending snow falls, until reaching the ground it remains hidden from

the sun and protected from the wind; and thus every day's snow adds to the accumulation, until the whole region is converted into an almost boundless icehouse, from which there slowly but continuously arises, like a mist from the ground, a stratum of cold air, which the north-west prevailing wind wafts over the south, and which freezes everything in its way.

The effect of air passing over ice is curiously exemplified on the Atlantic, where, at certain periods of the year, all of a sudden, and often during the night, there suddenly comes over every passenger a cold mysterious chill, like the hand of death itself, caused by the vicinity of a floating iceberg.

In South America I remember a trifling instance of the same effect. I was walking in the main street of San Jago in the middle of the summer, and, like every human or living being in the city, was exhausted by extreme heat, when I suddenly felt as if some one was breathing upon my face with frozen lungs. I stopped, and, turning round, perceived at a little distance a line of mules laden with snow they had just brought down from the Andes. And if this insignificant cargo—if the presence of a solitary little iceberg in the ocean can produce the sensation I have described, it surely need hardly be observed how great must be the freezing effects on the continent of North America, of the north-west wind blowing over an uncovered icehouse, composed of masses of accumulated snow several feet in thickness, and many hundreds of miles both in length and breadth.

Now, it is curious to reflect that, while every backwoodsman in America is occupying himself, as he thinks, solely for his own interest, in clearing his location, every tree—which, falling under his axe, admits a patch of sunshine to the earth—in an infinitesimal degree softens and ameliorates the climate of the vast continent around him; and yet, as the portion of cleared land in North America, compared with that which remains uncleared, has been said scarcely to exceed that which the seams of a coat bear to the whole garment, it is evident that, although the assiduity of the Anglo-Saxon race has no doubt affected the climate of North America, the axe is too weak an instrument to produce any important change.

But one of the most wonderful characteristics of Nature is the manner in which she often, unobservedly, produces great effects from causes so minute as to be almost invisible, and accordingly while the human race—so far as an alteration of climate is concerned—are labouring almost in vain, in the regions in question, swarms of little flies, strange as it may sound, are, and for many years have been, most materially altering the climate of the great continent of North America!

The manner in which they unconsciously perform this important duty is as follows:—

They sting, bite, and torment the wild animals to such a degree, that, especially in summer, the poor creatures, like those in Abyssinia, described by Bruce, become almost in a state of distraction, and

to get rid of their assailants, wherever the forest happened to be on fire, they rushed to the smoke, instinctively knowing quite well that the flies would be unable to follow them *there*.

The wily Indiana, observing these movements, shrewdly perceived that by setting fire to the forest the flies would drive to him his game, instead of his being obliged to trail in search of it; and the experiment having proved eminently successful, the Indians for many years have been, and still are, in the habit of burning tracts of wood so immense, that from very high and scientific authority I have been informed that the amount of land thus burned under the influence of the flies has exceeded many millions of acres, and that it has been, and still is, materially changing the climate of North America!

But besides the effect it is producing on the thermometer, it is simultaneously working out another great operation of Nature.

Although the game, to avoid the stings of their tiny assailants, come from distant regions to the smoke, and therein fall from the arrows and rifles of their human foes, yet this burning of the forest destroys the rabbits and small game, as well as the young of the larger game, and, therefore, just as brandy and whisky for a short time raise the spirits of the drunkard, but eventually leave him pale, melancholy, and dejected, so does this vicious, improvident mode of poaching game for a short time fatten, but eventually afflict with famine, all those who have engaged in it; and thus, for instance, the

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Beaver Indians, who forty years ago were a powerful and numerous tribe, are now reduced to less than one hundred men, who can scarcely find wild animals enough to keep themselves alive,—in short, the red population is diminishing in the same ratio as the destruction of the moose and wood buffalo, on which their forefathers had subsisted: and as every traveller, as well as trader, in those various regions confirms these statements, how wonderful is the dispensation of the Almighty, under which, by the simple agency of little flies, not only is the American Continent gradually undergoing a process which, with other causes, will assimilate its climate to that of Europe, but *that the Indians themselves* are clearing and preparing their own country for the reception of another race, who will hereafter gaze at the remains of the elk, the bear, and the beaver, with the same feelings of astonishment with which similar vestiges are discovered in Europe—the monuments of a state of existence that has passed away!

In the mean while, however, the climate of North America forms the most remarkable feature in its physical character.

In Europe, Asia, and Africa, just as the old proverb says, “Tell me his company, and I’ll tell you the man;” so, if the latitude be given, the climate may with considerable accuracy be described; in fact, the distinction between hot climates and cold ones is little else but the difference between the distances of each from the equator or from the pole.

But in the continent of North America the climate, comparatively speaking, regardless of latitude, is both hot and cold; and thus, for instance, in Canada, while the summer is as roasting as the Mediterranean, and occasionally as broiling as the West Indies, the winter is that of the capitals of Norway and Sweden; indeed, the cold of the Canada winter must be felt to be imagined, and when felt can no more be described by words than colours to a blind man or music to a deaf one.

Even under bright sunshine, and in a most exhilarating air, the biting effect of the cold upon the portion of the face that is exposed to it resembles the application of a strong acid; and the healthy grin which the countenance assumes, requires—as I often observed on those who for many minutes had been in a warm room waiting to see me—a considerable time to relax.

In a calm almost any degree of cold is bearable, but the application of successive doses of it to the face, by wind, becomes occasionally almost intolerable; indeed I remember seeing the left cheeks of nearly twenty of our soldiers simultaneously frost-bitten in marching about a hundred yards, across a bleak open space, completely exposed to a strong and bitterly cold north-west wind that was blowing upon us all.

The remedy for this intense cold, to which many Canadians and others have occasionally recourse, is—at least to my feelings it always appeared—indefinitely worse than the disease. On entering, for

instance, the small parlour of a little inn, a number of strong able-bodied fellows are discovered holding their hands a few inches before their faces, and sitting in silence immediately in front of a stove of such excruciating power, that it really feels as if it would roast the very eyes in their sockets, and yet, as one endures this agony, the back part is as cold as if it belonged to what is called at home "Old Father Christmas!"

Of late years English fireplaces have been introduced into many houses; and though mine at Toronto was warmed with hot air from a large oven, with fires in all our sitting-rooms, nevertheless the wood for my grate, piled close to the fire, often remained till night covered with the snow which was on it when first deposited there in the morning; and as a further instance of the climate, I may add that several times, while my mind was very warmly occupied in writing my despatches, I found my pen full of a lump of stuff that appeared to be honey, but which proved to be frozen ink; again, after washing in the morning, when I took up some money that had lain all night on my table, I at first fancied it had become sticky until I discovered that the sensation was caused by its freezing to my fingers, which in consequence of my ablutions were not perfectly dry.

Notwithstanding however this intensity of cold, the powerful circulation of the blood of large quadrupeds, like the movement of the waters in the great lakes, keeps the red fluid from freezing; but

the human frame not being gifted with this power, many people lose their limbs, and occasionally their lives, from cold.

I one day inquired of a fine ruddy honest-looking man who called upon me, and whose toes and instep of each foot had been truncated, how the accident happened? He told me that the first winter he came from England he lost his way in the forest; that after walking for some hours, feeling pain in his feet, he took off his boots, and, from the flesh immediately swelling, he was unable to put them on again.

His stockings, which were very old ones, soon wore into holes, and as rising on his insteps he was hurriedly proceeding he knew not where, he saw with alarm, but without feeling the slightest pain, first one toe and then another break off as if they had been pieces of brittle stick, and in this mutilated state he continued to advance till he reached a path which led him to an inhabited log-house, where he remained suffering great pain till his cure was effected.

On another occasion, while an Englishman was driving one bright beautiful day in a sleigh on the ice, his horse suddenly ran away, and, fancying he could stop him better without his cumbersome fur gloves than with them, he unfortunately took them off. As the infuriated animal at his utmost speed proceeded, the man, who was facing a keen north-west wind, felt himself gradually as it were turning into marble, and by the time he stopped both his hands were so completely and so irrecoverably frozen, that he was obliged to have them amputated.

Although the sun, from the latitude, has considerable power, it appears only to illuminate the sparkling snow, which, like the sugar on a bridal cake, conceals the whole surface. The instant however the fire of heaven sinks below the horizon, the cold descends from the upper regions of the atmosphere with a feeling as if it were poured down upon the head and shoulders from a jug.

From the above sketch it must be evident that the four seasons of the year in Canada exhibit pictures strikingly contrasted with each other.

In the summer, the excessive heat—the violent paroxysms of thunder—the parching drought—the occasional deluges of rain—the sight of bright red, bright blue, and other gaudy-plumaged birds—of the brilliant humming-bird, and of innumerable fire-flies that at night appear like the reflection upon earth of the stars shining above them in the heavens, would almost persuade the emigrant that he was living within the tropics.

As autumn approaches, the varicous trees of the forest assume hues of every shade of red, yellow, and brown, of the most vivid description. The air gradually becomes a healthy and delightful mixture of sunshine and frost, and the golden sunsets are so many glorious assemblages of clouds—some like mountains of white wool, others of the darkest hues—and of broad rays of yellow, of crimson, and of golden light, which without intermixing radiate upwards to a great height from the point of the horizon at which the deep-red luminary is about to disappear.

As the winter approaches the cold daily strengthens, and before the branches of the trees and the surface of the country become white, every living being seems to be sensible of the temperature that is about to arrive.

The gaudy birds, humming-birds, and fire-flies, depart first; then follow the pigeons; the wild-fowl fly away to the lakes, until scarcely a bird remains to be seen in the forest. Several of the animals seek refuge in warmer regions; and even the shaggy bear, whose coat seems warm enough to resist any degree of cold, instinctively looks out in time for a hollow tree into which he may leisurely climb, to hang in it during the winter as inanimate as a fitch of bacon from the ceiling of an English farm-house; and even many of the fishes make their deep-water arrangements for not coming to the surface of the rivers and harbours during the period they are covered with ice.

Notwithstanding the cheerful brightness of the winter's sun, "I always felt that there was something indescribably awful and appalling in all these bestial, birdal, and piscal precautions; and yet it is with pride that one observes that, while the birds of the air and the beasts of the field, one after another, are seen retreating before the approaching winter like women and children before an advancing army, the Anglo-Saxon race stand firm! and indeed they are quite right to do so, inasmuch as the winter, when it does arrive, turns out to be a season of hilarity and of healthy enjoyment.

Not only is the whole surface of the ground, in-

cluding roads and paths of every description, beautifully macadamised with a covering of snow, over which every man's horse, with tinkling bells, can draw him and his family in a sleigh; but every harbour becomes a national play-ground to ride on, and every river an arterial road to travel on.

In all directions running water gradually congeals. The mill-wheel becomes covered with a frozen torrent, in which it remains as in a glass-case; and I have even seen small waterfalls begin to freeze on both sides, until the cataract, arrested in its fall by the power of heaven, is converted for the season into a solid mirror.

Although the temperature of the water in the great lakes is infinitely below freezing, yet the restless rise and fall of the waves prevents their congelation. As a trifling instance, however, of their disposition to do so, I may mention that during the two winters I was at Toronto, I made a rule, from which I never departed, to walk every morning to the end of a long wooden pier that ran out into the unfrozen waters of the lake. In windy weather, and during extreme cold, the water, in dashing against this work, rose in the air; but before it could reach me it often froze, and thus, without wetting my cloak, the drops of ice used to fall harmless at my feet.

But although the great lake, for want of a moment's tranquillity, cannot congeal, yet for hundreds of miles along its shores the waves, as they break on the ground, instantly freeze, and this operation continuing by night as well as by day, the quiet shingled

beach is converted throughout its whole length into high, sharp, jagged rocks of ice, over which it is occasionally difficult to climb.

I was one day riding with a snaffle-bridle on the glare ice of the great bay of Toronto, on a horse I had just purchased, without having been made aware of his vice, which I afterwards learned had been the cause of a serious accident to his late master, when he suddenly, unasked, explained it to me by running away. On one side of me was the open water of the lake, into which if I had ridden, I should almost instantly have been covered with a coating of ice as white as that on a candle that has just received its first dip; while on every other side I was surrounded by these jagged rocks of ice, the narrow passes through which I was going much too fast to be able to investigate.

My only course, therefore, was to force my horse round and round within the circumference of the little troubles that environed me; and this I managed to do, every time diminishing the circle, until, before I was what Sidney Smith termed "squirrel-minded," the animal became sufficiently tired to stop.

The scene on these frozen harbours and bays in winter is very interesting. Sleighs, in which at least one young representative of the softer sex is generally seated, are to be seen and heard driving and tinkling across in various directions, or occasionally standing still to witness a trotting-match or some other amusement on the ice.

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few dark spots on the surface, which it is difficult to analyze even when approached, until from beneath the confused mass there gradually arises, with a mild "Why-disturb-me?" expression of countenance, the red face and black shaggy head of an Indian, who for hours has been lying on his stomach to spear fish through a small hole which, for that purpose, he has cut through the ice.

In other parts are to be seen groups of men occupied in sawing out for sale large cubical blocks of ice of a beautiful bluish appearance, piled upon each other like dressed Bath-stones for building.

The water of which this ice is composed is as clear as crystal, resembling that which, under the appellation of Wenham ice, has lately been imported to England as well as to India, and which has become a new luxury of general use.

I have often been amused at observing how imperfectly the theory of ice is, practically speaking, understood in England.

People talk of its being "as hot as fire," and "as cold as ice," just as if the temperature of each were a fixed quantity, whereas there are as many temperatures of fire, and as many temperatures of ice, as there are climates on the face of the globe.

The heat of "boiling water" is a fixed quantity, and any attempt to make water hotter than "boiling" only creates steam, which flies off from the top exactly as fast as, and exactly in the proportion to, the amount of heat, be it great or small, that is applied at the bottom.

Now, for want of half a moment's reflection, people in England are very prone to believe that water cannot be made colder than ice; and, accordingly, if a good-humoured man succeeds in filling his ice-house, he feels satisfied that his ice is as good as any other man's ice; in short, that ice is ice, and that there is no use in anybody attempting to deny it. But the truth is, that the temperature of thirty-two degrees of Fahrenheit, that at which water freezes, is only the commencement of an operation that is almost infinite; for after its congelation water is as competent to continue to receive cold as it was when it was fluid. The application of cold to a block of ice does not therefore, as in the case of heat applied beneath boiling water, cause what is added at one end to fly out at the other, but, on the contrary, the extra cold is added to and retained by the mass, and thus the temperature of the ice falls with the temperature of the air, until in Lower Canada it occasionally sinks to forty degrees below zero, or to seventy-two degrees below the temperature of ice just congealed.

It is evident, therefore, that if two icehouses were to be filled, the one with the former, say Canada ice, and the other with the latter, say English ice, the difference between the quantity of cold stored up in each would be as appreciable as the difference between a cellar full of gold and a cellar full of copper; in short, the intrinsic value of ice, like that of metals, depends on the investigation of an assayer—that is to say, a cubic foot of Lower Canada ice is in-

finitely more valuable, or, in other words, it contains infinitely more cold, than a cubic foot of Upper Canada ice, which again contains more cold than a cubic foot of Wenham ice, which contains infinitely more cold than a cubic foot of English ice; and thus, although each of these four cubic feet of ice has precisely the same shape, they each, as summer approaches, diminish in value, that is to say, they each gradually lose a portion of their cold, until, long before the Lower Canada ice has melted, the English ice has been converted into luke-warm water.

The above theory is so clearly understood in North America, that the inhabitants of Boston, who annually store for exportation immense quantities of Wenham ice, and who know quite well that cold ice will meet the markets in India, while the warmer article melts on the passage, talk of their "crops of ice" just as an English farmer talks of his crop of wheat.

The various forms of sleighs which are used in Canada it would be impossible to describe; some are handsomely painted bright scarlet, highly varnished, richly carved, and ornamented with valuable black bear-skin "robes," as they are termed; others are composed of an old English packing-case placed on runners. However, whatever may be their construction, their proprietors, rich or poor, appear alike happy.

One healthy clear morning, accompanied by a friend, I was enjoying my early walk along the cliff which overhangs the bay of Toronto, when I saw a

runaway horse and sleigh approaching me at full gallop, and it was not until both were within a few yards of the precipice that the animal, suddenly seeing his danger, threw himself on his haunches, and then, turning from the death that had stared him in the face, stood as if riveted to the ground.

On going up to the sleigh, which was one of very humble fabric, I found seated in it a wild young Irishman, and, as he did not appear to be at all sensible of the danger from which he had just been providentially preserved, I said to him, "*You have had a most narrow escape, my man!*"

"*Och! your honour,*" he replied, "*it's nothing at all. It's jist this bar as titches his hacks!*" And, to show me what he meant, he pulled at the reins with all his strength, till the splinter-bar touched the poor creature's thigh, when instantly this son of Erin, looking as happy as if he had just demonstrated a problem, triumphantly exclaimed, "*There 't is agin!*" And away he went, if possible, faster than before.

I watched him till the horse galloped with him completely out of my sight: indeed, he vanished like a meteor in the sky; and where he came from, and where he went, I am ignorant to this day.

The Canada spring commences with a brilliant, but rather an uncomfortable admixture of warm days and of freezing cold nights. By the beginning of April the sun is as hot as it is in the south of France; the roads are slushy until sunset, when in a few minutes they congeal, and become covered with ice.

As this operation continues, as the sun strengthens, and as the day lengthens, the thick stratum of snow, which has so long covered the surface of the country, gradually melts by day and freezes by night, until, the heat increasing and the cold diminishing, the black ground begins to appear; and no sooner does the earth, escaping from its wearisome imprisonment, once again see daylight, than, without waiting for a general clearance, there start up in each of these little oases in the desert of snow that surrounds them a variety of small lovely flowers, which seem to have burst into existence as if to hail the arrival and ornament the happy path of approaching spring.

But while this joyful process is proceeding in the vegetable world, the interminable forest is once again becoming the cheerful scene of animal life. The old bear slowly descends, tail foremost, from the lofty chamber in which he has so long been dormant. The air is filled—the light of heaven is occasionally almost intercepted from morning till night—by clouds of pigeons, which, as the harbingers of spring, are seen for many days flying over the forest, guided, I have been credibly informed, by a miraculous instinct, not only to the particular remote region in which they were reared, but to build their own nests in the very trees upon whose branches each individual bird was hatched! but if, as is well known, they are instinctively led to the country of their birth, it is not improbable that, when they reach it, they will readily search out for themselves their own “homes.”

In a very short time the whole surface of the country becomes cleared from snow, and the effect of the change is most interesting; for instance, on my arrival in Canada I found everything around me buried in snow, and my lonely house standing apparently in a white barren desolate field, to which my eyes soon became accustomed. But as soon as the spring removed this covering, flower borders of all shapes, a green lawn, and gravel walks meandering in various directions, made their welcome appearance, until I found myself the possessor—and if it had not been for English politics I should have been the happy possessor—of a beautiful English garden, the monument of the good taste of Sir Peregrine and Lady Sarah Maitland, who many years ago had planned it and had stocked it with roses and shrubs of the best description.

“But “all is not gold that glitters;” and accordingly, though spring ornaments almost beyond the powers of description the surface of Canada, she is no respecter of the Queen’s highways, but, on the contrary, creates dreadful havoc among roads of all descriptions. The departure of the snow is followed by a general blistering and up-wrenching of the surface of the earth, which for some weeks remains what is called “rotten,” and which, especially in the roads, is so troublesome to ride over, that at this period a well-mounted horseman can occasionally hardly travel above twenty or twenty-five miles in a day: indeed I have sometimes come to narrow quagmires in the roads which I have stood gazing at for minutes in

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despair, and which it was almost impracticable to cross at any price. However, the first heavy rains settle the ground, and then, the rush of vegetation being as beautiful as it is surprising, it is most interesting to ramble in solitude through the secret recesses of the forest.

The enjoyment, however, without great precaution, is a very dangerous one, as it is almost incredible how quickly a stranger loses his reckoning, and becomes lost in the labyrinth that surrounds him.

In the lonely rides I was in the habit of enjoying, I took some pains to make myself intelligent upon this point, but with very little success; and though I endeavoured to carry in my head a "carte du pays," I often suddenly felt myself completely bewildered.

On these occasions, however, without any difficulty I always extricated myself from all danger by the following process:—

Throwing my hat on the ground, I rode from it in any direction, to a distance greater than that which I knew to exist between me and the road I was anxious to regain, returning on the footmarks of my horse to my hat. I then radiated from it in any other direction, and, returning, repeated the trials until, taking the right direction, I at last recovered the road; whereas, if, without method, I had wandered among the trees in search of it, I might, and most probably should, have been lost—a victim to the allurements and beauties of spring. Of course,

on reaching the road I had to recover the hat to which my head had been so much indebted.

The storms which occasionally reign and rage over the forest are very similar to those which characterise the tropics. The sudden explosion and loud rolls of thunder are not only awful to hear, but this cannonading from heaven generally leaves behind it proofs of its having been composed of shot as well as of powder; indeed in my rides through the forest I became intimately acquainted with several trees that had been struck by lightning.

In one there was merely a deep furrowed line from the top of the stem to the earth; but in others the effect had been terrific. The lightning had descended down the bark of the tree till it had met a knot, or something which, turning it inwards, had there caused it to explode. In these cases, a huge stump, fifteen or twenty feet high, was left standing, while around it, in all directions, the remainder of the tree was to be seen lying on the ground literally shivered to atoms.

In one immense pine the electric mine had burst in the heart of its victim within a foot of the ground. The tree in its stupendous fall snapped about fifty feet above the ground another pine-tree, about forty feet distant, and, resting and remaining on the top of this lofty column, the two trees formed a right-angled triangle of most extraordinary appearance, standing in the forest as if to demonstrate the irresistible power of one of the most powerful agents of nature.

But awful as are the effects of the lightning of heaven, there are occasionally in Canada sudden squalls of wind which create havoc on a much larger scale. Indeed, when a traveller inquires for a road to any particular place, he is often told to proceed in a certain direction, "until he comes to a hurricane;" which means, until he finds in the lone wilderness a parcel of trees torn up by the roots, and in indescribable confusion lying prostrate on the ground.

From the foregoing sketches, I think it will appear that, although the climate of England is said to be the most uncertain on the surface of the globe, that of North America is infinitely more variable, as well as exposed to greater vicissitudes.

In the latter country not only do the extremes of heat in summer, and of cold in winter, create an extensive range of temperature, in England tethered to very narrow limits, but in Canada the sudden alternations of temperature which attend every change of wind constantly cause in the course of the day, and even in a few hours, a change of climate of say forty degrees of Fahrenheit.

These sudden changes generally last three days: for instance, a heavy rain almost invariably continues that time; so does a paroxysm of intense cold; so does every unusually heavy gale of wind; and so does every occasional "sweating sickness" of extreme heat.

On the whole, I am of opinion that the climate of Canada is more healthy and invigorating than that

of England, although it is more destructive to the skin, hair, teeth, and other items of what is termed "personal appearance." In short, those who admire pretty children, green fields, and out-of-doors exercise may justly continue to sing,—

"Through pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home."

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CHAPTER II.

THE BACK-WOODS.

AMONG the list of hackneyed expressions which for years I have been in the habit of repeating to myself, there is no one that comes oftener uppermost in my mind than the words—

“England, with all thy faults, I love thee still!”

At times when I have seen our merchants of London lend millions after millions of money, first, to countries in South America, whose geographical position I had reason to know they could not, with any one of their fingers, point out on a chart of the globe; and then, nothing daunted by defeat, to northern states in the same hemisphere, whose institutions everybody knows to be recipient, without ability to repay; when again I witnessed the mania this country evinced for working transatlantic mines, and which it still evinces for expending hundreds of millions of money in the projection of British and of foreign railroads, the capital of the empire has not power to construct, I own I have occasionally found it difficult to maintain the feelings of respect so justly due to the monosyllables “John Bull.” On the other hand, “with all his faults,” it is, I think, impossible for his bitterest enemy to help acknowledging that there is something generous and

amiable beyond description—noble and high-minded beyond example—and evidently productive of far-sighted political results, in the fact, that every day, be the weather what it may, Jane, his beloved wife, presents to him one thousand babies more than the number he had requested of her to replace those members of his family who had just died!

Now inasmuch as this deliberate increase to our population of 365,000 babies a year (which equals the number of men, women, and children in the counties of Hampshire or of Essex) as clearly evinces a desire, as it creates a necessity, for Great Britain to people, by emigration, some of those vast regions of the globe which, since the creation of the world, have remained uninhabited, it is wonderful to observe how admirably Nature has parcelled out to the different nations of mankind the cultivation of those territories which are best suited to their respective characters and physical strength.

For instance, the indolent inhabitants of Old Spain and of Portugal were led, apparently by blind chance, to discover, in the New World, plains of vast extent, situated in a genial climate, which, without any culture, were fitted for the breeding of almost every animal that forms the food of man.

On the other hand, by the same mariner's compass, the Anglo-Saxon race were conducted to a region visited by intense cold, and covered with trees of such enormous size that emigration to this country has justly been termed "*War with the Wilderness*;" and certainly any man who has ex-

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perienced in it the amount of fatigue to be endured in cutting down a single tree, in ploughing among its roots, and in sowing and reaping around its stump, must feel that it required a strong, healthy, hardy race of men to clear a country in which the settler has, as it were, to engage himself in a duel with each and every individual tree of the interminable forest that surrounds him.

But, on the discovery of America, Nature not only led the British to the battle-ground I have described, but by instinctive feeling she has since conducted, and continues to conduct to it, the individuals of our country best suited to the task.

It would be incorrect to state that the many thousands of emigrants that have annually sailed for our North American provinces have been particularly athletic; but, as the French army truly say, "C'est le cœur qui fait le grenadier," so it may accurately be stated that, with a few exceptions, they must have been persons of rather more enterprising disposition than their comrades whom they left at home; indeed, when I have reflected on the expense, anxiety, and uncertainty attendant upon emigrating to a new world, I have often felt astonished that labourers, tethered to their parish by so many ties and prejudices, should ever have summoned courage enough to make up their minds to sail with their families in a ship for countries in which, to say the least, they must land ignorant, friendless, and unknown.

But besides a certain amount of enterprise, there

has, I believe, existed in the minds of all emigrants some little propulsive feeling or other—oftener good than bad—that has tended to put them on, as it is termed, their mettle, and to make them decide on a change of scene; indeed, when I was in Canada I often thought that it would have been as amusing to have kept a list of the various different reasons that had propelled from England those who were around me, as it is to read in *Gil Blas* the dissimilar causes which had brought together the motley inmates of Rolando's cave.

For instance, one very gallant naval officer told me that, after having obtained two steps in his profession, by actions with the enemy, he waited on William IV., when he was Lord High Admiral, to ask for a ship, in reply to which request he was good-humouredly told that "*he was too young.*"

That about two years afterwards, on making a similar request to Sir James Graham, who had just succeeded to be First Lord of the Admiralty, with grave dignity he was told "that the policy of the Government was to bring forward young men, and that '*he was too old*;' and so," said my friend, "I instantly turned on my heel, and, declaring I would never again set my foot in the Admiralty till I was sent for, I came out to Canada."

The inability of the Government to attend to every just claim brought before its consideration drove crowds of distinguished officers of both services to the back-woods. Many fine fellows came out because they could not live without shooting,

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and did not choose to be poachers; a vast number crossed over because they had " heavy families and small incomes;" and one of the most loyal men I was acquainted with, and to whose protection I had afterwards occasion to be indebted, in answer to some questions I was inquisitively putting to him, stopped me by honestly saying, as he looked me full in the face, " My character, Sir, won't bear investigation!"

Of course, a proportion of the emigrants to our North American Colonies belong to that philanthropic class of men who, under the appellation of Socialists, Communists, or Liberals, are to be met with in every corner of the Old World. Their doctrine is, Community of goods: but they have no goods at all. They preach—Division of property: but they have no property to divide. So that their principle is;—not so much to give all they have (for they have nothing to give) to other people;—as that other people should give all they have to *them*.

Propelled by these motley reasons, feelings, grievances, and doctrines, many thousands of families and individuals of various grades (in 1842 their number exceeded 42,000) have annually taken leave of the shores of Great Britain to seek refuge in the splendid wilderness of Canada, or, in other words sick of " vain pomp and glory," have left the old world for what they hoped would be a better.

Now, just as seafaring men declare that after Thames soup has undergone fermentation—during which process it emits from the bung-hole of the casks which contain it a gas highly offensive, and

even inflammable—it becomes the clearest, the sweetest, and most wholesome water that can be taken to sea, so do the same sort of clarification and the same results take place in the moral feelings of the crowds of emigrants I have described.

On their arrival at their various locations, for a short time they fancy, or rather they really and truly feel, more or less strongly, that there is something very fine in the theory of having apparently got rid of all the musty materials of “Church and State;” and, revelling in this sentiment, they for a short time enjoy the novel luxury of being able to dress as they like, do as they like, go where they like. They appreciate the happiness of living in a land in which the Old Country’s servile custom of touching the hat does not exist, in which every carter and waggoner rides instead of walks, and in which there are no purse-proud millionnaires, no dukes, duchesses, lords, ladies, parsons, parish-officers, beadles, poor-law commissioners, or paupers; no tithes and no taxes.

But after the mind, like the Thames water, has continued for a sufficient time in this state of pleasing fermentation, the feelings I have just described begin gradually to subside. Some fly away, and some crawl away; some evaporate, and some sink, until the judgment, his best friend, clearly points out to the emigrant that, after all, “liberty and equality,” like many other resplendent substances, contain in their compositions a considerable quantity of alloy.

One of the first wants, that, like a flower in the wilderness, springs up in the mind of a backwoodsman, is to attend occasionally a place of worship. Solitude has first slightly introduced, and has then welcomed to his mind, more serious reflections than any it had previously entertained. The thunder and the lightning of heaven, the sudden storms, the intense cold, the magnificent colouring of the sky, the buoyant air, the gorgeous sunsets, one after another, have sometimes sternly and sometimes smilingly imparted to him truths which have gradually explained to him that there is something very fearful as well as fallacious in the idea of any human being boasting to himself of being "independent" of that power so eminently conspicuous in the wilderness of America!

As soon as this want has taken firm root in the heart, it soon produces its natural fruit. The emigrants meet, consult, arrange with each other, subscribe according to their means a few dollars, a few pounds, or a few hundred pounds (one of the most powerful axe-men in Upper Canada expended on this object upwards of a thousand pounds); the simple edifice rapidly grows up—is roofed in—is furnished with benches—until at last on some bright sabbath-day, a small bell, fixed within a little turret on its summit, is heard slowly tolling in the forest. From various directions sleighs and waggons, each laden with at least one man, a woman or two, and some little children, are seen converging towards it; and it would be impossible to describe the over-

whelming feelings of the various members of the congregation, of both sexes and of all ages, when their selected and respected minister, clad in a decent white surplice, for the first time opens his lips to pronounce to them those time-honoured words which declare that when the wicked man turneth away from the wickedness he has committed, and doeth that which is lawful and right, he shall save his soul alive.

The thunder and the hurricane have now lost all their terrors, the sunshine has suddenly become a source of legitimate enjoyment, the rude log-hut an abode of happiness and contentment, and thus the emigrant every day more and more appreciates the blessing which is rewarding him for having erected in the wilderness his own established church.

Among the various good feelings that subsequently vegetate in his mind, is that of filial attachment to Old England.

The banished heart first yearns for the crooked lanes, green fields, and rosy cheeks which adorn the surface of the old country; and then, not satisfied with loving the land, it soon learns to love all who live in it.

