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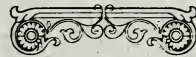
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Women's
Canadian
Historical
Society

OF TORONTO,



TRANSACTION No. 2



The Battle of
Queenston Heights

BY *October 13th, 1812*

MRS. S. A. CURZON, First President
With a Sketch of her Life and Work

BY

LADY EDGAR

REPRODUCED BY W.C.H.S.

DEEDS SPEAK.

Women's Canadian Historical Society

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SKETCH OF MRS. CURZON'S LIFE AND WORK.

BY LADY EDGAR.

Read at the Meeting of the Women's Canadian Historical Society, November 16th, 1898.

I wish to-day, in this closing hour of our year, to speak of one whose earthly work is done, Mrs. Curzon, the first President of our Society, who, as you know, passed away last week.

I think you would all like to have some account of her life and work, and it is fitting that, at this annual meeting, we should speak of one who just three years ago did so much to found this Society, and became, by unanimous vote, its first President.

Sarah Anne Curzon was an English woman by birth. She was born in Birmingham in 1833. Her father, George Phillips Vincent, had a large glass manufactory there, was a man of good education, and particularly interested in chemistry and physics. He devoted himself to his family, read and talked with his children and instructed them in all the public questions of the day, and also allowed them as often as possible to meet the scientific men who gathered at his house.

Dr. Charles Baker, one of the principal physicians of Birmingham, and his brother, a well-known divine and author, were cousins, also Edward W. Benson, Archbishop of Canterbury. In 1858 she married Robert Curzon, and came with him to Canada in 1862. For more than thirty-five years she has lived among us in Toronto, and by her pen and personal influence has done much for our intellectual and national life. Beneath a frail form and gentle bearing dwelt a brave spirit, and with many disadvantages of health and fortune she accomplished much.

With all her strength she fanned and kept alive a true Canadian spirit in our midst, and fostered also an intense love for the motherland, believing that Imperial Federation was the best system of colonial development.

From 1872 she contributed, by essay, fiction and verse, to the *Canadian Monthly*, the *Week*, the *Dominion Illustrated*, *Grip*, the *Evangelical Churchman*, the *Canadian Magazine* and many English and American papers, and for two years she edited a woman's page in the *Canada Citizen*.

In 1887 her most ambitious work was published, "Laura Secord, the Heroine of 1812," a drama. This volume is most highly thought of, and has assisted much in stimulating the study of Canadian history, more especially in regard to the war of 1812.

Her excellent knowledge of French led her to translate from Sulte, Le Moine, Le May, and other well-known French-Canadian writers, and among her fugitive pieces of verse are many excellent translations from the French of Chateaubriand, Victor Hugo, Philippe Desportes and others.

Nor was her pen devoted to literature alone. At a time when the doors of the University were closed to women she worked industriously by contributions to the daily press, and by discussions in the Women's Literary Club, in order to obtain for women the right to all college and university privileges in arts, science and medicine. She had the satisfaction of seeing her own daughter become a graduate of the University and assistant analyst in the School of Practical Science, Toronto. With her co-laborer, Dr Emily Stowe, Mrs. Curzon also assisted in founding the Women's Medical College. Another measure claimed her attention also. She was a strong advocate of Woman Suffrage, and with others she worked earnestly and with success in obtaining for married women more control of their own property, and in securing the measure of enfranchisement which women now enjoy in the Province of Ontario.

Those who knew her gentle and retiring nature would hardly have suspected the strength that lay beneath. One of her own sweet verses seems best to describe her life :

" For many a valiant deed is done,
 And great achievement wrought,
 Whose inspiration knows no source
 But pure and holy thought.
 For strung by Duty's steady hand,
 And thrilled by love's warm touch,
 Slight forms and simple names may serve
 At need to avail for much "

The Battle of Queenston Heights, October 13th, 1812.

BY MRS. S. A. CURZON.

A Paper read before the First Meeting of the Season of 1897-98 of the Women's Canadian Historical Society of Toronto.

The War of 1812-15 has taken its place in history. It was not an unimportant struggle between two insignificant combatants, as some have affected to consider it—a mere colonial quarrel in which it did not particularly matter which side won; it was a gauge of defiance thrown down by a people new at the art of governing, but which, having proved its powers against its late governors, had not wholly subsided into gravity after a hysterical interlude of self-gratulation. The declaration of war with England by the United States, in 1812 was, in fact, a fresh outburst of hysteria, and was conducted all through upon lines of excitement, which found vent in foregone conclusions and bombastic proclamations, such as even the protest of a party, the pretence of a faction, the heroism of a Lawrence, and the skill of a Harrison could not mask. But the challenge, unworthy as it was, had to be taken up, and England, already strained for men and means by the long struggle with the disturber of European peace, at once addressed herself also to the defence of her loyal colonies in North America. The protection by a mailed hand which the mother country had given Canada from the moment the Union Jack first floated over the ramparts, was enlarged and strengthened; excellent officers were in command, and these received the necessary Orders-in-Council and stood on the alert.

But not for offence! The mother-heart still yearned over her departed offspring, and *defence only* was "writ large" on all official documents. To this fact alone it is due that the War of 1812 lasted three years. Had Brock been at liberty to follow up his success at Detroit by an attack on Fort Niagara, the course of the struggle would have been changed, and, as far as can be seen, shortened considerably. Confined, however, as he was, to a strict line of defence only, he could do nothing better than see to his weapons, "keep his powder dry," and be ready for what might happen. And much was happening. The surrender of Fort Detroit by General Hull without

even a blow struck, had cut the American war party to the heart, and their clamours had shaken the American Government to the centre. Hull, an aged and able Revolutionary officer, was disgraced, and every post and fort was strengthened, while three armies were put on an active footing under good command, and money was freely voted for the war. Brock knew—for he could see it—that men were being massed all along the Niagara frontier, and was very conscious how weak were his own resources. The four or five regiments of regulars that could alone be spared by England from her bitter fight with Napoleon were divided and sub-divided among the various posts; Kingston, York and Niagara were points on which the enemy would be sure to pounce, and must be well defended. He knew he could count on a loyal, but far from numerous, militia; and he did all in his power to prepare them for the inevitable. He knew his men of all arms would never fail him, and they never did; yet he had ample cause for anxiety. So young a country had seldom been driven to make such a stand as Canada was called upon to make.

Detroit was taken on August 16th, and now October, the forerunner of winter, approached. There were evident signs that the enemy intended some move against the Canadian frontier. Brock thought it would certainly be against Fort George and the little town under the shelter of its few guns. There was nothing worth attacking up the river—a gun or two and a few men at Queenston, and a few more men at Fort Erie with other guns. Only at Fort George were there military stores of much value. Moreover, if that were carried the outposts would be taken almost necessarily. This may not have been Brock's absolute reasoning, but it is well known that up to the last he expected the impending attack would be upon Fort George, and in this view his officers generally agreed with him. How that expectation became modified is explained in a letter of which I hold the copyright as an appendix to my poem, "Laura Secord," a drama, and I refer to it here as an authority, because none but the readers of that volume have had an opportunity of seeing this valuable contribution to the history of the eventful day. The letter was written by Lieut.-Colonel Evans, of the 8th or King's Regiment, who was Acting Brigade-Major to the Forces at that date; and it was most obligingly lent to me by his son, Major R. J. Evans, at the request of the late George M. Evans, M.A., for use in my work. If I may be allowed to do so, I would commend the Notes and Appendices to "Laura Secord," a drama, etc., to the attention of such of our members as would desire to acquaint themselves fully with the personages and events most closely connected with the opening of the War of 1812 in the Niagara Peninsula.

Brigade-Major Evans dates his letter "Government House, Fort George, Oct. 15, 1812," and after narrating the instructions he had received from General Brock at dinner on the evening of the 11th October, part of which required him to cross the river with a message

to General Van Rensselaer, he says: "I reached Queenston early in the morning of the 12th. . . . And when about leaving Hamilton's house (Capt. Dennis' quarters) a scattered fire of musketry from the American shore took place, and on a ball entering the room, passing between us, I enquired, with surprise, the meaning of such unusual insolence. Capt. Dennis stating the practice to have existed more or less for some days, insomuch as to render ingress by the river door hazardous, I deemed it fitting first to cross the river. . . . I now begged Mrs. Dickson kindly to prepare a white handkerchief as a flag of truce, asking Mr. Dickson, who was a Captain of Militia, would he accompany me across the water. . . . I took Dickson by one hand and the flag in the other. We launched our frail canoe amidst an unsparing shower of shot which fell all around us; nor did the firing cease till the canoe became quite unmanageable, tossed about in the waters of the strong eddies; when, as if struck by shame at his dastardly attempt to deter us from our purpose, the enemy gave the signal to cease firing. I was thus relieved, and enabled on approaching the shore to observe more calmly all that was passing. On touching the ground, with water in the leaky canoe ankle deep, I was about, as was my custom, leaping ashore, when a sentinel from a guard brought to the spot, came to the charge with fixed bayonet, authoritatively commanded me not to leave the boat. To my inquiry for Colonel Solomon Van Rensselaer (the Adjutant-General), with whom I usually conferred, I was told he was sick. I then stated having an important message from General Brock for their commander, which, if inconvenient for their General to receive from me personally, I begged an official person might be immediately deputed to convey it to him. After some delay, Mr. Tooche, the General's secretary, made his appearance, but his reply to General Brock's request being abrupt, and as I thought somewhat significant—'that nothing could be done till the day after to-morrow'—I ventured to remind him of General Brock's liberality towards their people which the fortune of war had thrown into his hands, entreating that he would again consult his General, and enable me to carry to mine something more satisfactory." (Col. Evan's message to Gen. Van Rensselaer was requesting the immediate exchange of the prisoners taken in the *Detroit* and *Caledonia* for an equal number of Americans Brock had released after the capture of *Detroit*.) "In compliance, as he stated, with my wishes, but more as it appears to be with an intent to consume my time, rendered precious from its being after midday, he detained me in my miserable position for two hours, and then returned, expressing the General's regret 'that the prisoners having been marched for Albany they could not instanter be brought back, but that I might assure General Brock, with his respects, that all should be settled to their mutual satisfaction the day after to-morrow.' I was now too anxious to depart to wish the parley prolonged, my mind being quite made up as to the enemy's intentions,

and to the course it was most fitting for me to pursue under the circumstances. It had not escaped me that their saucy numbers had been prodigiously swelled by a horde of half savage troops from Kentucky, Ohio and Tennessee, which evidently made it hazardous for their northern countrymen to show their accustomed respect for a flag of truce from a foe; but my most important discovery was their boats slung in the sides or fissures on the river bank, covered only by the brush, with indeed many decided indications that an attack on our shores could not be prudently delayed for a single day. Under such impression the first thing on reaching our own side was the removal by Mr. Dickson of his family from his own house on the beach, the very site of the prospective struggle, and giving note of preparation to the few Militia which, with the 49th flank companies, were all the immediate disposable force for the defence of Queenston."

It must not be overlooked that in 1812 Queenston was not merely the summer resort it is to-day. It was the head of the portage between Lakes Ontario and Huron, and a horse-railway—traces of which may still be seen at a point on the St. David's Road—facilitated a large traffic, which, beginning early in French occupancy of Canada, became after the Revolutionary War, a very important route of trade from both sides of the line. Mr. Thomas Dickson was the first postmaster on the Canadian side, and had large trade interests and storehouses at Queenston, as also had the Clarkes and Secords.

Lieutenant-Colonel Evans' letter continues: "Having to put the many posts on the line of communication on the *qui vive*, although I rode at full speed, it was 6 p.m. ere I reached Fort George. . . . I narrated to General Brock all that had occurred. . . . The General, evidently doubting at first, hesitated, but seeing my earnestness in rebuking his attendants of charging my being over-sanguine, and chagrin at their proffered bets against my predictions, he became unusually grave, desired I would follow him to the office, where at his request I succinctly recapitulated the days occurrences, adding my solemn conviction that not a moment was to be lost in effectually preparing for defence. The General now thanked me, approved of all that I had done, and, returning to the dining-room, directed officials to be immediately written and despatched by Provincial Dragoons, calling in the militia of the vicinity that same evening, those more distant to follow with all alacrity. I was directed to make all requisite preparations at headquarters. In this work I was busied till near 11 p.m., when, worn by fatigue, I stretched myself on the mattress. After a slumber of a few hours I was aroused by a distant cannonade soon after 2 a.m., October 13th, but without surprise, well-knowing whence the ominous sound came. The General, who, himself, had all in readiness, at once mounted his horse and proceeded for the post attacked. His *aides-de-camp* (Glegg and Macdonell) were awoke and soon followed. Major-General Sheaffe, second in command, assumed charge at headquarters, but the impres-

sion on General Brock's mind being that the attempt at Queenston would prove only a feint to disguise his (the enemy's) real object from the creek in front of Fort Niagara, his apparent wish was that whilst all were held in readiness to act in any quarter, no decisive movement of the troops should take place till the enemy's intention were fully developed.

"The Indians and regular artillery were, however, promptly despatched, and the *élite* of the 41st, with an equal number of well-drilled Militia flank companies ready to follow on the first summons. As the day dawned—(This would be between 7 and 8 a.m. of an October morning)—the scouts I had sent out reporting no symptoms of hostile movement in the quarter indicated—(The creek in rear of Fort Niagara, now, I think, the site of Youngstown)—these troops all proceeded at double quick for the succour of Queenston, the debouching of which column on the main road appeared to be the signal for opening a brisk canonade from Fort Niagara on the troops, the town and the fort.

"Soon after," continues Lieutenant-Colonel Evans, "the news of the gallant Brock's unhappy fall reached us." . . . Thus showing, on incontrovertible evidence, how early in the morning, probably not nine o'clock, Brock was killed. The note which carried the mournful news to Fort George was from Captain Derinzy, commanding the 41st companies that had gone to the support of Queenston, and is quoted by Lieutenant-Colonel Evans thus: "He found on arriving at Queenston the enemy in possession of the opposite heights (that is, the heights upon which Brock's monument now stands and which overlook the town), and one heavy one-gun battery there; that the enfilading (of the river and landing place) on one side, too distant to be quite effective—then protected by his division—had been powerfully aided by Captain Holcroft, of the Royal Artillery, who, unmindful of consequences, boldly dashed his gun through the valley into Hamilton's courtyard within point blank range, thus succeeding in sinking some of the enemy's crowded boats, and damping the ardour of his troops for crossing. Seeing his critical position Captain Derinzy had sustained him by a party of the 41st regiment. He briefly mentioned that the spirited Brock, finding on his arrival the 41st Grenadiers and Militia, though resolutely defending the landing-place, hard pressed, had called to their aid the 49th light company from the Heights' summit, the key of the position. The enemy, profiting by this step, moved unperceived about a hundred and fifty men—and over a precipitous steep it was deemed impracticable for a human being to ascend—who suddenly appeared to the astonished General first on the mountain summit, and the next instant in possession of the redoubt, putting its defenders to the sword. The gallant spirit of Brock, ill-brooking to be thus foiled, with a courage deserving a better fate, hastily collected the weak 49th company and a few Militia, debouching from a stone building at the mountain's

brow ; with these little bands he spiritedly strove to regain his lost position, but in which daring attempt he was killed by a rifle ball entering under the left breast, passing out by the right shoulder. Captain Williams, by taking a wider range, made a second effort, but as the result proved, with a too inadequate force, the A.D.C. being mortally wounded and Captain Williams' head being partially scalped by a rifle ball."

A plain unvarnished tale, truly ; yet what a tragedy ! Side by side they lie now under one stone—the able General who had seen many fields, and the accomplished *aide-de-camp*, already Attorney-General of his Province, whose early fall on his first engagement, at the age of twenty-eight, is scarcely less touching than that of his beloved commander, who had accomplished his forty-third year only a few days previously.

Let us look at the field in that early morning light. A thriving village in a valley ; above it steep heights, and before it a rapid river which alone separates it from a fierce enemy at that moment crossing its force in boats, some of which land their men safely, others hit by the one gun on the heights, or the others, a little down the river, are sunk or overturned. Yet the enemy's force on Canadian ground increases, and Captain Dennis, with his two flank companies of the 49th and the Militia at hand—some of whom, as Robinson and Jarvis, belonged to the now classic York Volunteers—do their best to keep the invader in check until help shall come from Fort George. To them arrive the General, followed by his *aides*. He takes a rapid glance at the field, orders a piece to be trained a little lower, sees that Dennis with his few men defending the landing is hard pressed, and orders down to his support the light company on the hill. Instantly almost a hundred and fifty Americans appear on the summit (almost where his monument now stands), and begin to descend. The moment is critical—the enemy must be driven back. Gathering the few men of the 49th and militia at hand, under the shelter of a little stone building on the brow of the hill, they emerge upon the foe, the General crying in ringing tones, "Follow me, boys !" With a cheer the rush up the hill is made, and with effect, when from behind one of the trees that then clothed the heights thickly, a Kentucky bullet finds its billet in the General's heart, and all is confusion. "Push on, never mind me !" the hero cries as he falls. "Our gallant General fell on his left side within a few feet of where I stood," says the late Judge Jarvis, of Cornwall, who was a cadet of eighteen in 1812, in Auchinleck's history of the war of 1812. "Running up to him, I enquired, 'Are you much hurt, sir ?' He placed his hand on his breast but made no reply, and sunk slowly down." Gently they carried him out of the way of the fight still raging, and he breathed his last under a thorn tree near where his cenotaph now stands. And then the beloved corpse was still more gently carried to a house near—some say the house of Captain James Secord, where the body,

it was said, was covered with a heap of old army blankets to protect it from insult, for the gallant struggle went against us, notwithstanding the arrival of such small reinforcements as we know of from Fort George, itself in sore straits during a large part of that eventful day; and among the victorious assailants were some of those half-savage troops from Ohio, Kentucky and Tennessee that Lieut.-Colonel Evans speaks of as unwilling even to respect a flag of truce. Why, then, should they respect a dead General? For two or three hours at least the Americans were in possession of Queenston, and the outrages they committed were disgraceful to the last degree. In the search for money and valuables no privacy was respected, and feather beds were ripped open with their swords and bayonets for concealed plunder.



What the feelings of the British must have been under these circumstances of defeat may be imagined, but there was no retreat; sullenly, but stubbornly, they kept their ground, waiting for further reinforcements from Fort George. One noble and brave woman, Mrs. Maria Hill, a soldier's wife, brought out food and lighed fires to carry tea to the starving men who had been called out before day-break on a cold October morning, and had not yet broken their fast; her babe crawing and cheering under the shelter of a wood-pile. Oh, beautiful sight!

There was great excitement as the news of the death of Brock spread over the peninsula; the Militia flocked in from every point; men long past service took up their weapons, and retired officers who had fought for England throughout the Revolutionary struggle hastened to offer their services to General Sheaffe; the moment was recognized as critical, and every hand was put forth to avert the danger. Old Captain Clench, a man approaching eighty, came in full of ardour, and turned away in despair when assured that he could be of no use on the field. Fort George itself was in straits; every available man had been sent to the relief of Queenston; hot shot was being fired from Fort Niagara setting buildings on fire, and rendering the security of three hundred American prisoners a matter of supreme difficulty. But there was no faltering, the Battle of Queenston Heights had still to be fought. Sheaffe, now in command, came upon the field by circuitous route. With him were Lieutenant McIntyre, of the 41st, with 140 men of his regiment, and some militia; another officer, William Martin, with every regular that could be spared, and some active Militia, and every active man from the posts on the line of communication were added. It was afternoon when Sheaffe reached the field, and the enemy were in full possession, both above and below. They had entrenched themselves strongly on the height, and fresh men were from time to time arriving from over the river. Captain Wool, an able young officer of the United States army, was in command at the summit, and his action throughout the fight that followed was brilliant and courageous to

the last. But it was of no avail. Sheaffe's plan was to enclose the enemy and drive him back the way he had come. Inspired by Sheaffe's arrival, and burning with vengeance for the loss of their beloved General in the morning, the troops that had held their ground against such odds for so many hours addressed themselves to the fight with fury. The village was cleared, the Americans threw themselves into their boats with terrific precipitancy, for the "Green Tigers" fought as though mad. On the heights the tide had turned; the lost redoubt was retaken, and the enemy began to flee. Some one ran up a flag of truce, but the brave Wool tore it down with his own hands, and looked for the reinforcements that should save him. But they did not come. Sheaffe was pressing on him steadily, yet help came not, for the forces assembled on the other side refused to cross, so great was the terror inspired among them by the accounts given by the fugitives already arrived. Their officers rode among them, by turns threatening and entreating; all to no purpose, they would not budge. At last the intrepid Wool saw that the game was up. Closer and closer pressed the little British force, and at length his men broke into a run, not an orderly retreat—it was impossible—but a veritable panic, and in the *mélée* men threw themselves down the steep precipices on the river bank to perish miserably by pale or flood. *The Battle of Queenston Heights was won.*

I cannot close this paper without one word further. So completely is the Battle of Queenston Heights enshrined in the halo that must forever encircle the name of Brock, the brilliant commander and able administrator, that few persons recognize or remember that it was Sheaffe who won it. Not a great officer, and somewhat of a martinet, Sheaffe, nevertheless, was a valuable man, and did credit to the service, and he was deservedly honored by promotion.

The Battle of Queenston Heights was a terrible struggle marked by nothing less than a tragedy; the death of Brock touched the national heart to the quick, and the 13th of October, 1812, must ever remain a sacred day in the annals of Canada and Britain.



"Deeds Speak"

WOMENS'
CANADIAN HISTORICAL SOCIETY
of TORONTO


Recollections of
Mary Warren Breckenridge

.... BY

Catherine F. Lefroy

TRANSACTION NO. 3

PRINTED BY
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Recollections of Mary Warren Breckenridge,

OF CLARKE TOWNSHIP.*

BY CATHERINE F. LEFROY.

(Reprinted from the "*Papers and Records of the Ontario Historical Society*,"
Vol. III., 1901.

My paper consists of a few extracts taken from the recollections of Mary Warren Breckenridge. These recollections were written from her dictation by her daughter, Maria Murney, about the year 1859. They are interesting, as showing the contrast between those early days in the settlement of Canada and our own more comfortable times.

Mary Warren Breckenridge was the youngest of sixteen children, and was only seven years old when her father, Robert Baldwin, emigrated to America in 1798, bringing with him six children. After meeting with many adventures and being more than once in danger of shipwreck they finally arrived safely on this side of the ocean.

The first extract describes their journey from New York to Toronto :

"My grandfather and his family," she says, "reached New York in June, 1798. About a fortnight was taken up in going up the Hudson in a sloop. The weather was very hot, and they frequently stopped to buy milk, bread, etc., suffering very much from the heat. They took fully another fortnight coming up the Mohawk, where they found the mosquitoes a terrible infliction. From Oswego they crossed lake Ontario to the island—then the peninsula—opposite Toronto, which was then a carrying place of the Indians, and at night they crossed the bay of Toronto, then York, arriving at the celebrated town and finding it composed of about a dozen or so of houses, a dreary, dismal place, not even possessing the characteristics of a village. There was no church, schoolhouse or any of the ordinary signs of civilization, but it was, in fact, a mere settlement. There was not even a Methodist chapel, nor does my mother remember more than one shop. There was no inn, and those travellers who had no friend to go to pitched a tent and lived in that as long as they remained. My grandfather and his family had done so during their journey. The Government House and the Garrison lay about a mile from York, with a thick wood between.

