THE EMIGRANT.

BY

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"Send her victorious, happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us, God save the queen."
Old Song.

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PREFACE.

As the Common Crow is made up of a small lump of carrion and a few handfuls of feathers, so is this Volume composed of Political History, buoyed up by a few light sketches, solely written to make a dull subject fly.

If this strange mixture of grave matter with gay referred only to the happiness of those who have emigrated, or who may hereafter emigrate to our colonies, it would, I am sensible, be beneath the notice of the general reader; but, I regret to say, it discloses facts which not only threaten the safety of our Institutions, but in which the Honor of the British Crown is deeply involved; and having made this declaration, the truth of which no person who shall patiently read my sketches will, I believe, be disposed to deny, I now commit my evidence to the public to speak for itself.

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THE

EMIGRANT.

CHAPTER I.

A NEW SKY.

HOWEVER deeply prejudiced an Englishman may be in favor 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 colors than she 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 vivider—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 won-

derfully 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 endeavor 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 exists impending stratifications of cold proportionate in intensity to their respective altitudes.

Now, as soon as moisture or vapor enters these regions, 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 ejectment is as follows:—

The superincumbent atmosphere, warmed by the sun, melts the surface of the snow; and as soon as the former 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 ice-house, from which there slowly but continuously arises, like a mist from the ground, a stratum of cold air, which the northwest prevailing wind wafts over the south, and which freezes every thing 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, which 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 northwest 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 ax, 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 ax 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 laboring 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 Indian, 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 beside 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 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 traveler, 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 colors 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 unbearable; indeed I remember seeing the left cheek 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 northwest 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—infinitely worse than the disease. On entering, for instance, the small parlor 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,

which was 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 dispatches, 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 keeps the red fluid, like the movement of the waters in the great lakes, 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 insteps 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, and 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 northwest 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 fireflies 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 various 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 crim-

son, and of golden light, which, without intermixing, radiate upward 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 fireflies depart first; then follow the pigeons; the wild-fowl take refuge in 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 flitch of bacon from the ceiling of an English farmhouse; and even many of the fishes make their deep-water arrangements for not coming to the surface of the rivers and harbors 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, including roads and paths of every description, beautifully macadamized 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 harbor becomes a national playground 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 water-falls 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, can not 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 afterward learned had been the cause of a serious accident to his late master, when he suddenly, un-

asked, 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 harbors 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.

In the midst of this scene here and there are a 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 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 can not be made colder than ice; and accordingly if a good-humored man succeeds in filling his icehouse, 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 any body 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

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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 infinitely 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 lukewarm 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 over-

hangs 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 honor,*" he replied, "*it's nathing at arl. 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 every thing 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 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 endeavored 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:—

I threw my hat on the ground, and then riding 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, I returned on the footmarks of my horse to my hat, and then radiating from it in any other direction, and returning, I 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 about the forest are very similar to those which characterize 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 proof 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 that had turned it inward, and which 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 burnt 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 greatest 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 traveler 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, which in England is 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 forty degrees of Fahrenheit.

These sudden changes, however, when effected, 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, but infinitely 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."

CHAPTER II.

THE BACKWOODS.

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 every body knows to be recipient, without ability to repay; when again I witnessed the mania which 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, which 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 three hundred and sixty-five thousand babies a-year (which equals the number of men, women, and children in the county of Worcestershire) 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 parceled 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 which 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 experienced 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 laborers, 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 beside 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-humoredly told that "*he was too young.*"

That a few weeks afterward, 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 that 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 that was brought before its consideration, drove crowds of distinguished officers of both services to the backwoods. Many fine fellows came out because they could not live without shooting, 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 afterward 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 indi-

viduals of various grades (in 1842 their number exceeded forty-two thousand) 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 bunghole 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 does the same sort of clarification and the same results take place in the moral feelings of the crowds of emigrants I have described.

For a short time, on their arrival at their various locations, 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 reveling 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 wagoner rides instead of walks, and in which there are no purse-proud millionaires, 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 sub-

stances, contain in their compositions a considerable quantity of alloy.

One of the first wants, like a flower in the wilderness, that 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 coloring 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 ax-men in Upper Canada expended on this object upward 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 wagons, each laden with at least one man, a woman or two, and some little children, are seen converging toward it; and it would be impossible to describe the overwhelming 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 well known 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 neighbor appointed instead; he has written to the governor for a patent for the land he is clearing, and has received no answer; his nearest neighbor 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 neighbor, 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, which are 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 connection 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 subtile 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 revolu-

tion, 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 bandbox, 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 my 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 part 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 which he taught me.

I could mention many similar reproofs which I verbally received from native-born Canadians, especially one which 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 established 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, 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 in-

habitants 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 can not 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; 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 stanch 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 as soon as the banks ceased to hold it.

Rivers, however, being more or loss 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 toward the sea. Any one who in swimming down a stream has ever chanced to grasp the branch of a tree overhanging the banks, has no doubt found it almost impossible to hold on, and even if the palm of the hand be applied to the surface of running water, a rude guess may be made of the force which 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 upward, isolates it, excepting at particular bends and turns of the river, which 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, continue to form impending rocks from fifty to eighty 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 then 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 happened twice to succeed in witnessing the breaking up of the ice of the Humber, a small river in the neighborhood 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 subsided, the stream had returned to its ordinary limits, and nothing remained to tell of the struggle and the chance-medley 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 which 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 valor.

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 rushing toward 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 downward toward Quebec.

On St. Helens there was quartered a small detachment of troops, and while the breaking up of the ice was momently 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 downward.

Just at this moment of intense interest, a little girl, the daughter of an artilleryman 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 halfway 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 much nearer to her than the rest, distinctly uttered to himself the monosyllables "*Quick march!*" and in obedience thereto, fixing his eyes on the child as on a parade bandarole, he steadily proceeded toward 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 from a piece that was beginning to rise, and then, like a white bear, carefully clambering down a piece that was beginning to sink; however, onward 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, toward 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.

Color-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 favorite 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, every body, muffled in fur, instinctively steps into a sleigh; and as matter, philosophers say, can not 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, unat-

tended 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 occasionally 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 backward and forward, waiting for me, I always felt encouraged to make my toilet, 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 I 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, which 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 hat full 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 endeavoring, during the war, to cross it in a boat, had been upset, and 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 sometimes toward the blue lake, and sometimes toward 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 agonizing 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 every thing 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 that 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 point I have described, between the lake and the Grenadiers' Pond. He was not there; but it was afterward ascertained that, within an hour after he had escaped from the hospital, a man, exactly answering 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

SACRED
TO THE MEMORY OF
A POOR LUNATIC.

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 that 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 that was just starting, and overtook the ship just as she reached Gravesend, where he hired a small boat, and then sculling alongside, he was soon recognized 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 every thing 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 every thing he had owned on board excepting Charley, whom he had preserved, and afterward 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 toward 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 flut-

tering, 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 can not 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 toward 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. Nevertheless, whatever others may have felt, 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 maj-

esty'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 lapstone, 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 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, as 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 forever 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 upward—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 endeavor 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 dispatches were almost invariably written at night, for upward 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 every body had either some little grievance to complain of, some little favor to ask, or some slight curiosity to become acquainted with me—in short, some small excuse for a holyday-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 plase 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 traveled 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 macadamized roads, plank roads, corduroy roads, the great harbors, light-houses, 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 Brit-

ish 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 vigor 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!

Upward 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 harbors have been fortified, valuable fisheries and timber trade established, and mines in operation.

On macadamized roads upward of £200,000 has already been expended, as also an immense sum on plank roads.

On inland navigation there has already been expended —on the Rideau Canal, upward of a million sterling; on the Welland Canal, nearly half-a-million; on the St. Lawrence Canal, more than £300,000: on the Lachine Canal, about £100,000; beside 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 expending, 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 harbors, 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, harbors, mills, light-houses, canals, macadamized roads, fortifications, and various other public works and buildings which might be enumerated, were to be sold by public auction, the sum which 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 ax in the wilderness, his location and his log-hut are improved in value by every neighboring 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 beside 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 de-

serted 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 parentally 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 honor to Old England, and who, with open arms, receive all those whose labor 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 brush-wood, 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 labor 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 ax had perhaps become gradually enervated by ague (which always ungratefully 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 ax, 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 ax 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 toward 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 endeavors 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 center of a clearance of about four acres.

As it had evidently been deserted many years, I in-

quired, as usual, of the person belonging to the township, who happened to be riding nearest to me, to whom it belonged? In reply to which I received the following 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 which 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 which 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 immovably 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 endeavoring 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 forward, he cut the band that connected his oxen to the plough. As soon as they were at liberty he drew the patient animals toward 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 mus-

quitoes 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 homeward.

On their arrival at his log-hut the blood on their horns instantly attracted the attention of a laborer who lived with him, and who, fancying that the animals must have gored their master, hastened to the clearance, where they 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 can not 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 labor as a backwoodsman, and that accordingly he had deserted it.

The Rideau Canal, which by a channel of one hundred and fifty-four 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

2d. 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, yet 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 emigrants, 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 hu-

man 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 toward 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 prearranged 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 wagon 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 make 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 upward. On reaching the settlement he was met by Colonel ——, who was struck with his altered looks and manner, and begged him to endeavor 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 Northwest 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 which 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 overexcitement, 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 afterward 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, etc.

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 onward into the forest.

They immediately ran after him, but he went so fast that it was sometime 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 for 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 that 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.

Toward 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 afterward 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 expressing 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, he died, expressing calm resignation to the will of God, and without a struggle.

His body was brought down in a canoe from 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 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 which 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, of which I had been ignorant, respecting the lumber-trade, in which they were all very deeply engaged. I afterward, 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 afterward continued its uninterrupted course.

Although the lumberers described to me with great eagerness the advantages of this work, I did not readily understand them; in consequence of which they 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 picture 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, which was 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 raft, hy tilting downward, adapted itself to the surface of the slide, and then with great velocity rushed with the stream to the water, which was 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 upward 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, as I was kindly received in all, I was well enough disposed to take a favorable view of the condition of their inmates. 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 unneighborly 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 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 toward 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, than 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 which 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 bandbox must have been

smashed to atoms; but the old shaggy-headed Indian who was 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, beside 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-travelers, 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 lose time, 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 we reached still water, without the utterance, from the moment we had started, of a single word; and

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as soon as we disembarked, we 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 found in the road, at some little distance, waiting 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'Donell brought one thousand eight hundred men of that name to the settlement which I had now reached, and their religion, language, habits, and honor 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—

"Coelum 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 as he serenaded 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 afterward 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 extremities 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 favored 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 favored spot for the redundant population of the mother country, I will state, that between lakes Ontario and Huron there exist six millions of 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 5*s*. 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 $1 00 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 an 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 toward 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 toward 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 hunted, 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; beside which, every trader that came to visit the dwellings of the white man, finding it profitable to sell whisky to the Indians, and the fatal results of drunkenness, of small-pox, and other disorders combined, produced, as may be imagined, the most unfortunate results.

The remedy which 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 endeavor 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 called civilized; in short, it is against their nature, and they can not 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 endeavoring 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 toward 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, portmanteaus, powder, shot, &c., I certainly for some time looked with very respectful attention to each wave, as one after another was seen rapidly and almost angrily advancing toward 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.

Toward 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 re-

ceive 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 upward on the shore; and while we, like Alonso and his crew, were strolling about our island, the Indians were busily occupied in preparing our 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 fibers 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, which 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 among the sticks already prepared, they burst into 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 toilet, 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—upward 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 that was 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 the coloring 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 upward, while in the latter from the very same roots they grew downward; 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 colors, changed as suddenly as the piece 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 we employed ourselves 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 us, yet, as it strengthened, and as the hours of their labor lengthened, the countenances of these faithful, beardless men began to show fatigue, and by midday they would appear nearly exhausted, when all of a sudden they would startle us by a simultaneous scream of "Widdy! Widdy!" 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 toward us backward, 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 the 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

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

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 further, 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 united, "*The fish is quite ready!*" I will, therefore, *en route* toward the canoes, only observe, as a remarkable instance of the unwritten laws of honor 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 every thing above water was thus shrouded from view, every thing 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 coloring 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 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" which 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 upward 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, healthy. 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 color 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, "*Haven'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 favor 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 toward 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 blankets became the better they 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 toilet, 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, as they propelled us, were always to-

ward 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; and, 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 toward the shore; and 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 colors.

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 leveled his rifle toward me; and from the center to both extremities of the line there immediately irregularly rolled a *feu-de-joie*, which echoed and reëchoed 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 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 vener ate is utterly unknown, and, if described, would be list ened to with calm, inoffensive indifference, or with a smile approaching very nearly to the confines of con tempt; but the truth is, that between what *we* term the civilized portion of mankind, and what *we* call "the sav age," 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 shatters, holland blinds, window-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 afterward 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 which were urged by several of the tribes, and in making arrangements with some of our 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 armlets 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 subject 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 afterward addressed the council, I could only very inaccurately repeat them. Beside 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 demeanor—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 leo quence 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 further—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 provincial 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., which 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 who were on the island assembled to take part in some Olympic games which 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 cover 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 upward and sometimes the other, they gallantly stemmed through the water toward a canoe lying about half-a-mile from the shore, were highly exhilerating; 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 onward 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 prize had been destined, had they been present, might no doubt have drawn a useful moral from the result. The catastrophe, however, was really most tragical, and was 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 conquerers; 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 to paddle homeward. 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

THIS chapter contains a few trifling details of events, with the outlines of which the public is already acquainted.

As soon as Mr. McKenzie, Dr. Duncombe, Mr. Robert Baldwin, Mr. Speaker Bidwell, Dr. 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 that 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 fund-holders, landowners, churchmen, statesmen, shipowners, manufacturers, independent laborers, and paupers, it is quite impossible that any measure can be approved of by all these different and conflicting interests; but in the backwoods 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 our neighboring 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 reëlected 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 which I had determined to pursue—whether right or wrong it now matters not—was at all events a plain one. For upward 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 every thing he could to force me to patronize 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 center 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 firearms," and under the pretense 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 reminding daily 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 clamor, 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 can not with impunity be trifled with.

They always have been, and always 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 ardor, 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 of 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 endeavored by every exertion in his power to assail me.

A servant girl had poisoned her mistress, for which offense she had been arrested, tried, and condemned to death. I believe a female had never before been executed in Upper Canada, beside which, she was young and beautiful. All these circumstances combined, naturally enough interested many in her favor, 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 mat-

ter 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 clamor, 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 favor, "dispose" of me, save the girl, plunder the banks, seize the government muskets, etc.

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 small portion of the militia.

The instant this 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 called upon me to report that Mr. McKenzie had at last crossed the line of demarkation, and that he was within the reach and power of British law.

I instantly assembled my council, and 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 defense 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. Beside 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 Can-

ada, as well as in England, many people, very kindly disposed toward me, but unversed in the rudiments of war, have considered that 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 headache, 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 harbor; 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 small body of trusty men, among whom were the five judges, a force quite sufficient to have repelled and punished any attack which 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-barreled 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, and as Rumor, 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 stanch in their 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 tours 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 defense? 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, which was occasionally enlivened by an alarm that the rebels were advancing upon us, and which of course caused every barricadoed window to be suddenly bristled with the muzzles of loaded muskets, "like quills upon the fretful porcupine."

The sun set without our receiving succor, 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 McNab 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 and rode to the wharf, seized a steamer that was lying there, put a guard on board of her, dispatched messengers in various directions to the Canadian farmers, yeomen, &c., in his neighborhood, and at five o'clock sailed, with the vessel heavily laden with "*the men of Gore,*" upward 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 connection 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 McNab.

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 honor 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, and 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 versa*, 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 organized 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 very small, and only 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 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 reveren-

tially 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 fox-hounds dashing into an English furze cover.

We had hitherto listened to the firing of rifles, but the honest, deep-toned voices of the English muskets 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 (afterward tried in the United States, and whose little story will appear in a subsequent chapter), had managed to get ahead 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, littusque 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 to me a couple of prisoners they had 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 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 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 that—*coûte 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 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.

Although it will probably cause not the smallest excitement in this country among Whigs or Tories, yet in our North American colonies it is deemed most strange, and in the future history of the British empire it will surely appear unaccountable, that the leader of the conservatives during his enjoyment of office did nothing for Colonel Moodie's widow, daughters, or son, all of whom were left in great poverty; and yet that he advised our gracious sovereign publicly to pardon and bring back to Upper Canada Mr. Montgomery, in whose house this gallant, old soldier had died, and also Mr. Gibson, who had taken charge of all Mr. McKenzie's prisoners, and who had been Colonel Moodie's jailer while he was dying!

On the return of this man to Canada, the queen's subjects he had maltreated, indignant at his pardon, obtained writs against him for false imprisonment; and such was his own estimation of his guilt, that seeing that the pardon of the crown could not shield him from the paramount vengeance of British law, he again absconded to the United States. However, "revenons à nos moutons!"

I need hardly say that my order to burn the buildings 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 who was 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 them 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 which intimated 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 practicing midwife, were enabled to collect, amounted only to five hundred men.

Now, at this moment, the population of Upper Canada was four hundred and fifty thousand; Toronto contained ten thousand, and the Home District sixty thousand.

On the fourth day after the outbreak, such numbers of loyal men were flocking toward Toronto from all directions, that I was obliged to publish placards throughout the province announcing that I had no occasion for their services; and on the seventh day after the outbreak I issued a general order, placing (beside 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 defense 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 which they could not control, were seen centripedally riding, driving, or walking toward 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 nowhere 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? With nothing to look up to, and nothing to die under, 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 should vainly under-

take 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 that 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 a tall, straight staff, wearing a small foraging cap on its head, appeared, as if it had started up by magic, or, like a mushroom, had risen in the night; and, lastly, an artilleryman, 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 artilleryman 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 Scotch 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 which 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, honor 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 them, as well as 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," that was 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 inhabi-

tants 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 been hoisted on a flag-staff opposite Parliament-buildings on the opening of the provincial legislature, on the birthday 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, to 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 toward 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 pure, deep-blue sky, it gradually revealed to view a glittering mass of hieroglyphics, out of which every man ravenously selected those which he conceived to be especially his own.

"*What animals are those?*" said a 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 eyebrows; 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 "*absquatulate.*"

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 compliment, 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 to 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 Mr. Bidwell and Mr. Baldwin had endeavored 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 that 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 endeavor 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 of the rebellion.

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, addressed to him letters which arrived in such numbers, 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 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 learned 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; and, beside, 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 endeavored to depose; and, accordingly, with faltering steps, he walked toward Government House; and entering the waiting-room, he there took refuge under the very BRITISH FLAG which 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, the instant this strange and unexpected arrangement caught Mr. Bidwell's 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 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 give me, in writing, a promise that he would leave the queen's territory forever.

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, I 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 honors which it is in the power of republicans to bestow; and such was the feeling in his favor, 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 queen's 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 McNab, 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 dispatches 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. Papineau's party, to exchange the British constitution for the low, groveling 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 highly attractive rather than repulsive, and accordingly, in reply to my sketch, I was boldly 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 [*i. e.*, Lord John Russell's object] 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 receiv-

ing in the United States compliments and congratulations on his appointment to the American bar, it appeared from the *London Gazette* that the queen's 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 neighborhood!