But while these British sentiments are growing, local politics first assail and soon apparently entirely engross the emigrant's attention. He has perhaps applied to be made a magistrate, and has seen his neighbour appointed instead; he has written to the Governor for a patent for the land he is clearing, and has received no answer; his nearest neighbour

and intimate friend is a reformer, who has told him that "Reform" would very likely give him a road; would perhaps get him some appointment; would indemnify him in some way for the cow that died; in short, he understands, and firmly believes, that any change would do him good, and that, even if it did not, at all events it would be a change; and so, he is ready to vote for the man that is already promising to effect "a change."

Now it is almost inconceivable how eagerly the backwoodsman engages in local politics of this nature. Every angry word he utters inflames his own angry feelings. He disputes with one neighbour, and allies himself with another; and as neither the one nor the other, nor any of them, have any knowledge of what is really going on at the seat of Government, except what they read in provincial newspapers, often of the vilest description, a murmur is created which, by people in England who do not understand emigrants' language, is supposed very clearly to threaten separation from the mother country! Whereas, the moment that question is undisguisedly proposed, the whole fabric of local politics falls to the ground; party feelings are forgotten, and from all directions the Irishman, Scotchman, and Englishman, are seen worming their way through the trees, to join together hand in hand to maintain connexion with "Old England," whom it may truly be said they love infinitely more dearly and more devotedly than do her own children at home.

With respect to the Canadian population the same

feelings exist. They dispute and quarrel among each other quite as vigorously as their brethren from the old country; yet although they have never seen our green lanes, and can therefore have no filial attachment to them, they are most decidedly more proud of the title of "British subjects" than people are in England; and for this plain reason, that, having throughout their whole lives had an opportunity not only of beholding immediately before their eyes, but of studying, the fallacy of "Republican government," they infinitely better understand and appreciate than we do the inestimable superiority of British institutions.

In no part of the world which it has been my fortune to visit have I ever met with a body of British subjects more enlightened and unprejudiced than the native-born Upper Canadians.

They have English blood in their veins—have English tongues, English hearts, English heads—have received an English education, and are well versed in English history. But with an Englishman's average stock of knowledge, they are divested of many of his prejudices. On the subject of government they are infinitely more enlightened than he is; not instinctively or intuitively, but simply because, from the days of their childhood, they have enjoyed advantages of observing both sides of a most important question, of which Englishmen can only see *one*. In short, as political engineers, understanding the mechanism of democracy as well as that of monarchy, they see infinitely clearer than

our great statesmen in England possibly can do how subtle and minute are the changes by which the latter system can eventually be converted into the former.

For instance, an Englishman improperly deals with British institutions as our sailors very properly treat a seventy-four gun ship.

If any trifling object appears on the ocean, they all run in a body either to windward or to leeward, for they know the old ship will bear it. The carpenter makes an incision here, and with a sledge hammer drives a spike-nail in there. He clears the decks for action; musketry and grape stick in this bulwark, cannon-shot go slap through that, but the good old ship does not feel it: in fact, if the master will but keep her off the rocks, her crew truly declare there is no rough usage that can hurt her. And so it is with many of our great and good men in England. They see no harm, as regards the safety of British institutions, in taking out a little screw here, and in cutting asunder a plank there; see nothing to fear in pecking a stone or two out of this arch, or in diminishing the thickness of that old-fashioned beam. "A little extension of suffrage," they say, "surely can't hurt a great country like this! A concession or two to public opinion will surely do no harm; in short, if we oppose actual revolution, there is no moderately rough treatment that our institutions are not strong enough to bear."

On the other hand, an Upper Canadian deals with British institutions as an Indian manages his bark canoe.

The red pilot is not afraid of the storm, but he unceasingly watches every approaching wave, takes care to sit exactly in the middle of his handbox, not to rise up in it too suddenly, to step along it lightly, and above all, never to drop into it any heavy weight that might shiver or even shake the bottom of the frail bark; and thus he manages to traverse waves in which many a stout vessel has foundered.

A very few facts will practically exemplify the meaning of the latter comparison.

Within a week after my arrival at Toronto, I had to receive an address from the Speaker and Commons' House of Assembly; and on inquiring in what manner I was to perform the part in the ceremony allotted to me, I was informed that I was to sit very still on a large scarlet chair with my hat on.

The first half was evidently an easy job; but the latter was really revolting to my habits and feelings, and, as I thought I ought to try and govern by my head and not by my hat, I felt convinced that the former would risk nothing by being for a few minutes divorced from the latter, and accordingly I determined with white gloves to hold the thing in my hands; and several of my English party quite agreed with me in thinking my project not only an innocent but a virtuous act of common courtesy: however, I happened to mention my intention to an Upper Canadian, and never shall I forget the look of silent scorn with which he listened to me. I really quite quailed beneath the reproof,

which, without the utterance of a word, and after scanning me from head to foot, his mild intelligent faithful countenance read to me, and which but too clearly expressed—"What! to purchase five minutes' loathsome popularity, will you barter one of the few remaining prerogatives of the British Crown? Will you, for the vain hope of conciliating insatiable Democracy, meanly sell to it one of the distinctions of your station? Miserable man! beware, before it be too late, of surrendering piecemeal that which it is your duty to maintain, and for which, after all, you will only receive in exchange contumely and contempt!"

I remained for a few seconds as mute as my Canadian Mentor, and then, without taking any notice of the look with which he had been chastising me, I spoke to him on some other subjects, but I did not forget the picture I had seen, and accordingly my hat was tight enough on my head when the Speaker bowed to it, and I shall ever feel indebted to that man for the sound political lesson he taught me.

I could mention many similar reproofs I verbally received from native-born Canadians, especially one that very strongly condemned me for a desire I had innocently entertained to go once—merely as a compliment—to the Presbyterian church, which, when quartered in Scotland, I had often attended; but I was gravely admonished by the son of the soil on which I stood, that, although I ought to protect all churches, yet, as the representative of the Esta-

blished Church, I ought to take part in no other service but my own; and a few moments' reflection told me that he was right; and as a further illustration of this transatlantic doctrine, I may state that, when the bold, venerable, and respected leader of the Church of England in Upper Canada was lately appointed "Bishop of Toronto," he was not only immediately addressed by the title of "My Lord," but his humble dwelling was, and to this day is, designated "*The Palace*," for the simple reason that the emigrants and native-born inhabitants of the province saw no reason for being ashamed of British institutions, or of the distinctions which characterize them; and yet how astonishing it is that people in England, both Whigs and Tories, will persist in declaring that monarchical pomp cannot possibly be popular in our British North American Colonies, and *therefore* that it ought not to be maintained there!

In reply to this incorrect, unsound, and most unfortunate doctrine, I will, to what I have just stated, only add, that the Irish, Scotch, English, and native inhabitants of Canada, appeared to me to be quite as anxious that I should ride good horses as I was myself—that they liked to see a well-appointed carriage—and that, though it be a highly popular, it is really a vulgar error to believe, that if I had ridden about in a shooting jacket, distributing stunted nods and talking through my nose, I should have prevented the rebellion. Whereas, on the contrary, I found the general feeling of the Canadian people to be,

that if, contrary to the policy with which they had been so long afflicted, I would but avow uncompromising hatred to democracy; if I would but oppose, for them, irresponsible, or, as it is jeeringly termed, "responsible government—à non respondendo;" in short, if I would maintain the prerogatives of the British monarchy, *they* would maintain its glorious institutions; and accordingly, as soon as I printed and circulated throughout the province the following words:—

"The people of Upper Canada detest democracy, revere their constitutional charter, and are staunch in allegiance to their king.

"Never will I allow the power and patronage of this thinly-peopled province to be transferred from His Majesty's representative to the domination of 'a Provincial Ministry,' an irresponsible and self-constituted cabinet"—

The moment I published the above declaration, the British emigrants and the Canadian people rose almost *en masse*, and drove from their house of representatives Mr. Bidwell, Mr. McKenzie, and every other prominent supporter of "responsible" government.

And yet, notwithstanding this undeniable historical fact, strange to say, thousands of great and good men in England, of all parties, persist in believing, as obstinately as ever, that our noble institutions are unsuited to the soil of America!

CHAPTER III.

SERGEANT NEILL.

THE breaking up of the ice in the rivers of North America is one of the most wonderful operations exhibited by nature on that Continent.

By the beginning of April, although the sun has attained very considerable power, yet the ice in the rivers is so thick, and its temperature so many degrees below freezing, that little or no effect is produced upon it in the middle of the stream. The banks, however, of the river, receiving heat from the sun, treacherously melt that portion of the ice which immediately touches them, and this operation continues until a space of blue water intervenes between the shore and the ice sufficient to prevent any one from passing on foot from the one to the other, and yet, long after this period, the ice in the middle of the stream remains strong enough to bear artillery or carriages of any weight.

Now, it is evident that, if a river throughout its course were straight and of equal breadth, the current, without waiting until the sun should melt the ice, would carry it bodily away into the ocean so soon as the banks ceased to hold it.

Rivers, however, being more or less tortuous, and

containing generally little islands and rocks, it became necessary for Nature to resort to an admixture in about equal parts of fair means and foul, or, in other words, to combine the persuasive powers of the sun with the rude violence of the torrent, and thus the dense stratum of ice which covers the surface of the river finds itself between two powerful enemies, one of which, by the constant application of heat, is trying to melt it, while the other, as it glides beneath it, is exerting a never-ceasing effort to drag it towards the sea. Any one who in swimming down a stream has ever chanted to grasp the branch of a tree overhanging the banks, has no doubt found it almost impossible to hold on; indeed if merely the palm of the hand be applied to the surface of running water, a rude guess may be made of the force a large river throughout its whole course must exert against a covering of ice which, standing stock still, refuses to partake of its course.

As the sun strengthens, the velocity and power of the current is hourly increased by the melting of the snow, which, by wrenching the ice upwards, isolates it, excepting at particular bends and turns of the river, that retain or jam the whole mass.

At these fortresses, as they may be termed, the pressure on the ice becomes immense; bit after bit breaks, until, each obstruction having given way, the whole mass is retained at some single point only. This last conflict between the elements of nature is truly terrific; fields of ice are forced upon the land, and then, grinding, squeezing, undermining, and

raising each other, form impending rocks from 50 to 80 feet high! While the resistance of the ice is daily decreasing, the strength of the never-tiring current is hourly increasing, until by the swelling of the water the ice is either lifted above the insular obstruction that impeded it, or, unable any longer to resist, it is forcibly rent asunder. The hour of victory has now arrived, the spring of another new year has once again conquered the winter; the liquid water has overcome its frozen enemy, and the whole of the ice, writhing and breaking up in all directions, like a vanquished army, at first slowly surrenders its position, and then by a "*sauve-qui-peut*" movement retreats in confusion proportionate to its mass.

I twice happened to succeed in witnessing the breaking up of the ice of the Humber, a small river in the neighbourhood of Toronto. The floods which had wrenched up the ice had floated a large quantity of timber of every possible description, and, as soon as the great movement commenced, these trees and the ice were hurried before my eyes in indescribable confusion. Every piece of ice, whatever might be its shape or size, as it proceeded, was either revolving horizontally, or rearing up on end until it reeled over; sometimes a tree, striking against the bottom, would slowly rise up, and for a moment stand erect as if it grew out of the river; at other times it would, apparently for variety's sake, stand on its head with its roots uppermost and then turn over; sometimes the ice as it proceeded

would rise up like a house and chimneys, and then, rolling head over heels, sink, and leave in its place clear water.

In a few hours, however, this turmoil was completely at an end, the torrent had diminished, the stream had shrunk to its ordinary limits, and nothing remained to tell of the struggle and the chancededley confusion I had witnessed but some white little islands of ice, intermixed with dark masses of timber, floating off the mouth of the river in the deep blue lake.

In the different regions of the globe it has been my fortune to visit, I have always experienced great pleasure in pausing for a few minutes at the various spots which have been distinguished by some feat or other of British enterprise, British mercy, British honesty, British generosity, or British valour.

About the time I was in Canada a trifling circumstance occurred on the breaking up of the ice, which I feel proud to record.

In the middle of the great St. Lawrence there is, nearly opposite Montreal, an island called St. Helens, between which and the shore the stream, about three quarters of a mile broad, runs with very great rapidity, and yet, notwithstanding this current, the intense cold of winter invariably freezes its surface.

The winter I am speaking of was unusually severe, and the ice on the St. Lawrence particularly thick; however, while the river beneath was rush-

ing towards the sea, the ice was waiting in abeyance in the middle of the stream until the narrow fastness between Montreal and St. Helens should burst and allow the whole mass to break into pieces, and then in stupendous confusion to hurry downwards towards Quebec.

On St. Helens there was quartered a small detachment of troops, and, while the breaking up of the ice was momentarily expected, many of the soldiers, muffled in their great-coats, with thick storm-gloves on their hands, and with a piece of fur attached to their caps to protect their ears from being frozen, were on the ice employed in attending to the road across it to Montreal.

After a short suspense, which increased rather than allayed their excitement, a deep thundering noise announced to them that the process I have described had commenced. The ice before them writhed, heaved up, burst, broke into fragments, and the whole mass, excepting a small portion, which, remaining riveted to the shore of St. Helens, formed an artificial pier with deep water beneath it, gradually moved downwards.

Just at this moment of interest, a little girl, the daughter of an artist on the island, was seen on the ice in the middle of the river in an attitude of agony and alarm. Imprudently and unobserved she had attempted to cross over to Montreal, and was hardly half-way when the ice, both above, below her, and in all directions, gave way. The child's fate seemed inevitable, and it was exciting

various sensations in the minds, and various exclamations from the mouths of the soldiers, when something within the breast of Thomas Neill, a young sergeant in the 24th regiment, who happened to be nearer to her than the rest, distinctly uttered to him the monosyllables "*Quick march!*" and in obedience thereto, fixing his eyes on the child as on a parade bandarole, he steadily proceeded towards her.

Sometimes just before him, sometimes just behind him, and sometimes on either side, an immense piece of ice would pause, rear up an end, and roll over, so as occasionally to hide him altogether from view." Sometimes he was seen jumping upon a piece that was beginning to rise, and then, like a white bear, carefully clambering down a piece that was beginning to sink; however, onwards he proceeded, until, reaching the little island of ice on which the poor child stood, with the feelings of calm triumph with which he would have surmounted a breach, he firmly grasped her by the hand.

By this time he had been floated down the river nearly out of sight of his comrades. However, some of them, having run to their barracks for spy-glasses, distinctly beheld him about two miles below them, sometimes leading the child in his hand, sometimes carrying her in his arms, sometimes "halting," sometimes running "double quick;" and in this dangerous predicament he continued for six miles, until, after passing Longeuil, he was given up by his comrades as—lost.

He remained with the little girl floating down

the middle of the river for a considerable time ; at last, towards evening, they were discovered by some French Canadians, who, at no small risk, humanely pushed off in a canoe to their assistance, and thus rescued them both from their perilous situation.

The Canadians took them to their home ; at last, in due time, they returned to St. Helens. The child was happily restored to its parents, and Sergeant Neill quietly returned to his barracks.

Colour-Sergeant William Delaney, and Private George Morgan, of the 24th Regiment, now at Chatham, were eye-witnesses of the above occurrence.

CHAPTER IV.

THE GRENADIERS' POND.

WHENEVER a man has a favourite propensity, good or evil, it matters not a straw, his mind is always exceedingly clever in finding out reasons for its indulgence; and accordingly, as soon as I commenced my duties at Toronto, something within me strenuously advised that I should every day take a good long ride. "You will never," said my mentor, "be able to get through your business without it! Your constitution will become enervated; you will get sallow, yellow, bitter-minded, sour-tempered; you will die if you don't take your usual exercise!"

Not wishing to be considered obstinate, I yielded to this advice, and I believe I may say that up to the period of the rebellion I never departed from it for a single day: indeed I am confident that, under Providence, the preservation of my health has been the reward of my dutiful obedience.

In Canada, as soon as the hand of winter paints the ground white, everybody, muffled in fur, instinctively steps into a sleigh; and as matter, philosophers say, cannot occupy two places at the same time, it follows that nobody can be seen on what

sailors call "the outside of a horse." To this rule, however, I formed, I believe, a solitary exception.

Whether it was hot or cold—whether it rained, blew, or froze—sooner or later I managed every day, unattended by any one, to get a canter through the dark pine-forest which immediately surrounds Toronto, and then across the Humber Plains, a distance of about fourteen miles.

In spring, summer, and autumn, this wholesome exercise was indescribably delightful, especially because its solitude afforded me opportunity quietly to reflect on various subjects which were weighing heavily on my mind. In winter this recreation was also highly exhilarating; but as I was constantly detained by business until the blood-red sun was within a few inches of the horizon, and had therefore oftentimes to ride through the forest in the dark, it was necessary to take due precaution to prevent being frozen; and, indeed, after being all day in a house heated by a stove, I found that it often required some little resolution to face a temperature occasionally forty or fifty degrees below freezing. However, as soon as through the double windows of my room I saw my horse walking backwards and forwards, waiting for me, I always felt encouraged to make my toilette, of which I will only say that, like that of a Turkish lady, it left little but my eyes uncovered.

This protection I found quite impervious to the weather; and although if I had lost one of my fur gloves I should have lost a hand, and if I had been

stripped of my fur coat should have been frozen, yet, as no such accidents were likely to befall me, I proceeded in daylight or in darkness along my usual track, the sensation of cantering through snow very nearly resembling that of riding across ploughed land.

One lovely day in spring I had crossed the Humber Plains, which in high beauty were covered with shrubs, little flowers of various descriptions—wild strawberries, wild raspberries, and immense scarlet tiger-lilies in full bloom—and had reached the shore of Lake Ontario at a point about three miles from Toronto, when I saw immediately before me a group of men stooping down to raise from the ground something which, on my riding up to them, proved to be an enormous land-tortoise, that had burrowed into the sand of the beach. After laying the creature on its back the men continued with their hands to excavate the sand, in search, as they told me, of eggs; and accordingly in a short time they brought to light almost a hatfull of them, as round as, and about the size of, canister shot. On conversing with the men, I found that, as payment for her eggs, they were going to roast the poor mother—an unjust arrangement, which by a little money I managed to prevent; and I had scarcely proceeded a hundred yards when I came to two men standing still, and holding between them a weak-looking middle-aged man, who did not appear to be offering any resistance, and whose countenance, the moment I beheld it, proclaimed that he was insane.

“What had we better do with this poor fellow?” said one of his captors to me; “he wants to make away with himself, and says he is determined to drown himself, either in the Lake or in the Grenadiers’ Pond here!”

Now, the beautiful blue Lake, covered with a healthy ripple, and extending as far as the eye could reach, was close to us; and on the other side, within fifty yards of us, there was hidden in the forest a horrid miry little spot, called the Grenadiers’ Pond, because a party of English soldiers, in endeavouring, during the war, to cross it in a boat, had been upset, after floundering in the mud had sunk in it, and were there still. Poor fellows! I had often shuddered at their fate, as I looked at the spot,—an image of John Bunyan’s “Slough of Despond.”

As there was no asylum for lunatics in the province, it required some few moments’ consideration to determine what to do; at last, after a short conversation with the men, I arranged with them that they should take their prisoner to the hospital at Toronto; and as I had to ride by it in my way home, I told them I would see that, by the time they arrived, proper arrangements should be made for treating him with kindness and attention.

The poor maniac paid no attention whatever to what we were saying: he offered no resistance; made not the slightest effort to escape; but never shall I forget the wistful expression of countenance with which he kept turning his haggard face some-

times towards the blue Lake, and sometimes towards the bank which concealed from us the Grenadiers' Pond; in short, it was painfully evident that the affections of this nameless, friendless being were, as nearly as possible, divided between both, and that, weaned from every other attachment to this world, or to the next, his agonising distraction solely proceeded from the difficulty of determining which of two delightful resting-places to prefer; indeed, so strong was his infatuation, that, as the two men led him between them before me, a stranger would have fancied that, instead of leading him *away* from death, we were conducting him to execution;—that his wife and children were behind him; and that he was looking back first over one shoulder, and then over another, to offer them one more blessing, and to bid them another—and then another—last—“farewell!”

When the party reached the hospital, they found everything ready for the man's reception, and next morning I was happy to learn that he appeared perfectly calm and tranquil. On the following day, however, when I inquired, I was informed he had managed a few hours ago to escape, and that he was gone—they knew not where!

I knew well enough where he was gone, and, it being in my daily track, I immediately rode to the road I have described, between the Lake and the Grenadiers' Pond. He was not there; but it was afterwards ascertained that, within an hour after he had escaped from the hospital, a man exactly an-

swering his description had been seen walking hurriedly up and down the narrow space I have described, and that, when the person who had passed him turned his head back to look for him, he had, to his surprise, completely disappeared!

If he had gone into the lake, his body, in due time, would have been washed on shore; but as this did not happen, well knowing where he was, I often rode to the Grenadiers' Pond to indulge for a few moments in feelings

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CHAPTER V.

THE EMIGRANT'S LARK.

HENRY Patterson and his wife Elizabeth sailed from the Tower in the year 1834, as emigrants on board a vessel heavily laden with passengers, and bound to Quebec.

Patterson was an intimate friend of a noted bird-catcher in London called "Charley Nash." Now Nash had determined to make his friend a present of a good skylark to take to Canada with him; but not having what he called "a real good un" among his collection, he went into the country on purpose to trap one. In this effort he succeeded, but when he returned to London he found his friend Patterson had embarked, and that the vessel had sailed a few hours before he reached the Tower Stairs. He therefore jumped on board a steamer, and, overtaking the ship just as she reached Gravesend, he hired a small boat, and then, sculling alongside, he was soon recognised by Patterson and his wife, who with a crowd of other male and female emigrants, of all ages, were taking a last farewell of the various objects which the vessel was slowly passing.

"Here's a bird for you, Harry," said Nash to Patterson, as standing up in the skiff he took the

frightened captive out of his hat, "and if it sings as well in a cage as it did just now in the air, it will be the best you have ever heard."

Patterson, descending a few steps from the gangway, stretched out his hand and received the bird, which he immediately called "*Charley*" in remembrance of his faithful friend Nash.

In the Gulf of St. Lawrence the vessel was wrecked; almost everything was lost except the lives of the crew and passengers; and accordingly when Patterson, with his wife hanging heavily on his arm, landed in Canada, he was destitute of everything he had owned on board excepting *Charley*, whom he had preserved and afterwards kept for three days in the foot of an old stocking.

After some few sorrows, and after some little time, Patterson settled himself at Toronto, in the lower part of a small house in King Street, the principal thoroughfare of the town, where he worked as a shoemaker. His shop had a southern aspect; he drove a nail into the outside of his window, and regularly every morning, just before he sat upon his stool to commence his daily work, he carefully hung upon this nail a common skylark's cage, which had a solid back of dark wood, with a bow or small wire orchestra in front, upon the bottom of which there was to be seen, whenever it could be procured, a fresh sod of green turf.

As *Charley's* wings were of no use to him in this prison, the only wholesome exercise he could take was by hopping on and off his little stage; and this

sometimes he would continue to do most cheerfully for hours, stopping only occasionally to dip his bill into a small square tin box of water suspended on one side, and then to raise it for a second or two towards the sky. As soon, however, as (and only when) his spirit moved him, this feathered captive again hopped upon his stage, and there, standing on a bit of British soil, with his little neck extended, his small head slightly turned, his drooping wings gently fluttering, his bright black eyes intently fixed upon the distant deep, dark-blue Canada sky, he commenced his unpremeditated morning song, his extempore matin prayer!

The effect of his thrilling notes, of his shrill, joyous song, of his pure, unadulterated English voice upon the people of Canada, cannot be described, and probably can only be imagined by those who either by adversity have been prematurely weaned from their mother country, or who, from long-continued absence from it, and from hope deferred, have learned in a foreign land to appreciate the inestimable blessings of their father-land, of their parent home. All sorts of men, riding, driving, walking, propelled by urgent business, or sauntering for appetite or amusement, as if by word of command, stopped spell-bound to listen, for more or less time, to the inspired warbling, to the joyful hallelujahs of a common homely-dressed English lark! The loyal listened to him with the veneration with which they would have listened to the voice of their Sovereign; reformers, as they leaned towards him, heard nothing

in his enchanting melody which even *they* could desire to improve. I believe that in the hearts of the most obdurate radicals he reanimated feelings of youthful attachment to their mother country; and that even the trading Yankee, in whose country birds of the most gorgeous plumage snuffle rather than sing, must have acknowledged that the heaven-born talent of this little bird unaccountably warmed the Anglo-Saxon blood that flowed in his veins. Indeed, I must own, that although I always refrained from joining Charley's motley audience, yet, while he was singing, I never rode by him without acknowledging, as he stood with his outstretched neck looking to heaven, that he was (at all events, for his size) the most powerful advocate of Church and State in Her Majesty's dominions; and that his eloquence was as strongly appreciated by others, Patterson received many convincing proofs.

Three times as he sat beneath the cage, proud as Lucifer, yet hammering away at a shoe-sole lying in purgatory on his lap-stone, and then, with a waxed thread in each hand, suddenly extending his elbows, like a scaramouch; three times was he interrupted in his work by people who each separately offered him one hundred dollars for his lark: an old farmer repeatedly offered him a hundred acres of land for him; and a poor Sussex carter, who had imprudently stopped to hear him sing, was so completely overwhelmed with affection and *maladie du pays*, that, walking into the shop, he offered for him all that he possessed in the world . . . his horse

and cart; but Patterson would sell him to no one.

On the evening of the —th of October, 1837, the shutters of Patterson's shop-windows were half closed, on account of his having that morning been accidentally shot dead on the island opposite the city. The widow's prospects were thus suddenly ruined, her hopes blasted, her goods sold, and I need hardly say that I made myself the owner—the lord and the master—of poor Patterson's lark.

It was my earnest desire, if possible, to better his condition, and I certainly felt very proud to possess him; but somehow or other this "Charley-is-my-darling" sort of feeling evidently was not reciprocal. Whether it was that in the conservatory of Government House at Toronto Charley missed the sky,—whether it was that he disliked the movement, or rather *want* of movement, in my elbows,—or whether from some mysterious feelings, some strange fancy or misgiving, the chamber of his little mind was hung with black, I can only say that during the three months he remained in my service I could never induce him to open his mouth, and that up to the last hour of my departure he would never sing to me.

On leaving Canada I gave him to Daniel Orris, an honest, faithful, loyal friend, who had accompanied me to the province. His station in life was about equal to that of poor Patterson; and accordingly, so soon as the bird was hung by him on the

outside of his humble dwelling, he began to sing again as exquisitely as ever. He continued to do so all through Sir George Arthur's administration. He sang all the time Lord Durham was at work,—he sang after the Legislative Council,—the Executive Council,—the House of Assembly of the province had ceased for ever to exist,—he sang all the while the Imperial Parliament were framing and agreeing to an Act by which even the name of *Upper* Canada was to cease to exist,—he sang all the while Lords John Russell and Sydenham were arranging, effecting, and perpetuating upon the United Provinces of Canada the baneful domination of what they called “responsible government;” and then, feeling that the voice of an English lark could no longer be of any service to that noble portion of Her Majesty's dominions—he died!

Orris sent me his skin, his skull, and his legs. I took them to the very best artist in London—the gentleman who stuffs for the British Museum—who told me to my great joy that these remains were perfectly uninjured. After listening with great professional interest to the case, he promised me that he would exert his utmost talent; and in about a month Charley returned to me with unruffled plumage, standing again on the little orchestra of his cage, with his mouth open, looking upwards—in short, in the attitude of singing, just as I have described him.

I have had the whole covered with a large glass

case, and upon the dark wooden back of the cage there is pasted a piece of white paper, upon which I have written the following words:—

THIS LARK,

**TAKEN TO CANADA BY A POOR EMIGRANT,
WAS SHIPWRECKED IN THE ST. LAWRENCE,
AND, AFTER SINGING AT TORONTO FOR NINE YEARS,
DIED THERE ON THE 14TH OF MARCH, 1843,
UNIVERSALLY REGRETTED.**

Home! Home! Sweet Home!

CHAPTER VI.

THE LONG TROT.

WHEN an engineer has to construct, in a foreign country, a work of magnitude upon which his reputation must stand or fall, his first object should be, by repeated trials, to ascertain the quality of the timber, iron, stone, lime, cement, and other materials of which his work is to be composed.

The same precaution is evidently necessary in the administration of the government of an important colony; and accordingly my principal endeavour during the time I was in Canada was to make myself acquainted with the antagonist opinions, dissenting sects, and conflicting interests, as represented by the conglomerated population of the Province.

As my despatches were almost invariably written at night, for upwards of two years I was principally occupied in receiving for six days in the week, from ten in the morning till three or four o'clock in the afternoon, whoever might desire to see me; and as everybody had either some little grievance to complain of, some little favour to ask, or some slight curiosity to become acquainted with me,—in short, some small excuse for a holiday-trip to Toronto, my waiting-room was almost constantly supplied with a

round-robin list of attendants, to which there was apparently no end.

I need hardly say that I had some endless, objectless, miserably-unimportant, and consequently most wearisome stories to listen to; and that the bulk of the business, if such it could be termed, would have been infinitely better transacted by written memorials, to be carefully examined and reported on, by the various departments to which each respectively belonged.

On the other hand, though I was often much fatigued by giving attention to such a variety of minute statements, many of which had neither head nor tail, and which were quite as confusedly understood by the various explainants as they were by me; yet I always felt it to be of infinite service to me thus to learn from their own mouths whatever the inhabitants of the Province might have to complain of; and that a little patience, a few sentences of explanation, and a few words of kindness, were seeds well worth the trouble of sowing.

But although by this dull routine I became personally acquainted with most of those who could afford the enjoyment of a journey to Toronto, yet there were, of course, many emigrants in the remote districts whose purses and whose occupations tethered them to their locations. From some of these I was in the habit of receiving letters on all sorts of subjects; and although it was occasionally not a very easy task to decipher them, it was very gratifying to me, after a careful analysis of their contents, to ascertain what very trifling grounds of complaint

they contained: indeed, I believe that in many cases the grievance was not half equal to the trouble of describing it. Some evidently did not know in what form to begin or end their epistle; and some, who had managed to ascertain this, had really nothing to put in the middle of it. In short, I was addressed in all sorts of ways, and with all sorts of requests; as a sample of which I will insert the following very reasonable letter which I received from an old soldier of the 49th:—

“29th March, 1837.

“May it please your Honor and glory, for iver more, Amen!

“I, James Ketsoe, Formly belonging to the 49 Regt. of Foot, was sent to this contry in 1817 by his Majesty Gorge the Forth to git land for myself and boys; but my boys was to small, but Plase your Honor now the Can work, so I hope your honor wold be so good to a low them Land, because the are Intitle to land by Lord Bathus. I was spaking to His Lord Ship in his one office in Downing Street, London, and he tould to beshure I wold Git land for my boys. Plase your Honor, I was spaking to Lord Almor before he went home about the land for my boys, and he sed to beshure I was Intitle to it.

“Lord Almor was Captain in the one Regt., that is, the Old 49th Regt. foot. Plase your Honor, I hope you will doe a old Solder Justis. God bless you and your family.

“Your most humble Sarvint,

“JAMES KETSOE.

“N.B. — Plase your Honor, I hope you will excuse my Vulgar way of writing to you, but these is hard times, Governor, so I hope you will send me an answer.”

To these various applications I gave the clearest answers in my power; but knowing that a visit to my malcontents would give much more satisfaction than any letters I could write to them, I resolved to inspect every district in the province, and accordingly, during the two summers I was in Canada, I employed myself in this duty.

The plan I pursued was, to give notice of the time and place at which I proposed to enter each district; and accordingly, on my arrival, I generally found assembled, on horseback, people of all conditions, who, generally from good feelings, and occasionally from curiosity, had determined to accompany me through their respective townships.

The pace I travelled at, from morning till five or six o'clock in the evening, was a quiet, steady, unrelenting trot; and in this way I proceeded many hundred miles, listening sometimes to one description of politics and sometimes to another—sometimes to an anecdote, and sometimes to a complaint—sometimes to a compliment, and sometimes, though very rarely, to observations evidently proceeding from a moral region “on the north side of friendly.”

