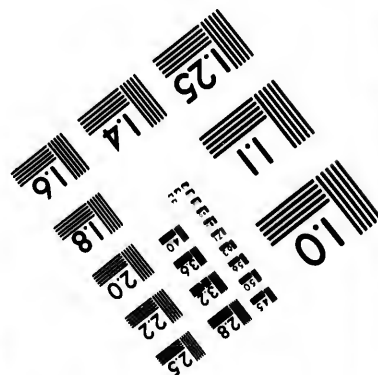
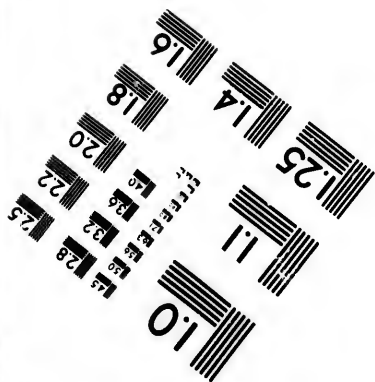
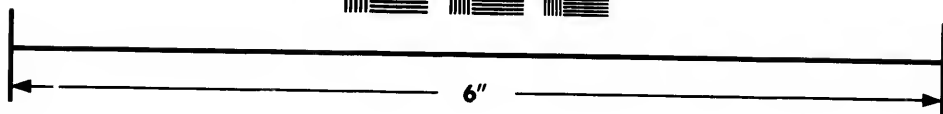
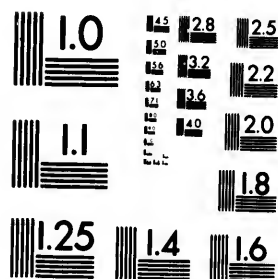


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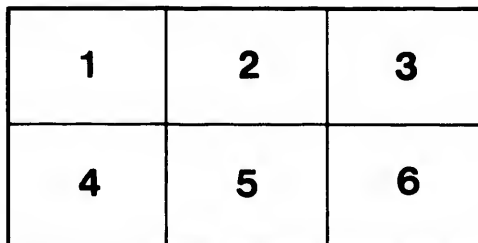
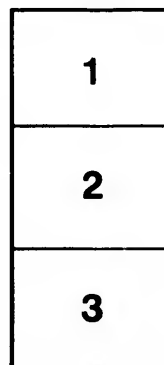
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CANADA

IN 1837-38,

SHOWING,

BY HISTORICAL FACTS,

THE CAUSES OF THE LATE ATTEMPTED REVOLUTION, AND
OF ITS FAILURE;

THE PRESENT CONDITION OF THE PEOPLE AND THEIR FUTURE
PROSPECTS,

TOGETHER WITH THE

PERSONAL ADVENTURES OF THE AUTHOR,

AND

OTHERS WHO WERE CONNECTED WITH THE REVOLUTION.

BY E. A. THELLER,

BRIGADIER-GENERAL IN THE CANADIAN REPUBLICAN SERVICE.

“Who strikes at sovereign power had need strike home,
For storms that fall to blow the cedar down,
May tear the branches, but they fix the roots.”

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

PHILADELPHIA:

HENRY F. ANNERS.

NEW YORK:—J. & H. G. LANGLEY.

1841.

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CANADA IN 1837-38.

CHAPTER I.

Visit from Aaron Vail, United States Agent.—Acquittal of Drs. Hunter and Morrison.—Conviction of Durand.

THE next day after my respite—that day which was to have been my last—I spent among my comrades and fellow-prisoners, receiving their congratulations, and receiving and answering notes through *our* post-office, from the prisoners of the other rooms, with occasionally a visiter belonging to the city, or the guards, who seemed all elated with joy at my deliverance, as were my fellow-prisoners. Indeed, the *Toronto Mirror*, a newspaper which had been always friendly to the prisoners, and to myself particularly, mentioned that the whole population of the town was like to keep the day as one of jubilee, which reminded them of the days of old in “ould Ireland,” when Brian the Brave reigned. All was jollity and satisfaction; both parties, as far as appearance could indicate, were content, save a few of the ultras, of whom the newspaper, the *Patriot*, and its editor, Dalton, was the organ; but their growling amounted to nothing.

In the afternoon of that day, my wife had obtained permission to see me; and I had leave to bring her up stairs, where I was confined, to see our friends. When near five o'clock, the hour for clearing our rooms

of the filth or excrements which the last twenty-four hours had accumulated; and as the stench, to those unaccustomed to it, was intolerable, I was hastening down the stairs to see her past the hall, and in the charge of Mr. Kidd, when I was met by Jack, and another person, who were acting as the drudges of the prison. The passage being narrow, and they carrying a large tub, I had to stop whilst they passed. Jack's companion, a drunken, worthless fellow, who had been an old soldier, and commuted pensioner, had spent all, and getting into debt, was kept in jail, and for his board, acted as scullion for the jailer. He was an Irishman, and on seeing me, must be so uncommonly polite as to set down his tub, the very thing I wished, for Mrs. Theller's sake, to avoid, and give me a military salute. I returned it, and essayed to pass; but my Irish friend had to make his congratulations, in the midst of which, and whilst pouring on my head all the blessings he could find language to invoke, his eye caught Jack, who was standing with downcast head, and sheepish look, waiting his movement.

"D—n your sowl, ye vagabond, where's your manners, that you're not afther saluting the general? Is that the way you do it, afther all my throuble taching ye;" accompanying his words by a slap at the side of Jack's head, by way of cautioning him to be more prompt in future, and understand his salute.

"O, let the poor devil alone," said I; "he cannot be expected to understand the etiquette of soldiers; besides, as Irishmen, you know, we are naturally polite; and Jack, I am happy to think, is not a countryman of ours. Let me pass."

"No, yer honour, thank God that he is not; where would ye find an Irishman that would volunteered to have the *job* for you he did? Lord Jasus! just, yer honour, look at the face of him, and see where I left my mark, last night, when I hit him a paltogue for saying he was sorry that the boys had

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just made the governor give you your pardon. Spake out, ye omadhoun, and say, don't I spake the truth. Och, bad luck to yer own ugly mug, the likes of me is ashamed to be seen in yer company. Let his honour pass."

Jack turned his quid, gave his unmentionables one of his usual hitches, and looking at me, as well as the poor wretches swollen and battered visage would permit, throwing his right leg forward, "If your honour pleases, I would just ask you one question."

"What is it, Jack?"

"Did you not see Mr. Lount and Mr. Matthews hung, and the manner in which Peter done the business? Now, sir, I ask you, as a gentleman, would you not rather be hung by a man that understood it, than by such a d—d botch as Peter."

The painful recollections that were brought up to memory, by the tragic fate of my friends, was quickly driven away by the grotesque visage of the creature, looking at me, and evidently expecting me to answer, as a gentleman, as to preferences on such an occasion; and, singular as it may seem, I emptied my pockets of what change I had, gave it to Jack, bursting into a hearty fit of laughter, whilst Mrs. T. was almost fainting, and pushed my way past them.

Early the next morning a request came up from the jailer that the prisoners should, before 9 o'clock, have their different apartments cleaned up, and make them to appear as neat as possible. Women were employed scrubbing the hall, and burning sugar, and other matters, to sweeten the pestilential odours that about that hour generally pervaded the whole prison. The jailer hinted that the Americans had, perhaps, better clean and dress up, as they might expect to see some visiters, and probably hear some good news. This was thrown out in such a way as to induce the men, some of whom were becoming careless as to their personal appearance, to brush up, and at a little after the hour appointed, a number of

visitors were announced, among whom was the Hon. Aaron Vail, to whom I was introduced by the president of the executive council, Mr. O'Sullivan, as a gentleman who had been appointed by the United States government to visit us, and satisfy himself of the situation of the Americans confined on the charge of high treason, and the particulars of their treatment. To us the coming of Mr. Vail accounted for the clearing up of the morning. In answer to Mr. Vail's questions, we told him our tale, frankly and fearlessly, although Mr. O'Sullivan remained as a listener, and, as we were uncharitable enough to think, spy upon our conduct, if not with the intention of intimidating us, by his presence, from a full exposition.

Mr. Vail listened patiently to our story, took notes, and assured us that the government of the United States would strictly inquire into the matter. After their leaving the room we communicated through our telegraph *post route* to the different Americans in the other rooms, so that as soon as Mr. V. should reach them his business would be known, and they, like us, could give him an account of their wrongs and suffering. In the next room to us, was confined a Mr. Aaron Friel, formerly of Camillus, Onondaga county, N. Y., who had been taken up and dragged into jail by her majesty's militia officers, and thrown into a dungeon, and kept for days without meat or drink, *for the new and novel crime of being a Yankee*, as he was called. He had repeatedly, to my knowledge, petitioned the governor, the mayor, and the commissioners of the court of inquiry, for an examination at least, as he had never been committed, but was obliged to pass the winter without any attention being paid to his solicitations; but, was finally discharged sometime after, there being nothing proved against him, and left our prison with a broken constitution and ruined fortune.

Mr. Luther H. Elton, another American, from the state of Vermont, taken in like manner, was kept in

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the same room, and as he had lived for some time in Canada, and been in business there, his property was taken possession of, and his wife even forbidden to collect any of the numerous debts due him by the Tories of the country. He had obtained an examination before the commissioners who committed him, who unhesitatingly assigned their reason—"that as he was an American, they would teach him when he got back to the states to stay there: that they would imprison every Yankee they could find in the province, and thus put an end to any further annoyance from them." He, poor fellow, after all his sufferings, without the slightest form of trial, was subsequently thrust into the penitentiary, among others, for two years, on the complaint of the commissioners that he talked saucily to them when brought before them for examination.

Mr. R. G. Parker, the brother of John G. Parker, also applied to Mr. Vail. He had been arrested on suspicion of meditating some plan for the rescue of his brother. There was nothing to criminate him, but in searching among his papers was found an old commission as captain of a company of cavalry in the 6th regiment of the militia of the state of New Hampshire, signed by the governor of that state, which was deemed a sufficient excuse for incarcerating him for months; but as the habeas corpus act had been suspended, and as no redress could be had, by their late act of parliament, for illegal detention and imprisonment of a person, it was thought but right among the loyal adherents to the crown, and a praiseworthy act "*to punish a Yankee anyhow.*"

Many such cases were related to Mr. Vail, and he promised to see that the government were correctly informed, and gave assurance of its protection; but, alas, I am sorry to say those promises of protection were never realized by the sufferers, but they who had complained were treated with additional rigour and harshness.

My treatment, from the time of my respite, until I left Toronto, was decidedly better, and that I attributed solely to the influence of my native countrymen, who became most zealous for my comfort. By an order of the sheriff I had liberty to see whom I pleased, and daily had the pleasure of conversing with friends. The jailer, Mr. Kidd, treated me with attention and respect, and from the time I have mentioned allowed me as much liberty as a prisoner in my situation could reasonably expect. I often spent an hour or two in the evening with some of their strongest partisans, particularly their officers, and been not a little amused with their bravado; the ease with which *they* could conquer the United States, and should take possession of Michigan, Ohio, and the state of New York, at all events. Indeed, the latter seemed to them as a matter of necessity, as they must, they said, have an Atlantic city, and New York, being built up for their convenience, and having a great many friends there, particularly the British money-changers of Wall Street, who controlled, according to the best of their knowledge and belief, all the banking and commercial interests of the American Union, had finally been settled upon. Among others I met there, were some of the actors in the Caroline outrage, who went by the cognomen of the "beautiful extracts," and who, to a man, exulted in what they had done, generally describing the cowardly act as I have since seen it exhibited in the American prints. They had their order from their government, and repudiated the idea that any of those concerned would ever be given up to the American authorities, quoting as a proof the knighting of Sir Allen N. MacNab and the promotion of Captain Drew. All these confidently expected a war and wished it, as many of them indulged hopes of signaling themselves; they, or the greater part of them, having no other means of support than working a farm,

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which was not so agreeable to their taste. Free quarters, a uniform, and a sword dangling at their side, were far preferable to the tow frock, the plough handle, the hoe, and the sickle ; in other words, they were as much elated by their change in life as are children, generally, in exchanging the slips for the pants and roundabout jacket. With few honourable exceptions, aside from Irishmen, I must say that I never met with a more ignorant, insulting, and brutal set of men engaged in any cause. They would except us, when we were present, from the Canadian reformers proper, but over their misfortunes and suffering exult like brutes: they would see them upon the rack, and undergoing any and every torture, their innocent and unoffending wives and children plundered of their estates, and, from their once comfortable and happy homes, turned destitute into the streets, for insult, rapine, and starvation ; boast of what uses they would make of the extensive and rich farms and dwellings of the patriot, and chuckle at his downfall with all that low and vulgar exhibition of triumph which is the characteristic of the cowardly menial, to a fallen patron and master, who has ever treated him with kindness and supplied his wants ; and draw their envious comparisons, asserting that the rebels, as they termed them, were in possession of the best property, and enjoying the greatest wealth of the province, and yet could not be contented, but must needs denounce their gracious sovereign, and their equally gracious substance-eaters, tithe-gatherers, and insolent and overbearing conservators of the laws, as demagogues, task-masters, and tyrants trampling upon their rights, and enslaving them and their offspring. And they would do this with all the self-assurance, and in fact even the boast, that "*the queen's name was a warrant for every species of what your Yankees would call tyranny and unwarrantable conduct.*"

The trials of Drs. Hunter and Morrison, and their
VOL. II.

acquittal, astonished all who had witnessed the trials of those who had preceded them. There was, of course, nothing decisive proved against them; though the evidence was as strong, if not stronger, than that produced against Messrs. Montgomery and Morden: yet they were honourably acquitted; and, after being a whole winter incarcerated in a loathsome prison—torn from their families, with ruined health and hopeless prospects, they were found guiltless, and set free: free, if it be freedom for men to be dogged, like beasts of the forest, to the American lines, and there throw themselves, panting and breathless, upon the generous hospitality of the people of another country. Hagerman, the attorney-general, maddened at the escape of these two worthy gentlemen from his fangs, conjured up other charges; and, scarcely had they cleared the precincts of the court, ere he had issued other warrants, and his bloodhounds were upon the track. They were, however, timely cautioned by their friends; and both fortunately succeeded separately in reaching the United States, where they found an asylum, and a home.

Hagerman, now finding that, with that jury, and under the then present state of public feeling, that enough blood had been shed, and a large body of the tories even satiated with it, it was useless to proceed with the trials, caused a new jury to be impanelled for the case of Charles Durand, some weeks after; with the close of which, the court adjourned. This trial took place on the 7th of May; and he was convicted and sentenced to be executed: the greater part, if not all the testimony against him, being a letter, which was found in his bureau, directed to Mackenzie, written by, it was thought, himself, for publication, but which had neither been sent or published. It was a mere synopsis of the colonial grievances they were suffering, and expressing a hope, that before long, a brighter day would dawn on his

unfortunate and oppressed country. That was enough to condemn him, in the estimation of the jury, which had been packed, to satisfy the rapacity of the inhuman Hagerman, who was doubly inveterate against him, on account of the acquittal, by the former jury, of Drs. Hunter and Morrison: but Durand was respited, and, like myself, "*reserved for the queen's pleasure;*" but subsequently BANISHED TO THE UNITED STATES; and is now practising in his profession as a lawyer, in Illinois.

CHAPTER II.

Jail Delivery—Rumours of further Outbreaks—Burning of the Steamboat Sir Robert Peel—Its consequences—Our Route—Our Voyage to Kingston, &c.—Fort Henry.

OUR confined and crowded prison, with the heat of the weather, and the sickness of heart arising from hope deferred, brought among us a good deal of sickness. Every room had its quota sent every day to the hospital, with small-pox, and other infectious diseases: but, owing to their fears of pestilence, and the representations of the physician, Dr. Widmore—a good, kind-hearted man—a number of the least guilty of the prisoners were ordered, by the governor, to be liberated, on giving good security for their good behaviour. On the 15th of May, fifty-five of them were taken out to the court-house, where they were harangued at length, by his lordship, the chief-justice, who told them, he addressed them by the desire of his excellency, the lieutenant-governor. He said that, "in consequence of their former loyal and good behaviour, and the peaceable neighbourhood in which they lived, they were to be liberated, on

entering into recognizances, themselves in £200, and two sureties, in £100 each, to keep the peace, and be of good behaviour towards her majesty, and all her loyal subjects, for the space of three years. But, they must understand, that the provincial government had not the power to remit their property, which was confiscated. The offence, which it was known they had contemplated, would have struck at the root of the British crown; and they must remain in custody until the bail could be procured."

They returned into jail, poor fellows, with hopes less buoyant than when they left us. As they never had been tried, and kept all winter in prison, on mere suspicion, many of them thought it rather hard, that their property should be confiscated, and that they should be under the surveillance of their tory neighbours, and, for three years, subject to their taunts and insults. Most of them preferred to leave the country, property, and all, and go into the United States; where, if they were to suffer poverty, they could, at least, enjoy Heaven's last best gift to man, which was denied them in their own country—FREEDOM.

Shortly after the discharge of these prisoners, we made representations to the sheriff and others, and through their intercession seven of our men, taken on board the schooner, also obtained their release. Six of them we represented as sailors, who had no part in the matter, but had been pressed into the service, and never having had a trial—some of them not even examined or committed—and being *entirely ignorant of any design against the government*, when they had us as the officers of the vessel in custody, there was no good reason why they should be retained. The seventh, Mr. Campau, an old man who had performed his duty well on board, we represented to have merely come among us to get a passage to the island, where his son was, and who had, contrary to his father's wish, joined the patriots,

and persuade him to return home. Poor old gentleman, he had, by his good behaviour, become a favourite with all in the prison, and all were rejoiced at his good fortune; nor did we think it wrong, under such circumstances, to tell a good story to get him out of such hands.

Young Spencer, taken with Sutherland, was also liberated at the same time. He had managed the authorities with much discretion. He was apparently, by his deportment, so guileless, that they, flattering themselves they might be able to get something from him implicating others, promised him his liberty; but so far as I could learn, he never gave them any information, if indeed he possessed any, as to the secrets of the refugees or their friends in our country. They committed themselves by writing to his relatives, offering his pardon if they would kidnap, and deliver up Mr. Mackenzie and others, who had sought refuge and protection in the United States; and as they had received an answer from his brother every way becoming an American citizen, proud of his country's honour, they thought it best to let Sutherland's aid, as they called him, go with the rest.

These were sent in the steamboat with a guard to Niagara, and transported from thence into the United States. On the return of the escort we were informed by the sheriff that they had been quite orderly and quiet as long as they were in the queen's dominions, but no sooner had they put foot upon American soil than their whole demeanour was changed. They made no attempt to injure the individuals who had brought them there, but requested them to take back their compliments to the loyalists, and spoke of the governor and her most gracious majesty in language which shocked their feelings exceedingly. Well for them, indeed, that they got off that day, for the next brought reports of invasions from the refugees along the Niagara frontier, as well as that of

the whole St. Lawrence. The reports of their spies of the great force in a state of preparation at the different points, and of the innumerable kegs of powder and other munitions of war, marked as oysters, dried apples, and other articles of produce, were of the most alarming nature and magnitude. Those of the officers who were opposed to the disbanding of the volunteers, and of their own return to the homely walks of life to which they were accustomed, magnified the danger, and spread the story with the greatest alacrity. The excitement was increasing among them to a most exciting extent, when the news of the capture and burning of the Sir Robert Peel came to add fuel to the flame and create general consternation. Among the guilty actors in former atrocities, fear of retaliation from an infuriated populace made them resort to any and every expedient, however false and foul. They circulated the report that a vast quantity of specie, destined for the payment of the troops, had fallen into the hands of the patriots, and that nothing would save the loyalists from indiscriminate massacre, but the most devoted loyalty and subordination to the commands of their officers. Indeed, the very means which they resorted to, had we before been ignorant, would have shown us the little dependence the government could place in the men then armed for the defence of the city of Toronto. Had, even at that hour, one thousand men landed, the seat of government, with the whole of the upper province, would have fallen into the hands of the patriots, with little or no shedding of blood.

The next morning after the news of the destruction of the Peel, the sheriff came to us with orders for our getting ready, as we were to depart instantly for Fort Henry, at Kingston; and that each might choose his mate, as we were to be chained in pairs. During this operation of chaining, by the blacksmith, came another order that some of the leading Cana-

dians were to be added to the American prisoners, making in all twenty-five. Our removal had, it seems, been intended to have been kept a secret, nor was it made known to us until after the departure of the steamboat which daily plied between Toronto, Niagara, and Lewiston, lest information might be carried across and we intercepted and rescued by our friends; and although it was strictly ordered that we should be deprived of every means of communication with any one out of doors, we communicated the intelligence, by means of the guards stationed outside of the prison, to our friends in the city. The secret once out, it spread like wildfire long before we were ready to be started off, and the concourse of people which flocked to the prison was immense. All were anxious to see if their own friends or relatives were among the number to be removed. With much difficulty, amidst the bustle and confusion, did the wives and children of those who were to go, obtain leave to see and bid them farewell. A strong force of the guards lined the streets from the prison to the wharf where was moored the steamboat which was to convey us, and the guards of negroes who were to escort us to the fort. We were pleased that Sheriff Jarvis commanded the escort, and was accompanied by Lieuts. Shaw and Watson, both of whom were fine fellows. We were placed in waggons and passed through the lane effected by the volunteers through the crowd, whilst her majesty's royal BLACK guards walked on each side of the waggons, proud of being thus distinguished and honoured above all others, by having the charge of white prisoners, and particularly Americans.

The streets were crowded, and the windows and balconies of the dwellings were literally crammed with spectators. The shrieks and the sobbing of the women were most heart-rending, whilst the dejected look of the men, as we slowly passed them, was so expressive of unutterable wo, that I was

really rejoiced when the vessel cleared from the wharf, removing me from the sound and the sight of so much human misery.

Our departure was watched by the government officials with the utmost anxiety. The whole military force had been ordered out to keep back the populace, and prevent any attempt at rescue. The dignitaries of the government, as well as the mayor and other municipal officers, with many of the superior officers of the army, came to see us, and to me, I must admit, paid every attention circumstances would allow. We were chained as felons, but we wore those badges of bondage, intended to degrade us, with as much pride in our bearing as ever did knight, in olden time, bear token of his lady-love. We jested not only among ourselves, but with them, at the beauty and solidity of our safety chains, and they, to excuse the harshness of such treatment on the part of the government, attributed it to the distressing situation in which they were placed, and the fears that they entertained that a force on the lake might attempt our rescue, added to the desperate and fearless character which had been given of us: that the governor thought it best to have us so situated that we at least could not aid in any attempt made by others for our liberation. For all, and several of such compliments, we most courteously bowed.

The jailor had furnished in his parlour a slight collation for a few of us, to which we invited some of our visitors; to one of whom I remarked that it looked somewhat singular that we should appear so friendly, considering our relative situations, and intimated that he probably might lose caste among his tory friends for appearing to treat us with such courtesy.

"I am glad, sir," said he, "that you have made the remark, as it affords me the opportunity to answer you, respecting an allusion you made a few minutes since in respect to those accursed chains."

"I remember. At the time the blacksmith was fitting them on me."

"Yes. He wished to know if they hurt you—whether they were too tight."

"And I told him to do his duty, and ask no questions."

"You did, but that was not the point I intended to allude to. You said it looked out of character for us to tease one with courtesy whom we considered, or at least treated, as a felon."

"Precisely."

"I wish, then, to impress you with the belief that we have not indulged in such reflections, and that we have never harboured such a thought, nor would we, as gentlemen, have you part with us under such impressions."

"I knew not what else to think, judging from the treatment which I, in common with others have, received during my sojourn here; but if such be not the sentiment, pray tell me in what light we are considered."

"For myself, sir, and many of those around me, who have no interest nor care for this or any other province of her majesty, I will say, we look not upon you any thing the less that your attempt did not prove more successful; but to give you the opinion, or rather the opinions, for there are two, as generally expressed among all parties here. To begin with the more numerous of the two, they consider you now as martyrs in a cause that must yet be successful—they pity your sufferings—you have their sympathies; and many of them, if not all, regret that it is not in their power to do something to release from prison, dungeons, and chains, men who were only actuated by the best motives which govern the human heart, and who risked all—life and liberty—to aid them in acquiring what in your country you already enjoyed."

"Well, sir, that is the opinion of one class. What says the other?"

“Why, of course, the other differ somewhat about the oppressions which drove the opposite party to rebellion, which is natural, as they are said to be the oppressors themselves; but they do not differ in the respect they bear the American portion of the prisoners; only that they look upon you as men who were duped and misled by artful and designing men, and could they aid you, they would. The government is under that impression, and we believe that to be the true reason why you are sent from this place, to be confined in Fort Henry, and guarded by regular soldiers, beyond the reach of the civil power.”

“Do we remain there long?”

“We know not, but your being ordered away so precipitately induces us to suppose that it is feared we are to have another insurrection or invasion.”

“Why send those negroes with us?”

“The regular soldiers just now cannot be spared—besides, you travel along the frontier, and they might wish to desert across the lines, and take you with them. You are too popular among the volunteers, and of course they can't be depended upon, but the negroes having mostly run away from your country as slaves, they think they will not be in a hurry to go back.”

In the after part of the steamboat Commodore Barrie, we were all huddled together. The ladies' cabin being on deck, in the space between that and the starboard side of the boat, was barricadoed in front with barrels of flour, and behind with sentinels, we were closely penned in, and without blanket or covering. However, after being out for some time, Mr. Jarvis came to see us, and invited myself, Cols. Dodge and Brophy, and some of the others, into the cabin, where he said he would make us as comfortable as he could. We went with him, and with our heavy chains rattling, mingled with the few passengers that were there. There was among them, a gentleman by the name of McDonald, a lawyer, I believe, who had

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been on board of the Peel, and who had been sent by the magistracy of Kingston to report that affair to the governor. He was then on his way home, and the bearer of despatches from Sir George Arthur to the British minister at Washington. After dinner, being requested by some of the gentlemen to relate the affray, we, who had heard nothing of the particulars, were particularly pleased to listen. He stated, that there were on board about twenty cabin passengers, among whom were some ladies, and about fifty or sixty steerage passengers, besides the usual number of hands; that the captain had been warned, but was heedless of danger, as he thought he had force enough to prevent any attack on his boat; that about one o'clock in the morning, the vessel had touched at Well's Island to take in her usual quantity of wood; that on their touching the wharf, some twenty-five or thirty men jumped on board, crying out "*Remember the Caroline—remember Schlosser!*" They were disguised and painted as Indians. They soon cleared the decks, by driving all the hands on shore, and then informed the captain that he might notify his passengers to turn out, as they intended to burn the boat, in retaliation for the destruction of the Caroline. I never, said he, can forget the feelings I experienced when I was awakened by the cry, "We are in the hands of the patriots!" We hurried on our clothes, and passed out without the slightest molestation or insult, carrying with us our baggage. Many, however, were so frightened that they could not think of any thing, amongst whom were some of the ladies, for whose luggage I returned; and in half an hour after the vessel was in flames. We sought the shelter of a shanty on the island, and remained there until taken off a short time after by the Oneida, which brought us to Kingston. There was not a single being injured but the mate, who had been sound asleep, and not waked until he was roused by those

who set the boat on fire ; and he was slightly burned. Their object was not plunder, for they assisted us to get off our baggage, and I am convinced, from the treatment we experienced from them, that they had no intention of injuring us. Such was the version given by one of the passengers on board, and who was a firm adherent of the government, though a frank and gentlemanly man.