* Read before the Women's Canadian Historical Society of Toronto.

“After remaining a few days in York the family proceeded to take possession of a farm my grandfather purchased in the township of Clarke, about fifty miles below York. They travelled in open bateaux, when night came on pitching their tent on the shores of Lake Ontario. The journey generally occupied two days, sometimes much longer. They found on the land a small log hut with a bark roof and a chimney made of sticks and clay, the chinks between the logs stuffed with moss, and only a ladder to go to the loft above.”

After living about eighteen months at Clarke, Mary Breckenridge was taken by her father and an elder sister to New York, in order that the latter might be married to a gentleman she had become engaged to on the voyage out. The journey in those days was one of difficulties and adventures.

“About October, 1799, the trio set out. They crossed Lake Ontario to Niagara, which took a day and a half. They had been detained three weeks at York before they found a schooner crossing the lake, and they were detained three weeks more at Niagara before they found a party going on, for people had to wait then for a party to go through the forest, as a caravan does over the desert.

“While detained at Niagara a dark day occurred, which was very extraordinary, and during which strange noises like cannon were heard, which alarmed them very much. They visited the falls, which one came upon through the dense forest, and which were infinitely grander then, in their primeval state, than they are now, when laid bare by civilization.

“After returning they proceeded to Canandaigua, where they found they had not sufficient money to get on, and they had to wait a whole month until a remittance came to them, meanwhile suffering great privations and even hardships.

“Another party having been found, and money having come, they set out once more. They crossed Cayuga Lake over a long bridge, two miles long, and after that, by some means, lost their way—their sleigh first being overset and their money nearly lost in the snow. It was, of course, in those days gold and silver, and carried in a bag.

“After wandering about and quite losing their path they at length, by the moonlight, saw smoke, and proceeding towards it, dogs began to bark, and presently an Indian came towards them, to whom they explained their distress. He proved to be a chief, and very politely invited them into his wigwam. They gladly accepted the invitation, and my mother often speaks of that, to her, delightful night in the bark wigwam, with the blazing logs on one side and the hole at the top, where, as she lay on her bed of hemlock boughs and bear skins, she saw the stars twinkling down on them. The Indians were very hospitable, giving up with great politeness the half of their wigwam to the strangers. My mother does not remember any of the incidents of their sleigh journey for the rest of the way down the Hudson, except my aunt getting a dress made at Albany, where, to her amazement, the dressmaker told her that the open gown with the long train that was in vogue when she left Ireland was done away with, and round gowns were now the fashion.”

They finally arrived safely at New York, and the marriage—on account of which the journey had been undertaken—took place Feb. 12th, 1800. Mary Breckenridge did not return to Canada until 1807.

The changes which had taken place during that time, and other matters are described in her recollections, thus :

“The country had, of course, improved somewhat during the seven years since they went down, still where cities now stand there was then only woods, woods, woods, with here and there a few scattered houses. For instance, at Buffalo, where they passed a night, was a solitary roadside inn, with a swinging sign. No other house, and the beautiful Lake Erie spread out before it.

“My uncle drove his own carriage all the way from Albany. Ten miles he and my mother had to walk through the woods where the road was very bad. My mother found York had vastly changed in those years. There were a church, a gaol, a light-house building and many nice houses, and the woods between the garrison and town had disappeared.

“My mother went down to the farm after her sisters had returned to New York, and then her experience of ‘roughing it in the bush’ began. The hardships were bearable until the winter came on, which proved to be one of the most severe ever known in Canada.

“In the end of the previous summer and the fall, the field mice were a perfect plague. They were found in myriads, and destroyed everything they could find. Everything that was turned up proved to be a homestead destroyed, and the cat bathed mice as the Israelites did quails. The winter made an end of the mice, which lay dead by hundreds of thousands on the ground. But a new trouble arose, very trying to the women and those unable to work. White oak staves were found to be marketable and to bring a large price. Therefore a mania arose for cutting and preparing these staves. Consequently every man in the country set to work at this new employment, leaving the women and old people to get on as they could on their wild lands. My grandfather’s man followed the universal example, and they could get no other man for the highest wages that could be offered.

“My mother, a young and delicate girl of sixteen, was obliged to drag hay up a hill to feed all the cattle and a flock of sheep, though terrified by the animals, as my grandfather was too infirm to do it himself. There was also a pack of hounds to feed, and water to draw, and logs to draw into the outhouse, at which three worked, that is, aunt Alice, my grandfather and mother, and my grandfather chopped the logs in the house to supply the great fireplace, which held what we would call a load of wood almost now.

“During the following summer flights of pigeons were remarkable. My mother says they used to darken the air.”

They were much terrified on one occasion by a visit from a party of Indians :

“One Sunday he (my grandfather) had gone to see his neighbor, Mr. Cozens (?), when soon after he had gone several Indians came, bringing furs and asking for whiskey. My mother and aunt refused them. The Indians became so urgent and insolent and so constantly increasing in number that they became terrified and sent the French girl to beg my grandfather to return. She came back in a few minutes more frightened than ever, saying that as she passed the camp she saw the squaws hiding away all the knives, as they always do when the Indians are drunken, and that they chased her back. Some of the Indians were intoxicated before they came to the house, and their threats were awful. They had collected to the number of forty, and

those poor girls still held out stoutly in refusing the whiskey, which was kept beneath a trapdoor in the kitchen, in a sort of little cellar. At length my aunt thought of the large, handsome family Bible, in two volumes, in which they had been reading, and opened them and pointed out the pictures to try and attract their attention, while my mother knelt down at the other end of the table and prayed to God loudly and earnestly.

“In this position my grandfather found them, and fearful was the shock to him. He brought Cozens with him. No sooner did the Indians see him than one man drew his knife and showed it to my mother, saying, ‘Cozens kill my brother, I kill Cozens.’ Then my grandfather, to divert that idea, was obliged to get them the whiskey. Nothing else probably saved their lives.

“Cozens slipped away and called the Lovekins and some other neighbors, and my aunt and mother went into a little room inside my grandfather’s, while he and his friends kept watch, and those horrid creatures set to for a regular orgie. There was a great kettle of food for the hounds on the fire, made of bran and potato peelings and all sorts of refuse. This they eat up clean and clever; then they drank, danced and sang all night long, and in the morning off they went, to the relief and joy of the family.

“One great misery of life at Clarke was the unpleasantness of being obliged to sit at table with one’s servants, a black one sometimes being amongst them. My grandfather used to sit at the upper end of the table, with his family at each side of him, while lower down sat the servants and laborers—somewhat in the old feudal style—the nearness of the view decidedly divesting the arrangement of all enchantment.

“Another was the being obliged to receive every passer up and down who wished to stay. Sometimes, of course, there would be an agreeable guest or party of guests, but as there was no sort of inn, it was not quite so agreeable to have fifteen or twenty coachmen come and take possession of your kitchen, and perhaps be storm-bound and have to remain several days. There were also parties constantly coming to Squire Baldwin’s to be married.

“The mode of travelling was wonderful to hear of. There was a great stopping place called Pike’s, somewhere about Whitby. Here men, women and children had to occupy one room, all lying on the floor, with their feet towards the fire and some bundle under their heads.

“In December, 1810, the family moved up in sleighs to York.”

Where, after experiencing so many hardships, they enjoyed the comforts of comparative civilization.



TRANSACTION No. 4

*WOMEN'S
CANADIAN HISTORICAL
SOCIETY
OF TORONTO*



1. Some Elections and the Battle of Hastings.
A Paper by (Mrs.) Agnes Chamberlin, read on January 4th, 1900.
2. Letter Concerning the Election for the County of Essex to the First Parliament of Upper Canada.
3. Speech of Indian Chief, "Me-tawth." (1813.)
4. Speech of Indian Chief, "Ope-kai-e-gan." (1836.)
5. Leaves from an Officer's Diary. (1836-1840.)
6. Penetanguishene.
A poem written by a Subaltern. (1840.)

DEEDS SPEAK!

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SOME ELECTIONS AND THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

To those who live in these days of moderation a sketch of the political excitement during the years subsequent to 1837 will be interesting. It is not necessary to enter into the question of who was right or who was wrong. The Radicals (or Rebels as they were called by their opponents, Reformers as they called themselves) and the Tories were each as violent as the other.

The three great questions to be decided were responsible government, the union of the provinces, and the settlement of that bone of contention, the Clergy Reserves.

In the spring of 1841 Mr. Baldwin had been brought by the Reform Party to run for the County of Hastings. No resident of that constituency could have had a ghost of a chance against Mr. Murney, the Tory member—the most popular man in the county, very handsome, a popular speaker, with a splendid voice. He belonged to the town, and had married a Belleville girl who was also a first cousin of the Baldwins. This made the situation more difficult.

In the good old days an election for member of Parliament being held for a week in the County Town enabled men who had property in more than one town to record their votes in each. I once heard a lawyer boast of how he voted in five counties—drove to Kingston on Sunday, voted as soon as the poll was opened on Monday morning; drove on the ice to Prince Edward (Picton), got there before the poll closed; on to Belleville, voted there on Tuesday morning; drove to Cobourg, voted there on Wednesday; on to Peterborough to vote there on Thursday afternoon, and was back to Belleville, before the poll closed, on Saturday evening. He probably needed refreshments by the way, and his excitement increased as he proceeded.

The number of immigrants, principally Roman Catholic, arriving by every ship, alarmed the ultra Protestants, and many joined the Orange Society, as they supposed, in self-defence. These, like all new converts, were very enthusiastic, even violent. They evidently thought no one was loyal to the British crown but themselves. Mr. Murney was not an Orangeman himself, but was supported by them. Mr. Baldwin was the apostle of responsible government. He was returned for both Hastings and the east riding of York in 1841, the first session after the Union, and decided to sit for Hastings.

Lord Sydenham died in September, 1841, the day before the close of the first session after the union of the provinces. The new governor, Sir Charles Bagot, following as nearly as he could in Lord Sydenham's steps, called upon Mr. Baldwin to form a government. In October, 1842, there was a new election in Belleville, the county

town of Hastings. It is of this election I will try to give my recollections. I was under ten years of age at the time, but children often hear and see more than their elders think.

There had been violent scenes at elections in various parts of Upper Canada. A man named Kelly was shot in Toronto. In Huron the military were sent for, John Galt, jr., having walked sixty miles through the forest to London, the nearest garrison town, to summon them, as they feared to send an ordinary messenger by the road, lest he should be waylaid and prevented from accomplishing his mission. Miss Lizars, in "The Days of the Canada Company," says of this election that the local constable was reported to have said: "*Now, when the row begins, do some of you fellows knock me on the head, so that I won't be of any use.*" And a justice of the peace said: "*Boys, for God's sake don't let me read the Riot Act—don't; for as sure as I do the soldiers will fire at you.*"

In Montreal, to quote from "The Life of Lord Sydenham," by his brother: "There was not a doubt that, at these elections, a good deal of violence occurred, and that without it the result, in some cases, would have been different."

"Each party threw on its opponent the responsibility of having been the assailant, and, in the midst of the conflicting assertions maintained by each, it was impossible then, and would be still more impossible now, to decide with confidence on this point.

"It is probable, however, that the blame might not unfairly be divided. Thus, at the election for Montreal county, the French-Canadians, on the first day, took possession of the poll, and in the struggle of the British party to record their votes two Irish electors were struck down, one of whom died on the spot. The body having been brought into the city, the most violent excitement was naturally produced among his fellow-countrymen, and on the following day the English and Irish voters having flocked in great numbers to the polls, the French-Canadians, apprehensive of the consequences, abandoned the struggle and their member retired without further contest. There, at least, the first violence appears to have been on the part of the French-Canadians, although the triumph 'was eventually with the British party.'

"Again, at Terrebonne, M. Lafontaine, who admitted that the 'great bulk of his followers had come from their homes armed with cudgels, and those who had not had halted at a wood to provide for themselves,' withdrew without polling a vote because he found that his opponents, though, according to his own showing, not more numerous than his followers, had seized what appeared to him the most advantageous position for a fight. In this instance no collision took place at the hustings, but as the French-Canadians showed themselves at least as much prepared for a conflict as the English, there is no ground for imputing to the latter any greater disposition to break the peace than the former.

“The consequence, however, having been the return of the English candidate, he and his friends were, of course, denounced as having brought about the result by violence and intimidation.

“It is, indeed, probable that at both these elections, and especially at Terrebonne, where, as it was afterwards shown, some of the French-Canadians had armed themselves with bayonets and knives, a fierce contest, not without bloodshed, must have ensued had both parties stood their ground. Fortunately for both parties the French-Canadian candidate refused to do so.”

After the return of Mr. Baldwin in 1841, the whole town, and, I daresay, the county, was in a state of fermentation. People hitherto life-long friends cut each other in the street. Doctors were written to by many of their oldest patients “to send in their bills.” I know in one case two children questioned the butcher and baker, when they called for orders, as to whom they voted for, and, when they answered “The Reform candidate,” these youthful partizans told them not to come to that house again, as they did not deal with rebels.

At the private schools—there were no public schools then—the rival parties had to be placed on opposite sides of the room. At the girls’ school the pupils brought their lunch, and the moment the governess left the school-room at noon one girl jumped on a certain table and another on an opposite one and the names “Baldwin” and “Lafontaine” were the key-note to a war of words, which seems amusing as I look back and see how little we knew about the matter, in spite of the violence with which one’s own member was defended and the abuse his opponent received. Among the children the new election was regarded with more than usual interest.

The town of Belleville has changed so much, the march of improvement has so altered its natural features—especially in the matter of cutting down hills and filling up valleys, obliterating almost all old landmarks which have been lost under fine buildings—that it will not be amiss to describe it as it then was.

It was little more than a village of about two thousand inhabitants in 1842, when the “Battle of Hastings,” as we called it, was fought. The town proper was built in a valley, through which the River Moira flowed. At some distance, on either side, were hills, probably the ancient banks of the river. On the west side the hill was entirely composed of limestone.

On the east was the town, which filled the valley. The hill above was nothing but sand. To the north of it, slightly lower, was a hill or bank of sticky clay, which adhered to everything when wet, and when dry was almost like slate. Indeed, we often used it to write on our slates.

On the south, where the river emptied, was the beautiful Bay of Quinte. A road had been made from the bridge over the river to the top of the hill on the east, where stood St. Thomas’s, the Episcopalian Church; it was called Bridge Street. A street ran

below this building called Church Street. On this were the churches of all denominations except the Methodist, which was in the valley. The houses on Front Street, the main street of the town, were built, as so many are in Canada, with the back to and abutting on the river. The next street parallel to it was Pinnacle Street. This ran just below the hill, which was very steep.

On the highest point, the pinnacle, which no doubt gave the name to the street below, some early settlers had built a castle. But, alas! it was only of wood—a green two-story house on the further side but three towards the slope of the hill—with a wooden parapet surrounding the flat roof like the battlements of a castle. The offices, some twenty feet below, were hidden by a high wooden screen finished in the same way. As the steep hill was covered with oak and maple trees and very green grass, the house was a very picturesque one. In this house we lived, and it commanded a view of all the surrounding country. On the town side of Church Street there was but one other house on a level with ours, and that a cottage. A street led up the hill to the Court House, a new stone building on the brow of the hill. It was known as the Court House Hill. That building also overlooked Pinnacle Street. Opposite the Court House, on the east side of the street, the Scotch church stood, a modest wooden building with a square tower. At the turn, or shoulder of the hill, at some distance, on the same side of Church Street, was the Roman Catholic Church with its tall spire showing over the precipice. This gave the continuation of the street—which ran down to the river, where there had once been a bay—the name of Catholic Church Hill.

Between the Scotch Church and the English Church was a level plain. There the hustings was erected at which the votes were to be recorded, also sundry small booths for supplying refreshments. There were no other buildings except an old frame house at the back of the lot that was used as a hospital. Near the English churchyard was a grave where a poor old man who committed suicide had been buried without the pale of the church.

The election commenced on Monday morning, and went on without unusual incident for some hours. It was then noticed that as one party had voted they tried to prevent the other from getting to the hustings, and that nearly all carried canes or sticks of some kind. The returning officer, hearing threats, ordered that every man who came up to vote must first give up his stick. This they seemed to do willingly enough. The sticks were piled at the back of the hustings.

The following day this went on till nearly the close of the poll, when a man who had been obliged to give up his stick saw another with a pistol. Upon accusing him of having it the man ran to one of the booths, and, leaning over the counter, dropped it behind a barrel. In one moment the crowd were upon him and down went the booth. The man fell, and his head, in a very short time, was like a

red nightcap. Sticks and "handy billies" (a stone or piece of lead in the top of a stocking), were flying about the heads of the crowd. The man would have been killed (he was an Orangeman) if it had not been for the arrival of an unexpected rescuer.

A shout of "Hold there!" and the Catholic priest leaped into the midst of the *melée*, a good stout shillalah in his hand. Placing a foot on each side of the wounded man, he twisted his stick in a manner that suggested Donnybrook Fair, and called to his own people "to touch the man if they dare." When they became a little calmer he had the man carried into his own kitchen (which adjoined the church), and had his wound dressed. We were told, later on, that he had nine men brought in and cared for. In the meantime, when the row began, every man who had been obliged to give up his stick made a rush to the hustings to regain it, the result being that the hastily-constructed building came down like a house built of cards.

Of course no more votes were polled that day. Numbers of stories were told of different men in their excitement attacking harmless people. An old man who sat quietly apart on the "suicide's grave" was struck with a sword by a man called "King Dan"—why thus named I do not know, except that he wore a long scarlet cloak, carried a sword, and rode a white horse in the Orange procession, as representing William III. The sword of state, being probably rusty, did not do the old man much harm. He raised his arm to protect his head and it received rather a bad cut. He was one of the wounded taken to the priest's house.

The next day was to be the decisive one. The farmers had been told, if they had no pistols or guns, to bring their axes and pitchforks. A number of Orangemen slept on the field in order to take possession of the hustings the first thing in the morning. In the early morning, when the people began to come in, the children were forbidden to go out of the gate; and, of course, we younger ones immediately betook ourselves to the highest point of observation—as the novelists might say, "we betook ourselves to the ramparts." Did we not live in a castle? From that vantage-point we could see the three hills, the street below, and the plain where the hustings was being reconstructed. The first thing we noticed as strange was the number of people on crutches.

"There goes another lame man," one of the boys said, "the seventh man on crutches, and grand new ones too!"

He had hardly spoken when the man, who seemed very awkward, looked all about him, and seeing no one on the street before him (he did not look up), tucked his crutches under his arm and ran to the top of the hill, where he resumed them and went carefully along Church Street.

There was anxiety in the air. Towards noon some people looked expectantly towards the Bay, an action which we did not then understand. About two o'clock men began to gather on the top of the hill

near the hustings and at the back of the Court House. Hearing a stir in that direction, we turned and saw one side of the Court House Hill covered with a crowd drawn up in battle array in a semi-circular form, one man among them carrying a green banner with a harp on it, which we recognized as having been displayed on St. Patrick's Day. A little man, an old soldier, was drilling these men, who were armed with sticks, flails and "crutches." Little boys were running between the ranks, filling the men's pockets with the sharp stone chippings left on the ground from the newly-erected Court House. As we looked, a second crowd marched up the hill, with bayonets fixed and an orange flag (which looked rather like a silk pocket-handkerchief), fastened to a bayonet. They formed in line of four or five deep opposite the first crowd, and little boys performed for them the same service they had done for the others.

While we watched, expecting "we knew not what," a window opened in the Court House above them and the sheriff appeared, and read to them what we afterwards learned was the "Riot Act." There was a cheer of defiance from both sides, and a pause, but only for a moment or two. Then, at the crown of the hill appeared a tall officer in full regimentals followed by a company of the "Twenty-third" marching quietly and steadily in between the hostile crowds and then wheeling into position from each side. Then the "dissolving view" began. Where or how the would-be combatants disappeared it would be hard to say. They seemed to "melt into thin air," and in a few minutes the hill was in the sole possession of the red-coats.

The night before, when the authorities saw that the Orangemen had possession of the ground and appeared determined to prevent the other party from recording their votes, it was deemed prudent to send to Kingston for the troops. There was no telegraph or telephone in those days, and Mr. Ross (afterwards Hon. John Ross, who later on became Mr. Baldwin's son-in-law), drove to Kingston during the night and chartered the boat to bring them up. They arrived just in time to prevent what might otherwise have been a serious riot. This battle that was *not* fought was on the anniversary of the great Battle of Hastings, the 14th of October; and, as the county was Hastings, we always spoke of it as the "Battle of Hastings." The officers and men remained till Saturday night, and, though they were worried by many false alarms, there was no other disturbance.

The ground returned to its natural appearance with one exception: the poor suicide's grave was no longer to be seen, which rather saddened us, as we had a sort of romantic interest in it. But as another church has, I believe, been built on that plain, he may have his bones in consecrated ground after all.

The two officers were Captain Crutchly, afterwards a general, who distinguished himself and wore many marks of his sovereign's approval, and last, but not least, married a Canadian girl; and Watkin Wynne, afterwards Captain Sir Watkin Wynne, who met

a miserable death in the Crimea. After one of the engagements was over, he stooped to give a wounded Russian a drink and was cut to pieces in the same dastardly way that characterized the tactics of the Boers.

Later on, Mr. Baldwin sat for Rimouski. M. Lafontaine, of whose election I quoted, sat for York. One of the first bills he brought in when he came into power was an Act confining the poll to two days and the voters to their township or ward. Even then this was passed with much opposition.

To quote again from a contemporary article: "The third Act passed under the auspices of the Baldwin administration was one by which flags may not be carried within three miles of a polling-place during a general election."

This measure was saluted with a vast deal of patriotic indignation. It was called an Algerine law, a statute fit for the Medes and Persians. Mr. Baldwin and his ministry were accused of trampling on the Union Jack, hauling down the Royal Standard, etc., etc. But why has it not been blotted from the statute book? It has prevented many a fearful scene of riot and carnage.

"All hail," we say, "to the Algerine measure!" Had Mr. Baldwin done nothing else, he is entitled to our respect and admiration. Now that the party strife is over the very people who resisted the measures for responsible government enjoy what he fought so hard to obtain.

The accession of Queen Victoria to the throne was a greater benefit to the colonies than we perhaps realize to the full. To her gentle and wise rule we are, no doubt, indebted for responsible government. This has made Canada what she is to-day, and enabled her people to show their gratitude by sending their sons to fight for the honour of the Old Flag in other climes.

AGNES CHAMBERLIN.

II.

Letter Concerning the Election for the County of Essex to the
First Parliament of Upper Canada.

NIAGARA, 14 August, 1792.

MY DEAR SIR:

All the letters I get from Detroit give me favourable hopes, except those I receive from McNiff.¹ They assure me of the interest and influence of Messrs. McKay, Macomb,² Park, Leith, Sharp, McIntosh, Elliott,³ La Morte, McDonel, and several others, for sure.

There is, I understand, however, powerful influence against me. However, if I have fair play I don't fear, as I am assured that the settlers on Lake Erie and River La Tranche will vote for me. "Nemini Contradictæ"—at least those are the words in which their assurances are represented to me.

Perhaps I should have done better to have set up Macomb, who is to be proposed; but I did not then know they would be entitled to vote; besides, were I thrown out on the 20th⁴ I might have had a chance on the 28th.