I thus visited all the cities, towns, and largest villages; all the principal locations;—the Rideau, St. Lawrence, and Welland canals; all the public works, the macadamised roads, plank roads, corduroy roads, the great harbours, lighthouses, and the great rivers. I went down the rapids of the Trent in a bark canoe,—down the Ottawa water-slide on a raft, with the lumberers; in fact, I traversed the wilderness of

Canada in various directions, from the extreme east to the extreme west, and visited Lakes Huron, Erie, Simcoe, and Ontario.

But although the features of the country were highly interesting, the experience I valued most of all was the moral and political information I was enabled to collect from the numerous persons who were good enough to ride along with me, and whom I always found as ready to instruct me as I was to learn; in short, quite as willing to couch from my eyes the film of ignorance and prejudice as I was to submit—so far as it could rudely be done at a trot—to the operation.

It would not only make a large volume, but an exceedingly dull one, were I to describe in detail the various public works I inspected, the scenes I visited, or the facts and opinions I collected; I will therefore briefly make but a few unconnected observations.

Although every foreigner, the instant he lands in England, is struck with the evidence displayed before him, in every direction, of the wealth and energy of the British people, yet a much more striking exemplification of both is to be seen by any one who will carefully survey a British colony.

For instance, the growth of the colony of Upper Canada demonstrates beyond all doubt the extraordinary vigour of its parent state.

Fifty years ago, the region in question, which is considerably larger than England and Wales, and which is bounded by five or six of the largest States of the adjoining republic, was a splendid wilderness

of deep rich soil, covered with trees—pine, beech, birch, cedar, and oak, of unusual girth and height—under the branches of which there existed, almost hidden from the rays of the sun, the wild beasts of the forest, and their lords and masters, a few red Indians, who, with no fixed abodes, rambled through the trees as freely as the wind, which “goeth where it listeth.”

In the hidden recesses of this vast wilderness, man and beast, unseen by any living witness, were occasionally desperately engaged in single combat. The Indian sometimes was hungry—sometimes was gorged—sometimes, emerging from the wilderness, he stood for a moment gazing at the splendid interminable ocean of fresh water before him; and then, diving again into the forest, he would traverse it for hundreds of miles in search of game, or of friends whose hunting-grounds, as well as innumerable other localities, were clearly traced on the tablet of his mind; in short, he was acquainted with the best salt-licks,—he knew where to go for bears or for beavers, for fish, flesh, or fur, and he knew how to steer his course to commune with “the Great Spirit” at that solemn place of worship, the falls of Niagara; nevertheless, with all his instinct and intelligence, the vast country he inhabited remained unaltered and even untouched, except by his foot as he rambled across it.

Upon this strange scene of unadulterated, uncontaminated nature, a solitary white man’s face intruded; and within the short, fleeting space of half

a century, what an extraordinary change has he effected!

Upwards of half a million of his race are now busily cultivating the country, and in various other ways reaping the golden harvests of their industry.

Cities and towns, composed of substantial brick or stone houses, and lighted with gas, have arisen, as it were by magic, from the ground. Magnificent harbours have been fortified, valuable fisheries and timber trade established, and mines in operation.

On macadamized roads upwards of 200,000*l.* has already been expended, as also an immense sum on plank roads.

On inland navigation there has already been expended—on the Rideau Canal, upwards of a million sterling; on the Welland Canal, nearly half a million; on the St. Lawrence Canal, more than 300,000*l.*; on the Lachine Canal, about 100,000*l.*; besides large sums on the Grand River Navigation, Tay Navigation, &c.

Innumerable mills of various descriptions have been constructed.

A legislature has been created; and by its power and authority, and under the blessing of sound religious establishments of various denominations, the supremacy of the law has, throughout the whole Province, been enabled to guard life and property as effectually as they are protected in England.

Lastly, and in addition to the above, a million and a half sterling, the late loan from the mother-country, either has been expended or at this moment is ex-

pending on public works and improvements of various descriptions; and when it is considered that the region in question, in which, within the period stated, civilization has made more rapid strides than on any other portion of North America or of the habitable globe; is singularly gifted with a salubrious and exhilarating climate; that it is connected not only with a series of the noblest fresh-water seas on the surface of the world, but with the colonies of Lower Canada, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward's Island, and Newfoundland, which comprehend harbours, collieries, and fisheries of the most valuable description; is it not astonishing to reflect that there should exist British Statesmen, both Whigs and Tories, of great moral worth, who are disposed to argue that our North American colonies, the nursery for our seamen, the employers of our shipping, the brightest jewel in the British Crown, are of no use!

Why, even if the cities, towns, villages, houses, farms, cleared land, fisheries, lumber-slides, mines, collieries, harbours, mills, lighthouses, canals, macadamized roads, fortifications, and various other public works and buildings which might be enumerated, were to be sold by public auction, the sum that all this British property would fetch in the market, enormous as it would be, would bear but little proportion to its real intrinsic value, inasmuch as in all new countries the value of every possession hourly increases with the swelling growth of the whole country: by which I mean, that while A is working

with his axe in the wilderness, his location and his log-hut are improved in value by every neighbouring clearance, by the establishment of every adjoining mill; in fact, by every road, canal, village, town, city, or market of any description, constructed in any part of the country.

But besides the present marketable value of our North American colonies, it is surely of inestimable importance, not only to Great Britain, but to the whole family of mankind, that the immense surplus population of our empire, instead of being every day cast adrift, as an infant is deserted by an unnatural mother—instead of being left without education, religious, moral, or political, to the commission of every possible crime, and thus to bring “sorrow, and sin, and shame” upon the English name,—should be parently conducted by the mother-country to a fertile, healthy, and happy country, inhabited by colonists who glory in the name of Britain,—whose virtues and whose bravery do honour to Old England, and who, with open arms, receive all those whose labour in the mother-country is a drug, but in the young country an assistance of inestimable value.

In riding through the forest I often passed deserted log-huts, standing in the middle of what is called “cleared land,”—that is to say, the enormous pine-trees of the surrounding forest had been chopped down to stumps about a yard high, around which there had rushed up a luxurious growth of hard

brushwood, the height of which denoted that several years must have elapsed since the tenants had retired.

There was something which I always felt to be deeply affecting in passing these little monuments of the failure of human expectations—of the blight of human hopes!

The courage that had been evinced in settling in the heart of the wilderness, and the amount of labour that had been expended in cutting down so many large trees, had all ended in disappointment, and occasionally in sorrows of the severest description. The arm that had wielded the axe had perhaps become gradually enervated by ague (which always ungrately rises out of cleared ground), until death had slowly terminated the existence of the poor emigrant, leaving a broken-hearted woman and a helpless family with nothing to look to for support but the clear bright blue heavens above them.

In many of the spots I passed, I ascertained that these dispensations of Providence had been as sudden as they were awful. The emigrant had arisen in robust health—surrounded by his numerous and happy family, had partaken of a homely breakfast—had left his log-hut with a firm step, and with manly pride had again resumed his attack upon the wilderness, through which every blow of his axe, like the tick of a clock, recorded the steady progress of the hand that belonged to it. But at the hour of dinner he did not return! The wife waited—bid her rosy-faced children be patient—waited—felt anxious—alarmed

—stepped beyond the threshold of her log-hut—listened: the axe was not at work! Excepting that indescribable æolian murmur which the air makes in passing through the stems and branches of the forest, not a sound was to be heard. Her heart misgives her; she walks—runs towards the spot where she knew her husband to have been at work. She finds him, without his jacket or neckcloth, lying, with extended arms, on his back, cold, and crushed to death by the last tree he had felled, which in falling, jumping from its stump, had knocked him down, and which is now resting with its whole weight upon his bared breast!

The widow screams in vain; she endeavours to extricate her husband's corpse, but it is utterly impracticable. She leaves it to satisfy her infant's hunger—to appease her children's cries!

The above is but a faint outline of a scene that has so repeatedly occurred in the wilderness of America—that it is usually summed up in the words, "*He was killed by the fall of a tree.*"

In riding through the midland district I passed a log-hut which stood about one hundred yards from the road, in the centre of a clearance of about four acres.

As it had evidently been deserted many years, I inquired, as usual, of the person belonging to the township, who happened to be riding nearest to me, to whom it belonged? in reply I received the fol-

lowing little story, which has since very often flitted across my mind.

The British emigrant who had reared this humble shanty was one day engaged in a remote part of his two-hundred-acre lot in ploughing a small space of ground he had but partially cleared, and he was proceeding without his coat close to his plough, driving a yoke of oxen, when the animals, starting at some wild beast or other object they saw in the forest, suddenly dragged the plough between an immense fallen tree and a stump, by which the driver's right foot and ankle were so firmly jammed, that the plough was not only completely stopped, but immoveably fixed.

For a considerable time the poor fellow, standing with his left leg on his plough, suffered excruciating agony, from which he saw not the slightest chance of release. At times he almost fainted; but on recovering from his miserable dreams he always found himself in the same position—in the same agony—in the same writhing attitude of despair.

In a fit of desperation he drew his knife from his belt, and for a few seconds meditated on endeavouring to release himself by cutting off his own foot; but reflection again plunged him into despair, and in this agony he remained until he bethought himself of the following plan.

Stooping forwards, he cut the band that connected his oxen to the plough. As soon as they were at liberty, he drew the patient animals towards him by the rope-reins he had continued to hold, and when

their heads were close to him he passed his hands down his naked arms, which for some time had been bleeding from the flies that had been assailing them, and then, daubing the points of the horns of both his bullocks with his blood, he cut their reins short off, and striking the animals with their reins, they immediately left him, and, just as he had intended that they should, they proceeded homewards.

On their arrival at his log-hut, the blood on their horns instantly attracted the attention of a labourer who lived with him, and who, fancying that the animals must have gored their master, hastened to the clearance, where he found him, like Milo fixed in the cleft oak, in the dreadful predicament I have described, and from which it was with the utmost difficulty that he could be released.

I cannot accurately recollect whether or not the poor fellow suffered amputation; but his deserted log-hut, as I trotted by it, bore melancholy evidence that he had been unable to continue to labour as a backwoodsman, and accordingly that he had deserted it.

The Rideau Canal, which by a channel of 154 miles connects the St. Lawrence and Lake Ontario with the Ottawa River, is not only, without any exception, the most permanent as well as the best constructed work on either continent of America, but it is of incalculable military importance, inasmuch as it secures a communication between the Great Lakes and Upper Canada with Montreal and

Quebec, in case the frontier road, that of the St. Lawrence River, should fall into the hands of the republican territory which adjoins it.

In taking the levels for the construction of this vast work it appeared that there were two modes in which it could be executed:—

1st. By deep cuttings and embankments to retain the water within the usual limits of a canal; and,

2nd. By constructing locks at more advantageous levels, and then, by flooding considerable portions of land between them, to form a series of artificial lakes, instead of a narrow channel.

The latter course, after very mature consideration, was adopted; and although its advantages may be undeniable, it has produced a very appalling and unusual picture.

The flooding of the wilderness was a sentence of death to every tree whose roots remained covered with water; and yet no sooner was this operation effected than Nature appeared determined to repair the injury by converting the fluid which had created the devastation into a verdant prairie; and accordingly from the hidden soil beneath there arose to the surface of these artificial lakes a thin green scum, which gradually thickened, until the whole surface assumed the appearance I have described.

But this vegetable matter, beautiful as it appears, mixed with the gradual decay of the dead trees, becomes rank poison to human life; so much so, that by native-born Canadians, as well as by emi-

grants, it is invariably designated by the horrid appellation of "*fever and ague.*"

As I proceeded in a steamer through this treacherous mass, which, rolling in thick folds before the prow of the vessel, again closed in at its stern, the view was desolate beyond description.

As far as I could see, in all directions, I was surrounded by dead, leafless trees, whose pale, livid, unwholesome-looking bark gave them the appearance of so many corpses; and as the wind whistled and moaned through the net-work of their stiff, stark, sapless branches, I could not help feeling it was wafting with it, in the form of miasma, Nature's punishment for the wholesale murder that had been committed; in short, I felt that as a single tree may stand in the middle of a deserted battle-plain, surrounded by countless groups of mutilated human corpses, so I stood on the deck of the steamer, almost a solitary witness of the melancholy picture of a dead forest; or, as in Canada it is usually termed, of "drowned land."

In justice, however, to the deceased distinguished officer who constructed this work, it is proper to say, that on my inspection of the Welland Canal I beheld a similar scene; and that for practical reasons, which it would be tedious to detail, the system of flooding land for canals is often adopted on the Continent of North America.

As I was journeying towards the banks of the Ottawa, I trotted some miles out of my way to visit

a lone shanty, which nearly thirty years ago witnessed the death of an English nobleman under circumstances of unexampled fortitude, which have often been repeated to me, and of which I believe the following to be an accurate account.

In the latter end of August, 1819, the Duke of Richmond, who was then Governor-General of the Canadas, after visiting Niagara and other parts of the upper province, reached Kingston on his return to Quebec.

He had pre-arranged to inspect a new set of recently settled townships; that is to say, blocks of the wilderness which had been designated on the map as such, on the line of the Rideau Canal, between the St. Lawrence and the Ottawa.

The expedition was to occupy three or four days.

On the morning of the first day, as the duke, accompanied by his staff, was rumbling through the forest in a light waggon of the country, he observed that he felt unwell, complained of a pain in his shoulder, and mentioned to the officers who were with him that he had had great difficulty in drinking some hot wine and water that had been recommended to him.

On the evening of this day he called the attention of a trusty servant who had been accompanying him to an unfinished letter he had addressed to a member of his family at Quebec, and which the man was to deliver when they all arrived there!

The next day he became so much worse, that some of his staff would fain have persuaded him to

relinquish his expedition, and make for the St. Lawrence as the easier route to Quebec. He, however, determined to continue his inspection according to his appointments.

On the following day he was evidently extremely unwell, and he so far consented to alter his plan, that he stopped short of the village he had intended to reach, in consequence of there being a swamp through which he would have had to walk.

Colonel —, therefore, went forward to make preparations for the next day, and the duke remained all night at a cottage.

Colonel — saw how ill he was, and earnestly advised him to stop; but the duke, feeling unwilling to disappoint those who were to meet him, persisted in proceeding.

On the following morning he crossed the swamp; and it was observed that whenever the water was disturbed he was very much agitated, and occasionally jumped upwards. On reaching the settlement he was met by Colonel —, who was struck with his altered looks and manner, and begged him to endeavour to obtain some rest; but he turned the subject by saying he should like to walk round the village, and he accordingly proceeded to do so.

In the course of their walk they reached a small stream which crossed the road, on which the duke turned suddenly, and said to Colonel —, that though he had never been nervous, his feelings were then such that he could not cross it if his life depended on it. Nevertheless, though so ill, and

though he was pressed to remain quiet, he persisted in desiring that he should not disappoint the chief officers of the settlement from dining with him, and begged they might be asked as usual.

To one of his party he calmly remarked, "You know, ——, I am in general not afraid of a glass of wine, yet you will see with what difficulty I shall drink it." During dinner the duke asked this officer to take wine with him, and it was evident that from some unaccountable reason it required the utmost resolution and effort on his part to bring the glass to his lips.

The party retired early, but as the duke, in consequence of certain feelings during the preceding night, expressed a great horror and disinclination to go to bed, it was not till late that he did so.

Early the next morning he was found calmly finishing his letter to a member of his family, which he sealed, and then delivered to Colonel ——, with a desire that it might be delivered at Montreal, a request at the time utterly incomprehensible.

Colonel ——, on receiving this letter, naturally enough observed that they should all proceed there together; on which the duke mildly but firmly observed, "*It is no use deceiving you, I shall never go down there alive.*"

Colonel ——, considering this to be delirium, entreated him to remain quiet, and to send for medical advice. The duke, however, persisted in going as far as he could, and inquired what arrangements had been made for his proceeding to the

Rideau Falls, where a birch canoe belonging to the North-West Company was waiting for him.

In reply, he was informed that it was proposed he should go by himself in a small canoe down a little stream that meandered through the forest for some miles, after which he would have to ride and walk. The duke made some objection to the canoe, intimating that he did not believe he could get into it; but he added, "*If I fail you must force me.*" Now all this was deemed by the officers of his suite to be the effect of over-excitement, fatigue, and the extreme heat of the sun. However, after breakfast the duke's party, attended by all the principal inhabitants of the little settlement, walked down to this stream, where they found the canoe in waiting, manned by a couple of half Indians.

After taking leave of the assembled party and attendants, the duke, with an evident effort, forced himself into the canoe, and he had scarcely sat down when the frail bark pushed off, and almost immediately afterwards was lost sight of in the dark forest.

So remarkable however was the appearance and effort he had made in approaching and in seating himself in the canoe, that a gentleman present immediately exclaimed, "*By Heavens! gentlemen, the Duke of Richmond has the hydrophobia!*"

This appalling observation conveyed to the minds of his devotedly attached attendants the first intimation or suspicion of the awful fact which they had so unconsciously witnessed; and then flashed

upon them the various corroborating circumstances which for the few preceding days had been appearing to them unaccountable; namely, the spasms he had suffered in drinking—his agitation in crossing the swamp—his inability to pass the stream, &c.

The agony of mind of the officers of his staff at such overwhelming intelligence was indescribable; and while the object of all their thoughts was threading his way down the stream, they proceeded along a new road that had lately been cut through the forest to the point at which the duke was to disembark.

They had proceeded about a mile, bewildered as to what possible course they should pursue, when to their horror they saw the duke running with fearful energy across the path, and then dart onwards into the forest.

They immediately ran after him, but he went so fast that it was some time before he could be overtaken, and when he was—he was raving mad!

They secured him and held him down on a fallen tree for a considerable time. At last his consciousness returned, and the very first use he made of it was to desire that they would take no orders from him, and that he would do whatever they determined from him.

What to do was of course a difficult point to settle; they at last resolved to return to the settlement, and accordingly in that direction they all proceeded on foot.

Close to the settlement, they reached the little

stream which he had arrived at the previous day, and which he had told Colonel — he could not cross.

At this point the duke stopped short, and turning round said, that as the last request he should have to make, he begged they would not require him to cross that stream, as he felt he could not survive the effort.

Under the difficult circumstances in which they were placed, they could not resist such an appeal, and they therefore turned back along the path which led into the forest, not knowing where to go, or on what plan to proceed.

They at last arrived at the little shanty I have mentioned, and, it being the only place of refuge for many miles, his staff requested the duke to remain there.

After looking at it for a short time, he said he would prefer to go into the barn rather than into the hovel, as he felt sure it was farther from water. His attendants, of course, immediately assented to his wish, and he then sprang over a high fence and walked in.

He remained in that barn the whole day, occasionally perfectly collected, with intermissions of spasmodic paroxysms, which affected both mind and body.

Towards evening he consented to be moved into the hut, and accordingly such a bed as could be got ready was speedily prepared. The officers in attendance anxiously watched over him throughout

the night, and he became so much more calm that they suffered themselves to hope that he might recover.

The duke, however, who, from many circumstances which afterwards transpired, must, for several days, have been clearly sensible not only of the nature of his malady, but that he could not survive it, was now perfectly aware of his approaching end, and accordingly, after calmly observing to those around him that his greatest earthly consolation was that his title and name would be inherited by a son of whose character he declared the highest opinion and confidence, expressing calm resignation to the will of God, and without a struggle, he died.

His body was brought down in a canoe from the Rideau to Montreal, where his family, who had scarcely heard of his illness, had assembled to welcome his return; and was subsequently removed in a steamer to Quebec, where, after lying in state for some days, his remains were interred close to the Communion-table in the cathedral of Quebec.

Nothing could exceed the affliction, not only of those immediately about him, but of the inhabitants of both Canadas, by whom he was universally beloved.

The bare facts of his illness, which I have purposely repeated as nearly as possible in the words in which I have often heard them detailed by those on whose hearts his name is indelibly recorded, form the simplest and best evidence that could be

offered of the unexampled power of the human mind to meet with firmness and submission the greatest calamity that can assail the human frame.

As I remained for a few minutes on horseback before the hovel which commemorates, on the continent of North America, the well-known facts I have just related, I deeply felt, and have ever since been of opinion, that there exists in the British peerage no name that is recollected in Canada by all parties with such affectionate regard as that noble Englishman and English nobleman, Charles Lennox, the late Duke of Richmond.

On my arrival at the Ottawa I received from a number of very intelligent persons much information I had been ignorant of respecting the lumber-trade, in which they were all very deeply engaged. I afterwards, for a considerable time, conversed with a gang of those fine athletic fellows who, under the appellation of "lumberers," transport annually immense quantities of valuable timber of all descriptions to the Ottawa, to be floated down that river for the markets of Europe.

A little above the picturesque city of Bytown, which appears to overhang the river, there are steep rapids and falls, by which the passage of this timber was seriously delayed. To obviate this, some capitalists constructed a very important work, by which the torrent was first retained, and then conducted over a long precipitous "slide" into the deep water

beneath, along which it afterwards continued its uninterrupted course.

Although the lumberers described to me with great eagerness the advantages of this work, I did not readily understand them; they therefore proposed that I should see a raft of timber descend the slide; and as one was approaching I got into a boat, and, rowing to the raft, I joined the two men who were conducting it, and my companions who had taken me to it then returned to the shore.

The scenery on both sides of the Ottawa is strikingly picturesque, and, as the current hurried us along, the scene continually varied.

On approaching the slide, one of my two comrades gave me a staff about eight feet long, armed at one end with a sharp spike; and I then took up my position between them at what may be termed the stern end of the raft, composed of eight or ten huge trees, firmly connected together.

As soon as the raft reached the crest of the slide, its stem, as it proceeded, of course took leave of the water, and continued an independent horizontal course, until, its weight overbalancing the stern, the mass, by tilting downwards, adapted itself to the surface of the slide, and then with great velocity rushed with the stream to the water boiling and breaking beneath.

During the descent, which was totally divested of all danger, I found that by sticking my staff into the timber I had no difficulty whatever in retaining my position; and although the foremost end of the raft

disappeared in the deep water into which it had plunged, yet, like the head of a ship, it rose triumphantly above the breakers; and it had scarcely recovered, when the raft rapidly glided under a bridge, from the summit of which it received three hearty cheers from my brother lumbermen, who had assembled there to see it pass.

We had been riding for several hours, when, as we were approaching the Rice Lake, we arrived about noon at the end of a long straggling village of Indians, on whose civilization much care and benevolent attention had been bestowed.

On this occasion I adopted the course I had pursued on reaching several other Indian settlements, namely, I requested our party to halt, and then, dismounting, I walked quietly by myself into every single habitation of the disjointed street, which extended upwards of half a mile.

By this means I managed to pay my red children a visit without being known to them, and consequently without in any way ruffling or rumpling the simple, placid habits of their life.

I found few at home except women and children; some of the former were dressing their children, a few were playing with them, and some were feeding the ravenous little things with spoons as large as a common saucer.

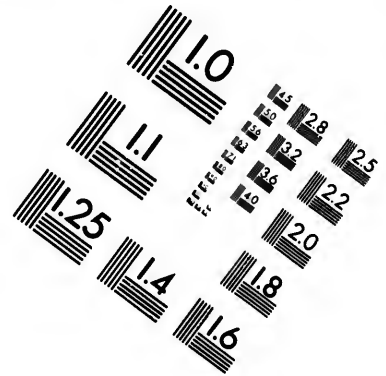
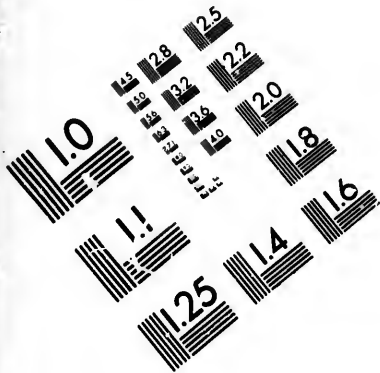
Many of the huts were clean and tidy; and, being kindly received in all, I was well enough disposed to take a favourable view of the condition of their in-

mates. There was, however, something in the complexion of most of the children who were playing round the doors that completely divested the picture of the sentiment with which I was desirous to adorn it.

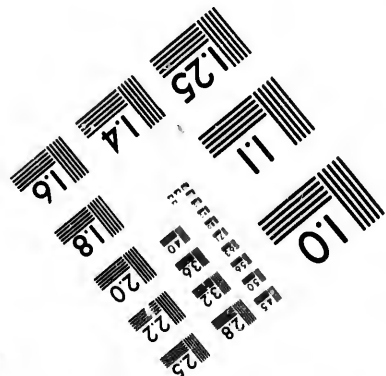
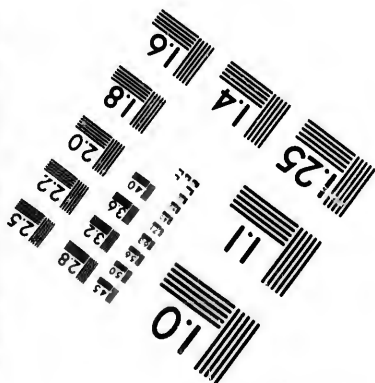
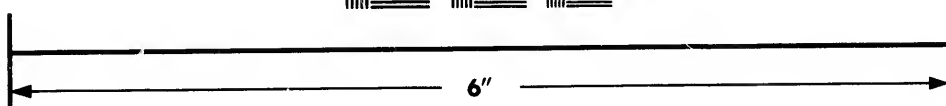
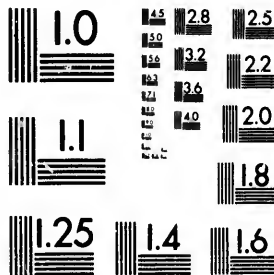
Whether eating rice had made all their faces white—what could have made so many of their eyes blue, or have caused their hair to curl, I felt it might be unneighbourly and ungrateful to inquire; and yet these little alterations, insignificant as many may deem them to be, created in my mind considerable disappointment; indeed, I felt it useless to bother myself by considering whether or not civilization is a blessing to the *red* Indian, if the process practically ends—as I regret to say it invariably does—by turning him *white*!

After continuing my trot through the forest, during which I rode over a corduroy-bridge, so barely covered with loose poles that, as I crossed it, I could see the water of the torrent rushing beneath my horse's legs, I arrived early one fine morning at the head of the steep rapids of the Trent; and, as I had had occasion to give considerable attention to one or two very expensive projects for improving the navigation of that valuable river, I made the necessary arrangements for descending the declivity, in order that I might see what it really was.

The broad portion of the river before me was covered by floating trees and masses of large timber, which lumberers, many miles above, had committed to its



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waters, and which, unattended by any one, were now on their journey to a distant market.

This timber, in various groups, advancing sometimes endways, and sometimes sideways, came slowly towards us, until it reached the narrow crest of the declivity, when, just as if the bugle had sounded the word "*canter!*" away it started, to descend a crooked water-hill nine miles long.

A couple of full-blooded Indians had brought on their shoulders to this spot a small bark-canoe, in which I had intended to have descended, as I had been strongly recommended, with no one but themselves. An English boy, however, who was with me looked so wistfully and so sorrowfully, that, when the moment came, I could not perpetrate the cruelty of leaving him behind; and I had scarcely nodded to him a reluctant assent when I found him seated in ecstasy by my side.

For a short time the Indians held on by the bank, to give respectful precedence to some timber that was approaching; however, so soon as they saw a space of clear water sufficiently large, they let go; the canoe slowly followed the stream, until, reaching the crest of the rapids, over it went, and I need hardly add, away we went, on a little journey without any exception the most interesting I have ever enjoyed.

The declivity down which we were hurrying was apparently composed of large stones, some close to the surface, some two or three feet beneath it, over which the heavy mass of water flowed, rolled,

and tumbled, excepting that occasionally, without apparent reason, it would in certain places stand still and boil. Every now and then I thought our band-box must have been smashed to atoms; but the old shaggy-headed Indian standing at the prow with calm dexterity guided us between the stones, and then immediately with equal success avoided "snags" and "sawyers," the former of which, fixed by one end to the bottom, presented the other at us, as if determined to spit us.

But, besides the little local difficulties belonging to the passage, we were often apparently on the very brink of engaging in a civil war with our fellow-travellers the floating timber. Occasionally these trees and rafts, as they were hurrying along before us, would strike against a rock, stop, stagger, and then, slowly reeling round, proceed, as if for a change, with their other ends foremost. During this very unpleasant operation our placid pilots steered diagonally, to delay and thus prevent the canoe dashing against them. And yet we had not much time to dispose of, inasmuch as the timber behind us, like irregular cavalry, was rapidly and confusedly following our rear. However, although, to raw strangers like ourselves, the difficulties which preceded, followed, and environed us were apparently great, and really at times seemed to be almost insurmountable, yet the calm tranquil attitudes of the old Indian, as sometimes with a finger, and sometimes with an elbow, he would silently instruct his comrade in which direction to concur with him in steering,

clearly proved that he was as much the master and commander of his frail bark as an experienced railway driver is of his locomotive engine, or as the coachman of an English mail is of his cantering team.

Nevertheless the interest of the voyage was beyond description; and as every second created something new to look at, and as there was nothing at all to talk about, in due time, without the utterance, from the moment we had started, of a single word, we reached still water; and as soon as we disembarked found our horses on the bank ready and waiting for us.

We had arrived very nearly at the eastern extremity of Upper Canada, and had been trotting for some time through the forest, when, on reaching some cleared land, we observed in the road, at some little distance, assembled to receive us, a fine athletic body of men. The instant we reached them a bagpipe gave us a hearty welcome; and in a few moments, very much to my satisfaction, I found myself surrounded by the muscular frames and sinewy countenances of the Glengarry Highlanders.

About fifty years ago Bishop M'Donnell brought one thousand eight hundred men of that name to the settlement I had now reached; and their religion, language, habits, and honour have continued there ever since, unaltered, unadulterated, and unsullied. Their loyalty has always been conspicuous; and I need hardly say with what reverence they remember

the distant land of their forefathers. In short, so far as I was competent to judge, there exists no difference whatever between these people and their clansmen in the old country; and they certainly most strongly exemplify the old remark—

“*Cælum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt.*”

I received from these fine fellows not only a hearty welcome but every possible attention.

During the time I remained in the settlement a Highlander guarded the door of the house at which I stopped; and the piper, with no little pride, during the whole period continued marching up and down serenading me with various tunes, the soul-inspiring meaning of which he no doubt considered that I as fully understood as himself.

As the inhabitants of the township of Glengarry speak nothing but Gaelic, there exists scarcely a stranger among them; and as their names are all alike, they must, one would think, occasionally have some difficulty in designating each other; for instance, a cause was lately tried there in which not only the names of both plaintiff and defendant were M'Donell, but each had selected from the Canadian bar a counsel of that name; the jury, twelve in number, were all M'Donells or M'Donalds, and so were almost all the witnesses. The four members of Parliament for the county and town bear the same name: their sheriff is a M'Donell, so is their vicar-general, so are most of their priests, and so was their late bishop.

However, by whatever name they may be designated, the Glengarry Highlanders in Upper Canada may well be proud of it.

They are devotedly attached to British institutions; and when I had afterwards occasion to send them to Lower Canada to assist Sir J. Colborne, they showed the rebels in that province very clearly that Highland blood is not to be trifled with: indeed, there was so much of Rob Roy in their dispositions that it is whispered of them, that though they went down infantry they came back cavalry!

I at last reached the eastern extremity of the province, from whence I returned by the St. Lawrence, and from Kingston to Toronto in the steamer. The next summer I started on a similar tour through the western districts to the opposite boundary of Upper Canada. But my reader is no doubt tired unto death of my long trot; and therefore, without asking him to follow me throughout another one, rougher, if possible, than the last, I will only say, that the splendid region which lies between Toronto and Lake Huron contains the richest land on the continent of North America, and must hereafter become one of the most favoured countries on the surface of the globe.