We slept in the cabin that night, and in the morning, when I came upon deck, I understood from one of the prisoners, that they had concocted a plan for the taking of the boat, and in which, when it was made known, I most heartily concurred. It seemed that the guards had piled their arms, cartouch boxes, &c., on the other side of the ladies' cabin, and had left them there without any precaution, and gone forward to amuse themselves, only retaining their sidearms. By a rush of two of the prisoners upon the sentinel they could have borne him down and seized the arms, and have taken and kept possession of the boat, and run into Sacket's Harbour. Messrs. Dodge and Brophy, being chained together, communicated with Mr. John G. Parker and Sutherland, who were in like manner mated, the latter of whom was decidedly opposed, unless sanguinary and unnecessary measures should be resorted to in relation to the persons of the officers who had invited us down to share what we thought their hospitality—an act which we could not nor would not be guilty of. Some time was wasted upon trying to prevail upon the coward only to remain still and keep himself out of danger ; and by this means the opportunity was lost ; for as we began to come in sight of the town of Kingston, the guards had seized their arms, and we were ordered below. We had to remain prisoners, when, but for this miscreant, we might have been free, and without staining our hands with blood. He afterwards strove to justify his conduct by what he pretended he considered the danger of the operation, and

the treatment we might receive from the United States authorities, if we succeeded in taking the boat into Sacket's Harbour. We would, said the churl, be tried as pirates; and, for his part, he would rather go to Van Diemen's Land, where he thought he was destined to go, than the United States at that time. We believed him, and have no doubt such was the fact.

Before we arrived at the fort, I was informed by the sheriff that he had orders to convey all the American prisoners, ten in number, to Quebec; but that Col. Brophy and Mr. Chase were to be left with the Canadians at Fort Henry. He thought, on our arrival at Quebec, we would be immediately sent to England. In the afternoon the steamboat came to at the wharf; and it being Sunday, many came to see and stare at us; but after some time the boat-run across the bay, and stopping before the fort, we were disembarked, and all put together in one room. Our names being called over by the commandant of the garrison, Col. Dundas, we were given in to his charge for the night.

What little luggage we had was handed in to us, after being carefully examined. Those who had any money were careful to secrete it about their persons in such manner that it could not be detected, unless after a strict examination. For my part, I was not troubled in that way, having nothing to secrete, being drained of the last cent on board the steamboat, in a manner which made myself as well as others feel rather disappointed. We had been invited into the cabin, by the officer in command of the escort, taken away from the rest of the prisoners, and made to feel grateful for the attentions paid us; but judge of our surprise, when we neared the port, at the appearance of the clerk of the boat, demanding of us the difference of our fare. I asked an explanation; and he informed us that the government only paid for our transport as deck passengers; that the difference between that and the cabin passage was

five dollars each. We paid it, although it took the last dollar, I believe, that Col. Dodge or myself had at the time. It gave us a new lesson of Canadian hospitality, and the courtesy we might expect from those who are eternally canting about Yankee tricks. Yet we could but laugh at it, although we should be minus on the presentation of the next bill for washing our linen.

The soldiers in the garrison, the night we were there, seemed to be rather attentive, and showed a disposition to render us any service in their power. A supper was provided for us, and the best we had eaten since our imprisonment, and furnished at her majesty's expense; and as we were to separate the next morning, perhaps forever, the greater part of the night was passed in conversation, encouraging each other, and conjecturing our probable destination and ultimate fate.

CHAPTER III.

Kingston to Montreal.

EARLY in the morning, we were brought out by the sentinels, and our names called over: the ten American prisoners, as we were called, were again placed under our sable escort, and marched up to a boat which was lying at the wharf ready to receive us, for the purpose of proceeding through the Rideau canal to Lower Canada. Our departure from our friends whom we had left behind at Fort Henry, cast a gloom upon us. We had been confined together for a length of time, and had become much attached; but myself to no one more than to Col. Drophy. He had been with me from the first start

of our enterprise, until that time, with the exception of the time between the receiving my sentence and the day I was to have been executed ; we had shared each other's troubles ; been bound together by strong ties, if not of affection, at least of hemp. He was a good companion, full of vivacity, and as we agreed on every thing, religion, politics, and love of country, and in devoted hatred to British tyranny, we made even the dull prison less lonely by the manner we dissipated our time. Often did we call to mind the sufferings of those who had struggled in our native land for their country's freedom, and think our misfortunes but light in comparison with thousands whom the same government had ground down and oppressed. We had embarked in a glorious undertaking, and we were determined never by any act of ours to disgrace either our native or adopted country.

Col. Dodge also felt much for the loss of his friend and companion ; they being both from the same place, and acquainted with the same people, and being both unmarried men, would often laugh over their old love scrapes when at home in Monroe. We both would gladly have exchanged Sutherland, and have given something to boot, for Col. Brophy, but we were forced to put up with our lot. Our men were placed forward in the boat, and Sutherland, Col. Dodge, and myself shown into the cabin. The walking from the fort to the boat, and the heat of the weather, besides the tightness and weight of my chains, caused my legs and ankles to swell exceedingly. On complaining to Mr. Jarvis, he directed them to be taken off ; and when I had mine removed, I requested him to take off those of Col. Dodge, which was acceded to. We then entreated him to do the same for Sutherland and the rest of the men, which, after much persuasion, he consented to, in regard to Sutherland, but said he would utterly transcend his power in allowing the men to be liberated

from theirs; not, as he declared, that he feared any thing from them, but that it would be a direct violation of his orders. On inviting us into the cabin, I then, at the request of Col. Dodge, told him, that if, by reason of our going into the cabin with him, we would be compelled to pay any thing extra for such accommodations, we would decline, as we had no funds with which we could pay, having paid on the boat from Toronto our last dollar. I perceived he felt my remark, and replied that he could not bear the idea of seeing us confined in the filthy hole where the men were placed; that rather than see us there, if the government would not pay, he would arrange the matter with the master, and pay, if he demanded it, the balance himself. The captain, who appeared to be a very respectable young man, treated us with attention, and, I believe, did not charge any thing extra for us. We had the liberty of the boat, and remained most of the time on deck, charmed with the romantic beauty of the scenery of the country, in the vicinity of the canal. We perceived that the negroes were ever on the alert; and whenever we came to a place where the boat stopped to wood, or where there was any probability of a party attempting to rescue us, we were requested to go below, and a guard placed over us, until we passed the place where they conceived danger to be feared. We were treated in this manner until we arrived at Bytown, where we were to exchange boats, and as the other steamboat had not come up, which was to take us on, we were, consequently, obliged to remain until it arrived.

As this place is the boundary between the two provinces, and the outlet into the lake, and a great lumbering-place, the population, like all other places of the kind, is rather of a mixed character. Here the lumber that comes through the canal in rafts, has to be divided, at the upper part of the village, into smaller cages, as they are called, so as to allow it to

pass through the locks, which are but a short distance from one another, and when passed through, has to be made up again, so as to navigate the waters of the Ottawa river. Consequently the persons employed are necessarily detained for a length of time; and this also being the season when a number of men were engaged there, the captain of the boat, as well as the officers of our escort, knowing the reckless character of the place, thought it advisable, from such knowledge, and from certain indications which they perceived among them, to be on their guard. Our negro force was placed under arms, while we lay at the wharf. The steamboat in which we were, was constructed very narrow, to ply on the canal, and went no further with us. When the captain went on shore to transact his business, he very naturally told who his passengers were, and, as we were expected, a number of the *notables* of the place came on board, with permission of Mr. Jarvis and our escort, to see us. We did not wish to be exhibited for the satisfaction of the curious, and at first kept our cabin; but, from a few words which I heard from a young and enthusiastic countryman of my own, in a rich brogue, I perceived that the population were rather friendly, and I changed my mode of action. We ascertained here that Lord Durham had arrived at Quebec, and had assumed the reins of government. We then conversed freely with those around us, and as they went ashore, we perceived that groups of men gathered around them, and listened to the detail of the conversation they had had with us. The number of men with axes and tools in their hands began to increase, which, on being perceived by the captain, he ordered the boat to be cast off from the shore, and we swung into the river. The steam was then got up, and we crossed to the opposite shore, but not before the assembled multitude gave us a cheer, with wishes for my welfare, and execra-

tions and hisses for unfortunate Sutherland, who seemed to be there, as in the upper province, decidedly unpopular with the liberalists. The words coward, traitor, and cut-throat, were liberally used. Fearful, we thought, of the consequence of staying, it was then suggested by one of the subordinate officers that the boat in which we were, although not calculated for the navigation of the river, should proceed, until she met with the other boat coming up. It was so ordered, and we continued on, until we arrived at an island, at which the boats generally stopped to wood, and there remained all that night. Here, although we were distant from the main land, still our guard was kept under arms, and on the quiver all night. Towards noon the next day, we discovered the other boat, which came up to us crowded with passengers, which forbade an immediate exchange. The passengers consisted principally of the officers of the 85th regiment, while alongside were several barges, crowded with the soldiers of the same regiment, who had but a few days before arrived from England, and were then on their way to the upper province, to strengthen the garrisons. Our boat being withal too small to receive her load, and unable to tow up the barges, we returned in company to Bytown. While the troops were landing, our boat lay out from the shore, and after the other had got through, she ran alongside, received us on board, and we proceeded on our route, and, in the cover of the night, arrived at Granville, where we disembarked, and crossed by land to Carillon, about fifteen miles distant. Previous to our leaving, however, and while laying at the wharf, in company with several barges laden with military stores, and a part of the same regiment of men that had been towed up by the boat before, and who were waiting the return of the boat to tow them up, an outcry was raised that awakened the persons asleep on board of the boat. Hearing a great confusion and chal-

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lenging over our heads, together with the report of a musket, and a splashing in the water, accompanied by a yelling, I fancied an attack had been made on the guard, jumped up, dressed myself, and awaked Col. Dodge, so as to be able to play our part, did any thing take place.

Amid the noise I heard my name mentioned, together with a request "that for God's sake I should be sent on shore quickly." I thought it resembled the voice of Sheriff Jarvis. Soon after the officer of the guard came down, and requested me to go with him; anxious to learn what was the matter, I followed him on shore, and was hurried into a house or tavern near the water's edge, where I learned the cause of the uproar, one of the negroes of the guard had been drowned in attempting to get on shore to procure whisky. His body had been found, and, as a physician, I was requested by the sheriff to lend my professional services to aid in resuscitating him. The poor wretch had formerly been a slave in Kentucky, from whence he ran away, and had been of all others the most impertinent to us; but that was forgotten. I did all I could, and worked for two hours indefatigably, and not without hopes, for we soon discovered signs of life and returning animation. But a life of dissipation, such as he had led since he had become a soldier, had destroyed his constitution, and, notwithstanding all our exertions, he again sank away and ceased to breathe.

The other negroes that had been called upon to aid in restoring animation, by inflating the lungs, were surprised at my exertions to save one of their despised colour and race; and they showed, by their attentions to me on the continuation of our voyage, that they were highly gratified. On finding this to be the case, I entered into a conversation with some of them, whose minds I succeeded in undeceiving, by contradicting the subtle stories told them by the loyalists to

encourage them in enlisting. They had been told by them that if the Canadians were successful they would all be restored to their former masters, and sent back into slavery; and although they were willing to admit that their present situations were no better than their former, still they would rather die than be *forced to return*. They had been enlisted into the service six months, and from the constant drilling they had received, they had become pretty well disciplined—and when we take into consideration the dread of being taken back into slavery, I hazard little in saying that, for their number, a more efficient corps, and one more to be depended upon, could not be found among the volunteer force of either of the provinces.

The interment of the drowned man, together with the difficulty of procuring teams to carry us to Carillon, detained us until late in the afternoon, and as there could only be found waggons sufficient to carry the prisoners, our escort was forced to march on foot, which made our march more tardy. Preferring to go on foot, I kept by the side of the captain most of the way; until we reached our destined stopping-place for the night. Our men, with the escort, remained at a block-house that had been built by the government for the military guard which garrisoned that small village; whilst we, in company with the officers of our escort, were quartered at a tavern, which we found to be very comfortable. We messed and slept with the officers that night; and as no guard was placed around the house, we were, in a manner, on our parole.

Early the next morning, we were placed on board of a steamboat, and, about noon of that day, arrived at La Chine, on the St. Lawrence, a distance of only nine miles from Montreal. The news of our departure from Toronto for Quebec had been received and published in the Montreal papers some days prior to our arrival; owing to the route by the canal

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being more tardy and circuitous than that taken by the mail. The loyalists had therefore time to prepare themselves for our reception. We perceived the landing-place of La Chine crowded with persons who were anxious to get a glimpse at us; and, as we neared the place, found most of the crowd assembled were citizens of Montreal, who had rode out thus far to see us. Amongst them, were many whom I had, at a former period of my life, been intimately acquainted with; but, placed in the situation I was, they who were once proud to shake me by the hand, and call me friend, appeared to shun me, and treated me with coldness, if not with scorn. But they were not all so; for there was one, with whom I had been but slightly acquainted, and against whom I had been prejudiced. He was an Irishman, who, by economy, had amassed a comfortable fortune, and who I had always looked upon as a purse-proud fool, who relied upon his money to force himself upon my acquaintance, in former days. I had treated him, if not with contempt, with neglect. This man, forgetting all, crowded himself to the place where I was standing, and, warmly shaking me by the hand, deplored my situation; at the same time, requesting to be informed what he could do to alleviate my sufferings; and insisting on my acceptance of his purse, containing a considerable amount. I could not accept his kindness in that way, at which he appeared shocked; and again offered to do any thing in his power for me, no matter what.

“If I was certain,” said I, “that you are sincere, I would request you to do me a favour; and one, let happen to me what will, I never will forget.”

“I am sincere. I will do it, so help me God.”

“Even was it a matter which, if discovered, would implicate yourself?”

“I am indifferent to that,” he replied, “if it will serve you. I am known to have been always a loy-

alist, and none will suspect me ; and, did they, they know my popularity with my countrymen ; and they dare not push matters to extremes with me in Montreal, no more than they did with you at Toronto. I will do what you desire."

" Know you, is Mr. ——— at home ?"

He started : " Yes ; I saw him as I left town," he replied.

" Well, then, give him this immediately, or as soon as you can arrive at home ;" and then placed in his hands a small billet that I had prepared, in case of finding an opportunity. " Now, as the conversation with you may lead to suspicion, farewell. If you deceive me, I leave it with your own conscience." He then left the boat, and, as he went off, I watched him with anxiety. I saw him walk through the village, mount his horse, and take the road to Montreal.

We were then placed on board the barges, such as are used on that canal, and embarked with our escort. As we were slowly towed along, we had time to witness the effect our appearance had upon the different individuals who lined the canal on both sides, for many miles. Indeed, it appeared as if the city, as well as the surrounding country, had poured out its population, like ancient Rome, to honour the arrival of some illustrious personage, and had filled the way, to grace his triumphant entry.

While passing through the first locks of the canal into the basin, around which, and in the neighbouring streets, the crowd was immense, some tory, more loyal than the rest, undertook to raise a hiss or groan at us, as we sat quietly in the barge. The insult thus offered to the prisoners under his charge, affected Sheriff Jarvis so, that he cried out :—

" The man among you, who would insult a prisoner, ought to be thrown into the canal ; and, to any one that will do it, I will give five dollars for his trouble." The hissing was again resumed ; but the

loud cries of "shame ! shame !!" from the multitude, as well as the infuriated looks of the many Canadians who were present, soon put an end to it. Soon after we had passed, I observed, from the number flocking to the spot that we had left, that a scuffle had ensued. Our barge, instead of landing at the wharf, went alongside the steamboat British America, which was lying a short distance from the shore. As we went on board, and were about stepping on deck, there arose a loud yell, such as I had not heard before, which was followed by groans and hisses from a small nest of tories on board. These yells and hisses were answered by those on shore, and at the wharf. Amongst the most conspicuous of those engaged in hissing and yelling on board the boat, and who appeared to act as leader to the others, was the editor of the Montreal Courier ; and an insignificant puppy, by the name of Hart, both a Jew and a lawyer, (heaven save the mark,) was also very conspicuous among the rest : and, what was most annoying, we were obliged to remain at the gangway, until the poor fellows who were chained could ascend the steep sides of the vessel, and listen to the remarks cast on us by these unmanly wretches. This gave Aaron P. Hart, and his associate scoundrels, an opportunity to annoy us, and point us out to those behind them ; but we quailed not, nor were we blanched with fear ; but met their taunts and jibes with bold, determined looks. One, more civil than the rest, endeavoured to prevent them ; but I requested him to let them go on, as they did not annoy us in the least—that they were only amusing us ; and probably, before the play was ended, their tune would be changed.

At length, we all stood on deck ; and Mr. Jarvis gave his attention to us : and of those men who had taken upon themselves to insult ten unarmed men—manacled prisoners—he seized one by the collar, and, kicking him away from where we were,

formed a small space around us, drew his sword, ordered all on shore, swearing he cared not who the person was that would attempt to insult us, while under his charge. Any that should venture it, would feel the effects of the good steel he held in his hand.

Our negro guards then made a way through the crowd with their muskets; and we passed to that part of the boat which had been assigned to us, as quarters for the night.

In the course of two hours, and just as we were about arranging for the night, and about sitting down to supper, an order was brought from the commandant, that we should be brought on shore, and pass the night in the city. They feared, notwithstanding the loyalty of the inhabitants, with a guard over us, moored out in the river, opposite, and, withal, beneath the very guns of the fortified island of St. Helen's, to leave us on board of a steamboat. We were forced to go on shore, and were received by a detachment of cavalry, which had been sent to strengthen our escort, and marched from the river to St. Paul's street—from there to New Market, and thence to the new jail—a distance of at least one mile. Our poor men, with feet ironed, two and two together, were forced to drag their weighty chains. Colonel Dodge, Sutherland, and myself were not chained; but I felt as though I was, when we heard the stifled groans of the others. As we marched through the narrow streets, towards the jail, they were crowded by persons, and followed by a mob of at least a thousand. The most abusive epithets against ourselves and country were made use of: such as d—d Yankees, sympathizers, pumpkin-eaters, wooden nutmegs; diversified, occasionally, with a threat against us, and a cry to the guard, as some of our poor fellows stumbled over the pavement, to prick them with their bayonets.

"Put your bayonet in them, darky; you know how they treat the slaves at the south."

"Kick that tall chap, snow-drop; what right has he to look so sulky?"

"Play them Yankee Doodle, they'll ken hoo to march to that tune; it's jist the ane that suits them; and maybe they'll gan' along mair lively," said one with a broad Scotch accent, at which a laugh was raised, and the shouting, yelling and swearing continued, accompanied with a shower of dirt, potatoes, green apples, &c. Occasionally we could hear the rascally twang of some Vermont or Connecticut Yankee join in with the others in abusing us as "sympathizers." We were sorry to hear such language from men whom I knew to be Americans, but when we reflected, that in the days of the revolution there were tories, we ceased to wonder, knowing that it was natural for the sons to follow in the footsteps of their sires,—why should they not resemble their fathers in their political sentiments as well as in their lank forms and sallow features?

The officers of our escort felt much hurt at the treatment we received, and even the very negroes were ashamed at the "manifestations" of their white fellow-subjects. We observed that whenever the mob attempted to come nearer than what they deemed to be a proper distance, (which they sometimes did,) the negroes would clench their muskets firmer in their grasp, roll up the white of their eyes, and exclaim:—

"Keep back dere!"

This would be followed by a laugh and shout from those around them, who would retort:—

"Go it, nigger; well done, Sambo; mind your shins; do see his lips; oh hush!"

For at least an hour did this kind of treatment continue, until we arrived at the prison gates, where, after some formalities having been gone through be-

fore we could enter, we marched in; our guard relieved, and we taken in charge by the regular soldiers, who guarded the prison of Montreal.

CHAPTER IV.

Montreal.

WE were ushered into a long hall, and passed from thence into the lower tier of cells. These were but a few feet beneath the surface of the ground, and although strong, and the aperture that gave light and air was strongly barred, yet we had more light and air than any which we had before been confined in. The centre of the room was formed like to a corridor, with small cells, and strong iron doors, six of which were, I believe, on each side. The poor men, fatigued with their march, and the weight of the chains they had about them, having caused their feet to swell almost to bursting, threw themselves down on the stone pavement exhausted. Our entreaties with Mr. Jarvis to remove their irons prevailed, and by a constant application of cold water, together with friction, they were in a short time much relieved. Col. Dodge at this time began to show alarming symptoms of illness. Dr. Arnoldi, the elder, who acted as physician for the prison, was called in to see him, and prescribed. Before the hour of shutting us up separately or in pairs, the jailer came in to see us occasionally. Roch de St. Ours, Esq., the sheriff of the district, a gentleman with whom I had been at one time rather intimate, called to see me. We chatted together for a considerable time, when I informed him that my men had not received their rations for that day; that they were about receiving their frugal meal on board the boat, when an order came from the commandant to remove us to the new jail.

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He, the sheriff, said that it was beyond the time for giving out the daily allowance to the prisoners; that he desired to do what he could to oblige any one, much more one whom he had formerly so highly respected, but said that they would be obliged to go without, unless the jailer would take it upon himself and furnish them with provisions at his own risk.

“Yes, we were once friends,” I replied, “and we both, at one time, thought alike; but how changed! You were, with the mass of your countrymen at that time, a patriot, and now you are, it is said, the persecutor of your old colleagues. But, I am not changed; my principles then and now are the same: but no matter; send my men some food.”

The jailer remarked that the political prisoners confined above had requested him to offer in their name, and to beg our acceptance of a part of their little store they had to spare, if the sheriff would allow it.

“Certainly he will,” I replied; “on with your provender.” As Mr. De St. Ours made no objections, a short time after he left us we were astonished at the preparations which were being made in the hall for a splendid supper, a rare thing for us to see. A long table was laid; plates, tumblers, wine-glasses, and all other et-ceteras; but, when I saw champaign glasses, I was puzzled to think what next was coming. Our table was soon covered with roast and boiled, fish and flesh, fricasees, ragouts, paté’s innumerable, and even the *coup d’appetit*, in the shape of good rum, was not wanting. Brandy, gin, and wine, of all sorts and qualities, were set on; and we poor, hungry, half-starved wretches, thought it must be queer fare to have in prison. The deputy jailer and others remained in the room to wait on us. I remarked to them that we would not trouble them so much; that, as we were but a small *private* party, we would wait on ourselves; afterwards they could

come in and remove the things. They retired, and then commenced the operations.

"If this is a sample of how they feed their prisoners here," said one of my boys, "I would rather be confined here one year than three weeks in Toronto."

"I had rather be hung here," said another, "than die a natural death in the upper province, if they would only let me *live* at this rate."

"Take a drink to wash down your food, and occupy your mouth in better employment, than jawing at the rate you are going on," said a third to the two former speakers, whose appetite began to get clogged with the variety of fish and fowl which he had contrived to stow away.

"My eyes! how these Frenchmen live! how old Kidd, the jailer of Toronto, would stare, could he but see such a table."

"Yes, or Molineux, his deputy, the old skunk that cheated me out of my tobacco the day they were to have hung the general."

"How was that?"

"Why, you see, in our room they had given up heart after Messrs. Lount and Matthews went, and it was always thought certain that the general would go next; so I wanted to keep their courage up, and I always held out that they would not hang him. Cause why? The Irish are so damned clannish, that they always stick together; and in his case it was well for him they did. So Molineux and myself made a bet, a quart of beer to half a pound of tobacco, on the Sunday night before, and on Monday night he was respited, and I won; for he was not hung on Tuesday morning. So Molineux said I had bet that he would be hung, and he bet he would not be, and wanted me to get the beer for him."

"Did you pay him?"

"No; I would have seen him d—d first."

This conversation I overheard while attending to Col. Dodge, who was obliged to lie down on his

straw pallet, too ill to partake of the supper which our friends had so kindly furnished. While the others were finishing their meal, I went into all the cells, and commenced a thorough examination of them; looking at the manner in which they were constructed, I discovered, in a corner of one of them, a tin tube or pipe, which carried away the filth of the room above. It passed through the ceiling of the room above into ours, and from thence into the drain, which apparently ran underneath the floor of our apartment. I thought by that means we might hold some intercourse with those above, provided we could only make them hear us. There was room sufficient between the pipe and the hole through which it passed to admit an ordinary sized candle, and as I approached nearer to the pipe, I thought I heard the sound of voices and laughter. I commenced tapping gently on the tube, to attract their attention, fearful at the same time of making a noise, which might draw to us the attention of the turnkeys that were prowling about all the time, or the sentinels stationed in different parts of the prison. I was also in doubt, not knowing any thing of the manner in which the prison was constructed, that the apartment above us was the guard-room: but, resolving to ascertain the whole matter at once, I again repeated the blow with a small rod which I found, using more force than before, and at the same time giving a loud whistle, which I perceived, soon after, had attracted the attention of the inmates. On discovering that they were apprized of my signal, I repeated my blow, which was immediately answered by some one shaking the tube. The person and myself continued to rap in a manner which at that time was peculiar only to those engaged in the patriot cause. By that signal I knew he was a friend. I then ventured to speak in an undertone, told him to approach the hole; heard him lie down, and thought I could hear him apply his lips to the tube, as he asked

me, in the French language, and almost in a whisper, who I was, and what I wanted.

I told him who we were, which I had to repeat several times before he could perfectly understand me. I then heard him request the others to keep still, and refrain from making a noise for a few minutes. When he did understand me, he jumped up, and I heard him exclaim, in a loud voice, to the others, "Mon Dieu! messieurs, it is the American prisoners that are below." Our friends, for such we knew them then to be, seemed overjoyed to think that we could converse together. They were surprised they had not heard of our arrival, but being confined in the back part of the prison, the keepers were so much occupied with us that they had not visited the prisoners in that part of the building. When I answered some interrogatories propounded to me, I could hear some one expostulating with the others not to crowd in such a manner; informing them that he would repeat what I said, so that they would all hear the conversation.

"We will do so, provided you will only allow us to look down and see who he is," said one.

"Mon Dieu! It is of no use; you cannot see him; it is too dark."

"Let me try!" and evidently they did; for another voice called to me, which I immediately recognised as that of a medical comrade, that I had known some years before.

"Will you, mon cher camarade, place yourself directly under the aperture, that I may learn whether the hardships you have endured have made much impression upon your features?"

"Tres volontiers, mon ami," said I, and then placed myself where I thought he would be able to see me, but it was evidently of no use, as I could hear him, in answer to the question put to him by others, "Do you see him, doctor?" reply, "No; yes, I can see his figure; mais sacre! it is as black below

as the pit of Acheron; mais c'est egal; I will manage it; just hold on a moment, we all will be able to see him."

He left, and in a few moments returned, requesting me to look out. I watched attentively, wishing to see how he was about to manage that they should all have a view of me, when down came two candles at my feet, and after it a few lucifer matches. I lighted the candles, and held them in each hand in such a manner, that, as I looked up, they recognised my features. They were apparently delighted. I could then hear one whom I had known, contending that I was pale, while another declared that I was stouter than he had seen me, and that my face was sunburnt.

Fearful that our conversation might be overheard by the sentinel, and our manner of communicating discovered, I proposed to them to send me down some paper, and that I would write them a full account of matters and the news from the upper province, and that one of them should communicate to us in like manner their news, from whence they came, and their prospects. The paper was passed down to me, and I commenced my narrative, and was busily engaged at the same, until I heard the approach of footsteps, and soon after the rattling of bolts and the creaking of hinges. I found some one was then coming in, and stepped up as the door opened, and joined my companions.

It was the jailer about entering with medicine for Col. Dodge, to whom I proposed, as the colonel was dangerously ill, I would take upon myself to watch during the night. I also asked him if he would allow me a light. He consented, and the others, according to custom, retired to their cells. The jailer retired, and soon after sent in a light to me, and I spent the night not only in taking care of my sick companion, but also in writing to my friends.

I gave them, in as condensed a manner as possible,

an account of the condition of Upper Canada; of the people; of their sufferings; of their prospects, hopes, and fears; and my own opinion of what must and would be the inevitable result of the revolution. They also gave me an account of what they individually had endured; of the views of the people, and their determination. Alas! many of them have since perished on the scaffold, martyrs to the cause of Canadian freedom, whilst many more have been forced to wander, houseless, homeless exiles, in another country, and others are beyond seas, doomed to the worst of deaths, slavery, for the remainder of their lives.

In the morning, the prisoners in the other apartments had heard of our being in the cells below, and having heard likewise that we had discovered a medium of communication with their fellow-prisoners, made a number of excuses to go into that particular room that morning, that they might be able to see and speak to us. Unlike the prison at Toronto, prisoners obtained leave to see and converse; to visit friends and relatives, and to go *visiting* from one apartment to another, by probably giving a *douceur* to the turnkey, a privilege we had not, and one that could not be extended to the Upper Canadians, even if they had had the means to pay for such a boon.