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 leader of the great conservative party in the mother country has never once opened his lips in parliament to demand from his fearless opponent a single word of explanation respecting the strange facts connected with Mr. Bidwell's proposed elevation to the bench, as detailed in dispatches 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 Rensselaer, and his forces had taken forcible possession of Navy Island, I directed Sir Allan McNab to march the Canada militia under his command to the Niagara frontier; and his reports of the reinforcements which were hourly arriving at Van Rensselaer's camp becoming at last so 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 characterize the continent of North America are composed of a series of five lakes, or rather of inland seas, of different altitudes, whose circumferences exceed four thousand miles, and which communicate with each other by two short friths or narrow channels, the lowest being the Niagara River, which by an inclination of three hundred and thirty feet conducts the waters of lakes Superior, Michigan, Huron, and Erie, into Lake Ontario, from 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 neighborhood 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 were from four to eight feet above the water, and which 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 toward the dark, blue sky which serenely reigned 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 can not 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 neighborhood, 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 being 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 wings, had no need of it, namely, geese; but their brother biped, man, had cut their wings; 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, on which, 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 toward 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; and 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 vapor that arose from the caldron immediately beneath me partaking of eddies in the atmosphere, created also by what was passing below, ascending and descending, rushed sometimes downward 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 vapor, which 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 vapor, 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 to it all with the feelings of confusion I had so often before experienced; but as I became gradually accustomed to the cold whirling vapor that surrounded me, as well as to the sudden crashing noises behind me, I felt myself by degrees ena-

bled—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 tune of the fall of more than a hundred millions of tuns of water per hour over a precipice of one hundred and fifty feet; and the raging, hissing, lashing, and boiling of all this broken water in the confined caldron 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 arrested in its fall from one hundred and fifty feet, would apparently so completely overpower every other, that I felt I could point in the dark precisely to the bottom of the falls; at other times, nothing beneath was heard but the raging of broken water, while the thunder that created it was resounding high overhead, and sometimes far away, as if a heavy battering train of artillery were trotting through the forest over a paved road.

* * * * * *

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 de-

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

pressed 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-ĀW-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 tuns 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 which formed 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 imbedded.

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, until, 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 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 tuns 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 vapor, that in rolling volumes, pierced with prismatic colors, 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-ā̄w-ga-rah!" surely can not 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 neighboring forest, one of its tallest pines, upon the summit of which there 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, two thousand five hundred Canadian farmers, yeomen, and other volunteers, who, bringing with them nothing but the clothes in which they stood, had left their families, and, in defense 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 the 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 school-boys, they had run after their football. Sometimes a laugh, like a roll of musketry, would reëcho through the dark forest, and

sometimes there would be a cheer that for a moment seemed to silence the unceasing roar of the falls; and certainly 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 demeanor 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 tene-

ment in Downing-street there existed an unwholesome opinion (which, in beautiful language, was very shortly afterward 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 toward 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 sympathizers, 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 twenty-two pieces of artillery, the property of the government of the United States, and which had offensively been planted by American citizens on 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 every thing 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 wagons 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 honor 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 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 joined the ranks of the militia with a musket on his shoulder, and who was ready enough, when called upon, to do what was right, declared to Sir Allan McNab 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 occupied 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 neighboring people with whom they were at peace, and who had offered them not the slightest cause for offense; and secondly, a government, if such it can be called, 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 colors, 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 children, gratitude and submission to the Great Author of their existence. 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 harbor of that town, under the pretense of liberating (*Anglice*, massacring) the Brit-

ish people. The Canadian 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 armor, 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 one hundred and ninety miles through dense districts of the forest, in which a single rifle bullet from an impervious ambush could have dispatched 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 beside 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 however 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 labor, 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 em-

blem, 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 endeavor, 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 license, under the authority of which, and amid 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 suc-

cessfully 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 succor 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 misdemeanor 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 unequivo-

cally approved of the act. The details of this gallant feat need not be repeated. Every Canadian, and, I trust, every British traveler, 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 invade us; and by 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 Rensselaer 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.

MORAL.

How the leader of the Conservatives, with all these facts before him, could publicly approve of the Queen of Great Britain apologizing to the President of the United States for this act, involves considerations which will form the subject of the following chapter.

CHAPTER XI.

THE APOLOGY.

In the amicable adjustment of every question of dispute between individuals of high honor, 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 toward the other the word "apology." A man of honor does not want *more*, can not 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 follow:—

So long as the citizens of the United States were firing their state artillery upon the unoffending subjects 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 in-

stant that the British force, after a fortnight's endurance, presumed, in self-defense, 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 McNab, 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 McNab, commanding the British Forces on the Niagara Frontier.

"SIR,

"Inclosed I send you a copy of a letter from Van Rensselaer, 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 endeavored 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 heads—not mine.*

"I have, &c.,

(Signed) "HENRY ARCULARIUS,

"Commissary-General."

2d. Beside the occupation of her majesty's territory of Navy Island by "General Van Rensselaer," and the firing upon the inhabitants of Sandwich by "Major General T. S. Sutherland, commanding second division of the Patriot Army," it had been my duty to report to her majesty's government (see my printed dispatches as laid before Parliament) that 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 Honorable S. Maitland, had returned to the territory of the United States.

3d. That about the same time another part of Upper Canada (Bois Blanc Island) was invaded by five hundred armed American citizens, who, beside 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 upward of £1000 sterling.

4th. That about the same time a party of Americans, to avenge themselves for the destruction of "the Caroline," captured and burned a large British steamer named "*the Sir Robert Peel.*"

5th. That, as if to demonstrate to the civilized world that a republican government cares no more for the Laws of Nations, or for any laws on earth, than do its citizens, an officer of the United States government was directed (during a negotiation which for three years had been pending between the American and British governments, on the subject of the president's demand for reparation

from the Queen of Great Britain for the destruction of "the Caroline") to offer to Her Britannic Majesty the unwarrantable insult of seizing, of imprisoning, and of bringing before an American court of justice one of her majesty's bravest and most loyal subjects, to be tried for his life, for having (as was falsely alledged) served under her flag in this capture of the "Caroline."

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-defense, 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, can not 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* can not complain of a usurpation of its rights, for the plain reason that, at the time of the alledged usurpation, it was not in possession of the exercise of those rights of which it alledges 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 can not be a neutral—there can not be a middle, without at least two extremities.

2d. 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 addressed 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 McNab:—

"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 Laws 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 alledged, 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 fulfill 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 brought Alexander Macleod to trial for having assisted in preventing British territory from being invaded by the citizens of the United States; and this president of 1840, not satisfied with this, continued—during and after Mr. Macleod's trial as strenuously as before it—to demand 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 practice 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 offense 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, not satisfied with having punished one of her subjects for having resisted it, to require from her majesty herself reparation and atonement for the insults she has received from him!

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

That Sir Allan McNab 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 subtile advocate could impart to it, surely the leader of the Conservatives, before he approved of the Queen of England using the word "*apology*," with reference to this act, 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.

2d. 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.

3d. 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 sterling.

6th. The insult offered to the British sovereign by the trial of one of her majesty's subjects, for an offense for which, by the Laws of Nations, her majesty alone was responsible.

Now surely the leader of the great Conservative party in England ought to have felt, and with no little indignation, that 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 favor, 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.

Surely the Conservative leader ought to have felt that if "atonement and reparation" were to be demanded by either party, it should be by the Queen of England, *from* the President of the United States; and that even if the

balance of the Dr. and Cr. account I have recorded had been in favor of the latter, her Britannic majesty would have been fully justified in maintaining, on the old legal axiom of "*autrefois acquit*," that inasmuch as the President and government of the United States, by their illegal trial of a British subject, had forcibly taken the Laws of Nations into their own hands, the alledged offense could not, a second time, become the subject of international proceedings; in short, that the moment Alexander Macleod had been compelled to raise his hand in the courts of the United States, and to plead "*Not Guilty*" to an indictment for murder, and to trust to the decisions of the tribunals of that country whether he was to be disgracefully deprived of life or not for having performed a British soldier's duty, in repelling the attempt of a foreign power to seize upon and overturn her majesty's authority within her North American dominions; the Queen of England was, to say the least, at once absolved from making any further atonement to that power which had illegally claimed reparation for the act in question from her subject instead of from herself.

Lord Melbourne was so clearly convinced that no reparation was due from the Queen of England to the President of the United States, that, as the guardian of her majesty's honor, he resolutely refused to offer any; and, not satisfied with this, the Whig government forwarded to Canada a powerful dispatch, 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."

But the most powerful advocate in support of this doctrine was Sir Robert Peel himself, who, in a most eloquent speech, in which he quoted, at great length, Mr. Adams's letter respecting General Jackson's invasion of Florida, most powerfully and eloquently defended the legality and propriety of the very act which afterward formed the subject of his unfortunate submission. However, it appears that, on his accession to power, he was anxious 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 offense 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 can not but be aware that self-respect, the consciousness of independence and national equality, and a sensitiveness to whatever may touch the honor 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) "DANIEL 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 honorable 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 honor."

One would have thought that "the most susceptible nation on points of national honor" 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 Minister, as if foreseeing that, without the use of the word "apology," this troublesome business could not be quickly "*settled*" —and that any mention of the name of Alexander Macleod—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 of the British Sovereign was deemed sufficient; and, accordingly, Mr. Webster was authorized to address to the British Minister, as a receipt in full of all demands, a dispatch, 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

* See Appendix, B.

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."

It is difficult to conceive how the representative of the great Conservative party in England could approve, not only of offering, in the name of his sovereign, this apology to the President of the United States (*vide* his speech in the House of Commons), but of ever since withholding from Alexander Macleod indemnification for the losses and sufferings he had endured; or of even any notice by her majesty's government of his affecting letter of complaint, excepting a cold acknowledgment of its receipt.

As history will not, I hope, blame *me* for the apology that has been offered for my defense 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 their great leader in England has deserted them. They 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 by the Conservative government 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; and when it is considered what

noble feelings the militia of the whole of our North American provinces displayed in 1837, it is mortifying to hear how odious are the comparisons which they now form between the leaders of the two great parties in England; and that, while they are loud in admiration of the courage of the one, they as invariably designate his opponent by a contemptuous appellation which it would be indecorous to repeat: in short, they are in a state of despair, caused by a firm conviction that, in the apology which has been made by the Conservative government in England for the destruction of the Caroline, their interests and their honor have been alike sacrificed.

There are, I know, among our Conservatives many most worthy men who believed that the dishonor 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 their leader grasped at the reward of his policy, he reaped nothing but the mortification and disappointment of hearing those whom at such a costly sacrifice of principle he had endeavored 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 23d 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 harbor 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 every thing I beheld was but an emblem of that which was gladdening my own heart, in the fullness 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 masthead 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 beside my natural inaptitude for the lofty position I had been occupying, and beside the rough weather to which I had politically been exposed, 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, harbors, 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 toward 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 compliment 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 coloring of the new

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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 toward it, which, while the steamer is cheerily progressing, I will endeavor 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 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 that 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, and New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia, resolutions were agreed on, to evince, by public honors 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 :—

"Toronto, March 19, 1838.

"GENTLEMEN,

"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 honor 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 favor 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

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people of the Canadas, as well as myself, feel so deeply interested.

"I have the honor to be,
"Gentlemen,
"Your most obedient humble servant,
(Signed) "F. B. HEAD.

To the Hon. Peter M'Gill, 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 people 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, who was 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 I there-

* The distance from Toronto to New York, through the United States, is about three hundred and fifty miles; the distance from Toronto to Halifax about twelve hundred miles.

fore 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 every body 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 harbor 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 McDonell, 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 disjointed 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 which was 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 which was 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 walking forward pushed it along, toward 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 which 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 amid 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 we 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 toward 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, who was 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 toward 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, that 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 portmanteaus into it, and then drove away.

As the roads were very bad, we proceeded that day only about twenty-five 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 wagon, such as is generally used, in which we proceeded toward Waterton, a considerable town, in which I knew that 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 wagon 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 toward 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 toward it; and Judge Jones joining me from the inn with a countenance of beaming joy and irresistible good-humor, we got in and drove off before any of my dull catechists had quite 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 produced 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 in walked a huge, overgrown man, whose overheated 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 forefinger 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 forward. 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, beside 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 favor.

During the remainder of the night we were occupied, sometimes in vainly attempting to waken up our various landlords, in unsuccessfully endeavoring to satisfy them of the reasonableness of our traveling 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

toilet, before the first train started by railroad for Albany, the capital of New York, distant about one hundred 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 insure 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 savor of "exclusiveness," I resolved to go to one of the largest hotels in the city, and while there, like every body 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 every body 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 sev-

eral 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 theater 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 toward 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 afterward 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 ever 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 22d 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 canvas,

"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."

Every thing 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 travelers tea, toast, scalding-hot soup, sixpenny pork-pies, and every thing 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 every thing 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 dispatched 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 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 beside 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 defense of her authority and of British institutions.

They had shown her majesty that the British population in her North American colonies, with a few con-

temptible 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. It is true that the French in Lower Canada were under martial law, but *they* had never even pretended to like British institutions; indeed, for a long time, they had honestly refused to exercise what we call their "constitutional liberties;" and not even understanding what representation meant, and not caring a pinch of snuff who represented them, they had naturally enough been misled by Monsieur Papineau and others, who of their own accord had just absconded.

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 a political story, which I will venture to assert is the most hysterical that has ever been acted on our colonial theater, 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."

Although freedom of speech on every subject which, like science or politics, affects the general welfare of mankind is one of the brightest distinctions of civilization; yet every liberal man feels, that to speak ill of an opponent behind his back is an abuse of this valuable privilege; and if it be deemed just, as well as generous, to afford this description of protection to an absent man, who, in a few days, or even hours, can appear to defend himself; how much more is it our duty to grant it to one who is dead, but whose character still survives, to be assailed by any one who can enjoy the unmanly pleasure of striking at that which is utterly defenseless.

These commonplace observations will, I trust, be sufficient to prevent any respectable person, now or hereafter, from uttering any expression that may unnecessarily assail the memory of the late Lord Durham.

A few facts, however, must be stated respecting him, which I shall easily compress within a very short limit.

It was the Earl of Durham who, under the queen's commission, sailed from England as lord high commissioner, in 1838, to examine into and report on the state of her majesty's North American colonies.

Whether it was that the weight of responsibility which had been imposed upon him was specifically more than his mind could bear—whether it was that the exalted pinnacle on which 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 over-

whelmed by feelings which he was incapable to control, he issued, under the Royal Arms, certain proclamations against the British parliament; without waiting to be relieved came home; and under the influence of passions I have but faintly described, there affixed his signature to a voluminous Report, containing with its Appendix 690 folio pages, of the contents of which it will shortly appear he was perfectly ignorant.

That Lord Melbourne never troubled himself to read this ponderous volume, with that guileless and high-minded honesty which characterizes him,* he himself admitted in the House of Lords.

The arch-leader of his cabinet, however, well understood its contents, and clearly foreseeing what would be their results, her majesty, at the age of nineteen, was fatally advised, contrary to all precedent, to order "to be printed and to be laid before both Houses of Parliament," this posthumous document written after Lord Durham had abandoned his post, and recommending, upon evidence which the report pretended to detail, two measures:

1st. The legislative union of the Canadas, and,

2d. That the power and patronage of the crown should henceforward be transferred from her majesty's representative, to that system of "responsible government" which the people of Upper Canada at their late elections had repudiated, which at the hour of rebellion they had risen almost *en masse* to repel, by exertions that had been greeted with the applause and acclamations of the legislatures of the adjoining provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick.

Now, at the time these two measures were recom-

* Although Lord Melbourne of course could not concur in the policy I had pursued in Canada, yet, in the various interviews I had with him, his conduct toward me was open, generous, and high-minded; indeed, his kindness of manner was infinitely more than I had any right to expect.

mended in Lord Durham's Report, Lower Canada was under martial law; and although Upper Canada had faithfully resisted *open* rebellion, yet it was arithmetically known that the minority of members of Parliament opposed to government in the Upper Province, added to the French radicals in the Lower Province, would constitute a permanent, incurable republican majority; and accordingly the bold project of the arch-leader of Lord Melbourne's government was as follows:—

1st.* Swamp for me the accursed loyalty of Upper Canada, by creating in the Commons' House of Assembly of the United Legislature a permanent republican majority.

2d. Constitute for me "a Provincial Cabinet," to fetter, or, as I must at present call it, to *advise*, the governor-general, which cabinet must carry with it the confidence, or in other words be the mouthpiece, of the aforesaid republican majority; and the legitimate influence of the crown being thus misdirected in favor of the disloyal, and the power of her majesty's secretary of state for the colonies completely superseded by the republican "CABINET," the loyal of Upper Canada will be placed forever in a minority; and as it is to be decreed by the Imperial Parliament that the *majority shall govern*, Hurrah for the Union! Hurrah for democracy in our colonies of the most luxurious growth, and then hurrah! hurrah! my lads, for a republic at home!!

But the queen's sentinel, the Duke of Wellington, clearly foresaw what must inevitably be the fatal results of the proposed Union of the Canadas; and, as he had only to explain the reasons which were subsequently em-

* "Never again," says Lord Durham's Report, page 20, "will the present generation of French Canadians yield a loyal submission to a British government."

bodied in his protest to carry with him a majority in the House of Lords, and as Sir Robert Peel also commanded a large Conservative majority in the House of Commons, and was only awaiting an opportunity to exercise it, it was naturally to be supposed that the projector of this clever plot, whenever it was proposed, would be signally defeated.

So soon, therefore, as Lord John Russell gave notice in the House of Commons of his intention to bring in a Bill for the Legislative Union of the Canadas, the Conservative party looked to Sir Robert Peel for a decided expression as to the course they should adopt.

A most mysterious silence, however, appeared to envelop the whole subject: like sheep following their shepherd in a fog, they could not see a yard before them; when all of a sudden, to the utter dismay of all who, like the Duke of Wellington, understood the subject, Sir Robert Peel declared, in broad daylight, that he should very reluctantly vote for a measure which he perfectly well knew had been strenuously opposed—

1st. For twenty-five years by the successive Executive Councils of Upper Canada.

2d. For upward of forty years by the successive administrators of the government of that province.

3d. By the two Houses of Legislature of Upper Canada, who, in 1837, fearing that Lord Gosford and the Royal Commissioners might possibly recommend the said Union, joined in an address to the king, declaring that such a measure would, in their opinion, "*be destructive of their connection with the parent state.*"

4th. By Sir George Arthur, the existing lieutenant-governor, who, in his published dispatch to her majesty's secretary of state, No. 91, dated April 17th, 1839, described—

"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 Mr. McKenzie"—

and in his published dispatches, dated 2d July, and 21st August, 1839, added—

"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 (responsible government) 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.*"

Considering the combined weight which was constitutionally due to the above authorities, especially to the latter, whose testimony, as the reigning representative of her majesty, was surely more trustworthy than that of the distinguished nobleman who had abandoned his post, it was certainly a most astonishing spectacle, to behold the respected leader of the Conservative soldiers of the empire combining, against the opinions of his party, with Lord John Russell, in what both — the one ironically, the other with studied gravity—justly termed "*a final* SETTLEMENT *of the Canada question.*"

The Conservative leader not only well knew that Lord Durham was innocent as a lamb of the contents of his Report; but he equally well knew that two of those who were its real authors had been convicted by the tribunals of this country, of offenses of a most unusual description; indeed, that he (Sir R. Peel) himself, in bringing into the House of Commons a Bill denouncing one of these individuals, then lying in the felons' jail at Newgate, to which he had been sentenced for three years, not only described,

in eloquent terms, "the fraud, the forgery, and the villainy he had practiced," but added—

"Hundreds of delinquents, much less guilty, had been convicted of capital felonies, and had forfeited their lives!" (See Hansard, 6th June, 1827.)

When, therefore, the Conservative leader compared the high authorities which, with the Duke of Wellington at their head, were eager to protest against the proposed measure, with the moral and political character of the well known writers of Lord Durham's Report, who had recommended these measures, it is astonishing to conceive how, for the unworthy reward of "settling" a troublesome question, prior to his approaching advent to power, he could have determined to join with his high-couraged opponent in enacting a law which he, as well as every man acquainted with the subject, perfectly well knew would paralyze the queen's secretary of state for the colonies, and eventually separate her majesty's North American colonies from the British crown.

But a new and most extraordinary objection now arose; for, on carefully investigating the Report signed by Lord Durham, it appeared that the evidence it pretended to convey to the queen, and which formed the basis of its remedial measures, was, to say the least, a tissue of misrepresentations; and that even Sir George Arthur, after stating in his published dispatch to her majesty's secretary of state, No. 107, dated 13th May, 1839, that—

"Lord Durham had evidently regarded the loyal as the most culpable, and their opponents as the injured party,"

concluded by declaring—

"Of the Earl of Durham's Report in other respects, I will only state, that on many important points he has been much misinformed."