The enormous size of the trees clearly indicates the luxuriance of the earth in which they flourish; and although it is truly astonishing to observe how much has been done by the emigrant, yet, as a solitary example of what ample room there still is in

this favoured spot for the redundant population of the mother country, I will state, that between Lakes Ontario and Huron there exist six million acres of uncleared land in one block!

The Crown lands of Canada—which, in my humble opinion, ought always to have been given to the British emigrant for nothing, or, to speak more correctly, as payment by the mother country for his courage, trouble, and expense in clearing them—can even now be purchased at about five shillings an acre.

An Irish gentleman, resident in Canada, was desirous to persuade his sons to work as backwoodsmen instead of frittering away their constitutions and money in luxuries and pleasure; and as champagne costs in America something more than a dollar a bottle, whenever this old gentleman saw his sons raise the bright sparkling mixture to their lips he used humorously to exclaim to them, "*Ah, my boys! there goes another acre of land, TREES AND ALL!*"

CHAPTER VII.

THE BARK CANOE.

I DO not know at what rate in the eastern world the car of Juggernaut advances over its victims, but it has been roughly estimated that in the opposite hemisphere of America the population of the United States, like a great wave, is constantly rolling towards the westward, over the lands of the Indians, at the rate of about twenty miles per annum.

In our colonies the rights of the Indians have been more carefully attended to. The British Sovereign and British Parliament have faithfully respected them; and as a very friendly feeling exists between the red men of the forest and their white brethren, our Governors have never found any difficulty in maintaining the title of "*Father*" by which the Indians invariably address them.

Yet notwithstanding this just feeling and this general desire of our countrymen to act kindly towards the Indians, it had for some time been in contemplation in Upper Canada to prevail upon a portion of them to dispose of their lands to the Crown, and to remove to the British Manitoulin Islands in Lake Huron.

When first I heard of this project, I felt much

averse to it; and by repeated personal inspections of the territories in which they were located, took a great deal of pains to ascertain what was the real condition of the Indians in Canada, and whether their proposed removal would be advantageous to *them*, as well as to the province, and the result of my inquiries induced me, without any hesitation, to take the necessary steps for recommending to them to carry this arrangement into effect.

Whoever, by the sweat of his brow, cultivates the ground, creates out of a very small area food and raiment sufficient not only for himself, but for others; whereas the man who subsists solely on game requires even for his own family a large hunting ground. Now so long as Canada was very thinly peopled with whites an Indian preserve, as large as one of our counties in England, only formed part and parcel of the great forest which was common to all, and thus, for a considerable time, the white men and the red men, without inconvenience to each other, followed their respective avocations, the latter hunting, while the former were employing themselves in cutting down trees, or in laboriously following the plough. In process of time, however, the Indian preserves became surrounded by small patches of cleared land; and so soon as this was effected the truth began to appear that the occupations of each race were not only dissimilar, but hostile to the interests of each other. For while the great hunting ground of the red man only inconvenienced the white settler, the little clearances of the

latter, as if they had been so many chained-up barking dogs, had the effect of first scaring and then gradually cutting off the supplies of wild animals on whose flesh and skins the red race had been subsisting; besides which, every trader that came to visit the dwellings of the white man, finding it profitable to sell whisky to the Indians, the fatal results of drunkenness, of small-pox, and other disorders combined, produced, as may be imagined, the most unfortunate results.

The remedy that naturally would first suggest itself to most men, and which actually did suggest itself to the minds of Sir Peregrine Maitland, Sir John Colborne, and other administrators of the Government who paid parental attention to the Indians, was to induce them to give up their hunting propensities, and tether themselves to the laborious occupations of their white brethren. In a few cases, where the Indians, circumscribed by temptations such as I have described, had become a race of half-castes, the project to a certain degree succeeded; but one might as well attempt to decoy a flight of wild fowl to the ponds of Hampstead Heath;—one might as well endeavour to persuade the eagle to descend from the lofty region in which he has existed to live with the fowls in our court-yards, as to prevail upon the red men of North America to become what we call civilized; in short, it is against their nature, and they cannot do it.

Having ascertained that in one or two parts of Upper Canada there existed a few Indians in the

unfortunate state I have described, and having found them in a condition highly demoralized, and almost starving on a large block of rich valuable land, which in their possession was remaining roadless and stagnant, I determined to carry into effect the project of my predecessors by endeavouring to prevail on these people to remove to the British Islands in Lake Huron, in which there was some game, and which were abundantly supplied with fish; and with a view to introduce them to the spot, I caused it to be made known to the various tribes of Indians resident throughout the immense wilderness of Canada, that on a certain day of a certain moon I would meet them in council, on a certain uninhabited island in Lake Huron, where they should receive their annual presents.

In the beginning of August, 1836, I accordingly left Toronto, and with a small party crossed that most beautiful piece of water, Lake Simcoe, and then rode to Penetanguishene Bay, from whence we were to start the next morning in bark canoes.

It was proposed that we should take tents; but as I had had some little experience of the healthy enjoyment of an out-of-doors life, as well as of the discomfort of a mongrel state of existence, and as, to use the words of Baillie Nicol Jarvie, "a man canna aye carry at his tail the luxuries o' the Saut-market o' Glasgow," I determined that, in our visit to our red brethren, we would adopt Indian habits, and sleep under blankets on the ground.

As soon as our wants were supplied we embarked

in two canoes, each manned by eight Lower Canadian Indians; and when we got about a mile from the shore, nothing could be more beautiful than the sudden chorus of their voices, as, with their faces towards the prow, and with a paddle in their hands, keeping time with their song, they joyfully pushed us along.

For some hours we steered directly from the land, until, excepting the shore on our right, we could see nothing but the segment of a circle of blue water; and as the wind became strong, as our canoes were heavily laden with provisions, portman-teaus, powder, shot, &c., I certainly for some time looked with very respectful attention at each wave, as one after another was seen rapidly and almost angrily advancing towards us; but the Indian at the helm was doing exactly the same thing, and accordingly, whenever it arrived, the canoe was always precisely in the proper position to meet it; and thus, sometimes to one tune, and sometimes to another, we proceeded under a splendid sky, through pure, exhilarating air, and over the surface of one of the most noble of those inland seas which in the Western hemisphere diversify the interminable dominions of the British Crown.

Towards evening we steered for the belt of uninhabited islands on our right; and as soon as the sun had nearly reached the magnificent newly-gilt clouds that for nearly an hour had been slowly rising from the horizon to receive it, our pilot advised us to disembark on one of these islands for the night.

The simple operation was soon effected ; in a few minutes our canoes were lying bottom upwards on the shore ; and while we, like Alonso and his crew, were strolling about our island, the Indians were busily occupied in preparing supper. The manner in which one of them created a kitchen-fire was as follows :—As soon as sufficient sticks and wood had been collected, he made a nucleus of some of the finest fibres of birch-bark, around this he wound coarser ones, until the mass was the size of, and somewhat resembled, a small bird's-nest, in the middle of which he put a piece of vegetable tinder, that he had lighted by a flint and steel.

Holding the whole in his right hand, and with a countenance destitute of expression, he then began to make his arm rapidly vibrate.

In a few seconds there proceeded from the mass a little smoke, which rapidly increased until all of a sudden the whole substance, as if by magic, burst into flames ; and the Indian then placing his handful of fire amongst the sticks already prepared, they became a blaze, and the fire was thus established.

While some of the Indians, stooping over and gliding around it, were cooking our supper, others were quietly occupied in preparing our beds, by snapping off the fresh elastic shoots of the spruce fir, upon which was spread a blanket, over which two other blankets were suspended from a horizontal pole, in the angular form of a roof.

The next morning at daybreak we all arose from our lairs. The sky formed the painted ceiling of

my dressing-room,—Lake Huron my wash-hand basin; and while in this state of magnificence I was arranging my toilette, eggs were spluttering in a frying-pan, a kettle suspended from a green bough was vigorously boiling, and in a few minutes a sumptuous breakfast was spread upon a piece of clean naked granite rock.

As soon as our meal was concluded we again embarked in our canoes, and, accompanied by a joyous song, echoing through the wild scenery around us, we proceeded to worm our way through the commencement of—strange to say—upwards of twenty-five thousand little islands, which, like skirmishers thrown out in front of an army, guard the northern shore of Lake Huron.

Although these islands are composed of granite, they were all more or less covered with shrubs and trees; and as we proceeded in our canoes it was truly astonishing to observe the intelligence with which the Indians conducted us through this labyrinth, from which there constantly appeared to be no exit; however, whenever we expected that the canoes in a few seconds must inevitably be wrecked upon the rocks immediately before them, we all of a sudden came to an opening; and, the wild fowl rising from the newly-discovered water the instant they saw us, we proceeded along a new channel, which shortly led us to another apparent stand-still, and to another sudden opening; and thus every moment were Nature's scene-shifters busily employed in changing the lovely pictures that were successively exhibited to us.

In consequence of the islands being composed of rock, the water which surrounded them was as clear as in the middle of the lake; and as the air was equally pure, an effect was produced by these simple causes beautiful beyond all powers of description.

Not only every tree and bush flourishing on the rocky edges of these islands, but the rocks themselves, were reflected so faithfully in the lake, that in the outline as well as colouring of these objects, we all repeatedly observed there existed not the slightest distinction between the original and the picture; excepting, indeed, that in the former the trees grew upwards, while in the latter from the very same roots they grew downwards: the background of the picture was the dark blue sky, every cloud and feature of which appeared identical in the deep cerulean lake.

As we proceeded through this beautiful scenery, which in its shapes and colours changed as suddenly as the pieces of painted glass in a kaleidoscope, our party amused themselves, sometimes in shooting at flights of wild-fowl, which in their passage through the air, just clearing the trees of the islands, started from their course the instant they unexpectedly discovered our canoes beneath them; at other times in catching fish, not less beautiful to look at than to eat.

These occupations were occasionally enlivened, or, as it may be termed, set to music by the sudden choruses of the Indians, who with unabated steadiness continued to propel us; and although the heat of the sun did not impede them, yet as it strength-

ened, and as the hours of their labour lengthened, the countenances of these faithful beardless men began to show fatigue, and by mid-day they would appear nearly exhausted, when all of a sudden they would startle us by a simultaneous scream of "Widdy! Widdy!!" (a corruption of "Voyez! Voyez!") caused by a rat, racoon, or some other description of game, the sight of which seemed completely to reanimate their frames for half an hour.

At about one o'clock we determined to commit two acts which, with Englishmen, always have been, are, and ever will be, inseparable—namely, to rest and eat, and accordingly, selecting an island for the purpose, the Indians landed, and we were preparing to follow them, when we perceived them retreating towards us backwards, striking with their arms as if they were boxing! The enemy they were combating was a swarm of musquitoes which had risen from a little swamp.

In general a musquito approaches his victim as a Neapolitan approaches his *inamorata*, with a whining song, which resounds sometimes near one ear, and sometimes near the other, until the capricious, timid, dainty little creature has determined on the exact spot on which he will alight; but the musquitoes which assailed our Indians, and which, as it were by the point of the bayonet, triumphantly drove us from the island, flew at us straight as bull-dogs, or as arrows from a bow: indeed, it evidently mattered not to them whether our faces were red, white, yellow, young, old, tender, or tough; for sick unto

death of vegetable diet, all they wanted was warm blood.*

To escape from their intemperate desires, we paddled across to another island, which we found perfectly free from any assailant.

An uninhabited island has always in my mind possessed indescribable charms, and accordingly while luncheon was preparing, constantly changing my mind, like an ant on its hillock, I rambled about in all directions, until in one of the most secluded parts of the island I came unexpectedly to the grave of one of the red aborigines of the land. It was composed of flat stones, piled in the shape of a coffin upon the clean granite rock. Within this quiet cell some Indians had deposited their departed comrade; and although our relative situations were different, inasmuch as I was living and he dead, I felt, as I respectfully stood at his feet, that in the chancery of Heaven his title to the bare rock on which he lay was better than mine to the soil on which I stood; and I might have carried my reflections farther, had not one of my companions interrupted them by exclaiming to me, with a countenance in which the sentiments of joy and hunger appeared indissolubly

* An American living near the Grand River, Michigan, told the following story concerning the mosquitoes:—"Being in the woods, I was one day so annoyed by them, that I took refuge under an inverted potash-kettle. My first emotions of joy at my happy deliverance and secure asylum were hardly over, when the mosquitoes, having found me, began to drive their probosces through the kettle. Fortunately I had a hammer in my pocket, and I clenched them down as fast as they came through, until at last such a host of them were fastened to my domicile, that they rose and flew away with it, leaving me shelterless!"

united, "*the fish is quite ready!*" I will, therefore, *en route* towards the canoes, only observe, as a remarkable instance of the unwritten laws of honour which govern the Indians, that in these graves there are invariably deposited by their friends powder, shot, and other implements, to enable the departed warrior to hunt for game so soon as "The Great Spirit" shall bid him "arise!" and that although there are neither bars, nor bolts, nor sentinels to guard this property, it remains by the side of its owners, inviolable and unviolated.

For the remainder of the day we continued in uninterrupted solitude across large squares, and along streets, lanes, alleys of water, to thread our way through an archipelago of little islands of various shapes and dimensions, until at sunset we disembarked on one containing about six acres, on which we were to stop for the night.

Before, however, we retired to rest—before the moon had risen, and while the stars alone enlivened the darkness that enveloped us, I accompanied my companions on a fishing excursion.

At the head and stern of the canoe there stood, mute as a statue, an Indian, holding in his hand a long piece of birch-bark, which, as soon as all was ready, each of them set on fire. The effect of the blaze was strikingly picturesque. In an instant the darkness above and around us seemed, if possible, to increase; and yet, while almost everything above water was thus shrouded from view, everything beneath its surface was as suddenly revealed to us

as if the light of heaven had been transported from the firmament to the bottom of Lake Huron. Every fissure in the rock was visible, every little stone or stick at the bottom of the creek seemed to shine; and although there were neither "wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearls, nor unvalued jewels," yet we distinctly saw at different depths fishes, of all ages and sizes, motionless, fast asleep, and utterly unconscious of the evil presence immediately above them—of the Red Lords of creation, whose attitudes, as they either calmly held the flaming bark, or eagerly raised their sinewy arms to dart their spears, would have formed a picture of great interest.

The precision with which the Indians aimed their deadly blows was surprising; indeed, they seldom missed, but, on the contrary, the instant their lithesome arms descended, the scales of their victim beneath them, by a sudden flash, told that the barb had fatally aroused him from his last slumber.

Our amusement, if such it may be termed, was suddenly stopped by some large heavy drops of rain, which gravely admonishing us to return, the word was no sooner given than the flaring bark at each end of the canoe was dropped into the water; and thus the lurid picture it had been creating instantly vanished into utter darkness.

In a few minutes the rain fell in torrents, and continued throughout the whole night; however, my gipsy canopy kept me quite dry, and I never awoke until daylight.

The weather had then cleared up; and shortly

after sunrise we were once again to be seen continuing our paddling career.

The waters through which we steered our course appeared, if possible, to be bluer than ever ; and the colouring was so strong, that, when leaning over the side of the canoe, I dipped a tumbler into the lake, I could not help feeling surprised to find on raising it that the fluid it contained was bright, sparkling, and as clear as crystal.

At about eight o'clock several of our party began to talk openly about what all of us, I believe, had for some time been secretly thinking of—our breakfast ; and, out of the innumerable islands we were passing, we were looking for one to suit us, when smoke from an Indian's wigwam determined us to land on the spot he had chosen.

It was a heavenly morning ; and I never remember to have beheld a homely picture of what is called "savage life" that gave me more pleasure than that which, shortly after I landed, appeared immediately before me.

On a smooth table rock, surrounded by trees and shrubs, every leaf of which had been washed by the night's rain as clean as it could have appeared on the day of its birth, there were seated in front of their wigwam, and close to a fire, the white smoke from which was gracefully meandering upwards through the trees, an Indian's family, composed of a very old man, two or three young ones, about as many wives, and a most liberal allowance of joyous-looking children of all ages.

The distinguishing characteristic of the group was robust, ruddy, health. More happy or more honest countenances could not exist; and as the morning sun with its full force beamed on their shining jet-black hair and red countenances, it appeared as if it had imparted to the latter that description of colour which it itself assumes in England when beheld through one of our dense fogs.

The family, wives, grandfather, and all, did great credit to the young men by whose rifles and fishing-tackle they had been fed. They were all what is called full in flesh; and the Bacchus-like outlines of two or three little naked children, who with frightened faces stood looking at us, very clearly exclaimed in the name and on behalf of each of them, "*Have n't I had a good breakfast this morning?*" In short, without entering into particulars, the little urchins were evidently as full of bear's flesh, berries, soup, or something or other, as they could possibly hold.

On our approaching the party, the old man rose to receive us; and though we could only communicate with him through one of our crew, he lost no time in treating his white brethren with hospitality and kindness. Like ourselves, they had only stopped at the island to feed; and we had scarcely departed when we saw the paddles of their canoes in motion following us.

Whatever may be said in favour of the "blessings of civilization," yet certainly in the life of a Red

Indian there is much for which he is fully justified in the daily thanksgivings he is in the habit of offering to "the Great Spirit." He breathes pure air, beholds splendid scenery, traverses unsullied water, and subsists on food which, generally speaking, forms not only his sustenance, but the manly amusement, as well as occupation, of his life.

In the course of the day we saw several Indian families cheerily paddling in their canoes towards the point to which we were proceeding. The weather was intensely hot, and though our crew continued occasionally to sing to us, yet by the time of sunset they were very nearly exhausted.

During the night it again rained for seven or eight hours; however, as is always the case, the wetter our blanket-roof became the better it excluded the storm.

As we were now within eight or ten miles of our destination, and had therefore to pay a little extra attention to our toilette, we did not start next morning until the sun had climbed many degrees into the clear blue sky; however, by about eight o'clock we once again got into our canoes, and had proceeded about an hour, when our crew, whose faces, at they propelled us, were always towards the prow, pointed out to us a canoe ahead, which had been lying still, but which was now evidently paddling from us with unusual force, to announce our approach to the Indians, who from the most remote districts had, according to appointment, congregated to meet us.

In about half an hour, on rounding a point of land, we saw immediately before us the great Manitoulin Island. Compared with the other uninhabited islands through which we had so long been wandering, it bore the appearance of a populous city; indeed, from the innumerable threads of white smoke which in all directions, curling through the bright green foliage, were seen slowly escaping into the pure blue air, this place of rendezvous was evidently swarming alive with inhabitants, who, as we approached, were seen hurrying from all points towards the shore, so that by the time we arrived within one hundred and fifty yards of the island, the beach for about half a mile was thronged with Indians of all tribes, dressed in their various costumes: some displayed a good deal of the red garment which nature had given to them; some were partially covered with the skins of wild animals they had slain; others were enveloped in the folds of an English white blanket, and some in cloth and cottons of the gaudiest colours.

The scene altogether was highly picturesque, and I stood up in the canoe to enjoy it, when all of a sudden, on a signal given by one of the principal chiefs, every Indian present levelled his rifle towards me; and from the centre to both extremities of the line there immediately irregularly rolled a *feu-de-joie*, which echoed and re-echoed among the wild uninhabited islands behind us.

As soon as I landed I was accosted by some of the principal chiefs; but from that native good

breeding which in every situation in which they they can be placed invariably distinguishes the Indian tribes, I was neither hustled nor hunted by a crowd ; on the contrary, during the three days I remained on the island, and after I was personally known to every individual upon it, I was enabled, without any difficulty or inconvenience, or without a single person following or even stopping to stare at me, to wander completely by myself among all their wigwams.

Occasionally the head of the family would rise and salute me, but, generally speaking, I received from the whole group what I valued infinitely more—a smile of happiness and contentment ; and when I beheld their healthy countenances and their robust active frames, I could not help feeling how astonished people in England would be if they could but behold and study a state of human existence, in which every item in the long list of artificial luxuries which they have been taught to venerate is utterly unknown, and, if described, would be listened to with calm inoffensive indifference, or with a smile approaching very nearly to the confines of contempt ; but the truth is, that between what *we* term the civilized portion of mankind, and what *we* call “the savage,” there is a moral gulf which neither party can cross, or, in other words, on the subject of happiness they have no ideas with us in common. For instance, if I could suddenly have transported one of the ruddy squaws before me to any of the principal bedrooms in Grosvenor Square,

her first feeling on entering the apartment would have been that of suffocation from heat and impure air; but if, gently drawing aside the thick damask curtains of a four-post bed, I had shown her its young aristocratic inmates fast asleep, protected from every breath of air by glass windows, wooden shutters, holland blinds, window-curtains, bedstead-curtains, hot bed-clothes, and beautiful fringed night-caps,—as soon as her smile had subsided, her simple heart would have yearned to return to the clean rocks and pure air of Lake Huron; and so it would have been if I could suddenly have transported any of the young men before me to the narrow contracted hunting-grounds of any of our English country gentlemen; indeed, an Indian would laugh outright at the very idea of rearing and feeding game for the sake of afterwards shooting it; and the whole system of living, house-fed, in gaiters, and drinking port-wine, would, to his mind, appear to be an inferior state of happiness to that which it had pleased “the Great Spirit” to allow *him* to enjoy.

During the whole evening, and again early the next morning, I was occupied in attending to claims on the consideration of the British Government urged by several of the tribes, and in making arrangements with ministers of religion of various sects, who, at their own expense, and at much inconvenience, had come to the island.

At noon I proceeded to a point at which it had been arranged that I should hold a council with the

chiefs of all the tribes, who, according to appointment, had congregated to meet me; and on my arrival there I found them all assembled, standing in groups, dressed in their finest costumes, with feathers waving on their heads, with their faces painted, half-painted, quarter painted, or one eye painted, according to the customs of their respective tribes, while on the breasts and arms of most of the oldest of them there shone resplendent the silver gorgets and arm-lets which in former years had been given to them by their ally—the British Sovereign.

After a few salutations it was proposed that our Council should commence; and accordingly, while I took possession of a chair which the Chief Superintendent of Indian affairs had been good enough to bring for me, the chiefs sat down opposite to me in about eighteen or twenty lines parallel to each other.

For a considerable time we indolently gazed at each other in dead silence. Passions of all sorts had time to subside; and the judgment, divested of its enemy, was thus enabled calmly to consider and prepare the subjects of the approaching discourse; and as if still further to facilitate this arrangement, “the pipe of peace” was introduced, slowly lighted, slowly smoked by one chief after another, and then sedately handed to me to smoke it too. The whole assemblage having, in this simple manner, been solemnly linked together in a chain of friendship, and as it had been intimated to them by the Superintendent that I was ready to consider whatever observations any of them might desire to offer, one

of the oldest chiefs arose; and, after standing for some seconds erect, yet in a position in which he was evidently perfectly at his ease, he commenced his speech—translated to me by an interpreter at my side—by a slow, calm expression of thanksgiving to the Great Spirit for having safely conducted so many of his race to the point on which they had been requested to assemble. He then, in very appropriate terms, expressed the feelings of attachment which had so long connected the red man with his Great Parent across the Salt Lake; and after this exordium, which in composition and mode of utterance would have done credit to any legislative assembly in the civilized world, he proceeded, with great calmness, by very beautiful metaphors, and by a narration of facts it was impossible to deny, to explain to me how gradually and—since their acquaintance with their white brethren—how continuously the race of red men had melted, and were still melting, like snow before the sun. As I did not take notes of this speech, or of those of several other chiefs who afterwards addressed the Council, I could only very inaccurately repeat them. Besides which, a considerable portion of them related to details of no public importance: I will, therefore, in general terms, only observe, that nothing can be more interesting, or offer to the civilized world a more useful lesson than the manner in which the red aborigines of America, without ever interrupting each other, conduct their Councils.

The calm, high-bred dignity of their demeanour—

the scientific manner in which they progressively construct the framework of whatever subject they undertake to explain—the sound arguments by which they connect, as well as support it—and the beautiful wild flowers of eloquence with which, as they proceed, they adorn every portion of the moral architecture they are constructing, form altogether an exhibition of grave interest; and yet, is it not astonishing to reflect that the orators in these Councils are men whose lips and gums are—while they are speaking—black from the wild berries on which they have been subsisting—who have never heard of education—never seen a town—but who, born in the secluded recesses of an almost interminable forest, have spent their lives in either following zigzaggedly the game on which they subsist through a labyrinth of trees, or in paddling their canoes across lakes, and among a congregation of islands such as I have described!

They hear more distinctly—see farther—smell clearer—can bear more fatigue—can subsist on less food—and have altogether fewer wants than their white brethren; and yet, while from morning till night we stand gazing at ourselves in the looking-glass of self-admiration, we consider the red Indians of America as “outside barbarians.”

But I have quite forgotten to be the Hansard of my own speech at the Council, which was an attempt to explain to the tribes assembled the reasons which had induced their late “Great Father” to recommend some of them to sell their lands to the Pro-

vincial Government, and to remove to the innumerable islands in the waters before us. I assured them that their titles to their present hunting-grounds remained, and ever would remain, respected and undisputed; but that, inasmuch as their white brethren had an equal right to occupy and cultivate the forest that surrounded them, the consequence inevitably would be to cut off their supply of wild game, as I have already described. In short, I stated the case as fairly as I could; and, after a long debate, succeeded in prevailing on the tribe to whom I had particularly been addressing myself to dispose of their lands on the terms I had proposed; and whether the bargain was for their weal or woe, it was, and, so long as I live, will be, a great satisfaction to me to feel that it was openly discussed and agreed to in presence of every Indian tribe with whom Her Majesty is allied; for, be it always kept in mind, that while the white inhabitants of our North American Colonies are the Queen's *subjects*, the red Indian is, by solemn treaty, Her Majesty's *ally*.

As soon as the Council was over, the superintendent of Indian affairs proceeded to deliver to the tribes assembled their annual "presents," or, as they might more justly be termed, "tributes;" and before evening many a happy squaw grinned approbation of the bright, gaudy, glittering ornaments, white blankets, &c., that adorned her wigwam.

The next day, after I had been occupied some hours in business of detail, the whole of the Indian chiefs and young men on the island assembled to

take part in some Olympic games I had directed to be prepared for them, and which appeared to give them indescribable delight.

We had prizes for archery, prizes for rifle shooting, at both of which sports, or rather professions,—for they exist by them,—the Indians highly excel.

We had then canoe races, and last of all swimming races.

For the latter none but the very strongest and most active of their young men competed.

The candidates, about twenty in number, assembled in line on the beach about fifty yards from the waters of the blue lake, which, without a ripple on its lovely countenance, lay sleeping before them. Their anxiety to start was clearly evident from the involuntary movement of little tell-tale muscles on their cheeks, red arms, backs, and straight legs: in short, they stood trembling, now in one part, now in another, like young horses by the side of a covert in England which hounds are drawing.

As soon as the signal rifle was fired, off they started at their utmost speed; and certainly nothing could be finer than to see them, like so many Newfoundland dogs, dash into and then hop, skip, and jump through the water, until the first strike of their extended arms showed that they had taken leave of the bottom, and were, comparatively speaking, tranquilly afloat.

The whoop and encouragement of their respective friends, as sometimes turning one cheek upwards and sometimes the other, they gallantly stemmed through

the water towards a canoe lying about half a mile from the shore, were highly exhilarating; and the excitement increased, as first two or three jet-black heads, and then four or five more rounding the canoe, suddenly changed into as many blood-red faces strenuously approaching a prize which had been selected as not only the most appropriate but the most encouraging, namely, a horizontal pole covered from end to end with glass beads for young squaws.

The eye of every swimmer as he advanced appeared eagerly fixed upon the glittering prize, which no doubt his heart had already destined for the object or objects of his affection; however, in all regions of the globe human hopes are eggs that very often indeed turn out to be addled; and thus it was with the hopes of the swimmers before us. The race was what is termed excellent; indeed the struggle was so severe that half a dozen of the leading swimmers might, to use a sporting phrase, "have been covered with a sheet;" the consequence of which was, that they came within their depths at the same moment; and they were no sooner on their feet than, with uplifted arms, tearing and splashing through the shallow water, they rushed to the beach, then onwards to their goal; and arriving there nearly together, they knocked pole and pole-holders head over heels on the ground, and then throwing themselves upon them they crushed all the beautiful glass beads to atoms!

"The lovely toys, so keenly sought,
Thus lost their charms by being caught."

The young squaws for whom the prizes had been

destined,—had they been present,—might, no doubt, have drawn from the result a useful moral. The catastrophe, however, was really most tragical, and so deeply affecting that, to restore sunshine after the storm, I ordered the pole to be refitted with beads, to be fairly divided among the young conquerors; and, indeed, to tell the truth, I took care that even the squaws of the defeated should have some reason to be thankful for the exertions that had been made in their behalf.

While the excitement caused by these little games was at its height, we managed, unperceived, to get into our canoes, and paddle homewards. As our duty was over, we had plenty of time to shoot and fish as we proceeded. Our days were passed in meandering, under a clear sky, through the beautiful islands I have described, and on which, at night, we slept as before. The expedition was altogether a most delightful one: wholesome exercise for the body, healthy recreation for the mind; and I certainly returned to my daily work at Toronto considerably stronger than when I had left it to make my visit to that simple, high-bred, and virtuous race of men, the red aborigines of the forest.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE FLARE-UP.

AS soon as Mr. McKenzie, Dr. Duncombe, Mr. Robert Baldwin, Mr. Speaker Bidwell, Dr. John* Rolph, and other nameless demagogues found that their demand for "responsible government" was repudiated by the people of Upper Canada, to whom they had appealed; that in consequence of their having made this demand they had lost their elections, and that their seats in the Commons' House of Assembly were filled up with loyal men, opposed to the revolutionary innovation they had desired to effect, it was naturally to be expected they would have given up a political contest in which it was evident that they had morally been completely and irretrievably defeated.

In England, where the popular voice is a many-stringed instrument composed of fundholders, landowners, churchmen, statesmen, shipowners, manufacturers, independent labourers, and paupers, it is quite impossible that any measure can be approved of by all these different and conflicting interests;

* Dr. *Thomas Rolph*, long distinguished in Upper Canada by his eloquence and loyalty, is now residing at Portsmouth.

but in the back-woods of North America these artificial distinctions do not exist; and as almost universal suffrage prevailed in Upper Canada, it must have been evident to Messrs. Baldwin, Bidwell, Rolph, and Mr. McKenzie, as it was to me, that the moral opinion against responsible government, which had been constitutionally declared by the free and independent electors of the province, was identical with the physical force with which, if necessary, it would be resisted by them; and when it is considered that the physical strength of the British empire, and that the bayonets of the Queen's troops were ready to join this preponderating force, I perhaps ought to have suspected, from the mere fact of a few fundless demagogues holding out against such odds, that they were encouraged to do so by the Government and by the people of the United States. The idea, however, never for a moment entered my mind: my council was composed of men of great sagacity, high character, and prudence; yet no one among them foresaw or even suspected danger from a neighbouring ally. Mr. Ex-Speaker Bidwell and his comrades, however, well enough knew whose expectations they were fulfilling, and to whom they were to look for reward; and accordingly, so soon as all hope of being re-elected to the legislature ceased, Mr. McKenzie commenced a set of operations against me which I felt at the time could only be compared to the antics which Robinson Crusoe's man Friday played off upon the poor bear.

The course of policy I had determined to pursue—whether right or wrong it now matters not—was at all events a plain one. For upwards of two years I had occupied myself in ascertaining the real sentiments of the people whom it was my fate to govern, and the result of this minute investigation having been most powerfully corroborated by the late elections, I felt that I might confidently await the hour, should it ever arrive, in which it would be my duty to call upon the brave and loyal inhabitants of Upper Canada to rally round me to suppress rebellion, and, above all, to resist the smallest attempt to introduce that odious principle of “responsible government” which a few republicans in the province had been desirous to force upon them.