The French people can easily walk to the hustings, but my gentry will require some conveyance. If boats are necessary you can hire them, and they must not want *beef* and *rum*—let there be plenty, and in case of success I leave it to you which you think will be best to give my friends, a public dinner, and the ladies a dance either now or when I go up. If you think the moment the best time you will throw open Forsyth's tavern and call for the best he can supply.

I trust you will feel very young on the occasion of the dance, and I wish that Leith and you should push about the *bottle* and the promotion of the settlements on the Detroit.

The more broken heads and bloody noses there is the more election-like; and in case of success (damn that *if*), let the white ribbon favors be plentifully distributed—to the old, the young, the gay, the lame, the cripple, and the blind.

Half a score cord of wood piled hollow, with a tar barrel in the middle, on the common, some powder *pour tirée*—and plenty of rum.

I am sure you will preside over and do everything that is needful so far as my circumstances will admit. There must be no want, and I am sure you will do everything handsome and plentifully. Elliot, I am sure, will give you a large red flag to be hoisted on a pole near the bon-fire, and some blue-colored tape may be sewn on in large letters, **ESSEX**.

Thus talked the woman to herself when she carried her eggs on her head to market—she sat them, she hatched them, she sold them for a crown apiece, and then down she fell, eggs and all, and the anticipation of a warm and fruitful—

The remaining sheet of the above letter is wanting—unquestionably that of D. W. Smith (late 5th Regiment) to John Askin at Detroit.

(Signed)

A. W. ASKIN,
Feb. 12th, 1897.

NOTE 1.—McNiff, a land surveyor who had recently been engaged in laying out the surrounding country.

NOTE 2.—William Macomb, with Francis Baby, elected member for Kent at this election. The pamphlet, "The First Legislators of Upper Canada," p. 113, gives further particulars regarding him.

NOTE 3.—Colonel Mathew Elliott, one of the great men on the Lake Erie Shore in the old days.

NOTE 4.—From a memorandum of the dates of his appointment, prepared by himself, we learn that Smith was elected on the 27th of August, 1792, through his important services as Secretary of the Land Board of Hesse. Early in 1792 he had been transferred to Niagara, whence he writes, arranging the details of his election.

The writer of the above letter, David William Smith, of the 5th Regiment, had for two years been stationed at Detroit, where, in addition to his regimental duties, he had held the position of Secretary to the Commandant of that post, and had acquired great influence with the settlers in that region.

III.

(Numbers III., IV., V., VI. were read by Rev. A. U. De Pencier, on February 5th, 1902.)

SPEECH OF INDIAN CHIEF, "ME-TAWTH." (1813.)

In the month of November, 1813, a great "Talk" or Council was held at the Castle of St. Louis, Quebec, between His Excellency Sir George Prevost and the representatives of the several Indian tribes inhabiting British North America and those tribes in alliance with the British. Among these were several influential chiefs, sent by the Indians inhabiting the Michigan territory. At this Council the Chief, who spoke in the name of all the others there assembled, delivered himself as follows:—

Speech of Me-tawth, Soc Chief.

Father,

We have often heard of you from our young men, but we never saw you before.

Father, we are come now a long distance to smoke the Pipe of Peace with you.

Father, the Long Knives¹ are our enemies as well as yours; but, Father, when you made peace with them we buried the tomahawk in the ground.

Father, you have sent to us to say that you are now fighting with the Long Knives and want us to fight beside you.

Father, we wished for peace, we love our hunting; but, Father, we love you and our great Father across the Salt Lake. We will tear the tomahawk from the bowels of the earth, to bury it in the bosoms of the Long Knives—our enemies and yours.

Father, when the Long Knives made war with you last year, they drove us from our hunting grounds because they knew we loved you and our great Father across the Salt Lake.

Father, send across the Salt Lake and tell our great Father to ask the Great Spirit that sits in the clouds to give us victory.

Father, we will not bury the tomahawk again until our great Father desires us. But, Father, you must never make peace with the Long Knives until we have conquered back our hunting grounds, from which the Long Knives have now driven us.

Father, we have no more to say. We smoke the Pipe of Peace with you.

To this speech Sir George Prevost replied that he was glad to see his Red Children; that he would send word to their great Father that his Red Children were going to assist him in the war, and he would ask their great Father to pray to the Great Spirit in the clouds to give them victory; that he would ask their great Father not to make peace with the Americans until they had restored the hunting grounds² they had taken from his Red Children, and that he would never make peace without attending to their interests.

NOTE 1.—The Americans were called “Long Knives.”

NOTE 2.—The ninth article of the Treaty of Ghent secured peace and restoration to the Indians, as a note states, written by Earl Bathurst to Sir George Prevost, from Downing Street, 27th December, 1814.

IV.

SPEECH OF INDIAN CHIEF, “OPE-KAI-E-GAN.” (1836.)

(Translation of a speech from the Pottawattamie Chief—“Ope-kai-e-gan” (Rib), residing at St. Joseph’s Lake, Michigan, sent through the Ottawa tribe to their English Father, requesting permission to emigrate to and take up their residence in Upper Canada.)

July, 1836.

We salute you!

Hear us, Father. Open your ears, Father. We shake hands with you from our hearts. You, who are called English. You, who are red-coated! Father, we are the same; we are one; the same One made us all—the Great Spirit made all things, everything that we see, even the birds. You are not ignorant of our foolishness, Father,

of us called Pottawattamies. We have now brought upon ourselves misery; we have courted a flower which presented all the beautiful colours; we are even like little children in our Indian state—we who are called Indians. If we take one of these beautiful flowers and present it to a young child, he will take it and tear it in pieces; this is the manner in which our Chiefs, the Pottawattamies have acted. Father, they are not now without feeling miserable and poor. Observe now our situation, we who are called Pottawattamies. It is with us, at present, as a dark night. The time has arrived that we are kicked under by your fellow-whites. On looking all around us, we find even our thoughts hemmed in on all sides, and know not where our children can be taken that they may live. It gives us anxious thoughts. It is true, when we look towards the rising sun, we see your fires smoking; the appearance is a great brightness. You, called the English, Father! For this reason our Wampum goes from our women, our children, and our young men, to convey their thoughts to you. Regard it as if they were standing at your door, Father.

Our Father, Jesus has told us that, if a younger brother (or inferior), comes standing at our door, we are immediately to assist him; for this reason we are inclined to trust you, who are called English, Father, that you will save our shadow (remnant). It would be like throwing one into the fire if you were to do as they (the Americans) desire, or wish us to drive the Indians away to that place. For this reason I say to you, Father, to save our shadow. We love our Father, the Great Spirit's instruction (religion). Perhaps it would be well if you, Father, would stretch your arm towards us. You could reach us, Father, before we be cast beyond your reach, if you will be kind to us. Is there anything beyond your power, you called English? You are, as it were, Spirits in power, Father. This is all the words we send, Father. Our ears will be open to receive anything you may say in answer to our words. We salute you!

OPE-KAI-E-GAN.
(Rib.)

NOTE 1.—On October 28th, 1814, at Michilimackinac, Waindawgay, of the Pottawattamies, said: "We were the first of your Indian children who took up the tomahawk against the Long Knives."

NOTE 2.—The year 1836 was marked by a great emigration to Michigan. We learn that the Indians at St. Joseph's Lake feared that their lands were to be taken from them.

LEAVES FROM AN OFFICER'S DIARY. (1836-1840.)

(From the original diary of Major Dartnell, with an account of the march of the Royals from Montreal to London.)

LONDON, 20 May.

The Royals reached this by two divisions from Montreal, on the 15th and 16th inst., having experienced, in the short space of a fortnight, every variety of season and climate from July to December, from Siberia to the torrid zone. The first half of the route, from Montreal to Kingston, usually traversed by the Rideau in four to five days, occupied nine, and was marked by a series of misadventures sufficient to try the temper and patience of Job himself. The embarkation at Lachine was accomplished amidst a drizzling rain; at Ste. Anne's a gale was encountered, during which the steamer, after having failed in towing up the barges, drove from her anchor and well-nigh escaped (to) destruction in the rapids. The captain and all the crew but one man being employed ashore, here there was a detention of thirty-six hours. At Bytown, again, another provoking delay of two entire days occurred, there being no steamer to take the boats in tow. Had the weather been at all favourable this would have been a source of gratification, at least to the lovers of the picturesque, as affording an opportunity of enjoying the beautiful scenery of the Chaudière; but snow, sleet, wind and rain, and an unspeakable depth of mud, left the officers no alternative but to make the most of the pleasures of a country inn, and sent the still less fortunate soldiers, with their wives and children, a steaming, saturated mass, into the holds of the crowded batteaux. The *Hunter* at length arrived with the 85th going down. From Bytown the progress, tho' slow, was uninterrupted except by the tedious lockage of a long line of boats. The weather was generally cold, wet and cheerless; but this was, perhaps, in harmony with the wild and, at this season, dreary scenery of the Rideau, some parts of which are very remarkable.

Of the discomforts of the "Hunter" I shall only say that the accommodations were wholly inadequate to the numbers embarked (this probably could not be avoided), the cabins dark and dirty, the berths without bedding, the fare poor and scanty—so much for monopoly.

At Kingston, which was entered during a gale of wind, the Regt. (all but one company) embarked on board that splendid boat the *William Fourth*, and had a fine run of 24 hours, the first cheering stage of the journey, landed at Hamilton in sunshine on Sunday, the 10th May.

The march from Hamilton to London occupied 6 days and, from the fineness of the weather and the richness and beauty of the country, formed a most pleasing contrast to the preceding part of the route.

Hamilton has a splendid site and must one day be a place of considerable importance. The whole line of country from thence to London is rich and varied in scenery, undulating in beautiful hill and dale, well cleared and in many parts highly cultivated. Brantford, especially, and Paris, are delightfully situated on the Grand River, and the neighbourhood of Woodstock will remind any Englishman of his home.

London is a large, stragglng town, containing already upwards of 2,000 inhabitants, the streets well laid out, but the buildings all of wood ; even the gaol and court house, which are in one, is of the same inflammable material, tho' plastered to represent stone. This building occupies the centre of a fine open space called the Square, on high ground above the river, and at a distance has rather an imposing effect, notwithstanding the sorry taste of the architecture and its unhappy position in the centre, instead of on one side, of the square. The country immediately around is flat, but elevated several feet above the level of the Lake, the soil light and dry, and the climate remarkably healthy. The highest ground in the Province is found about five miles from the town in a S.-W. direction. This spot was visited 40 years ago by General Simcoe, who is said to have descried with a powerful telescope, from an elevated platform, Lakes Huron, St. Clair, Erie and Ontario. He predicted at that time the occupation of some point in the neighbourhood, at no distant day, as a grand military depot, which London is now becoming. The situation of London, too, is so central and so obviously the most eligible spot possible for a great military depot, that Governor Simcoe, so long ago as the period of his Government . . . its becoming within 30 or 40 years . . .

VI.

PENETANGUSHENE.

To ye, who, tired of war's alarms,
 In garrison or camp,
 Are sighing for the many charms
 Of march, route, or a tramp—
 Or who, on board batteaux or ship,
 Delight to vent your spleen,
 I hereby recommend a trip
 To Penetanguishene.

Oh ! 'tis the place for youthful sprigs
 Whose epaulettes grow dim
 With city wear, whose rose-oil'd wigs
 Want combing into trim,
 Whose elbows are a little out—
 Such thing have often been—
 They will be bettered by abo ut
 Of Penetanguishene.

'Tis here you learn true jollity,
And scorn the march of mind,
And live in fond equality
With beasts of every kind ;
The Indian with his scalping knife
Diversifies the same—
Oh ! 'tis a mighty pleasant place
At Penetanguishene.

You shake a wild-cat by the fist
When in your path he halts,
With beavers take a hand at whist,
And gallopade and waltz—
With shaggy bears, who, when you roam
Afar in forest green,
Remind you that your nearest home
Is Penetanguishene.

Upon the article of grub
You must lay little stress,
For here with grief the starving sub
Bemoans headquarters' mess.
His pound of junk and "Tommy"³ bare
But makes the diner lean ;
For surfeits they are very rare
At Penetanguishene.

And then for swipes, poor d—l, he
Must look and feel quite glum,
Since now a sober Treasury
Has docked the ration rum ;
Unless it be with maple juice,
A drink that's thin and mean,
He cannot shake a top-screw loose
At Penetanguishene.

NOTE 1.—Penetanguishene was a small military frontier post on the south shore of Georgian Bay in Canada, in a wild and almost uninhabited part of the country.

NOTE 2.—The name "Penetanguishene" in the Chippeway language signifies the falling or rolling of the sand, literally, "Behold how the sand rolls!"—an exclamation made, it is said, by a party of Indians on first beholding the extraordinary manner in which the loose sand was falling over the high bank that forms the entrance to the little bay.

NOTE 3.—The reference to "Tommy" is a use of the nickname for the pudding which was served for dessert—sometimes without sauce.

1 9 0 5



"Deeds Speak"

TRANSACTION NO. 5

..OF..

**THE
WOMEN'S
CANADIAN
HISTORICAL
SOCIETY**

OF TORONTO



Organized November 19th, 1895

Incorporated February 14th, 1896



"Deeds Speak"

Women's Canadian Historical Society
OF TORONTO

TRANSACTION No. 5

I. EXTRACTS FROM JARVIS PAPERS.

1. Details of the Capture of York.
2. Account of Magistrates following Capture.
3. General Order.
4. Account of Council held at Kingston.
5. Letters, Wm. Jarvis, etc.

II. PLATTSBURG. (1814.) From the Diary of J. H. Wood.

1. Reflections on Plattsburg.

III. EXTRACTS FROM PAPERS OF CAPTAIN H. PRINGLE.

IV. ORDER CONCERNING PRESENTATION OF THE KING'S
COLORS. (1822.)

V. PAPERS CONCERNING RUPERT GEORGE, CAPTAIN OF
H. M. S. "HUSSAR." (1794.)

VI. SOME U. E. LOYALIST EPITAPHS. BY SARA MICKLE.

(Copy of papers lent by the late G. Murray Jarvis, Ottawa, and returned December 10th, 1894.)

DETAILS OF THE CAPTURE OF YORK, 27 APRIL, 1813.

(Copy of letter from ———.)

SIR :

On Monday, the 26th April, about 6 o'clock P.M., we received Intelligence that the Enemy's Squadron were in sight from the Highlands standing in-shore, about ten miles east of York. The signal guns were fired, and the Commanding General, Sir R. H. Sheaffe, appeared to have given the requisite Instructions to the officers under his Command, as at 8 o'clock he was found at Table smoking his segar and conversing on indifferent topics with his Adjt.-General of Militia and Surgeon of the Marine. The morning dawn was somewhat hazy, and about 5 o'clock report from the Telegraph stated that a fleet of 5 vessels was to be seen. About half-past five a Corvette of 28, and a Brig of 22, with 13 sail of schooners and sloops, carrying guns and Troops, passed the Telegraph, came along there, and after assembling opposite Val Tor, stood round the Point and came to anchor in a Position indicating an intended landing, near to the old French Fort. At this time we had two companies of the 8th, about 180 men, two weak companies of the Newfoundland, 40 men of Glengarry, a company of artificiers, six artillery men, and about 300 Militia, in all, 500 men.

Some difference of opinion existed as to the opposing or admitting the landing. It was opposed, but effected under cover of the shipping, with little loss to the invading force, and very great to the Grenadiers of the Kings, whose gallant Captain, McNeil, was killed at the first landing, with about 30 of his men. They were embarrassed by an order to retreat to the woods, where the American Rifle Corps, now landed, had great advantage of them, and finally drove them in. As they retreated they were joined by the Militia, and suffered considerably from an accidental explosion of a Cartridge box at one of the 18lb Batteries. Being pressed by the enemy, the Troops retreated through the Garrison, and when the American Column had reached Gleggs Battery there was a tremendous explosion by the blowing up of the Magazine, which destroyed about 60 men of the Enemy, and among them their General Pike.

Had this moment of confusion been turned to advantage, a charge by our rallied force would have routed the enemy, divided and panic-struck by the dreadful Catastrophe they witnessed without knowing the precise cause. Such, however, was not our fate. Gen. Sir R. H. Sheaffe made a stand at the ravine, between Elmsleys house and the Bay, where, after a short consultation, he decided to abandon the Town & retreat to Kingston with the regular Troops & his Staff. Having adopted this resolution, he authorized Lt.-Col. Chewett & Major Allan, of the York Militia, to treat with the Enemy, &

instantly proceeded on his March. The Terms proposed were liberal and satisfactory, but just as they were signed the destruction of the naval Storehouse became obvious, and the arrangement deferred for by the General Dearborn. A persuasion that the order to burn the ship and Store was given subsequent to the direction to treat had nearly lost the inhabitants all their property. It required time and all the resolution of the negotiators, aided by the active and vigorous mind of the Rev. Dr. Strachan, to obtain a ratification, which was short of the original Minute, and was at last conceded to the spirited representation of Col. Mitchell and Major King,* who had settled the original articles. During the interval from the retreat of the Troops to this ratification, the Inhabitants were exposed to every species of Insult and Plunder, chiefly by our own people. Upon a strong presentation by the judges,† the criminals have been poured forth from the gaol. General Dearborn declared that it had not been his intention that the functions of the civil Magistrates should cease; that he was ignorant of the gaol being opened, and that Buildings, public as well as private, should be respected.

The parliament Houses being burned the next morning, the Judges and Magistrates waited upon Genl. Dearborn with a strong declamation of the full benefit of the capitulation, and to enforce it by a General order to his army to respect the public Ministers of the Law.

This was also promised, & to a certain extent performed, and the Magistrates immediately swore in the principal housekeepers as Constables. All their officers disowned the plunder of private property, which they could not prevent. Two Exceptions to this should be mentioned, for the sake of the others. An officer, lodged in Mr. Cruikshanks house, plundered his cellars. He is known, & it has been said, was in arrest. Another plundered a valuable silver Tea equipage, which he bore about with him in a handkerchief publicly. He is known to Capt. Chauncey, who was present when he boast[ed] that it was a compensation for his loss at Ogdensburg.

A wretch, a british half-pay officer who had escaped from the fort, where he was confined on Indictment for a Criminal felony, was permitted to share the villainous invasion of the U. S., and as if in its service, direct two soldiers, who followed, to aggravate the evil of his being at large.

So circumstanced, the Inhabitants met and agreed to wait upon the Enemy's General, calling for effective performance of the terms of capitulation. This was done by a deputation, & the Minute B was read by the C[hief] Justice. Genl. Dearborn made a verbal answer that he had heard of Intention to burn the Council House, but had expressly forbidden it, and if we could discover the perpetrators they should be hung.

* United States officers.

†The writer evidently intends to say that the judges protested against the liberation of the prisoners, though literally his words convey the opposite meaning.

Depredations of public and private property being carried on under pretence of Gifts for the General or his officers, the Magistrates continued doubtful how to act. Parties still coming on shore from the fleet, a Declaration, to be made public, was drawn up and signed by those present.

(Evidently an account of the meeting referred to above.)

At a meeting of the magistrates resident in the Town of York, attended by the judges, the sheriff and the Rev. Dr. Strachan, the actual situation of the town and district was taken into consideration.

The enemy's fleet and army lying in the harbor, all our military defences at the port destroyed, the inhabitants disarmed and on parole, it is obvious that measures of as much energy as our circumstances admit should be instantly adopted to preserve order and personal security, to support and encourage the loyal, to suppress the disloyal and so confirm the wavering.

It is therefore unanimously declared that by the irruption of the enemy and temporary possession of this post no change has taken place in the relation of the subject to His Majesties' Government or laws, except as by such who were parties to the capitulation as prisoners of war and are under Parole of Honor not to bear arms until exchanged ;

That it is equally now as before the invasion high Treason to aid, assist, counsel or comfort the enemy ;

That all felons and evil doers are equally answerable to the laws as before ; that the powers of the Magistrates and members of the Law are unimpaired and continued to be so even during the actual possession of the Enemy, as the Commander of these Forces declared by a Military General order to his Troops ;

That Private property having remained unchanged, not only by the construction of the Law, but by the express terms of the Capitulation, the enemy himself disclaims the right assumed by some Individuals to transfer it from the true owner ;

That it is the duty of every good citizen to declare to the Magistrate all Instances of such unjust possession as may come to their knowledge, and of the Magistrates to enforce the restitution ;

That all persons desirous to testify their abhorrence of anarchy, which must prevail if principles adverse to the above declaration gain ground, are called upon to associate in support of the laws and to afford their aid to the civil Magistrates and their ministers ;

That the High Sheriff do publish and enforce this declaration.

N.B.—The American officers, as well of the General's staff, had pretended to give away the property of the Crown and Individuals to certain persons, sometimes merely gratuitously, at others under pretext of paying for or compensate services rendered during their possession of the town.

GENERAL ORDER.

HEADQUARTERS, YORK, April 30, 1813.

It is not the intention of the Generals that the occupancy of the Town and Garrison of York by the Forces of the United States should have any undue effect on the necessary functions of the civil magistrates. On the contrary, it is the wish of the commanding General to support the civil authority when properly exercised; and any representation of the civil magistrates of improper or irregular conduct on the part of the soldiery will be met by immediate and strict scrutiny.

(Signed) N. PINKNEY,
Major and Act'g Dpt. Adj.-Gen'l.

At a Council held at Kingston on Friday, fourth day of June, one thousand, eight hundred and thirteen.

Present—

His Hon. Sir Roger Hale Sheaffe, Bart., President; the Honorable Thomas Scott; the Honorable John McGill; the Honorable William Dummer Powell.

His Honor the President submitted to the consideration of the Board the propriety of issuing a proclamation calling the attention of the public to the laws respecting the property of the Crown. In addition to the former representation that much of the public stores at York had been plundered by individuals and were in their possession by pretended Gift from the Enemy, His Excellency the Governor-in-Chief has submitted that the army of General Vincent was in want of many of the articles of public property supposed to be so possessed, and expresses very strongly his sense of the necessity of some Act of Government to explain publickly the Law upon this subject, to apprise the ignorant of their contravention.

The Council hereupon discussed this deliberation and conceiving the expediency to be established by so high authority on sufficient grounds, and that its sanction only is wanted to the form of the Act, unanimously concur with His Honor, and advise that a proclamation be issued calling upon all His Majesties' subjects who by any means may be in possession of Public Stores or the property of the Crown to restore the same to the Sheriffs of the respective districts in which they may reside, or to such person as may be appointed by His Honor to receive it.

Approved.

(Signed) R. H. SHEAFFE, *President, etc.*

I.

REGIMENTAL ORDERS.

YORK, 18th March, 1813.

Lieut. S. Jarvis, 3rd Regt. York Militia :

SIR: You are hereby requested and desired to go into Garrison until further orders, and to join the Company under Captain Cameron, who has been directed to [take] charge of the Non-Commissioned Officers and Privates, who have been sent there for the relief of the late Flank Companies.

I have the honor to be

(Signed) W. CHEWETT,
Lt.-Col., 3rd Regt. Yk. Militia.

II.

To Lieutenant Saml. P. Jarvis :

Having received Authority from His Honor Major-General Sir Roger Hale Sheaff to raise a proportion of Volunteer Militia to be Incorporated According to Law, You have been recommended and Approved of by His Honor as a Lieutenant to Raise a proportion of Men. You are, therefore, authorized to proceed without loss of time to Raise the proportion According to your Rank.