To which testimony Sir Peregrine Maitland, who had ad-

ministered the government of Upper Canada for ten years, added 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 merchants in London connected with the North American colonies waited in a body on her majesty's government with a public expression of their conviction that Lord Durham's Report was inaccurate.

As the Report in question is really beneath criticism, I will merely explain that, without giving the names of witnesses, the fictitious evidence which it offers to the queen is usually given to her majesty in the strange, intangible, and anonymous form of "*They say*" this, and "*It is said*" that; and in this way the most flagrant misstatements are made to her majesty, of which the following is a small sample:—

1. Page 62. The Report here tells the queen that—

"In Upper Canada, under a law passed immediately after the last war with the States, American citizens are forbidden to hold land."

Now I have the highest authority for stating that there exists no such provisional statute; that no law of the kind during the war, or before, or after the war, has ever been passed, nor was any such law ever proposed!

2. Page 56. The Report, in undertaking to explain to the queen the real cause of the rebellion in Upper Canada, informs her majesty that—

"The lieutenant-governor, on assuming the government o

the colony, dismissed from the Executive Council some of the members who were most obnoxious to the House of Assembly, and requested three individuals to succeed them."

Now the printed journals of the House of Assembly can prove that every word of this statement is in opposition to the truth, for the lieutenant-governor *refused* to the House of Assembly to dismiss the obnoxious members referred to, and, consequently, never requested three individuals to succeed them.

3. Page 61 :—

"They say," says the Report to the queen, "that an Englishman emigrating to Upper Canada is practically as much an alien in that British colony as he would be if he were to emigrate to the United States."

Now every word of this is in opposition to the truth, which is, that there is no one privilege, great or small, that a Canadian-born subject enjoys which a British emigrant does not equally enjoy the instant he sets his foot on the British soil of Canada; indeed, "the blue book" returned every year to the Colonial Office for the information of Parliament will prove, that of the five members of my Executive Council, *four* were British emigrants, as also that the receiver-general, the commissioner for crown lands, the surveyor-general, the adjutant-general of the militia, the deputy adjutant-general, the vice-chancellor, his registrar and master in chancery, the solicitor-general, the Judge of the Court of Probates, eleven collectors of customs, ten out of thirteen of the masters of the grammar-schools, seven out of eight of the Masters of Upper Canada College, the Bursar of the University and all his clerks, the Clerk of the House of Assembly, the Clerk of the Executive Council, etc., were all British emigrants. Is it not dreadful that such misstatements should have been made to the queen?

4. Page 118. The Report here informs her majesty—

"That the people of the Province of Canada have hitherto very imperfectly known what it is to have a government."

By which is meant a *republican* government.

5. Page 65:—

"It is said," says the Report to the queen, "that they (the Roman Catholic population) are wholly excluded from all share in the government of the country, and the patronage at its disposal."

Now I can state that the Roman Catholic bishop, McDonell, had a salary of upward of £400 a-year, with a seat in the Legislative Council; that one of my Executive Council was a Roman Catholic; that there were also two in the Legislative Council; and that the sheriffs of the Eastern, Ottawa, and of two other districts, all of whom received the emoluments of their offices, were Roman Catholics, etc., etc.

6. Page 60. The Report here gravely informs the queen that immediately after the rebellion—

"The whole body of reformers were harassed by magistrates whose political leanings were notoriously against them;"

which means that the sworn protectors of the public peace, instead of rewarding, had culpably apprehended, to be tried for high-treason, the principal leaders of the rebellion, who had been taken in arms against the crown.

7. Page 59. The Report here vaguely tells the queen that—

"The outbreak, which common prudence and good management would have prevented from coming to a head, was promptly quelled by the alacrity with which the population, *and especially the British portion of it*, rallied round the government."

Now the Report here, as well as in many other parts,

endeavors to deceive her majesty by drawing a distinction, as invidious as it is unjust, in favor of her British-born, and against her Canadian subjects; whereas the truth is that Mr. McKenzie, the instigator of the rebellion, was a Britisher, so was Dr. Rolph, and so were several other leaders. On the other hand, Chief-Justice Robinson, the five judges of the Court of Queen's Bench, her majesty's attorney-general, Sir Allan McNab, and thousands of others, who were among the first to take arms, were Canadians; in short, the British and their Canadian brethren vied with each other in loyalty to the crown, and in detestation of the execrable principles which the Report endeavors to uphold.

Lastly, page 116, the Report, with uplifted eyes, recommends—

"That the security for the existing endowments of the *Catholic* church in Lower Canada should be guarantied by the Act."

On the other hand, speaking of the clergy revenues for the *Protestant* church, whose members form four fifths of the population of Upper Canada, the Report, with a countenance of grave hypocrisy which it is melancholy to behold, states to her majesty, page 64—

"It is most important that this question should be *settled*, and I know of no mode of doing this but by repealing all provisions, in Imperial Acts, that relate to the application of the Clergy Reserves, and the funds arising from them; leaving the disposal of the funds to the *local legislature*"

(which the Report well knew would, as soon as the Union was carried, be overwhelmed by the French Catholic majority),

"and acquiescing in WHATEVER decision it may adopt."

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No doubt this was a clear and certain mode of "*settling* the question;" for how, it might justly have been said to

the queen, can your majesty's subjects in Canada possibly go on quarreling about the Clergy Reserves, when, by the repeal of all former Imperial Acts on the subject, there will no longer be any Clergy Reserves to quarrel about?

Lastly, page 94, the Report concludes by honestly and truly stating to the queen, in the name of Lord Durham—

"I believe that all the discontented parties, and *especially the Reformers* of Upper Canada, look with considerable confidence to the result of my mission."

Now, if there be any man in this world who has never uttered an untruth, who has distinguished himself through a long political life for his respect for truth, and for his abhorrence of misstatements by whomsoever they may be made, I believe that every body in this country would concur with me in declaring that man to be SIR ROBERT PEEL.

It was therefore naturally to be supposed that, however strong might be his desire for the attainment of a particular object, to support Lord John Russell in his clever project, the natural disposition of his (Sir R. Peel's) mind would have induced him at least to investigate the respectable evidence I have referred to, the whole of which, with much more, was submitted to him.

The Chief-Justice of Upper Canada, who happened to be in England at the time Lord Durham's Report was published, was, above every one, the most competent to analyze its truth or falsehood. He subjected it to this process; and having prepared himself with written evidence sufficient to enable him, with the utmost confidence, to appear before either House of Parliament, or before his sovereign, to contradict the statements in Lord Durham's Report, he addressed to her majesty's secretary of state an official letter, which he afterward published, stating that—

"He was ready, in any place, and at any time, to show that Lord Durham's Report was utterly unsafe to be relied upon as the foundation of parliamentary proceedings."

In consequence of this offer, Chief-Justice Robinson, as might naturally be expected, received from the Colonial Office one or two communications, hurrying his return to Canada; and as I knew that if Sir Robert Peel, whatever might be his policy, would only consent, for the sake of common justice, to stand up for one moment in the House of Commons to ask Lord John Russell to allow the Chief-Justice of Upper Canada to remain for a few weeks in England, in case authentic information should be required, such a request could not possibly be refused, I addressed to Sir Robert Peel, with whom I had but lately become very slightly acquainted, the following private note, to which I received the annexed characteristic official reply:

(COPY.)

"Cranford, Middlesex, March 20, 1840.

"MY DEAR SIR ROBERT,

"I read in the newspaper, that on Monday next Lord John Russell is to ask leave in the House of Commons to bring in a Bill for the Union of the Canadas.

"Under the hope that people of all politics have determined to divest the consideration of this important question from party feeling, I beg leave to submit to you, whether it would not be highly desirable that Chief-Justice Robinson should be retained in this country: or rather, whether it would not appear inconsistent with an honest desire to arrive at the truth, for Parliament to allow so competent an authority to leave England at the very moment when his evidence, founded upon twenty-seven years' service under the crown, and upon eighteen years' service in the Provincial Legislature, might be required and considered.

"Without the slightest reference to any *opinions* that Chief-Justice Robinson may or may not have formed on the subject

of the Union, I can faithfully assure you that I believe there exists no individual in our British North American colonies so competent as he is to furnish the Imperial Parliament with *facts and dates ;* indeed, it is a conviction of my own utter incompetency to do so, which makes me appreciate the value of Chief-Justice Robinson's experience.

"I have the honor to be,
"My dear Sir Robert,
"Your obedient humble servant,
"F. B. HEAD.

"*To the Rt. Hon. Sir R. Peel, Bart.*

"I beg leave to add, that the chief-justice has not, directly or indirectly, the slightest idea of my having made to you the above communication."

REPLY.)

"Whitehall, March 21.

"Sir Robert Peel presents his compliments to Sir Francis Head, and in reply to his letter of the 20th March, begs leave to observe that he is not aware of any mode by which the object to which it refers could be attained, excepting through the voluntary extension of the leave of absence of Chief-Justice Robinson by the Colonial Department.

"He does not think that any notice of the subject in Parliament would facilitate that extension."

The doom of her majesty's splendid North American colonies was now evidently pronounced; the Conservatives, in melancholy silence, sat behind their leader, watching with astonishment his mysterious alliance with principles which they could not comprehend; and thus, almost in funeral silence, the fatal Bill proceeded.

So long as Chief-Justice Robinson remained in England I was perfectly sensible that, under Providence, *he* alone was competent to arrest the measure. However, so soon as this rejected witness was about to sail from England, I felt it had become *my* duty to make a last

desperate effort to serve the crown, and to save a colonial region to which I had reason to be devotedly attached; and as for upward of two months I had been studying Lord Durham's Report, and felt confident that, in spite of any cross-examination, I could overturn the evidence it contained, I addressed to that estimable personage, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the following letter, to which I received the annexed very courteous reply :—

"Hanwell, 14th May, 1840.

"My lord archbishop,

"I beg leave, with the utmost respect, to state to your grace that, for reasons which I have expressed, I have felt it my duty to address to the House of Lords the inclosed Petition, in which your grace will perceive I have humbly prayed, that, in consideration of the imminent importance of the Bill before Parliament for the Union of the Canadas, the house would be pleased to make an exception to its usual practice, in my favor, by allowing me most respectfully to disclose at the bar of the house, certain grave objections against the said Bill, as well as against the improper means by which the consent of the Legislature of Upper Canada has been obtained to the measure.

"If I belonged to any political party, if I had any party object in view, or if I had any angry feelings to gratify, I should not venture to approach your grace on the subject; but as I am not only totally unconcerned with any party, but desire to divest myself of all appearance of political bias, I have determined, most humbly and most respectfully, to request your grace, as the head of the Established Church, to be pleased to present and to support my Petition.

"I have the honor to be,

"My lord archbishop,

"Your grace's most obedient humble servant,

(Signed) "F. B. Head.

"*To His Grace*

"*The Archbishop of Canterbury.*"

"*To the Lords Spiritual and Temporal in Parliament assembled.*

"*The Petition of Sir Francis Bond Head, Bart., late Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada, humbly showeth,*

"That your petitioner is in possession of certain grave objections against the Bill now before Parliament for the Union of the Canadas, as well as against the improper means by which the consent of the Legislature of Upper Canada has been obtained to that measure, which he firmly believes, if taken into consideration, could not fail to induce your right honorable house to reject the said Bill, as one which must inevitably destroy the Established Church in Upper Canada, subvert British institutions in both provinces, and effect the separation from the empire of the whole of our North American colonies.

"Your petitioner therefore humbly prays, that in consideration of the imminent importance of the proposed experiment, your right honorable house will be pleased to make an exception to its usual practice, in favor of your petitioner, by allowing him most respectfully to disclose his objections at the bar of your right honorable house.

"And your petitioner, as in duty bound, will ever pray.

(Signed) "F. B. HEAD."

(REPLY.)

"Lambeth, May 18th, 1840.

"DEAR SIR,

"I should have felt it my duty to take charge of the Petition which you have placed in my hands, more especially as it relates to a measure which may deeply affect the interests of the church in a part of the empire with the concerns of which you are thoroughly acquainted, if its prayer could be granted consistently with the usages of the House of Lords. But as it appears that the permission which you desire would be contrary to all precedent, I trust you will agree with me in think-

ing, that, as I could not hope to prevail on the house to depart from its usual practice in this particular instance, it would be useless to present the Petition.

"I have the honor to be,
"Dear sir,
"Your faithful and obedient servant,
"W. CANTUAR.

"*Sir Francis B. Head, Bart.*"

Lord Durham's political survey of the province of Upper Canada had occupied his lordship five days, one of which had been spent by him at Toronto, which is situated on the lake shore, and the other four on the Niagara frontier.

During the twenty-four hours he was at Toronto he had to receive in the morning, as well as again at a large party at night, the addresses and homages of people of all politics, propelled by one impulse to the capital to bow their heads, with becoming submission, to the queen's lord high commissioner. During the four days Lord Durham was at the Niagara frontier he remained the center of the same solar system, with this addition, that crowds of people flocked over to him from that shore which has been described in the Report bearing his signature, as—

"That bordering country in which no great industrial enterprise ever feels neglect, or experiences a check." (Pennsylvania, to wit!)

The feelings of curiosity were mutual. His lordship having only just returned from a residence in Russia was no doubt curious to survey, with microscopic attention, the human animalcula of a republic; and on their parts, they were equally desirous to behold what most of them had hitherto only read of—"a live lord!"

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His lordship's hospitality was unbounded; and as his dinners, served in the Russian fashion, were on a scale of unusual magnificence, the *con*gratulations which he received were unbounded, and his reception all that his most ardent fancy could have desired.

But this gorgeous scene, coupled with that which had been exhibited at Toronto, formed the sum total of his lordship's practical knowledge of a country larger than England and Wales!

Majestically sailing through the center of Lake Ontario, which is more than twice as broad as the straits between Dover and Calais, he returned, in splendid magnificence, to Quebec; from whence, under the feelings of excitement I have described, he sailed in her majesty's frigate, "The Inconstant," for England, without ever having been a mile in the interior of Upper Canada —without ever having seen a flake of snow—without ever having experienced the Canadian winter's storm—or, what is infinitely more boisterous—the Canadian Legislature in session.

Now even if Chief-Justice Robinson, a native of Canada, the speaker of the upper branch of its legislature, had respectfully requested permission to offer to the British parliament an *opinion* different from that conveyed in Lord Durham's Report, one would have thought that, on the common principle of "*audi alteram partem*," the appointed leader of the great Conservative interests of the empire would have felt it his duty to retain him as counsel for the crown, or at all events to have obtained for him a hearing; but what Chief-Justice Robinson desired, and what I desired, was not to trouble or bother the Conservative party with *opinions*, but to be permitted to PROVE to the Imperial Parliament that the statements contained in Lord Durham's Report to the queen, and which formed the basis of the remedial

measures which her majesty had been advised to submit for their consideration, were *incorrect* and "UTTERLY UNSAFE TO BE RELIED ON;" and it was to this strike-but-hear-me request which was so clearly explained to him, that the Conservative leader shook his head, and to which, as the representative of a party forming a majority in the House of Commons, he faintly muttered "No! no!"

Now, what a melancholy contrast might be drawn between this flaccid policy of the Conservative leader, and the sinewy, muscular assistance by which Lord John Russell upheld in Canada the supporters of his bold project, and of which the following is a striking example:—

Previous to the passing of the Act for the Union of the two Provinces, the Whig government had invariably directed the governors of the Canadas not to allow political opinions, however virulent, to incapacitate men of talent for office; and accordingly, I was very properly removed because I had deposed a judge who had insulted me, and because I had objected to raise to the bench the most powerful instigator of the rebellion; but on Mr. Poulett Thomson's arrival in Canada to carry the Union into effect, he was firmly backed up by instructions from Lord John Russell, dated 16th October, 1839, in which his lordship, after referring to this practice, boldly declared, "*It is time that a different course should be followed*," which different course, it need hardly be stated, was very clearly explained to mean that all office-holders to whom it applied must either vote for the Union or resign.

It would be tedious, humiliating, and indeed quite unnecessary to detail all the instances of high courage evinced by Lord John Russell in order to carry his two republican measures—namely, the Union of the Canadas

and the establishment of "responsible government" into effect. I will therefore only state, that seeing reason to fear that, in spite of every effort, he would fail, the governor-general was authorized, among other inducements, to pledge the crown to *lend* to "the people" of the United Provinces £1,500,000 sterling for their roads, canals, and other public works!!

It is altogether incomprehensible how so sagacious a statesman as the Conservative leader could possibly have allowed this revolutionary bribe to be effected, without raising his eloquent voice against it; for of all the fatal measures which a mother country can adopt toward a colony, surely there can be no one more *certain* to produce separation, than to PROPOSE the creation of a heavy debt due by the child to the parent, and thus to make it the interest of the young colony to revolt! However, the unnatural alliance between the Conservative leader and Lord John Russell was but the emblem of that indissoluble union which they had combined together to effect; and accordingly, by an Act of the Imperial Parliament, the Conservative province of Upper Canada was led to the altar, to be united before God and man, in unholy wedlock, to a province whose consent had not even been asked—whose bridal ornaments were manacles and chains—and who, bound hand and foot, was publicly conducted from the prison of martial law to take part in a ceremony such as the history of the civilized world had never before recorded!

The Duke of Wellington, for reasons most powerfully expressed (*vide* Appendix, A), protested against the bans; but not deeming it advisable to turn out the Whig government on a question which the Conservative leader was determined to carry, his grace did not, as he had power to do, forbid the marriage, but, he entreated the majority he commanded "not to reject the Bill if her majesty's

government persevered in calling upon them to pass it."—*Hansard, 7th July,* 1840.

The melancholy and most extraordinary results of this fatal measure will form the subject of the next chapter.

CHAPTER XIV.

POLITICAL POISON.

HOWEVER loudly that party-colored race of men distinguished by the generic title of "Conservatives" may, in different notes, condemn the political principles of Lord John Russell, yet surely they must unanimously concur in acknowledging his high gubernatorial qualifications, and in admiring the courage with which this champion of reform leads on his weary followers to the assault of outwork after outwork, which an ordinary mind would tremble even to approach.

"*The great difficulty*," said one of the writers of Lord Durham's Report while he was in Canada, "*which we have to encounter, is the loyalty of the Upper Province!*" and as the Union had effectually leveled this barrier, the writer in question, as well as most people, would probably, at least for a short time, have indulged in those rejoicings which, like calm and sunshine after a storm, usually succeed all great victories. Such effeminate indulgence, however, was repugnant to the masculine, enterprising spirit of the British arch-leader of reform; and accordingly so soon as the great measure alluded to was carried, another of a much deadlier composition, of a much darker hue, was projected.

In the Union Bill which Lord John Russell had laid before Parliament, he had boldly inserted twenty clauses establishing what he termed "District Councils," the

members of which were to be elected very nearly by universal suffrage.

Now, as it is only in our colonies that Lord John Russell can just at present venture to unmask his real designs, it may be of service to the fundholders, landowners, manufacturers, and farmers of England, clearly to understand what his lordship really does mean by those dissolving views which, under the general appellation of "Reforms," he is hourly displaying to an admiring audience. The District Council Bill in question not only beautifully displays the whole secrect, but explains a useful formula or infallible receipt for converting any monarchy in Europe into an unbridled democracy, such as has not yet been exhibited on the surface of the globe.

Lord John Russell has, it appears, shrewdly observed that in that model republic, the United States of America, "*the people*," tyrannical as they may vulgarly be called, are in fact very often most inconveniently restrained by their own representatives in Parliament, and especially by "the Upper House of Parliament," designated in America, as elsewhere, by the contemptuous appellation of "that congregation of old women."

Now, effectually to remedy this grievance, Lord John Russell introduced in his Canada Union Bill clauses declaring—

1st. That the members of the Upper House who in the two provinces had formerly held their seats *for life*, should henceforward be appointed only for eight years.

2d. That *five* members should form a quorum.

3d. That "*The President*" of this little Upper House, as well as all members thereof, should be appointed by the governor-general, who, it will be recollected, was to be advised by his Executive Council, who, it must always be kept in mind, were to "possess the confidence of *the people*."

4th. That this "president" so appointed was to have a casting vote.