Now this course of policy, which it will be perceived treated Mr. McKenzie with abject contempt, was exactly that which he was particularly desirous I should not pursue; for he felt, and justly felt, that as a political mountebank, it was no use at all for him to be every day performing dangerous tricks unless he could assemble an audience, and he therefore resolved to do everything he could to force me to patronise or bring him into notice; and so, first, he wrote, and then he printed, and then he rode, and then he spoke, stamped, foamed, wiped his seditious little mouth, and then spoke again; and thus, like a squirrel in a cage, he continued with astonishing assiduity the centre of a revolutionary career, until many, bewildered by his movements,

wondered that I did not begin to follow his example and do the same; and, indeed, by several I was seriously blamed for what they were pleased to term "*supineness.*"

As soon, however, as Mr. McKenzie found that his poisonous prescriptions would not operate upon me, he resolved to strengthen the dose, and he accordingly issued placards announcing monster meetings, at which speeches, very nearly approaching to sedition and treason, were uttered, and the next morning printed and published in his newspaper.

These proceedings and these newspapers were brought to me by many of my best supporters, who, with feelings more or less excited, expressed in unexceptionable terms their disapprobation of the course I was pursuing.

Mr. McKenzie's next step was to prevail upon his followers to assemble at their meetings with "loaded fire-arms," and under the pretence of shooting at pigeons, they were advised in placards to bring bullets, and "to keep their powder dry."

This measure of course increased to a very considerable degree the unpopularity of the course I was pursuing; and many declaring to me they were in bodily fear, and whose countenances truly enough certified the statement, called at Government House to entreat me, in justice to the loyal inhabitants of the province, to arrest Mr. McKenzie for high treason; a recommendation in which people of almost all classes appeared to concur.

It was from no feeling of obstinacy, but after the

most deliberate reflection, that I declined to adopt the proceedings suggested to me.

I need hardly say I was as anxious to incarcerate Mr. McKenzie, and as willing to disperse illegal assemblages as any who advocated these measures. But I had no troops, no physical force but that which is the representative of moral justice. Many people have blamed, and I believe still blame me, for having, as they say, "sent the troops out of the province." I, however, did no such thing. Sir John Colborne, the Commander of the Forces in Canada, felt that he required the whole of them to defend the lower province, and deeming the moral power which he saw I possessed sufficient, he offered me a couple of companies only, and then, without consulting me, recalled the whole of the remainder of the troops.

Considering that Upper Canada was larger in surface than England and Wales, I felt that I should gain more by throwing myself *entirely* upon the militia, than by keeping these two companies; and Sir John Colborne fully concurring in this opinion, he acceded to my request, and accordingly by recalling *them* enormously increased my power.

Being thus without troops, I felt that even if I had wished to commit an arbitrary act, it would not be prudent for me to attempt to seize Mr. McKenzie until he had advanced within the short clumsy clutches of the law; and as I had long ago directed, and was daily reminding the Queen's Attorney-General, Mr. Hagerman, to report to me whenever

that moment should have arrived, I had no alternative but to set law and justice at defiance, or, regardless of clamour, to await until in the sacred name of both I could seize my victim.

But I had another most powerful reason, which, though well understood in Canada, and most particularly by Mr. McKenzie, was from fear and excitement insufficiently appreciated by those who were blaming me.

Upon the loyalty of the province I well knew I had every reason to rely; yet it was equally well known to me that the militia of Canada are men whose time cannot with impunity be trifled with.

They always have been, and will be, ready to turn out when required; but the administrators of the government of our North American provinces should ever beware of keeping these men—I may truly say these gentlemen—away from their farms and families, *doing nothing*.

Now, Mr. McKenzie knew this well enough, and, inasmuch as his crafty pigeon-shooting policy was to force me to call out the militia, send them back, call them out again, send them back again, until, when the moment of his real attack should arrive, I might, like the shepherd-boy in the fable, in all probability have called for assistance in vain; so, on the other hand, my antagonist policy was to refuse to harass the militia, to show them that my supineness only appeared great because my reliance upon them was great; and thus, repressing rather

than exciting their ardour, to wait until I really wanted their services, and then, pointing to the rebels, to bid them "make short work of 'em, and then go back home."

For these reasons I adhered to my determination. Those who were alarmed looked to me; I looked to the Attorney-General; he continued silent; and I therefore remained (for which by people in England who did not understand my difficulties I have occasionally been much blamed) "with folded arms."

But during the suspense in which I was thus placed, there was another path by which Mr. McKenzie endeavoured by every exertion in his power to assail me.

A servant girl had poisoned her mistress, for which offence she had been arrested, tried, and condemned to death. I believe a female had never before been executed in Upper Canada, besides which, she was young and beautiful. All these circumstances combined, naturally enough interested many in her favour, and a petition was addressed to me, praying that her life might be spared.

I need not say that I fervently joined in the prayer, and with that feeling I forwarded it to Chief-Justice Robinson, and to the judges for their report. The subject received their most serious attention; but inasmuch as there was nothing in the evidence upon which the young woman had been convicted that cast the slightest shadow of doubt upon her guilt, or which offered the smallest excuse for the deliberate murder she had committed, they submitted

to me a detailed report of their notes, almost without comment.

As soon as, by the advice of my council, I had declined to accede to the prayer of this petition, Mr. McKenzie felt that a great commotion might easily be produced; and as a number of the best men in the province consented to be agitators in such a cause, the excitement extended; and as the hour of rebellion in both provinces was evidently approaching, many, who might have judged better, joined in petitioning and in advising me, as a matter of "policy," to grant a reprieve. I again consulted the judges; but with that calm integrity which has always distinguished their leader, he merely repeated what he had written. The executive council, much to their credit, remained firm in the opinion they had expressed; and as the moment was one in which the smallest concession to clamour, the slightest departure from sound principles, the most trifling attempt to conciliate opponents whom it was my duty to defy, probably would, and at all events might, have been productive of serious results, I declared, with feelings which I need not describe, that the sentence was irrevocable, and that the law was to take its course—as indeed it did—at Toronto.

Mr. McKenzie immediately perceived that he had better make the execution of this young girl the moment of his outbreak. He accordingly made arrangements for concealing arms in the town, and for an assemblage of all his deluded followers, who were to enter the city under the excuse of witnessing

the execution. They were then to come to Government House to petition in her favour, "dispose" of me, save the girl, plunder the banks, seize the government muskets, &c.

If Mr. McKenzie had, after concocting this plan, remained quiet, a number of very fine fellows would no doubt, under the impulse of the moment, have felt themselves justified in rescuing a young woman from a horrid and ignominious death; and when once the authorities were overcome, considerable mischief might have ensued until the yeomen and farmers forming the militia had had time to advance; but in the madness of his guilt he wanted method, and his conduct became so outrageous, that without being aware of his plot, I made arrangements for calling out at a moment's warning a portion of the militia.

The instant this prospective order was issued, Mr. McKenzie clearly saw that, although I could remain doing nothing, he could not. He therefore, in the following number of his newspaper, published a list of nineteen successful strikes for freedom which had taken place in the history of the world, and in very plain language called upon his followers to follow these glorious examples.

The Attorney-General, who, with calm unremitting attention, had been watching the eccentric movements of this contemptible demagogue, now came to me to report that Mr. McKenzie had at last crossed the line of demarcation, and that he was within the reach and power of British law.

Instantly assembling my council, with their advice I directed the Attorney-General to lose not a moment in arresting Mr. McKenzie for high treason; but he had all along understood his position as clearly as the legal adviser to the Crown, and accordingly, at the very instant I was ordering his apprehension, he had fled from Toronto, had assembled his followers, and as a leader of a band of rebels, armed with loaded rifles and pikes, he was advancing to attack Toronto.

About a mile from Toronto, on the edge of a lonely cliff which overhangs the beautiful waters of Lake Ontario, there had been constructed many years ago a weak fort in which a regiment of the line had always been quartered. As soon as Mr. McKenzie commenced the agitation I have just described, I requested the officer of engineers of the district, to strengthen this fort by every means in his power; and accordingly its earth-works were surrounded by a couple of lines of palisadoes, the barracks were loop-holed, the magazine stockaded, and a company of Toronto militia were lodged in a corner of the barracks.

Although, however, I made these preparations, and also took the necessary precautions for preventing Government House from being carried by surprise, I secretly resolved, that on the breaking out of the rebellion which had already commenced in Lower Canada, and which I was quite aware would sooner or later take place in the Upper Province, I

would take up my position in the market-place of Toronto, instead of retiring, as it was expected I would, to this fort. For although I was a commander without troops, I had served long enough in the corps of engineers to know—first, that there exists in warfare no more dangerous trap than a fortress too large for its garrison; and secondly, that there is no hold against a rabble more impregnable than a substantial isolated building, well loop-holed, swarming alive with men, and containing, hidden within its portal of entrance—as the market-house of Toronto did contain—a couple of six-pounders with plenty of grape-shot, as also about four thousand stand of arms, with bayonets, belts, ball cartridges, &c.

I submit to the opinion of any military man of experience, that such a position, within a couple of hundred yards of my own house, was not only perfectly adequate to any attack I could possibly have to expect, but that it was infinitely better adapted for defence by the militia of Upper Canada than a circumvallation of low earth-works, situated nearly a mile from any human habitation, and immediately bounded on one side by the forest. Besides which, in the moral contest in which I was about to be engaged, I should have been out of my proper element in a military fort: for as my army—if I was to have any—were the people of Upper Canada, my proper position was, without metaphor, in the heart of their capital; and I therefore submit, that if I had abandoned Toronto, I should have deserted my post.

I state these few explanatory details, because in Canada, as well as in England, many people very kindly disposed towards me, but unversed in the rudiments of war, have considered I was very nearly taken by surprise; whereas, the truth is, that if Mr. McKenzie had conducted his gang within pistol-shot of the market-house, the whole of the *surprise* would have belonged to him.

I had taken to bed a bad sick head-ache, and at midnight of the 4th of December, was fast asleep with it, when I was suddenly awakened by a person who informed me that Mr. McKenzie was conducting a large body of rebels upon Toronto, and that he was within two or three miles of the city.

A few faithful friends kindly conducted my family to a place of safety, and eventually to a steamer floating in the harbour, and while they were proceeding there, I walked along King Street to the position I had prepared in the market-house.

The stars were shining bright as diamonds in the black canopy over my head. The air was intensely cold, and the snow-covered planks which formed the footpath of the city creaked as I trod upon them. The principal bell of the town was, naturally enough, in an agony of fear, and her shrill, irregular, monotonous little voice, strangely breaking the serene silence of night, was exclaiming to the utmost of its strength—“*Murder! Murder! Murder! and much worse!!*”

As soon as I reached the market-house I found

assembled there the armed guard of the town, and a body of trusty men, among whom were the five judges, a force quite sufficient to have repelled and punished any attack we were likely at that moment to expect.

We, however, lost no time in unpacking cases of muskets and of ball cartridges, and in distributing them to those who kept joining our party. That, however, among us we had at least one whose zeal exceeded his discretion, I soon learned by a musket-ball, which, passing through the door of a small room in which I was consulting with Judge Jones, stuck in the wall close beside us.

In a very short time we organized our little force, and as we had detached in advance piquets of observation, to prevent our being surprised, we lay down on the floor to sleep.

About eight o'clock in the morning I inspected my followers in the square in which the market-house stands. We were, of course, a motley group, I had a short double-barrelled gun in my belt, and another on my shoulder. The Chief Justice had about thirty rounds of ball-cartridge in his cartouch, the rest of the party were equally well-armed, and the two six-pounders were comfortably filled with grape-shot.

Still, however, our "family compact" was but a small one, and as Mr. McKenzie's forces were much exaggerated, as Rumour, with her usual positiveness, of course declared that rebels were flocking to him by hundreds from all directions, and as he

had already committed murder, arson, and robbery to a considerable amount, it was evident to us all that a problem of serious importance to the civilized world was about to be solved.

In one of my printed proclamations I had lately said—" *The people of Upper Canada detest democracy, revere their Constitutional Charter, and are staunch in allegiance to their King.*" Was the publication of these words by me an empty bluster, or a substantial truth? Again, in reply to the demand for "responsible government," I had stated that "*I had not the power to alter the Constitution of the province, and that, if I had the power, I HAD NOT THE WILL.*" Was that despotic declaration now to be revenged, or would the farmers and yeomen of the province rise *en masse* to maintain it? The result of the late election, and of the observations I had been enabled to make in my tour through the province, had convinced me that the people of Upper Canada preferred the freedom of monarchy to the tyranny of democracy, but would they, in the depth of winter, leave their farms and families to substantiate this theory? Would they, unsolicited by me, risk their lives in its defence? I knew that they ought—I firmly believed that they would. If they did, the triumph of British institutions over the new-fangled demand for "responsible government" would be unanswerable. If they did not, I felt that the hour for the legitimate repudiation by the mother-country of her North American colonies would have arrived, and that, whatever penalty I

individually might have to pay, no man could reasonably condemn me for having maintained, on the soil of America, so long as I was able, and without concession, the supremacy of British institutions. Impressed with this latter opinion, I fancied that my mind was perfectly tranquil, and in this state I passed the day, occasionally enlivened by an alarm that the rebels were advancing upon us, which, of course, caused every barricaded window to be suddenly bristled with the muzzles of loaded muskets, "like quills upon the fretful porcupine."

The sun set without our receiving succour, or any intimation of its approach. My confidence, however, on the people of Upper Canada still remained in the zenith, and I have now the pleasure to show that in that position it was not misplaced.

At two o'clock in the afternoon, Sir Allan MacNab received intelligence, at Hamilton, a considerable town at the head of Lake Ontario, and situated about forty-five miles from Toronto, that I was in the market-place, invested by Mr. McKenzie and his band of rebels.

He immediately mounted his horse, rode to the wharf, seized a steamer that was lying there, put a guard on board of her, despatched messengers in various directions to the Canadian farmers, yeomen, &c., in his neighbourhood, and at five o'clock sailed, with the vessel heavily laden with "*the men of Gore,*" upwards of a thousand of whom had but lately spontaneously proceeded to Toronto to express to Sir John Colborne their abhorrence of a letter

published by a certain member of the British House of Commons, in which he had designated their glorious connexion with Great Britain as "*the baneful domination of the mother-country.*"

In all parts of the provinces similar exertions were made; and thus, without a moment's delay, whole companies, small detachments, straggling parties, and individuals, without waiting to congregate, had left their farms and families, and were converging in the dark through the forest, from all directions, upon the market-place of Toronto. Poor fellows! they could not, however, compete with the power of steam, and, accordingly, the "men of Gore" first came to the goal for which all were striving.

I was sitting by tallow-candle light in the large hall, surrounded by my comrades, when we suddenly heard in the direction of the lake-shore a distant cheer. In a short time, two or three people rushing in at the door, told us that "a steamer full of the men of Gore had just arrived!" and almost at the same moment I had the pleasure of receiving this intelligence from their own leader.

I have said that my mind had been tranquilly awaiting the solution of a great problem, of the truth of which it had no doubt; but my philosophy was fictitious, for I certainly have never in my life felt more deeply affected than I was when, seeing my most ardent hopes suddenly realized, I offered my hand to Sir Allan MacNab.

I had, of course, reason to be gratified at the

attachment of any one to the cause it was my duty to uphold ; but of all the individuals in the province whom I could most have desired to see combined with me in arms to defend it, was the very one who first came to the British standard—namely, the Speaker of the Commons' House of Assembly, the constitutional representative of the representatives of a free and loyal people !

The next morning regiments of tired farmers and leg-wearied yeomen flocked in from all directions. On their arrival, I, of course, went out and thanked them, and then told those who had no fowling-pieces that they should immediately receive muskets and ammunition.

"*If your Honour will but give us ARMS,*" exclaimed a voice from the ranks, in a broad Irish brogue, "*the rebels will find LEGS !*"

We had now sufficient force to attack Mr. McKenzie and his gang, who had taken up their position in Montgomery's Tavern, a large building, flanked by outhouses, situated on the summit of Gallows Hill, about four miles from Toronto ; and accordingly my council, who had opportunities of listening to various opinions, very strongly urged me to do so. Lower Canada, however, was in open rebellion ; and as success in the upper province would, of course, be productive of serious moral consequences upon the other, and *vice versâ*, I determined that nothing should induce me to risk losing a game, the court-cards of which were evidently in my hands.

However, on the morning of the 7th we had such an overwhelming force that there remained not the slightest reason for delay ; and accordingly, leaving a detachment to guard the market-house and protect the town, the remainder of our force which, during the period of delay, had been organised into companies, was assembled for the object they had so eagerly desired.

As the attack of Montgomery's Tavern has already officially been described, I will only here mention a few trifling details, which, of course, could not be stated in a formal account.

I was sitting on horseback, waiting to hear the officer commanding the assembled force order his men to advance, and was wondering why he did not do so, when one of the principal leaders rode up to me, and told me that the militia wished me to give them the word of command, which I accordingly did.

As the companies were subdivided into sections which merely occupied the breadth of the macadamized road, our force had an imposing appearance, and we were scarcely out of the town when the rebels, from the top of the hill they were occupying, must have seen this mass of bright arms glittering in the sunshine.

The enthusiasm and joy of this column was beyond all description. Any one who had met them would have fancied that they were all going to a wedding ; or rather, that every one of them were walking to be married. To this universal grin,

however, there was very properly contrasted the serious, thoughtful, care-worn countenances of the ministers of religion, of various persuasions, who accompanied us until we received a few shots from the dark forest which bounded a narrow strip of cultivated land on each side of the road.

Many among them, and especially the bold diocesan of the Church of England, would willingly have continued their course, but, with becoming dignity, they deemed it their duty to refrain; and accordingly, giving us their blessing, which I trust no one more reverentially appreciated than myself, they one after another retired.

"*Our men are with thee,*" said the respected minister of the Wesleyan Methodists; "*the prayers of our women attend thee!*"

Montgomery's Tavern was now but a mile before us; and the shots from the forest on each side increasing, it was deemed advisable to let loose a strong party of skirmishers upon the rebels who were firing upon us.

The word was no sooner given than I saw Judge Maclean, a high-minded Canadian Highlander, vault over the snake-fence by my side; but the men in both detachments did the same: and the manner in which they rushed into the forest resembled the descriptions I have read of a pack of high-bred foxhounds dashing into an English furze covert.

We had hitherto listened to the firing of rifles; but the honest deep-toned voices of the English musket clearly announced the superiority of that

noble weapon over the "little pea" instrument that was opposed to it, and which, gradually subsiding, very soon became silent.

As soon as the head of the column arrived within musket-shot of Montgomery's Tavern, which was evidently occupied by Mr. McKenzie's principal force, it halted until our two guns could come up. The rebels fired, as if disposed to maintain the position; but as soon as a couple of round shot passed through this building, they were seen exuding from the door like bees from the little hole of their hive, and then, in search of the honey of safety, flying in all directions into the deep welcome recesses of the forest.

At this moment a man on horseback was observed trying to ride his horse into the door of the tavern.

"*Shoot me that man!*" exclaimed the officer in command, in a sharp eager tone of voice.

A couple of our best shots advanced, took a cool deliberate aim, and were on the point of firing, when a voice from the ranks exclaimed "*Don't fire! It's Judge Jones!*" and true enough it was.

This Canadian subject, followed by Alexander Macleod (afterwards tried in the United States for having, as was falsely alleged, taken part in the capture of the Caroline), had managed to get a-head to the point I have described.

The column now eagerly advanced; but by the time it reached the tavern, which if it had been properly defended would have given us some trouble, the Irishman's prophecy had been completely fulfilled;

that is to say, the rebels' *legs* had effectually saved them from the ARMS of the loyal.

The bubble had completely burst, and nothing remained to tell of its past history but Mr. McKenzie's flag,—his bag, full of letters and papers advocating "responsible government," and the heaps of dirty straw on which he and his gang had been sleeping.

"Juvat ire, et Dorica castra,

Desertosque videre locos, litusque relictum.

Hic Dolopum manus! hic sævus tendebat Achilles!"

Shortly after the column had halted in front of this building, a party from the skirmishers brought me a couple of prisoners just captured in the bush. They had come from the interior of the province; had been told all sorts of stories; had been deluded rather than seduced; and now they stood trembling, as if the only remaining problem in this world of any importance to them was, on which of the innumerable tall trees around us they should be hanged. Indeed I think I never before beheld two men so arrantly frightened.

They were all that remained of Mr. McKenzie's army; and as I had offered large sums for the apprehension of him and of all his leaders, I felt at the moment—rightly or wrongly, it is now too late to consider—that I could not celebrate our triumph more appropriately than by telling these two poor trembling beings, after half a dozen words of admonition, that "in their Sovereign's name I pardoned them." But the sentence came upon them so unexpectedly, that although they were released they

could neither move nor speak; indeed, they very nearly fainted away.

It was, however, necessary that we should mark and record, by some act of stern vengeance, the important victory that had been achieved; and I therefore determined, that, in the presence of the assembled militia, I would burn to the ground Montgomery's Tavern, and also the house of Mr. Gibson, a member of the Provincial House of Assembly, who had commanded Mr. McKenzie's advanced guard, and who with him had just absconded to the United States.

Mr. Montgomery had also been one of the principal ringleaders. His tavern had long been the rendezvous of the disaffected; it had just been their fortress, from which they had fired upon Her Majesty's subjects; but far above all, its floor was stained with the blood—and its walls had witnessed the death of—Colonel Moodie.

This gallant old soldier, who had highly distinguished himself in the Peninsular war, was residing three or four miles up the road on which we stood; and as soon as Mr. McKenzie's body of armed rebels had passed his house, he determined to *faire route qui coûte*—he would ride through them, and give me information that they were marching on Toronto.

As he approached Montgomery's Tavern his fearless pace clearly proclaimed his object. The rebels called upon him to pull up; but proudly feeling that he was "on Her Majesty's service," he professionally

continued his course, until he fell to the ground, pierced by several shots from their rifles.

On being carried into Montgomery's Tavern, mortally wounded, he was treated with barbarous indignity. The rebels called him "a Bloody Tory!" and the appellation was correct; but he died as he had lived, an honest, brave, loyal subject of the Crown. His last words were, "*My God! my Queen! and my country!*"

I need hardly say that my order to burn the building in which Colonel Moodie had been thus treated was very cheerfully received; and I was on horseback waiting the result, when about forty yards on my right I heard the voice of a woman surrounded by some of the militia, and who was evidently in an agony of despair.

Fearing there might be a disposition to ill-treat her, I rode up to her.

For some reason or other—probably, poor thing, because either her husband, or brother, or son, had just fled with the rebels—she was in a state of violent excitement; and she was addressing herself to me, and I was looking her full in the face, and listening to her with the utmost desire, to understand, if possible, what she was very incoherently complaining of, when all of a sudden she gave a piercing scream. I saw her mind break—her reason burst; and no sooner were they thus relieved from the high pressure which had been giving her such excruciating pain than her countenance relaxed; then, beaming with frantic delight, her uplifted arms flew round her

head ; her feet jumped with joy ; and she thus remained dancing before me—a raving maniac !

But volume after volume of deep black smoke rolling and rising from the windows of Montgomery's Tavern now attracted my attention. This great and lofty building, entirely constructed of timber and planks, was soon a mass of flames, whose long red tongues sometimes darted horizontally, as if revengefully to consume those who had created them, and then flared high above the roof.

As we sat on our horses the heat was intense ; and while the conflagration was the subject of joy and triumph to the gallant spirits that immediately surrounded it, it was a lurid telegraph intimating to many an anxious and aching heart at Toronto the joyful intelligence that the yeomen and farmers of Upper Canada had triumphed over their perfidious enemy, “responsible government.”

As mankind, in every region of the globe, are prone to exaggerate the importance of every little event in which they themselves happen to have been engaged, it would only be natural if I were to follow this course as regards the events I have just detailed. Figures, however, as well as facts, fortunately prevent me from doing so.

The whole force which Mr. McKenzie and his assistant, Dr. Rolph, a practising midwife, were enabled to collect amounted only to 500 men.

Now at this moment the population of Upper Canada was 450,000 ; Toronto contained 10,000 ; and the Home District 60,000.

On the fourth day after the outbreak, such numbers of loyal men were flocking towards Toronto from all directions that I was obliged to publish placards throughout the province, announcing I had no occasion for their services; and on the seventh day after the outbreak I issued a general order, placing (besides Her Majesty's troops, who had already departed) the militia of seven counties of Upper Canada at the disposal of Sir John Colborne for the defence of the Lower Province.

I mention these facts to prove that the advocates of "*responsible government*" had physically been defeated as completely as their demand had, several months ago, been morally defeated throughout the Province at the hustings.

CHAPTER IX.

THE BRITISH FLAG.

ON my arrival at Toronto, people from all parts of the Province, propelled by a variety of feelings they could not control, were seen centripetally riding, driving, or walking towards Government House. One, in pure English, described to me the astonishing luxuriance of the western district; another, in a strong Irish brogue, the native beauty of Lake Simcoe; another, in broad Scotch, explained to me the value of the timber trade on the Ottawa; one confidently assured me that in his district there were veins of coal,—another hinted at indications of copper,—one raved about a fishery,—another was in raptures about the college,—some described to me Lakes Huron, Erie, and Ontario,—several the Falls of Niagara,—all praised the climate; “and yet,” said I to myself, as absorbed in deep melancholy I imperfectly listened to their descriptions in detail, “and yet how is it that in the foreground of this splendid picture I can no where see the British Flag? Except by its powerful influence, how can I, inexperienced and unsupported, expect to stand against the difficulties which are about to assail me? Except by its eloquence, how can I advocate the

glorious institutions of our country? Except under its blessing, how can I even hope to prosper? An admiral might as well attempt to fight a ship without a pennant, or to go to sea in a ship without a bottom, as that I, with nothing to look up to, and nothing to die under, should vainly undertake to govern Canada from a house with nothing on its roof to greet the winds of heaven but stacks of reeking chimneys."

In building, I know quite well it is usual to commence by laying what is vulgarly called the foundation stone; however, under the feelings I have but faintly described, I determined that I would begin to build my political edifice from the top, and accordingly in due time there appeared on the roof of Government House, first, half a dozen workmen mysteriously hammering away, as if at their own shins; then, as if it had started up by magic, or like a mushroom had risen in the night, a tall straight staff wearing a small foraging cap on its head appeared; and lastly, an artillery-man, in his blue jacket and red cuffs, was seen, with extended arms, to haul up, hand over head, and to leave behind him, joyfully fluttering in the wind, the British Flag.

What were my own feelings when I first beheld this guardian angel hovering over my head I had rather not divulge, but the sensation it created throughout the Province I need not fear to describe. "There's no mistaking what that means!" exclaimed an old Canadian colonel of militia, who

happened to be standing, with a group of his comrades, at the moment the artillery-man finished his job. "Now what's the use of *that*, I should just like to know?" muttered a well-known supporter of republican principles: however, the latter observation was but an exception to the rule, for the truth is, that the sight of the British Flag extinguished rather than excited all narrow jealousies, all angry feelings, all party distinctions, all provincial animosities. Its glorious history rushed through the mind and memory to the heart of almost every one who beheld it.

The Irish Catholic, the Orangeman, the Scoten Presbyterian, the Methodist, the English reformer, the voters for ballot, for universal suffrage, for responsible government, or, in other terms, for "no Governor," for liberty and equality, and for other theoretical nonsense they did not clearly understand, as if, by mutual consent, forgot their differences as they gazed together with fraternal affection upon what all alike claimed as their common property, their common wealth, their common parent; and, while as if rejoicing at the sight of its congregation, the hallowed emblem fluttered over their heads—it told them they were the children of one family—it admonished them to love one another—it bade them fear nothing but God, honour their sovereign, and obey their own laws. From sunrise till sunset this "bit of bunting" was constantly, as from a pulpit, addressing itself to the good feelings of all who beheld it, and especially to the members of both

branches of the legislature, who, in their way to, and return from, Parliament-buildings, had to walk almost underneath it twice a day during the session.

In all weathers it was there to welcome all conditions of men; sometimes in the burning heat of summer, it hung motionless against the staff, as if it had just fainted away from the dull, sultry mugginess of the atmosphere; at other times it was occasionally almost veiled by the white snow-storm, termed "poudré," drifting across it. Some one truly enough declared that "the harder it blew the smaller it grew;" for, as there were flags of several sizes, it was deemed prudent to select one suited to the force of the gale, until, during the hurricanes that occasionally occur, it was reduced from its smallest size to a "British Jack," scarcely bigger than a common pocket handkerchief; nevertheless, large or small, blow high or blow low, this faithful sentinel was always at his post.

For many years the English, Irish, and Scotch inhabitants of Upper Canada had been in the habit, on the day of their respective patron saint, of meeting and (very prudently before dinner) of marching together arm-in-arm, hand-in-hand, or "shoulder to shoulder," in procession down King-street to Government House, which forms the western extremity of that handsome thoroughfare of the city. These assemblages were naturally productive of glorious recollections, and of noble sentiments; and, as I have already stated, that they allayed rather than excited all provincial disputes, it was highly

desirable to encourage them; and as for some time there had been carefully preserved in the government store an immense silk standard, sent from England, and which had hitherto been hoisted on a flag-staff opposite Parliament-buildings on the opening of the Provincial Legislature, on the birth-day of the Sovereign, and on other State occasions, I directed that, on the three days alluded to, the artillerymen who had charge of the flag-staff on Government House should lower the ordinary flag so soon as the head of the procession, preceded by its band, made its appearance; and then as it approached, haul up this great Imperial Standard.

It would be difficult to describe to those who have never been long from England, and quite unnecessary to explain to those who have, the feelings with which the followers of each of these three processions received the compliment, so justly due to the distinguished day on which they had respectively assembled.

Every man as he marched towards the Imperial Standard, which he saw majestically rising in the sky to receive him, felt convinced that his stature was increasing, that his chest was expanding, that the muscles of his legs were growing stronger, and that his foot was descending firmer and heavier to the ground. The musicians' lungs grew evidently stouter, the drummers' arms moved quicker; the national airs of 'God save the Queen,' 'St. Patrick's Day in the Morning,' and 'Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,' resounded louder and louder; and as the

sacred object upon which every eye was fixed, in its ascension slowly floated and undulated across the clear blue sky, it gradually revealed to view a glittering mass of hieroglyphics, out of which every man ravenously selected those he conceived to be especially his own.

“*What ANIMALS are those?*” said a tall lean man through his nose, on St. George’s Day, as he pointed to the congregation of Lions with fists clenched ready to box, and of Unicorns quite as eager to butt, that were waving over his head. “*Is it animals you’re spaking after?*” sharply replied a young Irishman, who like the querist had been standing in the crowd, waiting to see the procession of Englishmen arrive: “*one of thim animals I till ye is THE IRISH HARP; and so get out o’ that, ye — Yankee, or I’ll bate the sowl out o’ ye!*”

Now it so happened that by the time the last words were ejaculated, the young Irishman’s white teeth had almost reached the middle-aged querist’s throat; and as they were evidently advancing, and as the surgical operation proposed strongly resembled that of taking the kernel out of a nut, or an oyster out of its shell, the republican naturalist deemed it prudent instantly to decamp, or, as it is termed by his fellow-countrymen, to “*absquantilate.*”

A number of instances, more or less amusing, were mentioned to me, exemplifying the strong feelings of attachment to the mother country elicited by the parental presence of the British flag. A com-

pliment, however, was paid to it by one of its most bitter enemies, which, as it forms part of an important subject, and elucidates a serious moral, I will venture to relate.

On my return from Gallows Hill I rode through High-street to Government House, from which I had been absent three days.