York, 19th March, 1813. (Signed) W. ALLAN, Major.

III.

HEADQUARTERS, HEIGHTS OF BURLINGTON,

4th June, 1813.

DR SIR:

We all feel much obligation for the daily attentions which are hourly shewn us by our York friends, and I hope a future moment may arrive, when our mutual gratitude may be evinced in a manner more commensurate to your kindness. Two of your sons are now with us, and nothing can exceed their willing disposition to render themselves useful. I have just given your son-in-law, Mr. Hamilton, a pass for Samuel to fetch Mrs. H. and family from the 20. I hope his object will not be defeated by any unlooked for event.

I take the liberty of sending to your care a few packages containing official and private papers belonging to my valuable friend, Colonel Meyers, the Quartermaster-General, who, poor fellow, received five wounds on the 27th, of which I am happy to say he is doing well. You will confer much obligation by allowing the packages to remain in a dry, secure place until fortune smiles on our efforts.

With best compts. to all your family.

I am dr. sir, very sincerely yrs.,

(Signed) J. B. GLEGG, Lieut.-Col.

IV.

(Enclosed in No. I.)

Articles sent in Charge of Doyle, Mr. St. George's servant, to be left with Secretary Jarvis, and belonging to Colonel Meyers.

One long deal box, marked with ink, *Myers*.

One very small hair trunk, with a card on it, Marked *Lieut.-Colonel Myers*.

One Portable Secretary, Strong Leather Case, Marked with Ink,
L. C. M. (Signed) GEO. KNOLES,
Capt. 41st Reg.,
Dy. Ass. Q.-M. Gen.

V.

WILLOWBY, 28th Sept., 1814.

DEAR PARENTS :

I arrived here on Sunday and had a very pleasant passage ; we left York about 12 o'clock, arrived at the 40 M. C. at 11 at night. Breakfasted there, left there about 10, arrived about a mile and half the other side of Nia[ga]ra Falls at 8 o'clock, left there at 7, arrived at Fort George at 12 o'clock A. M., left there for this place at 5, arrived at Fields at 7 o'clock, left there at 6 o'clock ; breakfasted at Major Kirby's, and arrived here at 5 o'clock on Sunday. I saw Mrs. T. Nelles at the Forty. We are going to York as soon as we have done threshing wheat. Mr. Nair, of the Kings, was taken and wounded in the skirmish the other day. Stigin, of the De Watteviles, was wounded in the head. Lapier severely wounded ; they lost a great many officers. George Jarvis was taken, but made his escape. Miss Lawe was married on the 21st, to an officer of the Navy ; I believe the Devil has got into all the Girls.

Major is appointed Assist. Adjt.-Genl. Will you tell Mrs. Thom I delivered all the stores to Mrs. Kirby, except the Black Silk handkerchief for W. Kerr, which I sent to him by a Sergeant of the Glen-garrys. I saw Armstrong, he expects to go below in a short time. James has gone down to John Robertson's to see Allison. I hope McCormack has arrived safe with the rest of his goods. Love to papa. Harriet is better, I hope. George Kirby desires to be remembered to you all.

The express is just going.

With love to all, believe me to be your most affectionate son,

(Signed) W. M. JARVIS.

Addressed William Jarvis, Esqre.,

etc., etc., etc.,

York.

VI.

STREETS GROVE, 8 Octr., 1814.

MY DEAR PARENTS :

Mr. Kemble leaves here this afternoon for York. The Americans have advanced, it is said, as far as Palmers, the other side of Black Creek, with 4,000 Men. 4,000 men are encamped under the mountain at Lewiston, under the command of Genl. Izard; it is supposed they will cross in a few [days]. Deserters say they are agoing to make an attack from Fort Erie, at the same time cross at Lewiston and attack us in our Rear. Alex. Hamilton talks of going to Montreal; he is very unwell. James received a letter from Saml. yesterday, that is for me. I have not received a line from any one of the Family since I left home. I suppose out of sight out of mind. We have just received an order to be in readiness to march at a Moment's warning. We are struck off of part of our rations, as there is but five days rations left for the whole army. Don't mention this again, if you do you will get me in a scrape. We had the promise of going to York after we had finished threshing wheat, instead of that, after we had finished that lot they set us cutting down the Trees this side of the Chippewa Creek. I suppose after we have finished that they will set us at something else. I suppose we shall see York when we return from Greenbush. Sir James Yeo has been kind enough to offer to bring up a Puncheon of Spirits and a Pipe of wine in the Fleet for every Regt. in the Right division; if he would bring up 2 or 3000 men it would be much better. Armstrong went past here the other day, on his way to Quebec. He expected to go down immediately, but I saw an order out to-day for him to remain until further orders. He will be much disappointed; he was to call at York on his way down, if he could. Mr. Kemble takes my watch to York, I broke the Glass the other day, which makes her useless to me; you may keep her now till I come Home. I am happy to hear Poor McCormack arrived safe. Genl. De Watteville and the Brigade-Major passed this [place] early this morning with a field-piece on the way to Chippewa. I suppose we shall follow him soon. Three of the Glengarrys went over the river the other day, remained all night in a House drinking, next morning returned; I believe, brought no news. In case of an alarm last night, all the Troops were to retire to the Beaver Dam. Mr. Kemble has called for my letter. I hope I shall here from you soon.

I remain, my dear parents,

Your most affectionate son,

(Signed) WM. M. JARVIS.

Addressed William Jarvis, Esquire,
Etc., etc., etc.,

York.

Favor of Mr. Kemble.

II.

PLATTSBURG, 1814.

Extracts from the Diary of Captain, afterwards Colonel J. H. Wood, R.A.

(Loaned by T. G. Wood, K.C.)

Montreal, Sept. 4th.—This day received a most unexpected order to proceed to Michilimackinac, in command of a detachment of twelve gunners, and a company of the 81st Regiment. It is situated near Lake Huron, 1000 miles above Montreal, shut out from the world and all active scenes of warfare. We are to proceed by the Grand or Ottawa River. I cannot describe my feelings on being thus banished.

The army (left division) are in full advance on Plattsburg, and we expect to hear of something being immediately carried into execution.

General Izzard, Commander-in-Chief American Army, has marched to Sackett's Harbor with 4000 men, no doubt fearing that Post will be our first attack. This force has been withdrawn from the Champlain frontier.

Sept. 5th.—To my great joy, an order reached me this morning to join the army without delay, an order I obey with the greatest pleasure and alacrity, escaping by it the dreaded trip up the Ottawa. Slade being next in seniority, takes this duty.

Left Montreal in the afternoon in light marching order, and arrived at L'Acadie, twenty-five miles, at 10.30, and trust that I shall join before operations commence.

Sept. 6th.—Marched from L'Acadie to Champlain, situated two or three miles within the lines. It is a considerable village and was occupied by the Head Quarters of the American Army, previous to our advance.

The Advance closed with the enemy and drove them through Plattsburg. They made attempts at a stand at Dead Creek, assisted by their Gun Boats, but were rapidly repulsed, and one of their Gun Boats suffered by our fire.

Sept. 7th.—Joined the army and found all operations suspended. The enemy have thrown themselves into some unfinished works and block houses (on the right bank of the Saranac), mounted with heavy Guns. Their fleet are lying at anchor in Plattsburg Bay. Several houses in the Town were set on fire by red hot shot from the enemy, and a flag of truce was sent in, proposing to extinguish it, which they declined, and kept up their fire, warmer than before.

Our Picquets occupy the Town, and are constantly engaged with the enemy's. Whenever they observe an individual they direct a volley; if more than one or two, a cannon shot. They are busily employed finishing their works and mounting heavy guns.

Report says that our troops should have been permitted to follow up and carry the works at a dash, but timidity and indecision appear to prevail, where energy and vigor ought to exist.

Sept. 8th.—The situations for the different batteries are fixed on, but little has been done towards constructing them.

I was ordered to reconnoitre Cumberland Head, to select a place for disembarking the two ten inch Mortars and Stores on their way from Isle au Noix, and reported its not being a safe place for that purpose, as the enemy's guard boats and row galleys were constantly on the lookout.

I was gratified to find that my being ordered to join the Army was owing to the particular request of the Commanding Officer of Artillery.

Sept. 9th.—Anniversary of the surrender of St. Sebastian. Owing to mistake and neglect nothing was done last night, towards finishing the Batteries on the right attack, and, in consequence, the service of the Senior Officer of Engineers were dispensed with by Sir George Prevost.

I was again ordered to reconnoitre the Lake shore, to discover a favorable spot for the disembarkation of stores, and rode down abreast of the Isle au Motte, where our fleet are lying at anchor.

The guns were ordered to be placed in Battery this night. We accordingly, at midnight, moved down and were proceeding to the batteries, when a heavy fire of musketry was thrown in upon the working parties, and shameful to relate, the covering party ran off, scarcely returning a shot, the whole running in upon our guns like a flock of sheep. It was at the moment supposed the enemy had discovered the work and made a sortie to destroy it. Supports were immediately ordered down, but the enemy had not crossed the river, and the Battery was untouched. This occurrence gave cause for a severe order from General Power, who commanded the Brigade, and occasioned the loss of one Officer and a few men. An American was also made prisoner, or he had deserted.

On examination, the Batteries were reported by the Commanding Officer of Artillery as not being in a fit state to receive the guns, consequently as day broke, we were ordered to return to the Park. Thus had three days and nights elapsed and nothing effectually done.

Sept. 10th.—There appears to be a great deficiency of arrangement and decision. Assisted in laying down a Battery for the two ten inch Mortars. We again moved from the Park at midnight and

placed the guns in Battery and found it in a most unfinished state and badly constructed as to thickness of parapet, direction of embrasures, platforms and material.

Sept. 11th.—Sunday at daybreak all eyes were directed towards Cumberland Head, anxiously waiting the appearance of the fleet. The breeze was fair and steady. It was understood that the troops were to attack at the same time the Fleets commenced action. We were all ready in the Batteries, and the enemy had not discovered us if so, he did not condescend to open his fire.

We at first received orders to take up the firing from left to right, to commence a few minutes after the fleets were engaged. This order was set aside and we were not to open until a short time previous to the assault of the works. Another order succeeded the last. It was for us to commence our fire, and this we received after the fleets had been warmly engaged for nearly an hour. This indecision at such a moment was particularly distressing.

About 8 A.M. our Commodore announced his approach by scaling his guns, a signal previously agreed upon, it was said. At a quarter to nine the combat commenced, and in a few minutes the firing was very heavy.

Our battery, No. 1, on the extreme right, and consisting of two light 24-pr. Brass Guns, and one 8-inch Howitzer, was so situated that we could not see the shipping, owing to the commanding ground the enemy's works occupied being in the line of view.

The Batteries opened about nine-thirty, and the enemy replied with much spirit and precision. In about two hours not a gun was heard from the fleets. We were aware that the fate of the day had been decided and our anxiety to learn who were the victors was extreme. The melancholy truth at length reached us, that the British Flag had been lowered and that the whole flotilla, with the exception of the gun boats, were in the enemy's hands.

In No. 1 the enemy dismounted one of our guns and materially damaged the carriage of another, when we were ordered to withdraw them under cover of the merlons. We had the light brass 24-pr, charge 3 lbs., opposed to heavy guns of the same calibre, superior in numbers and having a commanding position. Our casualties were trifling, one killed and five wounded. A round shot stupefied me for some minutes, and an inch or two closer would have made me "shorter by the head."

In the evening we received orders to bring away the guns if practicable, and to destroy the ammunition. This assured us that a retreat was intended.

The guns were moved off about 8 p.m. and joined the remainder of the artillery and Baggage, retiring in a most confused and hurried manner, much increased by the bad state of the roads. I found

myself placed in charge on a Brigade of spare carriages, etc. Marched at eleven and reached Chazy at six-thirty a.m.

Sept. 12th.—Ordered to join the Heavy Brigade of Guns. Marched to Champlain and placed the guns in position.

Sept. 13th.—The rear-guard of the Army moved through Champlain at one-thirty p.m. Our advanced Picquet is posted about half a mile on the road to Chazy. The enemy had not the presumption to molest our rear. General Power's brigade had taken up its ground just within the American lines. Generals Robinson's and Brisbane's have fallen back. The weather for these last two days has been very bad. The heavy guns ordered to move to Odel Town, five-miles, where we arrived at 8 p.m. The roads are in a most miserable state.

Sept. 14th.—The heavy guns ordered to Isle au Noix. I was to remain with a 24-pr. at Smith's Tavern, and at 6 p.m. received instructions to move with the gun and a proportion of rockets to Brisbane's house and landing place, $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles, for the purpose of covering the embarkation of a depot of Commissariat and other stores. Lt.-Colonel Herriott and his Voltigeurs occupy this post. It is about three miles above La Cole Mill, and five from Ash Island. A Flag of Truce arrived this evening.

Sept. 15th.—Threw up a breast work to cover the gun, placed in barbette. Several of the enemy's gunboats came down with wounded.

There is a large proportion of Ordnance and Commissariat stores at this place, which will take some days to remove. If the enemy's flotilla were in a fit state, they could, with ease, prevent their being embarked, but in the event of their attempting to land, it would cost them a great number of men, from the confined scope they would find for disembarkation, and there being excellent cover for the Voltigeurs to annoy them from.

The 49th Regiment* embarked for Isle au Noix.

Sept. 16th.—The rain fell in torrents, and the roads are rendered nearly impassable.

A Flag arrived with more wounded, also Captain Pring, R.N. (the senior surviving Officer of our fleet), on his parole. He commanded the *Linnet* during the late action, and represents the conduct of the American Commodore Macdonnough as being the most delicate, honorable and kind. Thus they are making themselves respected by their generosity of character, as well as their gallantry.

Sept. 17th.—General Brisbane and staff passed yesterday, and General De Rottenburg this morning. The former for St. Johns, the latter for L'Acadie. Getting on rapidly with the embarkation. Suffered from wet and cold, being under canvas in an exposed situation.

* 41st, the 49th was ordered home, Jan., 1813.

REFLECTIONS ON PLATTSBURG.

(By the same officer as above.)

That the 11th of September, 1814, was an unfortunate day for the honor of England, and that it was one of the most glorious experienced by the Americans during this War, must be allowed, though with feelings of the deepest regret. The retrospection of this day must give rise, to every well-wisher for the credit of his country, to feelings of the most unpleasant nature; to the troops actually employed it must create a pang that time cannot obliterate. The failure of the expedition occasioned sentiments of dissatisfaction and disgust such as never before agitated the minds of the inhabitants of the Canadas.

The grand scale on which the expedition was formed, the liberal supplies for the support of the Army, the great and deserved confidence placed in the materials of which the Army was composed, from having often been tried and opposed to the chosen legions of France, all led to carry the public expectations to the greatest height as to the result of whatever operations might be undertaken.

The public mind being thus buoyed up—and, every impartial person must allow, not without sufficient cause—the effect produced by the complete failure of the expedition, or, as the Editor of the Montreal "*Herald*" expresses it, "by the sacrifice of the fleet and the disgrace of the army," is the entire loss of confidence in the Commander-in-chief; for every one must admit that no stigma can be thrown upon the troops, who were panting to meet the Enemy, nor on the Navy, who under peculiar disadvantages fought their ships with their usual gallantry.*

It appears that arrangements had been made to insure the co-operation of the Navy and Army, viz., as soon as the Fleets commenced action the troops were to move to the assault. This co-operation the Navy were led to expect, instead of which orders were given to cook!

That the army did not advance as agreed and promised by Sir G. Prevost is notorious.

During the Naval action the Column of Attack was nearly four miles from the promised point of co-operation, and when it was known that the Fleet had fallen into the Enemy's hands, orders were immediately given for the Column to retire. The Troops were at this time advancing in the highest spirits, driving in the Enemy's skir-

*In a note to p. 875 of "Lossing's Pictorial Field Book of the War of 1812," he accounts for the sudden orders to retreat given by Prevost by recording a trick played on him by the Rev. Eleazer Williams, Commander of the Secret Corps of Observation, who arranged that a letter stating that a heavy body of militia were to cross the lake to the number of 10,000, 5,000 from another quarter, and 4,000 from a third. This was placed in the hands of a shrewd Irishwoman, on Cumberland Head, who took it to Prevost, who immediately ordered the retreat.

mishers, and moving on confident of victory and anxious to close. I am informed by many Officers who were with this Column, that they never witnessed on any occasion more animation amongst the Troops. When the order to retreat was received a murmur of discontent was heard in the ranks, and some difficulty was experienced in restraining the ardor of the Light Troops covering the advance of the Column. The feelings this retrograde movement occasioned were at the moment most painful to the spirits of the soldiers: it has since agitated the public mind, which must always feel interested and deeply concerned in the honor and success of the Navy and Army.

The general opinion is that, notwithstanding our Fleet had struck, in some measure owing to the non-co-operation of the land forces, the Column should have been allowed to follow up the attack, so as to have preserved the highly elevated character of the British Army and to have cut off the enemy, with his guns, stores, etc. Some assert that the guns of the enemy's works might have been turned upon the fleets as they were laying disabled in the confusion attending the close of so warm an action.

The unnecessary precipitancy of our retreat, or more properly speaking, our *flight*, on the night of the 11th, is spoken of with disgust and indignation—an army composed of 11000 of the very best troops, a large proportion of them inured to victory in the Peninsula, absolutely ordered to run away before 1500 of the most inferior description; and to the disgraceful rapidity of their flight sacrificing their sick and wounded, together with great quantities of ordnance and commissariat stores. What was to have prevented the Army remaining in its position to cover the retreat of its sick, wounded, stores, etc.? Surely the enemy was not to be dreaded!

The effect of this flight has been more seriously felt by the British Army than in the loss of stores, etc., for it has created a feeling of disgust from the General of Brigade to the Drum-boy; it has destroyed all confidence in the Commander-in-chief; it has also caused numerous desertions; it has deprived the soldiers of those innate ideas of superiority which animated every breast (but *one*) on this advance. And when it is understood that three of the Duke of Wellington's well-tried Generals and 8000 of his Veteran Troops composed the greater part of this Army, the remark cannot be attributed to gasconade. The following remark appears in the Montreal "*Herald*" of September 23rd, 1814:

"If a tenth part of what is alleged had any foundation, there must be a solemn national investigation, when the truth would be ascertained, and an acquittal with honor, or conviction with adequate punishment, follow."

The redoubts were open to a *coup-de-main*, and an attack should have taken place the first day. This measure was most anxiously pressed upon Sir G. Prevost; the unexpected delay gave the Enemy

time to strengthen them, which he did not neglect to do. Their capture would have compelled his Fleet to meet ours upon equal terms. The Enemy was astonished at our inactivity and momentarily looked for the assault; in short, if the opposite feelings to timidity and indecision had animated a certain breast, the 11th of September would have added another wreath to the Naval and Military Renown of Great Britain.

(Signed) J. H. W.

MONTREAL, September, 1814.

“We passed Plattsburg, the scene of the unfortunate Naval Action in 1814. I was then serving in the Colonies and had a good deal of correspondence with Commodore Sir James Yeo, relative to the charges he afterwards exhibited against Sir George Prevost. The historian who would illustrate by facts the almost incredible imbecility by which the Arms of England may be tarnished and her resources wasted with impunity, should bestow a careful examination on the details of the Plattsburg Expedition. He will then precisely understand how war can be turned into child’s-play, and its operations regulated, as in the royal game of ‘Goose,’ by the twirl of a teetotum.”—“*Men and Manners in America*,”* Vol. II., page 367.

III.

PAPERS LOANED BY T. R. KENNEDY, LEVIS, QUE., OF CAPT. H. PINGLE.†

March 29th, 1853.

To Henry Pingle, Esq., Markham :

DEAR SIR,—I am in receipt of yours of the 15th ult., requesting me to procure the medal to which you are entitled for services rendered to the country during the War of 1812. Your medal, as well as those to which your comrades are entitled, will be forthcoming as soon as Major Button furnishes the Government with the proper Documents.

I have written to Major Button in reference to the matter, who, no doubt, will furnish us with all we require.

(Signed)

AMOS WRIGHT.

*“*Men and Manners in America*,” by author of “*Cyril Thornton*,” etc., published by Blackwood, Edinburgh, 1833. Preface signed “T. H.,” and dedicated to William Woolriche Whitmore.

† Detroit medal and papers loaned by T. R. Kennedy, Levis, Que., to the Canadian Historical Exhibition, Toronto, 1899. On the medal the name is engraved Pringle, as it also appears on the commission as Lieutenant, January 24th, 1813, but on his commission as Ensign, June 24th, 1813, it is Pingle, without the “r.”

DESPATCH ROUTE.

To all Concerned :

SERGEANT HENRY PRINGLE,—You are hereby commanded to proceed, with a party under your Orders, consisting of ten Privates of the 1st York Horse to Delaware Town, at which place you will receive further orders from Lieut. Merritt of the Niagara Light Horse.

York, 29th July, 1812.

JOHN BUTTON, *Capt.*

I hereby certify that the bearer, Sergt. Henry Pingle, now on *His Majesty's service*, together with eight men belonging to the 1st Regt York Cavalry, are ordered on an Expedition as far as the Delaware Town. And being on such command, they are entitled to the assistance of all His Majesty's subjects along the way, by furnishing them with Provisions and Provender.

W. ALLAN,

Major Com'd'g the District of Militia.

Grand River Township, 2nd Aug., 1812.

MUSTER ROLL OF A DETACHMENT OF MEN FROM THE FIRST
REG'T YORK MILITIA, 9TH SEPT., 1813.

Ensign Pingle.	Privates—
Sergt Wm. Robinson.	10 Philip Long.
Privates—	11 Stephen Moore.
1 Garret Wm. Jumbu. [?]	12 Daniel Widimen.
2 Moses Butts.	13 Samuel Bentley.
3 John Butts.	14 John Steaffens.
4 Peter Spring.	15 Philip Cartover.
5 Andrew Spring.	16 Ebenezer Cook.
6 Jacob Wurtenberger.	17 Frederick Shill.
7 Justin Badgero.	18 James Johnson.
8 Martimus Badgero.	19 Antony Wonch.
9 John Hagerman.	

The above is Exclusive of the party under Ensign Thompson, going with the boats.

THOS. HAMILTON,

Capt. 3rd Reg't York Militia.

Enscribed on the back—

Required rations for twelve men for three days from the 20 to the 22nd, both days inclusive.

Ensign 1 Reg't York Militia.

This is to certify that the bearer, Lieutenant Henry Pingel, volunteered in my Company of Troop of Militia Cavalry attached to the First Reg't of York Militia, the 16 day of June, 1812, and he served as a Sergeant, and he always dun his duty fa[i]thful during the time that he was with me

JOHN BUTTON, *Capt.*

Markham, March the 10, 1819.

MARKHAM, 10th Jany, 1838.

SIR,—You will please immediately to assemble your company at Hunter's Tavern, as, by recent accounts from New Market, a second attempt is meditated upon Toronto. You will please distribute the men under your command so as most effectually to stop the communication with the city. Major Button is requested to furnish you with two Troopers to communicate to me by express any necessary communication.

You will please arm the men in the best manner circumstances will admit of.

I have the honor to be, sir,

Your mt obdt sert,

LT.-COL. CROOKSHANK.

To Capt. Pingle, }
3 North York. }

MARKHAM, 28th June, 1838.