On the other hand, Lord John Russell (probably recollecting the proportions of Falstaff's bill for bread and sack) proposed in his Union Bill—

1st. That the House of Representatives of "*the people*" should consist of *ninety-eight* members; and,

2d. That the said house should elect their own "*Speaker.*"

Now it is pretty evident, from the mere showing of the case, that in the new constitutional Act of the Canadas the lusty representatives of "the people" had very little to complain of in the way of restraint.

Lord John Russell, however, was determined that even this little monarchical "grievance" should be removed.

He therefore courageously proposed in his Union Bill to deprive this Provincial Parliament of all power to do good or evil: in short, to convert governor-general, Executive Council, little Upper House, and large House of Representatives into mere men of straw, and to vest the *real* administration of affairs in the hands of a number of what he called "District Councils," each of which was to elect its own "Speaker," and to be composed of twenty-seven members, ten of whom were to form a quorum, and one third of whom were annually to be replaced by *yearly* elections.

The powers to be granted to these District Councils Lord John Russell clearly explained in the following clauses of his Bill:—

"And be it enacted, That it shall be lawful for every District Council to make ordinances for providing a suitable building for the meetings of the said council, and for maintaining and regulating an effective system of police within the said district, and for the paving and lighting of any town within the said district,

and for the making and maintaining or improving of any new or existing road, street, railway, canal, or other convenient communications and means of transit, whether natural or artificial, for passengers, cattle, goods, or merchandise, by land or water, within the limits of the said district, and also all bridges, viaducts, tunnels, cuttings, embankments, and other works connected therewith, or for the stopping up, altering, or diverting of any such road, street, railway, canal, or other sub-communication as aforesaid, and the works connected therewith, and also for any other purpose, matter, or thing, which shall be specially subjected to the direction and control of the said District Council by any Act of the legislature of the said United Province.

"And be it enacted, That it shall be lawful for the said District Council to make ordinances directing the levying and assessing and application of moneys, for effecting all or any of the purposes for which they are empowered to make ordinances as aforesaid, either by imposing tolls and rates, to be paid in respect of any public work, and to be collected and applied as shall be directed by any such ordinance, or by means of a rate or assessment to be assessed and levied upon real or personal property within the said district, or upon the owners or occupiers thereof in respect of such property, and to enforce the collection and payment of all such rates and tolls, or such rates and assessments as aforesaid, by reasonable penalties; and also to make ordinances for the levying of moneys by such rate or assessment as aforesaid, and applying the same in or toward the payment of all necessary expenses incurred or estimated as likely to be incurred for the current year, in respect of the local government of the said district, either on account of the lawful expenses of returning officers at elections of members for the District Council, or the salaries of officers, or otherwise howsoever."

Now, on the homely axiom that two things can not occupy the same place at the same time, it follows, just as Lord John Russell cleverly intended it should follow, that when all these powers were imparted to his lordship's

District Councils, his lordship's Provincial Parliament would prove to be an assemblage of men of straw, whom his agents, "*the people*," would very soon set on fire and destroy; for, beside the inconvenience in a roadless country fifteen hundred miles long, of having only one unwieldy Parliament to be convened, prorogued, and dissolved whenever the queen's representative should think fit, the advantage which these snug District Councils were evidently intended to possess, was, that there would then exist no "congregation of old women," or any other description of bridle, or even of halter, to restrain democracy from doing what it liked with whatever it might consider to be its own; in fact, that with all the patronage and popular power of their former Houses of Representatives, these District Councils would have no one above them but a harmless automaton governor-general, whose counselors, it must always be remembered, were, by his lordship's proposal, to be dismissed whenever "they found themselves opposed to the express wishes of *the people*."

Now, the inhabitants of the United Kingdom have here before them reflected, as in a looking-glass, Lord John Russell's own exemplification of the "REFORM" he is by rapid strides successfully establishing for them at home.

However, although Lord John Russell's Bill in question was, generally speaking, imperfectly understood in England, yet it was clear enough to many of our legislators, that if these District Councils clauses were passed, a democracy, infinitely more licentious than any thing existing in the United States, would, by an Act of the Imperial Parliament, be established by royal assent in the territory of the crown. This was, of course, deemed "too bad," and the vicious clauses were accordingly expunged. Nevertheless, the establishment of such a system of government in the outworks of the empire, would evidently,

sooner or later, lead to such important corresponding results at home, that Lord John Russell courageously determined to carry the measure, although the Imperial Parliament had not assented to it, and although the people of Canada *had never asked for it*, did not want it, and did not like it. Accordingly, infusing into the governor-general's councils a *quantum suff.* of republican advocates, he reintroduced the measure before the newly united Provincial Legislature of Canada, and exerting the utmost influence which the queen's government could collect, he carried his point, and then, as her majesty's secretary of state for the colonies, he prevailed upon the queen to give her royal assent to the Bill, establishing these District Councils, which are now, by the unanimous consent of all parties in Canada, designated "*Sucking Republics*," and which, notwithstanding the influence of £1,500,000 about to be distributed for public works, were only carried in the House of Assembly by the casting vote of the chairman of the committee, Caleb Hopkins.

There were other democratic measures of a similar nature, which, by the irresistible force of Lord John Russell's bold policy, were introduced and carried in the Colonial Legislature; and he was intently occupied in successfully rooting up every monarchical flower in the garden of the Canadas, and in planting in their stead a succession of republican weeds of the rankest growth, when, all of a sudden, for reasons which I do not profess to understand, the great mass of people at home forming the middle classes, and distinguished by the title of Conservatives, became alarmed at Lord John Russell's principles, as expounded by himself in the Imperial Parliament, and accordingly, the administration of whom he had been the arch-leader was assailed, routed, and broken up.

By no portion of the queen's subjects was the intelligence of this event received with greater joy and more

fervent thanksgiving than by those in our British North American colonies, who, during so long a period, had been suffering martyrdom for that cause they had risen in arms to defend; and if any circumstance could have added to their triumph, it was to learn that the great Conservative party in the mother country who had achieved this victory had, by acclamation, elected as their leader and as the representative of their principles, him whom, notwithstanding his late apparent neglect of them, they had always considered as the individual who, under Providence, was the most competent to protect the queen's loyal subjects in our colonies from a recurrence of the indignities they had so long been enduring. The general feeling among the disloyal, though of an opposite character, was equally strong. It was evident that their hopes must now be deferred and their notes of triumph suspended. They knew that those who had instigated them to rebellion must, at all events for a time, be driven from the council of the governor-general, and that the appointments of patronage and emolument on which they had been feasting would now, as a matter of course, be granted to recruit their opponents for the pecuniary losses they had sustained; in short, while the loyal, with ruddy countenances beaming with joy, were shaking hands with each other—were preparing to link elbow with elbow, and in a phalanx to stand together, shoulder to shoulder, in defense of the glorious institutions of Great Britain, the rebel party, pallid, sallow, and conscience-stricken, were equally sensible that their resignations were virtually determined on, and, accordingly, that—to use a parliamentary phrase—"they were only holding office until the appointment of their successors."

Very shortly, however, after the great Conservative leader's accession to office, the loyalists observed with astonishment and dismay that a policy was to be pursued

against them by him, such as had never entered their heads to conceive.

The rule of this administration was soon openly announced to be, that, regardless of the character of the crown, he had determined "*to join the majority*," of whatever "political opinions that majority might be composed;" and as by the Union of the Provinces, and by the courageous policy of Lord John Russell, a republican majority had of course been created in every branch of the Legislature, the result was inevitable. In vain the loyal urged—argued—supplicated—and at last loudly demanded as their birthright that, regardless of majorities or minorities, the influence of the British crown should, by the Conservative government of England, be cast into *their* scale as fearlessly as it had been cast into the scale of their adversaries by the Whig administration to the latest moment they were in power. They declared that they were constitutionally entitled to the protection of their sovereign in return for the allegiance which, with muskets on their shoulders, they had lately practically evinced to her majesty.

In answer to the above, and many other arguments—and, I might add, imprecations—that were used, it was calmly replied, that the cardinal principle of Sir Robert Peel's government was to break up "party distinctions" in our colonies rather than encourage them; that it was time that all party distinctions respecting the late "unfortunate" disturbances should be obliterated; in short, that her majesty's government in Canada would in future be based on the Christian maxim of "Forget and Forgive;" which, being translated into common English, was very soon found to mean that her majesty had been advised by her Conservative prime minister TO FORGIVE HER ENEMIES, AND TO FORGET HER FRIENDS!

The extent to which this pernicious axiom—this unnat-

ural policy—was carried out in favor of the rebel party, and against the loyalists, it would be tedious to detail; and even if detailed, would not—could not be believed; indeed, it is a fact, that when the first batch of appointments, as explained in a letter from the new governor-general to Monsieur Lafontaine, were, by order of the queen's Conservative government, published, some even of the rebel party believed and actually declared the document in question to be "a hoax."

The general character of these appointments, and of the unfortunate attempt to "break up" the loyal party in Canada, may be elucidated by a few anecdotes, which, as the policy of "the great Conservative party in England," are really irresistibly ludicrous, and of which the following is a specimen.

When Mr. McKenzie, to save his life, absconded from Gallows Hill, there was found in the room he had been occupying a certain carpet-bag, well known in Upper Canada by the name of "the devil's snuff box." In this bag were found all Mr. McKenzie's private papers, and among them several letters from Mr. Hume, of one of which the following is an extract:—

To Dr. Duncombe.

"Worthing, 26th Sept. 1836.

"DEAR SIR,

"Send over to the Reform Club the note for Mr. Chambers. I have requested him to bring you a letter I have written to Mr. Bidwell: you will put it into the cover I send herewith, and send it off with your first packet to Upper Canada.

"There are several points of your letter of the 24th deserving attention; but one in particular deserves immediate notice. You must not think of the Reformers leaving the House of Assembly to the Tories. [Mr. Bidwell, Mr. McKenzie, and their followers, had just lost their elections.] That would be to acknowledge defeat, and that you were afraid to meet them. No, no, that will not do.

"I have to remind you that a statement of Sir F. Head's proceedings should be printed, for the information of the public and of the members of Parliament, before you leave this, unless you prefer to have a statement drawn up in Canada and sent home to us, with a petition embodying all, that, when we present it, we may move for a committee to inquire into the allegations; and there must be two of the best informed of the Reformers sent to England by the time the House of Commons meets, to prove those facts you have complained of. A committee in Toronto ought to take evidence, and collect facts and proofs for their own house and for ours; as you must be aware, from the state of matters here, the ministers are quite in the dark.

(Signed) "Jos. Hume."

In obedience to the above advice, this Dr. Duncombe, a member of the Provincial House of Assembly of Upper Canada, and a Mr. Robert Baldwin, were accordingly dispatched by the rebel party to England, to complain that I had unjustly been the means of their demand for "responsible government" having been rejected at the elections. Lord Melbourne and the secretary of state for the colonies very properly refusing, however, even to see either of them, they returned to Upper Canada, "the place from whence they came."

Up to, and even after, the breaking out of the rebellion, Mr. R. Baldwin remained in close communication with Dr. Rolph, who, after Mr. McKenzie's defeat, became "President of the Patriot Council" on Navy Island. Dr. Duncombe, however, following the spirit of Mr. Hume's advice, played a bolder game; and while Mr. McKenzie, in open rebellion, was commanding in chief at Gallows Hill, he simultaneously headed an auxiliary insurrection in the London district.

As soon, however, as Mr. McKenzie absconded, I directed Sir Allan McNab, without a moment's delay, to march with seven hundred militia into the London dis-

trict and attack Dr. Duncombe, who, with a considerable force, had been cutting down bridges, barricading houses, &c., and was occupying, as his main position, a mill. Sir Allan, by a quick movement round a swamp, surrounded the whole gang, who, finding themselves surprised, and that their leader, Dr. Duncombe, had just fled, surrendered to him, and laid down their loaded rifles on the snow.

Sir Allan McNab instantly formed his militiamen into a hollow square, and the whole of his prisoners being in the middle of it, he read to them papers written by many of them, showing that it had been their intention to pillage the banks, rob and destroy the property of the loyalists, "tie Sir Allan McNab to a tree, fire a volley into him," and carry into effect many other "*reforms*."

The Speaker of the House of Assembly, pointing to the militia under arms, told these men they were now in his power. "Yet," said he, "I will allow you all to return to your homes, except you, Solomon Lossing, a justice of the peace, whose oath of office required you to communicate all treasonable attempts; and as it appears from the papers I hold in my hand that you have been present at all Dr. Duncombe's meetings to get up this rebellion, that as an extensive miller you have supplied pork and flour for the maintenance of the rebels, taking their receipts in writing to pay you so soon as they had obtained their object of capsizing the government—I shall deal differently with *you*."

In the presence of the militia and of the whole band of pardoned rebels this fellow was taken into custody by two sergeants of the loyal militia, and committed by Sir Allan McNab to the common jail at Hamilton, to be tried for high treason, and the receipts I have mentioned were simultaneously transmitted to her majesty's attorney-general.

The great leader of the Conservatives, however, had determined that the majority in Canada, whatever might be its principles, should prevail; and the Union, for which he and his followers in the English House of Commons had voted, having placed the loyal in a minority, he not only selected this man, Solomon Lossing, to be a justice of the peace, but, as if determined to work out the "forget and forgive" principle of his administration, *ad absurdum*, he actually made him "*Warden*" of the district in which he lived, a high and distinguished appointment, similar to that of lord lieutenant of one of our counties, and which authorized him, Solomon Lossing, to preside at all meetings of her majesty's justices of the peace in that splendid district of Canada!!

Now let us for a moment, as if by magic, fly from the transatlantic colony before us, from petty politics—and from colonial disturbances—to her majesty's last court at St. James's. Let us there picture before us our gracious sovereign standing slightly in front of the illustrious attendants of her court, composed of statesmen of the most distinguished character, of military and naval officers, "*sans peur et sans reproche*," and lastly, of those lovely high-bred forms which the soil and air of Britain can alone produce.

In such a scene, how sudden would have been the various emotions, sensations, and feelings which would have been produced, if her majesty, breaking with her beautiful voice the formal silence that prevailed, had mildly said to the prime minister of her empire, on whose conservative principles she was depending, and to whom she had confidently intrusted the honor of her crown,

"WHO, SIR, IS SOLOMON LOSSING?"

But it would obviously have been unfair to Solomon Lossing's associates not also "to forget and forgive" any little eccentricities of conduct by which they might have

been distinguished; and accordingly the Queen's Gazette announced to the loyal inhabitants of Canada, that "her majesty had been pleased to appoint Mr. Robert Baldwin to be her majesty's attorney-general in Upper Canada!" and also to be a member of the governor-general's executive council! The royal pardon was also granted to Dr. Duncombe and to Dr. Rolph, President of the Provisional Committee on Navy Island, which had offered £500 for my apprehension, both of whom returned in triumph to her majesty's province of Canada, from which, for the reasons detailed, they had absconded. Beside this, a new commission of the peace was issued, by which it appeared that twenty-three magistrates who had assisted in suppressing the rebellion were "forgotten" (*i. e.* dismissed), and in their stead twenty-four, who had either taken open part in, or had notoriously instigated, the rebellion, were "forgiven" (*i. e.*, appointed to be magistrates in their stead), and a high eulogium was pronounced in the English House of Commons, by the Conservative premier, on Mr. Hume, and on another gentleman well known to entertain similar opinions.

Now, because this policy was pursued in Upper Canada, it became necessary, for consistency's sake, that it should also be adopted in Lower Canada, and that it was so will be sufficiently explained by the following most extraordinary anecdote.

Shortly after the burning of St. Eustache, the murder of Lieutenant Weir, and immediately after Mons. Papineau, on being defeated by Colonel Wetherall, had absconded to the United States, Sir John Colborne, by the advice of his council, offered a reward of £500 sterling for the apprehension of a certain Mons. Girouard, a notary in Lower Canada, who had not only organized the rebels, but had *commanded* them at the horrid massacre of the queen's subjects at St. Eustache

On Mons. Girouard being arrested for high treason there was found among his baggage the following "nil-desperandum" note addressed to him by a Mons. Lafontaine immediately after Papineau's defeat and flight :—

"*Consolez-vous! Viger et Papineau vous donneront vingt milles Louis, pour armer les Bonnets Bleus du Nord.*

(Signed) "LAFONTAINE."

The above note was transmitted to her majesty's government by Sir John Colborne in his dispatch dated 6th May, 1839, and by command of her majesty was laid before both Houses of Parliament, together with evidence on oath, forwarded by Sir John Colborne, showing that Mons. Lafontaine had addressed a public meeting in order "to raise his countrymen against the government of the queen, to excite their discontent, to engage them to violate the laws of the country, and to excite in their favor the sympathy of and alliance with the United States."

Sir John Colborne further reported that Mons. Lafontaine had been one of the earliest agitators in Lower Canada; indeed, this criminal was so sensible of his own guilt, that on warrants being issued against him on oath, charging him *with treason*, he absconded, and only returned to the province under Lord Durham's proclamation of amnesty.

Now, almost immediately after the leader of the great Conservative party in England became the queen's prime minister, he determined to make this Mons. Lafontaine her majesty's attorney-general, as also a member of her majesty's Executive Council to advise the governor-general!!

In order, however, to carry the first of these unnatural appointments into effect, it was necessary to turn from that office (the salary of which was £1500 a-year) the Honorable C. R. Ogden, who, for eighteen years, had been either the Solicitor or Attorney-General of Lower Canada. Mr. Ogden, with many compliments, was accordingly summa-

rily dismissed by her majesty's *Conservative* government. No notice was given to him that his removal was contemplated—no complaint had been made against him—no vote even of want of political confidence in him had been proposed. The only reason that was given to this loyal, faithful, and highly talented public servant, for his dismissal, was, that her majesty's government deemed it "expedient" to remove him because the rebel party had declared "their indisposition to coöperate with him,"—that is to say, they were determined to revenge themselves on him for having, in the strict performance of the high duties of his office, advised, and issued warrants for, the arrest of Mons. Papineau, Mons. Lafontaine, and the rest of their accomplices.

Accordingly, Mr. Ogden was no sooner removed than her majesty's government not only appointed (*vide* the Royal Gazette) this Mons. Lafontaine to be "her majesty's attorney-general in Lower Canada," authorizing him at the same time to name any one of his accomplices to be appointed solicitor-general of the same province, and any other one of his accomplices to be appointed clerk of the governor-general's Executive Council—the Conservative leader not only over the heads of the loyal thus constituted Mons. Lafontaine her majesty's representative in the courts of justice, but he offered a situation of the highest trust and confidence, namely, that of commissioner of crown lands,* to Mons. Girouard, late commander of the rebels at St. Eustache, to whom the foregoing note from Mons. Lafontaine had been addressed, and whom the Conservative government designated "a gentleman possessing administrative faculties of a high order, and, at the same time, the confidence of his

* In order to give this appointment to a rebel leader, it was necessary to turn from that office (the salary of which was £800 a-year) Mr. Davidson, a loyalist, against whom no fault was even alledged.

countrymen." He also appointed Mons. Valliere, who, on the breaking out of the rebellion, had been suspended by Sir John Colborne at the instance of the legal advisers of the crown, to be Chief-Justice of Montreal. Mons. Papineau, the guilty cause of the murder of hundreds of the queen's subjects, of the destruction of British property to an incalculable amount, and of an expense to the mother country of nearly £2,000,000, received under favor of a "*Nolle prosequi*," entered by Mons. Lafontaine, his accomplice, her majesty's attorney-general, the queen's pardon; and that he might clearly see that the Conservative liberal principle of "forget and forgive" applied quite as easily to religion as to politics, the Conservative government selected and appointed Mons. Papineau's own brother, *a Roman Catholic*, to be (*vide* the Royal Gazette) "Her Majesty's Commissioner of CROWN Lands for Upper and Lower Canada!!"

One of the Conservative newspapers in Canada, "*The Toronto Patriot*," noticed this announcement of Sir Robert Peel's policy, as expressed in the governor-general's letter to Mons. Lafontaine, as follows :—

"The doubts which long existed, as to whether it was genuine, or an impudent hoax and gross personal insult, have been removed, and, to our mingled sorrow and humiliation, we know that this document *is* what it purports to be.