The number of persons at that time that were confined in the new jail of Montreal, considering the size of the prison, was immense; nor do I believe that there was ever, in any country in the world, so many men of respectability, at the same time, according to the population of the country, imprisoned in any one building; and men, too, whom all parties admitted to be the most influential, intelligent, and respectable in the province. They were, for the most part, heirs and descendants of the old French noblesse, possessing all the politeness and urbanity, as well as the chivalric feelings, of their titled ances-

try. The taunts, the chains, the dungeons, ay, the threats of death, had no terrors for them; they could not be intimidated. And they, like myself, kept their health, by laughing at care, and hoping for the best. They were devoted to the cause they were suffering in; it was their country's cause; the cause of liberty; and let come weal or wo, their cause they never would desert or abandon. They had been treated harshly, many cruelly, until the news arrived from the United States of our public meetings, and of our sympathies, and exaggerated reports made of the preparations that were being made by our people to aid them in their struggle for freedom.

Like the officials of the upper province, those of the lower began to fear lest a day of retribution might arrive: they began to allow the prisoners to see relatives, and be furnished with food, money, and clothes. The priests at that time began to fear that if the Americans aided the Canadians, they would succeed, and away would go their religion; no person would be bound by law to pay their tithes, from which the Roman Catholic priests derived such a fine revenue. They began to fear that a reaction might take place, and that the government cruelties to the persons in prison, would rouse up the mass of the people, who would fall upon them, and hurl them to destruction.

From the communication which they sent me down, I learned that there had been imprisoned for "treason and treasonable practices" from the fourth of November preceding, a little more than 500 persons, not one of whom at that time had had any trial; many of them had never been examined, nor even formally committed. I regret much that I had the misfortune to leave behind, when I left Quebec, this paper, as it contained the names of the persons, their professions, and residences, as well as the date of their imprisonment, and their own idea of what charges could be proved against them. But, I re-

member well, that, among the different vocations, the medical profession had furnished much the larger proportion. That has been invariably the case on this continent. The physician, whose profession leads him to mix with the people, and who can know and appreciate them, their ways, and their wants, has invariably been found struggling with them against their oppressors.

Lawyers, notaries, priests, seigneurs, and other wealthy landed proprietors, as well as the mechanic and farmer, filled up the list; nor was there a single isolated individual there who could be called, as some of them were, in the British prints of New York, and other cities in the United States, the "scum of society;" they were all men of intelligence, wealth, and respectability.

Through a friend, some of them had heard of our being brought down, and of my being there for the purpose of being sent to England, and from thence, probably transported. That for the present, their friend, who was intimate with the officials, said I would remain in Quebec; that, fearful I might be out of funds, they had made me up all they could spare, and thinking we would not obtain leave to stop a moment in Montreal, they had procured a gentleman to go on to Quebec, and wait for us there, and had requested him to try every means of seeing me, and conversing with me in person; and, in fact, to do all he could for me and the others. As the gentleman selected to go down was esteemed loyal, and withal a magistrate of the city, they thought he might have an opportunity of seeing us through Lord Durham, who it was thought would behave with more lenity towards the people, as the English papers had said he came out for the purpose of conciliating the difficulties. Dr. Guillaume Vallée, of Montreal, since deceased, was the person appointed, and as I had known him long before, I was fearful that he was not the proper person to have been se-

lected for so important an errand. He was a fine man, but he wanted nerve, firmness, and perseverance, which I thought would be necessary; and I was not mistaken. He went down and returned before I could see him, but deposited the little funds which he had been intrusted with for me, in the hands of another person, whose name I procured, to be drawn for when wanted. Having discovered that we were then penniless, one of their number, who is now liberated, and still resides in the province, and who had not given any thing before, sent me ten dollars, in a note, by the jailer the next morning, which aided us much in procuring provisions and other necessaries, which were not only required for our wants, but also for the sickness of Col. Dodge.

Those generous men contributed as far as they possibly could towards alleviating the wants of our men in clothes. They sent them what they could spare of their clothing, such as shirts, drawers, stockings, shoes, &c., and before we left, again furnished us with a good dinner. We were informed that we must be ready to start at the hour of eleven o'clock, but our escort did not arrive, nor did the excessive precaution of our keepers allow us to leave until two hours afterwards. The men were not ironed, and as we marched out of the prison, I remarked that there were a number of caleches there to convey us down to the water's edge. Col. Dodge and myself were placed in the first caleche; during which time, and while the others were getting into the conveyances, we had time to look around and cast the nod of recognition to the many hundred faces that were looking at us from the prison windows. As we passed them, I lifted my hat and bowed them farewell, shouting, "Vive la liberté, vive la republique du Canada!" They answered it in three loud cheers, as the strong escort closed around us, and the word "march" was given.

When we approached the gate, it was thrown

open, and the streets were, along the route, literally crowded with spectators. The cavalry rode on each side of the carriages in which we were placed, which moved on at a rapid pace. As we came to the head of Quebec suburbs, the narrow street leading down to St. Paul's street, and that street also, were densely crowded with spectators. We went directly on, and disappointed numbers who had assembled to hiss at us again. The escort turned down another street, around a place where a store or building had been pulled down, and where, we could perceive, a number of persons were standing. What a beautiful spot, thought I, as we approached it; would but those brawny-armed fellows throw them stones, how these holiday cavalry would run; whether Captain Jew David had the same opinion as myself, I know not, but he wheeled off before he came to the spot, and kept without stone's throw. We passed along St. Paul's-street, and went lower down than what we had done the night before. Every window and door was crowded with persons gazing at us. Many of them I knew, and to such I bowed and nodded as familiarly as I had in times gone by. How easy it was to distinguish the looks, whether of grief or exultation, on the countenances of the ladies; even the houses of the Canadians, from the Scotch and English, as we passed, by the manner in which they looked. One house I never shall forget: its doors I had never before passed without entering; there stood my friend John—and at the window above sat his wife and daughter; I smiled and nodded to them even more gayly than I had ever done before. The carriage drove quickly by, but as I turned my head and saw poor Mary's weeping eyes following the carriage, I bowed again, she waved her handkerchief, and showed the tears as they coursed down her cheeks. I felt then as I seldom felt before. Poor Mary; a kind friend she was always to me. From my childhood she had known

me; and when I was in a strange land, and although not much older than myself, she had been almost a mother to me. Frowns and scorn I could always meet, and repay frown for frown, scorn for scorn, and bandy the jibe and jeer with any; but tears I could not stand; and although it pained me then, yet in after hours it came like a soothing balm to cheer me; when I could think I was not forgotten; that I had a friend indeed; that although I had been wild and reckless in my youth, yet I had never harmed a human being, nor ever refused my aid, whether of the purse, person, or by professional knowledge, to any that needed or wanted it more than I did. From this, then painful revery, I was awakened by a halt. The crowd had become immense, and almost blocked up a narrow street along the side-walk. With a number of others stood a renegade patriot, and, sorry am I to say, an Irishman too, who accosted me, with:—

“Well, general, how do you feel these times?”

I looked at the wretch; contempt of him almost prevented me of speech: but, when I perceived the sneer of his impudent countenance, and the broad grin on that of his companions, I answered him with a look that scorched his very soul. “Better than you, traitor and renegade, can feel at any time.”

The obstacles were removed; the way was cleared; and we passed along: “Prenez courage, Dieu vous benisse,” was muttered as we passed along the houses, accompanied with a wave of the handkerchief. At the window of one house we passed, sat a venerable old French lady, to whom I bowed; when she pointed to the next window, where was pasted up, in large letters, “*Ne desesperez pas, Dieu est puissant.*”

We arrived at the wharf: there we found our old guard. The officer we greeted as an old acquaintance. We were conducted on board; the boat

pushed off; we got under weigh; and, as our vessel glided past the city, and as far as the eye could distinguish, we could perceive some solitary white handkerchief waving farewell.

CHAPTER V.

Montreal to Quebec—Arrival and Treatment.

WE had been on board but a short time, when I perceived that the captain of the boat, and the officers of our escort were talking together; and the captain wishing them to understand that something was not his fault, but that of his employers, the owners of the boat, who had given him orders which he must obey. I understood the matter to be something in reference to ourselves; and, on inquiry, found that the owners, John Torrance, &c., had given orders that we should not be allowed to take a cabin-passage, but must all go into the hold. The reason which he assigned was, that certain loyal residents of the province travelled in his boat, and he did not, nor would not allow the cabin of his vessel to be polluted by the presence of any Yankee brigand, and so forth. I perceived that Mr. Jarvis felt hurt at this wanton insult to us; and I told him, that it mattered not to us, where, or in what part of the boat we stopped; that, if agreeable to him, I would prefer remaining upon deck; and that we were but to be there a short time, and as I might never, probably, see that part of the world again, I would like to be allowed to spend my time in admiring its beauties.

The men were put in the forward cabin; and, as Colonel Dodge, at this time, was getting worse, we got him a bed, and placed it in the middle of the

floor, where there was a current of air, that he might not be suffocated with the stench of the filthy place in which he was obliged to remain. At the different stopping-places at which the boat came to, either to land, take on passengers, or to take in wood, we had to go below. The guards all turned out, and, in fact, did as they had done, coming down from Kingston. At almost every little place where we stopped, we were visited by the military officers who were stationed there. We, it seems, had made a noise in the world, and they were anxious to see us. Most of them were very young men, and they behaved themselves towards us with kindness and respect. Sometimes, they would ask questions, for the purpose, we thought, of provoking discussion; and Sutherland, who was the speaking man of our party, nothing loath, would join with them in debate. Once, I remember, he got into an argument with a knot of militaires, one of whom asked him, what right we had to interfere with the quarrel between Great Britain and her subjects. "As much, certainly, as England and Englishmen have had for interfering with the quarrels of almost every people under the sun," was the reply.

"In what instances have Englishmen ever interfered between a sovereign and his rebellious subjects?"

"You surely cannot forget the assistance that was given to the republics of South America, and the aid given by Lord Byron and Lord Cochran in Greece. Their acts are so recent, that all who have read history must remember them. But to point out a more recent affair. Col. Evans, who is at present in Spain with a legion of men, is an Englishman, and enlisted his troops in your country, and is, even at present, with the tacit assent of your government, interfering between the quarrels of a people and their chosen rulers."

At the mention of Lord Cochran's name, of whom

Sutherland spoke in no very set terms, the young man reddened up, and made some remark about Lord Cochran being compared to a brigand. Sutherland said he had been worse—that he was said to have committed acts of piracy, and so forth, worse, in a vast measure, than any thing that was attributed to any who had joined the Canadians, whom he termed brigands. The conversation was changed; and after the young man's departure, one of his companions remarked that he was the son of Lord Cochran, and doubtless felt hurt at the mention of his father's name; but he thought he merited the reproof which had been given him.

On board the boat I became acquainted with a number of persons, and, among others, a very gentlemanly man, who had lately arrived from Ireland. We conversed together. He had been to see part of the upper province, but was so dissatisfied with the appearance of the military rule there, that he was about returning home to his native land, saying that he had before thought Ireland bad enough, but he was now satisfied that Canada was much worse. I prevailed on him to go and see the United States before he made up his determination; gave him directions what to do—where to go; and gave him names of gentlemen to call upon; at the same time, as I found he sympathized with my situation, I requested him to be the bearer of some letters for me, which he consented to, on the condition that I should secretly give them to him when no person would perceive it. I did so, and subsequently found that he had been faithful to the trust reposed in him.

When the boat touched at Three Rivers, there was another boat at the wharf, called the Charlevoix, on the promenade deck of which I perceived Dr. Vallée, of Montreal, returning from his mission to Quebec. I pointed him out to my acquaintance, and he went on shore to see him and inform him I was on board the British America, and desired to know

whether he had any news for me. He brought me in answer a small note, with the information that he had seen a friend in Quebec, and deposited some money for my use; that we were to be confined, he had understood, not in the prison, but in the fort—in the citadel—bade me be of good cheer, “that all would eventually come right.” He sent me also a copy of the proclamation of the new governor-general, Lord Durham, issued on the day after his lordship had taken the oath of office. The proclamation was as follows :

By his excellency, the Right Honourable John George, Earl of Durham, Viscount Lambton, &c. &c., Knight Grand Cross of the most military order of the Bath, one of Her Majesty’s most honourable Privy Council, and Governor-General, Vice-Admiral and Captain-General of all Her Majesty’s provinces within and adjacent to the continent of North America, &c. &c.

A PROCLAMATION.

The queen having been graciously pleased to intrust to me the government of British North America, I have this day assumed the administration of affairs.

In the execution of this important duty, I rely with confidence on the cordial support of all Her Majesty’s subjects, as the best means of enabling me to bring every question affecting their welfare to a successful issue; especially such as may come under my cognisance as Her Majesty’s High Commissioner.

The honest and conscientious advocate of reform, and of the amelioration of defective institutions, will receive from me, without distinction of races, religion, or politics, that assistance and encouragement which their patriotism has a right to command, from all who desire to strengthen and consolidate the connexion between the mother country and these important colonies; *but the disturbers of the public*

peace; the violators of the law; the enemies of the crown, and of the British empire, will find me an uncompromising opponent—determined to put in force against them all the powers, civil and military, with which I have been invested.

In one province the most deplorable events have rendered the suspension of its representative constitution, unhappily, a matter of necessity, and the supreme power has devolved upon me.

The great responsibility which has thereby been imposed upon me, and the arduous nature of the functions which I have to discharge, will naturally make me most anxious to hasten the arrival of that period, when the executive power shall again be surrounded by all the constitutional checks of free, liberal, and British institutions.

On you, the people of British America; on your conduct, and the extent of your co-operation with me will mainly depend, whether that event shall be delayed, or immediate; I therefore invite from you the most free, unreserved communication. I beg you to consider me as a friend, and arbitrator, ready at all times to listen to your wishes, complaints, and grievances, and fully determined to act with the strictest impartiality.

If you, on your side, will abjure all party and sectarian animosities, and unite with me in the blessed work of peace and harmony, I feel assured that I can lay the foundation of such a system of government, as will protect the rights and interests of all classes; allay all dissensions, and permanently establish, under divine Providence, that wealth, greatness, and prosperity of which such inexhaustible elements are to be found in these fertile countries.

The promises of the Earl of Durham were very good, and pretty near the same as held out to the people from every new governor that had been sent to them; and like them, too, in another point, they were

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never realized. We foretold then what would be the fate of the new administration, judging from the experience that we had acquired in closely watching the other governors. Indeed there never was a time when Canada wanted a system of government that would protect the rights and interests of all classes, more than at the time of his lordship's arrival; for she was in a miserable state. Torn by intestine factions, her people bullied and robbed by ruffians, in their sovereign's name; all business at a stand; the finances of the country exhausted; her credit destroyed; her people beggared; the country covered with a hireling soldiery; her jails full of the wealthy, industrious farmers, and her taverns full of drunken, loyal militiamen. Partisan magistrates dressed in military toggery, paraded the streets, and jostled with the mechanic who had left his workshop to take care of himself, that he might argue politics with some other as thriffling, lazy, and loyal as himself. Nuisances, pollution, and crime to meet the eye at every corner of every street, in every city in either province, in their most appalling and disgusting shapes. The volunteers which had been called together and kept under arms for the last six months after the outbreak, now about being disbanded, rolled in drunkenness in the gutters, from the liquor they had stolen, and none dare interrupt them. Even when in their drunken profanity, they roared out for God to save their queen, Mackenzie, and Papineau, the Canadians, and sometimes my more humble self; "for had it not been for them, sure we never would have had such glorious times."

Whether from the free, unreserved communication, which his lordship solicited, he understood the actual state of the provinces or not, we are not prepared to say; but it was easy to perceive by his subsequent conduct and writings, that he began to understand and to remedy as far as he could the unbridled license of the volunteers, by discharging as many of

them as could be trusted to return to their homes, whilst the others, and those among them who were irreclaimable, were re-enlisted and put under more rigid rules.

The emigration from both provinces, particularly the upper, about this time, among the peaceful, industrious population, was so great as to arrest the attention of the tory presses. Their remarks, doubtless, stimulated his excellency to look into the causes, and to exert himself to remedy the evil: yet he dared not go far enough, fearful of being deserted by the Orange high church party; who stood aloof from him, if he sought to conciliate the reformers, and be, what he proposed himself, an arbitrator, and a friend, to the people. He was obliged to undo one day, what he had done of good the preceding; until he finally sank down into the arms of one party, and became suspected and despised by both.

In chatting with my new acquaintance, and with others, the time on board the boat passed pleasantly enough—interrupted, however, by thoughts of what our destiny was to be; and conjectures whether we were to be sent immediately to England, or wait *for her majesty's pleasure*, at Quebec. I would have preferred, however, had the choice been mine, that we should have proceeded direct to England; preferring rather to know my fate at once, than to pine for months, enclosed in a Canadian dungeon. Nor had I any fears of either death or transportation when I arrived in England; for I had seen that the press of both England and Ireland had taken the matter up, and were seemingly more bold in their denunciations than their brothers in Canada dared be. They spoke of the trial as ridiculous, and laughed at the folly of attempting to carry a sentence into execution, passed on such a conditional verdict as mine, and such an absurd and obsolete law.

I was confirmed in my opinion, by the good sense, practical view that some intelligent lawyers in the

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upper province had taken, who were unprejudiced by the wishes of the government, or the bloodthirsty ravings of some of the tories; whose arguments went no farther than the expediency of hanging me, "anyhow," or by any means, as "an example to others." There was nothing in such arguments, as I have somewhere remarked, to convince me. I had too contemptible an opinion of the tories, to wish to be even made a good example of, for their benefit: and, further, I believed that, in England, they would not dare, at this advanced age of civilization, to attempt such a matter, under any circumstances; but, particularly, in the existing and embarrassing relations with the government of the United States, arising from the Caroline affair. They would rather look for some informality in my trial, to discharge me, and send me home, than attempt to enforce the law of "once a subject, always a subject:" but I feared that I should be kept confined until the Canadian troubles had subsided, or until I was forgotten; and that I should waste my health and strength in a prison, while others were struggling in the cause in which I had embarked, and to which I was so enthusiastically attached.

A young officer of the Coldstream Guards, in plain clothes, was on board, who sought an acquaintance with me, inasmuch as he had understood that I was to be confined in the *citadel*, which was garrisoned with the battalion to which he was attached. His name was Mundy; and he said he was the maternal grandson of Admiral Lord Rodney, who had commanded the British fleet, during the revolutionary struggle of the United States. We liked the young man, who was unassuming in his manners, but totally ignorant of the affairs of the government, the situation of the provinces, or the extent of the United States. He wondered exceedingly that we were Americans. On my asking the reason of this surprise, he replied, that we spake

such good English. Poor boy! he had the idea, like many others of his countrymen, that the people of the United States were, at least, semi-savages, and that our country was as much of a wilderness as it had been in the days of Columbus. He said that he had met with a fellow-officer at Montreal, that had been absent on leave, to the Falls of Niagara, and had come home through the United States; and that he had told him, that he passed through cities that were actually as large as Bath, in England, and quite as handsome.

As I did not know how large, or how beautiful the city of Bath, in England, was, I could not say; but I inquired what route his friend had taken.

“O, through Buffalo, Rochester, Utica, Troy: and from thence to Lake Champlain and Montreal.”

“Did he go to Albany, or New York,” I asked.

“No; he had not time: and, besides, he wished to travel with some gentlemen, good fellows, whom he had picked up on the road, who told him innumerable stories about the *tricks* of the Yankees, which he had written down in his common-place book.”

They were laughable tricks, but very improbable; and he wanted to know of me, after repeating one of the old hackneyed stories of wooden nutmegs, and wooden hams, and cucumber-seeds, if I thought it could be true.

I promised that, as I would, in all likelihood, be a resident in the garrison for some months, I would find an opportunity to relate to him a vast number of such tricks, that would be thought by him still more extraordinary; which pleased him much. We took a glass of wine, smoked a cigar together, and became great friends.

In the afternoon, about four o'clock, we approached the city of Quebec. The wharf at which the vessel stopped was crowded; and the ships

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which were lying in the harbour, although numerous, were filled with the population, who had been, for a length of time, waiting for us. A detachment of the Coldstream Guards were waiting for us to escort us to our new residence. Owing to the sickness of Colonel Dodge, he could not march with us; and we had to wait until a *calèche* could be procured to bring him; which afforded an opportunity to the immense crowd to assemble, to see, and to insult us: and yet, had they been allowed the opportunity to come near us, we think that they would have been satisfied; but the soldiers of the guard, as well as the negroes of our escort, who always kept close to us, rather peremptorily ordered them back. They then turned their abuse upon us; and the same kind of usage as we had received at Montreal, but worse, and coming from another-looking class of men, was showered upon us, and continued without intermission, throughout our passage through the narrow streets of the lower town, the gates of the city, and through the upper town.

The narrowness of the streets, their perpendicular ascent, the heat of the day—the tenth of June—as well as the manner we were crowded, made the long streets, La Montagne and St. Louis, seem interminable. More than once was the commanding officer obliged to warn these tory *gentlemen* to keep back; that we were prisoners, and that we should not be insulted. We bore it all, and laughed at their impotent blackguardism, pleased, indeed, to see that not a single French Canadian was among them, and but a very few Irishmen, and these, I perceived, by their accent, were from the black north, or from about Dublin, where Orangeism abounds. Among the ruffians who most distinguished themselves, was a William Patton, a thrice bankrupt merchant, who seemed to be the leader, ably seconded, yet not outdone, by a person whom they dubbed with the title of Dr. Marsden; a drunken, ignorant licentiate, or

apothecary, following the *doctor*, an animal who, I subsequently learned, was called Alfred Hawkins, who had broken down by keeping a sailor's boarding-house, where both sexes indiscriminately, it was said, were accommodated; a Dr. Moren, a justice of the peace, and now an alderman of the city; James Hastings Kerr, a menial officer of the government, a tide-waiter, and the son of Judge Kerr, who has lately been dismissed from office for misconduct and incapacity; an ill-looking vagabond, Wilson, a grocer in the upper town; and another of the caste, called Leall, an ironmonger; Edward Burroughs, son to the notorious Stephen Burroughs; and one John Jones, a merchant, a small potato dealer. He and Burroughs were both Americans, who, by their insults to us, strove to show their loyalty to her most gracious majesty, in rivalling with their associates in their abuse of us and our country. As we passed through Prescott gate, the mob, led on by those distinguished characters, made a rush upon us and our escort, but were beaten back by the guard stationed at the gate, who there turned out to protect their fellow-soldiers.

As we marched on, a contemptible fellow, by the name of Cullen—a clerk of the exchange, who had abandoned his wife and family in Ireland, and who, for some villanies in his own country, had his name stricken from the roll of attorneys, of which profession he had been a member—at the corner of one of the streets, as we passed, spat in Sutherland's face, and this was continued by others; but, as one of the gang of gentlemen loafers attempted to serve me in like manner, he was collared by some one in the crowd, and drawn back. Before us, as we neared the citadel, a brawny looking Scotchman—I thought from his wearing a plaid vest—had prepared himself with a quid of tobacco to give me a passing salute, but just as he was working up the mastoid muscles of his face to emit the salivial fluid, a person

told him to beware of what he was about to do. He turned round in anger, and was met with a blow on the mouth, that sent his teeth, with his tobacco-juice, down his throat, and himself sprawling some distance along the street. "Take that, you cowardly son of a — female dog; you must be mean to offer such an insult to a prisoner, and he a gentleman, too." This was said by the person who gave the blow, a well-looking, stout little Irishman, whose name I afterwards learned was Teed.

I touched my hat to my countryman, and laughing as I passed him, said, "Thank you, good friend, I owe you one."

"May you live to pay me, with interest, sir," was his answer.

As we were now in the precincts of this celebrated fortress, I looked around me, and, as we in the front slowly toiled up the hill, that those of our men in the rear—some of whom were sick and weak—might keep with us, I admired the beauty of the prospect, and the strength of the works; and, as we passed the frowning batteries, that commanded every passage to the citadel, I thought how different were the feelings I would experience, had I had the good fortune to attempt their capture, though I should fall like my countryman, Montgomery. "Never mind, my boy," said I to myself, "it's a strong place; well guarded, too, and the more honour it will be for you, strong as it is, to leave it when you can get an opportunity." My mind filled with such thoughts as these, we entered the gate of the fortress, were marched towards the south-east part, to one of the angles of the works, and entered one of the casemated bomb-proof rooms, which was to serve us as our prison.

The soldiers off duty, were standing about the doors of their barrack-rooms, and seemed to regard *us* with interest, and *our negroes* with the greatest astonishment. When we arrived at the room, one

of the men requested the officer commanding our escort, to have some water brought to drink. More than a dozen of the soldiers, who had followed us to the door, started off to procure it for him, showing a willingness to oblige us, without being ordered—a rare thing for us to see.

CHAPTER VI.

Quebec and Citadel.

THE first few hours of the first evening of our residence in the citadel was taken up by the soldiers fitting up our beds and procuring us other matters, and by visits from the officers of the Coldstream and Grenadier Guards, who, like others, were curious to see men that had been so much talked about. There were then, in Quebec, two battalions of these household troops, each eight hundred strong, doing duty in the city. They had just arrived themselves from England, and but a few days before, one of their battalions, the Coldstream's, had taken up their quarters, like us, in the citadel. The battalion of the Grenadiers being quartered in the city at the Jesuit barracks. The artillery and other troops which remained in Quebec, were quartered in the bomb-proof and other barracks, and with which we had nothing to do, nor ever saw, unless the artillery. The two battalions of the guards doing duty guarding us, alternately, each two days.

As soon as our visitors had departed, and we left alone for the night, I began to look around our new abode. The room was in depth about fifty feet, and about twelve feet wide, with a high arched roof of brick-work, from which the moisture, in many parts,

was dripping. There were two windows and a door in front, which was strongly made, and secured by iron studs or nails; the windows strongly barred with iron. A fence, twelve feet high, of solid plank, enclosed the whole front, to prevent us having any communications with the soldiers. A door was placed on it, and locked, and a sentinel placed inside of the enclosure, who occupied himself by watching all our movements. Another sentinel was placed outside of the enclosure, in the front, beyond the walls of our apartment; in the rear, was the inner ditch of the fortification. The wall of our room was eight feet in thickness, built of massy stone, in which were four loopholes, for musketry. An enclosure was also placed in the rear, as in the front, and within and without of which were two sentinels likewise placed. On the top of the roof of our apartment was earth, fourteen feet in depth, which formed a mall, on which another sentinel was placed. Thus well guarded on the outside, we now turn our attention to the inside. The room, before our admission, had been always used as a military prison, and the furniture was such as met with in such places. Iron bedsteads, made so as to fold up; iron settles, on which to place boards made as the leaf of a table; and benches, such as are in use in barracks, formed the furniture. A tub, placed in one of the corners of the room, as at Toronto, showed us we were to be closely confined. A straw bed, and the usual quantity of bed-clothes, was given to each. In the room was a large stove, and although in summer, we had to build a fire to dry the walls of our grotto-like retreat before we could trust ourselves to sleep in it.

The next morning Col. Dodge became alarmingly worse; and we soon discovered that his disease was the small-pox, which was worse in the evening, and broke out in an eruption over his face and body. Every care and attention was paid to him by the surgeons; but they would not remove him, and kept him con-

fined with us, which, as far as I was concerned, I was glad of. Some of the other prisoners, however, had never had the disease, and they felt alarmed; but fortunately none of them became infected. We took the best care of him we could, and he soon recovered.

Mr. Patridge and Mr. Parker were both ill, and both were attended. Patridge was removed to the hospital, his disease being an affection of the brain; and, in the course of time, he too got well. As soon as Col. Dodge recovered, we were permitted to walk out half an hour per day for exercise. The town major, Mr. Frazer, an old veteran who had seen service, and who had been promoted from the ranks to a captaincy, was a kind-hearted old man, and did all that a person could do in his situation to make us comfortable. He represented our situation to the commandant, Sir James McDonald, and he allowed us enough, in the way of provisions, to make us, as far as that went, well enough; and it was also to his humane exertions that we were allowed the privilege of walking out. Any thing, he said, that he could do, "consistent with the duty he owed his sovereign," to add to our comfort, he would most willingly do; and so he did.