On entering the room which to me, as well as to my predecessors, had, by day and by night, been the scene of many an anxious hour, and in which I had been in the habit of transacting the whole of my public business, my first feeling was, naturally enough, one of humble gratitude to that Supreme Power which had given victory to our cause; and I was in the pleasing enjoyment of reflections of this nature when one of my attendants entering the room, delivered me a card, and informed me that Mr. Bidwell was in the waiting-room, and that he appeared extremely desirous to see me.

When I first arrived in the Province this Mr. Bidwell was Speaker of the Commons' House of Assembly, in which he commanded a republican majority. Without, however, repeating details which are now matters of history, I will briefly remind the reader, that after I had dissolved the House of Assembly, and had appealed to the people to assist me in resisting the principle of "responsible government" which Messrs. Bidwell, Baldwin, and Co., had endeavoured to force upon me, the former not only ceased to be Speaker, but he and almost every other member of his republican majority lost their

election, and were replaced by members firmly attached to British institutions.

The insignificant gang of conspirators whose declamations had caused so much sensation in England, seeing they had irrecoverably lost all power in the legislature of Upper Canada, were induced by a secret influence which I shall shortly have occasion to expose, to endeavour to attain by force of arms that system of "responsible government" which by argument they had failed to obtain.

In this conspiracy, as well as in the rebellion which had just been suppressed, Mr. Bidwell had been deeply implicated; and, indeed, up to the very moment of the outbreak he had been in communication with Dr. Rolph, Mr. McKenzie, and other leaders.

Although, however, he had acted with extreme caution, and although, being what is commonly called "a man of peace," he had prudently refrained from taking arms, yet in consequence of the political part he had acted, and the sentiments he was known to entertain, a number of people in the United States, as well as in different parts of Upper and Lower Canada, had addressed to him letters which had arrived in such number, that on and from the moment of the rebellion, the Post-Office authorities deemed it their duty to seize them, and then to forward them to me unopened.

As soon as Mr. Bidwell, on inquiring for his letters, ascertained this fact, as also that Mr. McKenzie had inscribed his name alone on the rebel flag which the

militia had just captured at Gallows Hill, he felt that his own caution was no longer of any avail to him, for that, by the incaution of others, he was no doubt already betrayed.

His only hope had been that the rebels might succeed in massacring the loyal, and in thus deposing the power and authority of the Crown; but so soon as he learnt that the former had not only been completely defeated, but that McKenzie, Dr. Rolph, and their other leaders, had absconded to the United States, Mr. Bidwell felt that his life, that his existence, hung upon a thread.

His obvious course was to fly to the United States; but the coast was already guarded; besides, as he was no horseman, he had not courage to attempt to escape; and yet his conscience told him that the hand of any loyal man might, in retributive justice, now be raised against him: and as he knew how exasperated the militia had been by the barbarous murder of the brave Colonel Moodie, he had reason not only to fear the vengeance of the Crown, but that any one of the militia-men he met might become his executioner; in short, he knew not what to do, where to go, or how to hide himself.

In this agony of mind his acquaintance with the magnanimity of British institutions, his knowledge of British law, British justice, and British mercy, admonished him to seek protection from the sovereign authority he had betrayed—from the executive power he had endeavoured to depose; and accordingly, with faltering steps, he walked towards

Government House; and, entering the waiting-room, he there took refuge under the very BRITISH FLAG it had been the object of the whole of his political life to desecrate!

On the day before the outbreak I had had the windows of the room in which I was sitting when I received Mr. Bidwell's card, blocked up with rough timber, and loop-holed; and on his opening my door, which he had before so often entered, the instant this strange and unexpected arrangement caught his eyes, he remained at the threshold for some moments, and at last slowly advanced, until he stood close before me. He neither bowed to me nor spoke; but fixing his eyes on the tied-up bundle of his sealed letters which I held in my hand, he stood for some time broken down in spirit, and overwhelmed with feelings to which it was evident he had not power to give utterance.

As I had not sent for him I of course waited to hear what he desired to say; but as he said nothing, and appeared to be speechless, I myself broke the solemn silence that prevailed by mildly saying to him, as I pointed with his letters to the loop-holed windows at my side, "Well, Mr. Bidwell, you see the state to which you have brought us!" He made no reply, and as it was impossible to help pitying the abject fallen position in which he stood, I very calmly pointed out to him the impropriety of the course he had pursued; and then observing to him, what he well enough knew, that were I to open his letters his life would probably be in my hands, I

reminded him of the mercy as well as the power of the British Crown ; and I ended by telling him that, as its humble representative, I would restore to him his letters unopened, if he would merely give me in writing a promise that he would leave the Queen's territory for ever.

Mr. Bidwell had concealed in his heart some good feelings, as well as many bad ones ; and as soon as his fears were removed, the former prompted him to express himself in terms which I will not undertake to repeat. Suffice it, however, to say, that he retired to the waiting-room, wrote out the promise I had dictated, and, returning with it, I received it with one hand, and with the other, according to my promise, delivered to him the whole of his letters unopened.

The sentence which Mr. Bidwell deliberately passed upon himself he faithfully executed.

He instantly exiled himself from the Queen's dominions, and repairing to the State of New York, he very consistently took there the oath of allegiance to the United States, and openly and publicly abjured allegiance to all other authorities, and "*especially to the Crown of Great Britain!*"

In return, he instantly received all the honours it is in the power of Republicans to bestow ; and such was the feeling in his favour, that, contrary to custom, precedent, and, I believe, contrary even to law, he was elected, by acclamation, a member of the American bar.

The sequel of the story is an odd one.

At the very moment that Mr. Bidwell, with the barred light from my loop-holed windows shining on and shadowing his pallid countenance, was standing before me, tendering with the hand that wrote it his own sentence of condemnation, the Home Government were relieving me from the relative position in which I stood, because I had refused to promote this Mr. Bidwell to the bench over the heads of Archibald Maclean, Jonas Jones, Henry Sherwood, Sir Allan MacNab, and other Canadian-born members of the bar, who throughout their lives had distinguished themselves in the field, as well as in the senate, by their attachment to the British throne. I had told the Queen's Government (*vide* my Despatches printed by order of Her Majesty, and laid before Parliament) that Mr. Bidwell's "object had been to separate Canada from the parent state, to create disaffection for the paternal Government of the King, and by forming an alliance with M. Papi-neau's party, to exchange the British constitution for the low grovelling principles of democracy;" and "that for these reasons publicly to elevate Mr. Bidwell to the bench, would deprive me of the respect and confidence of the country."

But the picture I here drew of Mr. Bidwell's principles and of the objects he had all his life had in view, was, I regret to say, attractive rather than repulsive, and, accordingly, in reply to my sketch, I was informed that Her Majesty's Government "could not regard the part which Mr. Bidwell formerly took in *local* politics as an insuperable barrier to his

future advancement in his profession, and that, *on the contrary*, adverting to the general estimate of Mr. Bidwell's qualifications for a seat on the bench, it appeared that the public service would be *promoted* by securing his service." I was therefore ordered, in case of another vacancy, to offer the appointment to Mr. Bidwell: this, rightly or wrongly, it now matters not, I refused to do: and thus, while Mr. Bidwell, in consequence of having abjured his allegiance to the British Crown, was receiving in the United States compliments and congratulations on his appointment to the American bar, it appeared from the *London Gazette* that the Home Government had advised Her Majesty to relieve his opponent from the administration of the government of Upper Canada; in short,

"The man recovered from the bite,
The *dog* it was that died!"

The above epitaph so graphically describes my decease, that I have not a word to add to it.

Of my poor surviving flag-staff, however, I may be permitted to state, that it was deemed advisable to take the thing down, and, accordingly, with the help of half-a-dozen carpenters, down it came, never to rise again.

Out of millions of acres of flag-staffs that were growing around it, not one was deemed worthy to exist on its site or in its immediate neighbourhood!

What the radicals said, and what the loyal militia thought, when, instead of their revered "*British Flag*," they once again beheld nothing on the roof

of Government House but the stacks of reeking chimneys I have described, it is now too late to inquire.

There is one feeling, however, in which all parties in Canada have agreed, namely, of utter astonishment that the great Conservative Party in the mother country has never once opened its lips in Parliament to demand a single word of explanation respecting the strange facts connected with Mr. Bidwell's proposed elevation to the Bench, as detailed in despatches laid by command of the Queen before both Houses of the Imperial Parliament !

CHAPTER X.

THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

As soon as intelligence reached me that the American General, Van Ransalaer, and his forces, had taken forcible possession of Navy Island, I directed Sir Allan MacNab to march the Canada militia under his command to the Niagara frontier; and his reports of the reinforcements which were hourly arriving at Van Ransalaer's camp becoming at last alarming, by the advice of my council I proceeded to the Niagara frontier, to a point within a mile of Navy Island.

Of the Falls of Niagara so many detailed descriptions have been printed that I shall only attempt of them a rough outline.

It is well known that the magnificent reservoirs of fresh water which characterise the continent of North America are composed of a series of five lakes, or rather of inland seas, of different altitudes (their circumferences exceed four thousand miles) communicating with each other by two short friths or narrow channels, the lowest of which, the Niagara river, by an inclination of three hundred and thirty feet, conducts the waters of Lakes Superior,

Michigan, Huron, and Erie, into Lake Ontario, whence they flow through the St. Lawrence to Quebec, and at last to the Atlantic, lying six hundred and twenty-seven feet below Lake Superior, and about two thousand miles from it.

* * * *

I had ridden from the neighbourhood of Lake Erie to this river, where I found a four-oared boat ready to receive me, and accordingly stepping on board, propelled by the current and by my crew, I proceeded down the clear blue stream at a very rapid rate.

Although it was in the depth of winter, the scenery around me was calmly beautiful.

On the right, or American shore, were to be seen towns, villages, and habitations embedded in snow, and intermixed in about equal parts with the remains of the forest. On the left, or British side, there existed, here and there, a village, a fort, several thriving farms, and a narrow belt of cleared land, also milk white, occasionally dotted with stumps, and bounded by the dark-stemmed, white-topped wilderness.

The difference between these two fraternal shores was only that of age. The right bank was the emblem of youth, the left of infancy. Both had been partially cleared by the same parent—by the same race; but the right shore was the elder brother, and had attained strength and age before the other was born, or, to drop metaphor, the American, or eastern shore, had been sufficiently cultivated, peopled, and

enriched by England to enable it to cast off its dependence at a period when the left shore was still remaining a portion of that vast wilderness well known in North America by the appellation of "the far West."

As through a brilliant but intensely cold air we glided rapidly between these two shores, the perpendicular banks of which (from four to eight feet high) were so near to us that we could easily have hailed people on either side, we passed Grand Island, which belongs to the Americans; and then hurrying by a lovely wooded spot belonging to the British, called Navy Island, we suddenly, on rounding a point of land, saw from the very middle of the river before us, a mysterious-looking white mist, rising towards the dark blue sky which serenely reined above it.

My heart felt sick the instant I beheld this mist; and I am quite sure that if I had not known what it was, and had not listened to a strange voice of admonition which for some time I had observed to be rumbling through the air, I should have obeyed the instinctive feeling which, though I cannot describe it, earnestly warned me to "*get ashore!*" Indeed Nature has beneficently implanted this feeling in the hearts even of beasts, a curious instance of which occurred a few years ago.

Some people in the neighbourhood, who in their composition had rather more curiosity than mercy, subscribed a sum of money for the purpose of sending a vessel full of living animals over their watery

precipice into a watery grave. As soon, however, as this unpiloted vessel reached the vicinity at which I had arrived, the sagacious bear, on seeing the mist, felt exactly what I felt, namely, that there was danger ahead, and accordingly he jumped overboard; and diagonally hurried down by the current, with great difficulty he reached the little island flourishing on the brink of the grave before him. The other animals made similar attempts, but in vain; and thus, on the vessel reaching the cataract, the only living beings that remained on board, and who, therefore, must have been devoid of the instinctive feelings which had ejected the rest, were those who, having been gifted with wings, had no need of it, namely, geese; but their brother biped, man, had cut their pinions; and as they had no intuitive disposition to escape, and could not fly away, they met the doom which had so unkindly been prepared for them. Several were killed; and although a few, by fluttering, preserved their lives, they were almost immediately killed for the sake of their feathers, which were sold to the human species as curiosities.

“*Put me ashore, if you please,*” I said to my pilot, as soon as I saw this mist; but the faithful fellow knew that, without any danger, he could carry me a little farther, and so, much against my will, I proceeded to a spot somewhat lower down, where, with very considerable alacrity, I landed on the shore, which was about six feet above the water; and the boat then veering round with her stern

towards the mist, was soon drawn high and dry on the beach.

* * * *

It was in the depth of winter, near midnight, and pitch dark, when, following the footsteps of a trusty guide, I traversed the dry, crisp, deep snow, until I came to a few rugged steps which I could only very slowly descend. "*A little this way!*" muttered my guide, as for some seconds I was lingering on a spot from which my other foot, after fumbling in vain, could feel no landing-place at all. At last, after blundering for a short distance among trees, and over snow-covered obstacles of various shapes, I arrived on a flat surface, which I immediately felt to be glare ice, and along which, my conductor leading me by his hard hand very slowly, we cautiously proceeded, until in a low voice he announced to me that I had reached the point to which I had directed him to conduct me—the table rock of Niagara.

I could see nothing, and for that very reason I had come; for in the various visits which at different seasons of the year I had made to this spot, I had felt so confused with what I saw and heard—my attention had been so distracted sometimes by one organ, and sometimes by another—sometimes by "*Oh look!*" and sometimes by "*Oh listen!*"—that I had resolved I would try and meet my enemies one at a time; and even this I found to be almost more than my senses could endure.

But although I could see nothing, yet I felt and heard a great deal.

My first sensation was, that the "dreadful sound of waters in mine ears" was a substantial danger; that I was an actor in, and actually in the midst of what, as a passing stranger, I had come merely to contemplate. The cold thick vapour that arose from the cauldron immediately beneath me partaking of eddies in the atmosphere, created also by what was passing below, ascending and descending, rushed sometimes downwards upon me from behind as if it had determined to drive me into the abyss; then it quietly enveloped me, as if its object were to freeze me to death; then suddenly it would puff full in my face, and then whirl round me as if to invite me to join in its eccentric dance.

But while my eyebrows, eyelashes and hair were heavily laden with this condensed vapour, that had rested upon them like flour on the head of a miller, from the same cause my attention was constantly arrested by loud crashes of falling ice from the boughs of the trees behind me, which thus occasionally ridded themselves of the enormous masses which, from the congelation of this vapour, were constantly settling upon them.

Yet, although the sensations and noises I have described were quite sufficient to engross my attention; it was of course mainly attracted by the confused roar and boiling of the great cataract, whose everlasting outline, though veiled by darkness, was immediately before me.

For a considerable time I listened with the feelings of confusion I had so often before experienced;

but as I became gradually accustomed to the cold whirling vapour that surrounded me, as well as to the sudden crashing noises behind me, I felt myself by degrees enabled—at first imperfectly, and then distinctly—to analyze and separate from each other the various notes of the two different instruments of which the roar of Niagara is composed—namely, the deep thundering tone of the fall of more than a hundred millions of tons of water per hour over a precipice of 150 feet; and the raging, hissing, lashing, and boiling of all this broken water in the confined cauldron beneath.

The more I studied this language the more clearly I understood it, until, in the ever-changing but unceasing thunder of its eloquence I could always trace, in different proportions, and often apparently in different places, the presence of these two voices in concert.

Sometimes the stunning, deafening noise proceeding from three thousand six hundred millions* of cubic feet per hour of an element of the same specific gravity as oak, suddenly falling from 150 feet, would apparently so completely overpower every other, that I felt I could point in the dark precisely to the bottom of the cataract; at other times nothing beneath was heard but the raging of broken water, while the thunder that created it was resounding high over head, and sometimes apparently far away, as if a heavy battering-train of artillery were trotting through the forest over a paved road.

* A ton of water contains thirty-six cubic feet.

* * * * *

It was in the depth of the same winter that I again descended the same rugged steps, traversed the same ice, and once again stood, as nearly as possible, on the very same spot of the same table-rock.

It was bright daylight. Behind me every tree, every rock, as well as the solitary cottage that enlivens them, were covered with a glittering coating of congealed ice, which was also reposing in heavy masses upon the depressed branches of the adjoining forest. The unusual brilliancy of this white scenery was deserving of great attention; but I neither dared, nor had I inclination, to look at it, because close to, and immediately before me, there stood, partially enveloped in the halo of its own glory, that great cataract, termed by the Indians — “O-NI-AW-GA-RAH!” — “*the thunder of water.*”

As soon as by the utterance of a deep sigh I had recovered from a vain attempt to repress the various emotions that overwhelmed me, on suddenly finding myself within a few feet of so many millions of tons of falling water—which have not unjustly been compared to an ocean thrown over a precipice—the first detail that attracted my eyes was the astonishing slowness with which the enormous mass was apparently descending into the milk-white “hubble-bubble-toil-and-trouble” scene of confusion which was raging far beneath.

About four-fifths of the water forming the cataract before me was of a lovely clear deep green hue; and as I earnestly gazed at it, it was beautiful to observe

in this semi-transparent fluid the opaque masses of ice which, first appearing on the crest, were easily traced descending leisurely in the fluid, in which, like the white patches in green marble, they were embedded.

The remaining fifth part of the magnificent curtain before me was composed of muddy water from Chippewa Creek, which, running into the Niagara River about a mile above, flows, without being permitted to mix with the pure stream, and thus falling with it over the precipice it forms a broad red border to the variegated mass I have described.

About a mile above the cataract the advancing volume of deep water which, imprisoned within the *bordages* of the Niagara River, is cheerfully emigrating from its native fresh inland seas to the distant salt ocean, receives its first check from some hidden rocks over which it falls about seventy feet in a series of splendid white breakers. The confusion is of course appalling; but as delirium often leaves the human patient just before his death, so does this water previous to its grand fall completely recover its tranquil character, and thus for the last hundred yards it approaches its fate with that dignity, serenity, and resignation which attend it to the very edge of the cataract, and which, as I have already stated, faithfully accompany it in its descent.

The sight, even for a moment, of this enormous mass of moving water is truly magnificent; but when one reflects that the millions of tons of water per minute which are calmly passing down the

glassy cataract, for thousands of years have been falling, and, for aught we know, for thousands of years may continue to flow, by day and by night, over its crest:—the mind is illuminated rather than dazzled by the bright glimmering before it of that Almighty Power which, by evaporation, wind, and condensation, is eternally collecting from remote regions of the globe this everlasting supply of water, to be transported to, and deposited in, those immense inland reservoirs, Lakes Superior, Michigan, Huron, and Erie.

The scene, altogether, is one of the most impressive sermons that can be preached; and it is, I think, impossible for any one to stand on the edge of the table-rock of Niagara, sometimes completely enveloped in the dense cloud of white vapour, that in rolling volumes, pierced with prismatic colours, is rising from the foaming surges below; sometimes enraptured with the splendid pictures before, beneath, and around him; and sometimes deafened almost to distraction by the thundering, raging, and hissing noises which from all directions assail his ears, without feeling most deeply his abject dependence upon that Sacred Name which naturally rushes into the mind, and which by any one who suddenly beholds the cataract of “O-ni-aw-ga-rah!” surely cannot be exclaimed—“IN VAIN!”

But however magnificent may be the Falls and scenery of Niagara, the moral picture before me was, to my mind, infinitely more attractive.

Upon the British shore of the river, just above the

great cataract, and consequently between it and Navy Island, there had been erected, from the neighbouring forest, one of its tallest pines, upon the summit of which was floating, in the pure freezing breeze, the British flag.

Beneath, around, and for a considerable distance within view of it, were to be seen, in various costumes, either on duty, or at recreation, in companies, detachments, or groups, 2500 Canadian farmers, yeomen, and other volunteers, who, bringing with them nothing but the clothes in which they stood, had left their families, and in defence of British Institutions, had, of their own accord, rallied round him whom they considered as their natural leader—the Speaker of their own House of Assembly. Their spirits were buoyant as the air they breathed; their hearts bold as the scenery that surrounded them; their cause pure as the deep-blue canopy over their heads, or as the unsullied snow under their feet.

Occasionally an armed guard, their bayonets glittering in the sunshine, were observed marching along the shore to relieve the sentries; and while their appearance was drawing upon them the fire of the American artillery from Navy Island, a number of young militiamen were to be seen in the background of the picture running after the round shot that were bounding along the ground, with the same joy and eagerness that, as schoolboys, they had run after their foot-ball. Sometimes a laugh, like a roll of musketry, would re-echo through the dark forest, and sometimes there would resound a cheer that for

a moment seemed to silence the unceasing roar of the Falls; indeed I had never before witnessed so much enthusiasm.

On the following day the whole of the militia were reviewed, and the ceremony was not over when I was informed that a large body of Indians had just arrived from the interior recesses of the Province; that they had taken up a position on the right of our line; and that the chiefs wished to speak to me. As soon as I was enabled I rode to the ground they were occupying, where I found a long line of armed Indians, painted for war, who, without evincing any military stiffness, but, on the contrary, standing perfectly "at ease," remained motionless as statues as I passed them. On the right were assembled their chiefs; and, on reaching them, I soon found that their object in desiring to speak to me was to drive a bargain with me, the terms of which shall speak for themselves.

As soon as the customary salutations were over, the senior chief, with that astonishing stillness of manner and native dignity of demeanour which characterize all Indian orators, briefly told me that he and his brother chiefs had heard that the big knives (the Americans) had invaded the land of their great mother; that, for reasons which they very clearly explained, they did not like the big knives; that they did not desire to leave their great mother, and that they had therefore come to fight the big knives. Before, however, they raised the hatchet of war, they wished to be informed whether the wives of their

chiefs and young men who should fall would receive the same consideration that in the late war had been granted to the widows of their white brethren?

This plain question ought not to have been very difficult to answer. I knew, however, that in a certain tenement in Downing Street there existed an unwholesome opinion (which, in beautiful language, was very shortly afterwards expressed) that it would be barbarous to allow the Indians to assist in repelling the invasion of Upper Canada by American citizens. I had no doubt of the fatal imbecility of such a policy; on the contrary it was to my mind as clear as the sun that was shining upon the strange scene before me, that, although philanthropic objections might be raised to the Indians accompanying a British force in *invading* the territory of the Americans, there could be nothing more just than to allow them, in defending their own territory, to assist in repelling invasion; for, against any complaints that might be raised, with what dignity might we reply,—“Our Indians never scalp us—never scalp each other—and they have only scalped you, because, in defiance of the laws of nations, you invaded their territory to rob them of their lands. If you think their habits of war barbarous, learn in future to leave them in the placid enjoyment of peace.”

But although I was quite determined that, until I should receive orders to the contrary, I would employ these Indians, yet I was particularly anxious not to deceive them; and I therefore told the chiefs and

warriors before me, that in reply to their question I could only say the Provincial Legislature would make no distinction between them and the militia of the Province. As soon as this doubtful answer was translated, the chiefs, turning towards each other, gravely held a short conference, at the conclusion of which their red honest countenances became suddenly illuminated—the feathers on their heads gently waved in token of the feelings that were arising in their breasts; and this slight signal being observed by their young men, who had been eagerly watching them, the war-whoop burst from, and ran along, the line like a *feu-de-joie*. The note which each Indian emitted resembled the sharp, shrill yelp of a wolf; and when the whole of them joined in full cry, which must clearly enough have been heard in Navy Island, the sympathisers, I have no doubt, experienced no very pleasing sensations in their scalps.

But although our force thus hourly increased, it proportionably added to a difficulty which for some days I had been suffering under, and which, without exception, was the greatest I had to contend with during my residence in Upper Canada, namely, that of restraining the power which, under a moral influence, had rallied round the British flag.

For nearly a fortnight the militia, in obedience to my repeated orders, without returning a shot, had submitted in patience to the fire of two two pieces of artillery, the property of the Government of the United States, and which had offensively been planted by American citizens on Navy Island, the

territory of their sovereign. Great as was this injustice, it was the *insult* that appeared to them insupportable; and as plenty of boats were lying idle on our shore, and as everything was in readiness to enable our overwhelming force to land, and with the point of the bayonet to clear the Island, I was urged by various arguments to allow them to do so; and at this critical moment my difficulty was not a little increased by the sudden arrival of several waggons full of the black population in Canada, a most powerful athletic set of men, who, of their own accord, and at their own expense, had come over to the frontier briefly to beg, in the name of their race, that I would accord to them the honour of forming the forlorn hope in the anticipated attack on Navy Island. They asked for no more; and as they stood around me eagerly leaning forward for my answer, it was evident from the expression of their yellow eyes, red gums, and of many of their clenched ivory-white teeth, that all they wanted was permission to avenge themselves on the invaders of British soil, where many of them, scarred and mutilated, had sought refuge from the slave States of "the land of liberty" on the opposite shore.

But although it was clearly evident that I ought not to be influenced by vindictive feelings of such a nature, yet I had arguments calmly submitted to me which it was very difficult to refute. First of all, my own judgment told me that I was liable to reprehension, and even to punishment, for the loss of any portion of the Queen's territory which had

been committed to my care. By many, whose counsel it was my duty to respect, I was admonished that it was not politic to allow the militia of the Province to be subjected to insult and disgrace. Many of my steadiest adherents seriously disapproved of the course I was pursuing ; and even Captain Drew, R.N., now in this country, who, on the outbreak, had, with a musket on his shoulder, joined the ranks of the militia, and who was ready enough, when called upon, to do what was right, declared to Sir Allan MacNab that if the system I was pursuing was much longer continued, he should feel it due to himself and to his profession to retire from the scene.

I need hardly say with how much pain I listened to observations of this nature, and how anxious I really was to recover the territory I had lost. On the other hand, the more I reflected on the subject the more I felt convinced of the propriety as well as prudence of the policy I was pursuing.

It is true the Americans were doing all in their power to provoke a war between Great Britain and the United States, but for that very reason I felt it my duty, by forbearance, to make every possible exertion to avert such a calamity ; and although the hourly increasing force at Navy Island was threatening us with imminent danger, yet so long as we could possibly refrain from dislodging it by force, it was evident to me that I was working out a moral triumph of inestimable value to mankind.

Ever since my arrival in Canada I had been occu-

pied in a chemical analysis of the comparative advantages between monarchical and republican institutions, in the result of which the civilized world was not only deeply interested, but was already more or less involved. Many great and good men in all countries were, I knew, looking to the Continent of America for the solution of THE problem upon which the continuance of the governments of Europe and the destiny of millions, born as well as unborn, must eventually depend ; and now what was the evidence that the two opposite shores of the Niagara river offered to these political inquirers? Why, on the one side the citizens of the republic, destitute of respect either for their own laws or for the laws of nations, had invaded and were preparing to massacre and plunder a neighbouring people with whom they were at peace, and who had offered them not the slightest cause for offence ; and secondly a Government, if such it can be called, was openly declaring that it had not power to protect its own arsenals from plunder, and that it was utterly incompetent to restrain its people. On the other side of the river were to be seen assembled men of various races and colours, Scotch, Irish, English, native Canadians, the red children of the forest, and lastly, the black population of the province. Ever since the retirement of the Queen's troops, the whole of these men had virtually been invested with absolute independence, either to continue under their monarchy or to become republicans. They had not only been invited to revolt, but had been told that,

if they would but remain passive, others would revolt for them. The promise was fulfilled; yet, instead of hailing their "liberators," they had attacked them, had defeated them, and had driven them from the face of the land they wished to liberate; and now, although they had rushed to the frontier of their country to repel foreigners, whose avowed object was to force them, against their wills, to become republicans—although they had power to overwhelm them, and were burning to do so—in calm obedience to their laws and to the administration of their Government, they submitted with patience to insults they were competent to punish, and to aggressions they had power to revenge. And did this obedience exist only on the Niagara frontier? and was it merely created by the presence of the administrator of their Government? No! It pervaded the whole province: it was indigenous to British soil. The supremacy of the law was the will of the Canadian people: it was what they were fighting for; it was what they themselves were upholding, not because it was a gaudy transatlantic European theory, but because it was a practical substantial blessing—because it formed the title-deeds of their lands, the guardian of their liberty, the protector of their lives—because it was the suppressor of vice and immorality, and because it implanted, fostered, and encouraged in the minds of their wives and of their little children, gratitude and submission to the Great Author of their exist-

ence. It was under the influence of this feeling, of this general submission to laws human and divine, that a small detachment of the militia had just been enabled to conduct, from the western frontier of the Province to Toronto, the American "Major-General T. S. Sutherland, commanding second division Patriot Army."

This vagabond, for he deserves no other appellation, had had the cruelty, as well as the audacity, to direct a heavy fire of cannon upon the inhabitants (women and children) of Sandwich, from an American vessel, which he had conducted into the harbour of that town, under the pretence of liberating (*Anglicè*, massacring) the British people. The Canada militia flew to arms. With feelings of indignation which need not be described, they rushed at their assailants; many, regardless of extreme cold, jumped into the water, and then, in clothes frozen like armour, assisted their comrades in carrying the vessel; but, having attained this object, their sense of obedience to their laws admonished them, instead of massacring their prisoner, "to bring him to justice."

That sacred monarchical feeling saved the life of this republican miscreant; it protected him as he passed in irons through the town of Sandwich; it protected him during his march for 190 miles through dense districts of the forest, in which a single rifle bullet from an impervious ambush could have despatched him; and on his arrival at Toronto

it protected him, as he passed through a large assemblage of people to appear before me at Government House.

Now, when, on the British bank of the Niagara, I gazed at, and reflected on, the two pictures before me, it was evident to me that, even divesting the one of the chivalrous and enthusiastic feelings which characterized it, and the other of the base passions which disgraced it, the problem was clearly demonstrated that, under equal excitement, life and property were insecure in the republican country, while under monarchical institutions both were protected. The contrast was so clear, the facts so strong, the evidence so convincing, and the conclusion so inevitable, that I felt convinced that, the longer I could keep open the exhibition of these two pictures, the longer should I afford to the inhabitants of our North American Colonies, as well as to our politicians at home, of all descriptions, an opportunity of forming their own opinions, and of arriving at their own conclusions, on the important question in dispute; in short, that with the case before them, they would act as jurymen and as judges in a cause in which the whole family of mankind were interested.

But besides this, I felt that inasmuch as "honesty is always the best policy," so forbearance (as long as it could be maintained) was the best means I could use to repel the invasion of the American people. I knew that hard shot tend to irritate, rather than convince republicans. On the other hand, the whole civilized world knows, that how-

ever thick may be the hide of their consciences, the skin that covers their vanity is ridiculously thin, and I therefore felt, that so soon as they should clearly see that the finger of scorn was pointed at their institutions, so soon as the disgraceful fact of there being nothing but mob-government in the State of New York became demonstrated, the American Congress would feel that, unless they very quickly recovered their artillery from the disreputable service in which it was engaged, American Ministers at every court in Europe would be required at all public dinners to sit below the salt, at all state ceremonies to act as the menials of the other ministers, to remain like impostors at hard labour, and to continue under political quarantine until clean bills of health should be granted to them from the Corps Diplomatique of the civilized world, certifying to their creditors as well as to their allies that the Government of the dis-United Republican States of North America had become something more substantial than the roar of a tyrannical mob; in short, I was fully convinced that the citizens of the State of New York must inevitably, ere long, become arrantly ashamed of themselves, and that, smarting under the ridicule and contempt of every respectable foreigner sojourning in their "land of liberty," they would, in due time, see the necessity of retiring from Her Majesty's territory, and of restoring to their emasculated Government that artillery which had so long been the vile emblem, as well as the criminal advocate of lawless democracy.

For the above reasons, although I had made all necessary preparations for carrying Navy Island by assault, I determined that, in spite of the arguments that were assailing me, I would, so long as it was possible, calmly remain on the defensive.