I do certify that Wm. Nigh was not down with rebel McKenzie at John Montgomery's when he & his rebels met there to overturn the British Government, and do consider him a fit subject to get his gun returned to him.

(Signed)

{ BENJ'M. BOWMAN.
{ THOS. MOORE.

To Major Henry Pingle, Markham.

SIR,—I beg to enclose you a Schedule of Rates of pay for subscriptions towards reconstructing Brock's Monument. You will give notice to your company to attend at Markham Village for Training on the 13th inst. Be particular in appointing Sergeants & warning your company. Let the men bring their firearms to the Parade Ground for Inspection. Your division is from & commencing No. 18 to & 35—5th and 6th Concessions of Markham.

I am, sir, your obt servt,

LT.-COL. CROOKSHANK.

Yong St., 2nd October, 1840.

P.S.—Your Subalterns are Lt. Fenwick, Ensign Wm. Robinson.
To Capt. H. Pingle.

SCHEDULE OF RATES OF PAY.

<i>Cavalry.</i>		<i>Infantry.</i>	
	s. d.		s. d.
Captain.....	18 3	Colonel.....	25 0
Lieutenant.....	11 3	Lieutenant-Colonel.....	21 3
Cornet.....	10 0	Major.....	20 0
Troop Sergeant-Major ..	3 9	Captain.....	14 6
Sergeant	2 9	Lieutenant.....	8 2
Corporal.....	2 1	Ensign.....	6 7
Trumpeter.....	2 0	Paymaster.....	15 8
Private.....	1 7	Adjutant.....	10 8
		Quartermaster.....	8 2
		Surgeon.....	16 3
		Assistant Surgeon.....	9 5
		Sergeant Major.....	3 9
		Quartermaster Sergeant..	3 2
		Colour Sergeant.....	2 11
		Sergeant.....	2 4
		Corporal.....	1 8
		Drummer or Bugler	1 5
		Private.....	1 3

Artillery

Captain.....	15 2
First Lieutenant.....	8 7
Second Lieutenant.....	7 0
Company Sergeant.....	3 11
Sergeant	3 1
Corporal.....	2 9
Bombardier	2 6
Gunner (or Bugler).....	1 8

IV.

**Order Concerning Presentation of Colors from H. M. George IV.
to the Incorporated Militia of U. C.**

ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE,

YORK, UPPER CANADA, 12th April, 1822.

Militia General Order:

No. 1.—The Lieutenant-Governor has much satisfaction in announcing to the militia of the Province that the colors have been received which His Majesty had been graciously pleased to command should be prepared for the late incorporated battalion, and which, in commemoration of the services rendered by the corps on the Frontier, are inscribed with the word “Niagara.”

No. 2.—As the Officers and Soldiers who composed the late Incorporated Militia are now serving in the different County Regiments throughout the Province, the Colors will be lodged in the Government House until the formation of a similar Corps shall require their being brought into the Field, and the Lt.-Governor has no doubt that the honorable testimony thus afforded of the high sense His Majesty has been pleased to entertain of the Zeal and Gallantry of the militia of Upper Canada and the Proud distinction which attends these Banners, will not fail to excite the most animating recollections whenever the country shall again call for their services.

No. 3.—The East and West Regiments of York Militia having their place of Assembly near the seat of Government will be formed in Line at eleven o'clock on the 23rd inst., His Majesty's Birthday, on the road in front of the Government House. Their right on the Bridge, a Guard of honor consisting of 100 Rank and File from each regiment, with Officers and Sergeants in proportion, the whole under the Command of a Field Officer, will be formed in front of the centre, to receive the Colors, as the representative of the Militia of the Province, and will escort them to Government House.

By Command of His Excellency the Lieutenant-Governor.

(Signed) N. COFFIN, Colonel,
Adjut-Genl Militia Forces.

MEMORANDUM.

It is suggested* to Colonels Allan and Givens to employ on the Guard of Honor such Officers and Soldiers of their respective Regiments as may have belonged to the late Incorporated battalion.† N. C.

V.

PAPERS CONCERNING RUPERT GEORGE, CAPTAIN H. M. S. HUSSAR, 1794.

(*The following papers were loaned by Mr. Wm. George, of Bristol, England.*)

*To Rupert George, Esquire, Captain of His Majesty's Ship "Hussar,"
late Commodore commanding His Majesty's Naval Force on the
Coasts of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, etc., etc.*

SIR,—The merchants and other Inhabitants of Halifax, understanding that you are about to embark for England, Beg leave before you depart to express their sense of the manner in which you have acquitted yourself whilst the chief Command of His Majesty's Naval force on this Station was vested in you.

We feel great satisfaction, Sir, in the opportunity we have of thus publicly saying That your polite deportment and great attention to the Trade of this province on all occasions has given additional testimony of His Majesty's Gracious and Paternal consideration in the choice of Officers whom he honours with Chief command.

Your Zeal, Alacrity and Cordial Co-operation with this Government and the Commander-in Chief of His Majesty's forces, whilst we

* This suggestion was carried out, and we find that "on April 23rd, 1822 (St. George's Day), FitzGibbon was in command of the forces representing the Militia of Canada, and assembled before the Government House to receive the colors presented by His Majesty, in token of his appreciation of, and gratitude to, the Militia for their services in the war of 1812-14."—"A Veteran of 1812," by M. A. FitzGibbon.

† Veteran.

apprehended and were threatened with an attack by our Enemies afforded us great confidence; and when the season rendered your exertions no longer necessary in port, We saw you with great satisfaction persevere in getting your ship ready and proceeding to sea in quest of those Enemies by whom our commerce was endangered and His Majesty's subjects insulted.

As we have the best reasons to believe that your exertions have been highly beneficial in protecting the Commerce of His Majesty's subjects, as well as those of his Allies and friends on the coast of America, We deem it incumbent on us to take notice of it and to offer our approbation of your Conduct both as a public duty and as a mark of the personal regard and consideration we have for yourself.

We sincerely wish you, Sir, a safe passage to England and health to continue in the active discharge of your professional duty to His Majesty and your Country.

Halifax, December 20th, 1794. (Signed) HENRY NEWTON.

LIST OF SIGNATURES.

And'r Belcher	Tho's Russell	John F. T. Geshwind (?)
Hall, Bremner & Bot- tomley	William Kidston	Peter McNab
	Jno. Cleaveland	William Fitch
Joseph Davis	Jon Tremain, Junr.	Peter McNab, Jun'r
John Masters	John Stealing	Wm. Nums
James B. Tranckley	William Millet	J. B. Clarke
James Lawson	Robert Lyon	John Howe
E. B. Brenton	James Forbes	John McKinsty
J's Stewart	Thomas Boggs	James Donaldson
Charles Morris, Jun'r	Arch'd McIlmack	John Henderson
Foster Hutchinson	James Kidston	Codder (?) Bremner
Jno. Newton	Ferman Grassii	Edw'd Pryor
William Taylor	Duncan Clarke	Jocolee Weller
Geo. Smith	Martin Shier	Nichl Guest (?)
George Grant	Charles Geddis	Thos. Goudge
William Forsyth	F. Hutchinson	Wm. Bremner
Dan'l Hartshorne	Will Smith	Enoch Wirwell
Geo. Deblois	John Edward Kerby	Peter Cashenbury (?)
Andrew Liddell	Peter Marchiston	Fran's Lawsons
Tho's Wm. Denmark	James Pedley	Rufus Fairbank
J. S. Moody	Michael Head	Benj'n Carlile
Rich'd Kiefton	Pat'k McMaster	John Thomson
John Lawson	Wenek Allan	Edward Smith
Will'm Williams	George Pedley	James Wooden
Thomas Tilly	Edw'd King	Constant Connor
John Boyd	Dn. Hall	Jos. Anderson
	James Creighton	Peter Smith
	Sam. Greenwood	
	Jno. Blair	

[Reverse.]

James Moody
 Rees & Rogers
 Richard Chary
 Casper Wollonhaupt
 Dan'l Wood
 James Stewart
 Peter Donaldson
 James Strachan
 Jon't Tremain
 James Boggs
 Benj. Salter
 George McIntosh
 J. S. N. Binney

Jno. Geo. Pyke
 Mich. Wallace
 Benjamin Binney
 Jon'n Binney
 J. Slayter
 William Lawlor
 E. Potts
 Chas. Hill
 Robert Hill
 Benj'n Bridge
 Wm. Anderson
 Thomas, James &
 Wm. Cochran

NOTE.—The original address being defaced when signing, the signatures were cut off and attached to this clean copy by order of the subscribers.

(Signed) MICH WALLACE.

(The half-sheet on which these names are written is much discolored and worn at the folds.—ED.)

[COPY]

Resolution, at HALIFAX,

December the 15th, 1794.

SIR :

I received your letter of the 13th instant, representing that private Business of a pressing and important nature required your presence in England, and requesting that, as the ship you Command is not wanted to proceed to sea on immediate Service, I would permit you to go thither in His Majesty's Ship *Severn*.

I have to inform you in answer thereto, that I do comply with your request, and that the more readily as you will be able, from the service on which you were employed since the commencement of the present war, to give the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty a more full and perfect account of the disposition and Conduct of the Southern Provinces of America toward Great Britain than can be done by writing, an object of such importance, in my mind, that, had not the *Severn* come here, I should have sent the *Hussar* home for that very purpose, and you can also identify the persons of the

* Americans who were taken in arms against us, should it be thought proper to prosecute them.

I therefore Commit my despatches to your care, requiring and directing you to return to your duty as early as possible in the spring, either in the *Penquet* or in any ship of war that may be sent to me, unless you shall be otherwise ordered by their Lordships.

I am, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

(Signed)

G. MURRAY.

Robert George, Esq., Captain of
 His Majesty's Ship *Hussar*.

* Undecipherable.

VI.

SOME U. E. LOYALIST EPITAPHS.

"Remnants of history . . . in which . . . is saved and recovered something from the deluge of time."—BACON.

One of the most interesting of the historic landmarks in Niagara is the mutilated tombstone in St. Mark's churchyard, which was used as a butcher's chopping-block by the American soldiers, while the invading forces were quartered in the old church during the War of 1812-14. The marks of the axe are still plainly seen on the marble, and the interest of the stone is increased by the fact that the inscription shows it was erected as a memorial for one who, at the time of the War of Independence, chose to suffer loss rather than give up his allegiance to his sovereign. The words have been partially effaced by time and the treatment to which it was subjected, but have been reconstructed to read as follows :

"To the memory of Charles Morrison, a native of Scotland, who resided many years at Michilimacinae as a merchant, and since the cession of that [post to the] United States, as a British subject by election. [He was distinguished] for loyalty to his Sovereign [. . .]. Died here on his [way] to Montreal on the sixth day of September, 1802, aged 65."

Nor is this the only memorial which testifies to the strenuous loyalty of that day. The tablet in St. Mark's Church to the memory of Colonel John Butler, leader of the far-famed and much-dreaded Butler's Rangers, which is headed: "Fear God, honour the King," will recur to everyone, as well as that to Martin McLelland and one or two others, too well known to be quoted.

The existence of these, and hearing of others, led to the hasty inference that there were many such epitaphs to be found in different parts of the country; a conclusion that has not been borne out by experience. Nor is the reason far to seek. The Loyalists for the most part came as refugees, having been driven from their homes and stripped of all their property. They found the country an almost unbroken wilderness of woods and swamps, and for many years their life was a desperate struggle for existence, with the forest for their foe. Those who survived had not means to enable them to erect durable memorials for those who passed away during the early years of struggle and privation, and the rude wooden headstone that once marked the spot has long since perished, while time has obliterated the inscription placed on the scarcely more durable sandstone that was used in many cases. Thus, in our oldest churchyards, there are many shattered and crumbling stones—hardly to be distinguished from common field-stones—which yet pathetically suggest memories

of forgotten lives. Also, some of the original Loyalist band fell in the War of 1812, and with their comrades in arms found nameless graves near the different fields of battle. From these and kindred causes it is evident that most of these last records of the founders of the province have disappeared ; those that remain possess an interest because many of them prove that, far from regretting the choice they made for king and country, their allegiance held firm to the last. Those noted here may be taken as the result of some summer rambles, as giving the barest outline, which others may fill in. To cover the subject it would be necessary to gather inscriptions from the other provinces settled by Loyalists. This has not been attempted, but among the two or three from New Brunswick, one from King's County is interesting and not too familiar to bear quotation :

In memory of

Lieut. Andrew Stockton,

Born at Princeton, New Jersey, Jan. 3rd, 1760, and died
at Sussex Vale, May 8th, 1821.

Also **Hannah**, his wife,

Born in the State of New York, and died in King's County,
Oct. 1st, 1793, aged 25 years and 4 months.

Lieut. Stockton was married in the City of Saint John,
then called Parr Town, the 4th of April, 1784, by
the Hon. George Leonard, which was
the first marriage in the town.

Another from Carleton, N.B., gives something of the career of a distinguished Loyalist, formerly of New York :

In memory of the

Honorable Gabriel G. Ludlow, Esqre,

Late President and Commander-in-Chief of the Province,
Born April 16th, 1736 ; died February 12th, 1808.

Nor will the search for these wayside records fail in interest. What is looked for may not be found—probably will not, if it is U. E. L. epitaphs—but the seeker may be rewarded by coming upon

something unintentionally funny, as that on a stone erected to a young man "who was accidentally killed by the falling of a tree," and the lines "We cannot tell who next may fall beneath Thy chastening rod" immediately follow the statement. Or you may chance upon this warning, if in an eastern town, not so very far from Toronto :

"Ye weak, beware ; here lies the strong,
A victim of his strength.
He lifted fourteen hundred pounds,
And here he lies at length."

Or one may meet with something quite different,—

"Full of hope and yet of heart-break,
Full of all the tender pathos,
Of the Here and the Hereafter."

As in the churchyard that surrounds the quaint old church at Stamford, where it is said of one, "Her existence in this life ended on the 10th day of April" in such a year. When at Chicoutimi some years ago, a search in the neglected churchyard, knee-deep in grass, tangled weeds and tall ox-eyed daisies, revealed the following tender record of one who must have been "lovely and pleasant in her life," for of her it is said, "She is speaking to God and to his angels of the friends she left behind her on earth."

A word as to the places where these old records may be found. Throughout the districts settled by U. E. Loyalists there are many private burying-grounds, some of which yet remain in the possession of descendants of the original owners. This custom prevailed particularly among the Dutch settlers. Of such is the Hamiltons' ground at Queenstown, which, it will be remembered, afforded a temporary resting-place for the body of Brock after the first monument had been destroyed and while the second was building. Such, too, is the Servos burial-ground, where many outside the family have found a resting-place, and that of the Balls, some miles from Niagara, with its darkened, time-worn stones, and the little group of graves, somewhat apart from the rest, where the faithful servants of long ago lie buried, giving us a glimpse of the patriarchal life of those early days. A hillside, or some conspicuous spot upon the farm was generally chosen, or sometimes, as upon the Bay of Quinte, the place where the wanderers had first landed was selected by the refugees as a last resting-place. One visited was situated on the banks of a stream, the high bluff overlooking river flats and winding valley, and the little town, surrounded by hills, that lies as in a shallow cup a mile or two beyond.

Many of these old family grounds have been broken up—the land of which they formed a part has changed owners, and in spite of

agreements and pledges by the purchaser, the sacred plot has, after a few years, been desecrated and memorials removed. Such has been the fate of that belonging to the once powerful family of the Butlers of Niagara, nor is it the only instance where such vandalism has occurred.

But generally some common ground was set apart, and neighbors and friends were laid side by side, all distinctions of creed being forgotten, as surely they should be. Such was the old U. E. Loyalist burying-ground at Adolphustown, and there are instances of it at Stamford, Grimsby, Weston, Barton, many through the Bay of Quinte region, and in other places too numerous to mention, nor has anyone a complete list.

As to the inscriptions, by far the larger number give the bare name and date only, and it is but by knowing something of the story of their lives that we can fill in the tale. This is the case even with prominent Loyalists who were concerned in notable events; Captain Richard Lippincott lies buried not many miles from Toronto, but his headstone gives name and date only, and there is no hint to remind us of the romantic incidents of his life and the thrilling experiences through which he passed during the Revolutionary War.

Sacred to the memory of

Richard Lippincott,

who departed this life May 16th, 1826, at the advanced
age of 81 years.

Many similar instances could be given. There is one in St. James' Cathedral churchyard here, and several in St. John's at Hogg's Hollow. Everyone who has seen this picturesque church, as it appears from the opposite side of the valley, nestling among the trees, with the hill rising beyond it, must have been struck with its likeness to the country churches in England; nor is a nearer view disappointing. Though plainly built of white brick, faced with stone, and quite unornamented with carving, it is yet so perfectly and symmetrically proportioned that, viewed from every side, it gives pleasure; and its situation on the brow of the sunny wind-swept hill is so fine that one has not the heart to blame the unpractical projectors who set it there, only to be reached by a breathless climb up a hill, too long and steep for the old, for the delicate, or the very young of the congregation.

In the churchyard surrounding it are several Loyalist epitaphs, but with the exception of that to Thomas Humberstone, which relates that "he was born in Philadelphia and came to Yonge St. in 1798," there is nothing distinctive about them, just the name and date, fol-

lowed by a text or verse expressing the grief of the survivors. It is, perhaps, a digression to note some of the other stones. Of one it is said, "She was a kind and industrious woman," while her husband was "an energetic and an honest man." This recalls the stone at Lundy's Lane erected to one "who died an honest man," which inevitably makes us wonder whether he lived as one.

Another large class of U. E. epitaphs mention the place from which the refugee came. Two or three of these are taken from the pretty, restful churchyard at Grimsby, where a profusion of white roses and lilies of the valley make the opening summer glorious, and the trim little church has a quaint, picturesque dignity all its own.

In memory of

John Beamer,

a native of New Jersey, who emigrated to Canada
in 1790, and died Feb. 9th, 1854,
aged 94 years.

Sacred to the memory of

Andrew Pettit,

born in Gaston, Penn., U.S., 23rd March, 1753.
He was a resident of Sussex Co., N.Y., for 16 years and
was married there, and settled in Grimsby, 1787 ;
Died May 15th, 1819.

Sarah, his wife,

born in Germantown, N.J., 6th November, 1758 ;
Died 17th October, 1841.

There are also monuments to the two brothers, Colonel Robert and Lt.-Col. William Nelles, which commemorate, as those last quoted, the date of their migration to Canada, and, in addition, the number of years spent in the land of their adoption.

In memory of

Colonel Robert Nelles,

who was born on 6th of October, 1761, in Palatine, on the
Mohawk River, State of N.Y., and died 27th
July, 1842, at Grimsby, after a residence
of 62 years in Canada.

In memory of

Lt.-Col. William Nelles,

born 17th August, 1769, in Palatine, on the Mohawk River, State of New York, died 20th April, 1850, at Grimsby, after a residence of 63 years in Canada.

These are examples of the records to be found at Grimsby and other places. That of the Nelles is noted, not that it differs from the two first cited, but because it is interesting to know that the large substantial stone house, built by one of the brothers, more than a hundred years ago, is still standing, a fine specimen of the better class of houses erected by the refugees. The massive walls, the low, broad windows, the quaint lines of roof and chimney impress one with a sense of solidity and comfort, and this suggests a field of research as yet almost touched. What sort of houses did the U. E. Loyalists build when the first dread years of hunger and struggle had passed? Is it not possible that there may be an early colonial style for Canada? Not much encouragement for this idea is to be found in books. All the histories, local or other, speak of the rough log-house, or shanty rather—few roomed and miserable—yet this house, with one or two other well-known examples, witnesses to something better. Mr. William Kirby, the distinguished author of "Le Chien d'Or," has indeed suggested that it is likely that the better classes of Loyalists coming from the different States would, as soon as the first stress was over, build houses resembling those of the locality from which they had been driven, so that possibly two or three styles might be traced, and in accordance with his idea has made a sketch of the kind of dwelling that one of the Dutch refugees from New York would be likely to build.

Grimsby churchyard possesses yet another interesting epitaph of one who was a leader in his day, and thought and spoke strongly on the issues of the time.

In memory of the

Hon. John Willson,

Born in New Jersey, Aug. 5th, 1776; settled in Canada, A.D. 1790.

He was elected a member of the Assembly of U. C. A.D. 1808; was Speaker of that body from 1823 to 1830. In 1839 he was called to the Legislative Council, and took his seat in 1840, to oppose the Union of the Provinces; he originated the Common School Law of U. C.

Died at his residence, Ontario,* in his 84th year, May 26th, 1860.

* The name of Ontario was changed to Winona.

The two which follow are grouped together, as showing with a quite unconscious pathos how deep and ineffaceable was the impression made by the emigration, with its attendant hardships and dangers, upon even the children of the Loyalists.

Dennis Woolverton,

born in New Jersey on New Year's Day, 1790 ; emigrated to Canada in 1798, and settled at Grimsby.

Member of the Legislative Assembly of

U.C., 1836-38, and of Niagara

District Council for

many years.

Died May 23rd, 1876.

Elizabeth Birson,

wife of James Cooper,

born in the Province of New Jersey ; emigrated to Canada in 1788. Died 14th July, 1855, in her 83rd year.

After a long life, in each case exceeding the fourscore years of the Psalmist, the migration remained a great outstanding feature of their experience, and as such was recognized by those who came after them, as worthy of being recorded in their life's brief epitome.

It would be tedious to give further instances where the State from which the refugee came has been carefully recorded. Such may be found in several of the graveyards, and must always be interesting, not only to the descendants of those who there lie sleeping, but to all who care for our early history. Occasionally some further fact may be gleaned by the curious, as from the stones of the Bedell family in the old churchyard near the battle-ground at Stoney Creek ; a churchyard still, though the old church, in which, on the night of the sudden attack under Harvey and FitzGibbon, an advance outpost of the American Army was stationed, was bodily removed some years ago and is now used as a barn. These stones record that Stephen Bedell, who died in 1837, aged 92 years, was a native of Staten Island, while Susan, his wife, who lived to be 84, was born at White Hall, N.Y., and it is found from an adjoining stone which gives New Brunswick as the birth-place of a member of their family, that Bedell was one of those Loyalists who first sought a home in that province and later moved to Upper Canada. An inscription to "the eldest daughter of the late Col. Samuel Smith, Queen's Rangers," recalls that noted Loyalist regiment, and is one of the very few

which mention regimental honors. Another example may be given from the old burying-ground at Homer, near St. Catharines :

In memory of

Solomon Secord,

Lieutenant in Col. Butler's Troop of Rangers ;
died Jan. 22nd, 1799, aged 42 years.

In another class of epitaphs, the addition of the one word "Loyalist," or the initials " U. E. L.," bespeak pride in the name, as these from Homer :

Isaac Secord,

U. E. Loyalist, died April 23rd, 1817, aged 72 years.

Capt. Jacob A. Ball,

U. E. Loyalist, died July 24th, 1820, aged 43 years.

One instance is still to be found at Adolphustown, where the inscription suggests that the sons were covetous of their father's honor " Being the son of a U.E. Loyalist he retained his loyalty to the British Crown to the end of life."

Finally there are a few inscriptions that briefly refer to their loyalty and to the sufferings it entailed upon them. The examples given are all from a single stone in the old Methodist churchyard at Weston.

In memory of

Henry Dennis,

who, an exile from his native State, Pennsylvania, and having had his estate confiscated for his attachment to British rule through the American Revolution, died a U. E. Loyalist on Staten Island in the year 1782, aged 62 years.