I requested permission to have allowed me paper, and pen and ink, that I might write some letters to my friends; and also to be allowed to have books, and any newspaper that I could obtain to amuse myself with, that I might see what was passing in the world beyond the limits of the fortification.

He said that he had already solicited that on my behalf; and he thought that as soon as the commandant could see Lord Durham, and ascertain from him in what light the government looked upon us, whether as military prisoners, prisoners of war, or rebels, it would be granted to me, and probably more than I had asked.

In the course of a few days the permission was

obtained, on condition that I should not write any letters, nor send any out but by means of the sergeant, who was taken from other duty to have charge of us; and he was to show them to the officer of the guard, the adjutant, and the commanding officer.

"In what light are we considered now, by the governor-general," asked I, one day, of the adjutant.

"I cannot as yet say. You were sent down here, from the upper province, to Sir John Colborne, who was then the governor-general; he was relieved from that place by Lord Durham, who ordered you into the charge of the military here as a military prisoner; but I know not whether you will be considered as a prisoner of war, or not. We have you now, and as long as you are under our charge we will take care of you. We will treat you well, and take every means to prevent your making any attempt to escape."

"Of course," says I; "all prospect of escape is utterly impossible; and we are not so foolish to attempt a matter that we could not succeed in."

There was a library, he said, belonging to the battalion of guards; but that was for the benefit of the soldiers, and the officers had no control over it.

I told him that I had some acquaintance in town whom I would occasionally trouble to lend me books and newspapers, but that, as there was a circulating library in the city, I would become a subscriber, and get what books I required. I was allowed the permission.

In the course of a few days, we were visited by the commandant, with his staff, who informed us that he had told the town major that we would be permitted to walk out half an hour in the afternoon, for exercise, each day, with a proper escort; and that he had left it with Major Frazer to say when he considered the necessary time, and to make the selection of what part of the walks our visits should be con-

fined to, with, also, permission to allow us what papers or books we liked, or could obtain, on the condition, however, as already stated.

As the sergeant of the guard every day had duty enough, and as the battalions were alternate days upon guard in the citadel, a sergeant was taken from the Coldstreams, whose duty it was to exclusively attend to us. I will now describe the duty of a day, and that will suffice for all; as, in the monotony of our life, there was seldom any variation. In the morning the sergeant entered our apartment. He kept the key of the inner door of our room, and with him he first brought generally four soldiers, who made up our beds, folded up our bedsteads, swept out our room, carried out and emptied the tubs, brought us in fresh water and what wood we wanted, but after a little while a man was engaged for that purpose, alone, who had been an old soldier and resided in the city. He was to do all errands for us in the city, take down our pass book to the grocer who furnished us, and bring us whatever we desired. He came thrice a day. A soldier had been given us to act as cook, whose duty it was to cook our dinner: the breakfast and supper we attended to ourselves, as we had the choice of either ham, pork, or beef, a pound of which was allowed each man per diem, he generally called in in the morning to ascertain which we preferred, and to know from Col. Dodge, who acted as commissary, how we wished it cooked. Plates, knives and forks, and even table-cloths were furnished us; but, as soon as the repast was over, the sergeant carried out with him the knives, lest, armed, we supposed, with such weapons, we could rush out, charge upon the guard, and surprise and take the fort.

At eleven o'clock we were visited by the officer of the guard, who relieved the one of the day previous, and our names were called over, and we formally delivered by the one over to the other.

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The same thing was also done by the sergeants of the guard, as by the officers. At first we thought such formality was a humbug, and used not to answer to our name and let them count our noses ; but, after a while, we got accustomed to it, and answered as a matter of course. At twelve our dinner was brought in ; each one of our men had a certain duty to perform, which they took by turns : one laid the table and washed the vessels ; another acted as cook, and a third attended to something else. Every thing was done in perfect order ; before dinner the man came back with what we wanted, brought us what books we had ordered, and gave us the news, and gossip of the day, and away he went again to return at six o'clock. About three o'clock the field officer of the day came always to see us ; to know if we had any complaints to make, that he might lay them before the commandant, and at four o'clock we walked out, three at a time, accompanied with a guard of six men, our sergeant, and the corporal who commanded the escort. Sutherland would take three of the men with him, myself, or Col. Dodge, taking two each with us. It generally became six o'clock before the last squad got back. The city evening papers were then brought to us by our man, who purchased them for us at first, and afterwards the news-boys brought them to the guard-house at the entrance of the fort, where Sergeant Norman paid for them with the money which we gave him for that purpose.

The sergeant who first took charge of us was quartered in the adjoining room to us, and had the charge of the military prisoners, who, for desertion, and other offences, had been sentenced by a court-martial to hard labour about the works, such as blasting rocks, removing them away, and filling up places that required it, about the interior of the fortress. His time was taken up by overseeing these men labour, and he could not attend to us, which,

on being represented to the commandant, another was appointed in his place. The sergeant's wife was our washerwoman; she was paid by the government, but as she said she had more trouble with our linen, and that she received from the government the same sum for washing as was paid for the soldiers, we paid her extra, and she was always ready to do us what little favours we asked. She was rather a handsome Englishwoman, and somewhat of a coquette, which we took advantage of, and with a little flattery we kept her much attached to our interests. The removal of her husband and the appointment of another to take charge of us, was not pleasing to her, and excited some jealousy, as she was obliged to be more strict. I had found out that she was in the habit of going down to the city, every morning, to market, and that I could, for a trifling remuneration, induce her to be the bearer of any communication that I wished to send to any of my friends. After ascertaining her willingness to oblige us, and as it was before the sergeant had obtained the strict orders which were afterwards given, and which we pledged ourselves to adhere to, as a condition of the privilege allowed us of having books, &c., I broached the matter to Sergeant Norman, having first formed a correct estimate of his character, and took advantage of his weakness—love of money—which I found predominated in him.

"Sergeant," I said one day, "I feel really much obliged to you for the many acts of kindness which you have done for us, and am extremely sorry that the paucity of my pecuniary resources will not allow me to repay you for your kindness; but for the trouble which I have given you, I beg your acceptance of this trifle." It was my last dollar. "I have friends, to be sure, in town, on whom I could draw for a small amount occasionally, to aid me in paying you for your extra trouble, and to furnish my men with the little necessaries they require, could you

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procure me a messenger in whom we both could put confidence."

He said that he knew none of the soldiers whom he could depend upon; and that as for himself, he could not leave the prison, and did he, the others might watch him and turn it to his disadvantage. He would like to befriend us, but that there was a great deal of jealousy among the other sergeants, who hated to see him have no duty to perform but to wait on us, and besides drawing the extra pay of two shillings per day, for that; that he cared not for the other sergeants, but he feared the wife of sergeant —; she was, he said, the most artful, cunning jade belonging to either battalion.

"Ha!" said I, "is it so? I have it now; I will get her to do it. Now, sir, you send her to me, tomorrow; first inform her that I want to see her about some washing; when she comes in, occupy yourself in talking to some of the men; I will have a note prepared which I will request her to deliver. If she tells her husband, or informs upon us, you have nothing to do with it, I will take the blame. If she delivers my letter and brings me the money, you will then, instead of being in her power, have her and her husband in yours. She will not consider it any harm, and I will be enabled to pay you both for your kindness."

"But should she keep the money?"

"I care nothing for that. I will write to have a trifle, ten dollars, or so; and if she will be a traitress for that small sum, let it be so, I care not."

The evident contempt with which I spoke of ten dollars, made the sergeant believe that I must have had unlimited wealth at my disposal, and he agreed to my plan. The next morning madame was ushered in. On pretence of giving her some directions about my washing, I took her aside and told her that I wished her to deliver that note according to the address, and to bring me up the money which my

friend would give her; that I was likely, unfortunately, to be out of funds, and could not pay her for her kindness to us, unless I could procure some from my friends below. I directed her to the place, and how to find my friend, and, besides, what to say to him.

She assented, but remarked that she was fearful that Sergeant Norman, the stingy fellow, would find it out, and report it. I told her to bring the money, and when she came back, if she succeeded, to knock thrice on the wall in her room, then to see Norman and give him the money to hand to me, and with any note or paper that might be with it.

She did so; brought the money; knocked, and in a few minutes after the sergeant entered and handed it over to me; sorry, however, that the woman had given it to him, fearful that it was a trap on her part to catch him.

I dissuaded him from such an opinion, and assured him that he had her in his power, and that she would be faithful, if not, we would force her to do some other things that would implicate her worse; and that he must not show the slightest suspicion of the woman, as her husband knew nothing of the matter; nor would he, for as he was already jealous of her, it would only confirm him in his jealousy.

I gave him one dollar for himself, and another for madame, which he was to give her. I found out the next day that the sergeant considered that the sum I gave her was altogether beyond her desert, and he just gave her the one-quarter of what I had sent. This had the tendency to confirm me more in my opinion of him; but my object was to get him in my power, which I did; and after that I knew I could manage him as I saw fit.

Afterwards, whenever I wanted any thing, or wanted him, or the lady, through his means, to do any thing for me, he always did it. By that means I received from my first friend to whom I sent them,

all the funds left in his hands for my use, besides the intelligence that I wished to procure; books were procured for me from another person, with whom I corresponded under a fictitious name, through the post-office, and afterwards by books, viz.: by marking letters on the fourteenth page, of whatever I wanted to say, and he in like answer, doing the same.

In another instance I detected the sergeant in his miserly disposition. A certain number of candles, as is usual, was allowed to us, and which he received. As the evenings were short, he thought we could do without the usual number allowed, and he kept the rest, and sold them to us, when we required them. The same thing was done with our wood, and whatever else he could control, which we easily perceived, and which was let pass without the slightest attempt on our part to show that we knew or cared aught of the matter. Besides, the sergeant was very fond of our mode of cooking, and as we had more allowed us than we could use, and he being something of a glutton, at each meal we made, his portion was always reserved for him; and although we knew the price of the different articles we had to purchase, such as tobacco, and other things, for those who used it, yet as he purchased it for us at the canteen, he always contrived to have a per centage, and indeed I encouraged him in this. The funds I had, I wished to convert to the best purpose; and as it happened, this was the most profitable use I could put it to.

“Do you wish to have any tobacco, sir? I will be going over to the canteen, and can bring it with me immediately.”

“Yes, sergeant, bring a pound, and as you’re going to the canteen, just drink my health in a pint of beer;” always giving him sufficient money for that purpose.

“Thank you, sir; I will procure you some English

newspapers, that have come out to the officers, and have been by them sent to the non-commissioned officers' mess. I will bring you some, if I should have to steal them."

And so, in fact, he did many a time. We got him then to procure us books on engineering, and those that treated upon military tactics, which we studied, as well as their system of drilling, and whatever else would be useful to us and the country, and the cause in which we had embarked; should a time arrive that either ourselves or the knowledge thus acquired be of any use.

The sentinels were changed every two hours. Those who mounted guard upon our quarters, at eleven o'clock each day, when the guard was changed, mounted with loaded muskets. At one, and every two hours after, when they were released, and the corporal gave the word "port arms," the guard exchanged muskets, those that remained always keeping the loaded muskets. At nine o'clock the tattoo was beat, the gun fired, and after which the soldiers were confined to their barrack-room. Our lights were ordered out, which sometimes we obeyed, and often did not; generally between ten and eleven o'clock the officer of the day went round with a guard to examine the posts, and paid us a visit. When the Coldstreams were on duty, they seldom came further than the outer door of the enclosure, where they were challenged by the sentinel inside.

"Who goes there?"

"Rounds."

"What rounds?"

"Prison rounds."

"Advance, prison rounds, and give the countersign!"

If the door was open, they advanced and gave the countersign, and when not, they whispered it at the door, which satisfied the sentinel, who slapped his firelock on the breech and loudly shouted

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"Pass, prison rounds—all's well!"

When the grenadiers were on duty, they invariably opened the door, and came up to our sentinel, and when they whispered the countersign, we always heard it. One of us, either Col. Dodge or myself, would get out of bed and place ourselves quietly with our ear under the window, and hear the word. It was generally an odd number, and most always in the teens. In the event of attempting our escape, which even then we contemplated, such a knowledge we thought might be useful to us.

We had been in confinement in the citadel probably not more than a fortnight, and when we just began to mature our plans, and had our communication with the city in a fine train, we were surprised one morning about nine o'clock by the entrance of the adjutant, Captain Chisholm, with a guard. I was shaving; he came up to me, and in a peremptory voice demanded the key of my trunk.

"For what purpose, sir," said I.

"Your key, sir."

"Your purpose, sir."

And thus we went on for some time. I was fearful that some of our plans had been discovered, and that he came to search for any communication that I might have had with the city; and although I had been particular to destroy immediately, as soon as I received any thing of that nature, still I feared that something or other might have passed.

"I will order your trunk broken open, sir, if you do not hand me the key instantly."

"You may do so, for you never will get from me the key of my trunk until I know what you want to do with it first."

"Do you know that, sir?—we are up to your tricks."

He held out to my view a piece of an old saw, that a few days before I had seen on the side of one of our windows and which had been thrown out

when our men were cleaning up the place. It had been picked up by the sentinel on guard at the time, and carried to the guard-house, where it excited suspicion; and one of the sergeants taking it to the armourer to examine, he said it was such a saw as he used to cut iron with. On this report going to the adjutant, he immediately hurried to us with a guard, thinking that he could detect upon our person the tools necessary for us to cut our way out of such a fortification.

When I perceived that was all, I gave him my key, and myself opened my trunk, taking everything out. The sergeant-major, and others, examined the lining of the trunk, the pockets of my clothes, unless those that I wore; and then I had nothing upon me in which there was a pocket to contain any thing. He then searched the trunk and clothes of Col. Dodge and Sutherland, as well as those of the men—searched our beds—the whole room, and every nook and corner where any thing might be concealed, as well as even the planks of the floor. After all was over, one of our men was perceived by him to look attentively at the old saw, and he accosted him with,—

“Well, sir, have you ever seen that before?”

“Yes, sir, I have.”

“Indeed! where, and when?”

“Why, here, in this room, sir, a few days since; and on the window, there. I threw it out myself, and saw it picked up by the sentinel, who has taken it to you, and has tried to make a fool of you, by pretending that we knew any thing about it, further than what I say.”

That would not satisfy Mr. Chisholm, who continued his search, which I watched with anxiety, fearful that something else might be discovered than what he searched after; but nothing was discovered; and I perceived by his looks, as he went away, that

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he felt somewhat ashamed of himself, and what he had done.

The sergeant, as soon as he had an opportunity, told him that he had seen that same piece of saw in the window for days; and he had understood from some of the military prisoners who had been confined in the room previous to our coming down, that it had been there even in their time. Mr. Chisholm felt somewhat sorry for his conduct, inquired of the other prisoners, and found it as reported by the sergeant; then bade him say to us that he was very happy to say that there was no cause of complaint to be made against us; that if, in his zeal to do a duty imposed upon him, he had been too hasty, he did not intend any thing of the kind, and was sorry for it.

Poor fellow! he suffered enough for it; he was plagued and teased by his fellow-officers for his zeal; and the idea he had formed of us, that in the face of so strong a guard, that such an idea could ever enter our minds as of attempting an escape, and by such means as a broken piece of a rusty saw—charge through the two battalions of her majesty's household troops, and make our way to the United States. I have been particular in giving the incidents, inasmuch as it had a great effect in our future operations; and even when we were subsequently betrayed, and when in reality we had used such an instrument, the officer who had received the information would not believe it, but imagined that it was a trick attempted to be played upon him similar to that played upon the adjutant.

We got leave, after this examination, that day, to walk out; for although we were told by the commandant that he had given permission, the fear of Mr. Dodge communicating the disease to the garrison, prevented us from enjoying the liberty. This I thought the adjutant did to make amends for the trouble he had put us to in the morning. The town-major had chosen the most pleasant part of the works

for us to walk, and where we could have the most pleasant prospect; indeed, I believe there could not be found, on the continent of America, a more delightful view, nor a more romantic scenery than could be seen from that spot which was marked out for the limits of our walk. From it we could view the city, as it were, beneath our feet; men busy about their usual vocations of life, and bustling about like so many ants, whom, in size, from that vast height, they somewhat resembled; the beautiful St. Lawrence lay before us, which for miles we could see; the stream filled with a numerous fleet of large vessels of war, frigates, and steam-ships, as well as those destined for commerce. Opposite us, on the other shore of the river, was Point Levi, and below that, was the island of Orleans, with its fertile fields and the beautiful green verdure—neatly white-washed cottages, showed neatness and comfort was the lot of its inhabitants; and at a far distance were the mountains of Maine, to us, although the past winter's snow had not left their bleak tops, yet a more beautiful sight—for there dwelt the people of our country, who lived in freedom and in peace, under the protection of the stripes and stars of the American banner. The mist arising from the falls of Montmorenci, only nine miles down the river, with the noise of its cataract, in the calmness of a summer evening, blending with the hum of the busy men in the city beneath, and the noise of the mariner, as he loaded or unloaded his bark at the wharves below, mingled together, creating a sound far from unpleasant. Quebec, from that height, and at that time, to us, formed a sight peculiarly interesting. The quaint and foreign style of its architecture; the massy and compact material of which its houses were built; its numerous churches, and glittering spires; its population—their looks, their manners, and their language—seemed not to belong to America. Nor did its wall-environed city, defended by numerous cannon, and garrisoned by

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troops, having the discipline, the arms, and the gorgeous costume of Europe—foreign in language, features, and in origin, from the great mass of the people, whom they had been sent, not to defend, but oppress; the red-cross flag of Britain flying above our heads, showed, had we before been ignorant of the matter, what power held it in subjection. The numerous vessels unloading troops and military stores, were pointed out to us at one place, while at another, accompanied by martial music, whose strains could be distinctly heard, we could see detachments of the red-coated regulars embarking for the upper country, to again crush an attempt at insurrection which the governor of Upper Canada feared was about to take place. Pleased at the sight we had seen, and struck with its beauty, the half-hour destined for our exercise soon slipped past, and we had to return to our lone dark room to await, for the next twenty-four hours, the time again to come, that we might enjoy the same prospect.

Our walk out every evening after that, gave us an opportunity of not only seeing the city, but a great deal of that part of the citadel in which we were imprisoned, and which it was necessary for us to know to aid us in the furtherance of our contemplated escape; but to give our readers an idea of it, we must first describe the city. Quebec is the capital of Lower Canada, and has always been the residence of the governor-general of the provinces. It is built on a promontory formed by the St. Lawrence and St. Charles rivers. The city is divided into the upper and lower towns; the former erected on the summit of a limestone rock, called Cape Diamond, 348 feet above the level of the water. This part of the city is enclosed by a wall, strongly built, with gates, at which guards are stationed, the extent of which is $2\frac{3}{4}$ miles circuit. The lower town without the gates, is built on the base of the eminence down to the borders of the river. In the upper town reside

the government officials, and the fashionable part of the population; while in the lower, the great commercial and shipping business is all transacted, and occupied, as well as the large suburbs of St. John and St. Roch's, chiefly by French Canadians. The population is estimated, apart from the military in the garrison, at about 30,000 inhabitants.

The citadel, the place in which we were kept, is placed on the highest point of Cape Diamond. It is walled round, and, as the last resort, in the event of a siege, every aid that art and military science could contribute has been furnished to render it a place of impregnable strength. The walls are generally forty feet in height, with a dry ditch fifty feet wide, blasted out of the solid rock. The works inside enclose, it is said, ten or twelve acres of ground. The barrack-rooms of the soldiers are the same as the casemated room which we occupied. A splendid block of cut stone buildings, and roofed with tin, on one side of the fort, and about fifty feet from the walls, which overlook the river St. Lawrence, were the quarters assigned for the officers of the garrison, while we were lodged in an angle in the south-east part of the works, facing the Plains of Abraham, which has been so celebrated as the battle-ground of Wolfe and Montcalm. When we returned each evening, we compared the observations that we had made; and if there would be any difference on that point, the next day's walk would settle it; by this means we, in a short time, knew every part about the fort, which we traversed; and where the guards were placed, from that and from conversations with the sentinel, we learned all that we required, which information some of us put to a good use, as the sequel will show.

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CHAPTER VII.

Celebration of the Fourth of July, in the Citadel—Transportation of Wolfred Nelson, and eight others, to Bermuda—Liberation of the other prisoners—Lord Durham, his policy, and vacillating conduct—Search after Bill Johnson—Escape of Biophy and others from Fort Henry—Recapture of Messrs. Parker and Watson.

THE Fourth of July, the anniversary of the declaration of independence, was celebrated by us. We had our committee appointed, by whom was submitted the plan of proceeding, and the nomination of officers, and all as particularly attended to as we would have done were we at home. Sutherland was, I believe, the grand marshal of the day, as well as the composer of an ode made for the occasion, which was sung by Sergeant Pew.

The declaration of independence was read by Col. Dodge, and the oration delivered by myself.

All the knick-knacks which could be procured were on the table for dinner, nor was there wanting the juice of the generous grape. We had saved for the occasion, or for some other purpose, part of the good things provided for us by our hospitable friends at Montreal, and had treasured with a miser's care the few bottles of wine, which we thought could never be drank at a better time, nor for a better purpose, than on the celebration of the anniversary of American independence, in the last stronghold of despotism that Britain held on this continent.

Nor were our generous friends, who had been so kind to us at Montreal, amid our joyous festivities, forgotten. We had learned that, on that day, they were on their voyage to Bermuda; having, from the newspapers of the day and from the gossip of the town, ascertained that, the day before, they had been brought down from Montreal, and put on board a

vessel of war, then in the river, and sailed for their place of destination on that day. A meeting had been called at St. Roch's, at the parish church of that most populous suburb of the city, for the purpose of expressing their sympathy for the patriots in exile and in confinement. This was done in the form of resolutions, a copy of which was forwarded to them through the channels of the government; however, with the omission of that part of them which spake in bold language their opinion of the manner in which they had been duped by Lord Durham.

Of course, such a document would not be transmitted by the governor-general, who would not, by his own means, give publicity to an act the most absolute and tyrannical that ever before disgraced a British statesman, and one that will always tarnish his reputation, and disgrace his memory. Some short time before this event, and a little while after we had left Montreal, negotiations were entered into, and, as it seems, originated with the governor-general, who had been convinced that it would be of no possible use to attempt to bring to trial for treason, those gentlemen confined in Montreal. The population of that district were known to be too patriotic to furnish a jury that would condemn men for having committed the crime of wishing their country free from the thralldom of a foreign power, and themselves rid of the satellites and sycophants of a government, who abused and maltreated them in every instance; who devoured up their substance, and robbed them of their property, as well as their political rights.

Those gentlemen besought a trial, throwing themselves upon their country, and demanding to be tried by their peers. They petitioned not the governor-general; they besought not his grace, clemency, or mercy; they simply said, "We are here, confined, cooped up; shut out from communion with our

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families and friends ; deprived of breathing the free, pure air of heaven ; watched and guarded by foreign soldiers. If we are British subjects, and governed by laws and a constitution, give us the advantage of those laws. If we are guilty of a crime for which we are imprisoned, try us, and if we are convicted by a jury of our country, carry the extreme sentence of the law into effect, as was done in the case of our compatriots in the sister province, but torture us not. If our lives are forfeited to your laws, and we must be executed on the scaffold, do so ; but do it according to our laws, and do not keep us here mewed up in such places, deprived of the comforts and consolations of our families and of our religion.”

But such a course did not suit his excellency. Unsolicited on the part of the prisoners, was sent to them a fawning creature, who, owing to a family connexion which he had with one of Canada's staunchest friends in England, was thought to be the best envoy that could be sent. The name of this individual was John Simpson, the collector of her majesty's customs at Coteau-du-lac. He came to them, besought an interview, and, after prefatory remarks, in which he stated the anxiety of Lord Durham to restore peace and tranquillity to the country, and to be considered by the people as being their friend, and to act as a mediator between them and the home government ; that his lordship wished to declare a pardon to all ; and to effect his plan of a general amnesty, it would be necessary for them to sign a paper which he showed them. It was a draft of a letter to the governor-general, which, after revision, which essentially modified its meaning and import, was thankfully received, and taken to Lord Durham by Simpson, having attached to it only-eight signatures. As on this letter was founded important results, we tender it to our readers, that they may judge for themselves :—

Montreal, New Jail, June 18th, 1838.

MY LORD:—You came among us with a character not of a class, not of an order, but of yourself—a character that entitles you to our confidence, and we yield it. Do not imagine our minds are subjugated, because our persons are under restraint, or that we seek by an unmeaning compliment to conciliate your favour. We would not, will not, propitiate unworthily to obtain clemency for ourselves. We belong to our country, and make the willing sacrifice on the altar of her liberties.

We rebelled, my lord—but start not at the avowal. We rebelled neither against her majesty's person or her government, but against colonial misgovernment, and we abide the issue—the penalty is ours.

Had your advent been earlier, it had been blessed; it will be blessed. If our efforts have been the cause of your coming, we have effected what we sought to effect—the happiness of our country—and we murmur not.

Had your advent been earlier, misgovernment had ceased; justice would have triumphed; the laws have been administered faithfully and impartially; grievances would have been redressed, and we had happily beheld a government commanding at once the confidence and affection of all.

We remonstrated; we were derided. The press assailed us with calumny and contumely; invective was exhausted; we were goaded on to madness, and were compelled to show we had the spirit of resistance to repel injuries, or be doomed a captive, degraded, and recreant people. We took up arms not to attack others, but to defend ourselves. Did the government put us down, or attempt to put us down? No! if it did not encourage, it tolerated the attempt. We will not say, we will not think, why. The country became excited, the people wretched, and then reckless. Lord Gosford, by his proclamation, invited back to their homes the inhabitants that

had fled. Did the magistrates give effect, or offer to give effect to his beneficent views in this respect? No: "the toils were set." Did they not issue warrants indiscriminately against all those who had asked their birthright as British subjects, to canvass public men and measures? Thus, my lord, we were goaded into resistance, not less by the authorities, than by the violence of that class of the people opposed to us in politics. We wish, however, to forget, as well as to forgive.

You come without limits to your power; with views uncircumscribed—with honour untarnished. High in the councils of your country and in our's, your voice can reach the throne.

Ardent in the pursuit of civil liberty, you can feel for a people animated by the same principle, but deprived of the same advantage. We felt and we deplored the violation of our constitution. We struggled not for independence: we laboured to maintain the *true spirit* of the British constitution and British liberty.

We desire not to distract your lordship's attention from the great and glorious objects of your high mission. We will not occupy your time, by supplications for ourselves; nor embarrass your lordship, with attempts to avert our fate. We desire to avoid all the ceremonies of a trial; convinced, as we are, of the impossibility of obtaining an impartial tribunal, before which we should have nothing to fear. We wish to tranquillize the minds of a generous and confiding people. We pray thus to be allowed to establish peace and order. We implore no mercy for ourselves. We would not shock your high and noble mind, by any act unworthy the dignity of men. We have ties, my lord, that render life as dear to us as to your lordship; and yet, we cannot ignobly invoke your lordship's sympathy.

As a parting prayer, however, we supplicate for the restoration to liberty and to society of the

rest of our unfortunate fellow-prisoners, as well as the recall of the fugitives; in the firm conviction, that they will, one and all, shed the last drop of their blood in defence of a government *that can appreciate and uphold the rights of its subjects, however remote their abode from the seat of the empire.*

We pray God for the success of your lordship's peaceful mission—that, worshipping one God, the people may become one people; and, imitating your lordship's example, in repudiating, as we have ever done, all distinctions of origin, we hope, for the future, our wish, as hitherto our endeavour, may be crowned with success.

We pray, my lord, that you may be recognised as the saviour of this distracted country; and long enjoy the domestic happiness our fate denies us.

We implore God's blessing on your lordship; and, *if there be guilt in high aspirations, we confess our guilt, and plead guilty.*

Signed, Wolfred Nelson, R. S. M. Bouchette, Bonaventure Viger, S. Marchessault, H. A. Guavin, T. Goddu, R. Des Riveres, L. Masson.

To the Right Honourable, the Earl of Durham, Governor-General, &c.