A new feature, however, now presented itself. Although the American pirates on Navy Island had been fearfully increasing, it had been evident, that whatever might become their numbers, they would have a heavy day's work to perform, whenever they should endeavour, in their small boats—which were all the craft they possessed—to invade the main land of Upper Canada; and upon this physical difficulty we had principally relied. Our invaders, however, were equally aware of the difficulty they would have to encounter, and they accordingly determined to take effectual means for overcoming it.

In broad daylight, in the presence of the United States Marshal, who had been sent from Washington to the frontier, in the presence of other high authorities of the Federal Government, of the State Government, and of a militia regiment quartered in the immediate vicinity, a thousand men were set to work to cut the Caroline steamer from the ice in which she had been firmly imbedded. Seventeen American citizens openly and publicly signed a bond to indemnify her proprietors in case of her loss. The Collector of Customs, acting under the influence of the existing Government, *i. e.* the mob, unblushingly gave her a licence, under the authority of which, and amidst acclamations of triumph, she

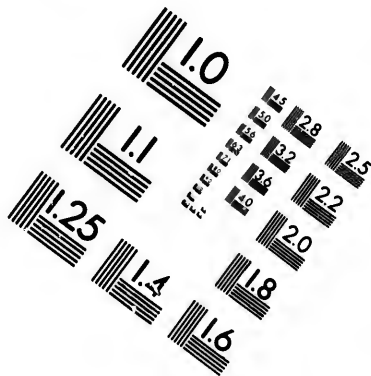
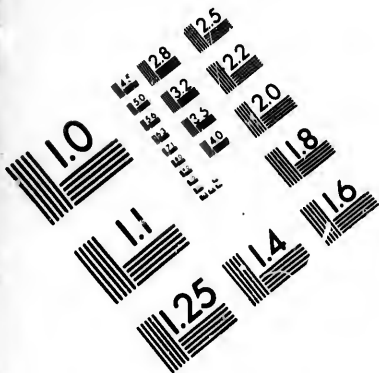
sailed for Navy Island, where she immediately acted as passage-boat, conveying men and artillery from the American shore to the aforesaid territory of the Queen of Great Britain.

The means for invading Upper Canada were now successfully effected. A lodgment had been made; our enemy was converging to their camp, on Navy Island, from all directions; and we now saw the irresistible power of steam flash into action for the evident object of accelerating the invasion of Her Majesty's dominions! Our danger was imminent: the population of Upper Canada did not amount to half a million, while that of the United States exceeded sixteen millions; and I was quite sensible that if our invaders could but overpower us on the frontier, the Province would immediately be overwhelmed with riflemen, who, after robbing and murdering the loyal, would take possession of the fastnesses of their country, and then fortify them with the artillery of the United States before the ice should break up and allow any succour from England; and surely I need hardly say that if this calamity had befallen one of the most valuable of Her Majesty's North American provinces, I should most justly have been arraigned for the high crime and misdemeanour of having, contrary to the royal instructions, contrary to the usages of war, and contrary to the advice of every respectable authority, shamefully neglected to recover the Queen's territory and to protect the lives and properties of Her Majesty's subjects which had been committed to my care.

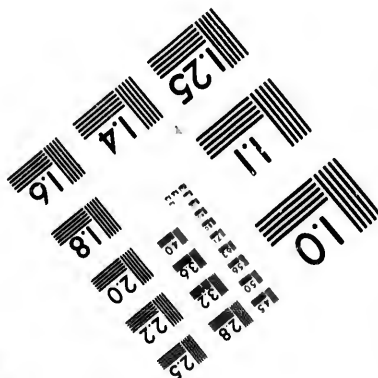
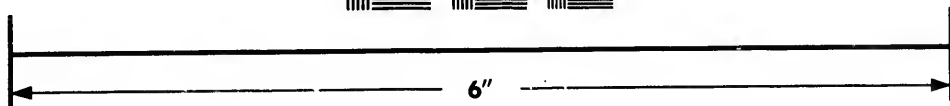
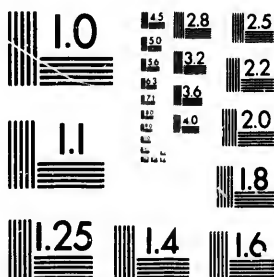
I most confidently submit to the judgment of even the most strenuous advocates of peace, that I had carried forbearance to its *utmost* limits, and that promptly to deprive the citizens of the State of New York of an engine by which they were about to invade us, was, in fact, under Providence, the only reasonable hope left of preventing—as it *did* prevent—war between the United States and Great Britain.

Under these circumstances the 'Caroline' was captured; and that there should be no misunderstanding on the subject, on the following day, in public orders, I unequivocally approved of the act. The details of this gallant feat need not be repeated. Every Canadian, and, I trust, every British traveller, will ever think of them with pride as he gazes on the Falls of Niagara. I will only once more record that this act of calm justice and cool vengeance produced febrifugal results highly beneficial. It struck terror into those who, with bands and banners, were marching from all directions to force upon the Canadian people "responsible government;" and thus inducing them to halt, the United States Government were not only obliged, but were enabled to exert themselves. They recovered their artillery, General Van Ranslaer with his force fled, the assault of his camp became unnecessary, and from that hour to this the Niagara frontier of Upper Canada has never been invaded.

The House of Assembly of Nova Scotia, on hearing of this contest, voted unanimously a hun-



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derd thousand pounds to assist, if necessary, the people of Upper Canada; moreover, in doing so, the House actually rose and "gave three cheers for the loyal people of Upper Canada, and three cheers for Her most gracious Majesty Queen Victoria."

From the Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick I received the following communication:—

"SIR, Government House, Frederickton,
Jan. 28, 1839.

"In compliance with the desire of the General Assembly of this Province, I have great pleasure in transmitting to your Excellency the sum of one thousand pounds voted by the House of Assembly, and warmly concurred in by the Legislative Council, for the purpose of being applied, under your Excellency's directions, to the relief of the immediate necessities of such of their loyal fellow-subjects in the Canadas and their families, as have been sufferers from the recent inroads by brigands from the United States.

"I cannot refrain from acquainting your Excellency that this, the first vote 'in supply' of the present Session by the representatives of the people of this loyal Province, was passed by them not only without a single dissentient voice, but literally by acclamation, the whole House rising (as would have done the whole people) and cheering upon the occasion.

"I have the honour to be, &c.,
(Signed) "J. HARVEY."

At this moment of triumph, effected, not by me, but by the intrinsic merit of British institutions I had sworn to uphold, it is a matter of history that I was relieved from the post I was occupying for

CHAPTER XI.

THE APOLOGY.

IN the amicable adjustment of every question of dispute between individuals of high honour, or between nations of high character, there are certain words to which most especial importance has invariably been attached, and first and foremost in this vocabulary stands the word "APOLOGY."

In every case in which an individual has received unjustifiable insult, or in which a nation has reasonably complained of aggression, reparation has usually been demanded either by the payment of money, or by the offending party consenting to use towards the other the word "apology." A man of honour does not want *more*, cannot take *less*; and this has always been so clearly understood, that in the amicable settlement of cases of this nature it has been customary for the advocate of the offended party to say to the advocate of the offending party, "Use but the word '*apology*,' and you may accompany it with almost whatever other words you may think proper, but that detergent word *must* be '*pronounced*.'"

Now, as regards the case of the 'Caroline,' the facts are shortly as follows:—

So long as the citizens of the United States were firing their State artillery upon the unoffending sub-

jects of the Queen of Great Britain the Federal Government at Washington saw no great reason for complaining of the policy of forbearance I had been pursuing; but the instant that the British force, after a fortnight's endurance, presumed, in self-defence, to strike a solitary blow in return, the President of the United States (*vide* his message to Congress, and other papers printed and laid before Parliament) declared the act "an outrage," and demanded for it from the Queen of Great Britain "atonement and reparation."

Now, as this demand involves considerations of the highest importance, I deem it necessary to state the following facts previous to offering a few observations on the subject.

1st. Within a few days of the capture of the 'Caroline,' the Governor of New York directed a Commissary-General of no very great capacity to recover, if he could, the State artillery from Navy Island.

The following extraordinary and very honest letter, addressed by this gentleman to Sir Allan MacNab, and which has been printed and published in Upper Canada, is the official evidence of an American officer, showing very clearly the practical working of republican institutions:—

*To Colonel MacNab, commanding the British Forces on the
Niagara Frontier.*

"SIR,

"Enclosed I send you a copy of a letter from Van Ranslaer, that you may the better appreciate the embarrassing situation in which I am placed.

“ From the first moment after my arrival on this frontier, down to the present time, I have sedulously endeavoured to accomplish the purposes of my mission by every pacific and moderate measure which my own or the ingenuity and wisdom of my advisers could suggest, *and all without the slightest success.*

“ For your kind and generous forbearance and courtesy during the pendency of our negotiations I tender you my grateful acknowledgments.

“ *I can ask for nothing more at your hands ; and if the poor deluded beings who have encamped on Navy Island are slain, their blood be upon their own head—not mine.*

“ I have, &c.,

(Signed) “ HENRY ARCULARIUS,
“ Commissary-General.”

2nd. Besides the occupation of Her Majesty's territory of Navy Island by “ General Van Ranslaer,” and the firing upon the inhabitants of Sandwich by the American “ Major-General T. S. Sutherland, commanding second division of the Patriot Army,” an American force, armed with new United States muskets, had landed on another part of Canada (Point Pelée), and after killing and wounding thirty of Her Majesty's soldiers, under the command of Colonel the Honourable S. Maitland, had returned to the territory of the United States.

3rd. About the same time another part of Upper Canada (Bois Blanc Island) was invaded by five hundred armed American citizens, who, besides firing upon or imprisoning all Her Majesty's subjects whom they could find, carried off to the United

States horses, hogs, sheep, cattle, and poultry, valued at upwards of 1000*l.* sterling.

4th. About the same time a party of Americans captured and burned a large British steamer named '*the Sir Robert Peel*.'

Considering, at the period of the destruction of the '*Caroline*,' how completely the American people on the northern frontier of the United States had cast aside all respect for their own Government—for the British Government—for the Laws of Nations—and for the solemn treaty which existed between Great Britain and the United States, it may seem out of character with such violence, and with the repeated insults to Her Majesty which have just been detailed, coolly to argue on the legality or illegality of my having at last been driven, as an act of self-defence, to destroy an offensive engine which, had it continued to operate, would most certainly have overpowered me.

As, however, the demand of the President of the United States for "reparation and atonement" involves principles of vast importance, it is necessary that the subject of his claim should be fairly and dispassionately considered.

Nothing in international law can be more clear than that the American Government has no right, in time of peace with Great Britain, to fire, or to allow their citizens to fire, the United States artillery upon any portion of the British empire. If the United States Government had organized and equipped an army within its own territory for the avowed purpose

of invading Upper Canada, we should not have borne with it. If this army had invaded us, we should have resented it as an act of war. If the 'Caroline' steamboat had been employed by the Government of the United States as a troop-ship or transport for the purpose of supplying this army which had invaded us, we should have been justified in destroying her.

Why, then, if these acts could not be done with impunity by the *Government* of the United States, should we suffer them from a portion of its people acting within its jurisdiction?

The answer is, the United States Government could not restrain its people.

To this it must in general terms be replied, that a Government which wants either the will or the power to perform its functions cannot be considered or treated as a Government in places where that will or power does not exist.

If a government be superseded by popular violence *it* cannot complain of a usurpation of its rights, for the plain reason that, at the time of the alleged usurpation, it was not in possession of the exercise of those rights of which it alleges the usurpation.

Again, it is argued (*vide* papers laid before Parliament) that the United States are *neutral*, and that one belligerent power has no right to pursue another belligerent power into the territory of a third which is neutral.

To this argument there are two conclusive objections :—

1st. That there are not in the case of the 'Caroline' two belligerent powers, and therefore there cannot be a neutral—there cannot be a middle, without at least two extremities.

2nd. It is not the exercise of neutrality to permit the organization and equipment of forces hostile to a belligerent power, within the territory, and with the means of the neutral.

The very fact of the 'Caroline' being claimed as American property, and the persons killed in defending her as American citizens, shows clearly the absurdity of setting up the 'Caroline,' her crew, and the Navy Island army as one belligerent power, Great Britain the other, and the United States the third. But even if the Navy Islanders and their steamboat were admitted to be a power, it can only be considered as one with which the United States were *at war*, inasmuch as this third power had invaded their own territory, robbed their public arsenals, held their laws and authorities at defiance, put their arms on board the 'Caroline,' and transported them beyond the frontier, the owners of the 'Caroline' consenting to be in the service of this power, and committing acts of hostility against the United States; so that if the United States had reparation to demand, it should be *from* this power, instead of which they demanded reparation *for* them from us their friends!

But in 1818 this doctrine was most clearly expounded by Mr. Adams, then Secretary of State, in a letter, which, by order of the President, he ad-

dressed to the Minister of Spain, respecting the seizure by General Jackson of the Spanish forts, under circumstances singularly identical with the seizure of the 'Caroline' by Sir Allan MacNab.

"The necessity of crossing the Spanish line," says Mr. Adams, "was indisputable, for it was beyond the line that the Indians made their murderous incursions within that of the United States.

"By all the laws of neutrality and of war, as well as of prudence and of humanity, he (General Jackson) was warranted in anticipating his enemy by the amicable—and, that being refused, by the forcible—occupation of the Spanish forts. There will need no citation from printed treaties or international law to prove the correctness of this principle. It is engraven in adamant on the common sense of mankind. No writer upon the law of nations ever pretended to contradict it; none of any reputation or authority ever omitted to assert it.

"The obligation of Spain to restrain by force the Indians of Florida from hostilities against the United States and their citizens is explicit—is unqualified. The fact that they have received shelter, assistance, supplies, and protection in the practice of such hostilities from the Spanish commander in Florida, is clear and unequivocal. If, as these commanders have alleged, this has been the result of their *weakness* rather than of their *will*, it may serve in some measure to exculpate individually those officers, but it must carry demonstration irresistibly to the Spanish Government, that the rights of the United States can as little compound with impotence as with perfidy.

"The United States has a right to demand, as the President does demand of Spain, the punishment of those officers for their misconduct; and he demands of Spain a

just and reasonable indemnity to the United States for the heavy and necessary expenses which they have been compelled to incur by the failure of Spain to fulfil her engagements to restrain the Indians."

And yet, in the teeth of this plain doctrine, expounded by one President in 1818, another President in 1840 demanded from the Queen of England "atonement and reparation" for having, under circumstances explained by the American Commissary-General Arcularius, defended her territory from invasion, exactly in the manner in which General Jackson had defended himself against invasion from the territory of Spain!

Now, if the thirty separate Governments forming "the United States" think proper to borrow from the nations of Europe millions of money under one principle, and then, under another principle, or rather in defiance of all principle, to repudiate their respective debts; if they thus deem it advisable to demonstrate to the civilized world how much easier it is for the citizens of the republic to promise than to perform, to preach honesty than to practise it; the evil is comparatively of small importance; and, at all events, by the remedy which the Reverend Sydney Smith so moderately administered, the recurrence of the offence has been effectually prevented:—but surely the President of the United States should not be allowed to vary the laws of nations at his will; and while he is demanding from Spain reparation for a particular description of outrage, which he clearly explains, to commit himself

this very same outrage on the Queen of England; and then to require from Her Majesty herself reparation and atonement for the insult she has received from him!

The violation of the American boundary by Sir Allan MacNab in capturing the 'Caroline' is identical with the trespass which a man would undoubtedly commit were he to go into his neighbour's garden to remove from it the foot of a ladder which the said neighbour from the said garden had reared against his (the trespasser's) house, and from which he (the said neighbour) was wantonly firing upon his (the trespasser's) inoffensive family.

That Sir Allan MacNab violated the American boundary is undeniable; but it is equally true that this act of aggression consisted solely of a five minutes' violation, in the middle of the night, of American *water*. Now, giving to this act of aggression the utmost weight which the most subtle advocate could impart to it, surely before the Queen of England was advised to use the word "*apology*" with reference to this act, we should have considered that there were two sides to this grievance-account, and that on the British side of the ledger there stood recorded—

1st. A fortnight's violation and occupation by the Americans of Her Majesty's territory, Navy Island.

2nd. The firing by American citizens upon Her Majesty's subjects from the said island for fourteen days from twenty-two pieces of artillery, the property of the American Government.

3rd. The firing of American cannon upon Her Majesty's town of Sandwich, U.C., from an American vessel directed by the American citizen, "Major-General T. S. Sutherland."

4th. The murder and wounding by American citizens, armed with new United States' muskets, of thirty British soldiers.

5th. The invasion by American citizens of Bois Blanc Island, the imprisonment of Her Majesty's subjects there, and the robbery of their cattle to the amount of 1000*l.* sterling.

Of all the blustering demands that have ever been made since the creation of the world, the attempt of the President of the United States not only to twist this grievance-account to his favour, but, in the form of an apology, to require from the British Sovereign immediate payment of his side of the account, which he was pleased to term—its balance, was, without any exception, the most preposterous.

Indeed, there had been forwarded to Canada a powerful despatch, the substance of which was printed and published in the Province, stating "that the Queen's Advocate, Attorney and Solicitor General, had reported it to be their opinion that, under the circumstances stated by Sir Francis Head, the capture and destruction of *the Caroline* was *lawful*" to which the Secretary of State for the Colonies added his own impression, "that it was justifiable and praiseworthy."

Lord Palmerston also unhesitatingly declared in

the House of Commons (*vide* Hansard, 9th February, 1841), that

“ Her Majesty’s Government considered the capture of the ‘Caroline,’ under the circumstances, to have been a proceeding perfectly justifiable by the consideration of the necessity of defending Her Majesty’s territory.

“ That that opinion had been submitted both to the Minister of the United States here, and, he believed, by Mr. Fox to the American Government.”

However, it appears that there existed in the Home Government an anxiety to get this vexatious affair what is now-a-days called “*settled*,” and certainly very quickly settled it was.

From the correspondence presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of Her Majesty, in 1843, it appears that on the 27th of July, 1842, Mr. Webster, on behalf of the President of the United States, explained his case as follows :—

“ The act of which the Government of the United States complains is not to be considered as justifiable or unjustifiable, as the question of the lawfulness or unlawfulness of the employment in which the ‘Caroline’ was engaged may be decided the one way or the other. That act is of itself a wrong and an offence to the sovereignty and dignity of the United States, being a violation of their soil and territory ; a wrong for which to this day no atonement or even apology has been made by Her Majesty’s Government.

“ Your Lordship cannot but be aware that self-respect, the consciousness of independence, and national equality,

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and a sensitiveness to whatever may touch the honour of the country,—a sensitiveness which this Government will ever feel and ever cultivate,—make this a matter of high importance; and I must be allowed to ask for it your Lordship's grave consideration. "I have, &c.,

(Signed) "DANL. WEBSTER."

Now, although the British minister had been unwilling to offer the "atonement and apology" alluded to in the foregoing letter of Mr. Webster, it appears that within twenty-four hours he made to him the following submission:—

"Nearly five years are now past since this occurrence; there has been time for the public to deliberate upon it calmly: and I believe I may take it to be the opinion of candid and honourable men, that the British officers who executed this transaction, and their Government who approved it, intended no slight or disrespect to the sovereign authority of the United States. That they intended no such disrespect, I can most solemnly affirm; and I trust it will be admitted that no inference to the contrary can fairly be drawn, even by the most susceptible on points of national honour."

One would have thought that "the most susceptible nation on points of national honour" ought to have been satisfied with this declaration in the name of the Queen of Great Britain, that, in the capture of the *Caroline*, no slight or disrespect to the sovereign authority of the United States was intended; but the British Government, as if foreseeing that, without the use of the word "apology," this troublesome business could not quickly be "*settled*"—and

that any mention of the murder of the Queen's soldiers—of the invasion of the Queen's territory—and of the plunder of the Queen's subjects, might seriously embarrass the negotiation, added,—“ *What is perhaps most to be regretted is, that some explanation and APOLOGY for this occurrence was not immediately made.*”

The capitulation was complete—the humiliation was deemed sufficient; and accordingly Mr. Webster was authorised to address to the British Minister as a receipt in full of all demands, a despatch, of which the following are extracts, and which, considering the fearful odds between the respective complaints of England and the United States against each other, is certainly the greatest triumph of an unjust demand, which, in the annals of diplomacy, has ever been recorded.

(COPY.)

“ *Department of State,*

“ *Washington, August 6, 1842.*

“ MY LORD,

“ YOUR Lordship's note of the 28th of July, in answer to mine of the 27th of July, respecting the case of the ‘Caroline,’ has been received, and laid before the President.

“ The President sees with great pleasure that your Lordship fully admits that great principle of public law applicable to cases of this kind which this Government has expressed.

“ Seeing that the transaction is not recent, having happened in the time of one of his predecessors; seeing that

your Lordship, in the name of your Government, solemnly declares that no slight or disrespect was intended to the sovereign authority of the United States; seeing that it is acknowledged that, whether justifiable or not, there was yet a violation of the territory of the United States, and that you are instructed to say that your Government consider that as a most serious occurrence; seeing, finally, that it is now admitted that an explanation and apology for this violation was due at the time; the President is content to receive these acknowledgments and assurances in the conciliatory spirit which marks your Lordship's letter, and will make this subject, as a complaint of violation of territory, the topic of no further discussion between the two Governments.

“ I have, &c.,

(Signed) “ DANIEL WEBSTER.”

As history will not, I hope, blame *me* for the apology that has been offered for my defence of the Queen's territory, I can truly say that the mortification which for a moment this apology created in my mind has completely subsided. But the constitutional party in our North American Colonies, who took arms to maintain Conservative principles, deeply feel that the noble cause in which they came forward has been tarnished by an uncalled-for submission; they feel that, while neither *their* lives nor *their* properties have been duly noticed, the demands of democracy have been too readily conceded. The best-educated men in our North American Colonies are indignant at the former having, as they say, been sacrificed in an unworthy attempt to appease

the latter. They complain that, like the soldiers of Whitelock, they have been irresolutely commanded—that they have been misgoverned by a timid course of policy, upon which it is impossible for them in future to rely; in short, they are in a state of despair, caused by a firm conviction that, in the apology made by England for the destruction of the Caroline, their interests and their honour have been alike sacrificed.

There are, I know, among our most worthy statesmen many who believed that the dishonour of this apology, though great, would be amply repaid by its pacific results. Great, however, must have been their disappointment when they perceived that democracy, instead of being satiated, was excited by our weakness; and that when we grasped at the reward of our policy, we reaped nothing but the mortification and disappointment of hearing those who at such a costly sacrifice of principle we had endeavoured to conciliate, openly and ungratefully exclaim,—“AND NOW, HURRAH FOR THE OREGON!”

CHAPTER XII.

THE HUNTED HARE.

IT is over ;—and so it does not now matter ;—nevertheless it is a historical fact to which some minds may attach curious importance, that although by statute-law hare-hunting ends in England on the 27th of February, it was not until the 23rd of March that the anxieties I had so long been suffering suddenly ceased.

On that day, at noon precisely, I had proceeded to Parliament Buildings to attend the swearing-in of my successor ; and as soon as this important ceremony was over, bowing in silence, first to him and then to his Executive Council—who had so long been my own faithful advisers, and whom I now left seated on each side of him in the Council Chamber—I descended the stairs, and then opening a private door, I found myself at once and alone in the pure fresh air.

It was a most heavenly day ; and although the ground before me was still sparkling with snow, and although the harbour behind me was still covered with ice as thick as in the depth of winter, the sun was quite hot, the air highly exhilarating, and the Canada sky I fancied bluer and more magnificent

than I had ever beheld it; indeed, it was altogether to me a moment of overwhelming enjoyment; and the sunshine which gilded everything I beheld was but an emblem of that which was gladdening my own heart, in the fulness whereof I could not help fervently muttering to myself, "*Thank God, I am at last relieved!*" for although there is certainly nothing to boast of in the feeling, yet I may as well confess, that even if my political existence in Canada had been, what is commonly called, "a bed of roses," it would have been peculiarly uncongenial to my taste, as well as to habits which, good or bad, had become too old to alter; indeed, for so many years of my life I had enjoyed uninterrupted quietness and retirement, that nothing short of scarification could, I fancied, erase from my mind a number of deep wrinkles, which, after all, ugly as they might appear, I did not wish to have removed. The pinnacle of power, like the mast-head of a ship, was, I had long known, a bleak, lofty, lonely, exposed, desolate spot—in fact, a place of punishment.

I had, therefore, no desire in the evening of my life to seat myself upon it to be an object for every man to gape and gaze at, well knowing that I could not even for a moment descend from it, for exercise or recreation, but that the countenances of every happy group would gradually become formal, rigid, and joyless, as I approached them.

But besides my natural inaptitude for the lofty position I had been occupying, and besides the rough weather to which I had politically been ex-

posed, I had been attended by one unceasing sorrow, namely, that of being obliged to act contrary to the policy of those whom I was serving, and to whom, as in duty bound, I had long ago tendered my resignation, but in vain. However, my burden, of whatever it might have been composed, had now dropped from my shoulders—the millstone had suddenly been detached from my neck, my portmanteau was ready packed, and although the navigation of Lake Ontario had not yet opened, and although all its bays, harbours, and rivers were still frozen up, the steamer which had undertaken for me to break this embargo was lying outside the ice, smoking, hissing, and only waiting to receive me. Accordingly, almost immediately after my return to Government House, and (for reasons which will shortly be explained) without servants, or any attendant, but Judge Jones, who had most kindly expressed a wish to accompany me, I rode towards the vessel, around which I found assembled a very large, and by me unexpected, concourse of the militia, and of others of various classes, to whom I had been equally indebted.

Without detaining them a moment, I dismounted, and stepped on board, and, as the vessel, uncasting the hawser which had detained it, instantly left the ice, it received from them the ordinary salutations; when all of a sudden there burst from every person present a shriek of exclamation, rather than a cheer—which I am sure neither they nor I shall ever forget—caused by the only mode I had of acknowledging the com-

pliment they had bestowed on us, namely, by taking off my hat, and then for a few seconds silently pointing to the British flag, which was waving over my head. They well enough knew what I meant; and their sudden response to my parting admonition was, I can truly say, the most gratifying "Farewell!" I could possibly have received from them.

Of all the physic in the London Pharmacopœia, there is nothing that so magically gladdens a sad heart, and which so effectually illuminates with joy a care-worn countenance, as the variegated ideas which, head-over-heels, rush into the mind of every one who, with a fine vessel under his foot, has just sailed from the scene of ten thousand little troubles, and at the rate of about ten knots an hour finds himself traversing wave after wave of deep blue water. The change of element is a change of existence, and, enraptured with the bright colouring of the new world, the mind simultaneously forgets the gloomy shadows of the old one; and thus, for nearly an hour, I sat on the deck in the exquisite enjoyment of the tranquil scene around me.

Our steamer was the only passage-vessel—the only box full of living creatures on a lake nine times as long, and from two to four times as broad as the sea between Dover and Calais, and as it gallantly proceeded on its solitary course, before us, behind us, and on our right, the horizon was bounded by a circular line; while on our left the distant shore of Upper Canada was rapidly passing in review.

Occasionally I glanced at it, as the memory does

on a subject that has completely gone by ; but it was the open lake, or, so far as appearances warranted the appellation, the great ocean before me, that almost entirely engrossed my attention. I was on my way "home!" and yet, though the word was fondly imagined, and easily pronounced, there were some little difficulties in my path towards it, which, while the steamer is cheerily progressing, I will endeavour to explain.

As soon as I was officially informed that my successor had been appointed, I, of course, had to consider by what route I would return.

The direct road was through the United States to New York. In consequence, however, of the excitement created by the destruction of the *Caroline*, and by a reward of 500*l.* which had been offered for my apprehension, I considered it would not be prudent for me to take that path, and there being only one other, I wrote to Sir John Hervey, the Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia, to beg he would be so good as to obtain for me a passage to England from Halifax in a vessel of war ; a request which he very obligingly immediately fulfilled.

No sooner, however, was it known that I had made arrangements for returning by that route than, throughout the three North American Provinces through which I had to pass, namely, Lower Canada, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia, resolutions were agreed on, to evince, by public honours to me, their approbation of the resistance I had successfully offered to "responsible Government," and to the formation of that ridiculous anomaly, "a Provincial Cabinet."

As a display of this sort was not only uncongenial to my feelings, but would have elicited expressions of insubordination to the Home Government, which it would have been highly culpable in me to have encouraged, I declined every invitation from the three Provinces by replies, of which the following is a specimen :—

“ GENTLEMEN,

“ *Toronto, March 19, 1838.*

“ It has afforded me unexpected gratification to learn from your letter of the 13th inst., which I have this moment received, that a large and respectable body of the citizens of Montreal have done me the honour to invite me to a public dinner during my presence in Montreal.

“ I beg you will be so good as to offer to the gentlemen who have evinced such a desire, my sincere thanks for this flattering testimony of their good opinion, which I can truly assure them I most sensibly appreciate ; at the same time, I request they will do me the additional favour of permitting me to express a desire not to avail myself of their obliging invitation to a public dinner.

“ On retiring from this Government, I shall to the utmost of my ability continue to render to the Canadas every assistance in my power ; but I trust, on reflection, you will agree with me in the opinion, that, on my journey to England, I should in no place do any thing that can tend directly or indirectly to agitate a discussion of any of those questions in which the people of the Canadas, as well as myself, feel so deeply interested.

“ I have the honour to be, Gentlemen,

“ Your most obedient humble servant,

(Signed)

“ F. B. HEAD.

“ *To the Hon. Peter M^cGill, John Molson,
and Adam Thom.*”

Having thus obtained for myself permission to travel privately to Halifax, I was quietly awaiting the near arrival of my successor, when by several friends, on whom I could rely, I was informed that a gang of discomfited radicals had not only determined that I should not leave the country alive, but had sworn to murder me on my road to Halifax.

As I had received many threatening letters of this sort, to which I had paid no attention, I saw no sufficient reason for altering my plan, and I accordingly persevered in it until the day before my successor was sworn in, when I received from Sir John Colborne, in Lower Canada, a short confidential message, warning me, on good authority, of the conspiracy that had been entered into to murder me on my way to Halifax.

I said nothing to any one on the subject, but a very few moments' reflection determined the course I would pursue, and which appeared to me a very clear one.

On retiring from the administration of the Government of Upper Canada, my direct path to England was that by which Her Majesty's Government had sent me to the Province, namely, through the United States. Now, if by going another road I could have avoided danger, I felt it would be my duty to do so; but, from the evidence before me, it clearly appeared that the lonely circuitous route to Halifax* was the most dangerous of the two, and

* The distance from Toronto to New York, through the United States, is about 350 miles; the distance from Toronto to Halifax about 1200 miles.

I therefore felt very strongly that whatever little difficulties I might have to encounter, I had better meet on the straight path than on the crooked one; in short, that of two evils I had better select the road on which no one expected I should travel than that on which everybody had been led to believe that I should; and, after all, my judgment told me that, as I had little more than three hundred miles to go through the United States, if I made the best of my way I should be enabled quietly to slip through the country before it was known I had entered it.

With respect to Judge Jones—who, without any exception, was the most calm, fearless man it has ever been my fortune to be acquainted with—I knew quite well that it was perfectly immaterial to *him* which route I selected, inasmuch as, in accompanying me, all he desired was to share my fortune, whatever it might be; that is to say, to be tarred with the same brush, feathered from the same bag, or, if deemed preferable, to be hanged with the same rope; and I verily believe, that so far as regarded his own personal appearance or comfort, he did not care sixpence which of the three should be selected; and accordingly, as soon as I communicated to him my decision, it received his joyful and cordial approbation.