"No public document issued in the British North American provinces, from the time of Wolfe down to the present day, has ever been perused by the true-hearted subjects of the Sovereign of Great Britain with such an intensity of mortification, and such a feeling of abasement.

"On no former occasion do we recollect witnessing so strong an expression of intense sorrow and humiliation as has been exhibited by every one with whom we have conversed on the occasion of this abject surrender of the happiness, hopes, and prosperity of the people of this rising colony into the hands of a merciless and grasping faction, who have never known power

but to abuse it—who have never been for a moment intrusted with influence, but they have used it to the embroilment of the whole country, the strangulation of public prosperity, and the paralysis of enterprise and improvement."

On the day of this official announcement of Sir Robert Peel's most extraordinary alliance with the rebel party, the following strange scene took place in the Commons' House of Assembly of the Canadas.

A Mr. Simpson, who is married to Mr. Roebuck's mother, was speaking in favor of Sir Robert Peel's new protégé, Mons. Girouard, and of the high appointment which had been offered to him, when Sir Allan McNab suddenly rose up, and bowing to the speaker, said, "I am sorry, sir, to interrupt the honorable gentleman, but as he seems to be acquainted with this Mons. Girouard, I beg to inquire of him if he be the same individual for whose apprehension, as a traitor, the late government had offered £500?"

Mr. Simpson.—"He is."

Sir Allan McNab.—"Then I beg to inquire whether he *was* apprehended, and if so, whether the reward offered by the government has been *paid?*"

Mr. Simpson.—"Monsieur Girouard was apprehended, and the reward offered by the late government has been paid."

Sir Allan McNab.—"To whom was this reward of £500 paid?"

Mr. Simpson (*confusedly*).—"To me."—(*Laughter.*)

Sir Allan McNab.—"Then I suppose there must have been some mistake!"

Mr. Simpson.—"No."

Sir Allan McNab (*smiling*).—"Well, then, if the queen's government intend now to make him her majesty's Commissioner of Crown Lands, and an Executive Counselor, you will, of course, return the money?"

Mr. Simpson.—"Oh, no; I have spent that!"

Sir Allan McNab (*addressing himself to the speaker*). —"I beg pardon, sir, for the interruption; but I thought these curious facts might as well come from the honorable member (*bowing to him*) as the best authority." (Sir Allan McNab then sat down amid roars of laughter.) And yet how truly may it be said—

"Quis talia fando
Temperet a lachrymis?"

After the melancholy fact of her majesty's Conservative government having offered, in the name of the queen, one of the most honorable and important appointments in the gift of the crown, to a person, for whose apprehension as a traitor, Lord John Russell's much-abused "Whig-Radical government" had honestly offered *and had paid* £500 sterling, it would be tedious as well as needless to detail other instances of this unnatural policy. Suffice it, therefore, to say, that in the Lower Province as well as in the Upper, every rebel, in proportion to his guilt, was promoted by the Conservative government to offices of emolument, trust, or honor. That the magistrates, in particular, were apparently selected from the Jail Calendar: indeed, so recklessly and impetuously was this policy pursued, that it is said one poor, inoffensive, inefficient, senseless man was named as a magistrate who had no strength to perform the duty, having only a few weeks ago been actually hanged as a rebel!

Beside these appointments, the queen was advised, by her Conservative minister, to pardon and bring back to Canada, almost every absconded traitor, who, like Monsieur Papineau, had distinguished himself by insulting her majesty's representative, and who, by mischievous representations, had encouraged his deluded followers to rebel.

By the system thus detailed, the rebel party were scientifically fortified from all reasonable apprehensions, and the law was divested of all its terrors; for not only in the council of the governor-general were their leaders invested with power to protect them, but in her majesty's Courts of Justice, in Upper as well as in Lower Canada, beside the judges I have named, there appeared, as standing counsel, purposely retained by the crown to defend them, her majesty's attorneys and solicitors-general, who, having themselves either openly instigated the late rebellion, or been arrested for high treason for having been engaged in it, were peculiarly competent to plead for those who from overzeal might hereafter be induced to commit similar indiscretions.

There remained, however, one deserving individual whom the Whig government had contemptuously overlooked, and whom it consequently became the duty of the Conservative government in England to promote.

On the 11th of Nov., 1835, Mr. Speaker Papineau laid before the House of Assembly, by whose order it was printed, a letter of advice, dated London, 30th May, 1835, from a Mr. Roebuck, a member of the British House of Commons, of which the following is an extract :—

"Let the Assembly continue steadfast to their purposes, and pursue with undeviating energy the cause they have hitherto followed, and we may bid defiance to our opponents, and rescue Canada from that petty but harassing tyranny which has so long weighed down her powers and disgraced the mother country, which permitted, nay, which fostered, this infamous dominion.

"I can not avoid taking advantage of this opportunity of recording solemnly my opinion as to the demands which, as guardians of a whole people, you are bound to insist on. The object you have in view is to frame a government in accordance

with the wants and the feelings of that people. In America, no government can unite these conditions but one that is purely democratic. Any pretense by which it is sought to saddle you with any species of aristocracy ought by you to be scouted and repressed. The Legislative Council from the beginning has been such a pretense; and your efforts ought never to relax until you have thoroughly rooted out that wretched imitation of a *banefully* mischievous institution. All your other grievances spring from this parent source; if this source be not dammed up, the grievances will never cease to exist. Put an end to the Council, and they will of necessity expire at once. All other objects ought, therefore, to yield to the paramount one of extirpating the Council. Make it elective if you will; that, however appears to me a clumsy mode of ridding yourselves of the evil. Why, I ask, are not the Assembly and a governor sufficient for the government of the country?

"Excuse me for thus expressing my opinions; my anxiety for your national welfare will, I hope, be sufficient apology.

"Believe me, sir, that I have the most perfect consideration for the high office which you hold, and for yourself personally; and that I am your obedient servant,

(Signed) "J. A. ROEBUCK.

"*The Hon. the Speaker of the House of Assembly.*"

Now the writer of the above letter, whose honestly expressed principles I will leave to speak for themselves, was notoriously, up to the latest moment of the rebellion, the paid advocate of the party that rebelled.

Sir Robert Peel, therefore, deemed it advisable, as no doubt it was consistent, that this gentleman, for the encouragement of his colleagues, should be publicly promoted in her majesty's Courts of Justice in England, exactly in the same way as his employers, the instigators and actual leaders of the rebellion in Canada, had been promoted in that colony; and accordingly, although several stanch Conservative lawyers in England were, it is

to be supposed, candidates for the honor, Sir Robert Peel, to the utter astonishment of every inhabitant of our North American colonies, raised above them J. A. Roebuck, esquire, by giving him a silk gown!

"Finis coronat opus!"

In short, while every possible encouragement and reward were given by her majesty's Conservative government to any man who directly or indirectly had, like Mr. Roebuck, advocated republican institutions, or who had insulted, or with loaded firearms in their hands had either murdered the queen's subjects, or had openly assailed the authority of the crown; those who had rushed forward in its defense, whose blood had been shed, and whose properties had been destroyed, were, under the contemptuous appellations of "*Tories*," "*Bloody Tories*," "*Knot of officials*," and "*Family compact*" (the head of this "family" being the queen, and the "compact" a loyal determination to die in her defense), subjected to dismissal from office, and to every possible indignity which the triumph of revengeful and malevolent feelings could invent.

"*Who are the rebels now?*" said a convicted traitor, sneering over his shoulder, as he rode by a group of united loyalists. "*I guess it's* YOU *who are now opposed to your queen's government!*" But, alas! it was the queen's Conservative prime minister in England who was opposed to *them!*

But not only had Sir Robert Peel (under the vain hope that, by breaking up the loyal party in our North American colonies, he would be enabled to govern there without opposition) become the powerful champion of democracy on the soil of America, but even in England he deemed it advisable to avert the light of his countenance from any of our colonists on a visit to this country who had

distinguished themselves by their attachment to monarchical institutions. Of this I will only shortly detail two instances.

1st. Chief-Justice Robinson, a native-born Canadian, is the son of a British officer, who served during the American war, and who accompanied General Simcoe to Canada; and, although he bore a distinguished part in several actions in the American war, and in 1837, with a musket on his shoulder, accompanied by his two sons, again took his place in the ranks of the loyal, yet it was on a very different and opposite path on which he had gradually risen to distinction.

At the age of twenty-one, having previously studied and been called to the bar in England, his talents gained for him the provincial appointment of attorney-general. After having for ten years powerfully supported British institutions in the House of Assembly, he was raised to the Upper House, of which for many years he remained speaker until an Act of the Imperial Parliament (the Union of the Canadas) deprived him of this distinction, and of the emoluments attending it.

Of Chief-Justice Robinson's character, I will only allow myself briefly to say, that a combination of such strong religious and moral principles, modesty of mind, and such instinctive talent for speaking and writing, I have never before been acquainted with; that every lieutenant-governor of Upper Canada, for the last twenty-five years, has expressed an opinion of this nature; and that by general acclamation it would, I firmly believe, be acknowledged by every man in our North American colonies whose opinion is of any value.

But I have reason to believe that Sir Robert Peel himself entertains, and has repeatedly expressed, a similar opinion of Chief-Justice Robinson's character and attainments; nevertheless, during the five years that the

patronage of the British crown was in his gift, he offered him no compensation whatever for the loss of salary he had sustained by the Imperial Union Act; no reward—no distinction; and yet, most strange to relate the Conservative minister did not altogether forget him for to conciliate the republican party he advised the queen (*vide* the Royal Gazette) "to appoint as her majesty's Surveyor-General of Canada" Chief-Justice Robinson's late housemaid's husband, an English emigrant who had worked industriously in Toronto as a journeyman carpenter, and who, under Lord John Russell's administration, had worked harder still in making for his lordship a provincial "cabinet" for his new system of responsible government.

2d. Sir Allan McNab, a native of Canada, is the son of a British officer who, decorated with thirteen wounds, accompanied General Simcoe to the province when it was a dense and unpeopled wilderness. At the age of fourteen he volunteered to join the grenadier company of the 8th British regiment in an attack in which most of the company were killed, and he subsequently took part in several other actions against the Americans. For his conduct in 1837 he received the thanks of Lord Seaton, of two lieutenant-governors, and of the Provincial Legislatures of Upper Canada, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia: the militia of Upper Canada presented him with a sword, and the United Service Club, in London, in opposition to a standing rule, made him an honorary member of their club.

In consequence of the union of his country by an Act of the Imperial Parliament with Lower Canada, Sir Allan McNab, who, with one dissentient voice had been elected Speaker of the Commons' House of Assembly, lost the emoluments of that office, and accordingly Lord Seaton felt it his duty to present to Sir Robert Peel's

government, and very strongly to support, a memorial from Sir Allan McNab, asking for indemnification or honorary distinction. In reply he was officially informed, "that it was to the Canadian preferment alone that his claim could be fully justified, and that the queen had no resources beyond the limits of Canada for compensating the valuable services he had rendered;" but in order that there should be no mistake as to the real reasons for the refusal of her majesty's Conservative government to comply with Lord Seaton's recommendation, Sir Allan McNab was verbally informed (I copy the following words from his own written memorandum of the interview in question), "that he had been so prominent a political character that any mark of royal favor conferred upon him in England might interfere with the government of Sir Charles Bagot;" and when Sir Allan compared this cautious policy of the Conservative government with the bold, masculine support which the Whig administration had always fearlessly given to *their* adherents, how justly might he have declared that if he had supported democracy with half the zeal he had served the British crown, he would not have been deserted.

In colonial history there surely can not exist a more striking exemplification of the unfortunate policy of sacrificing principle to conciliate what is tremblingly called "*Public Opinion*" than the picture here before us.

In Lower Canada, a wicked rebellion was instigated, organized, and headed by the Speaker of the House of Assembly, who openly called upon his adherents to cast off their allegiance to the British crown.

In Upper Canada, not only was rebellion suppressed, but foreign invasion was repelled, by the Speaker of the House of Assembly, who, at the head of the loyal militia of the province, successfully protected the property as well as the authority of the crown.

The above circumstances having been duly considered by the queen's Conservative prime minister, her majesty was advised to "*forgive*" the rebel speaker, and to "*forget*" the loyal one! nay more—her majesty was advised, as an act of *generosity*, to give her royal assent to Lower Canada by her own governor restoring to Mons. Papineau certain arrears of salary due to him previous to his having declared himself a traitor: and yet her majesty has not been advised by Sir Robert Peel—as an act of *justice*, to indemnify Chief-Justice Robinson and Sir Allan McNab for the deprivation of their respective salaries by an Act of the Imperial Parliament! Indeed, to such an extent has this unnatural policy been carried out, that to gratify the revenge of rebels against whom Sir Allan McNab had been obliged to appear as prosecutor for the crown, he was by the Conservative government publicly superseded in his duties of queen's counsel in his own district, the emoluments of which were given to a lawyer of the opposite party!!

"*There is no fear now of any rebellion in Canada,*" said a fine, handsome young Canadian militiaman to me the other day, on his arrival for the first time in his life in England; "*the republican party have it all their own way, so there is no one to rebel but the loyal!*"

Now, casting aside all angry feelings, all colonial squabbles, all provincial politics—casting aside the various conflicting passions by which the two great political parties in England are so unfortunately distracted, I calmly ask, what must the civilized world think of the course which the Sovereign of Great Britain, by the advice of her ministers, is pursuing toward her North America colonies?

What must the King of the French—what must the Emperor of Russia, think and say of such a policy? But I ask further, what would the Emperor of China think of

it, or what would the cacique of the most barbarous nation under the sun say, if any man could dare to advise him, for the attainment of any object, to pamper his enemies and to poison his friends?

The policy of the great leader of a party calling themselves CONSERVATIVES must, surely, to the vulgar of all nations, appear utterly incomprehensible; and when one reflects upon the honest integrity of the "Old English" character, it certainly is melancholy to hear so many noble voices, which the world has been taught to respect, now singing, in abject obedience to the motions of their bandmaster,—

> Arise,
> Pamper her enemies,
> And make them fat.
> Prosper their politics,
> Reward their knavish tricks,
> On them our hearts we fix—
> GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!
>
> *New Song.*

I ask these simple questions of those who honestly, but inconsiderately, argue, that because our colonies are out of sight, it little matters how they are dealt with, how they are retained, or how they can be got rid of.

CHAPTER XV.

THE EXPLOSION.

BEFORE I explode the mine over which the reader has unconsciously been sitting during his perusal of the last fourteen chapters, and which I can promise him will scatter to the winds the whole political fabric he has been reviewing, a few preparatory remarks are necessary.

Although it had long been evident to the inhabitants of the British North American colonies that Lord John Russell had courageously determined to convert that splendid portion of the queen's empire into a republic—an act of political surgery highly interesting to the fearless operator, but of excruciating agony to the poor patient—nevertheless, on the constitutional protection of their sovereign, and on the good sense of the middle classes in England, or, in other words, of the great Conservative majority, they placed the fullest and firmest reliance; and, accordingly, although the tempest that was assailing them was violent, and the clouds that obscured their horizon black, yet in the transcendent talents of Sir Robert Peel they saw, or fancied that they saw, a bow of prismatic colors, foretelling to them all most clearly, that the hour of sunshine and tranquillity would in due time inevitably arrive.

The confidence that was reposed in this powerful statesman throughout our North American provinces was beyond all description; and, as a very trifling instance of it,

I will state that, although I had never seen him, I commissioned my most faithful attendant—a gentleman of high character, who is now at Toronto—in case of my death, to go to England and make known to this public servant from me certain facts which I believed would warn him of dangers by which the queen's colonies were assailed from enemies in her majesty's own camp.

On his accession to power, the confidence in his ability and his integrity was so great, that I have reason to say the whole body of the loyal were prepared cheerfully to support any measures, comprehensible or incomprehensible, that he might recommend.

But when, with astonishment and dismay, they beheld the extraordinary manner in which, as Prime Minister of England, he used, or, to speak plainly, abused the powers with which, as the representative of the Conservatives, he had been invested—when, for reasons which no person could understand, they observed him for days, weeks, months, and years, unrelentingly persecuting every man who had evinced loyalty to the queen—and, on the other hand, not only placing above them in situations of confidence, honor, and emolument, men who had headed the rebellion, but polluting her majesty's courts of justice and the governor's Executive Council by introducing therein persons who had been proclaimed traitors, for whose apprehension as such rewards had been offered, and in one case had actually been paid; when they saw him (as, indeed, I felt it my duty at the time to tell him that he was doing, namely) "reward every man in proportion to his guilt;" and, finally, when they read that in his place in Parliament he had approved of the Queen of England apologizing to the President of the United States for the destruction of a vessel, the hostile engine of pirates who were firing cannon upon the loyal inhabitants of a British colony—the feelings that

were excited against him were, to say the least, as extraordinary as the measures which had created them.

Now, all violent, intemperate expressions (I have volumes of letters filled with them) I pass over as unfit to be recollected, and, indeed, as improper even to have been confidentially expressed; but I will describe a few of the silent sentiments and deep-rooted opinions which I know to exist in the hearts of various classes of emigrants and colonists.

1. The best educated and most talented see, with feelings of shame, mortification, and disgust, that principles which they know to be just, and which for so many years, at great sacrifice, they have been conspicuously propounding, have, since the death of William IV., been brought into derision and contempt by the very Conservative leader in England who, previous to that period, had professed to uphold them. They see that, for reasons which to their mind are inexplicable, and which, indeed, they have no desire to investigate, he has allied himself, so far as regards the destinies of the British North American provinces, with his bold republican opponent; and under these circumstances they feel that resistance on their part would be nothing but a factious opposition to the authority of the government of their sovereign. They might complain—they might protest—they might in powerful terms appeal to "the people" at home—in fact, they have, I know, strongly been advised to do so; but, although they are fully competent to the task, they prefer to submit in silence to the mysterious dispensation which has afflicted them. They are prepared for the calamity which they clearly foresee is about to assail them, and they pray that no indignity they may have to endure, no insult or loss of earthly property, may ever wring from them the slightest feeling of disaffection toward their sovereign; but that, on the contrary, their last breath may—as I feel

confident it will—be expended in invoking the blessing of the Almighty upon the British crown, upon British institutions, and upon the British people.

2. The bold, loyal, enthusiastic, and hitherto successful supporters in the senate, as well as in the field, of the provincial government, openly declare that, although their attachment to "the old country," and to all that belongs to it, remains unaltered and unalterable, it is hopeless to go on resisting democracy if the leaders of *both* political parties in England are determined to force it upon them. They mourn over the loss which they can not repair; but they do not hesitate to add, that if they are to consider the interests of their children, they can not afford to make themselves uselessly conspicuous by Quixotically revealing political attachments and opinions which, ere long, may cause them to be driven from their country, and their estates to be confiscated. For these reasons, they not only determine to accept office, but seek it; and although no liberal man can say they are not justified in doing so, yet the inevitable consequence has been a complete, and, apparently, a disreputable breaking up in Canada of the constitutional party, who, separated from each other by the timid policy of their great leader in England, are now, in many instances, waging civil war against each other, to the utter destruction of their future power.

3. The majority-men, of course, openly support the views, or, as they are falsely termed, the "*principles*" of whoever may be in power; and as the leaders of the two great parties in England have joined together, hand in hand, to proclaim, through the Royal Gazette, to the inhabitants of the British North American colonies, that disaffection to the crown is the high road to preferment; as the citizens of the adjoining states "*ditto that fact;*" —and as they lately offered $100 in silver, and three

hundred acres of the best land in Canada, to any who would attack, with loaded rifles, the loyal of that province,—these majority-men clearly see that, by reviling "*The Family Compact*," and by joining the disaffected, they are playing a safe and sure game, which will be rewarded by all parties, punished by none: in short, that by professing republican doctrines, however they may secretly detest them, they embark in a lottery composed of all prizes and no blanks.