This letter was presented to Lord Durham by Simpson, on the 23d of June. On the 26th, he returned to Montreal, and again sought an interview with the gentlemen who had signed it, and represented that some supplementary paper would be requisite for them to send his lordship, to aid him, as Simpson intimated, to show the magnanimity of his mind. He then presented the paper drawn by Mr. Buller, his lordship's secretary, and by his lordship's directions, which was for the gentlemen to *record* an unqualified plea of guilty of high treason. To this proposition, they unanimously and unhesitatingly demurred; although they were, as may be seen by

their letter, disposed to cordially facilitate his lordship's view of declaring a general amnesty, and the consequent liberation of the 140 prisoners, who were, with them, fellow-captives in that jail; as well as the recall of those who had been obliged to flee their country, and were fugitive exiles in another land: but they could not do so, unless at a sacrifice of their own feelings, and a contradiction of the asseverations contained in their letter.

They stated to Simpson, that they could not, nor would not alter their letter, unless they were allowed the benefit of legal advice, from a lawyer in whom they had confidence. So anxious was he to obtain what he so earnestly besought, that, although no legal advice was allowed to the prisoners, at any time before, yet the rule was broken through, and one of the most eminent of the advocates at the bar was allowed admission, and the privilege to consult with the prisoners. Diffident of their own opinions, in a case where their personal interests were so strongly concerned, and where the welfare and happiness of hundreds of virtuous families were involved, that were now sunk in misery and wretchedness, on account of the absence, and the uncertainty of the fate of their fathers, husbands, and brothers, now pining away their health in a dungeon. When these men thought of this, and that, probably, a single act of theirs would liberate, would restore to freedom, and their families to happiness, they consulted with their legal adviser, who pledged his honour as a gentleman, and his professional character, that he would write a letter which would have the effect desired by his excellency, without containing any thing derogatory to their character, nor, in the slightest manner, implicate them, by admitting their culpability of the charge of high treason—that would also have the effect of procuring the liberation of themselves, as well as their co-patriots, now immured in the different prisons of the provinces.

Relying on what he said, and seduced by the specious artifices of Simpson, they signed the following document :

Montreal, New Jail, June 26th, 1838.

MY LORD :—

We have some reason to apprehend the expressions used by us in a letter which we addressed to your lordship on the 18th inst. may appear vague and ambiguous.

Our intention, my lord, was distinctly to avow, that in pursuit of objects dear to the great mass of our population, we took a part that has eventuated in a charge of high treason.

We professed our willingness to plead guilty ; whereby to avoid the necessity of a trial, and thus give, as far as in our power, tranquillity to the country ; but, whilst we were thus disposed to contribute to the happiness of others, we could not condescend to shield ourselves under the provisions of an ordinance passed by the late special council of this province.

Permit us then, my lord, to perform this great duty, to mark our entire confidence in your lordship, and to place ourselves at your disposal, without availing ourselves of provisions that would degrade us in our own eyes, by marking an unworthy distrust on both sides.

With this short explanation of our feelings, we again place ourselves at your lordship's discretion, and pray that *the peace of the country may not be endangered* by a trial.

We have the honour to be, with unfeigned respect,
Your lordship's most obedient
and humble servants.

Signed as before.

It was with the greatest reluctance, that this paper was signed, and with the special pleading of Simpson about his lordship's magnanimity of mind, his desire to satisfy the people, that they were misled.

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They wished, in their honesty of purpose, to aid his excellency in the herculean task which he had taken upon him, to quell the storm conjured up by his predecessors; they wished to restore to liberty and to their country, men who had, like themselves, suffered and endured much in her cause. They did not anticipate, nor were they prepared for the use to which his lordship put the letter, thus artfully obtained. They considered that he was what report had said he was, high-minded as noble, and that he would not descend to such low, mean, quibbling, and dishonourable practice, to obtain from them, and under such pretences, such inducements as were held out to them by his creature, Simpson, matter which he and his council could construe into a tacit admission of guilt on their part. But they were deceived, woefully deceived. On the admission contained in that letter a special ordinance was passed, condemning them, *without trial or benefit of jury*, to transportation to the Bermudas during the pleasure of her majesty, as well as an act of outlawry passed against Louis Joseph Papineau, and sixteen others, who were in the United States, some of whom, not having been in the province during the insurrection, could not have committed any great act of treason. One, a Mr. Ryan, who had resided in Quebec at the very date of the ordinance, was sentenced, although under a wrong name; so hastily was the matter passed over.

As soon as the news of this infamous breach of faith was known, it spread the greatest horror and consternation among the people. Many of those who had been from timidity rather lukewarm, boldly expressed their sentiments of a government which would descend to so vile a trick; and when they saw those, who, if there were guilt in the matter, were most guilty, liberated, because they suspected the trick and refused to sign the paper, and those honest and unsuspecting men who believed

the representations made to them by the government, ordered to be transported, their indignation knew no bounds. Is this the governor which we fancied would redress our grievances, and restore tranquillity? Is this the man that we considered so honourable? Bah! we have seen enough: were he to live among us for a century, he would never after this act possess our confidence.

In the commission of this arbitrary act by Lord Durham, he violated every principle of law and right, not done before by a governing power for two centuries, unless by the Czar of Russia, from whom his lordship must have learned the mode. True, he had not, like his teacher, a Siberia to send them to, but the principle was the same. So revolting, indeed, did such a stretch of executive power seem to the Tories, that they unhesitatingly repudiated and protested against it. The Montreal Herald, their leading organ, deprecated it in the following manner, in a leading article which appeared in a few days after.

“In banishing Wolfred Nelson and the other rebels to Bermuda, and in outlawing Papineau and the other rebels in the United States, Lord Durham and his advisers have violated the thirty-ninth article of Magna Charta, which we were taught to regard as the foundation of British liberty, and the cornerstone of the British constitution. It is as follows: ‘no freeman shall be seized or imprisoned, or dis-seised, or outlawed, or any way destroyed, nor will we go upon him, nor will we send upon him except by the legal judgment of his peers, or by the law of the land.’ Most of our readers may be aware that, at the period when King John granted this great charter of British freedom, the greatest of all the grievances of which the people of England complained, was, that the mere will and arbitrary commands of the sovereign were substituted in the place of law; and men were seized, imprisoned, stript of their estates, outlawed, banished, and even executed, with-

out any trial or course of law, to put a stop to such outrageous exertions of arbitrary power, the thirtieth article of Magna Charta was conceded by King John: which is the most valuable stipulation in the whole charter, and the grand security of the liberties, persons, and properties of the people of England, and of the whole British dominions, which, unless this law is violated, cannot be unjustly invaded. The expressions, 'we will not go upon him, we will not send upon him,' signify that the king would not sit in judgment or pronounce sentence on any free man, either in person or by his representative, or by his judges, *except by the verdict of a jury*, or by a process conducted according to the established laws of the land. Now, we have no hesitation in stating, that Lord Durham has in an illegal and unjust manner, invaded the liberties and persons of the banished traitors, in so far, as he individually is not competent to pass sentence, or inflict punishment on any subject of her majesty, except by the verdict of a jury. It is a power, which even her majesty, or the throne does not possess, and it therefore cannot be delegated to, or exercised by her representative."

Such were the sentiments of the party opposed to the patriots. How much more did their friends feel and execrate such an outrage—such an unwarrantable stretch of executive despotism? They might whisper the matter among themselves, but they had no newspaper at that time to act as their organ, nothing in which they could, in manly language, denounce a procedure that at once made them serfs, and my Lord of Durham a despotic czar. Had the *Quotidienne*, of Montreal, or *Le Canadien*, of Quebec, even dared to publish such an article as that which appeared in the Herald, the publisher would have had time enough to study the "great Magna Charta of British liberties" in the solitude of a dungeon. But with the Herald it was a different matter; the governor dared not exert his despotism against

it, yet he did better, and stilled it more effectually; a golden present converted this outrageous act into "a necessary and merciful expedient."

But short time was allowed the prisoners in leave-taking; but a few hours before they were to embark, to be sent away, in pursuance of their sentence, where they might never see friend or child again. Such a trial, affecting as it must have been, was gone through with, by the manly fortitude of men who were ready to sacrifice themselves for their country. They encouraged their relatives with the assurance that this act on the part of the government would only hasten what must ultimately happen—the freedom and independence of their country, when they would return. They had time but to exchange adieus, before they were hurried off, the official pimps about them, not wishing to allow such treasonable language to go abroad. When they were on the steps and about being marched off, and a crowd assembled around them, they were met by a venerable old lady, Madame Masson, upwards of 70 years of age, the mother of Dr. Masson, who, when taking leave of her son, shed not a tear. "Go," said she, in a loud voice, that all could hear, "to the place of your destination; let not the indignities which cravens offer you, disquiet you; remember that you are suffering in your country's cause. Be of good courage. *La jour viendrai.*" On their departure from the city, which was unknown until a few minutes before, so great was the number assembled about the wharf where the steamboat lay, that it was considered best to send orders for her to drop down to a wharf where the prisoners would be in waiting. This double trick excited still more the populace. Nothing was heard but muttered curses, not loud but deep, upon the governor; and execrations that startled many a tory, who had probably flattered himself that the Canadians were so humbled, that they were disheartened, and dared not express their sentiments. Marchessault,

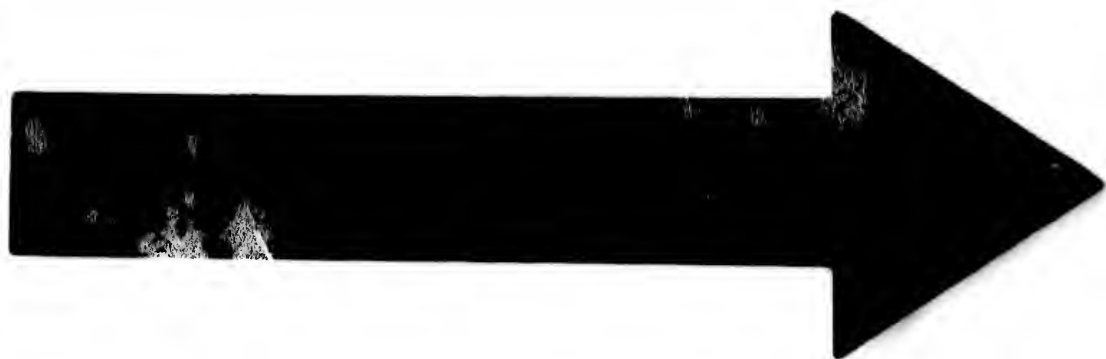
who took the command at St. Charles, after Brown's desertion, was asked, on board the boat, if he was not sorry for what he had done? He turned, with an ineffable look of contempt on the querist—"Sorry for what I have done," said he; "no; so far from regretting what I have done, were I at liberty again I would pursue the same course."

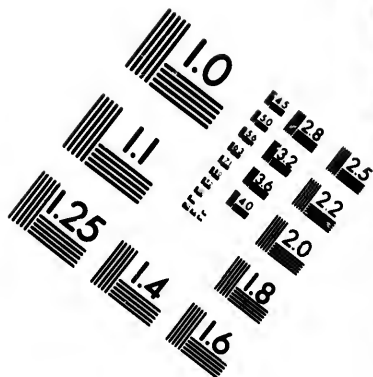
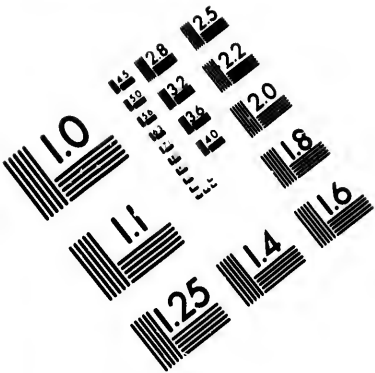
"Brave fellow!" said an English officer, standing near, "I admire your spirit, while my duty and loyalty oblige me to condemn your cause."

"Heigho! there spake a vrai Anglais!" Said the pilot.

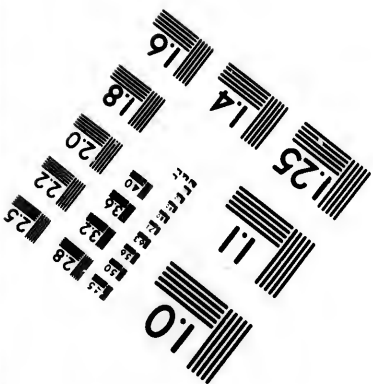
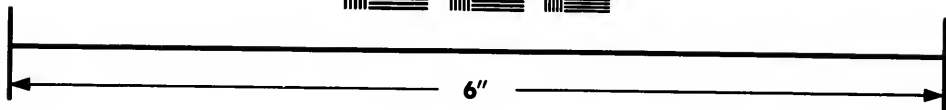
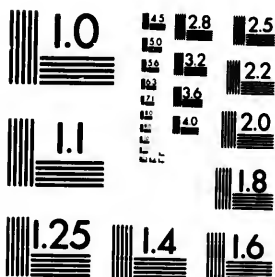
The departure of these brave men kept up the spirit of hostility which was rankling in every heart against the government, and Lord Durham began to be noticed in no pleasing manner in the public papers of both parties, as far as they dared. The appointments which he had made to offices of high trust and honour among his own household, of men whose moral reputation was of the very worst kind, became the subject of discussion, which irritated him very much. Indeed, so bad was the character of Mr. Turton, the person whom his lordship had brought from England with him, as his legal adviser, as to excite the indignation of the tories themselves; never too particular when a lord, or the friend of a lord in power was in question; but, as this was a most delicate affair, and as his lordship was going down hill in popularity, every cur was barking at his heels.

To say the least of it, about this time, Lord Durham's situation was no enviable one. Despised alike by both parties, on the one hand, at home, as well as in Canada, and obliged to conciliate the tories, in arms in the upper province, now about being disbanded, and who were committing every sort of aggression upon American property, that they could, whenever an opportunity offered; firing into American steamboats, whenever they could, for the purpose of irritating still more the minds of our frontier





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population, that a war might be created, so that their services would still be in requisition. Conciliating and fawning upon them at one time, and at the next pretending to advise with the friends of the Canadians, that order and confidence might be restored; his mind was kept harassed, and incessant inquietude preyed upon a constitution at all times delicate, so that in a short time he became irritable, and his conduct was marked with vacillation.

Yet, notwithstanding the numerous and repeated acts of aggression and outrage, which were perpetrated by British soldiers and British armed vessels in American waters, and sanctioned by British authorities, it was a curious sight to see American officers and soldiers uniting with those of England in ferreting out among the Thousand Isles one man. It was a degrading and humiliating sight, dishonourable to our army to be placed on such a service, and disgraceful to the American people to see their government, instead of demanding prompt redress for the numerous insults upon our flag, submissive and truckling to that power by whose authority those indignities and those insults were perpetrated.

And for what was the united effort on the part of two such great and powerful nations?—to arrest one man, and that man, William Johnson. To arrest an American citizen, who, as a British subject during the last war, had rendered, at the risk of his life, services of the utmost importance to the United States; to arrest a man who, for those services, had his property destroyed and confiscated, was himself outlawed, with a price upon his head twenty-seven years before, and who had sought a refuge in our land, and became naturalized, performing every duty incumbent on him as a citizen, and all because he had lent his feeble aid to succour the oppressed; to promote human liberty; and had dared to hope to see Canada free, as the country of his adoption. Because he had volunteered his ser-

vices to aid those who, like the rebels of '76, were making an effort to establish in their country, similar institutions as the descendants of those American rebels are now blessed with.

Immured as we were, we could hear the various rumours, which were magnified by the credulous soldiers to the greatest imaginable extent. Landings of the patriots had been effected at one place; anon we heard of another, and before the last had become stale, another story was ready to take its place, and served its purpose, whiling away a weary hour. The newspapers also spoke of insurrections, and of the landing of the brigands at the Short Hills, and their defeat; with the execution of the gallant Moreau, who, it seems, stimulated by the daring of his disposition, and hearing that the people of the Niagara and Gore district would immediately rise in arms, were there any, no matter how small the number, to raise their banner at a certain spot, where they could rally to it, they would all join. Moreau, with a small number, not more than sixty, most of whom were Canadian refugees, crossed the Niagara river. Before they could get to the spot assigned as a rendezvous, the alarm was given, and an attack was made upon them by a company of lancers, which, after a slight skirmish, were defeated; but they were soon surrounded in a dense swamp by a force more than quadruple their numbers, where, after an ineffectual struggle, many of them were cut to pieces, and by some unguarded opening the rest escaped. The Americans, who knew not the by-roads of the country, were taken, and among others Moreau. They were tried shortly afterwards, and sentenced to be executed. Moreau, the leader, a Pennsylvanian, was discovered alone in the woods by a farmer, who pretended to be a patriot, and seduced him to his house, where, for the \$2,000 reward offered for him by Sir George Arthur, he was betrayed into the hands of a guard. On being searched, some military maps and plans

were found upon his person. He was manacled and sent a prisoner to the fort at Niagara. In this trying situation, his remarkable coolness and presence of mind excited the admiration of even the tories. They thought it singular that a man who must be certain that an ignominious death awaited him, could be so firm and collected. At Queenston some person presented him with a glass of wine, where, before drinking, he gave a toast:—“*May Canada never become quiet until the American Eagle floats on the heights of Queenston.*”

Of sixteen others, who were tried and sentenced to be executed, all were respited, but the leader, James Moreau, who, on the 30th day of July, was executed, within sight of his native country. He fell another victim, and, like Lount and Matthews, his body was quartered and given to the surgeons for dissection. He was about thirty-five years of age, of gentlemanly deportment, and of easy address. The tory papers said that he had “expressed no regret, made no apologies for his conduct, nor for the motives that brought him there.” Poor fellow! he was right: he knew that they would torture his very words into some acknowledgment that might hurt his memory, and he spoke not. His was not the death of a soldier. He fell not gloriously, as Chenier, at the close of a well-fought contest. But his death will not be the less regretted. He died as he had lived, bold, fearless, and firm of purpose, another victim to treachery, misrepresentation, and British inhumanity.

Along the whole line of the frontier, from Vermont to Michigan, the public mind was far from being settled; hostile demonstrations were developing themselves; numbers of men were seen at different points, and arms were collected, and arsenals broken open; from which we portended another outbreak at no distant day. Besides, the question of the disputed boundary of Maine was beginning to be agitated, and the Quebec newspapers, and those of Montreal that

fell into our hands, were discussing the matter seriously. We were jesting on this matter one day among ourselves, and regretting our fate, to be cooped up as we were, awaiting her majesty's pleasure, while our countrymen would be gaining laurels in the field. In a jesting mood, one afternoon I remarked, that we had better not remain inactive ; that we had better pay attention to the views of the fort, understand all about the place, and concert some plan, and then leave them, when we got an opportunity ; not wait the tardy pleasure of her majesty. While conversing about this matter among ourselves, the sergeant entered with our evening papers, from which we learned the escape of Col. Brophy, and the other prisoners that we had left at Fort Henry. Nothing further was given, but the mere news of their escape, and the recapture of Mr. John G. Parker, with the conjectures of the editor of the Kingston paper, an extract from which was copied into the paper which we had procured. Anxiety to learn the particulars, made us all pass a sleepless night, and we looked with longing anxiety for the morrow to come, that we might hear if they had succeeded ; yet we feared that we would hear certainly of their re-capture, as well as that of Mr. Parker. What caused us the more fear was, that we knew that from Mr. Parker's long residence in Kingston, and having so many friends, and with a knowledge of the country, that if he could not escape, how much less chance there was for the others, who, although many of them were residents of Canada, yet were unacquainted with the people and the roads about the country in the vicinage of Kingston. A day or two passed before we heard the particulars, but still kept up hope, for we saw nothing of their recapture. We fancied, and truly too, that had they been retaken, the whole tory press of the provinces would have trumpeted it forth, and we could not miss to see it. Our man was commissioned to buy all the

papers he could find that had any thing to say about the matter, and to call at the printing offices and solicit from them any exchange papers they might have from Upper Canada, or from the frontier towns of the state of New-York, to ask them for us, and pay them whatever they demanded for them. Our anxiety was perceived by the officers, and was remarked. I remember, one day, while out on our half-hour daily walk, in conversing with one of the young officers, who was loitering about the saluting battery, where we were, I asked him if he had heard any thing of the recapture of the prisoners who had escaped from Fort Henry.

"No," he said, "they were not retaken, at the last intelligence that they had received, but he was sorry on our account that they had attempted such a thing."

"Why on our account, sir?" I asked.

"Because it will make us watch you more strictly, lest you should play us the same trick."

I told him I could not see how that could be done.

"Nor I either; but you Yankees are slippery fellows! however, should you try such a thing, you would find that Quebec is not Fort Henry; and that you are not guarded by soldiers of the line."

"No, we have the honour to be guarded by her majesty's own guards—her household troops; and we are aware, that with such vigilance as was exercised by such men as the Coldstream Guards, that an attempt on our part would not only be impossible, but even that such a thought entering our minds would be utterly improbable; and did we even attempt it, and succeed so far as to get beyond the precincts of the citadel, that in a walled city, where the gates were shut and guarded, as they were, after a certain hour of the evening, in the midst of an enemy's country, and such a distance from our own, we would certainly be taken—our recapture would be inevitable."

He thought so too, he said.

The next paper we received, after this discourse, brought us the pleasing intelligence that Brophy, Morden, Chase, and Montgomery, had arrived safe at Cape Vincent, New York, and been most hospitably received by the citizens of that place; fearful of compromising some of those who had aided them, they dared not give a full exposition of the manner of their escape; but, from conversation since with several of them, I have learned the following facts. Shortly after we had left them, and finding that the sentinels were rather friendly, they began to have some thoughts of attempting an escape. A committee of inquiry was appointed, who, after a short time, reported favourably. They had learned from a friendly Orangeman, who was employed about the fort, the secret, that a subterranean passage, leading into the ditch, was made under the adjoining casemate; and that, could they get into the next room, by raising a trap-door, with but little difficulty they could get outside the inner wall of the fort into the ditch. A worthy Irishman, Mr. John Orgen, with whom Mr. Brophy had become acquainted, was employed about the fort in some capacity: he, with a dark lantern, explored the passage, and found it as the other person had described; and that all they would have to do to come to the passage, was to cut a hole through the partition-wall, which was four feet and a half thick, and then a like passage through a door into the gun-room, of only two and a half inch plank. By a system of signs agreed upon by Brophy and Orgen, the latter came daily into the yard, and gave them the news; and when he found they were resolved, furnished them the only tools he could procure, and all that they required, namely, a pointed piece of flat bar-iron, about a foot in length, and a large spike-nail.

By dint of perseverance, the hole was made in the wall; and, as they were, like us, daily visited by

the officers of the guard, they contrived to conceal the aperture, by piling their beds before it; and, as Mr. Montgomery was rather religiously inclined, he was sure to be found, at that time, lying on the beds, industriously reading a large Bible. The lime, and smaller stone of the wall was put into their stove, and sometimes carried out in the pockets of the prisoners, when they walked out. As no one would ever suspect such a thing, none of the officers thought of examining. John Montgomery's devotion was remarked, praised, and his conduct considered most pious and exemplary.

On Saturday night, the 29th of July, Colonel Brophy, and Messrs. Morden and Parker were sent through to examine the passage; and, about break of day, another party went through, to report on some other arrangement. All were satisfied of the practicability of the scheme, although one or two were timid, and had to be frightened into it by the rest. On Sunday, after the regular visit, the aperture was made wider, and a scaling ladder made from the boards of their bedsteads, which, by means of holes bored through, into which they put pegs, they could lengthen it, by jointing several together: at the same time, the pegs were used to place their feet on, in their ascension from the ditch.

On Sunday evening, all being ready, as soon as the pipers had done playing, about half-past nine o'clock, Messrs. Anderson, Tracy, and Morden started as the advance-guard: nine others followed; leaving in the cell, Messrs. Parker, Reid, and Shephard, to hand out the scaling-ladder and the ropes, from the loop-holes of the cell. The latter gentlemen had scarcely joined their comrades in the gun-room, when they were startled by the challenge of the sentinel on duty, at their prison-door; but which proved to be the usual inspection of the officer on duty, examining the different parts. They descended into the passage, each carrying his bundle, and

the one helping the other, until they all got into the sally-port. They then lay down on the ground, in the ditch, until the advance-guard found the most suitable place, and fixed their ladder, to scale the 28 feet wall. They pitched upon a spot about forty feet from where one of the sentinels was posted: but the night was dark, and at that time, there was a heavy thunder-storm; and he kept within the sentry-box. Mr. Montgomery, being the foremost, in advancing to the ladder, had the misfortune of falling, head foremost, into one of the pits, ten feet deep, which are cut out of the rock. A flash of lightning showed the others his situation, and saved them from following him.

They helped him out. His head and arm were severely injured, and the cap of the knee-joint fractured. With difficulty, he mounted the ladder, and crossed the wall. In the goodness of his heart, fearful, that in their attempt to aid him, that the others would be retaken, he begged of them to leave him to his fate, and save themselves. "We will escape, or die together," was the answer of them all.

As Mr. Parker was ascending, the sentinel cried out, "Who comes there?" in a loud sharp voice; at which he, doubtless imagining it to be him that the sentinel challenged, when it was the advancing relief-guard, became somewhat frightened. He placed himself beside Montgomery and the others, on the top of the wall; and, from that time, he was seen no more by his comrades, who could not know how or where he had gone.

From the glacis, where they then were, is a gradual descent towards the water; and, when they gained the beach, they called over their number, and found all but Mr. Parker present. Fearful that some accident had happened—that he had fallen into the ditch, Colonel Brophy and Mr. Morden went back, and examined over the ground they had passed, but could not find him. This was regretted

the more, as, from his long residence in Kingston, he knew the country, and its inhabitants; while the others were strangers.

On the return of Brophy and Morden, the party moved down the river, aiding Mr. Montgomery, and carrying him with them. At daylight, although the night had been so dark and tempestuous, they found that they had travelled eight miles. Knowing that patrols would be out, they left the road, and took to the woods, where a council was held. They agreed to divide into three parties, and make the best of their way separately; Brophy, Chase, and Morden, keeping along with Mr. Montgomery, in his crippled and helpless situation: and yet this party, the least likely of success, were the first to arrive on the American shore. In the course of that day, (Monday,) they travelled still further down; and, in the evening, they approached, as near as the shelter of the woods would permit, the shores of the St. Lawrence. Morden and Chase went out in search of a boat or canoe, leaving the other two in the woods. One was found; and Chase came back to them, and they crept to it. Being near the houses, the dogs began to bark, which the inmates of the dwellings encouraged, thinking, probably, that it was wolves coming to devour their sheep, that the dogs were barking at. However, one thing and another conspired so against them, that it was Wednesday night before they could succeed in leaving the woods undiscovered, and procuring a boat without oars or paddles. Necessity is the mother of invention; and Yankees are proverbial for their inventive faculties. They converted a stave into a paddle, and a rail or two from a fence served as oars. They embarked, and crossed over to Long Island; and such was the darkness, that they almost ran afoul of a schooner, that was on the look-out for them. They pulled their boat on shore, lay until daylight, and found the coast clear. One of them

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crossed the island, and found that, to avoid the Bull-frog, or any other armed boat which might be lying in wait for them, at the foot or the top of the island, it would be better that they should carry their boat across the island. They did so; and launched her on the north side, and crossed over to Carlton Island, which they mistook for the American main shore. On trying to row on to Cape Vincent, they found the wind against them, and themselves too weak to row any longer. They went ashore, and engaged a person whom they met, for \$2, to take them to Faren's tavern. Weak, hungry, and exhausted, they arrived there, and were received with the greatest kindness by the Americans.

The other two parties, in a day or two after, also arrived, all well—Mr. Parker, and Mr. Leonard Watson excepted, both of whom were retaken. The former, in a few hours after the escape, was discovered by two soldiers, disguised as farmers, who were on the look-out for deserters—taken, and marched back to the fort; his arrival being the first intelligence that the garrison received of the escape.

Mr. Leonard Watson, after remaining for two days, with the rest, in the woods, was so exhausted with hunger and fatigue, that he got away from the others, and wandered into a house, where he was suspected, and was taken by them.

On being asked, was he not one of the escaped prisoners from the fort, the old man, in a strong, Yorkshire accent, and with the wild and reckless daring of a man who had made up his mind to something desperate, cried out:—

“Give me something to eat; and, when I am refreshed, I will tell you all about myself.