My arrival off the harbour of Kingston was, of course, in a few minutes known throughout the town. For many reasons I was desirous not to attract notice; but as it was impossible to preserve

an *incognito*, I soon found that, of two evils, I should create infinitely less excitement by at once receiving the deputation that desired to wait upon me, than by declining. So soon, however, as this uncongenial ceremony was over, I sent for Colonel MacDonell, a brave and distinguished officer, who had volunteered to command, as well as to lead on, the proposed attack on Navy Island, and whom I had lately appointed sheriff of the Midland district, and, on his arrival at the hotel, I at once told him of my intention to return to England through the United States.

After a few minutes' consideration, he recommended that he should instantly call upon a portion of the militia to keep my secret for me, by cutting off, by a line of sentinels along the ice, all communication between Kingston and the opposite shore, and to continue this embargo until two or three hours after my departure, so as to give me a sufficient start. This arrangement having been approved of, and carried into effect, Judge Jones and I left the hotel the next morning at five o'clock and drove down to the beach.

The ice, which had covered the St. Lawrence during the whole winter, had only a few days ago broken up, and, by the force of the current, had been carried out to sea. The river, however, during the whole of the three preceding days, had been nearly covered with moving fragments of ice, of various shapes and dimensions, which had floated down from Lake Ontario; and, as soon as the sun

had set, these fragments had adhered to each other, and the stream, which is here nearly four miles broad, had remained during the three nights frozen, but had again broken up so soon as the heat of the morning sun had disjoined the pieces of ice which the low temperature of the night had frozen together.

When, a little after sunrise, we reached the beach, the river was in the congealed state I have just described; and as I had never for a moment reflected—so I was totally unable to conceive—how it could be proposed that we should cross the wide rough mosaic pavement before us; for the river beneath this ice was running with extreme rapidity, and therefore, if, in the operation of crossing, we should happen to break in, it appeared to me that the current must inevitably carry, and then carefully keep us, most uncomfortably, beneath the frozen surface.

The mode, however, in which we were to cross, though strange, was divested of the smallest particle of danger, and, as there was no time to be lost, we at once commenced the operation.

Our two portmanteaus were put into a small boat, lying in readiness on its side on the ice. Two active able-bodied men, placing themselves on each side of this little craft, balanced it on its iron keel, and the four men then walking forwards pushed it along, towards the United States, at the rate of between three and four miles an hour.

As soon as they started, the few faithful friends who had accompanied me to the beach bade me farewell, and this little ceremony having consumed

a few seconds, Judge Jones and I had to run upon the ice till we overtook the boat, which we then closely followed.

When we got about a mile from the Canada shore, we passed several parts of the river that were unfrozen, and at which the current was rushing and boiling up with great violence. In a short time as we proceeded the ice began to crack slightly, then violently, upon which the men steadily continuing their course told me to keep one of my hands on the side of the boat. We thus advanced merrily along amidst most awful cracks, until it became quite evident that we had reached a portion of the ice which, to use a common phrase, had resolved "to stand it no longer," and accordingly, with a loud crack of execration, the surface for some distance around gave way; so we all gently placed our stomachs on the sides or gunwale of the boat, and without even wetting our feet found ourselves afloat, and very shortly were all standing up in the boat. Nothing could be more perfectly secure than our position. The men, with long hooks in their hands, propelled the boat until it reached strong ice, when we leisurely got out, hauled the boat out of the water on to the frozen surface, and then, the men cheerfully pushing on as before, we proceeded, sometimes a quarter of a mile, when a second succession of little cracks and great cracks again ended by our throwing ourselves horizontally on our stomachs, and the boat beneath us again sinking souse into the clear water.

This occurred to us about half a dozen times, until, as we approached the opposite shore, we found the ice considerably stronger.

As soon as we reached the land, the four men who had pushed us along took our portmanteaus out of the boat, tumbled them on the beach, and then for reasons that may be easily understood, treating us with apparent neglect, and as if they were heartily glad to get rid of us, they veered the boat's head round, and, pushing her towards the Canadian shore, they left Judge Jones and me behind them.

Our first object was to hire a conveyance, and as my companion kindly undertook this piece of errantry, I remained quietly with the luggage; and I was sitting on my portmanteau, and with mingled feelings gazing on the Canada shore, when I saw, about a hundred yards on my right, a tall thin man, looking at me with quite as much attention as under the circumstances of the case I could possibly desire.

In about two minutes he walked very leisurely towards me, and at last coming close up to me, he said to me slowly through his nose, "*Straunger! ere you from Canny-DAY?*" I told him I was; but not wishing to prolong the conversation, I took up a stone, and as if to amuse myself, threw it along the surface of the ice. He then asked me "how the trials were going on?" to which I replied they had not commenced. He then after a short pause said, "Is your new Governor come yet?"

"Oh yes!" I replied; "he came the day before I left." The man asked me a few other insignificant questions, and from sheer inquisitiveness would have gone on till sunset; but Judge Jones arriving in a rough carriage he had hired, we put our portmanteaues into it, and then drove away.

As the roads were very bad, we proceeded that day only about twenty miles, to a small village inn, where we got a good dinner, and in due time went to bed.

The next morning we started in the only conveyance we could get, an open waggon, such as is generally used, in which we proceeded towards Waterton, a considerable town, in which I knew there were a number of our fugitive rebels, and in which there had been great excitement on account of our burning the Caroline. We ought to have driven round this town, and under some excuse have sent into it for a fresh conveyance. However, after a short *conseil de guerre*, it was determined, for a particular reason, to take the usual course; and accordingly, driving into a town I had never before entered, we stopped at a hotel on one side of the principal square.

It so happened that several people were standing round the door of this inn; and as I had not thought it right to disguise myself, as I had no occasion to enter it, as I only wanted a relay of horses, and as Judge Jones, the instant we stopped, went into the house and ordered them, the waggon drove away, and, being thus left alone in the square,

I sat down on a truck which happened to be near me.

Of all people—of all beasts—birds—or fishes in creation, an American is the most inquisitive. Like a note of interrogation, he fancies he is constructed on purpose to ask questions; and accordingly several idle awkward-looking fellows, after gaping and staring at me from a distance, indolently walked towards me for no earthly object but to cross-examine me on any subject. One came, and then another came; and then a third, seeing the other two, came to hear what *they* might be saying; and so on, until among the little group that surrounded me I saw a sudden flash in the eyes of one of them, which clearly enough told me that he knew me; and, accordingly, in a very few seconds, he said to me, “Is not your name SIR Francis Bond Head?” I told him it was.

Several immediately asked me, with great eagerness, if the trials had commenced, and what would be the result? However, by this time our carriage drove out of the yard; and so having answered the questions that had been put to me, and having no desire to wait for any more, I slowly walked towards it; and Judge Jones joining me from the inn with a countenance of beaming joy and irresistible good humour, we got in and drove off before any of my dull catechists had recovered from their astonishment, or had quite made up their minds what to think, say, or do.

As soon as we got clear out of the town I told

Judge Jones that we had now no time to lose, and as by a silent nod he seemed to agree with me in this opinion, we very shortly proceeded to determine on the measures we would pursue.

While I had been sitting in the square he had been "trading" with the innkeeper, and, according to the custom of the country, had paid him in advance for a carriage with relays of four horses about every ten miles to Utica, a distance of about eighty miles.

We therefore agreed that, as soon as we reached the first post, we would leave our portmanteaus to come on by the stage-coach, and then ask the landlord to give us each a saddle-horse, instead of supplying us, as by his agreement he was bound to do, with four horses and a carriage.

We were quite sure that this proposal would as readily be accepted as, in the story of Aladdin, was the magician's offer to exchange new lamps for old ones; and, accordingly, hurrying our driver to the utmost speed his own temper, rather than his horses' mettle, would allow, we soon reached the post-house, and in a very short time I enjoyed the delightful sensation of being my own master on horseback instead of servilely sitting behind wheels.

I need hardly say that our pace was a cheerful one; nevertheless, as I was perfectly certain we should be pursued, I foresaw that we should not be quite safe until we could get clear of the next post.

As soon as we reached it—we were then, I believe, about twenty miles from Waterton—we pro-

duced our order for four horses, and made our application for two; and although the strange bargain was readily accepted, a considerable time was lost before Judge Jones, with his usual kindness, could get the horses saddled.

During this interval I was waiting in a little room in the inn, when I walked a huge overgrown man, whose over-heated countenance clearly explained for him that he had been taking the trouble to follow me. His first nasal question, expending an enormous quantity of superabundant emphasis on the fifth word, was, "Ere you Sir Francis *Bond* Head?" and as soon as I had replied that I was, he began a long incoherent rigmarole story about some cheese of his which some Governor of Canada had seized, and for which he desired to make me answerable. He went on in this strain for about five minutes; and he was only waiting the arrival of about sixty horsemen, or rather men on horseback, who had started immediately after him from Waterton, and who, like a pack of straggling, ill-assorted, long-backed hounds, were following him, when through the window I saw our horses come to the door, and as I was anxious to get to them without disturbance, on the principle that one bluster is as good as another, I put the fore-finger of my right hand into my waistcoat pocket, and then fumbling to view the small-rounded end of a piece of black walnut wood, I walked forwards. The movement, trifling as it was, succeeded, and, in a few seconds, finding myself again on my saddle, I gave my friend a farewell look, and

then, with Judge Jones at my side, we started away upon our second horses. "And now, republicans," I said to myself with feelings which it would have been more becoming to have repressed, "if you can catch me I shall deserve all that democracy has power to bestow!" But although our thirty couple of pursuers followed us for a considerable time, there was not the slightest chance of their overtaking us. Their horses were of course tired, and even if they had succeeded in getting others, the delay must have occupied much time, besides which, as the night was getting dark, as the road was full of holes, and as the Americans have no experience whatever in the common English art of "going-a-head" on horseback, I felt sure, every time my horse floundered in the dark, that the obstacle, whatever it was, having been overcome, remained behind an item in our favour.

During the remainder of the night we were occupied sometimes in vainly attempting to waken up our various landlords, in unsuccessfully endeavouring to satisfy them of the reasonableness of our travelling at such an unusual hour, in stirring up snoring "helps" to saddle horses that were fast asleep; and then again, forgetful of the many nasal maledictions our project had received, in riding as fast as in the obscurity of the night was practicable; at last, by the time the sun arose, we were near Utica, where we arrived just in time to wash and repair our toilette, before the first train started by railroad for Albany, the capital of New York, distant about 100 miles.

I was very little fatigued with the ride I had had ; but although the spirit of my companion was invincible, it was evident that the unusual exercise, which for my sake he had so kindly undergone, had considerably disordered, to say the least, one end of him, for his head was swelled, and his face, in consequence, appeared flushed and overheated.

By the time we had breakfasted we were required to take our places in the railway-carriage ; and I need hardly say with what indescribable pleasure we found ourselves gliding along the surface of the earth, without anxiety, troubles, or delays. However, as the shape of our caps, and the fur they were made of, clearly betrayed that we were from Canada, several of the passengers conversed with Judge Jones on the subject of the late rebellion.

The gentleman who sat next me observed that he approved of the Governor having sent the Queen's troops out of the Province, and thus leaving "the people" to decide for themselves ; and shortly after, while the others were talking, he suddenly turned, and asked me whether I (speaking of me in the third person) had yet left Canada ; upon which, in a low tone of voice, I told him, to his utter astonishment, that I was sitting by his side !

He behaved very much like a gentleman ; and, without making known to his fellow-passengers the little confidence I had reposed in him, and which, indeed, I had no intention to conceal, he conversed with me until we reached the city of Albany.

As the steamboat for New York was there, waiting

for the arrival of the train, we had only time allowed us to hurry to it, and had scarcely been on board a minute when we found ourselves adrift, smoking, steaming, and scuffling down that splendid river the Hudson.

On our arrival at New York, I was quite aware that I was not only out of reach of border-excitement, but that I was among a highly-intelligent people, and that I had only to conform to their habits to ensure generous treatment during the week I had to remain among them, until the sailing of the packet. Instead, therefore, of living in any way that might offensively savour of "exclusiveness," I resolved to go to one of the largest hotels in the city, and while there, like everybody else, to dine in public at the *table d'hôte*.

I accordingly drove up to the American hotel; but, thinking it only fair to the landlord that he should have the opportunity of (if he wished it) refusing me admission, I told him who I was, and what I wanted.

Without the smallest alteration of countenance he replied by gravely asking me to follow him. I did so, until he led me into his own little sitting-room; and I was wondering what might be about to happen, when, raising one of his hands, he certainly did astonish me beyond description, by pointing to my own picture, which, among some other framed engravings, was hanging on the wall!

When the dinner hour arrived, my worthy companion and I proceeded at the usual pace to the

room ; but everybody else, as is the custom, had gone there so very much faster, that we found the chairs appointed for us the only ones vacant.

There was evidently a slight sensation as we sat down ; but of mere curiosity. A number of sharp glittering eyes were for some little time fixed upon us ; but hunger soon conquered curiosity, and in due time both were satiated.

During the week I remained at New York, I had reason not only to be satisfied, but to be grateful for the liberal reception I met with.

Although as I walked through the street I saw in several shop windows pictures of the 'Caroline' going over the Falls of Niagara, detailing many imaginary, and consequently to my mind, amusing horrors, yet neither at the theatre which I attended, nor elsewhere, did I receive, either by word or gesture, the slightest insult.

Several American citizens of the highest character in the country called upon me ; and I certainly was much gratified at observing how thoroughly most of them in their hearts admired British institutions.

On the morning of my departure I was informed that an immense crowd had assembled to see me embark. Mr. Buchanan, the British Consul, also gave me intimation of this circumstance ; and as among a large assemblage it is impossible to answer for the conduct of every individual, Mr. Buchanan kindly recommended me, instead of going in a carriage, to walk through the streets to the pier, arm in arm with him. I did so ; and though I passed

through several thousand people, many of whom pressed towards us with some little eagerness, yet not a word, or a sound, good, bad, or indifferent, was uttered.

I took a seat on the deck of the packet, and when almost immediately afterwards the moorings of the vessel were cast adrift, I felt that the mute silence with which I had been allowed to depart was a suppression of feeling highly creditable, and which, in justice to the American people, it was my duty to appreciate and avow.

CHAPTER XIII.

HOME.

DURING my residence in Canada, I had read so much, had heard so much, and had preached so much about "*The OLD Country*," that as the New York packet in which I was returning approached its shores, I quite made up my mind to see, in the venerable countenance of "my auld respeckit mither," the ravages of time and the wrinkles of old age. Nevertheless, whatever might prove to be her infirmities, I yearned for the moment in which I might exclaim—

"This is my own, my native land!"

I disembarked at Liverpool on the 22nd of April, and, with as little delay as possible, started for London on the railway, which had been completed during my absence.

Now, if a very short-sighted young man, intending to take one more respectful look at the picture of his grandmother, were to find within the frame, instead of canvass,

"A blooming Eastern bride,
In flower of youth and beauty's pride,"

he could not be more completely—and, as he might possibly irreverently term it *agreeably*—surprised than I was when, on the wings of a lovely spring morning, I flew over the surface of “Old England.”

Everything looked new! The grass in the meadows was new—the leaves on the trees and hedges were new—the flowers were new—the blossoms of the orchards were new—the lambs were new—the young birds were new—the crops were new—the railway was new. As we whisked along it, the sight, per minute, of an erect man, in bottle-green uniform, standing like a direction post, stock still, with an arm extended, was new; the idea, whatever it might be intended to represent, was quite new. All of a sudden, plunging souse into utter darkness, and then again into bright dazzling sunshine, was new. Every station at which we stopped was new. The bells which affectionately greeted our arrival, and which, sometimes almost before we even could stop, bade us depart, were new.

During one of the longest of these intervals, the sudden appearance of a line of young ladies behind a counter, exhibiting to hungry travellers tea, toast, scalding-hot soup, sixpenny pork pies, and everything else that human nature could innocently desire to enjoy—and then, almost before we could get to these delicacies, being summarily ordered to depart;—the sight of a crowd of sturdy Englishmen, in caps of every shape, hurrying to their respective carriages, with their mouths full,—was new. In short, it was to new and merry England that after a weary absence I had apparently returned; and it was

not until I reached Downing Street I could believe that I really was once again in "*The OLD Country*;" but there I found everything old:—old men, old women, old notions, old prejudices, old stuff, and old nonsense, and, what was infinitely worse, old principles; in fact, it appeared as if the building in which I stood was intended to collect and remove to our colonies all worn-out doctrines that had become no longer fit for home consumption; and although I was somewhat prepared for almost any unwholesome prescription that might be administered by it, yet I certainly was altogether overwhelmed with astonishment when I was gravely informed that Her Majesty's Government had just despatched to Quebec a Lord High Commissioner, in order, *for the fourth time*, to inquire into, and, if possible, explain to Her Majesty the *grievances* of the Canadas, and of her other North American colonies!!

So long as Monsieur Papineau and Mr. McKenzie, masking, or rather casting a transparent veil over their real designs, had asked only for "reform," there might have been something like an excuse for Old England stoutly disbelieving the various administrators of the Government who for the last twenty-five years, in different voices, had one after another been opposing the poisonous concessions to democracy which the home Government, under the name of "domestic medicine," had been pouring upon the free, the happy, and the loyal inhabitants of a New world. But the "Reformers" of our North American Colonies had lately, of their own

accord, dispelled all mystery or misunderstanding on this subject; and accordingly, in much clearer terms than any which a Lord High Commissioner could venture to use to the Queen, they had themselves printed and published placards and proclamations, explicitly revealing, for the information of Her Majesty and of all her subjects, their simple secret, namely, that separation from the mother country—in short, that rebellion, and not reform, had been their object. But besides this valuable information, they had statistically supplied Her Majesty with a true and faithful list of all their own names; and on the other hand, of the names, trades, and occupations of that overwhelming majority who had long professed, and who had just *proved*, themselves ready to die in defence of her authority and of British institutions.

They had shown Her Majesty that the British population in her North American Colonies, with a few contemptible exceptions, were loyal; and that there might be no mistake, they concluded by explaining to Her Majesty, that as the principal leaders of what they had termed “their glorious minority” had absconded to the United States, the portion left behind were as small, as insignificant, and practically as harmless, as the spots in the sun.

But while the inhabitants of our North American colonies had not only suppressed domestic rebellion, but had repelled foreign invasion; in what state, I beg leave to ask, was the mother country? Why, when I returned from Canada, Wales was in a state

of insurrection—Ireland on the point of rebellion—there were fires at Manchester—riots at Birmingham, and even in the agricultural districts there were disturbances which were seriously alarming the Government.

If, therefore, a Royal Commission were at that time to be established, would it not have been infinitely more reasonable that three or four of the most intelligent of the native-born inhabitants of our North American colonies should have been appointed by the Queen to probe, examine, and report to Her Majesty what were "*the grievances*" of the mother country, than that any one member of a population so dreadfully diseased should be ordered to prescribe for that portion of their fellow-countrymen whom I had just left in the enjoyment of robust health?

However, the great physician had already sailed; and now comes the brief abstract of a political story, the most hysterical that has ever been acted on our colonial theatre, and which is occasionally so ludicrous, and yet on the whole so melancholy, that it may justly be termed "*the comedy and tragedy of errors.*"

Whether it was that the weight of responsibility that had been imposed upon him was specifically more than his mind could bear—whether it was that the exalted pinnacle on which as Lord *High* Commissioner he was suddenly placed, made his head giddy—or whether it was that the unexpected reversal by the British Parliament of an illegal

ordinance which he had issued, overpowered his temper, are now questions of no earthly importance; suffice it to say, that overwhelmed by feelings he was incapable to control, he issued under the Royal Arms a Proclamation, in which he protested not only against what he termed "the interference of the British Legislature," but "the treatment he had personally experienced in the House of Lords:"—

"I assumed the Government," he declared in his proclamation, "of the North American Provinces with the pre-determination to provide for the future welfare and prosperity of them all. . . . In this, I trust, useful course, I have been suddenly arrested by the interference of the British Legislature, in which the responsible advisers of the Crown have deemed it their duty to acquiesce.

"I do not return to England from any feelings of disgust I have personally experienced in the House of Lords. If I could have been influenced by any such motives, I must have re-embarked in the very ship which brought me out; for that system of Parliamentary Persecution to which I allude, commenced from the moment I left the shores of England.

"In truth and in effect, the Government here is now administered by two or three peers from their places in Parliament."

Without waiting to be recalled, he took possession of a British man-of-war, 'The Inconstant,' and under these extraordinary circumstances he assumed his seat in the House of Lords.

In a dispatch addressed to him by Her Majesty's Secretary of State for the Colonies, and laid before both Houses of Parliament, it was stated that the

terms of his Lordship's proclamation to the inhabitants of our North American colonies—

“appeared to Her Majesty's Ministers calculated to impugn the reverence due to the Royal authority; to derogate from the character of the Imperial Legislature; to excite among the disaffected hopes of impunity; and to enhance the difficulties with which his Lordship's successor would have to contend.”

A considerable time after Lord Durham had denuded himself of all authority, there appeared in the ‘Times’ newspaper a “REPORT,” afterwards laid before Parliament, signed by him—but, as is now well known, written by others—containing a series of assertions, ending by a remedial recommendation for the establishment of that very “responsible government” which the people of Canada at the hustings, in the Senate, and in the field, had successfully repudiated!

On the publication of this extraordinary document, one Governor-General, three Lieutenants-Governors, both branches of the Legislature of Upper Canada, the chief justice of that Province, and various other competent authorities, publicly declared that the Ex-Governor's principal assertions were inaccurate:—

“The members of both Houses,” said the reigning Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada in a dispatch dated 17th April, 1839, and laid before Parliament, “I find generally consider parts of the ‘Report,’ which refer to Upper Canada, to be in many particulars incorrect; and a

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Committee of the House of Assembly has been consequently appointed to draw up a report upon the subject.

“They regard the Earl of Durham’s scheme for the future government of Canada, as essentially the same as that which was advocated by Mr. Bidwell, Dr. Rolph, and McKenzie, and to which the great majority of the people of this Province expressed their unequivocal dissent.

“There is a considerable section of persons who are disloyal to the core; reform is on their lips, but separation is in their hearts. These people, having for the last two or three years made ‘responsible government’ their watchword, are now extravagantly elated because the Earl of Durham has recommended that measure.

“It was McKenzie’s scheme for getting rid of what Mr. Hume called ‘the baneful domination of the mother country,’ and never was any better devised to bring about such an end speedily.

(Signed) “G. ARTHUR.”

Sir Peregrine Maitland, who had administered the Government of Upper Canada for ten years, declared in a printed letter, dated 19th August, 1839,—

“I have no objection whatever to its being stated that I have expressed to you my decided condemnation, with full liberty to disclose my sentiments, of Lord Durham’s Report; my opinion that it gives an inaccurate and unfair description of the Province and people of Upper Canada; and that it censures, ignorantly and unjustly, those who have administered the Government of that Province.

(Signed) “P. MAITLAND.”

The Legislative Council, or upper branch of the

Legislature of Upper Canada, stated in a report laid before Her Majesty,—

“After an attentive and disinterested consideration of this subject, your Committee are led to the conclusion that the adoption of the plan proposed by the Earl of Durham must lead to the overthrow of the great colonial empire of England.”

In an address to Her Majesty from the Commons' House of Assembly (composed of the representatives of the people of Upper Canada), and laid before both Houses of Parliament, after declaring the statements of Lord Durham to be “unjust, unfounded, mischievous, and illiberal,” it was stated,—

“Your Committee will now close their remarks on the various allegations in the Report of the High Commissioner, that appeared to them to require particular animadversion. If, in the course of their remarks, they have been betrayed into too strong an expression of reproach or indignant refutation, they trust that it will not be ascribed to a wanton indifference to that courtesy and respectful deference that should mark the proceedings of a public body towards those of high rank and station; and, on the other hand, they trust that they will not be denied the credit of having forborne to apply animadversions of far greater severity than they have used to many parts of a ‘Report’ which they can truly affirm, and which they believe they have clearly proved, to be most unjust and unfounded, and which are calculated to have a most mischievous influence on the future destinies of these Colonies.”

The report concluded with the following manly

and affecting appeal to the magnanimity of the British nation :—

“Your Committee, however, are not willing to believe that the great nation to which these Provinces belong, and which has hitherto extended to them its powerful, its parental protection, will hastily, and without the most full and ample information, adopt the opinions and act upon the recommendations of any individual, however high his rank or great his talents, that involve the future destinies of Her Majesty's faithful subjects in these Provinces.”

Notwithstanding these solemn and awful warnings of constitutional authorities which the Imperial Parliament of Great Britain was bound to respect, the report of an Ex-Governor—who, after issuing the proclamation referred to, and without waiting to be relieved, had abandoned his post—was adopted. Responsible Government was forced upon the brave and happy people who had shed their blood to reject it, and no sooner was the patronage of the British Crown fatally transferred from the unfettered representative of Her Majesty to provincial Ministers, by whom he was to be governed, than—the principle of Colonial Government being destroyed—there occurred a “bouleversement” of the Royal authority, such as since the days of King Lear has never even been imagined.

The following sample of appointments and acts, all sanctioned by the Crown, will at once exemplify the lamentable predicament in which Her Majesty's Secretary of State for the Colonies—to whatever party he may belong—found himself, and must

inevitably find himself, under what, by the successful enemies of British institutions, is now sarcastically termed *Responsible* Government; in other words, "non-responsibility to the Colonial Office."

1. Solomon Lossing, confined in jail for high treason, was, by Her Majesty's Representative in Canada, made warden (Lord Lieutenant) of the populous district in which he had been captured.

2. Dr. Rolph, who had been outlawed as a rebel, and who, as President of a Provisional Government which had seized upon her Majesty's territory of Navy Island, had offered therefrom 500 dollars for my apprehension, was appointed, and still is, one of her Majesty's Provincial Ministers. He was, moreover (*vide* the "Royal Gazette"), appointed, and still is, President of the Medical Board of Upper Canada.

3. Robert Baldwin, Dr. Rolph's intimate associate, was appointed her Majesty's Attorney-General for Upper Canada.

4. M. Girouard, who commanded the rebels at the massacre of St. Eustache, and for whose apprehension as a rebel his Excellency Sir John Colborne had offered and *paid* 500*l.*, was, without being required to refund that money, appointed her Majesty's Commissioner of Crown Lands.

5. M. Lafontaine, his associate, was appointed her Majesty's Attorney-General in Lower Canada.

6. M. Vallière, suspended by Sir John Colborne, was appointed Chief Justice of Montreal.

7. M. Papineau not only received her Majesty's

free pardon, but as a further reward his brother (a Catholic) was appointed her Majesty's Commissioner of Crown Lands in Lower Canada, and his son, who had absconded with his father to the United States, where he had abjured his allegiance to the British Crown, was appointed Prothonotary of the Court of Queen's Bench—salary 1000*l.* a-year.

8. Mr. McKenzie, the murderer of Colonel Moodie, on receiving her Majesty's free pardon, returned to Canada, where he is now as mischievously employing himself as ever.

9. Mr. Hincks, the well-known confederate of Mr. McKenzie, M. Papineau, Dr. Rolph, Robert Baldwin, and of parties in league with the United States, was not only appointed, and still is, Provincial Prime Minister of the Crown, but on his being deputed to this country, it has lately been stated in the House of Lords "that her Majesty's Secretary of State for the Colonies" (under the present system of responsible government it was *unavoidable*) "had received him at his house, had invited him to official dinners, had obtained for him an invitation to the Queen's ball, and had corresponded with him upon the same terms as any Secretary of State would have received an accredited minister from a foreign state."

Under this unnatural system by which the mother country has, in fact, wilfully made itself the dependency of its colonies, Her Majesty by the advice of Messrs. Hincks and Co. has, it is well known, given her royal assent to a Bill, concocted by the leaders of the rebellion, by which the loyal

are now taxed to indemnify the rebels for the expenses they incurred in their rebellion against the Crown!

The working of responsible government may practically be demonstrated by the following anecdote:—

During the outbreak in 1837 and 1838 Colonel * * * *, a member of the Commons' House of Assembly of Upper Canada, distinguished himself by his chivalrous attachment to British institutions; indeed, his conduct in repelling the invasion of the Americans was so noble, so daring, and so conspicuous, that the Duke of Wellington presented his son with a commission in the British army.

On the establishment of responsible government he was, of course, on account of his loyalty, subjected for several years to indignity and neglect. Unable to brook such treatment, he printed and published very strong remonstrances against our Colonial Office and against the "Lords and Lordlings" by whom it was misgoverned. From bad language he got to worse, until, smarting under the clauses of the "Rebel Indemnity Act," he publicly announced himself in favour of separating Canada from the British Crown. His alteration of principles immediately constituted a claim for advancement, and accordingly by the present Provincial Ministers he has lately been appointed in the Royal Gazette as "*Queen's Counsel*."

Having concluded a brief history of the establishment in our colonies of responsible government,

it will be evident that it is now out of the power of Great Britain to prevent the disreputable consequences that must ensue from it.

The Governor-General, by the advice of his Executive Council, who, it must always be kept in mind, are to be dismissed the instant they cease "to possess the confidence of the people," has already passed an Act, since assented to in England, by which Her Majesty has been divested of every acre of her Crown Lands in the Canadas, the disposal of which has been invested in the Governor and Councillors "responsible to the people." These lands, acquired by the blood and treasure of Englishmen, and which should have been the future home of the surplus emigrant British population, will no doubt now be applied to the worst of purposes. But besides this the power of the Crown has been so reduced, that every public servant is now responsible to, and dependent for his salary on, the House of Assembly, and Her Majesty's Government in Canada will thus be left without a shilling.

In case of hostilities between Great Britain and the United States, an Executive Council such as at present exists, or as then no doubt would exist, can either by omission allow the Militia Act, as also the Police Force Act, to expire, so as to deprive the Crown of that valuable aid, or it can decline to suspend the Habeas Corpus Act, by which means treason could not effectually be repressed.

But a more overt course might be pursued.

The Executive Council, under the plea that they

must be "responsible to the people," have lately demanded, and have had conceded to them, power tantamount to the appointment of the militia of the province. Should, therefore, the leaders of the House of Assembly ever again be induced to correspond with the Government and people of the United States, or, in other words, be bribed to sell Her Majesty's splendid provinces of Canada to the adjoining Republic, their course will be a very simple one. Through the Executive Council, and in the name of the British Sovereign, they will raise, arm, equip, organise, and drill an army, which they will officer, and which, masked under the name of "MILITIA," will be ready to act at a moment's warning, *as they might desire*. In fact, it will be a force suicidally created by the Crown, which the loyal will clearly foresee to be in preparation to seize their persons and confiscate their property, as punishment for the attachment they have so obstinately evinced to the British Crown.

During the decline and fall of our Sovereign's power in her colonies by the system I have but faintly described, the Executive Council, who generally hold the most lucrative appointments under the Crown, find it necessary, in order to satisfy the man of "the people," or, in other words, to retain their offices, to be guilty of every kind of corruption. All men in office will be obliged, more or less, to advocate principles and to listen to language such as M. Papineau and his followers formerly used, insulting Her Majesty's representative, ridi-

culing everything that is British, and extolling everything that is Republican. By this disgusting procedure their characters, as Conservatives, will gradually be lowered even in their own estimation. The bench of justice will every day be more and more polluted until the whole system of British Government will become despicable in the eyes of the most sensible men of all parties. "The domination of the mother-country" will then really be "baneful;" and whenever, under the bribe of the people of the United States, the remedy of separation shall be resorted to, not only will all the moneys that have been spent on that colony be lost to us, but, what is infinitely more lamentable, there will remain in it seeds of hatred and contempt for "*Perfidious Monarchy, the friend of its enemies, and the enemy of its friends!*" For ages and ages our institutions will, in the English language, be execrated, reviled, and despised; and thus by our own acts and deeds, by the establishment of "responsible government," which the heart of every honest man among us tells him is inconsistent with the dependence of a colony on its parent state, shall we, in a very few years, convert one of the noblest regions of the globe into a republican hotbed of hatred and disaffection to the British Name.

THE END.