John, son of the above.

Who, also a U. E. Loyalist, expatriated on account of his services to the Crown during the same revolution, found for a time a resting-place in Nova Scotia, then in New Brunswick, and finally in Upper Canada.

Born, Penn., 1760 ; died, York, U.C., 1832.

Surely a tender humor dictated the verse which follows: "There remaineth a rest for the people of God."

The north side of the monument is inscribed:

To the memory of

Joseph, son of John Dennis.

A loyal and patriotic citizen, he served his country faithfully in the Defence of the Province during the War of 1812. Born at Beaver Harbour, N.B., 1789; died at Weston, U.C., 1867.

The following interesting record is found on the south side:

To the memory of

John Gray.

One of Frazer's Highlanders, under the immortal Wolfe, he scaled the Heights of Quebec and fought with distinguished bravery throughout the memorable day which added Canada to the British Empire.

Born in Mull, Argyleshire, 1732;
Died at Kingston, U.C., 1829.

One cannot but wonder why the last inscription was placed there, though from the stones near it is gathered that Gray became connected with the family through the marriage of his daughter, Ann, to William Stoughton, of Kingston, father of the Rev. John Stoughton, at one time Rector of Bath, U.C. A further explanation is given by a descendant, who writes that when the pillar was being erected it was felt there should be some memorial of one who had taken an active part in the great historic battle which led to the acquisition of Canada for the British Crown. Col. Dennis, therefore, had his name placed on the monument in Weston, although, as it relates, he died and was buried in Kingston.

Gray lived until his 93rd year, and his claymore remained in the possession of the family until a comparatively recent date. The old man was always ready to talk his battles over with anyone willing to listen, and never tired of relating an unfortunate incident of the battle which concerned himself.

He was, it seems, a man of fiery temper at times, and on the memorable occasion of September 19, 1759, being in the 78th, or

Fraser's Highlanders, under Wolfe, with the regiment he climbed the steep bank of the river and was one in the line which met the gaze of the astonished French on that misty morning.

When the opposing armies gave battle he was among the foremost in the fray, and managed to capture a French standard from its bearer. A young British officer, his superior in rank, immediately demanded the flag, and attempted to take it from him. He, indignant at being thus deprived of the fruits of his bravery, raised his hand as if to strike the officer, but recollecting himself made no further motion. Had he struck his superior he would, in all probability, have been shot; as it was he was reduced in rank, and having been a non-commissioned officer became a private. He, to the end, felt very bitterly the result of his hasty action, which may have been caused by numerous petty annoyances which superiors can inflict on those unfortunate enough to be under them.

The few scattered examples of these wayside records that have been given go to prove that the "King's men," as they were sometimes called, remained true to their principles—small wonder they were proud of the name, United Empire Loyalists, for it contains a prophecy. History speaks of them as beaten, and truly *they* were vanquished, but the cause for which they suffered was not destroyed by the success of the Revolution; their ideas have prevailed, and to-day we are looking forward to the United Empire that is yet to be.

SARA MICKLE.

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"Deeds Speak"

TRANSACTION NO. 6

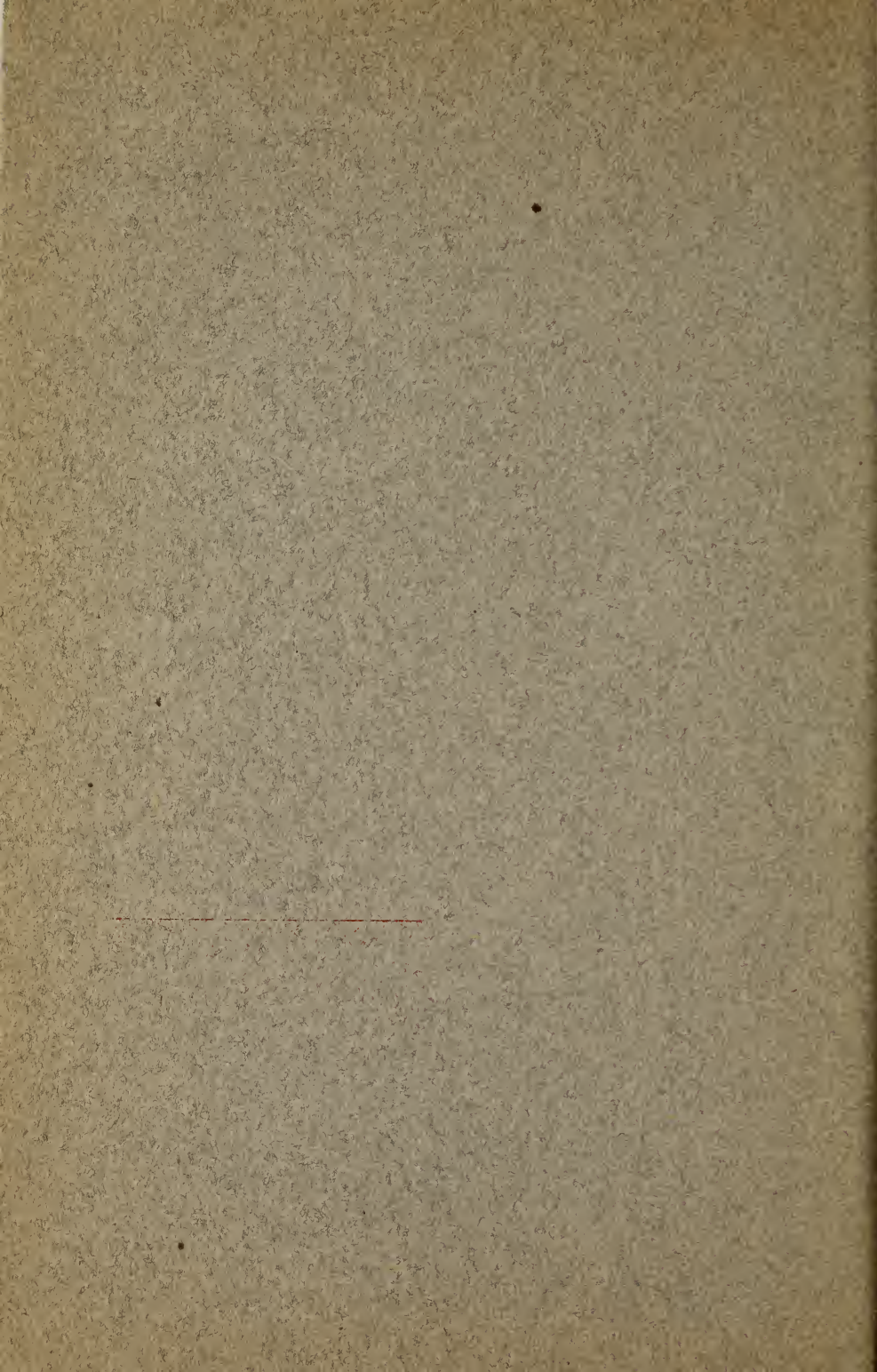
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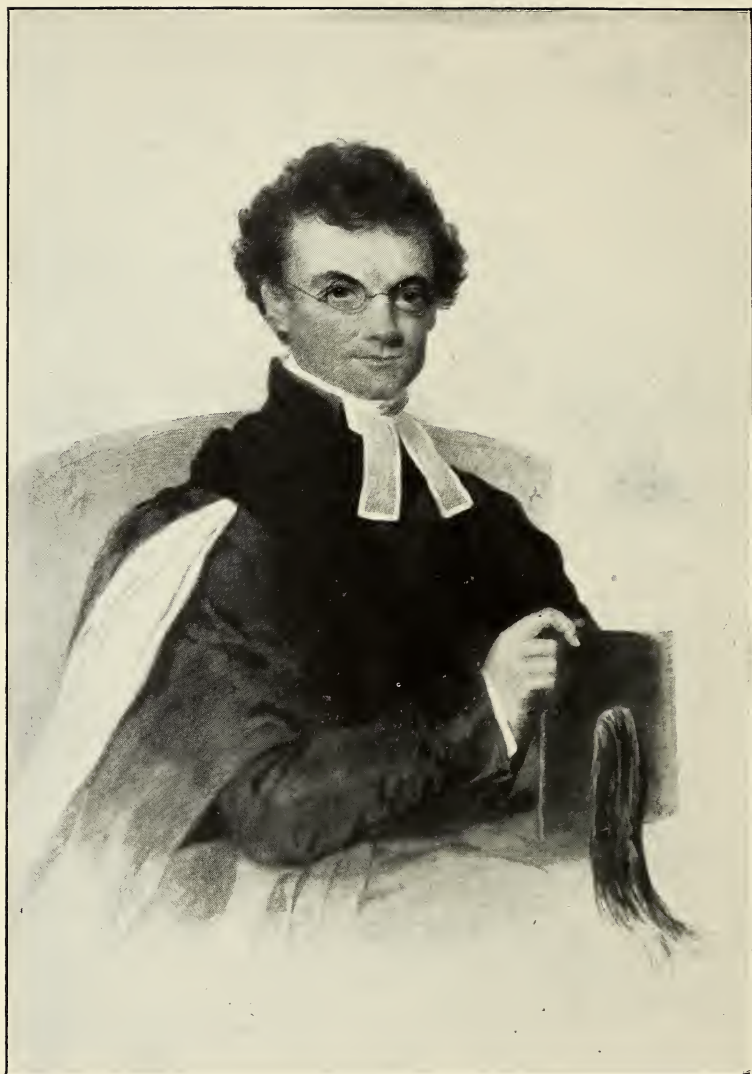
THE
WOMEN'S
CANADIAN
HISTORICAL
SOCIETY

OF TORONTO

DIARY OF
REV. HENRY SCADDING
1837-1838

Organized November 19th, 1895
Incorporated February 14th, 1896





Amy Scadding.

*From photograph of a portrait
by Hoppner Meyer, December, 1841.*



"Deeds Speak"

Women's Canadian Historical Society
OF TORONTO

TRANSACTION No. 6

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF THE REV. HENRY SCADDING,
1837-1838.

This diary gives interesting descriptions of events and people connected with the Rebellion. It is dated from Montreal and Quebec.

1906

Extracts from a Diary of the Reverend Henry Scadding, 1837-1838, read by his daughter, Mrs. Robert Sullivan, before the Women's Canadian Historical Society of Toronto, on the 1st of March, 1906.

My father, Henry Scadding, was born in Devonshire, July 29, 1813, and came out to this country with his parents when he was eleven years old. He first attended the Royal Grammar School, and afterwards Upper Canada College, where he was the first head boy under the first Principal, Dr. Harris. Finishing his course there and taking a scholarship he went to St. John's College, Cambridge, where he took his degree, returning to Canada in the summer of 1837 by the sailing ship *Brigilla*. It may be interesting to note here that his only fellow passengers were Mr. (afterwards Canon) Osler and his wife, Mrs. Osler, who is still living in Toronto, now in her hundredth year. The day after their arrival in Quebec both were ordained by Bishop Stewart, Mr. Osler as priest, my father as deacon. It must have been shortly after this that my father entered Sir John Colborne's* family as tutor to his sons. The first entry in the Diary is December 12, 1837, and refers to the rebellion then going on in both Upper and Lower Canada.

*Sir John Colborne succeeded Sir Peregrine Maitland as Lieut.-Governor of Upper Canada on the 14th August, 1828. He was a distinguished officer of the 52nd Regiment, who had done gallant service in the Peninsula and had fought at Waterloo. Shortly after the arrival of his successor, Sir Francis Bond Head, in 1836, Sir John was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Forces in Canada. On the departure of Lord Gosford, the Governor-General, in February, 1838, he was made administrator until the arrival of Lord Durham. On the departure of the latter, in November of that year, he again became administrator, and in January, 1839, was appointed Governor-General of Canada, and raised to the peerage with the title of Lord Seaton.

EXTRACTS FROM DIARY.

1837.

Montreal, Dec. 12.—A bright, cold day, streets very animated and crowded with sleighs. Another set of prisoners removed up to the new Jail, among them Jalbert, the assassin of Lieut. Weir,* and Bouchette, the Surveyor-General's son, and Dr. Kimber—all pinioned and escorted by riflemen and cavalry. Saw letter from Mrs. Kimber to Sir John, commencing: "General—Grace pour mon mari." Sir John intends to proceed himself to the attack of St. Eustache to-morrow. Had letter from my brother at Toronto. All in arms there. Several persons murdered.

Dec. 13.—The expedition set off for St. Eustache with Sir John and his staff at its head, attended by escorts of cavalry. A large crowd of spectators attended and cheered enthusiastically. They are to rest to-night at St. Martin's, and then proceed on to St. Eustache to-morrow. Walking down Notre Dame Street saw great commotion, and the soldiers turned out before the prison barracks and cavalry riding up. Wolfred Nelson† and Dr. Valois were brought in by some Americans and were being lodged in the Jail. As they passed through the gates the crowd howled and uttered hideous cries of execration. The sentries everywhere almost are volunteers. The sleighing still good. Mournful separations to-day.

*Lieut. Weir of the 32nd Regiment. He had been sent on 22nd November, 1837, with despatches to Sorel, missed connection with Colonel Gore's column, was taken prisoner by the rebels, and in attempting to escape was cut to pieces on the morning of the 23rd.

†Dr. Wolfred Nelson, a friend of Papineau, took an active part in the rebellion in Lower Canada. Colonel Gore, with an armed force of about 250 men of the 24th, 32nd and 66th Regiments, was sent to arrest him at his house. He and his friends made such a determined resistance that the troops had to retire. Dr. Nelson escaped to the frontier, was taken prisoner and confined for seven months in jail. He was then sentenced to transportation for life, and sent with other prisoners to Bermuda. The House of Lords declared this sentence illegal, and they were all released in 1838.

Dec. 14.—Kept in suspense without intelligence from St. Eustache until 10 o'clock. For several hours previous an extensive conflagration had been visible on the horizon in the direction of that place. At 10 despatches were brought by three cavalry volunteers. The place taken, the Convent, Church, etc., destroyed and the town fired. Some of the Royals killed and Mr. Gagy wounded. About 60 of the rebels killed; Sir John quite well. Troops proceed to-morrow to St. Benoit and St. Scholastique. Accounts to-day of the dispersion of the rebels at Toronto and the recapture of the Loyalist prisoners. Mackenzie* not taken. An alarm last night of a force marching to seize the arms at Lachine, the whole town instantly in arms, but no action ensued.

Dec. 15.—Despatches received from Sir John this evening. The troops marched on to St. Benoit at 7 this morning, met by a party with flag of truce imploring mercy. On entering the village the habitans laid their arms on the ground and surrendered at discretion, the women falling on their knees in the balconies of the houses, from whence also white flags were hung out. The leaders, Girod, etc., and the priests escaped. Thus this village, notorious for many years past, escapes unscathed, whilst the village of St. Eustache, which has borne the character of loyalty for a long while, suffers. There is a great feeling of regret existing on account of this anomalous circumstance, but it could not be prevented: it would never have done to have fired upon poor wretches on their knees. The troops proceed to St. Scholastique and St. Therese. A proclamation out from the Governor of Vermont enjoining neutrality of his people. Fine, clear, bright, sharp weather, tolerable sleighing and brilliant moonlight. The glare of the fire visible behind the mountains in the direction of St. Scholastique, supposed to be the burning of some rebel's property by the force marching from Carillon to join the force marching to St. Scholastique. Some prisoners from Chambly taken up to the prison to-day. A report that Mr. Nelson is dead.

*William Lyon Mackenzie, leader of the revolt in Upper Canada.

Dec. 16.—Sir John and his staff returned and joyfully hailed by us. St. Benoit, it appears, has been fired by the volunteers and will be laid in ashes. Rode with Graham* round the mountain—2 mountains—a splendid ride. Air keen, sun bright, snow dry and flying like dust beneath the horses' feet. A brilliant glow after sunset. The little windows in the distant cottages on the opposite side of the St. Lawrence and the spires glistening beautifully. Met a party of volunteer riflemen. Saw cloud of smoke hanging in the distance over St. Benoit.

Dec. 18.—Deep snow falling. Girod, the rebel leader of St. Benoit, a Swiss, shot himself: Scott, another rebel, taken by the cavalry: £500 the premium for him.

Dec. 22.—Fast Day. Humiliation for sin. Dr. Bethune morning on 1 St. Peter 5-6. Afternoon, Mr. Robertson. Good congregations and very attentive.

Dec. 24.—Snow falling. Dr. Bethune on 1 Timothy, 3-6. Evening I preached on Phil. 4-4. A large congregation.

Dec. 25.—Christmas Day. No sermon in the morning—a very large communion; I assisted with Dr. Bethune, Mr. Robertson, and Mr. Ramsay. A mild day and heavy atmosphere. Church not decorated. How different my feelings this day and the 25th last year. Then looking forward with the most intense anxiety to the January examinations, regardless of the joyful season; now comparatively at rest and peace. I would by no means exchange the present for the past Christmas if I could. How much a year brings about—how astonished should I have been the last 25th December had I been assured where I should be, and how engaged this 25th—preparing my sermon for the Orphan Asylum, where I am to preach next Sunday.

Dec. 30.—Splendid ride round the mountain with Sir John and Francis—mild. Capt. Philpotts here. Had letter from Toronto—no news.

*Edmund and Graham were the sons of Sir John Colborne.

Dec. 31.—Preached for the Orphan asylum on John 14: 18. Collection £33 15s. Evening, Lundy of Quebec preached on the “7000 left” Mem. Elijah the Tishbite.

1838.

Jan. 1.—Made some calls. The town all alive with carioles and gentlemen making their congratulatory visits. Sir John’s house quite crowded. A number of cards left for me. A mild, pleasant day, and particularly propitious. Rode with Graham round the mountain. The bells of the tower in the Place d’Armes ringing very furiously—three bells rung in no order at all. Evening, a basket of reciprocal presents brought into the drawing-room and delivered to each according to its address. A beautiful bronze candlestick and sealing taper* stand given me by Lady Colborne.

Jan. 2.—Received letters from Mrs Simcoe, Sen.,† and Miss K. S. and Miss Ch. S.‡ All well, both at Penheale and Wolford.§ The receipt of this letter a great relief to my mind. Very mild and thawing.

Jan. 5.—Wet—rain—thaw. News of steamer, the purveyor of provisions to Mackenzie on Navy Island, having been cut adrift at Schlosser in the U.S. by some of our people and sent down the Falls with its crew. Dinner party to-day. Cols. Dundas,|| Wetherall,¶ Gore,** Maitland,†† Mr. Lang, Wetherall, Lysons‡‡ and Mad. and Mdme. de Montinach, Mrs. and Miss Wetherall.§§

*Now in my possession.—H. M. S.

†Widow of General Simcoe, formerly Lieut.-Governor of Upper Canada.

‡Katherine and Charlotte Simcoe, daughters of General Simcoe.

§Family seats of the Simcoes.

||Col. Dundas, son or brother of Col. Dundas after whom Dundas Street was named.

¶Wetherall—afterwards Sir George Wetherall, who was Adjutant-General of the Horse Guards during the Crimean War.

**Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. Charles Gore—afterwards Military Governor stationed at Kingston.

††Col. Maitland was brother of the Earl of Lauderdale, and Colonel of the 32nd Regiment, afterwards stationed at London, Ont., with his regiment in 1839. He died there and was buried there. The second Weth-

Jan. 6.—Had the account of the steamer affair at the Falls confirmed. Authorities in Toronto rather alarmed. The New York militia called out. Rode to Lachine. Sleighs on the ice, but river open. Troops to be despatched to the Upper Province—instantly.

Jan. 7.—Rain, mild. Dr. Bethune on the offerings of the wise men. Mr. Robertson on the "Return of the Prodigal."

Jan. 9.—Sent letter to Mrs. Simcoe by a despatch to New York. Party of young people here—Miss Selby, Miss Porter, the little Robinsons, etc. Some quadrilles and waltzes in the evening. Snow gone.

Jan. 10.—Colder this morning—slight poudre snow. The poor fellows go in for their degree to-day at Cambridge. Poor Ellis, Simmonds, etc. Well, it will be soon over for them.

Jan. 17.—Dined at Dr. Bethune's. Evening, on returning heard that Sir John was appointed Governor-in-Chief of the two Canadas. A special newspaper from London with most laudatory and complimentary despatches from Lord Glenelg, Lord Hill, Lord Fitzroy Somerset,* etc., conveying this high charge to Sir John. There is no act of the Govern-

erall men tioned was Edmund Wetherall, son of Col. Wetherall. He afterwards became a distinguished officer.

‡‡Lysons was a young officer who very nearly caught Papineau during the Rebellion. It is said that while chasing him Papineau fell into a ditch and Lysons jumped over and lost him in the dark. Had Papineau been caught at that time he certainly would have been hanged. Many years afterwards Papineau and Lysons, both then distinguished men and Papineau's past forgotten, met in England and became great friends. Papineau then told Lysons how he escaped. When Lysons left Canada with his Regiment, the First Royals, going down the St. Lawrence in the transport *Premier*, the transport was wrecked at Lake Chatte Bay. This was in the late fall. Lysons walked from the wreck to Quebec and obtained relief for the Regiment. For this he received a Captaincy. He afterwards became one of the distinguished Crimean Officers, and was knighted Sir Daniel Lysons. Late in life he wrote a very interesting book on Canada, which will be found in the Public Library at Toronto.

§§The Miss Wetherall was a daughter of Colonel Wetherall, and afterwards married Capt. de Crespigny.

*Afterwards Lord Raglan.

The above notes were kindly furnished by Mr. Edward Harris.

ment which will give greater satisfaction and joy at this moment.

Jan. 20.—News of the evacuation of Navy Island, being shelled out by our artillery.

Jan. 23.—Tandem Club out. Many streets in the direction of Griffintown inundated by the river—great distress—houses filled with water and furniture spoiled. A great deal of grain, etc., spoiled in the warehouses. People moving about in canoes in the streets—channels obliged to be cut for them through the ice, which continually forms. The river covered with a vast chaos of monstrous masses of ice, jostled together in hills and mountains; passages being cut through by bands of soldiers to St. Helen's; and by habitans to Longueuil. Evening, walked with Sir John till half past five—cold but not unpleasant. Met detachments of the 83rd Regiment from Halifax in sleighs—a curious sight—the long lines of vehicles winding along.

Jan. 24.—I must make this day the date of my commencing the world on my own account, inasmuch as I have just received the first money which I ever realized as a return for the efforts of my mind or hand, and the first money consequently which I could ever feel to be my own. Bought a pile of books.

Jan. 25.—Mr. James Colborne arrived from England. The sight of him once more has given me intense pleasure. To witness the affectionate welcome given him by his brother and sisters was delightful, and recalls my sweet ecstatic pleasure experienced in returning home last June. Evening—my Cambridge reminiscences.

Jan. 26.—Mild, heavy rain, snow going, roads sloppy to a degree.

Jan. 31.—Grand review of all the forces—regular and volunteer, cavalry, infantry and artillery. A brilliant turn out. Bitter cold with wind. St. Denis, Point Charles affairs in the English papers to-day.

Feb. 1.—Drove with James Colborne in tandem to St.

Laurent. Called on St. Germain, the Curé; a long drive afterwards. A bright, sharp day.

Feb. 3.—Rode to Long Point Church—crossed the river on the ice there, up to Longueil and crossed again and so back to Montreal. Took a prettier ride with Graham. Went to Travers' rooms.