4. I need hardly say that the party who rebelled, who plundered and massacred the loyal, and who, on being defeated *and caught*, at an enormous expense to the mother country, naturally expected to be expatriated, rejoice inwardly and laugh outwardly, at finding themselves the Executive Counselors, the judges, and the crown advisers of the sovereign they betrayed!!! The measures which at this moment they are carrying into effect clearly foretell their object; but even without such ocular demonstration, it surely is logically true, that if, when they were in a fearful minority, they dared to express their hatred to every thing that was British, they can see no reason for refraining to work out this "*principle*," now that the preponderating power and patronage of their sovereign is virtually at their disposal.

Now is it not melancholy (I hope I may be permitted to add heart-breaking), that in this degraded picture are involved—without the power of extrication—the whole of that noble population of Upper Canada whose conduct in 1837 I have but faintly described?

Have not they been swamped, as we all foretold they would? Has their marriage been productive of happiness to the loyal of either province? On the contrary, has it not brought misery upon both, and indelible discredit on the British name? In short, has it not completely failed in its professed object of protecting the

loyal, and has it not—as we all predicted it would—been the means of placing the rebel party over their heads, and of thus establishing, in the outworks of the British Empire, an unbridled and ungovernable democracy?*

Lord John Russell will, of course, respond to these questions by a silent smile.

The great Conservative leader, however, very confidently makes to those who complain to him the following ingenious explanation :—

"It is true that the Union of the Canadas has not answered the expectations which we were all led to form of it, and that it has forced me to elevate a party there whose liberal politics it would be difficult for me altogether to justify; but, individually, I had no personal knowledge of the country, nor had any of my colleagues; and as a nobleman of high rank had been sent out by her majesty's government, to acquire the information of which we were all ignorant, and as the Report of this impartial and distinguished statesman recommended that Upper and Lower Canada should be joined into one province, I deemed it advisable to support, to the utmost of my power, his lordship's deliberate recommendation, based upon the experience which he had gained in his mission."

The moment for the explosion has arrived.

* In my published dispatch to her majesty's secretary of state for the colonies, dated 28th Oct., 1836, I stated "my humble but deliberate opinion of the Union of the Provinces is, that it would produce the effect of separating both the Canadas from the parent state, on the homely principle that if fresh and tainted meat be attached together both are corrupted." Deeply impressed with this opinion, it is alarming to me to reflect how strongly the project will probably be pressed upon her majesty's government by various classes of people, each actuated by self-interest; for instance, by all those deep, calculating republicans in both provinces, who shrewdly foresee that the union of the two provinces would eventually cause their separation from the British Empire.

Reader! peruse the following letters:—

1st. From Sir Allan McNab (Speaker of the Commons' House of Assembly of the United Canadas).

2d. From W. B. Jervis, Esq. (appointed by Sir John Colborne, Sheriff of the Home District).

3d. From the Honorable Justice Hagerman (late her majesty's attorney-general).

4th. From the Earl of Durham.

(1.)

From the Hon. Sir A. N. McNab.

"Legislative Assembly, Montreal,
"28th March, 1846.

"MY DEAR SIR FRANCIS,

"I have no hesitation in putting on paper the conversation which took place between Lord Durham and myself on the subject of the Union. He asked me if I was in favor of the Union; I said, 'No.' He replied, 'If you are a friend to your country, *oppose it to the death.*'

"I am, &c.

(Signed) "ALLAN N. McNAB.

"*Sir F. B. Head, Bart.*"

(2.)

From W. E. Jervis, Esq.

"Toronto, March 12th, 1846.

"DEAR SIR ALLAN,

"In answer to the inquiry contained in your letter of the 2d inst., I beg leave to state, that in the year 1838 I was at Quebec, and had a long conversation with the late Earl of Durham upon the subject of a Union of the provinces of Upper and Lower Canada—a measure which I had understood his lordship intended to propose.

"I was much gratified by his lordship then, in the most unqualified terms, declaring his strong disapprobation of such a

measure, as tending, in his opinion, to the injury of this province; and he advised me, as a friend to Upper Canada, *to use all the influence I might possess in opposition to it.*

"His lordship declared that, in his opinion, no statesman could propose so injurious a project, and authorized me to assure my friends in Upper Canada, *that he was decidedly averse to the measure.*

"I have a perfect recollection of having had a similar inquiry made of me by the private secretary of Sir George Arthur, and that I made a written reply to the communication. I have no copy of the letter which I sent upon that occasion, but the substance must have been similar to that I now send you.

"I remain, &c.

(Signed) "W. E. JERVIS.

"*Sir Allan McNab.*"

(3.)

From the Honorable Justice Hagerman.

"31, St. James's-street, London,
"12th July, 1846.

"MY DEAR SIR FRANCIS,

"It is well known to many persons that the late Lord Durham, up to the time of his departure from Canada, expressed himself strongly opposed to the Union of the then two provinces. I accompanied Sir George Arthur on a visit to Lord Durham, late in the autumn, and a very few days only before he threw up his government and embarked for this country. In a conversation I had with him, he spoke of the Union as *the selfish scheme of a few merchants of Montreal—that no statesman would advise the measure—and that it was absurd to suppose that Upper and Lower Canada could ever exist in harmony as one province.*

"In returning to Toronto with Sir George Arthur, he told me that Lord Durham had expressed to him similar opinions, and had at considerable length detailed to him reasons and arguments which existed against a measure which he considered

would be destructive of the legitimate authority of the British government, and in which opinion *Sir George declared he fully coincided.*

"I am, &c.

(Signed) "C. A. HAGERMAN.

"*Sir F. B. Head, Bart.*"

(4.)

From the Earl of Durham.

"Quebec, Oct. 2, 1838.

"DEAR SIR,

"I thank you kindly for your account of the meeting,* which was the first I received. I FULLY EXPECTED THE 'OUTBREAK' ABOUT THE UNION OF THE TWO PROVINCES; IT IS A PET MONTREAL PROJECT, BEGINNING AND ENDING IN MONTREAL SELFISHNESS.

YOURS TRULY,

(Signed) "DURHAM.

"*Major Richardson, &c., &c.*"

I am confident that every honest man, untainted by party politics, who reads the above documents, must require some little time to recover from the astounding effects which, by suddenly unbuttoning his eyes, they have produced on his senses.

"What!" it will justly be exclaimed, "has our sovereign and both Houses of Parliament been induced to pass an Act—which experience now shows should have been entitled—'*An Act for the dismemberment from the British Empire of her majesty's North American colonies*'—on a fictitious report? Is it really true, that the prospects of

* A few weeks only before Lord Durham sailed for England, this meeting in favor of the Union was got up in Montreal, the inhabitants of which clearly enough foresaw how much they would be benefited by their city becoming, *as it has become*, the place of meeting of the Legislature of the United Canadas.

every loyal subject of the queen in the Canadas have been blasted by Parliament having innocently but ignorantly administered—as from the late Lord Durham's prescription—a remedial measure which his lordship, to the last hour of his transatlantic administration, vitally opposed—which he recommended the queen's subjects to 'oppose to the death,' and which now turns out to have been rank poison? Have the British people been deceived? Have they been falsely dealt with? If so, without caring who may have been the nameless culprits, who are the statesmen that ought to have prevented it?"

The people of England may well ask such questions; for there can be no doubt that they and their whole system of government at this moment appear before the civilized world in a most ridiculous light—in a most unenviable position—such as never before has been witnessed—such as no political romance has ever before imagined—such as the history of no country on earth has ever before described; in short, in a predicament unheard of and unread of.

"But who," the country will no doubt loudly repeat, "are we to blame?"

"*Is it Lord John Russell?*"

His lordship may justly reply to this question: "My political course has been honest and consistent. I have for years openly supported the republican party in our colonies. Every measure I have introduced therein has been for their elevation—for the depression of the loyal. My appointments in the Colonial Department which have been publicly gazetted, have undisguisedly avowed my opinions in favor of 'irresponsible government,' which every body surely must know means the separation of our colonies from the British crown.

"The people of England may, therefore, blame themselves; but they have no right to blame *me* for honest,

straightforward policy, which, if they disapproved of, they had always power to prevent."

Is it the Duke of Wellington, the leader of the Conservatives in the House of Lords?

His grace may laconically reply to this question by a very short note, referring the people of England to his celebrated protest,* in which are distinctly enumerated his objections to the fatal measure recommended in Lord Durham's Report, the consequences of which he accurately foretold.

Is it, then, the Canadian authorities that we are to blame?

1. Sir George Arthur may justly reply—"The people of England have no right to blame *me*. I was ordered to give all the assistance in my power to Lord Durham; it was, therefore, my duty to treat my superior with becoming respect. Nevertheless, I told the queen's government in my published dispatch, No. 91, dated 17th April, 1839, that the recommendation contained in his lordship's Report was 'the same as that which had been advocated by Mr. Bidwell, Dr. Rolph, and McKenzie.' If the people of England could not, or would not, understand what *that* meant, they may blame themselves, but they have no right to blame *me*."

2. The Honorable W. B. Sullivan† may justly reply: "It is true that, as the president of Mr. Poulett Thomson's Executive Council, I advocated in the Legislative Council the Union of the Canadas, which, having been recommended by the queen in England, and by her majesty's representative in Canada, and by her majesty's govern-

* See Appendix, A.

† N. B.—I first appointed Mr. Sullivan to be a member of my Executive Council, of which he was president. His extraordinary talents were such that he remained President of the Executive Council of Sir G. Arthur, Lord Durham, Lord Sydenham, Sir C. Bagot, and for about two years with Lord Metcalfe. Mr. Sullivan served me with great fidelity.

ment, I conceived it would be useless for me to resist. Nevertheless, though I was forced, under Lord John Russell's dispatch, dated 16th October, 1839, to advocate the measure, I made no secret that I was as inwardly opposed to it as I had always been; indeed, when Judge McLean said to me, as I was leaving the Legislative Council, where I had just been speaking on the subject—'That was a good speech of yours, Mr. Sullivan, in favor of the Union!'—I openly replied, 'Yes; but if you had heard the one I made last year *against* it, you would have said it was much better.'

"What my opinions really were of the measure I was forced to advocate, will sufficiently appear from the following extract of a letter, dated Crown Lands Office, Nov. 2, 1839, which I addressed to the Speaker of the House of Assembly:—

"'I do not think the House of Assembly is to be forgiven for admitting the notice of Union of the Provinces, upon any terms.

"'If it should take place, as it probably will, the radicals of this province (Upper Canada) will unite with the French of Lower Canada, and overpower the loyalists. If this should take place in any one session, *all the safeguards you can possibly invent* WILL BE ABROGATED AT A BLOW.

"'When the provinces are united, on any terms, the supremacy of the party lately in rebellion seems to me to be placed beyond a question; and I believe *they know it as well as I do.*'

"My prophecies have all been fulfilled; but the people of England must blame the man I could name, and not *me*, for the success of a measure which, supported by the Conservatives at home, was forced upon the Canadas by the Imperial Parliament—by the mother country!"

3. Chief-Justice Robinson, the late Speaker of the Upper House of the Provincial Legislature of Upper Canada, may justly say—

"The people of England have no right to blame *me.*

I told the queen—I told the leader of the Conservatives —and that being of no avail, I told the people of England, as plainly as I could speak, in a volume which I addressed to them at the time, that, as a Canadian who had been eighteen years in the Provincial Legislature of my country, 'I was ready at any place, and at any time, *to show* that Lord Durham's Report was utterly unsafe to be relied upon as the foundation of parliamentary proceedings.' It appeared, however, as if the Parliament and the people of England did not wish that the misstatements in this report should be disproved; and they must therefore blame themselves, and not *me*, for the disreputable consequences that have ensued."

4. *Am I to blame* for the Act that has brought so much discredit upon the nation, and misery to a large number of our fellow-countrymen? I reply—"No; I appealed to the leader of the Conservatives for his assistance to retain an unexceptionable witness, perfectly competent to disprove the statements in Lord Durham's Report.

"I made known to him that I was prepared to disprove it, and that Sir Peregrine Maitland, who had administered the government of Upper Canada for ten years, and who was in England, had also just declared it to be '*inaccurate, unfair, ignorant, and unjust.*' Seeing that the Conservative leader was determined to shut his eyes to every fact, and his ears to every witness that the late administrators of the colony in question desired to produce to invalidate Lord Durham's Report, and that he was determined to lead his party in the dark to vote for the fatal measure, I applied to be allowed to disclose, at the bar of the House of Lords, 'certain grave objections against the Bill, as well as against the improper means by which the consent of the Legislature of Upper Canada have been obtained.' In short, I did all that reason or desperation could do to save the British parliament from the dis-

credit of legislating on evidence which I KNEW TO BE INCORRECT; but, in consequence of the Conservative leader deserting me, no party would assist me, and therefore I must join with those whose names I have enumerated in saying that the people of England must blame themselves, and not *me*, for the melancholy result."

But without harassing the reader by further inquiries, it must now surely be evident that the leader of the great Conservative party is the individual who is solely answerable for the miserable dilemma in which the country is placed.

Lord Durham's proclamations in Canada against the British parliament—his abandonment of his post without waiting to be relieved—his march of false triumph from Falmouth to London—the publication of his Report in the *Times* newspaper before the queen had laid it before Parliament; and lastly, its disreputable contents, formed altogether indisputable evidence of the fact which, I trust, will shield his memory from all blame—namely, that his mind had been temporarily affected; that, to speak plainly, he was for a moment out of his senses, and that in this state he had signed a most voluminous Report and Appendix, the greater part of which he had probably never read—and, if he had read it, was not in a fit state to understand it.

Although this fact was not legally proved, nevertheless, surely the circumstances I have enumerated formed grounds for exciting the suspicion of any man of business, especially of one whose mind is well known, like a banker's chest, to be protected even from his partners, by all the heavy bars, bolts, padlocks, and Chub-locks that caution and precaution can possibly construct.

But when, in addition to all these strong grounds for suspicion, Sir Robert Peel found that his clear-headed colleague, the Duke of Wellington, for reasons which he

stated, not only gravely opposed but was seriously alarmed at Lord Durham's measure; that the reigning lieutenant-governor of the colony which was to be ruined by it compared it to the old scheme of a gang of traitors who had either just been hanged, or for whose apprehension her majesty was at the moment offering large rewards; when, to his knowledge, two ex-lieutenant governors and a competent Canadian witness were desirous to confirm the same;—I ask, was it not the duty of the representative of the Conservative interests of the empire to insist that such evidence should at least be received for as much only as it might be worth, by a Committee of the House of Commons, previous to the perpetration by Parliament of an Act which the Duke of Wellington and other competent authorities considered would dismember from the empire the queen's North American colonies?

Is it possible for Sir Robert Peel, over whose door there might justly be written—"*Dealer in figures and in facts*," satisfactorily to explain the motives that caused this want of caution—this rejection of evidence? Can he deny that this proposal to legislate in the dark was not only diametrically opposed to the favorite principle he had all his political life been advocating, but to the commercial practice of the British people who placed him in power? The followers of the high-sounding name of Conservatism in the House of Commons would most readily have listened to reason or evidence; but their leader, mysteriously guarding his own secret in his own breast, led them with their eyes blindfolded, and with their ears stuffed with cotton, to vote for an Act for which he is now solely responsible.

The Union of the Canadas having been disposed of, I proceed to submit a few observations on the manner in

which her majesty's Conservative government have since carried this important measure into effect.

No leader of a great political party can reasonably undertake the responsible duties of his office unless his followers are prepared to give him cordial, unsuspecting, and almost unconditional support; for it is obvious that no man can possibly undertake to propose any series of measures, all of which are exactly to match the variegated and variegating shades in the color of his party. Accordingly, in the carrying out of the Canada Union Act, Sir Robert Peel was clearly entitled to the support of his party in such arrangements, comprehensible or incomprehensible, as he might, on reflection, deem it best to pursue.

Now, there were various ways in which the Conservative leader might have proceeded; for instance,—

1st. He might have said to the people of the Canadas, "There has been a wicked rebellion in both provinces. I will recommend the queen openly to countenance and promote every individual who distinguished himself in suppressing that rebellion; and as openly to discountenance and discard from office every man who in person or by his talents actively promoted it."

2d. He might have said—"I will advise her majesty never to forget the loyal, but, with Christian benevolence, to forgive those who have trespassed against her.

3d. He might have said—"I will advise the queen to forget the loyal and forgive the rebels, and henceforward to consider the party who rose in arms against her authority in every respect as eligible to serve the crown, and to be selected for places of trust, honor, and emolument, as those who defended it."

Now, on the principle I have already stated, I submit that Sir Robert Peel might fairly have called upon his party, whatever might have been their own individual

opinions, to support him in any one of these different courses. But when, overstepping altogether the limits liberally prescribed by civilized nations, he proceeds on a policy revolting to the human mind; when he says to a young, generous, high-minded, confiding sovereign,—"Deeming it expedient to belong to the majority, I advise your majesty openly to discountenance or to remove from office in your Canadian colonies every man who, during the late rebellion and foreign invasion, conspicuously came forward in defense of your crown; I advise your majesty to elevate to the Canadian bench men who were arrested for high treason; I advise your majesty to select as your royal representatives in the courts of justice men who, on warrants being issued against them for treason, fled their country, and who only returned to it under a proclamation of amnesty; and lastly, I advise your majesty to select individuals of the same attainted character as the Executive Counselors of your majesty's representative in the colony in question." I humbly submit, that when Sir Robert Peel calls upon the great Conservative party in this country to support him in this policy, which, from the time of his last accession to power up to the latest moment of its existence, *he has actually pursued*, he asks his willing followers to do that which they have not power to effect.

The Conservative leader might as well ask his "*party*" to support him in preventing the sun from shining—the wind from blowing—the lightning from flashing—the thunder from roaring. He might as well entreat them to assist him in depriving honest men of the mental consolation they enjoy—of shielding the dishonest from the pangs of a guilty conscience—as to ask them to support him in having given to his young sovereign counsel which every civilized and uncivilized nation on the globe will unequivocally condemn.

In answer to such a request, how justly might the high-bred members of his Conservative crew now reply to their drowning admiral—

"You were selected to command our vessel; but during the engagement to which we were all equally exposed, you thought proper to jump overboard to seek security *under* the enemy's guns; and now, unable to reach either ship, and with "sights of ugly death before your eyes," you entreat us to leave our flag to follow you. Were we to do so, we could render you no assistance; and, as we should only share your melancholy fate—FAREWELL!"

But to drop idle metaphor, and speak in plain terms, can even Sir Robert Peel himself expect ever again to be the leader of the great Conservative party in this country?

After the course he has pursued in our colonies, how could he ask to be again appointed the *Conservative* adviser of our gracious sovereign? How could he possibly undertake to expound to foreign ministers that the British Constitution requires her majesty to protect her loyal subjects in every portion of her empire in return for their allegiance? How could he possibly ever again preach Conservative doctrines in the House of Commons? His weapons have hitherto been—1st, powerful reasoning; 2d, wit; 3d, sarcasm; but, brilliant as are his talents, can the first of these defend his colonial policy? and, as regards the two latter weapons, can he ever again venture to draw either in defense of Conservatism, so long as the name of Solomon Lossing is remembered, or so long as his bold antagonist recollects (and will he ever forget it?) his having—just as Mrs. Glass says, "*first catch your hare*"—offered to appoint as her majesty's Commissioner of Crown Lands, a Canadian, for whose apprehension as a traitor the Whig government had offered, and had paid,

£500—an act against which the Conservative leader well knows urgent remonstrances were addressed to him in vain.

Although the wealth of England excites the astonishment of all foreigners, yet the British people, during the lapse of ages, have amassed what is infinitely more valuable than their gold; what, in fact, has created it all; and what is now creating it: namely, a character for honesty and plain dealing.

In their own country, by every grade of society, an honest man is respected: indeed, the very countenances of the people bespeak the national virtue that characterizes them. It adorns the upper ranks—pervades the transactions of the middle classes—sweetens the bread of the independent laborer; and not only does it bring down the blessing of Heaven upon the country, but wherever we travel, whatever part of the globe we may visit, we reap, in respect, the harvest of the labor of the millions who by honest dealing and straightforward conduct have in the course of centuries amassed this inestimable description of national wealth.