This was done. They waited until the old man's appetite was appeased; who then told them his name: but nothing could induce him to say any thing of his companions. He was taken back to the

fort, a distance of only a few miles, and parties were sent out to scour the country, to arrest the others; but in vain. They had already reached the United States in safety.

CHAPTER VIII.

Prison scenes—Plans for an Escape—Arrival of an Order to release Sutherland, and transport Theller to England.

WHILE our friends were enjoying themselves in the United States, after their gallant and successful escape, we were still passing our time in our grotto, conjecturing what they probably, at that time, were doing. We would fancy ourselves in Michigan, and think of what Brophy would be likely to be about at that time; amuse ourselves with talking of them, and, in our imagination, conjure up the feelings which they must have experienced, while in the ditch where poor Montgomery fell; follow them to the wood; witness the interview with their companions, when they met, and their separation; cross with them Lake Ontario, and fancy their feelings when they first touched the American shore. This gave us food for reflection for days; but in a short time we were greeted in our dreams by thoughts more real and interesting to ourselves.

For days we had understood that the governor-general was expecting despatches out from England, which were received, and on the receipt of which he had immediately left for Montreal. Rumoured accounts of these got into the Quebec papers; and in a small paragraph in the Gazette, we had the pleasing and consoling intelligence, that orders had come from her majesty, that Theller and Sutherland were to be

immediately executed. Had my part of the sentence been about to be accomplished, I am confident that I could not even then have been restrained from laughter at the effect the intelligence had on Sutherland. We thought he would have gone mad—for crazy he had been, we believed, for months; all that evening and night he would, in a hurried pace, walk up and down our apartment, wringing his hands and crying. To all the consolation that some of the other prisoners would try to give him, his only answer would be, "O God! O God! O God! is it come to this! is it come to this!" The whine, and the grotesque contortions of his face would have made a Cynic roar with laughter; and although for weeks before, from his bad conduct, and attempts to quarrel with every one in the room—his lying, his vanity, and assumption of importance, as well as his playing the special spy upon us, and the betrayal of our secret, in Toronto, made the men all despise him so much, that not a soul felt a disposition to even speak to him, or hold the slightest intercourse with him, yet, in that hour of adversity, they strove to console him; and he, poor creature, would not be consoled.

"I knew how it would be! I had a bad dream last night; and I knew all day that it denoted ill-fortune! that it was the presage of some dreadful calamity—but I had no idea it would come to this! O God! O God! boo, boo, whoo!!!"

In vain I told him it was nothing but a rumour—a newspaper story; and that I had many reasons for placing no confidence in it; one of which was, that he had not been sentenced to execution; and, bad as the authorities were, they could not, dare not do any thing of the kind; that had my name been mentioned alone, there might be some truth in the matter; but as it was, he might be convinced it was erroneous. He would not be convinced; and I let him have it his own way. After a while he wanted to know of Col. Dodge, if it would not be better to

try and make our escape, which, on Dodge informing me, I begged him not to give him the most remote idea of our inclination that way, else he would be sure to betray us.

The newspaper story had circulated in the garrison; and many were the comments of the soldiers; and as Sutherland, next day, began to be a little more quiet, from exhaustion, he would converse with the sentinel, and ask him what he had heard about the matter. He would faithfully report every thing he had heard; another sentinel, the next two hours, would tell more, and more, until at last it was said, that the provost marshal had received orders to have a scaffold erected "to accommodate two with ease, and one or two more at a pinch."

A few days after, Mr. Buller, Lord Durham's secretary, in company with several other dignitaries, called upon us and gave us the news. Mr. Buller said that he had been authorized by the governor-general to inform us, that he had received despatches from England; and that I was to be removed to England, and Sutherland set at liberty.

"When am I to go? Did his lordship say, sir?"

"As soon as a vessel can be procured."

"Have you understood that I go any further than England?" said I, with a smile.

"I fear you will."

"New South Wales?"

He bowed his head in assent.

"Well," said I, "it is a pleasant country; but, if it was all the same, I would change situations with Sutherland, here; he would like a trip to that part of the world; and would prefer, he says, living there than going back to the United States; but I suppose it is beyond your power to accommodate us in our different tastes."

"I am sorry, indeed, sir," said Mr. Buller, "that her majesty's advisers have thought it best to so arrange it. Nothing would have given me greater plea-

sure, nor be more gratifying to his excellency, the governor-general, had the news been different, or had you been allowed to return to your own country, as well as Sutherland."

"It is strange that it was not so," remarked one of the gentlemen who was along with Mr. Buller.

"Not so, sir," said I; "it is not strange; Sutherland is a native born American citizen; I am but a naturalized one. I have, unfortunately, been born in Ireland; and England claims me as her serf, because of my birth; whilst the president of my adopted country, as far as I can learn, tamely and quietly allows a foreign power to claim jurisdiction and fealty over a class of men comprising nearly one-fourth of her population."

In answer to a question which I made, on what grounds Sutherland was liberated? they said, that doubts had been entertained as to the power of the provincial government of Upper Canada to make such a law in the first place; and that other doubts, as to the legality of his conviction, had been raised, which, on being referred to the law officers of the crown, in London, their decision was, that his conviction was clearly illegal.

"Do I go immediately, Mr. Buller? Is there no bail, or any thing required?" asked Sutherland.

"Bail—why, yes, I suppose so; that you will not come back again."

"O, I can get bail to any amount," responded Sutherland.

Squire Thayer, one of our men, who, from a peculiar vein of talking, sometimes we called Solomon Slick, remarked, that if that was all that bail was required for, he thought that his securities would not run any risk, for an ox-team could not drag Sutherland within sight of Canada after what he had endured.

Sutherland, by correspondence with Mr. Buller, subsequently learned, that the amount of the security

required, would be himself, I believe, in £1000, and two sureties, each in £500; a very useless piece of foolery, for which, in my opinion, he might thank himself, for, from what we perceived in Mr. Buller's manner, when he first mentioned the securities, we believed that, had Sutherland held his peace, no security would have been required. Meanwhile he was kept in suspense for days, subject to "that sickness of heart which arises from hope deferred;" waiting until they would hear from Sir George Arthur, who was to be consulted, and to whose satisfaction the bail must be, before being taken. By that means he was kept for weeks in torture, every day writing to one person and another in Toronto, soliciting them to become his securities, but, we believe, without effect.

Days and nights wearily passed on with us, although we did our utmost to pass away the time, by reading, writing, and concocting plans for our escape. We had to be prudent, for in Sutherland we put no confidence whatever: and well it was for us that we were so cautious, for one day, on which the adjutant, with some other officers, had come into our quarters on some business, in our presence, Sutherland informed him that he wished to converse with him alone; that he had some complaints to make against us. The adjutant told him that whatever complaints he had to make, to speak them out; that he wished no private conference with him, and what he had to say of us, had better be said before our faces. The grounds of his complaint were, that he was not treated as we were; that we were opposed to him, and that the sergeant was too friendly with us, doing as we said; that we were meditating our escape, and that I was communicating out of doors, by means of French books I had borrowed; that he had seen me write on the margin of the leaves, and send them out in that way, and that I had received answers in the like manner.

As this was rather a grave charge, it made us fear that our books would be searched, and that they would prevent us having any more; the very thing he aimed at. We boldly met the accusation with a prompt denial, and appealed to the sergeant, whose duty it was to examine the books and papers before they came in, and before they went out of our room.

The sergeant stoutly denied that such a thing was done, or that it could be possible to do it, from the strict manner in which both himself and others examined the books, and that nothing of that kind could escape his eye.

Here Sutherland forgot his usual cunning, and accused the sergeant of being bribed by us, which accusation was most indignantly repelled by the sergeant, and, of course, we, as in duty bound, helped him, as he had helped us before.

"Bribed, sir! bribe a sergeant of her majesty's Coldstream Guards?" said the adjutant, in amazement.

We perceived that the *esprit du corps* of all the officers was somewhat hurt at the idea that one of their most trustworthy sergeants, who had been eighteen years in the battalion, and had always borne the best of characters for sobriety and attention to his duty, and who was, besides, a favourite with Adjutant Chisholm, could be guilty of neglect of orders which had been so strictly given to him, or that he or any of the corps could be suspected of being bribed. He asked Sutherland what reasons he had to suppose such a thing; what had the sergeant done?

The threatening looks that met the cowardly traitor as he looked upon us, so frightened him, that he could not give any account. He looked so confused, and held his head down, that he had to be told by some of us to look up, and tell the adjutant what the sergeant had done. He at last stammered out some trivial thing, that only excited a "Pshaw" from some

of the other officers, and the party went off with disgust.

In the course of that evening he used some threatening language, and, coward-like, attempted to stab Col. Dodge with a knife. He had once before attempted the same thing, and each time got well whipped by the person against whom he strove to commit so assassin-like a deed. This time, however, he did it in the presence of the sergeant, who called in the guard, and left him there in charge, while he went to report the affair to the adjutant, who came and ordered him to be handcuffed. Poor devil, he suffered tortures that night; there was no mercy for him; I believe he really thought that was the last night he was to live. If the wretch had feelings, his sufferings in mind, as each of his persecutors annoyed him in every possible manner, they must have been sorely tried. Indeed, had it not been for the influence which Col. Dodge and myself exercised over the exasperated men, they would have belaboured his body, as well as tortured his mind.

When the adjutant came to see him the next morning, he read him a lecture, and took off the irons.

In the most abject and supplicating manner, Sutherland prayed and begged him to remove him from our room. "I am not in the same situation," he said, "as the rest of those men are, I am only detained here for want of bail. O! take me from here; put me in a well, if you like, cover me up with stones, give me but two crackers per day to eat; only, only, for God's sake, take me out from among them; my life is not safe a moment, they will kill me.—They will kill me; O God! O God!—boo, boo, whoo!!!"

Fearful that the adjutant would not remove him, a measure we so much desired, we pretended we wished to have him remain, as we feared that, as his mind was in such a distracted state, it would not answer to leave him alone, lest in his frenzy he might injure himself; and he might not be so com-

fortable in any other place, as he would be with us, and we promised that we would take care of him.

The adjutant replied, that he would see the commanding officer, and advise his removal to some other place. He did so, and that night he was taken from our room, and confined in one of the black holes adjoining the guard-house of the fort. We made a point of sending him all the little comforts that we could, as much to show the commiseration which we felt for his aberration of intellect, as to make the officer imagine, that we really believed that he was insane; and indeed his conduct and appearance was such, that to those who did not know the degraded being as we did, they would have thought that bedlam would have been a more befitting residence for him than confinement in a fortress, guarded by soldiers.

He had let his beard grow to a considerable length, and afterwards he had shaved, leaving, however, some straggling bristles on his upper lip, which he called mustachios, and which, he thought, gave him a more fierce and soldier-like look. Habited in a dirty calico gown, which he made himself, in imitation of a Kentucky hunting-shirt, and on the shoulders of which he had placed wings, to resemble epaulettes, with the dirty manner in which he had kept himself, his sallow, grotesque-looking visage, and long, lank form, as well as the state of fear in which for some time he had lived, he might in truth have been taken, by even a practical observer, as a lunatic. Luckily for us, he was thought to be so. We, however, did not feel safe, lest in his cunning he might, when alone, inform some of the officers, who might give credence to him, of the suspicions which he entertained of our designs. To prevent that as much as possible, I thought it advisable to hold some conversation on the matter, with Sergeant Norman, who I found feared him excessively, and which fear I augmented by saying, that he, Norman,

must watch him closely on his own account, and see that no letters should pass from him to the commanding officer, or to the governor-general, without the sergeant showing them to me, soliciting an interview, "lest, you see, sergeant," I said, "he should contrive to hurt you for your kindness to us."

"You may depend," said the sergeant, "I will do all I can to prevent him, as far as in my power, from hurting myself, although I cannot perceive how any interview he might have with the commanding officer would injure me."

"A great deal," said I. "In the first place, he would write down to the commanding officer, inquiring if you were authorized to receive from me any donations of money, for the purpose of allowing us privileges that were forbidden; next, he would show to the commanding officer, that we did not receive all the quota allowed to us, and which he has found out. Now, if the commanding officer would take some of our men out aside, and, as they know nothing of the matter, and would not suspect any thing, and as it might not be best even to let them know any thing more than they do, and ask them the question of, How many candles do you receive per week? they would answer, four; which is the number that we have always received, since we came in here; and the officer knowing, as Sutherland pretends to have found out, that we are allowed more, that single circumstance would confirm some of the statements that Sutherland has made, and an investigation might be gone into, that would probably turn to your disadvantage, without either myself, or Col. Dodge, being of any use to you.

"Then, other questions might be asked, which, in the ignorance of our men, might hurt you; they would answer, probably unawares, some other question of more import, such as the price of tobacco, beer, and so forth, sold at the canteen, and other matters, that I perceive Sutherland intended to inform

the adjutant of, when he sought to have a private conference with him, on preferring the complaint before, and which we prevented. Now, it is your direct interest that I look at. I know you have, in your kindness to me and Col. Dodge, forgotten the very strict orders which you have received, and, consequently, if discovered might be injured; probably, deprived of your office, and reduced to the ranks; a thing I should regret, and in fact never forgive myself for having been a cause. It is to avoid that end that I warn you to be aware of him; watch him carefully; be kind to him; but let not a single scrap of writing go from him unless you show it to me; he is crazy, and you know he is cunning, but we can manage him."

"But, supposing he would write to the commandant," said the sergeant, evidently frightened; "I must send it to the officer of the guard, or the adjutant, and he will transmit it."

"True, but if the note which he might send would contain any request like those we have mentioned, you would not be fool enough, I imagine, to send it out of your own hands, when no person knows of the matter but Sutherland and yourself, and when you might be aware of the consequences to yourself, which were in all likelihood to follow, did he make those complaints, which would be confirmed by some of our own men, or by the sergeant's wife."

"But, surely, the men would not go against me, did you tell them not to do it."

"Assuredly they would not; but would it be policy for you to intrust them with what they might, at some future occasion, turn to your disadvantage? Some of them might become like Sutherland; they are ignorant of any thing now, why put yourself in their power? We will stick to you, of course, and if the time comes, they will say as we say, you may depend upon it."

"Sutherland is such a liar, that the officers will

not believe him, even did he tell the truth, but I will do as you advise."

As soon as this was arranged, we could breathe freely, well knowing that the sergeant's fear would prevent any thing passing from him that would, in the slightest manner, implicate himself or us. We thus got a glimpse of all his correspondence, which, at times, amounted to an average of three or four letters, almost, per day. The subject matter of all of which was, about procuring the securities required, and addressed to persons in Upper and Lower Canada, and occasionally one was addressed to the governor-general, or to Mr. Buller.

We now commenced in reality to put in practice our plans. We had an idea that the back part of our apartment, leading out into the ditch, would be the best place to attempt our sortie, and a commencement was made upon the wall, in which we found a hole sufficiently large for our passage could easily be effected; but as the guards were stationed there, as in front, we abandoned the first plan, and filled up the work in the wall we had already defaced,* and resolved on trying a more bold and hazardous plan, a plan which we might, with ingenuity, effect, and which, from the very boldness of the design, would, unless we were caught in the very act of doing it, never beget the slightest suspicion. On suggesting that plan to Col. Dodge, and after we had turned the matter over in our minds, we informed the men, who all willingly embraced the proposal, but doubted somewhat the practicability of our being able to procure the means to accomplish it, which I thought I

* This was done so well, that the closest inspection by ourselves could scarce detect it. The wall, from dampness, was of a dingy yellow colour, which was imitated by the plaster we made to fill up the space that had been broken between the stones; the composition of which was a few pounds of flour, mixed up with tobacco water, which gave it the exact shade and colour of the original mortar. We prided ourselves much upon this job of masonry.

could effect through our friends in the city. The plan proposed was as follows:—

First, to correspond with our friends outside, and ascertain how far they could assist us after we did get out, and to furnish us some implements with which we could saw off one of the upright bars of iron with which our window was guarded. This would be wide enough to allow us a passage. After we could effect this, wait patiently for the first dark and stormy night, which we thought would frequently occur in that season of the year; take advantage of the time when the rain would oblige the sentinel stationed within the enclosure, which surrounded the front of our prison-room, to seek shelter inside of the temporary porch that was built before each of the doors, to protect them from the biting blast and the drifting snow, which, in the winter, in that northern region, is so severe. After we had squeezed ourselves through the aperture thus made, we could climb over the enclosure easily, by placing one of our feet on the cross-bar of iron in the centre of our window, and the other upon the frame part of the fence, which was about eight feet from the ground, gain the top, and by means of a rope made with our sheets, and fastened to the iron bars of the window, which would be carried over by the first of us who ventured through, and thus noiselessly we could let ourselves down so as not to alarm the sentinels on the posts outside, and on the top, who, we believed, like the other sentinels which we must unavoidably pass, would be, on account of the rain and storm, quietly keeping watch in their sentry-boxes; then creep stealthily along like an Indian, and as we knew where every sentinel inside the fortress was stationed, we could with precaution elude them, gain the saluting batteries, and from thence descend the wall by means of the ropes with which the flag-staff was rigged. Have some one of our friends there who would guide us to the river's edge, procure us

a boat and oars, a few days' provisions, lend us a few rifles and a pocket compass; and thus armed and equipped we would descend the river, aided by the ebb of the morning tide; and when we got to a certain place, which we perceived on a map we had obtained, sink our boat, take to the woods, and in three or four days' march we could arrive in the state of Maine. Once in the woods, all the force which her majesty's officers could command, could not take us, and by sinking our boat our trail could not be perceived by any of the prowling bands of Indians that might be sent in chase.

Our project once formed, we began to put it in execution; but we feared that, although the adjutant did not seem to place any credence in what Sutherland had said about our corresponding through books, yet we perceived that they were more closely examined now than before, and fearful that by such means our plot might be discovered, I ventured upon another plan. In our evening walks out to the salutary battery, which overlooked the city, we often perceived strangers, who had obtained a pass to enter the works, either attracted by the wish of seeing the interior of a fortification so celebrated, or to view the prospect of the surrounding country, from such a lofty position, or to see us as we enjoyed our walk.

From the looks of these men, we could easily tell whether they were friends or foes. On this day I noticed a young Canadian gentleman, who was leaning against one of the walls inside of the grounds allowed and reserved for us, and which I have since supposed the sergeant mistook for one of the young officers of the garrison, as they, when off duty, were always loitering about in civilian dress. I sauntered close to him, during the time that Sergeant Norman and the corporal were putting out all those who had been within the precincts of our allotted ground, and placing the cordon of sentinels around us, and

perceived, in answer to a cursory remark I made, that he was a friend.

I asked him, in the French language, if he was acquainted with Monsieur A——, a person in whom I knew I could confide.

“He is my most intimate friend,” said he.

“Will you be the bearer to him of this note from me?” and, as I leaned over the wall on which he was reclining, I slipped into his hand the letter for my friend which I had prepared.

“Is it true,” said he, “the rumour which we have heard in town, that you had contemplated an escape, and that Sutherland had betrayed you?”

“Not altogether; but he is no longer confined with us.”

Perceiving that the sergeant was coming towards us, I whispered to my new acquaintance to lie still, and not change his position until he went off. I turned round and walked towards the sergeant, who then, first seeing the stranger on the wall, asked me who it was?

“I do not know,” I answered; “I have not seen his face, but, from his dress, I presume it is young Lord Alexander,” a lieutenant in the Coldstreams. We then walked off; I taking the sergeant with me to another part of our walk, on the pretence of seeing the Edinburgh, one of the large seventy-four gun ships then lying in the river.

When we were marched back, and during the time we stopped, while the outer door of the enclosure was opened, I saw our friend quietly walking towards the gate, and pass out. I was not suspicious of being betrayed, for if ever truth and honesty was depicted on a human countenance, that young man's face was the index of a noble heart. He fulfilled his mission; the letter was delivered to my friend, Mons. A——, as I perceived the next day. I had only advertised my friend that I had an important matter to disclose, and either to come up himself, or

send some one in whom he could place the most implicit confidence. If he sent any one, let him appear on a certain spot, and as we approached him, let him take out of his coat-pocket, with his left hand, a white pocket-handkerchief, and with it wipe his face twice. The Hon. Charles Drolet, M. P. P., was the person, accompanied by another gentleman who is still in the city of Quebec, whose name I cannot give; he had a fine, intelligent-looking dog with him.

As it had been announced that Lord Durham had met with Mr. Forsyth, the Secretary of State of the United States, at Montreal, and that he had immediately returned to Quebec that morning, bringing Mr. Forsyth in company with his lordship, we had been anxious to ascertain the fact; and I had written to him, in a letter enclosed to Mr. Buller, which I requested Mr. B. to do me the favour to deliver in person. Not having had any answer, and as I had some conversation with the serjeant before, on the subject, I requested him to go and ask those strange gentlemen if they knew whether Mr. Forsyth had arrived from Montreal, with the governor-general. As they at first pretended not to understand the serjeant, I quietly remarked that they seemed French gentlemen, and, as they did not seem to understand him, I would ask them myself.

“Do not, sir, for God’s sake; it is against my orders.”

“Pshaw, who will know? and a bottle of porter will raise your spirits, after such a fright. Stand here with me.”

I moved my hat to the gentlemen, one of whom returned the salutation, and I asked him, in English,

“Do you know, sir, if Mr. Forsyth, the Secretary of the United States, arrived in town with Lord Durham?”

He answered in French, that he did not know.

“It is just as I expected; he does not understand

English. I will try him in his own tongue, and see if he knows any thing about it."

"Quelle nouvelle, monsieur? What is the news, sir?" said I.

"There is good news for us from the United States and from above," said he, "but we were sent by your friend, to ascertain what you wanted, and to know what we could do to aid or befriend you."

"If we attempt to make our escape, would you aid us?" and, as I perceived the sergeant did not know what to make of the outlandish gibberish we were talking, I told my friend, Mr. Drolet, that to blind him, we must use the name of Mr. Forsyth in our conversation frequently.

"We will aid you with every thing, and in every manner we can, Mr. Forsyth," pointing with his cane to the town.

The sergeant looked assured that we were talking about nothing else, and we continued our conversation, occasionally introducing Mr. Forsyth's name, and Lord Durham. I told him that, in anticipation of his coming to us, I had prepared a rough sketch of our plan, and that I would leave it in the mouth of the cannon nearest the wall, that he might see me put it in, and when we were gone, he could take it out; and further, I wished him and my friend to give us their views honestly; and that, meanwhile, I wished him to go behind our prison-room, into the ditch, as we could not see it ourselves, and to make a draft of it, that we could understand the localities; and also to ascertain the different posts outside of the citadel, where sentinels were stationed at night, and before we came out the next day, let his friend or some other person come, and place it in the mouth of the same cannon, and remain about the rampart until we went in; and when the guards would be removed, he could also take out any answer that I might leave. "We were placed," I said, "in a situation that it required their greatest prudence, and I

hoped, that whoever they might send up would act warily, as we were most closely watched."

"Fear not," said he, "you may depend on our prudence."

"Adieu, then," said I; "if you could send that dog that accompanies your friend, I could manage through him, I think."

"We will try," said he; "adieu."

I walked away and deposited my paper, while he asked the sergeant who I was. The sergeant wished to know who those persons were afterwards from me, and I said they were strangers from the country; one of them was, or had been a member of parliament, and a great tory, who seemed to be inveterate against the Americans, and that he said he did not know or care about Mr. Forsyth, and spake on the whole rather saucily to me.

"Had I known that, I would soon have pushed him off; and yet I suspected, from the manner in which he talked of Mr. Forsyth, that he was no friend of yours. I thought, too, from your eye, as you talked to the Frenchman in his 'outlandish gibberish,' that you were rather angry at him; but I hope he will say nothing to any of our officers about me allowing you to speak to him; I would not that they knew it for the best bottle of porter in the canteen, and a dollar or boot."

I laughed at the broad hint the sergeant gave, and he received a dollar for the risk he ran.

"If he comes here again, take no notice of him," said I, "lest he might be offended; but I do not think he will say any thing about it."

Our time being up, we were marched back.

The next afternoon I perceived that the gentleman who had accompanied Mr. Drolet the day before, was at his post, and with him was the dog. He had taken his station at the extreme end of our ground; and, as the day was remarkably sultry, there were no other visitors but himself. He was

lying on the grass in a shady place, pretending to read a book; but I perceived he was watching me. I went over to the cannon, and leaning on it, after directing the sergeant's attention to some object in town, while the attention of the corporal and sentinel were taken up by the men who accompanied me, slipped my hand into the cannon's mouth, and drew out his communication, which had been rolled up as a ball. I conversed with the sergeant, and began playing with the dog and fondling with him, throwing pebbles to him, until I got near him. The poor animal began playing with me, and I kept pulling his ears, and so forth, until I got in a position where I could catch his master's eye, and kept playing and talking, as it were, to the dog, whilst the sergeant kept looking at me, and laughing at the manner I was amusing myself.

"Mon pauvre chien," said I, in the French language, for I had before remarked to the sergeant, that the dog did not understand, apparently, a word more of English than the French gentleman that had been there yesterday; but apropos of that; "Your orders, I suppose, are to prevent us from holding any communication with any persons whatever; now, do you think that it was meant by that, that I should not converse with a dog."

"O, by no means, sir," said he; and he walked away to speak to the drum-major, who was at another part of the ramparts.

"That itself is a liberty, then, Mr. Doggie, that I shall take advantage of, if it was only to hear myself talk; Come here, sir; he does not understand even that much English," said I.

"It is a d—d queer country, this is, Bill," said the corporal to the sentinel beside him, "where even the dogs do not understand the queen's English."

"If we would tell that in London, blast my buttons if they would believe us."

I continued to talk, through the dog, to his master,

still in French, which was altogether unintelligible to the soldiers. "If your master understands me, he can answer my questions affirmatively, with a slight bow, or a wink of his eyes; and negatively, with a shake of the head."

"Do our friends in town approve of our plans of escape? Will they aid us, in furnishing the implements required?"

A slight bow, just to be perceptible, was the answer from our friend.

"Your master must not lift his head from his book, *mon pauvre chien*; I can see him well enough, now, as he is; and the peak of my cap prevents them from seeing my eyes."

"Are the reports we hear, about another insurrection, in the papers, true? And will it soon come?"

A bow.

"Has there been any communication with *nos amis* in the United States?" I feared to mention the word patriot, which sounded much the same in both languages? "Will they aid by an invasion in the upper country?"

I perceived he hesitated a little; but after a moment's reflection, he shrugged his shoulders, plain enough to me that he wanted to say, that he did not know.

"Have you heard what is to be the fate of the rest of the prisoners taken at the Short Hills? Are they to be executed?"

Shake of the head.

"Could an opportunity be found that would convey some letters to the United States, for my family, not through any post-office in the province?"

A bow.

"Soon?"

A bow.

"If I leave them in the cannon, will you see to them? I will have them ready on Sunday next."

A bow.

I perceived that, by the sergeant looking at his watch, and approaching us, that our time was up; and I had not said all I wanted to say.

“The time is up; will you please to rise, sir?”

“It cannot be! Oh, stop a while longer; probably we might coax this fine dog in with us; do you know who owns him?”

“I think he belongs to that ere gentleman what’s reading,” said the corporal.

“Hush!” said I; “I’ll try and coax him with me;” and I began again patting him, and in a voice resembling coaxing, I asked, “What time can you bring us the tools required—a list of which I have put into the place?”

Perceiving that I had asked a question that he had no sign for, I said, “I will try to bring the dog with me, which you perceiving, whistle him back, and, as if it were his name, tell me when.” I saw a smile pass over his countenance at this new stroke of invention.

The guard had collected, and were waiting for me, as I slowly induced the dog to come with me; but his master arose up, and whistled upon him, and cried out, as if calling his dog’s name,

“Demain! demain! demain!” To-morrow! to-morrow! to-morrow!

The whistle, and the voice of his master, called back the dog. I smiled, as did the soldiers of the escort; but how different were the causes that produced the smile! mine was occasioned by the success of our ruse; theirs was because they imagined that I was defeated in my attempt to steal the stranger’s dog.