Feb. 4.—Communion this morning. Evening, the town in a commotion—the Glengarry Highlanders (volunteers) arrive from Upper Canada with their bagpipes and banners, escorted by cavalry and the band of the Royal Regt.

Feb. 5.—A mild day. More of the Glengarrys arrive in sleighs—a long cavalcade. The Upper Canadian two-horse sleighs looked quite substantial and remarkable after the ridiculous little trains and carioles of the French-Canadians. They are to be billeted about on the disaffected villages, Longueil, etc. Madame de Montenach's party this evening—invited but declined. Attended the meeting of the Bible Society. Mr. McGill* presiding; Colonel Wilgris, Dr. Holmes,† Mr. Wilks, Mr. Duncan, Mr. Perkins, Capt. Maitland, etc., etc., addressed the meeting.

Feb. 8.—Deep snow falling—driven in tandem with the Club. Went to and over St. Helen's. A beautifully picturesque island.

Feb. 10.—Rode to St. Martin's with Graham. Fine wooden bridge and deep, rapid river dividing the Isle Montreal from Isle Jaise.

Feb. 12.—Sir John to have been inaugurated as Governor-General to-day, when a messenger from Lord Gosford arrived announcing that his Lordship had fallen on some ice and so severely cut his head that he could not leave. So the ceremony is to be put off, to the great annoyance of the people here. The boards round the square opposite the Cathedral bearing the words "Place D'Armes" taken down, and their

*Hon. Peter McGill, for many years President of the Montreal Bible Society.

†Dr. Holmes founded in 1824 the Montreal School of Medicine, which was merged into that of McGill College.

places supplied by others bearing the words "Doric Square."

Feb. 14.—Went with James and Francis Colborne and Edmund and Graham to St. Eustache in tandem. Bitter cold. One splendid upset. Poor Graham hurt in the leg. St. Eustache possesses a most desolate appearance. Solitary chimneys, shells of stone houses, and the fine church one vast ruin, its front bearing abundant marks of the cannon ball directed against it without effect. Dined here at the lodgings of Mr. Griffin,* the military officer stationed here, who declares that the people are as seditious as ever. Returned to Montreal after dark, leaving St. Eustache at 8 and reaching here at one. Lost our way many times, and drove into the deep trackless snow, where we had all to flounder about and lend our whole strength to get the sleigh turned in order to get back. All got thoroughly cold and miserable. Edmund got his eyelid severely cut with the branch of a tree crossing the road, a merciful escape for his eye. Moon rose about half past twelve. *Cahots* very frequent and most amazing—reached home wretchedly fatigued.

Feb. 16.—Dined at Dr. Holmes, meeting Col. Wilgris, Capt. Maitland, Mr. Wilks, Mr. Neil, etc.

Feb. 24.—Rode with Graham round St. Helen's. Mild day. Dined at Macnider's and spent a pleasant evening—Mr. Finlay, Mr. Marchant, Heward, etc., etc., there.

Feb. 26.—Thanksgiving Day for the suppression thus far of the rebellion. Dr. B. preached at the military service. The day very generally observed.

Feb. 27.—A mild, bright day. Sir John Colborne swore in as Administrator of the Government. He rode from his house to Government House accompanied by his staff; cavalry and volunteers escorted him. Saddle cloth blue, with gold lace and telescope and sword embroidered on the corners. His breast covered with orders and stars and medals. The mild-

*The Mr. Griffin mentioned was an officer in the 83rd, and a son of Dr. Griffin, an army surgeon—a famous amateur actor. That Dr. Griffin was a grandfather of Mr. Scott Griffin, well-known in Toronto.—E. HARRIS.

ness of the weather enabled the soldiers and staff to appear in their red coats without their great coats. Sir John wore whilst on horseback a blue cloak; salute fired on his leaving his house from the Champ de Mars, and again after the oath was administered. The strong language of the oaths sounded rather strange to be uttered before so many Roman Catholics as were present—the Executive Councillors were also sworn in, but the language was a little modified for those of them that were Roman Catholics, and the declaration of a disbelief in transubstantiation omitted.

Feb. 27.—Evening, the whole city and suburbs were profusely illuminated. Appropriate transparencies in various places, and fireworks in the Place d'Armes. Two triumphal arches with Doric pillars erected, one at each end of Notre Dame Street bearing in illuminated letters the words "Doric Club" and various inscriptions and devices. One was the *Caroline* going over the Falls, with Schlosser and Amherstburg over it; on another was Point Charles and St. Eustache. Everywhere were to be seen Sir John Colborne's arms and his name, and that of Sir Francis Head* and Col. Wetherall and the Queen. The Seminary and the Nunnery by the river were illuminated; everything was very orderly, though the streets were thronged. Volunteers were patrolling. General Wells's (of the U.S. army) aide-de-camp here—Gen. W. cannot restrain his people. A large body of Iroquois Indians came in from Caughnawaga to-day, headed by their chief and two red flags with the cross of England upon them—to do honor to Sir John. The people received them with loud huzzas, which they returned by uttering their inhuman sort of whoop, taking off their caps. They looked very Indian with their black hair and peculiar countenances. The Rifles moved off to another part of the area before Government House to make room for them. Whilst the Council was holding, the Chief repeatedly harangued them most energetically to keep them in order; they were very restless and irregular

*Sir F. B. Head, Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada, 1835-1838.

in their mode of standing. Whilst the soldiers and volunteers were continually jumping and beating their feet to keep themselves warm, the Indians showed no symptoms of cold. On Sir John's making his appearance at the door of the Council, again the extraordinary whoop was raised, and all set off and followed him with the soldiers and volunteers to his residence, where they cheered again. This has altogether been a most favorable day for the whole of the ceremonies and manifestation. Lord Gosford† is believed to have taken his departure at 4 p.m. Viger's‡ house and the Lacroix were not illuminated. The *Courier* office was very dark.

March 6.—Letter from my mother saying Lady Head has left me a present of books. Mr. Stewart, the ex-Attorney General, dined here. Very mild. News of another engagement with the people of the States on Pt. Pelée Island on Lake Erie. The 32d repulsed them at the point of the bayonet, losing two men and receiving many wounds. The slaughter on the other side was very great. It was fought on the ice. The British troops and volunteers had been marching during nearly the whole preceding night on the ice—a bitter cold night. One volunteer was also killed. Many amateurs attended with rifles.

Mar. 9.—Walked with Edmund and Graham. Saw the Volunteer Artillery practising with ball on the ice at a target. I had no idea that it took so long for the ball to get from the muzzle to the target—it is quite a sensible time, and the whizz of the ball through the opposing air is very audible. Of course the time seems longer from the time taken for the sound of the ball striking the target to return.

Mar. 10.—Very mild this morning, only 32 in shade. News arrived that Gen. Sutherland and his aide, Spencer, were taken on the ice up on lake Erie—posting away for Pt.

†Right Honourable the Earl of Gosford, G.C.B., Governor-General of Canada from August, 1835, to February, 1838.

‡Hon. D. B. Viger, a friend and ally of Papineau. He crossed the Atlantic to lay the grievances of the Canadians before the Imperial Parliament. When the rebellion broke out he was seized and imprisoned.

Pelé Island. Sir F. Head's farewell speech in the House arrived yesterday, characterized by his peculiar manner—a masterly *exposé* of the baseness of the citizens of the States and the inefficiency of their laws; some fine strokes of keen satire. Rode to Chambly with Graham—saw the old fort, a venerable and picturesque object—the scenery pretty when you get near Chambly, a winding river with trees and well cultivated fields on its banks. There is a French College at Chambly—a large stone good-looking building. The roads bad for riding, snow being so moist and deep. Did not get back till eight. Found a letter from dear old Mungeam—now Curate of Sheerness. English papers arrived full of Canadian affairs. Lord Eldon died.

Mar. 11.—Major-General Clitherow arrived last night with part of his staff and waited on Sir John Colborne.

Mar. 14.—Sent off letters to Mrs. H. A. Simcoe and to Mungeam. Mild. News arrived that Lord Durham is coming out as Viceroy or Lord Lieutenant of the British Colony. This is a decidedly bad omen for Canada, and I doubt whether permanent peace will be the consequence; Whig principles being essentially unsound, nothing that flows from them can be ultimately beneficial or permanently good. Sir George Arthur* is arrived at New York; and Col. Cathcart† and Gen. Gascoigne. An autograph letter from the Queen to Sir John begging him to put Capt. Conroy on his staff. Her Majesty writes a plain legible hand, but not a very pretty one. Her w's and v's are made badly. The letter is dated Windsor Castle, Jan. 1, 1838.

Mar. 21.—Fire in the Quebec suburbs, went to it.

Mar. 22.—Fall of snow. Had letter from Charles, who is now in Toronto as one of the Grand Jury on the Rebel

*Sir George Arthur succeeded Sir Francis Bond Head as Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada.

†General Sir George Cathcart commanded the King's Dragoon Guards and a large force on the south of the St. Lawrence, in 1838. He had been aide-de-camp to the Duke of Wellington at Waterloo. He distinguished himself in the Crimean War and fell at Inkerman.

cases. Robertson came to request me to preach next Sunday. Finished Babbage's book.

Mar. 24.—Alarm of fire in the New Jail, where the traitors are confined. All the world, civil and military, rushed to the spot—the tin of the roof was quickly stripped off and the fire extinguished. The roads one puddle of mud.

Mar. 27.—Ascended the mountain with Edmund, and found it by no means an easy task, from its steepness and slipperiness—but was fully repaid for the fatigue and the risk by the delightful views which it affords in every direction—one can take in nearly the whole island. Woods look more forestlike than I had imagined, and many white pines growing. Returned by descending the opposite side, near Col. McCord's house. Thought of Jacques Cartier's visit to this summit described in Bibaud.* A bright, sunny, but cold day. Roads drying fast.

Mar. 29.—Had letter from Griffin—now lecturer in St. John's College—full of amusing details.

April 3.—A year ago this day I left happy Penheale.† A solemn day to be remembered—the hand of God led me—all seemed dark and gloomy and wrong then; but now all bright promising and right. The blessed group around the fireside in the old Oaken Hall will remember me this day. May God's blessing be amongst them. It was a sore separation. However, I am thankful now and believe everything was as it ought to be.

April 5.—Mild spring morning. Heard birds singing for the first time. Received *Cambridge Chronicle* sent me by Ellis containing the lists of the Math'l & Tripos: St. John's has the senior wrangler! huzza! huzza!—Main of St. John's! Mould, of Corpus, next; O'Brien, of Caius, next, and then Blackhall, of St. John's. Docker, 9th, Currey 14th—Ellis 18th Senior Opt.; Kingdon, 1st Junior Opt.

*Michel Bibaud, Canadian historian, poet and scientist. His "Histoire du Canada" appeared in 1837.

†Penheale the home of the Simcoes.

April 6.—Soft rainy spring morning—birds singing. Sailed this day last year.

April 7.—Sent letter to Griffin—attended Mr. Sutherland's funeral.

April 8.—Mr. Wood,* Rector of Three Rivers, preached on Job 33-14.

April 9.—Heavy continued rain—the ice, which has been breaking for some days, must go now. Swallows flitting by yesterday. Eclipse of the moon. Ice gone opposite the town.

April 10.—Blustering—furious snow-storm.

April 13.—Good Friday. Dr. Bethune preached Rom. 5-8. Received letter from the venerable Archdeacon of York† containing very important matter relative to the Toronto District School, and ultimately the College.

April 14.—Mr. Vale, Messenger from President Van Buren, dined here, and Col. Chichester, one of the British Legion in Spain, and a number of other officers. Col. C. profusely covered as to his breast with medals etc.—a blustering bully of a man apparently. He declares that Sir John has managed the revolt badly out here in getting it over so soon; had he kept it up for a little longer he would have been made a Peer as surely as possible.

April 15.—Easter Day. A very large body of communicants, nearly 400. Afternoon I preached on "I know that my Redeemer liveth."

Apr. 18.—Windy and sleety night. The new special Council, assembled by Sir John according to the recent Imperial Act, met for the first time—an era in the history of the Province. News arrived to-day that Lount and Matthews the rebels, were executed at Toronto last Thursday. The *Varenes* steamer arrived here from Sorel—the first steamer that has showed itself in motion on the river this season. The executions at Toronto have struck terror into the rebels here both in Jail and out.

*Father of Mr. S. G. Wood, Toronto.

†Right Rev. J. Strachan, afterwards Bishop of Toronto.

Apr. 19.—Dined with Heward, it being his birthday, meeting Mr. Moffatt, Mr. Paul, McNider and some others. A very enjoyable evening.

Apr. 23.—Bright sunny day but chilly wind. Had invitation from the officers of the Garrison to a fancy ball next Monday, which I of course declined.

Apr. 26.—A review day. The poor fellows had, however, no sooner marched out than on came a heavy spring rain, whereupon they marched back, the band merrily playing notwithstanding.

Apr. 28.—Had a most delicious ride from 2 to near 6. Went to Lachine; everything cheerful and spring looking, people plowing, birds singing, frogs piping, children playing, here and there the grass growing green. Roads tolerably good, not dusty. Observed a playfully meandering stream in the valley under the terrace going to Lachine, which I never noticed before. Beautiful tints on the distant hills. People very polite, tipping their hats everywhere. Passing the Champ de Mars on my return witnessed a regular set-to between a large party of French and English boys with stones, which were plied most vigorously on both sides. Thus early does the non-amalgamation of the two origins evince itself. Col. Cowper, Lord Durham's private secretary, and Capt. Conroy, one of Lord Durham's aides-de-camp, dined here.

Apr. 30.—General review of all the troops of the Garrison, regular and volunteer, on the Champ de Mars before Major-General Clitherow and staff. A brilliant day and brilliant scene. Crowds of people present and three bands. There were 2,300 soldiers, regulars, volunteer and cavalry, together. Edmund and Graham went to the fancy ball—the former in Persian and latter in Turkish costume.

May 7.—Made my P.P.C. visit to Dr. and Mrs. Bethune at Burnside. Went over their large garden—cucumbers under glass fit to cut and the vines covered with blossom and incipient fruit. Peas appearing out of the ground. Returned by Sherbrooke and de Bleury St. Had note from the Bishop

relative to my obtaining priest's orders on Whit Sunday next, when there will be an ordination.

May 8.—All packed up for Quebec. Rode with Cordelia. Evening at 6 left Montreal in the *Canada* for Quebec with Edmund, Graham, etc. Sir J. and Lady Colborne coming down to see us off. Reached Sorel about half past ten. Brilliant moonlight. Walked about the place and up to Government House. Everything looking excessively familiar. Heard whip-poor-will for the first time.

May 9.—Still on our way. Walked about Three Rivers at five this morning. Passed Lotbinière, Déschambault, Chaudière Bridge, etc., Quebec coming magnificently into view. The *Inconstant*, 76, the *Edinburgh* frigate and two armed transports, containing 1,600 Guards, lying at anchor. Numerous merchantmen were also lying at anchor, and Quebec all alive. Went at once to the House, to which the baggage and furniture were quickly brought. Met the Bishop in the street. Saw the Guards disembark and march to the Barracks. Tall, gaunt fellows, officers all young, and wearing braid. Took tea at Mrs. Rowan's.

May 10.—Rain. Called on the Bishop and had long conversation. Met Mr. Mackie and Mr. Sewell. The Coldstream Guards landed.

May 13.—Sunday rainy and gloomy. Morning at the Cathedral. The Bishop on "Reprove the world of sin, of righteousness and of judgment." Evening at St. Matthew's Chapel—I preached. Sir John is to leave Montreal on Monday.

May 14.—Ships doubling Pt. Levis literally in crowds and the telegraph continually announcing more. Considerable sensation at seeing the signal of a line-of-battle-ship hoisted on the telegraph—everyone expecting the *Hastings* with Lord Durham to be at hand, but it turned out to be the *Malabar* from Cork with the 71st regt. It is a majestic sight. Walked over the citadel and round the whole of Quebec on the walls. Evening, crowds promenading. The bugle band of the 71st

playing on board the *Malabar*—this Regt. goes on to Montreal. Many of the officers are on shore with their plaid trousers and scarfs. The 71st were here some years ago.

May 15.—About 12 a gun announced the approach of the steamer from Montreal containing Sir John. A detachment of the Guards marched down to the wharf, where a great crowd was assembled. Sir John appeared on the deck surrounded by his staff and many officers stepped on board and paid their respects, among them Major-Gen. Sir James McDonnell. The group was very brilliant. As Sir John stepped ashore the Guards presented arms, the band played God Save the Queen, and a salute was fired from the Citadel, and the people cheered loudly as he rode away. Met accidentally Col. Cowper, Lord Durham's private secretary, who told me that he had been requested to form my acquaintance by some friend of mine, whose name he cannot recollect, whom he met in London or Devonshire. I mentioned the Simcoes, but that was not the name. He mentioned several names, but none that I knew. I thought it might have been some Cambridge friend, but no, it was a family man and a very pious person. It was very stupid of him, he said, to forget the name. Walked over the St. Charles Bridge to Beauport, a most picturesque road, giving one a majestic view of the whole of Quebec and the highlands around it.

May 17.—*Dr. and Mrs. Harris arrived to-day from Toronto.

May 18.—Had letter from Dr. Strachan. Conversed with Dr. Harris, who rather recommends my taking the district school at Toronto.

May 21.—Visited the old *Brigilla*, in which I came over last year. Saw Capt. Richards and his son Joe and many of the same crew. The cabin looked very familiar. I would willingly return in her. Afterwards walked with Mr. Mackie. Met Mr. Wade, rector of Peterborough.

*Dr. Harris was the first Principal of Upper Canada College. Mrs. Harris was Lady Colborne's sister.

May 22.—The *Pique* arrived yesterday and a sloop of war to-day. A large party of naval and military officers dining here to-day, among them Capt. Pring of the *Inconstant*. This name has been familiar to me ever since I was a child, and, wondering whether he were a Devonshire man, I enquired of Mrs. Harris. Almost immediately after Lady Colborne approached bringing with her Capt. Pring and introduced me to him. This was the very Capt. Pring who knew my father well, and who was a great friend of the Simcoes and lived at Ivedon near Welford. He was in this province throughout the last war and remembered Castle Frank and the scenery of the Don, and all the neighborhood of Toronto. Young Moore, a midshipman of the *Pique*, a nephew of Sir J. Moore, (Corunna) was here, a fine interesting lad; Capt. Boxer, of the *Pique*, and several officers of the Guards.

May 23.—A gloom thrown over everyone by the intelligence of the death of the well known and much loved Major Wade of the Royal Regt. at Montreal. He was shot dead in a duel with one Sweeney, a volunteer officer. The affair arose from some silly altercation at a party the evening before. "When will fools cease from folly?"

May 24.—The Queen's Birthday. Tremendously blustering and stormy all last night, and now the Royal Standard is stretched motionless from the staff on the citadel. A royal salute fired from the battery—a *feu de joie* on the esplanade, and a salute from the men-of-war. Considerable crowds notwithstanding the rain.

May 26.—Was driven by Lundy in his gig to his cottage at Auvergne and spent a very pleasant afternoon. Walked over the grounds of Chief Justice Sewell's country house, which are picturesque and elegantly laid out. Wild flowers very abundant—brought home a bouquet of them.

May 27.—Bright morning once more. The report of the gun from the Cape to-day at 10 echoed and re-echoed and re-echoed again in a most remarkable manner. Mr. C. Sewell being absent, I took his whole duties at the Mariners' Chapel

and Trinity. At the former unexpectedly saw many familiar faces in the crew of the old *Brigilla* who were present. During the morning service the *Hastings* frigate arrived, bringing Lord Durham and suite—crowds upon all the walks commanding a view of the river. Band playing on board, but his Lordship does not land till to-morrow at 2. Met poor young Davidson's funeral. How well I remember him when a boy at school at the old Royal Grammar School at Toronto. He was but little older than myself and is thus cut off. I felt that I ought to read a lesson in that sombre procession as it passed, and looked upon it as providential my happening to come into the street through which it was slowly wending. He leaves a wife, a bride seven months ago.

May 28.—Heavy dreary rain, in consequence of which Lord Durham did not land.

May 29.—To-day at two Lord Durham and family and suite landed from the *Hastings*, with salutes from her and from the Citadel. The streets from the Queen's Wharf to the Chateau were lined with guards on both sides. Large crowds attended. The Countess and family came up in carriages; Lord Durham and suite rode. The people cheered. His Lordship wore a red coat with two stars and silver epaulettes, etc., and a broad red scarf and a cocked hat. He rode a very stately black horse. Before the ceremony of the installation the Bishop and Clergy met in the vestry of the Cathedral and robed and then went in a body to the Council Chamber, myself being one of that body. We had a good point of view allotted us. Lord Durham looks remarkably young—jet black curly hair, sallow complexion, dark restless eyes—all indicating excessive irritability to me. I have seen many like him. He is not tall. When Sir John yielded the chair to him after the oath the change did not at all appear for the better. Indeed at the first it was some time before I distinguished Lord Durham. I thought him an aide-de-camp. The aides-de-camp were very numerous, principally very young, and all very glittering and brilliant. Each wore

epaulettes. The Countess, his wife, is tall, handsome, very English looking and ladylike. The daughters looked English and unaffected. The little boy has a remarkably formed head. Debartzch,* the traitor, was present. After the oath the Executive Councillors were introduced by Sir John. To each was returned a formal bow. Our bishop was also introduced. The Roman clergy did not attend because of the oaths in which are solemn protestations against transubstantiation the pope, etc. After the ceremony his Lordship and suite went to the Chateau, where for the present he will stop. The sky was very gloomy during the whole of the ceremony, but cleared up just in good time. The men-of-war were manned and covered with flags—everything went off very well.

May 30.—Rode with Graham to Cap Rouge by the St. Louis road and returned by the St. Foy road. Both delightfully picturesque. Marchmont, Spencerwood and other residences with grounds attached give the route a very English appearance. The river is a fine feature in the scenery everywhere. The leaves in the sheltered woods are much in advance of those of Quebec. The mosses and small plants looked green and springlike. Returning we fell in with Sir John and Dr. Harris. Evening Lord Durham and the Countess and Lady Mary, Mr. Buller,† Mr. and Mrs. Ellis, Mr. Turton, etc. all dined here, and Capt. Loch of the *Hastings*. Sent off my final letter to Dr. Strachan.

June 1.—The Executive Council dismissed and others chosen, consisting principally of the little set brought out by Lord Durham. Mr. Daly and Mr. Routh are included, however. Thus the province is to be governed by pure Theory; not one has that sort of real and enlightened knowledge

*Hon. P. D. Debartzch, a member of the Upper House. He founded a journal in Montreal, and protected and defended some of the leaders of the insurrection.—(Morgan.)

†Charles Buller, a celebrated English politician (Liberal). Born 1806. Entered Parliament in 1830. Came to Canada as Secretary to Lord Durham, and is credited with having written the greater portion of the celebrated "Report."—(Morgan.)

of the country which is necessary for a beneficial Executive Councillor. News arrived of the destruction of the British Steamer *Sir Robert Peel* by a band of armed men on the American shore, but of course half the details are exaggeration, but the steamer has been destroyed.