It is evident, therefore, that the British nobleman, the British merchant, and the British people, can not afford to lose this character for the sake of supporting the political views of any individual statesman, however brilliant may be his talents, or however valuable may be his information.

The British people, whose word is everywhere "as good as their bond," can not afford, for any party object that can be named, or even be imagined, to be scornfully pointed at wherever they go, as belonging to that underbred nation who preach loyalty and reward treason;—who deceitfully bow to a sovereign whose throne they are undermining;—and who can desert their fellow-countrymen in a distant land, merely because they have

honestly come forward in defense of the portion of the empire they inhabit.

The British people have no desire to breed only one description of politicians; on the contrary, they well know the advantages they have derived by political controversies. They tolerate—nay, they even encourage—every man to speak his mind, and, if in power, openly to legislate as he may think best. In language and in conduct they liberally allow the expression or the action of almost any thing; but they can't bear double dealing—they don't like what they term "foul play"—they abominate hypocrisy: and thus, though thousands of voices would have greeted the arrival in this country of their bitterest enemy, "Napoleon," the Emperor of Republicanism, yet the flesh of every honest man among us creeps when he thinks of that cringing, perfidious, "cage-de-fer" adviser of monarchy—MARSHAL NEY.

But when Sir Robert Peel reflects how numerous, of late years, have been the sudden changes in his colonial principles—when he calls to mind that, previous to the death of William IV., he as strongly supported the loyal party in Canada as he has lately rewarded the rebels—that he as strongly supported the religious establishment in those colonies as he has since opposed it—that, when out of office, he as strongly approved of the capture of the Caroline, as since his accession to power he has approved of the queen's apology for it; it might truly be asked of him by his best friend, "Even if your party were again to place confidence in you, can you, after the many instances in your colonial policy in which you have suddenly changed your mind, place any confidence *in yourself?* Can you feel sure that you will not vote in favor of every one of those colonial questions to which, up to this moment, you have declared yourself to be resolutely and conscientiously opposed; and, on the

other hand, can you feel certain that you will not suddenly veer round and oppose, with all your power, the very measures you are now advocating? And lastly, are you quite sure that when the melancholy intelligence shall reach this country, that, in consequence of the system of misgovernment I have humbly endeavored to describe, her majesty's splendid North American colonies have been severed, by rebellion, from the British crown, you will not, in your place in Parliament, as the leader of the Conservatives, instantly rise to declare—'that, in approving of these measures, you had no wish to rob others of the credit justly due to them;—that with reference to the honorable lord opposite (Lord John Russell), as with reference to yourself, neither is the party which is justly entitled to this credit; that there has been a combination of parties, and that that combination, and the influence of government, have led to this ultimate success; but that the name which ought to be associated with the success of these measures is not the name of the noble lord, nor is it your own (cheers); that the names which ought to be, and will be, associated with the success of these measures, are the names of men who, acting, I believe, with pure and disinterested motives, have, with untiring energy—by appeals to reason (cheers)—enforced their necessity with an eloquence now to be admired, because it was unaffected and unadorned (cheers); that the names which ought to be associated with the success of those measures are the names of Jos. L. PAPINEAU and WILLIAM L. MCKENZIE (loud and protracted cheering).'"

I now take leave of the Conservative leader, as also of the past and present tenses of his colonial policy.

That he has blighted the prospects and ruined the happiness of our North American colonies, there can be no more doubt than that in doing so he has irrecoverably ruined himself.

That a portion of his party will for a short time attempt to rally round him; that by transcendent abilities he will for a short time endeavor to stand against the facts which, on behalf of the brave and loyal people of Canada, I have plainly related, is highly probable; but the British people never have supported, and I firmly believe never will support, for any length of time, any statesman whose policy, domestic or foreign, brings discredit upon our institutions, or which directly or indirectly tends, in every region of the globe, to sully the honor of the British name. The British people consider their fellow-subjects in all regions of the globe as their brethren; and if, on calm reflection, they shall be of opinion that the loyal inhabitants of our North American colonies have, by the leader of the Conservatives, been cruelly deserted and unnaturally dealt with, they will not, I feel confident, refuse redress, because the demand for retributive justice comes from the poor colonist, or from the solitary, unsupported voice of "The Emigrant."

CHAPTER XVI.

MORAL.

ALTHOUGH in the preceding chapters it has been my duty to submit to the reader facts which strongly impugn the policy, or rather impolicy, of the Siamese leaders of the two conflicting parties to whom the destinies of the British colonies have so disastrously been committed, yet I have cautiously abstained from laying blame on any of their supporters, or on any governor or lieutenant-governor who has acted under their authority. I trust, therefore, that, with the exception of the two individuals to whom I have alluded, I shall not appeal in vain to the great and good men of all parties to join with me in a consideration, divested of all angry feellings, of what course ought to be pursued by Parliament under the unexampled predicament in which it is placed; and in this consideration I need hardly say that the interests of our colonies should be of subsidiary importance to the great paramount interests of the empire.

There can be no doubt that the system which has been pursued in our North American colonies since the Union of the Canadas, of our sovereign openly rewarding her enemies, and of as openly degrading the supporters of our monarchy, has not only been unsuccessful, but is unnatural—would be discreditable to any nation, and is particularly inconsistent with that ruddy-faced honesty and open dealing which have hitherto distinguished the British

people; indeed, it must surely to every body appear unaccountable, that while in the eastern, northern, and southern regions of the globe our honor and military successes are at this moment, if possible, brighter than they have ever been, we are, in the western world, acting a part which makes every man among us feel ashamed of the very name of the nation to which he belongs.

Now, the answer of Sir Robert Peel and of Lord John Russell to this fact is—"Strange as our late joint policy may appear, we have had no desire to betray our sovereign; but the truth is, the Earl of Durham's recommendations of a Union of the Canadas, and of irresponsible government, have created a republican majority in the provincial legislature which it is out of our power to control; and we have therefore advised our sovereign, for the sake of peace and quietness, to go along with this republican majority, instead of vainly endeavoring to oppose it."

Now, with every respect for the inestimable blessings of peace and quietness—without reverting to by-gone prophecies, or repeating a word of reproach, let us calmly consider—

1st. What will be the consequences to the empire of the queen continuing to pursue the course of policy recommended to her majesty by Lord John Russell and Sir Robert Peel.

2dly. What would be the results if the queen were to pursue an opposite course to that which those two statesmen have concurred in advising her majesty to consider as "expedient."

3dly. Even supposing the severance of the British North American colonies from the parent state to be a question only of time; and that being so, it is, comparatively speaking, of no great importance at what exact period these colonies may leave us, what is the transition or

intermediate policy best suited to the interests of both parties;—or, to speak still plainer, what is the safest and most creditable course for us to pursue, so that, when the hour of separation shall arrive, we may be prepared to part with our North American colonies on good terms and without the misery of a fratricidal war.

Now, to arrive at this useful result, we will consider the questions in the order in which they are proposed.

1st. *What will be the consequence to the empire of the queen continuing to pursue the course of policy recommended to her majesty by Lord John Russell and Sir Robert Peel?*

There can be no doubt that the million and a half of money, which, to carry the union of the provinces, was lent by this country to the Canadas, and which has nearly been spent, must have had the effect of strengthening the governor's influence; and, on the other hand, that when nothing is recollected of this loan but the necessity of repaying either its interest or capital, the influence of the governor will inversely be diminished. But even supposing it should remain equal to what it now is, events similar to the following must, it is submitted, be the inevitable result of the existing anomaly of a colony being responsible only to the popular branch of its own legislature, and consequently irresponsible to the monarchy of which it is a dependency.

1. In addition to the arrears of salary, which in the last session of the Canadian legislature was voted to Monsieur Papineau, by a Bill introduced by her majesty's representative, and since confirmed by the crown, commissioners have already been appointed by the governor-general's council to ascertain the amount of losses sustained by the rebels in Lower Canada; which losses the loyal men in both provinces will, it is clearly foreseen, be ere long called upon to pay. In vain will they plead, that when

they and the queen's troops destroyed that property, they were acting under the proclamation of their sovereign's representative; for the answer will be:—The power of governing the Canadas has been transferred by your sovereign to the majority, who now rule,—*We* are the majority, and *you* must therefore pay.

Accordingly, the queen's representative will be advised by his council, either himself to bring in a bill, or in her majesty's name to assent to an act bearing something like the following title:—"*An Act for indemnifying the Honorable Louis J. Papineau and divers other honorable persons for losses consequent upon their expulsion, as well as voluntary retirement, from the Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada in the years* 1837 *and* 1838, ON THE AFFAIRS OF THE PEOPLE: *for the remuneration of those who were transported by her majesty's government to Van Dieman's Land, of widows and other sufferers, and for other purposes therein mentioned. Louis J. Papineau and D. Wolfred Nelson to be commissioners on behalf of her majesty, for carrying the same into effect.*"

2. The governor-general, by the advice of his Executive Council, who, it must always be kept in mind, are, by the recommendation of the queen's government, to be dismissed the instant they cease "to possess the confidence of the people," has lately passed an Act, since assented to in England, by which her majesty is divested of every acre of her crown lands in the Canadas, the disposal of which is invested in the governor and counselors "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 beside this, there is now lying before her majesty's secretary of state for the colonies, an address from the Commons' House of Assembly of the Canadas,

praying her majesty to cause the civil list clauses in the Union Act to be repealed. By this arrangement the power of the crown is at once to be materially reduced; every public servant is eventually to be made 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. If this be assented to, our sovereign will be advised to sever by her majesty's own act the last and only lien that the mother country has on her colonies, except by military occupation.

3. 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, might 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 might decline to suspend the Habeas Corpus Act, by which means treason could not effectually be repressed.

But a more overt course might, and no doubt would, 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 would be a very simple one. They would, through the Executive Council, and in the name of the British sovereign, raise, arm, equip, organize, and drill an army, which they would officer, and which, masked under the name of "MILITIA," would be ready to act at a moment's warning, *as they might desire*. In fact, it would be a force suicidally created by

the crown, which the loyal would clearly foresee was in preparation to seize their persons and confiscate their property, as punishment for the attachment they had so obstinately evinced to the British crown.

4. 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, would find it necessary, in order to satisfy the majority of "the people," or, in other words, to retain their offices, to be guilty of every kind of corruption. All men in office would be obliged, more or less, to advocate principles they inwardly disapproved of, and to listen to language (such as Mons. Papineau and his followers formerly used, to insult her majesty's representative, to ridicule every thing that was British, and extol every thing that was republican) which, without offending the governor in council, it would be out of their power to rebuke. By this disgusting procedure their characters, as Conservatives, would gradually be lowered even in their own estimation. The bench of justice would every day be more and more polluted until the whole system of British government would become despicable in the eyes of the most sensible men of all parties. "The domination of the mother country" would then really be "baneful;" and whenever, under the bribe of the people of the United States, the remedy of separation should be resorted to, not only would all the moneys that have been spent on that colony be lost to us, but what is infinitely more lamentable, there would 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 would in the English language be execrated, reviled, and despised, and thus by our own acts and deeds, by the continuance of a revolutionary policy, which the heart of every honest man

among us tells him is unnatural, and which has already evidently accelerated rather than retarded the hour of separation, 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.

Let us now consider—

2dly. *What would be the results if the queen were to pursue an opposite course to that which Lord John Russell and Sir R. Peel have concurred in advising her majesty to consider as "expedient;" and*—

3dly. *Supposing the severance of the British North American colonies from the parent state to be a question only of time, what is the safest and most creditable course for us to pursue, so that when the hour of separation shall arrive, we may be prepared to part with these colonies on good terms, and without the misery of a fratricidal war.*

However great may be the wealth of the British Empire, its moral character is infinitely more valuable. Our money, it can not be denied, gives us comforts and luxuries which excite the envy of mankind; but it is our character which makes that money, and which above all practically demonstrates to mankind the reward of an honest submission to justice; or, in other words, the inestimable advantage of the English system of self-government, under which public opinion is required obediently to sit *behind* the law; whereas in a republic, public opinion is always dragging the law behind *it*.

On the maintenance, therefore, of British institutions, not only do our own wealth and national happiness depend, but the destinies of all other nations are to a certain degree involved in it; for if, in England, the office of lord chancellor is sufficient to excite the emulation of every member of the bar; if a few well paid appointments in the church, army, and navy, are practically sufficient to induce thousands of people to hope to attain

them; how powerfully must our enormous wealth and influence encourage the whole family of mankind to be, like England, "true and just in all their dealings."

Whatever, therefore, may be the value of our colonies; however convenient they may be to us as outhouses for our superabundant population, or as nurseries for our seamen, &c., &c., it is evident that we ought never for a moment to jeopardize our character, or, in other words, to peril the great interests of the British Empire for the sake of retaining them; indeed, as most people believe, that, do what we will, we shall not be able to retain them after they have reached a certain age, it would be weakness to incur a permanent disease for the sake of appeasing a temporary pain.

Nevertheless, if the petitions of the few insignificant demagogues in our colonies to whom we have lately succumbed were merely for a remission of this duty, or for an increase of that one,—it might be the interest, and it certainly would be the desire of the mother country good-humoredly to yield to the solicitations of her children, however indecorously they might be expressed; but the object which the gang in question have had in view—which, with loaded rifles in their hands, they demanded—and which our two great statesmen have, to say the least, attempted to concede, has been, that the portion of the British Empire they inhabit should, under and by our monarchy, be converted into a republic!

Now, surely it must be evident to every one, that our plain answer to this preposterous request should be "No! The British nation can't afford to change its political creed for the sake of retaining an insignificant portion of its congregation. If you don't like our temple, leave it; but you ought not to ask, nor can you reasonably expect, that we are to change our tenets, overturn

the opinions and forget the experience of ages, to suit your ephemeral views!"

I humbly submit that the prime minister of this country, whoever he may be, should, in reply to such a request, advise her majesty to authorize her governor-general to address to the respective legislative assemblies of our North American colonies a speech, of which the following might be the raw material.

"HONORABLE GENTLEMEN AND GENTLEMEN,

"I am commanded by our sovereign to explain to you without guile the principle upon which it is her majesty's intention in future to govern this favored portion of the British Empire.

"As it is the happiness of her majesty to reign in the hearts of her subjects, so she has no desire to extend the beneficent protection of her empire to any portion of it in which allegiance to her majesty does not voluntarily exist; and, therefore, although the power of the empire is ready to protect you so long as the flower of allegiance shall spontaneously grow in your land, you must clearly understand that no expense will be incurred—no force exerted—and above all, no war undertaken, to prevent you from separating yourselves from the British crown whenever you may deem it your interests unanimously to express through your respective legislatures a decided desire to do so.

"In the mean while, the course which her majesty has been advised to pursue in the colonies is as follows:—

"Perfectly regardless of numbers, her majesty will openly countenance, and fearlessly select for employment in her service, those who have evinced a loyal adherence to British institutions; and on the other hand, her majesty will direct that henceforward no person, whatever may be his talents, shall be permitted to hold office under the crown who has ever taken part in open rebellion, or who, by any overt act, has evinced disaffection to the British government. Moreover, her majesty wishes it to be clearly understood throughout her North American colonies, that under no pretense, however trifling, or

for no reward, however large, will she consent to the smallest attempt to conciliate democracy.

"Lastly, her majesty has directed me to inform you that the ill advised experiment of 'responsible government' is hereby forever abolished.

"Her majesty's subjects are constitutionally represented in their Commons' House of Assembly. They are also members of the Upper Branch of their Legislatures. Her majesty's representative will ever be ready to listen to any facts or opinions which his council may suggest to him; but her majesty hereby declares that her representative is responsible to HER,—not to her majesty's colonial people,—for the course he may pursue; and that, unless he were so, her majesty would virtually be deprived of all power to maintain the paramount interests of her empire, or to afford to her colonial subjects that protection which it is her happiness to bestow."

Now, as no sensible man, whatever may be his politics, can desire that the sovereign of the British Empire should ever be afraid to do what is right, or to say what is honest, it follows that, if the above declarations be both one and the other, the consequences that might result, let them cost what they might, ought not, for a moment, to be urged in arrest of a just judgment; for instance, let us suppose that the utterance of a speech, such as I have imagined, were to produce a temperate or intemperate remonstrance from the local legislatures of our North American colonies, which, after an appeal by the governor-general to the hustings, were to be repeated by new Houses of Assembly; the discussion, after all, would be one only of words and of a little ink; no disturbance, no bloodshed, would be necessary; the people would, through their representatives, declare their deliberate desire to be severed from the British Empire; their governor, in the name of her majesty, would, from the throne of the province, accede to their wish. With

British colors waving over his head, with the ancient axiom, "*Nolumus leges Angliæ mutari*," inscribed on the banner at his side—with his Bible undesecrated—with British laws unaltered—with the honor of the British name unsullied, he would take leave of the citadel of Quebec, and from the deck of the British man-of-war which was about to convey him to England, in accordance with the royal salute that had just thundered from below, he would, in bidding farewell to the Canada shore, express to the people he was leaving HER MAJESTY'S MOST EARNEST PRAYER THAT THE BLESSING OF ALMIGHTY GOD MIGHT FOREVER REST UPON THEM, THEIR CHILDREN, AND THEIR LAND.

The parting would be one of tears, which would forever nourish sentiments of veneration for the British sovereign, of affection for the British people, and of admiration of the magnanimity of British institutions; in short, the colony would be converted into one of her majesty's most faithful and most natural allies.

Now, when one contrasts this picture with that which I have endeavored to show must inevitably be the result of the miserable course of policy we are now pursuing —a policy which is heaping disgrace upon our institutions, discredit upon the principles of monarchy, and dishonor upon the British name—is it not melancholy to reflect, that if we were to adopt the first instead of the second, it could not possibly accelerate *by one year* the separation of the North American colonies from the British crown; on the contrary, I believe every man acquainted with the inhabitants of these provinces will concur with me in saying, that while this second, or degrading course of policy is *quite certain* to effect their separation, the opposite course would *as surely* prevent it.

This assertion, strange as it may sound to those un-

acquainted with the sentiments of the British Emigrant, is no matter of idle speculation, but an incontrovertible truth which *has been proved;* for the very speech which has been suggested, is, in fact, the conduct that was pursued in Upper Canada in 1836 and 1837. The principle of responsible government *was* then resisted; the dissatisfied *were* then told that not the smallest concession to democracy would be made; and the consequence, as this volume will have shown, was, that "the people" rose *en masse* to declare their affection to their sovereign, and their attachment to British institutions: and if such an effect was produced by the non-conciliatory process, when the representative of the sovereign was inexperienced, unsupported, and, eventually—as every one foresaw he would be—publicly removed for his adherence to the crown; is it not almost incalculable to conceive what would be the overwhelming effect if the British sovereign, the British parliament, and the British government would combine together in supporting a governor-general in declarations such as I have described?

View the policy in any light, it is the best that can be devised; for if we are to lose our colonies, it is the best way of losing them; if we are to retain them, it is the best mode of doing so. Whereas, by the other course, whether we retain them or whether we lose them, the character of the British nation is alike irretrievably disgraced.

Seeing, therefore, that the experiment of converting the QUEEN'S representative in a colony into THE PEOPLE'S representative, has proved to be as mischievous in practice as it is evidently unsound in theory, it is humbly submitted that, by the recommendation of Parliament, the error should be discontinued, and the anomaly peremptorily abolished.

The question of responsible government having been sufficiently discussed, there now remains to be considered what should be done with respect to the awkward predicament in which Parliament is placed as to the Union f the Canadas.

The case is a very plain one.

The British parliament united the Canadas because they believed that the Earl of Durham had recommended the measure. But it turns out that Lord Durham was opposed to the measure. Query. Will the British parliament remedy their mistake or not?

It is said, if they do, people will laugh at them. It may as vulgarly be said, if they do not, people will laugh at them; and if this be true, can there be any doubt that it is better to be laughed at for doing what is right, than for persisting in doing what is wrong? If an honest man has wronged his neighbor by mistake, does he not feel pleasure in acknowledging his error, and in doing all he can to repair it? Would it not be false pride in him to say, I shall be humbled if I am seen to acknowledge my fault? But in this case Parliament has committed no fault; they have merely been deceived: and if it be true that in both Houses of Parliament there does not exist a single nobleman or gentleman who, having been deceived, would not, the instant his eyes were opened, repair the mischief he had done, can there be any reason why these persons, whom it is our duty to respect, should refuse to do collectively what every one of them would do individually?