“Never mind, sir,” said the corporal of the guard; “if you are fond of dogs, I will give you one which I got from a French boy the other day.”

“Of a French girl, you mean,” said Sergeant Norman; “you are at your old tricks again, my covey;

but give the general the dog: it will amuse them inside."

"No! thank you, corporal; I will not deprive you of your dog. Why should I take him, only to have the poor thing confined in that dreary hole, as I am myself, to pine away for the want of intercourse with his kind. I am much obliged to you, however."

When we got into our apartments, and the second part of our men had gone out, I opened the communication. I found there a draft of the rear of our place; the ditch, and the different posts where the sentinels were placed, marked out, that gave us a good idea of the whole; but we were told that they thought that, although our plan of the front appeared more hazardous, still it was not, in reality, more so than the rear, which plan they had understood me to say, in my communication, we had abandoned. We had so, in reality; but I thought it best to be able to explain to the men, who had another opinion, and who liked not to attempt the front passage, in the very face of one sentinel, and in hearing of another; but after a little explanation, they became of our opinion. The communication of our friends went on to say, that if we succeeded to pass the sentinels, and gain the place where we were in the daily habit of going, we need not trouble ourselves further—they would, whenever we told them we were ready, have a trusty friend under the wall, near the flag-staff, who would send us whatever tools or implements we wanted, as well as a ball of stout twine, which, when we arrived at the place and made a signal, to be agreed upon by us, and lower a bundle of something with the twine, the person watching—which would be one of themselves—would attach to it a ladder of rope, which they would prepare. This we could haul up and attach to the carriage of one of the guns on the battery, descend, and our friend would conduct us to a place of safety. But they assured us, as the adventure was one of great hazard,

and unprecedented, they wished us to count the cost before we embarked in it. They could not see how we could succeed in getting to the place mentioned; but if we did, they would venture, in the words of the signers of the Declaration of American Independence, "their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honour," to perform their part. That we need not trouble ourselves in making any arrangements for any thing beyond the place mentioned; that they would attend to it, and have every thing in readiness for our escape from the city to our own country, and every thing furnished at their own expense. That was, indeed, encouraging news to us; we doubted not that we would succeed to do what they thought impracticable; and were happy to learn that they had so kindly and voluntarily pledged to aid us in what we thought the only hazardous part of the business, and the greatest risk. Certainly, what we proposed to do, was a bold and dangerous undertaking; but we had prepared ourselves for it, counting the chances, and resolved to do it, or perish in the attempt; and it is seldom that men who brace up their minds to that point, but with coolness, courage, and perseverance, fail to succeed in measures which appear to others unfeasible and utterly impracticable. But, to get through such an enemy's country to our own home, a distance, at least, of one hundred miles, and with such a force as the government had at their command, as well as the armed police who patrolled the city, after gun-fire—as the numerous spies and Tories that were around, in every road, on every avenue leading to the United States; seemed to us the greatest difficulty.

Every day, the soldiers or sailors who attempted to desert, were brought back by bands of those fellows, who, encouraged by the reward that was cheerfully paid them by the government, kept prowling about, and made a regular business of it, to watch, day and night, the roads and bridges through-

out the country. But, confident that the knowledge of our friends, in their own city and the surrounding country, would obviate all that at first appeared to us so hazardous, we blessed in our hearts those good fellows, who, to aid us to liberty, were putting themselves in such imminent danger on our account.

I weighed the matter over—looked at it in every bearing and shape—suggested in my own mind difficulties that might unavoidably occur; and prepared means to meet every such emergency. I was confident of success, if we managed with coolness and prudence; and I thought we could. If we attempted the thing, we must make up our minds to go through with it, or perish. The die was to be cast. Death or liberty must be the result: and coolly, calmly, and collectedly, I prepared myself to cast the throw which was to decide my fate.

Although Colonel Dodge, and our other seven fellow-prisoners were not situated as I was, I must do him, and some of them the justice to say, that they were as firmly resolved to brave every danger as I knew myself to be. The more credit is due to them on that account, for the only thing they had to escape from was but at most a temporary detention, until such time as the country had, in appearance, settled down into a state of quietude. They had never been tried by any court; nor for the offence against Great Britain, which they were said to be guilty of, no law on the statute-books could be found, which the ingenuity of counsel could even torture or strain into a dereliction. They were not, they could not be guilty of treason; owing, neither by birth, or even the shortest residence in the dominions of her majesty, any allegiance or fealty to her crown. And, as they were taken before the passage of the enactment by the provincial legislature of Upper Canada, under which Sutherland had been tried, they could not be tried by a post facto law;

and that law which had since been, by her majesty's legal advisers, declared to be illegal and unwarranted. They knew this well; but their love of liberty, their love of daring, reckless adventure, made them as desirous of obtaining that liberty, at the risk of their lives, as I was, who, from day to day, was waiting the pleasure of the governor-general, to be embarked to England, and from thence transported to another quarter of the globe. Nor had they attachments and inducements to impel them that I had. They had neither wife nor family. They were, comparatively, young men; without such ties as those that wind and coil themselves round the heart of the husband and the father, who felt that, without such a desperate undertaking, those ties would, in all probability, be forever severed—that nor wife, nor child, nor country would ever more greet his eye, or gladden his aching, desolate heart. That a life of slavery was to be his; cruel, degrading slavery—a convict for life, to be banished to a penal colony; obliged to herd with degraded felons, and have some loyal puppy to a crown and government which he abhorred, lord it over him as his master.

I knew contumely and insult I could never bear. I would resent it, were immediate death to follow. And what reason had I to expect that my feelings would be spared—that I should be more favoured than others had been. I would be a convict. Death to me was preferable. It had no horrors compared to such a life. True, I could be considered as guilty of no moral crime; but I was to be degraded—to herd with felons, and others, the lowest of their kind. No: death was preferable to the living under such degradation: and, could it come to me, even in the attempt of gaining my own freedom, it would be welcome, far more welcome, than it would be in a year or two probably, under the burning sun of the

far distant land to which I was to have been exiled.

They little knew, who were my room-mates, how oft such thoughts harrowed up my feelings, and the reasons which impelled me to determine on our adventurous step. They had no such reasons; and, it must be conceded to those who, with Colonel Dodge, risked their lives with such desperate odds, that more credit must be given to them: for more resolute, determined men, in that case, than he and some of the others, it would be rare to find.

CHAPTER IX.

Plans for an Escape perfected.

Our inquiries after the arrival of Mr. Forsyth, had, the next morning, brought me an answer from Mr. Buller, stating that "the distinguished gentleman" had not arrived in Quebec, but had met the governor-general in Montreal. From a communication from our correspondents outside, we learned some further particulars. Rumour, having its source from good authority, said that his lordship had shown him great attentions; and, in a conversation with him, had adverted to the disturbed state of the American frontier, and the necessity which existed, on the part of the American government, to preserve and continue its neutrality; which his lordship hoped would be more effectual, if the country wished to remain any longer at peace with Great Britain.

That Mr. Forsyth, in answer, assured him that the United States were sincerely desirous of peace; but if, in the event of renewed hostilities between

the Canadian people and their government, and the former would make sufficient struggle to warrant their success, that, although the government of the United States would do their utmost to preserve their neutral relations, still, nothing that it could do would prevent the people of the United States from succouring them, with what assistance and what means they could: and, in the course of events, if the government were obliged to take sides in the Canadian troubles, either for or against the colonists, they would, most certainly, side with the Canadians against England.

We knew not whether such a conversation ever took place or not; but such was the rumour that, at that time, passed as current as if it were true; and Mr. Forsyth had the credit of being a frank and honourable man from both parties. We were proud of him. We thought him an honour to our country. But, like many other opinions of men, which we had formed from rumour, we subsequently found that we had built our structure upon too slight a foundation.

When we walked out that afternoon, I perceived a new friend, whom I had before never seen. From the signal which he made, I discovered he had with him the implements our friends had promised to send us up, but how to get them from him, I did not know. They were too large to be laid on the ground, or where I could pick them up undiscovered, and I had forgotten to advise him to place them in the cannon's mouth. The gentleman, however, managed very discreetly. It was Mr. P. S. Grace, now resident in Detroit. He manœuvred about, and took his station at the flag-staff, the extreme end of our walk from where we then were. Luckily, on that day I had spoken somewhat roughly to Sergeant Norman, on account of some part of his duty, which he had neglected, and at that time I had treated him rather coolly, so that I walked about conversing with Theron

Culver, one of the men, who generally walked out with me. Henry Hull and Squire Thayer I told to keep the sergeant in conversation.

I told Culver that Mr. Grace had with him the tools that we had so much desired, and that I would make a desperate effort to go to him and get them from him, and directed him what to do. As we had been in the habit of walking about uninterrupted within the cordon of sentinels, and Mr. Grace I perceived was, through negligence of the sentinels, inside of our bounds. I walked slowly back and forward, until I came near enough to say carelessly, as if I were humming a tune, "soyez pret;" then opened my coat, as if the heat of the weather oppressed me, and passed closely to him; he stood with his face towards me, as I advanced, and his hands behind his back. One of my men gave a cry, and looked down from the ramparts, as if he had seen something extraordinary in town. The soldiers, attracted by that, looked towards the place, and, taking advantage of the instant, I rushed up to him, took from his hand what he held, and approached the wall as if I was looking at what excited the attention of the others, whispering to Mr. Grace to leave that spot; he did so, and I concealed the small bundle in my breast, and buttoned my coat, before the eyes of the guard were upon me. I then walked up and demanded the cause of the alarm, declaring that I had seen nothing, although I had looked as eagerly as the rest. A foolish story was then told about seeing a fox, which the soldiers said must be a pet fox, belonging to one of the officers, that was rambling about, and which one of the men had mistaken for something else.

For the first time I thought the time of our sojourn was long; and fearful of being detected with such a bulk about my person, I remarked that I was not very well, and if the time was up, I would prefer going back to our room. When we arrived, my

looks told Mr. Dodge and the others that I had succeeded. During the time that the others were getting ready, I retired back to the further part of our apartment, which was dark, and threw myself down on the bed until the sergeant had departed with the escort.

They had sent us all that we had asked; every thing that I mentioned was there: the knife, the saw, the spring steel, such as is used by watchmakers for main springs of watches; rolled up in two of Mackenzie's Gazettes, and a letter from my brother, who then resided in New York, but who has since deceased, together with a vial of acid, and a ball of stout twine. The knife was such as used by gardeners, having a saw-blade, which they thought we might want if we had any wood to cut through. We then commenced our preparations. A piece of hickory wood was made to serve as a bow handle for the spring steel, which by means of the file we were to convert into a saw, to cut the iron bar of our window. We found after a trial that our file was too coarse to serve the purpose, and besides made too great a noise in the operation; that, however, we obviated by making as much noise as possible, so as to drown the grating noise of the file, and direct the attention of the sentinel from it. The place where the bar was to be cut was marked out, and all our other arrangements made. The duty to be performed by each was designated. One was to keep at work at the window sawing the bar, whilst another kept the sentinel in conversation; another was to keep a second saw, which we were obliged to make from the material they sent us, in good order, while this other was in use. Some were to be busy in pretending to make some toys out of pieces of wood, which they scraped with broken glass, in view of the sentinel; making a noise which much resembled the sawing of the iron, and would serve in case of his hearing any thing that would excite his suspicion. To

me was assigned the part of keeping the sentinel in conversation, and a part of the time it was a hard matter to find what subject would most interest him. Every artifice which my knowledge of character would point out was tried, and with varied success. With the young soldier, who we naturally believed would like to desert, that subject was touched upon; glittering prospects were held out as inducements; flattering descriptions, which if they were tried could never be realized, of the ease with which an industrious man could acquire wealth and independence in the United States, and of the equality that existed politically and socially among all classes of our citizens. To the older soldier I would strive to minister to his garrulity, well knowing that old men would rather talk than listen; to get him to discourse of his past life, and of the places he had seen, of the battles he had been in, and of the hairbreadth 'scapes he must have passed, in a life of service; when mounting guard about the palace or the precincts of a court had been all the duty that ever any of his battalion had to do: and, amongst other things, I would get him to describe London, its places of amusements, its public places, and the greatness of a nation that had such a metropolis. With another, of a sensual cast, I would conform myself to his vein of thought, and make him eloquent in his description of the goodness of London porter, Barclay's ale, the difference of the beef of England, and that of which they were furnished in Canada—topics, on which most of them, I found, would discuss for the two hours of their guard, without the slightest appearance of fatigue. And during this chat, under Col. Dodge's direction the bar was being sawed off.

But with others, of a suspicious nature, and who knew their duty, and were fearful of transgressing the strict orders which all who mounted guard received, when they were placed there within the enclosure, my advances had to be made with much

circumspection. I sometimes failed, and during the time of the guard, nothing was attempted to be done. The orders were given, as well by the corporal who changed the guard, as by the sentinel relieved; "*not to hold any conversation with the prisoners, nor allow any other person to do so,*" "not to allow any person to enter our room, nor any bundles or papers to pass in to us, unless the sergeant who had us under his charge, or those whom he might have with him; and if we wanted any thing, they were to pass the word for the sergeant." Besides these orders given verbally, an order was written out to the same effect, and placed before the sentinel's view, signed by Sir James McDonnald, the commandant of the garrison.

To ascertain whether the new sentinel would be communicative, I would watch him a while, and let him pace backward and forward a few times until he forgot his orders, and then, after studying his countenance, I would commence by asking him some simple question, such as:—

"Was it—such an hour—when you mounted guard here, sentinel?"

If he answered pleasantly, our conversation would go on.

"Do you not find this a very lonely post?" &c. Or, "what is the news in town?"—or such questions. Or, "Is the report which we have heard true, sentinel, that your battalion is to be immediately recalled to England?"

This generally would bring them to forget orders, and the continuation of our conversation would go on, with their assurances that they had never heard even of the rumour.

Hard it would have been for them to hear it; the pretended rumour originating with us; and, as we, of course, could not circulate it, unless among themselves, they were wise enough not to say that they had disobeyed their orders by holding any converse with us.

If pressed, I would tell them that I had heard of it from some of the officers with whom I was intimate; that it was not generally known, but my informant had said he doubted it not.

This would lead us into discussion, about the probability, and as I pretended to be very careful, lest the sentinel outside would hear our conversation, and inform against his comrade's disobedience of orders, he would come up close to my window, and our conversation would be carried on in whispers, while the others would be at work at the next window, only six or eight feet from where he stood. But that he might not, however, turn quickly round and discover any thing, we always took the precaution of hanging out a blanket, or rather thrusting it between the bars, so that its heavy folds deadened the grating sound, as well as prevented any one from the walls above, or on the angle opposite, whom chance might direct that way, from looking upon us and seeing our work.

Day by day did we industriously continue on in our work, until we had accomplished it, always working in the day-time, and only when the sentinel on duty could be pressed upon in the manner I have mentioned, to have his attention divided from the duty which he was stationed inside the enclosure to perform, viz., to watch our motions. When the work for the day was concluded, the interstice which the saw made in the iron was neatly filled up with a piece of tallow from the candle, blackened with soot to suit the colour of the other parts, and, lest observation might be directed to that part of the grating that looked greasy, in a fit of cleanliness which seized us one day, we had the window cleaned up; we rubbed all the other bars around with a greased rag, that all might appear uniform.

Another file, and of a finer sort, as well as some steel spring to make another saw, was required, and, we knew not for what reason, our friends did not ap-

pear as usual We thought that it was probably owing to the weather, which was disagreeable, that they did not come. I had to resort to another expedient to obtain it from them. When we walked out on the ramparts, I again discovered Mr. Grace, who was about the same spot, on which I had first seen Mons. I——reclining, when I held the conversation with his dog ; and I longed for an opportunity to let him know what we wanted. I feared, however, to place any thing in the cannon, as formerly, lest, in the strict scrutiny which the artillery every day underwent, from the officer, or non-commissioned officer of artillery, whose duty it was to examine all the pieces of ordnance, it would be discovered. This precaution was the result of some foolish individual, who had visited the fort, having on some previous occasion, spiked some of the guns belonging to the saluting battery. I did not wait long for an opportunity of giving Mr. Grace the hint of what we wanted, and without exciting the slightest suspicion. The master cook for the officer's mess was an old Frenchman, who had, for his skill in the culinary art, been brought with them from England. He was a privileged character, and had the permission, when he liked, to come within our bounds. He had been a soldier in his youth, a conscript of France ; had served in Napoleon's campaigns, been taken prisoner and sent to England, where he had remained. His present profession did not change his habits, nor his taste. He was fond, when he came out (which indeed was rare) in his little white jacket and apron, of conversing with me in his native tongue ; and often, too, would he, in broken English, dispute with the sergeant the comparative bravery of the troops of both nations. True to the belief of every Frenchman, that no troops could equal those of France, nor, in the history of the world, could there be found such a warrior or statesman as L'Empereur Napoleon, he would never give up his argument ; and frequently

he would leave the place of dispute, angry at what he considered the odious comparison that the sergeant would institute between Wellington and the Frenchman's idol, L'Empereur. The day before, the dispute was on the effect of the British charge of bayonets on the French army, which was contended, on the part of the sergeant, no French troops could withstand, but would have to run from.

The old man, fired at such an insult being offered to the army of his country, poured out every invective that his vocabulary would furnish in his native language, which not being understood by his opponent, it passed quietly off, without an exhibition from the other.

I inquired of Sergeant Norman, whether he had made up the quarrel with the old man?

He said he had not.

"By-the-bye, you were too severe upon him, sergeant; that allusion to the charge bayonets, was rather bad; but his reason for the French soldier not stopping, was certainly a new idea to me."

"What was that?" he asked.

"Oh, I do not like to tell it; but, you say nothing to him, and I will explain it to you."

He promised he would not breathe the matter. "Well," said I, and laughed, but kept my eye upon Mr. Grace.

"He said—ha, ha, ha,—it is laughable indeed, but, let me know what he did say," and, putting myself in an attitude, as if trying to remember what the cook had said,—“O, yes, I have it now,”—and, casting my eye around, I perceived that my friend's ear was opened, and seemed to be listening to our conversation. “Yes, he said, in his native tongue, that the reason was.—Stop, let me repeat it, as he said it—aye.

(“We want another file, finer than the last, as well as a piece more of thin spring steel: bring it up to us in the morning, and place it in the little hole which we have made where I am now sitting, and I

can take it in with me when I return. We are now nearly ready.)

“Which, in English, means to say that the only reason that he knew why the French soldier was driven before English bayonets, was their extreme sensibility, and that they could not bear to be tickled, even with a bayonet.”

“Tickled!” said the sergeant, “ay, by Jupiter, it is a queer way to tickle a man, to run a bayonet through him; and for their nice feelings, and being easily tickled, it’s all a sham. Why, d—n his eyes, does he think any one would believe him? the nasty old kitchen walloper. Does he think that we are fools? It’s d——d well I did not understand his lingo, or I would have tickled him with a vengeance.”

By the convulsed countenance of Mr. Grace, I saw that he had much to do to refrain from laughter; but he understood what I had said, and was pleased at my new mode of translating, and the next day the desired tools were left where I had told him.

We had now, with much trouble and perseverance, cut through the iron bar, and had every thing in the finest train, without the slightest suspicion having been excited or directed towards us. The sentinel had not heard or seen any thing that he could take notice of. Indeed, from the noise that was made inside, it would be impossible to detect any one particular sound, had even his ears been disengaged. And as for sight, I kept his eye busy in his looks to myself, as we carried on our interesting conversation. Although I would listen with the most acute attention myself, it was seldom that I could hear any sound that I could distinguish as that made from the saw; and if I would perchance hear a squeak, it was immediately drowned in the shrill sharp notes of a fife that we had borrowed from one of the band boys, and which Smith, the boy who had acted as fifer on board the schooner Ann, kept continually blowing upon, while the saw was at work.

After all was through, and we had informed our friends, by a preconcerted signal, that we had accomplished our preparatory step, we had to wait for a propitious time, which was to be the very first dark and rainy night, between the hours of ten o'clock and two in the morning. We intended to give the sentinel, who would be on duty at that time, a composing draught, that would have so stupefied him, that, did we make a slight noise, he would not be in a condition to hear it, nor give the alarm. We had prepared the means, and in our minds we were as certain of the success of that part of the drama, as we had been with the other acts which preceded it. When Partridge, one of our men, had returned from the hospital, where he was sent, sick, shortly after our arrival: he was, for a considerable length of time, weak and feeble, and as a tonic and for nutriment, the surgeon had ordered him some bottled porter. A few bottles of this were preserved for to treat the sentinel on our last night. I had procured a small phial of laudanum, by what means, I cannot at present relate, fearful lest the good-nature of the person who procured it for me, might even yet, if known, be turned to his disadvantage. Suffice it to say, that I obtained it, and had it ready when occasion required its use.

During the time that we had been at work, in many instances, we ran the nearest chances of being oftentimes discovered. Once, indeed, so near, that the scene is too strongly impressed upon my memory ever to be effaced. The sergeant came in one evening, while we were at supper, and, as all the seats we had were occupied, he sat himself down on the window-seat, and leaned back on the very bar that we had cut through. Before he sat down, he removed one of the men's stockings, that had been—as it might appear carelessly—placed there to cover the place. I perceived it immediately, and, as he was a very robust man, I became somewhat fearful

lest that from his weight in leaning back upon it, that it would give way. Col. Dodge perceived it also, and invited him to come and take a seat at the table, and take a bowl of tea with us. Fearful that the sentinel would perceive him, he refused the offer, and stirred not. I arose from my place, and went to the opposite window, and made a sign to him to come to me, as if I had wanted to see him. He came, and I whispered to him that I had thought that I perceived with him some letters belonging to Sutherland, that day. He said no; that he had not sent any out for some days, but that he had been writing, and probably would have some to send out that evening, when he took him his supper from our room, which he then awaited.

As he was about to leave the room, I perceived that his back was marked for some inches above and below his shoulder, with the impression of the grease and soot that had been put fresh upon the bar, and which plainly showed itself upon the white cloth jacket which he wore; even the very indenture which had been made in the iron bar was plainly legible. Aware, if he went out with that mark upon him, he would soon be discovered, and lest it might lead to our detection, I called him back, and said to him, that I was somewhat unwell, and if he could contrive, after he carried Sutherland his supper, to go to the canteen, and smuggle in to us half a pint of spirits, he would oblige me much; and, as his hands were occupied with the plates containing Sutherland's repast, I slipped half a dollar into his pocket, saying to him, that he might want a pot of beer for himself, which he had better get with the change. He was gratified, and as he turned to go away, I remarked, "Why, where have you been, sergeant? I perceive there is a slight spot of dirt upon your otherwise clean jacket; stop, I will rub it off."

He stopped, and with a cloth I rubbed off what I

could, and contrived to make the mark perfectly indistinct.

"What is it?" said he.

"It seems more like the black arising from the snuff of a candle, than any thing else I know of."

"Oh, I have been leaning against the wall, probably, in my barrack-room, when I was cleaning your and Col. Dodge's boots, and some of the lampblack may have gotten upon me. Well," said he, as he went out, "never mind, I am much obliged to you; I will be back immediately."

We were of course pleased that we had accomplished our object so well, but took good care, in future, that the bar should be carefully rubbed, so that not even the slightest mark would be made, even upon the glove or clothes of any person, who might perchance catch hold, or come in contact with it; and to prevent the sergeant from again sitting in the window-seat, we contrived to have it always lumbered up with one thing or another, and a chair always in readiness for him if he wished to sit down when he came in to see us. A little wet pipe-clay effaced the stain upon his jacket, and all was forgotten or unnoticed by him, but it was a warning to us to be more careful in future.

Painful as it is to me to relate it, yet necessity obliges me, to elucidate more fully our difficulties, to mention another attempt to betray us, and to warn the commanding officer of our attempts to escape. We were again betrayed by another of our men, a fellow-prisoner, and one who had been the most efficient in aiding Col. Dodge in cutting through the bar of iron. I am compelled, in justice to the rest, who remained true and faithful to us throughout the whole, to give to infamy the name of this traitor, lest, by imputation, some of the other innocent and trustworthy fellows might be suspected of a deed so infamous. It is now known among our friends, that, by some of our room-mates, the officers were apprized

of the design, but as yet, although often pressed upon the subject, I have never mentioned his name, but fearing that to another person's fair fame the stigma of a traitor had been attempted to be affixed, justice to him compels me to make the exposure.

This weak, shallow-minded creature's name was Benjamin F. Pew, one who was as much in our confidence, and on whom we placed as much reliance, as we did at that time in any other. Without the slightest reason on our part, he took a step that, but for the manner we treated him afterwards, would have been ruinous to our perilous adventure, and would have prevented us from succeeding in the hazardous undertaking that we afterwards so successfully accomplished. The only reason that we could give was, that from the unpropitious and unexpected fineness of the weather, and clearness of the moonlight nights, after the equinoctial storms had passed, he thought that an escape would be impossible, and wished to save himself by turning informer upon those who had done every thing that it was possible for us to do, to add to his comfort, in our mutual situation of wretchedness and troubles.

He had been in the habit of writing at a table that I had sent up to me from town, and using our papers, and so forth; and, on the day that he attempted the matter, he had been seen, by Smith and Thayer, writing something on the corner of a book, in the back and dark part of our apartment. He was afterwards seen, by another, to slip something through the window to the sentinel on duty. It was on a Sunday; and, as there were, generally, more visitors to the citadel on that day than on any other, pride often prevented those whose garments were torn, from going out, as usual, to enjoy their walk. Pew had remained lying, in moody silence, on his bed, the whole of that day; which we remarked, as something unusual, and felt surprised that he, that had always been so eager to walk out, refused to go,

on the alleged reason of the indecency of his clothes, when all the visitors were dressed in holiday attire. Colonel Dodge went out first that day, with his two companions; and I remained, to go out with the last party, thinking that, probably, the visitors would be all gone, and I would have a better chance to *talk at* some of our friends, who, if they had come, would remain until I came out.

Thinking that Pew was unwell, I made some inquiries, and requested him to tell me what was the matter; urged him to go out, and to take from my slender wardrobe any article of dress belonging to me that would fit him; that he must not get sick at such a moment, when we knew not the hour, in such an uncertain climate, a shower-storm would take place; and that we must all be ready to take the advantage of it.

I could not assign a reason for the tears which I saw in the fellow's eyes, and which coursed in large drops down his cheek; but I naturally attributed it to indisposition. All I could get him to say was, that he wished he was dead.

"Nonsense; nonsense! think not of death, now. Let us obtain our liberty, first; and, when in our own country, if we must die, then let us die: but we must not think of dying here."

When Colonel Dodge returned, after being longer out than was customary, I remarked, by his flushed cheek, and the sparkling of his eye, (Dodge had but one eye, he lost the other at Malden,) that something untoward had happened; and, as soon as the opportunity was given us, I inquired what was the matter

"We are betrayed again," said he.

"Betrayed! How?—by whom?"

"By Pew."

"Good Heavens! but that cannot be: it is improbable. What has he told?"

"All."

Colonel Dodge then stated that, when he was out,

the sergeant of the guard came, and called away Sergeant Norman, to go to the adjutant's quarters—that from the appearance of the sergeant, he perceived something had happened. He inquired, and found that a communication had passed from the sentinel to the sergeant of the guard, and from him to the adjutant, signed by Pew, and informing him, that the prisoners had succeeded in cutting through one of the bars that guarded their prison-window; that he was fearful to let the prisoners know that he had informed the adjutant; and that they were but awaiting a favourable moment, to put in practice a plan of escape that had been long meditated; that, through the means of persons from the city, tools had been procured; and praying the adjutant not to mention from whom he had the information, as his life would be the sacrifice. Colonel Dodge described the paper on which the communication was written, as being a piece torn off from some yellow, fancy paper, that had been sent up to us from town. We found a sheet with the part torn off, agreeable to his description.