June 4.—Sent off by the *Brigilla* a parcel. This day twelve months I was ordained deacon. Was to have been ordained priest to-day with the rest, but the Bishop thinks I had better not, not having an immediate prospect of a charge. Sir John Colborne and his staff set off for Cornwall and Kingston, the Citadel saluting. The affair of the steamer and the excitement in consequence were the principal causes of his departure.

June 5.—Attended, with the rest of our clergy, Lord Durham's levee. Notwithstanding the rain which poured during the whole of the day, immense crowds attended, both inside and out the Chateau. A guard of honor was drawn up in front of the doors and sentries placed in great abundance throughout the passages.

June 7.—A Ladies' Bazaar—a wretched pouring day. Lady Durham there, however, and on the whole it was pretty well attended.

June 9th.—Saw Ford Jones there for the first time since my return from England.

June 10.—Trinity Sunday. The Bishop preached on Eph. 2: 18. I read prayers. A sultry day. The prisoners Theller* and Sutherland brought here to-day from Toronto on their way to New South Wales. The crowds assembled at the wharf followed them up to the prison with whoops and huzzas. This sounded unfeeling, but the arrival of the prisoners here has been the only outward and visible sign of

*Theller, an Irish-American agitator, who led a party into western Canada and was taken prisoner near Amherstburg. Sutherland called himself "General commanding 2nd Division Patriot Army of Upper Canada." Theller escaped from prison in Quebec on the 16th October, 1838, and caused great excitement there. The newly arrived Coldstream Guards had furnished the guard by whose carelessness the prisoner escaped.

the rebellion that the good people of Quebec have witnessed, and so their enthusiasm is excusable.

June 11.—Sheriff Jarvis dined here. He escorted the State prisoners down from Toronto. A very acceptable thunder storm this evening—the thermometer had been 81 in the shade to-day.

June 12.—Very warm to-day still. Sent off letters to Mrs. H. A. Simcoe and Henry,* also to Mr. Dade and Mr. Matthews, by F. Jones. The *Dee*, an armed steamer from England, arrived with troops, etc. Crowds assembled to witness her approach and landing and heartily cheered. This is the first steamer from England to Quebec. The *Hercules*, 74, also arrived to-day, the arrival of a line-of-battle-ship creates no sensation now—the occurrence is so common. Lists of the levée in the *Mercury* this evening.

June 13.—All the world have this evening been at Lady Durham's drawing-room at the Chateau.

June 14.—Visited the *Hastings* and the *Inconstant* with Edmund and Graham in Captain Pring's boat. Saw Captain Nicholas of the *Hercules*. The *Hastings* still remains as fitted up for Lord Durham. The Admiral, Sir C. Paget, arrived this morning and was saluted from the ships and the Fort. The echoes of each shot most remarkable—like a succession of artillery as the sound was reflected from each successive hill. Evening, rode over the St. Foy and St. Louis Roads.

June 15.—Went with a party in three carriages to Lake St. Charles. Caught soon after starting in a storm and had to wait, then proceeded and we were well repaid. The lake, or rather the two lakes, are surrounded by highly picturesque and richly wooded mountains, now in the first beautiful foliage. Went in canoes through the lakes—saw Sir C. Grey's† cottage, which mars the natural and otherwise unbroken beauty

*Rev. Henry Addington Simcoe.

†Right Hon. Sir Charles E. Grey, who came to Canada in 1835 as one of the Royal Commissioners for the adjustment of the affairs of the Province.—(Morgan.)

of the scene. A magnificent storm gathered on the hills, with lightning and thunder. Waited at the Inn and refreshed ourselves and returned in the evening, everything looking doubly charming after the rain! Through Lorette by Le Misne Road, an exquisitely romantic route overhanging the rapid rushing river. Reached home amidst thunder and lightning at half past nine, having escaped the rain, which began to fall again instantly that we arrived.

June 16.—Sir John and suite returned, much to our surprise, from Upper Canada, having extended his journey as far as the Falls “and Navy (Knavay) Island.” His reception everywhere has been most enthusiastic,—he stayed two days at Toronto, and “never did he return to a place with such feelings of pleasure.” The people there were most warm in their devotedness to him. Evening all the party here went to a ball on board the *Hastings*. Had letter from Toronto and a note from Henry.

June 17.—No service in the Cathedral to-day and there will be none for some Sundays, the interior being painted. The Bishop preached at the Free Chapel and I read prayers. It was a charity sermon. Mr. Mackie to-day officiated at Lord Durham’s house to the suite, etc. The Mummers of the Fête de Dieu has been taking place to-day. Evening I preached at the Free Chapel and Mr. Mackie read prayers.

June 18.—Visited the Chaudière Falls with Graham in a calèche, 14 miles from Quebec, on the Point Levis side. The foliage everywhere was fresh and bright, and the Falls fully came up to my expectation—they are very rocky and broken, and consequently very romantic. There was a fine heavy rainbow spanning them. Returned at 8 o’clock, crossing each time in the horse-boat. Saw a new flower, a species of honey-suckle or woodbine.

June 20.—The Queen’s accession. The Royal standard flying from the Citadel. The *Cornwallis* decorated gaily with a profusion of flags—among them the United States flag, I perceive, and the Royal Standard on the main top—The

Hastings sailed last night. A warm day. Went over the Historical Society's room. The *Hercules*, 74, going to Bermuda, so that Dr. Harris declined going in her. A salute from the citadel and from all the men-of-war at 12 in honor of the day.

June 21.—Review of the Guards on the Plains of Abraham. A brilliant day and an animated scene. Afternoon rode along the St. Foy road to the turn down into the Lorette road, and so returned. A long hot fatiguing ride. Went to a sale of books at Reiffenstein's, but they went so high that I bought none—many priests present. An old Juvenal printed by Vincent two years after the invention of printing was there, but not put up. Towards sunset a sudden tornado and thunderstorm with magnificent lightning—the dust whirled up in one black cloud. Afterwards most perfect rainbows, primary and secondary, of a great elevation. To-day is the longest day in the year.

June 22.—Sent off letters to Mrs. Simcoe, senior, and Ellis, and a paper to Mungeam. Had letter from Dr. Holmes and answered it relative to my preaching a charity sermon in passing through Montreal. Gen. Clitherow, Col. Cowper, Col. Price of the Hussars, Col. and Mrs. Eden, and several other officers, dined here. Had long conversation with Col. Cowper; the deadening effect of the round of occupation at Government House. His affecting allusion to his calling on Sir John one evening at ten and seeing all the family going to prayers—he longed to be one of them. The *Great Western* has arrived at New York, 15 days passage. Talleyrand is dead,—and a change in the ministry about to take place.

June 25.—A drizzly misty day, wind blowing hard up the river—consequently the *Hercules* does not sail. Heard to-day of the unexpected death of poor Dr. Phillips, but found afterwards that it was most probably incorrect—he, however, certainly has had a most alarming attack.

June 26.—Thé yard arms of all the men-of-war manned to-day and salutes fired, Lord Durham visiting them. The men

in blue jackets and white trousers stand along the yard arms, holding by ropes, which at the distance I was were invisible, so that the men seemed just standing upright in those perilous places without holding. Evening, large party dined here—Major Richardson, *the author, Mr. Cavendish, Major Hale, Mr. Caldwell, Sir John Doratt, Col. and Mrs. Gore, Col. Bernard, etc., etc.

June 27.—Rode to Charlesburg, etc., on the sands at the mouth of the St. Charles—all thrown into a state of great alarm by Sir John's being thrown from his horse and severely hurt on the forehead and left arm.

June 28.—Sir John better this morning and able to attend the review to-day, but with a dreadfully black eye. The Queen's coronation—the ships decorated profusely with flags—a grand review on the Plains—Lord Durham and staff present and rode round with the military staff. Royal salute from the ships and from the citadel and from ordnance on the field—with a *feu-de-joie*—and three cheers from the men. The *feu-de-joie* consisted of three explosions along the whole line, from left to right, then from right to left. The band played God Save the Queen in the intervals. Little Lord Lambton was with the staff on a spirited pony, and was thrown but not hurt—the horses generally stood the firing well. Instantly the review was over and the St. Levis road thronged, down poured the rain, which now continues pattering. Major Richardson with his fierce moustache was present, and the Countess of Durham and everybody, many Highlanders also in full costume. Evening, the town illuminated. Schleups had "The Day will Come"—Lord Durham's motto, and V.R.'s and crowns were everywhere. Levy's & Kidd's were very handsomely illuminated and the Chateau, round which was a vast crowd,—the windows being open, the dancers within were visible. I went on the *glacis*, where were large crowds—at half past nine a flight of rockets took place

*Major John Richardson, author of "Wacousta," "The War of 1812," etc.

from the Telegraph Tower, and then a royal salute from the citadel—the effect was sublime—the night being very dark and the echoes very clear. Then came a *feu-de-joie* all round the ramparts three times, with rockets at intervals, and music and intense cheering from the soldiers and from the citizens. The men-of-war were conspicuous below from all their port-holes being lighted—at length a royal salute was fired from all of them together—the uproar and astounding reverberations of sound were tremendous, and then a quick succession of flashes. Then followed from the ships most glorious cheers which were answered from the citadel and the *glacis* and the *trottoir*, and then replied to again from the ships, and so on, so that the whole valley of the St. Lawrence was filled with one universal English huzza! Rockets were in the meantime going up in quick succession both from the ships and from the citadel. At the firing of the first salute from the ships, suddenly all their yard arms were manned with men bearing lighted lanterns. The spectacle was brilliant in the highest degree. The succession of flashes in the *feu-de-joie* round the whole circuit of the ramparts was very beautiful, and the burning of the blue lights made it sometimes as light as day. The rain poured down in torrents the whole evening—but the people took it very good humoredly,—I was well wrapped up in a mackintosh, and did not mind it, but on the contrary greatly enjoyed it. The Gov't gardens were illuminated with rows of lamps. On board each of the ships there were also *feux-de-joie*. And not the least delightful part of the whole of the manifestation was the succession of solemn, quiet, joyous peals from the cathedral—the Protestant cathedral—these were exquisitely English. An ordinance out to-day discharging all but a few of the rebel prisoners at Montreal. These few are to be either sent to Bermuda or tried—the murderers of Lieut. Weir and Chart-rand are to be tried by the ordinary tribunal and of course will be acquitted. The wording of the ordinance clearly shows that those about to be sent to Bermuda would all be

permitted to return speedily, and those now out of the country who are outlawed are to return whenever they ask for it. The worst part of the thing is the releasing of the 150—each one of these will be a nucleus of treason in various parts of the country. The loyal British population will not stand this well—I fear for the result. The *Hercules* is to sail to-morrow, and this evening many of the family good-nights were tearful.

June 30.—This day will be another anniversary to me. Edmund and Graham Colborne took their departure for England in Her M.S. *Hercules*. I went on board with them and Dr. and Mrs. Harris and George. The wind was directly contrary, so that they floated down with the tide. I suppose life is ever chequered with these heart-depressing separations from those in whom we feel the warmest interest. Poor Edmund and Graham! Two more launched out into the uncertainties of the world! My God, be thou with them! They will need Thine aid and blessing.

July 1.—Sunday. Rain—and wind contrary for the *Hercules*. At the Free Chapel I preached and read prayers, and the Bishop officiated at the Lord's Supper.

July 2.—A pelting rain—Sir John set off again for Upper Canada by the *British America*—packed up my books and sent them off to go up by the Rideau. I now seem about to move in earnest.

July 4.—Lord Durham left under salutes from the citadel for the Upper Province, and soon after Sir John Harvey* left for New Brunswick, under another salute—the atmosphere being moist the report of the cannons was tremendous and the echoes very grand. Sent off my poor old arm-chair to the upholsterers—a fine subject—"parting with an arm chair." It has been a faithful friend to me, and yielded me much comfort.

July 7.—Bade adieu to the home which I had enjoyed so long, and to Quebec—sailed in the *Charlevoix*, a filthy boat,

*Sir John Harvey, a distinguished officer in the War of 1812. Governor of New Brunswick in 1838.

which started at two in the morning. The French sailors dancing and playing the whole way—one grand riot and mutiny. One of the men collaring the captain, on his being ordered to leave the awning over the cabin, none offered to assist the captain. Bright warm day.

July 8.—Passed by Berthier, and not by Sorel, to Montreal—slept on board.

July 9.—Left luggage at Heward's, and embarked in the *P. Victoria* for LaPrairie, and then to St. John's by the railroad. Fell in with a little Yankee from Worcester, in Massachusetts, who stuck to me a long way. At St. John's embarked in the *Burlington* steamer—Capt. Sherman. A perfect boat, pure white like a plaster model. Captain very gentlemanly—passed the Isle aux Noix, and entered Lake Champlain at Ft. Champlain, an old regular Fort, which is on the American territory. Lake and scenery very fine. Touched at Plattsburg, Port Kent, Fort Edward etc. and Burlington. Walked about it—saw Bishop Hopkins Institution and the University. A striking town.

July 10.—At Whitehall and up Wood Creek—a mountain locked pass, covered with forest, then on to Fort Edward by canal, and then by stage to Saratoga through beautiful woods. Saratoga an elegantly laid out place—with rows of shady trees on each side of the broad streets, and all the hotels provided with commanding piazzas. Stopped at the United States Hotel, crowded.

July 11.—To the High Rock spring, etc.—at 3 in stage to Caldwell, stopping at Glen's Falls by the way—dark and rough towards the end of the journey.

July 12.—Embarked in the pretty little steamer *Wm. Caldwell* and sailed down Lake George—a luxury of the highest order—mountain, island, lake and associations. After landing took stage to Fort Ticonderoga, visiting Falls on our way. Ticonderoga exquisitely interesting and sweetly situated. Crossed Lake Champlain in ferry to Larrabee's point, and

caught the *Burlington* going to St. John's—Again walked about Burlington—sweet sunset.

July 13.—At St. John's introduced to Mr. Thorndike and Mr. Waters, Massachusetts lawyers, by Mr. Bean—Mr. Forster, etc. Met many agreeable companions and had a perfectly delightful excursion. Reached Montreal at 11 and went to the Exchange. The Glengarry officers and the 71st Band on the Champ de Mars.

July 14.—Evening at dinner, an eccentric character called Dixon present. Took tea with Dr. Holmes.

July 15.—Preached for the travelling missionary society in this district.

July 16.—Left in stage for Upper Canada with Lieut. Griffin, Col. Campbell, and several other officers, among them Lord Alexander. From Lachine to Cascades in boat, Cascades to Coteau in stage, Coteau to Cornwall in boat, Cornwall to Dickenson's Landing in stage.

July 17.—Dickenson's Landing to Prescott and Ogdensburg in the *Brockville*, and then on through the Thousand Islands whilst the sun was setting—walked about Brockville—rocks fine—Reached Kingston in the night.

July 18.—Found that the *St. George*, which ought to have conveyed us on, had not come in, so that we had to wait—Breakfasted at McDonald's—met here George and John Philpotts, John Home, and the two Macdonalds of Gananoque, all old school-fellows—this was a great gratification. At length the *William IV.* came up from Prescott and I embarked in her for Toronto, joining my fellow-travellers with whom I had parted at Dickenson's Landing. They triumphed a little over me at having caught up with us. Had a delightful sail—the water smooth. Passed Cobourg and Port Hope in the night.

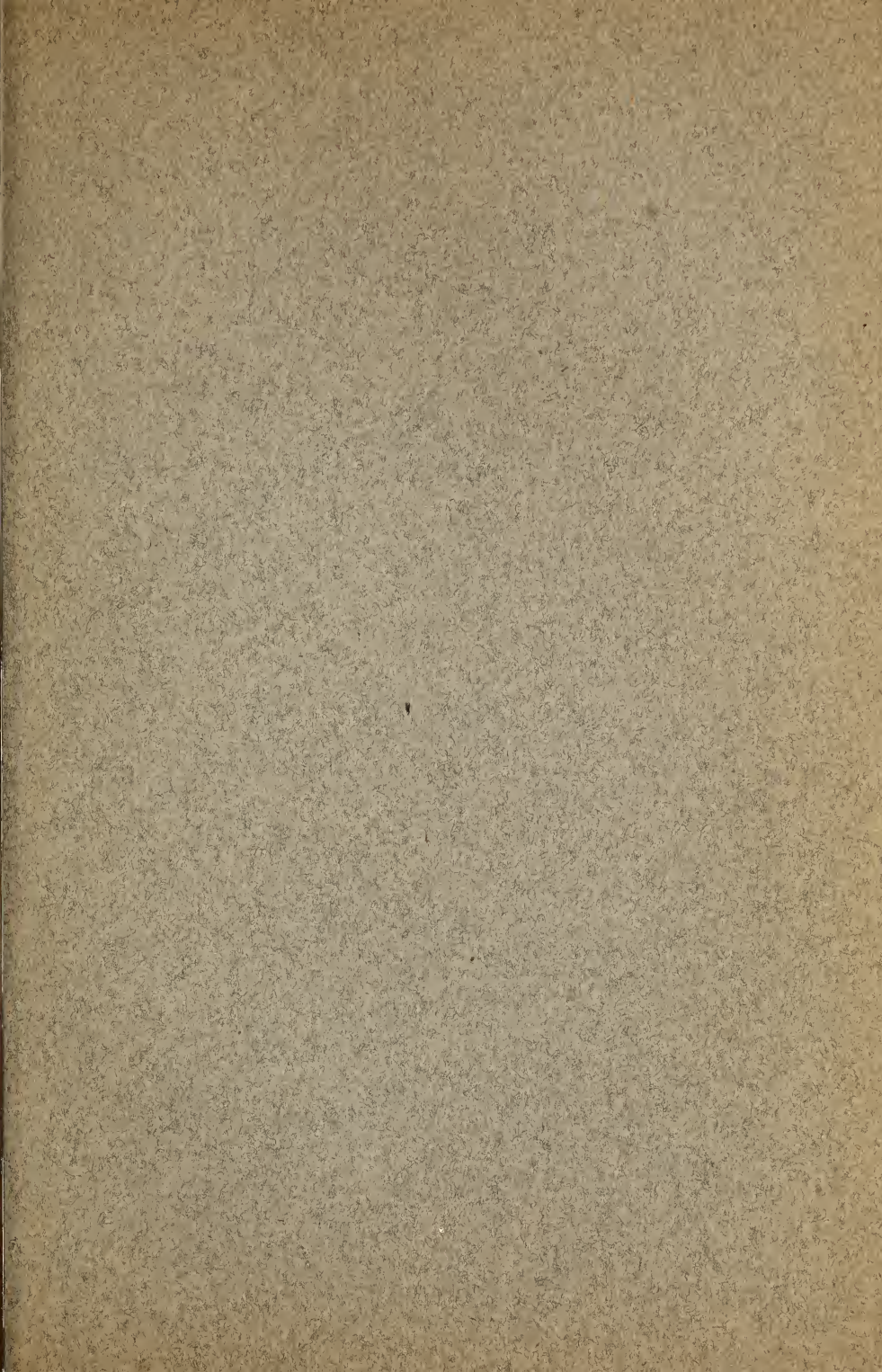
July 19.—Reached Toronto at 11—a lovely morning and the harbor and town looked well. The place all alive, Lord Durham being there. Sir John had also just been there, and

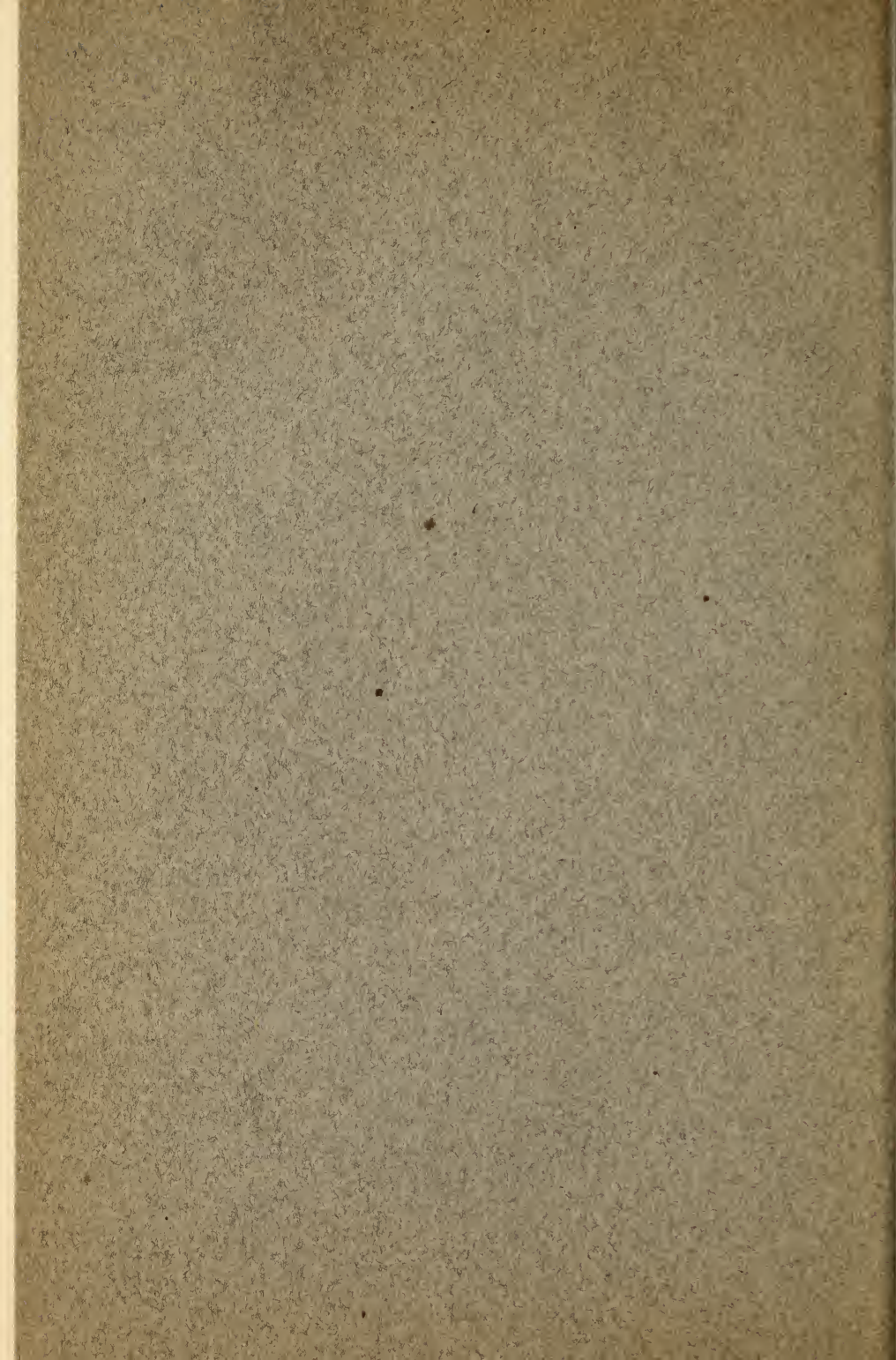
had gone that morning to Amherstburg. Walked home and sent my baggage in a cart.

July 20.—Called on the Archdeacon and visited the College—Heard of a vacancy.

This vacancy was filled by my father, a position which he occupied for nearly a quarter of a century. H. M S.

NOTE.—The Rev. Dr. Scadding moved the resolution at the meeting of the Pioneer and Provincial Historical Society in 1894, authorizing the late Mrs. Curzon and Miss FitzGibbon to form the Women's Canadian Historical Society, of Toronto.





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