That a few radicals, who chuckle at the confusion they have created, would endeavor to ridicule the proposal of repealing an Act which had been passed by mistake, there can be no doubt; but would the civilized world ridicule the British parliament for magnanimously undoing what it had erroneously done? Would history ridi

cule the act? No! it would proudly record it: indeed, one can scarcely imagine a finer spectacle than that of the most powerful nation of the globe, with real greatness of mind, openly confessing that he had acted wrong: whereas if from vulgar apprehensions we try to conceal the error, we shall be most wofully deceived; for not only the living, but the opinions of the dead, will in all directions rise up in evidence against us.

For instance, let us take the case of an individual whose name all parties respect.

When Sir Charles Metcalfe arrived in Canada, he began by carrying out Sir Robert Peel's unfortunate doctrines with the utmost fidelity; and he, accordingly, not only submitted to "responsible government," but in a written document he publicly declared it to be "the only way of governing the Canadas!"

He persisted in this course for about a year, until of his own accord he discovered his error.

The whole of the remainder of his administration was employed in a vigorous attempt to undo what on his arrival he had been induced to do. He openly declared, in terms of unusual force, that nothing should induce him to take back to his council Mr. Robert Baldwin, Mons. Lafontaine, and others, whom the Conservative government had so improperly raised to that post; and he left the province, openly declaring "THAT THE UNION OF THE CANADAS WAS A FATAL MEASURE, AND THAT RESPONSIBLE GOVERNMENT WAS AN IMPRACTICABLE THEORY." And will the British parliament, so justly respected by the civilized world, in the teeth of such sentiments, which are probably recorded in the Colonial Office, refuse to dissolve what they have imprudently united?

When a certain individual, "by fraud, forgery, and conspiracy," succeeded in carrying to Gretna Green a child of fifteen, and in *legally marrying her*, Parliament

did not hesitate to undo that which it is said no man should put asunder; and if the whole nation has been deceived —by the very same individual, or by others, it matters not —into marrying the Canadas, do there not exist the same reasons for ordering a divorce ?*

I am quite aware, and have no desire to conceal, that speech-fuls of tiny objections, principally pecuniary, might be enumerated in detail against this decisive remedy. On the other hand, it is quite clear, and indeed always was so, that the United Provinces are infinitely too large to be governed by one legislature; that in that legislature the loyalty of the Upper Province is swamped; whereas, if the latter colony were to be replaced under its own legislature, it would not only remain distinguished

* The most able of the writers of Lord Durham's Report has already lived to see the mischief he has committed, and, accordingly, in a printed confession now lying before me, and bearing his signature, he thus honestly unveils the feelings with which he left this country to legislate for her majesty's loyal subjects in the Canadas, and which sufficiently accounts for the hatred expressed in the Report of every thing bearing the name of British, as also for the bombastic adulation with which the Report describes "*the material prosperity of the United States under a perfectly free and eminently responsible government.*"

"For a long while before the rebellion in Lower Canada, I had deeply sympathized with the majority of the people, as represented by the House of Assembly. [Mons. Papineau and Mr. Bidwell were then the Speakers.] I imagined, or rather fully believed, that the contest in Lower Canada resembled the dispute between England and her old colonies in America; that the great majority of the colonists were struggling for popular principles and good government, against an arbitrary, corrupt, and oppressive faction; that the Act of the imperial government, which violated the Canadian Constitution, would justify a rebellion; and that if rebellion for such a cause should succeed, every friend of liberty in the world would have as good ground for rejoicing as when Luther vanquished the religious despotism of Rome, and Washington established the United States of America."

The writer of the above sentiments, *now that the Union has been perpetrated*, frankly confesses his error; but, in doing so, how completely does he blow into the air the only vestige of authority which the Imperial Parliament had left, for having legislated on a Report which the nominal author and principal writer have, it now appears, openly denounced!

by its attachment to the British crown, but it would ever be ready to march into Lower Canada should the people of that province rebel. But the truth is, that the French Canadians are a virtuous, peaceable, and amiable people; and if the few demagogues who have wickedly incited them were firmly dealt with, instead of being meanly conciliated, as they hitherto have been, they would not for a moment *dare* to stand against the power and the justice of the British nation, especially, as they well know that the inhabitants of the United States have no sympathy for *them*, but, on the contrary, frankly say,—"*If ever they fall into our hands, in six months we will just improve them off the face of the globe!*" And so, no doubt, they would.

Still, after the willful mismanagement of our colonies, it may be repeated by many that, do what we will, we can not now retain them.

I humbly differ from this opinion;* but, even admitting it to be correct, I submit that it forms an unanswerable reason for Parliament determining that this loss to the British Empire of her North American provinces shall clearly be the act of the colonies themselves, and not the *act of the Imperial Parliament.*

If we lose the Canadas under the system we are now pursuing, our present race of statesmen must, by history, inevitably be made answerable for the results; whereas, if Parliament repairs the mistake it has made, they will as clearly be absolved from them.

Whether the colonies would like the repeal of the Union Act or not (those who wish for separation would, of course, oppose it), is, I submit, a matter of very secondary importance to that of the British parliament maintaining its high character. The objections of a pecuniary nature could easily be solved by the mother country mak-

* See Appendix, C.

ing a present to Canada of the late bribe of £1,500,000 —the greater portion of which must inevitably be lost, if the present impracticable system of governing the United Provinces be continued.

Although many more arguments might be detailed in favor of the Imperial Legislature, without delay, righting itself in the opinion of the world, yet I feel very strongly that it would be unbecoming, and indeed that it is perfectly unnecessary, for me to say another word on that subject.

The British parliament, however often it may have been deceived, has never yet been blind to its duty, regardless of its honor, or insensible to shame; and, therefore, having submitted all the evidence I desire to offer, our statesmen will, no doubt, on due reflection, see their course quite clearly, and will act with better judgment than any individual could presume to offer.

Confidently relying on their wisdom, I will therefore now proceed to my concluding observation, which, though the last, has, I can truly say, been the cause of the arduous task I have undertaken. I allude to the position in which the most illustrious personage in her realm has been placed by the course of policy I have detailed.

I need not say, that in the honor of the British crown the nation is deeply involved; but leaving our own character and interests on this subject entirely out of the question, I feel I shall not appeal in vain to Lord Melbourne, Lord Aberdeen, Lord Lansdowne, Lord Stanley, in short to every member of both Houses of Parliament, to afford to her majesty that timely succor which it can not be denied has become highly necessary.

On Lord Melbourne's retirement from office, her majesty was advised by his lordship to intrust herself to the

counsels of that great party justly bearing the title of Conservative.

Her majesty, with the unsuspecting confidence which not only adorns her character, but which endears it, guilelessly and implicitly committed herself to the course of policy which the leader of that great party advised her to pursue. And now, I ask, what has been the result?

What has been the use which has been made of her majesty's name? What has her majesty been advised to do? What has her majesty actually done? .... The hand of her subject trembles to record it.

But will history refrain from writing the truth? That the course which her majesty has pursued toward her loyal and toward her disloyal subjects, in her North American colonies, has been by the advice of her Conservative prime minister, we all know; but has the history of the British sovereigns been the mere history of their ministers? or have they been held accountable to posterity for the acts, good or bad, which they have severally committed?

I will go no further; but will now conclude my volume with a sentiment to which I feel confident the British people will unanimously respond, namely:—

From the statesman, whoever he may be, that, for any earthly object he may desire to attain, will not hesitate to sully the honor of the British crown—GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!

APPENDIX, A.

Protest of the DUKE OF WELLINGTON *against the Third Reading of a Bill to Reunite the Colonies of Upper and Lower Canada.*

13th July, 1840.

DISSENTIENT,

1. Because the union of the two provinces of Upper and Lower Canada into one province, to be governed by one administration and legislature, is inconsistent with sound policy.

2. Because the territory contained in the two provinces is too extensive to be so governed with convenience.

3. Because the communications from one part of the country to others are very long and difficult; the difficulties whereof vary, not only in different localities and parts of the country, but in the same locality at different seasons of the year.

4. Because the expense which might be incurred to remedy the inconveniences and overcome the difficulties of the communications at one season would not only be useless, but might be prejudicial, and render the communications impracticable at other seasons.

5. Because, even in the hypothesis that a central place is fixed upon as the metropolis and seat of government of the United Province, and for the assembly of the Legislature, still the communication with the distant parts of the United Province would require a journey of from five hundred to one thousand miles by land or by water, and in most cases by both.

6. Because the inhabitants of these provinces, having originally emigrated from different parts of the world, talk different languages, and have been governed, and have held their lands and possessions under laws and usages various in their principles

and regulations as are the countries from which they originally emigrated, and as are their respective languages.

7. Because portions of this mixed population profess to believe in not less than fifteen different systems or sections of Christian belief or opinion; the clergy of some of these being maintained by establishments, those of others not, the Roman Catholic clergy of French origin being maintained by an establishment, while the Roman Catholic clergy attached to the Roman Catholic population of British origin have no established maintenance, and the system of provision for the clergy of the churches of England and Scotland is still under discussion in Parliament.

8. Because these inhabitants of the two provinces, divided as they are in religious opinions, have no common interest excepting the navigation of the river St. Lawrence, in the exclusive enjoyment of which they can not protect themselves, whether internally, within their own territory, or externally, but they must look for protection in the enjoyment of the same to the political influence and naval and military power of the British Empire.

9. Because the legislative union of these provinces is not necessary in order to render the source of great influence and power to the mother country.

10. Because the operations of the late war, terminated in the year 1815, by the treaty of Ghent, which was carried on with but little assistance from the mother country in regular troops, have demonstrated that these provinces are capable of defending themselves against all the efforts of their powerful neighbors, the United States.

11. Because the military operations in the recent insurrection and rebellion have tended to show that the military resources and qualities of the inhabitants of Upper Canada have not deteriorated since the late war in North America.

12. Because the late Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada, Sir Francis Head, having, upon the breaking out of the rebellion in Lower Canada, in the year 1837, detached from Upper Canada all the regular forces therein stationed, relied upon the loyalty, gallantry, and exertions of the local troops, militia, and volunteers of the province of Upper Canada.

13. Because with the aid of those under the command of the Speaker of the Legislative Assembly of Upper Canada, Colonel Sir Allan McNab first defeated the rebels in Upper Canada, and then aided in putting down the rebellion in Lower Canada, at the same time that he was carrying on operations in resistance to the invasion of the province under the government by plunderers, marauders, and robbers from the United States, under the name of sympathizers in the supposed grievances of the inhabitants of the provinces of Upper and Lower Canada.

14. Because the legislative union of the two provinces, although the subject of much literary and other discussion, had never been considered by the Legislature of Upper Canada, excepting on terms which could not be proposed, or by any competent authority in the Lower Province, excepting in the report of a late governor-general.

15. Because the Bill introduced into Parliament in the year 1839, having in view a legislative union of the two provinces of Upper and Lower Canada, was withdrawn before it was completed.

16. Because the legislature of the province of Upper Canada which had coöperated with the government under Sir Francis Head, and had enabled him, after getting the better of the insurrection in Upper Canada, to assist the commander-in-chief of her majesty's forces in 1837 to put down the rebellion in the province of Lower Canada, was not fairly consulted upon the proposed measures for the legislative union of the two provinces.

17. Because a dispatch, dated the 16th of October, 1839, having for its object the introduction into Upper Canada of new rules for the future administration of the patronage of the government and for the tenure of office, was made public at Toronto on some days previous to the assembling of the Legislature of Upper Canada, for the purpose of taking into consideration the proposed law for the legislative union of the two provinces, and the members of the two Chambers of the provincial Parliament of Upper Canada must have had reason to believe that her majesty's government were anxious to carry through that

particular measure; and that they would be exposed to all the consequences of opposition to the views of her majesty's government, as communicated in the said dispatch, if they should object to the Bill proposed to them.

18. Because it is well known that there is in Upper Canada a large body of persons eager to obtain the establishment in her majesty's colonies in North America of local responsible government, to which they have been encouraged to look by the Report of the late governor-general, the Earl of Durham, recently published.

19. Because these persons considered that the dispatch of the 16th October, 1839, then published, held out a prospect of the establishment of a local responsible government under the government of the United Provinces.

20. Because another dispatch, dated 14th October, 1839, appears to have been sent to the governor-general at the same time with that of the 16th of October, 1839, in which dispatch of the 14th of October, 1839, her majesty's secretary of state clearly explains the views of her majesty's government upon the subject of, and against the concession of, local responsible government in the colonies.

21. Because this dispatch was not published, nor its contents made known in Upper Canada during the session of the Legislature, for the consideration of the measure of the legislative union, although called for by the provincial Parliament, upon which call the governor-general answered by the expression of "his regret that it was not in his power to communicate to the House of Assembly any dispatches upon the subject referred to."

22. Because the Legislature of Upper Canada must have voted in favor of the measure proposed to them while under the influence of a sense of the intentions of government, declared to be erroneous, in relation to the dispatch of the 16th of October; and its total ignorance of the intentions of her majesty's government in respect to local responsible government in the colonies, as declared in the dispatch from the secretary of state to the governor-general, dated the 14th of October, which it appears that his excellency had in his possession, during the

discussions in the provincial Parliament of Upper Canada, on the measure of the legislative union of the two provinces.

23. Because it appears the French population of Lower Canada have generally declared against the legislative union of the two provinces.

24. Because the bill can not be considered by any as giving facility to the administration of the government of the provinces of Canada by her majesty's officers, when united by virtue of its provisions; and security in the dominion to the Crown of the United Kingdom.

25. Because the difficulties existing in the government of the two provinces of Upper and Lower Canada under the provisions of the Act of the 31st George III., which led to insurrection and rebellion, were the result of party spirit excited and fomented by leaders in the Legislative Assembly in each province, acting, in later times, in communication, concert, and co-operation with citizens of the bordering provinces of the United States.

26. Because the union into one Legislature of the discontented spirits heretofore existing in two separate Legislatures will not diminish, but will tend to augment, the difficulties attending the administration of the government; particularly under the circumstances of the encouragement given to expect the establishment in the united province of a local responsible administration of government.

27. Because a spirit had still been manifested in the adjoining provinces of the United States in recent acts of outrage upon the lives and property of her majesty's subjects on the frontier, and even within her majesty's dominions, which must tend to show in what light the spirit of opposition to her majesty's administration in the Legislature of the United Province will be viewed in the United States.

WELLINGTON.

APPENDIX, B.

THE part which the government and people of the United States took in the repeated invasions by American subjects of the territory of the British sovereign will be best explained by American testimony.

1. Thomas L. Sutherland, an American citizen, who styled himself in his printed proclamations to the Canadian people as "Brigadier-general, commanding 2d division patriot army, "Upper Canada," when taken prisoner by a British force, declared to the officer who had charge of him (*vide* his deposition on oath certified by the Mayor of Toronto, and already published), "that in the proclamations of the president and of General "Scott to put down the meetings and disarm the patriots, the "government had acted with duplicity, for it was not their wish "nor their intention to suppress them; that it was a piece of "mockery on their part, and that in fact none of the arsenals "were *robbed* of their arms, but the doors were opened and the "patriots told to help themselves."

2. Rensselaer van Rensselaer, who, under the title of "general," commanded the American force and United States artillery on Navy Island, printed and published in the United States, on the 29th of March, 1838, a "Narrative of facts connected with the Frontier movements of the patriot army of Upper Canada," of which the following is an extract:—

"About the 10th of December last, while in Buffalo on private "business, I was urged by Thomas L. Sutherland, who brought "me a general letter of introduction from Thomas W. Taylor, "LATE SPEAKER, to take command of the patriot forces destined "to act in liberating the oppressed of Upper Canada, and to "establish a republican form of government in the prov-"ince.....

"Full and sole powers were to be invested in me to conduct "all military operations in my own way, and no one allowed to "interfere . . . . .

"With the hope of being instrumental in hastening a crisis so "desirable to all the republican world—my wish as a North- "erner to see the chivalrous example of the South in the case "of Texas emulated here—my innate detestation of tyranny "and oppression wherever manifested; finally, relying upon "numberless promises of being sustained, and trusting in the "smiles of Heaven itself, I agreed to accept the offer.

(Signed) "RENSSELAER VAN RENSSELAER."

3. It has been certified on oath that an officer of the State of New York, whose duty it was to prevent the state artillery from being carried off to Navy Island, allowed a cannon to proceed there on being told by those who were conducting it, that "it was only going to shoot ducks."

The following extract from the New York "Sunday Morning Herald" of the 28th Jan., 1838, relates a similar anecdote:—

"THE WESTERN FRONTIER.—There is nothing new, or of any interest from Buffalo or Detroit. The following is a *verbatim et literatim* copy of the document, which Colonel Ransom chose to consider as General Scott's manuscript, and on the strength of which he gave up the cannon to the rogue who presented it. A fine compliment to the general's literary reputation, and the accomplished colonel's own discernment. This gem of military correspondence reads thus:—

'Buffalo Head Qr Jany 18 1838.

'Col H B Ransom commander in Chief at

'Tonawanda.

'Pleas sen on those pieces of Canon which are at you place let the same teams come on with them.

'Your in hase,

'W SCOTT* Commander

'in Chief on the Frontiers

'of Niagara.'"

* This General Scott is now a candidate for the Presidency of the United States.

It was in the barefaced manner above published, and explained by American authorities, that as fast as volunteers could be collected in the United States for the invasion of Canada, they were allowed to arm themselves from stores of artillery, muskets with bayonets, rifles and knapsacks, which the American government, for no ostensible object, had deposited in unprotected stores all along the Canada frontier; in short, as the American citizen, Brigadier-General Thos. S. Sutherland has honestly confessed, "*the doors were opened, and the patriots told to help themselves.*"

They did help themselves: we submitted for a fortnight to be fired upon by this artillery and by these muskets; and then because, for the reasons I have stated, we struck a single blow in return, the government of the United States declared the act an "outrage," and demanded and OBTAINED from the British sovereign an acknowledgment of the wrong, and that an apology was due for it!

APPENDIX, C.

NOTHING is more disheartening to those who are interested in the welfare of our North American colonies than to observe the erroneous opinion which exists in the minds of people of all politics in England, that these colonies *must* naturally and necessarily desire to leave us.

What is the opinion of the most intelligent colonists themselves on this subject will appear from the following short extract from a volume entitled "Canada and the Canada Bill," written in 1840 by an Upper Canadian, namely, by Chief-Justice Robinson, who for eighteen years was a member of the Provincial Legislature of his country :—

"The conclusions which I desire the above observations to lead to are, that the British possessions on the continent of North America are precisely those which the circumstances of Great Britain require ; that they are placed exactly where it is most desirable they should be ; that if their extent had been greater it would have been a disadvantage rather than a benefit; that they are large enough to maintain a population, sufficient, with the aid of Great Britain, to defend them ; that they are not so situated as to admit of their combining to throw off the dominion of the mother country ; that they could not rationally hope to exist as an independent nation, and have, therefore, no other alternative before them but to become members of the American confederacy, or to continue what they are—the favored colonies of Great Britain, protected by her fleets and armies, participating freely in her trade, aided by her capital, and confirmed, by her example and her power, in the possession of a constitution and laws better calculated than those of any other country to secure the best interests and promote the happiness of the human race.

"They have shown constantly and unequivocally (not speaking at this moment of the peculiar case of the French population of Lower Canada) that they infinitely prefer the latter alternative. It remains for the mother country to consider whether she desires as earnestly, on her part, that the connection shall continue, and whether and by what means she can insure its duration."

The mother country, after duly considering these important questions, has decided to desert Chief-Justice Robinson and all who have made known facts such as he has above expounded; and, on the other hand, to select for all offices of emolument and honor in our colonies, whoever has most prominently recommended rebellion.

THE END.

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82 *Cliff-street, Sept.*, 1846.