I thought it best to pretend to believe Pew's denial of the circumstance; and thought it impolitic in Colonel Dodge, to so bluntly accuse him of it: but I found, very soon, his manner was the best and most effectual. After some threats from us, of what we would do, did he not deny the whole affair of writing such a note, and swear to every thing we said, we would take his life, he attempted to rush past us, to claim the protection of the guard outside; but, in doing so, he was felled to the ground. He was choked, and prevented uttering any sound; while we showed evident designs of preventing him from ever uttering another word. After a little, and when he got leave to speak, he acknowledged his guilt; but promised faithfully, if we would screen him from being considered guilty—protect him from the fury of the men, whom, he knew, would be exasperated,

and forgive him ourselves, he would strive to undo all he had done. He said that he had not handed any paper to the sentinel, but had thrown it out; when it had met the eye of the sentinel, as he paced his rounds—that he had picked it up; and, as it was addressed to Adjutant Chisholm, the soldier, we learned, showed it to the sergeant of the guard, who was an inveterate enemy of Norman's; and, thinking to hurt him, had carried it to the acting adjutant: Captain Chisholm, at that time, being absent on leave, on a tour to the Falls of Niagara. And well for us it was so; for he would have ferreted the matter out: his prying eyes would have discovered the whole affair.

Our plan of action, in case they did discover all, was soon made, if we could keep Pew to the denial, and from his fears we anticipated that we could. Col. Dodge made the others acquainted with what they were to say, in case of an examination. They, and we, of course, were to know nothing about it. Deny all knowledge of the affair, and the utter impossibility of attempting any thing of the kind, without being instantly detected, closely watched as we were, and suggest the probability of its having been done by the prisoners who had occupied the place prior to our arrival; the same person to whom the saw that had been found, belonged. All the implements we had used, were carefully secreted, in case of a search.

I went out, as usual, and learned the whole particulars from the sergeant, who agreed with me, that it must be a hoax; that some of the young officers were playing upon the acting adjutant, to get up a laugh against him; or it must be a design on the part of the sergeant of the guard to injure Norman, who, it was known, was making a good speculation out of us, that caused some jealousy among other non-commissioned officers who wished to supplant him. I gave him some change to treat the soldier, and ascertain from him, who had induced him to tell such

a lie, and to find out whether Pew had any thing to do with it, or not. I said I would like to see the paper, and the sergeant promised to procure it for me. He did so, and I assured him it was not Pew's writing; and among other reasons, showed him an error in the spelling of Pew's name.

That evening, we were waited on by the adjutant, who had, before he entered, held a conversation with Sergeant Norman about the matter, and from his manner, I perceived he placed no credence in the story of our attempting such an improbable thing. When he spake to us about it, which he did, very gentlemanly, Col. Dodge and myself laughed, and made light of the matter, and Pew and all the rest denied all knowledge of the transaction. We all agreed that it was not Pew's writing; and again, that there was no paper of that colour in our room, nor ever had been. I suggested that the next time any of the young officers attempted to hoax, I would be obliged to them if they would choose some other subjects than us, for their pleasantries; reminded the adjutant that I supposed they wished to have another such a time of mirth, as they had had with Mr. Chisholm, shortly after our arrival. But it was his duty to examine and make a close search; and, in fact, we would be obliged to him if he would, and aid him all we could. I called his attention to the solidity of the bars, taking care not to strike the one which was cut. The note had been written in a hurry, and the words read, instead of, "They have one of the bars cut;" from being written with a pencil, it read, "They have one of the bars out," which he, as well as the sergeant, thought was the meaning.

"There are none of the bars, that I can see, that are out of their place, sergeant," said the adjutant.

"No, sir, not one; nor could they be taken out either, I am confident, sir," was the answer.

"Ah, very well. Have you any complaints to make, gentlemen?"

“None, sir.”

“I will report the affair to the commandant. Good evening, gentlemen,” and he went away.

We had got off better than we anticipated, and to keep it so, resolved that day nor night we should not let Pew approach either window, hold conversation with the sergeant, or even our man, who came in occasionally. Indeed, there was no difficulty in that; he never had been a favourite with any of them, and no conversation passed between them; and his clothes and shoes were so bad, that the sergeant was told by him that he did not wish to go out. The fear of instant vengeance on our part, made him agree to certain conditions imposed upon him, and we watched him so closely, that he had no chance of doing us any injury. Before, he had been haughty and lazy; he now sank down as the drudge and scullion of the whole mess. He perceived that he was watched, and seemed by his actions to wish to do away with our suspicions. Every night, either Mr. Dodge or myself, or Culver or Hull, mounted guard after our light was blown out, at the window, and saw that none could approach to hold conversation with the sentinel.

CHAPTER X.

Lord Durham—Plans for Escape arrived at Maturity.

ABOUT this time, and during the tedious hours that we were pining for a change of weather—that was beautiful in the extreme, but not propitious to our undertaking—and fearful that every day’s guard would bring me the orders for my transmission on board her majesty’s frigate *Inconstant*, in which, re-

port said, I was to sail, other events transpired that had a powerful influence on my fate, as well as that of Canada, of the Bermuda exiles, and the hundreds of others who were banished from their country, or were pining away their existence in the dungeon's gloom.

The unwarrantable act which had banished Dr. W. Nelson, and the other exiles, to Bermuda, had received in England the most unmitigated censure. All parties joined in their execrations of a deed so despotic, so illegal, and so averse to every principle of constitutional law. Lord Brougham, and other distinguished lords, in the Upper House, as well as Hume, Leader, Roebuck, and others, in the House of Commons, spoke of the act, or ordinance, and of his lordship, in terms the most harsh and severe.

How Lord Durham's haughty soul must have felt when he received his official despatches; when he read the cool, insulting manner in which he was told "that her majesty's legal advisers had declared his ordinances illegal;" and that they were consequently annulled! How must he have felt, when he read the newspapers, and saw both parties' abuse of him—his measure—and the dishonourable means he had taken to obtain his end—his great stroke of policy? How must he have felt, when he read the opposition, and the ministerial prints, and saw, as he afterwards expressed it himself, that he was "put down by his enemies, and sacrificed by his friends!"

His conduct was denounced by every party as unjust, despotic, and tyrannical. His powers, which he imagined so vast, because they were so vague and unlimited, now limited in their narrowness—crippled, insulted, and abused, by his political friends and former colleagues—denounced, despised, and execrated by his opponents. His agents—his tools—his policy condemned; his honour and his character aspersed and injured, even by the very associates he had chosen. When in the quietude of his chamber

he thought of all this, how must his proud heart have swollen? Buried in some remote corner of that vast legislative hall, which he had converted from its original purpose, to serve as a residence for him and his pampered minions; a hall where so often had sounded the voice of the patriot; where the acts of his predecessors, the Dalhousies, the Aylmers, and the Gosfords, had so often been denounced, now so audaciously usurped by him, and made to serve as the chateau of his high mightiness. Did not the sight of those very walls; the pallid hue of his mourning family and friends, whom he knew were aware of his disgrace; and the blistering language of insult and scorn that had been literally showered upon him and his acts, make his proud spirit quail and cower? He, the omnipotent in his own estimation! He, the autocrat that came to trample on all law; to stifle the germ of liberty that was springing up, and substitute his own irresolute and vacillating will, erecting a cold, cheerless, debasing despotism, instead of that which the people had long panted and sighed for.

He, the haughty and the proud, was now fallen—humbled in the dust; and I, the inmate of a dungeon, pitied and despised him. He had never done me harm; had never, by word, look, or action, in the slightest manner, insulted me. Individually, I could have no feelings on my own part; yet, call it badness of heart, or what you will, I felt a pleasure at the picture I had drawn of him, in his agony of mind. I gloated over the fancy-sketch; I thought I saw him pace his chamber, clutching the air in his impotent hand, and tortured with the thought, that they who thus traduced and aspersed his once noble name, still lived; and lived, too, at such a distance. My situation I would not have exchanged for his; sleep would visit me quicker, on my iron couch, than it would him, who was surrounded with every luxury.

My pleasure, arising from what I thought were

his sufferings, had nothing to do with him as a man, but as the representative of a sovereign—of a despot. I could have garnered up his groans; could have feasted on his agonies as governor-general, appointed by her majesty; yet I would have ministered to his wants; would have fed and clothed him, and done whatsoever I could for him as a man. But, as one of that caste and character, who had *lorded* it over my native land, as well as Canada; who, themselves unmoved, had, by their acts, wrung and tortured the hearts of thousands, that they should rule, his troubles would have been as happiness to me; his sighs as music to my soul. How many a widow and fatherless orphan had looked upon the smouldering ruins of a happy home, and deplored the loss of a husband and a father, who sought, by the strength of his arm, to resist oppression? How many a mother had seen her age's darling, her gallant son, the child of her hopes, lie stiffening, weltering in his blood, or a disfigured, mangled victim of the scaffold; and all, because he had, in youth's bright hopes, dreamed of freedom; because he had entertained high aspirations for his ill-treated country, and dreamed of what is set down in our nation's text-book as the inalienable rights of man? What hecatombs of victims were there immolated, that a Durham might rule as a representative of majesty? How many of the brave, honest, and virtuous Canadians were then, at that moment, groaning in dungeons, or living as exiled refugees in a foreign land, that were happier than this great autocrat, whose mere nod, but a few weeks before, he thought all-sufficient to banish men, who, for moral worth, and nobleness of disposition, were his superiors—the latchet of whose shoes, indeed, he was unworthy to loose—men who had been goaded by insults, indignities, and aggressions, unprepared as they were, to take up arms, because they saw that no alternative was left them but manly resistance, or unconditional submission to a petty despot's will?

His lordship's conduct, in a few days after, showed the writhings and tortures of his mind, and how deeply had rankled the arrow that had been sent there. He had called together a meeting of delegates from the lower provinces of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward's Island, on some former occasion, and as they had now arrived, he, for the first time since he had heard the news, appeared in public, pale, wan, and dispirited, and made an exposition to them, of what the government expected them to do. That he had formed plans for their welfare, which he must now abandon when they were ready for going into operation; that the treatment he had received would compel him to resign, which he should do, and quit the country immediately, on receipt of the official proceedings of parliament. It was said in the papers of the day, that when his lordship spoke of the treatment which he had received from her majesty's ministers, who, he said, instead of supporting him in the hour of persecution, had joined with his most bitter enemies, in striking at his head, he became so affected at the picture himself had drawn, that he had to retire to a distant part of the room, where he was heard to sob aloud.

In the public prints, a few days afterwards, appeared a proclamation from his excellency, setting forth that an act of indemnity, for the protection of those who had issued or acted under an ordinance, had passed the present parliament, and had received the sanction of her majesty, but that the ordinance itself was annulled. That of course the indemnity had the effect to prevent suits of law being brought against himself or others, by Dr. Nelson, or the other exiles, for illegal detention, and so forth; that no impediment therefore existed to the return of those persons to the province, and that no new enactment could now be made to their disadvantage,

without, alike repugnant to his sense of justice and of policy.

His lordship took an unprecedented course for a vice-royal governor ; he appealed to the people, and gave his opinions of the shameful course which had been pursued by her majesty's ministers against him, whilst he was doing so much for the interests of the crown and the people ; and after deprecating that course which his predecessors and himself had heretofore followed, as culpable and pernicious, viz., concealing from the people the intentions, the motives, and the actions of their rulers ; " but with such a warm, confiding people, from whom he had received such warm and gratifying proofs of confiding attachment, he would not follow the paths of others, but plainly, and without reserve, would now make them acquainted with what it imported them to know."

He then entered into a long detail, rather egotistical of course, of the views and policy he had intended ; spoke of it in vague terms ; so that no person could get hold of what he meant, more than generally, his intentions were good, and his promises of what he would have done, had he had the power. He was to have made them all happy—all wealthy : revise their defective laws, which regulate real property and commerce ; and introduce a pure and competent administration of justice. But he had to abandon all, he said : and lest, I suppose, that the people should grieve too much for his departure, he consoled them with the assurance, that, although his usefulness, in his official connexion, was cut short, yet his influence and talents should be freely given to the advancement of their interests with her majesty, &c.

Whether the shameful acts of the tories, both in Quebec and in Montreal, which followed this speech, were the consequences or not, I cannot say ; but the indignities, the processions, the burning in effigy of Lord Brougham, and the insulting remarks made,

written, and proclaimed against her majesty's ministers, and her majesty, too, by the loyalists, followed closely upon the heels of his lordship's whining appeal: and it was said to have been the result of frequent visits of official characters, attached to his lordship's retinue, with some of the leaders of the tories. The press, by office and by bribes, his lordship had before secured. Among the men engaged in these disgraceful acts, there was not a Canadian found; but a very few renegadoes of Montreal, such as an individual called P. E. Leclerc, who, from time-serving, had been raised from the dregs of the vilest of the people, to a place on the bench, as a stipendiary magistrate of the police. There were many who were awed into the participation of so disgraceful an affair, from fear of oppression from a set of men, who were the creatures and the pimps of any or every governor: who would do any thing, no matter how disgraceful it might be, would it but advance their interests, or give them a chance of participating in the places or benefits which the governor-general had in his power to bestow.

In St. Roch's, a public meeting of the Canadians was called, to publicly, openly, and solemnly express their disapprobation of the proceedings of the tories, and to show that the burning in effigy of Lord Brougham was nothing but the work of a small faction, composed of his excellency's toadies, and dependents, and retainers, as well as the soldiers of the garrison, who had liberty to join the procession. The meeting was numerous; and, so strong were the fears of the government, that the garrison were under arms the whole day.

During the time of our walk, we perceived that the whole of the troops were under arms, and had been so for the day. And, as we anticipated, like his lordship, that there would have been a row, as we had understood that Young, the chief of the po-

lice, had out all his force, and had surrounded the place where the meeting was held, and that his object was to procure, by some means or other, disturbance; then bring the soldiers upon them, and butcher and destroy men who dared to meet together for such a purpose. His lordship had even gone so far as to send his secretary, Mr. Buller, to entreat A. N. Morin, Esq., to use all his influence to prevent his countrymen from meeting, or for their attempting to introduce resolutions, showing any expression of public opinion. They met, however, and passed a vote of thanks to Lord Brougham, for his noble efforts in preventing her majesty from allowing to pass into a law an ordinance so monstrous, illegal, and tyrannical: and, notwithstanding the means used by the government party to provoke the vast assemblage, separated in peace and tranquillity, after they had performed the business that had brought them together.

In the course of a few days after this, I received a letter from Mr. Buller, informing me that an arrangement had been made to send me to England, in a vessel that had been chartered by the British government to bring out from England military stores to Canada, and as she was about to return, to prepare myself, as I was to go in her. A number of soldiers belonging to the 32d regiment, who had been disabled at the Point-au-Pelé engagement, and who were going home to be invalided, were also going in the same vessel; a part of whom, as well as some old soldiers that had served their 21 years, and who now were returning, were to form my escort. The vessel was called the Royal Adelaide, and, accompanied with the town major, Captain Stewart, her commander, called to see me.

“When, think you, you will sail, captain?”

“Probably, not until the end of the week. I have to unload some of my cargo, and take in some ballast; after that, the first fair wind.”

"Will I have to provide myself with stores?"

"Not if you think you can live as I can; the government allows me liberally for your passage, and any thing in the vessel, that I have, will be at your service. I think you will find yourself as comfortable as you would were you to have went in the *Inconstant*."

"I doubt not but it will be so; but pray, tell me, where your ship lies; at what wharf, that I may see her, and, as I walk out every afternoon, may mark the progress you make each day, until you are ready."

"We lie at the Queen's Wharf, and are on the outside. You may know us, from the soldiers that are at work, aiding us in discharging the cargo."

He went away with the new town major, a sulky-looking fellow, who seemed to be aware of his importance. His conduct strongly contrasted with good old Major Frazer, who had been displaced, and who had always been kind and polite to us.

I now had an object to look upon when I went out, and daily did I watch the progress of those men who were at work, and then turn my eye to the heavens and pray for rain. We had some hopes that the change of the moon would bring us some cloudy, if not rainy weather, and I wrote down to my friends, who were as well aware of my intended departure as I was myself; they, in return, encouraged me with their opinion that the vessel would not sail as soon as was anticipated, and to fear not, for if all else failed, *she would never leave the river*; if, by procuring her destruction, it would retard my departure until a stormy night. We found much more difficulty now in communicating, than we had before; whether it was owing to the suspicions that there might be something in Pew's story, or whether a conversation I had with one of the officers one day, and which I have subsequently learned was reported

to the commandant, I know not; but that the sergeant had received orders more strict, I was aware. Even the officers who used to meet us on the ramparts and converse freely, now seemed to keep aloof, and came not near us. I remember, one day, when I was anxiously watching the clouds, I was familiarly accosted by a young officer of the grenadier guards, who was that day on duty. He was an Irishman, and a descendant of the O'Neal's, called Lord—something or other; he offered to bet that he could divine my thoughts, at that moment.

“Indeed,” said I, startled, “and, pray, sir, what are they? Let me see if you are any thing of a seer.”

“I have watched you here,” said he, “now, for ten minutes, and there have you stood, with your eyes fixed on that flag; now, confess to me, were you not, in your mind, wishing you had the power to tear it down, and trample it under your feet?”

“I was not thinking of the flag, nor the country to which it belongs; my mind was far away from here—I was thinking of my home and family, at the moment you spoke.”

“I am sorry that I disturbed your revery, but tell me honestly, do not such thoughts often come across your mind? Confidentially I ask you, would you not like to pull that flag down?”

“My opinions are too well known,” said I, “to wish or seek concealment. I am a republican, an enthusiastic lover of liberty, and an unrelenting foe to every kind of tyranny. Could I pull that flag down, and trample it under my feet as the last emblem of European rule on this continent, I would gladly do it, were my heart's best blood to fall upon it; and you, I suppose, would do as much to defend it?”

“I would; but how comes it that you and I, now here, have been both born in the same country; even in the same part of it; that our fathers may

have known one another; that they may, some long day past, have fought under that flag, and we should now indulge in such different feelings. You hate that flag, I admire it; you would die to cut it down, I would be cut to pieces in defending it; and yet we are both countrymen, both have breathed the same pure, healthy air of our native land: why is it so?"

"It requires not, my dear sir, many words to answer a question so plain and palpable. In your native country, you and your fathers were its oppressors, me and my fathers were the oppressed."

"Reason enough, I admit," said he, "for having a difference of opinion on such a matter; but we will drop the subject. If either mine or the influence of my family can be of any service when you arrive in England, you may command them."

"I return you thanks, and when I am ready to go, I shall call on you for them, as frankly as you so kindly tender them."

A stupid, sycophantic-looking fellow, who was the quartermaster of the regiment, and, as he was but a warrant officer, seldom had any connexion with the officers; was a vulgar, illiterate fellow, that had arisen but a few years ago from the ranks, and withal overbearing, and of whom we took no notice—had nothing to do, and besides liked not his looks,—it was said, reported this conversation to the commanding officer; but to me it was a matter of perfect indifference.

After some days' watching the progress which was made in getting our vessel ready; we perceived that at last she was loaded, and the sailors were preparing her sails, and still no appearance of rain; but as the nights were dark I became resolved that I should venture that night, if the others would agree. I would rather have ventured alone with Dodge, than with the others, but it would have been ungenerous on my part to have risked discovery on them all, that I

should have a chance of escape alone ; they had as much desire as I had for their liberty, but they were not so pressed. I resolved on another plan. I thought that, by means of a rope I could have about my person, I could take advantage of some careless moment of my guard, and run across to an angle opposite, and, passing the rope through into the carriage of the gun, at one of the loopholes, drop down into the ditch from the wall, a height which, from counting the cut stone that faced the wall of the opposite side of the ditch, could not be more than thirty feet ; pull the rope after me, and skirt along the wall till I came to a spot where our friend, with his dog, was often sitting. By means of the ladder of rope which he had, I could ascend to where he was, unhurt ; pass through a turn-stile into the street, where a carriage might be ready ; and, before the alarm could be given, I could have driven through the gates, pass into the country, where, from my knowledge of the language, and the friendliness of the Canadian people, and in the disguise of a priest's dress, I might make my way. The undertaking would have been desperate, but I was desperate. I cared not for the bullets they might send after me, knowing, from experience, they were but poor marksmen, and, if shot, it would be but by mere chance. None of them, I knew, would follow me, and before they could get where I could be in five minutes, if I succeeded, half an hour must elapse.

I longed for an opportunity to reveal my plan to them, and solicit their assistance. A hole had been made in the top of the wall, by taking out a piece of mortar with which the stones were cemented together ; a piece was taken off from the under part, and our papers could be put in. On Sunday, the 14th of October, I had my plan written out, and seeing one of our friends at a distant part, with some ladies, I made a sign to him. They came nearer to me, and holding up the paper to him first, I dropped

it into the hole ; as we were standing with our faces to the city. The sentinels could not perceive the by-play. I took the piece of cement, and placed it in its place; then took another piece, and showing it to him, laid it down beside the aperture we had made, to direct his attention to the spot. I perceived he understood me, before I left the place to walk away to another part, and after sauntering around for some time, as we moved back to our room, I saw that he had succeeded in finding it.

The next day an answer was found in the same place, stating that the Royal Adelaide would not sail before two days, and, from the appearance of the weather, we might expect a storm that night; they would be at the spot, as they had been every night for four weeks, from nine o'clock until twelve, the time we had chosen, as least likely for interruption, and that, in event of not being able to succeed with our first plan, they would have every thing ready for the second, but, they thought, much the most hazardous one. Indeed, from every appearance of the clouds, a stormy night might be expected. Hoping that it might be so, I strove to make one of our friends, who was standing on the glacis beyond the ditch opposite us, understand that we were ready. We made the signal with our handkerchiefs; he understood it, looked up at the clouds, smiled, and then turned and looked towards the mountains of Maine. "Perfectly understood," thought I; "this night I am beyond these walls, or a bayoneted corpse."

"There is another of our friends behind us," whispered one of the men that was with me.

I turned, and perceived that he was, with the corporal, watching the lightning, as it played about in the valley below.

I walked over. "Sergeant," said I, "that stranger gentleman will inform us what the name of this village is, about which we have disputed so often,

and, as I will, in all probability, be leaving soon, I would like to have the bet decided before we go."

Grace, for it was him, turned round. "Sir," said I, "what is the name of that point over there?"

"It is called Beauport."

"I thought it was Lorette. Was it not called by the old French, *Soyez pret le tems est favorable? Be ready, the weather is favourable.*"

"No, sir, that is not the place; there," pointing to another spot, "was the place you mean. That place was called, *Ne craignez pas, nous serons à notre poste. Fear not, we will be at our post.*"

I bowed gravely. "Yes, I believe you are right; it was the old military post."

"What was, sir?" said the corporal.

"That place that I mistook for the old Indian village of Lorette. When Wolfe first landed, the Canadians attacked him at that place, and beat him back, and from that spot he took to his boats, and joined the fleet."

"I never heard of that before, and I read of the siege but yesterday," said the corporal.

"Hard for you," said I; "the British never give a true book-account of a battle; but this is a tradition of the old Canadians. It may not be correct, either; but I have lost my bet, sergeant. You will drink my health, and wish me a pleasant voyage to England, I hope, in the porter I have lost."

"I will, sir; but if we do not start in before the half-hour is up, we will get a wet jacket, sir."

"Allons, then," said I; "I would like, after all, to get wet to the skin to-night, just to see how it would feel."

The rain commenced in good earnest. The sergeant stayed with us during supper, to carry off Sutherland's. He had had some dispute with Pew about some plates which he had not brought back, and Pew said he had no others to give him, and Norman had to go through the rain to where Suth-

erland was confined, to bring others that were there, before he could carry out the supper. He came back angry, and I strove to put him in good humour, thinking that it was probably the last time I would see him. I felt a little bad for the poor devil, as I remarked to Dodge. "Let us succeed or not, it will be a serious matter for him to-morrow morning."

"Well," said I, "good-night, sergeant, let us not part in anger; I am sorry to see you so. I have not offended you, have I?"

"No, sir, I am not angry at you, but it is provoking to be obliged to run back and forward this way; and, besides, laughed at by the garrison, who call me Sutherland's aid-de-camp."

"Well, that is no disgrace; laugh at them, man. You may be his aid yet, who knows?"

"I would rather be his hangman."

"Pshaw! no, you would not; money would not induce you to do such a thing."

"Wouldn't it, by G—d! I wish I had the offer of fifty pounds for hanging him, and all of ye."

"Not me, sergeant; surely not me."

"Yes, you, or any of you."

"Good-night, sergeant. You are foolish to talk so; before this time to-morrow, you will be sorry for what you have said."

"Will I? by G—d, we will see, then."

"Thank ye," said I, as he turned the key, "ye have gone now, and effectually cured me of the little sympathy I had for you."

Indeed, I will admit, that I had some compunctions of conscience for the poor devil, when I thought that before that time to-morrow, he would be a prisoner himself; for at least all the suspicion would rest upon him, having aided us, or connived at our escape. If we succeeded, and we doubted it not, every thing that we did would be discovered; and if we failed, "dead men tell no tales;" and the four men who had refused to come with us, would, of course, deny all

knowledge of the transaction, and say that they dared not say any thing, lest we would kill them; and if they did they would not be believed, any more than Pew was, when he betrayed us. The sergeant then, too, would have to have borne the brunt. Altogether, he was in a "bad fix," and the rancorous, black-hearted disposition he had shown by his expression, had taken from me all pity for him. "Pshaw!" said I, "the wretch would sell his own mother for money; he is an Englishman and a soldier, he is one of their own; let them do as they like with him. Colonel, let us prepare—Smith, give us a tune on your fife, and let it be Yankee Doodle, for it may be the last time we will hear it; give it to us strong, my lad, and after that we will commence operations."

CHAPTER XI.

Escape from the Citadel of Quebec.

WE commenced our preparations. Each man that designed going made up his bundle. Col. Dodge and myself had our cloaks rolled long-wise, so that they could be conveyed through the same aperture with ourselves. We each put on a double set of shirts, drawers, and stockings. Our boots we rolled in our cloaks. This arranged, we commenced making our last will and testament, bequeathing the clothes and effects we left behind, books, &c., to the different individuals by name, who remained, and the little money that I had left, which was in specie, I left with them, to be used as a general fund for the use of all, and to purchase the little necessaries they all required.

When the sentinel was changed at eight o'clock, we had all our minor arrangements complete, and had agreed upon the part that each was to take in the affair—the route, and every thing else; and if we could get the bar worked out of its socket in time, and the sentinel on duty was a clever fellow, we would go during his guard. I had to commence with him, to ascertain who he was. I found him one that had been frequently on the same post before, and with whom I had held converse often.

Although it was raining, he came to our window, to see what we were about; and, after some little conversation, I invited him to smoke a pipe. He assented; and we had him provided. He informed me, that news had come up to the guard-room, that I was to be on board in the morning, as the vessel was ready, and waited but for papers; and, lest the wind might not be favourable, a steamboat had been engaged to tow her down the river. He said that there was a great deal of sympathy for me in the city; and many a mug of beer he had received from the Irish and French population, because he had stood guard at that post, and could tell them about us. It was just the same thing, he said, when he was in London, during the Cato Street conspiracy; when he stood guard over Thistlewood, in the Tower.

“By-the-bye, you are just the man that I wished to see. I want you to give me an account of that man, and the description of the Tower of London; for it is there I am to be confined, I hear: but, suppose, before you go any farther, as the night is wet and damp, we should take a glass together. It will keep the cold out; and, probably, it is the last time we may ever meet.”

“God bless you, sir; I will be proud of the honour. Have you got any thing that a person could drink?”

“Certainly,” said I; “just hold on a moment.”

I then went back, on pretence of getting the liquor; but it was to ascertain from Dodge of the difficulty of getting out the bar, who had himself been trying it, during the time I was talking to the sentinel.

Dodge thought it would be at least an hour's work to get it out; and that it would not be best to try to go out during his guard, but be ready, and go out in the next.

"Then we had better give him his liquor pure."

"If you think you can keep his attention directed, so that he cannot hear us, if we do make a noise, it would be as well."

"Have no fear of that. I have him on a subject that will occupy his mind and tongue too; and, unless you make a noise that would wake the seven sleepers, he will not hear it. So to work."

Smith began playing his fife, and some of the others singing and dancing; while Dodge, Culver, and Parker were at the window, ready, while I gave the signal, by the use of some particular word.

The sentinel took his glass. We re-lighted our pipes; and I got him to come close to the window, where we could carry on our conversation, without being heard by the sentinel outside. I got him started in his story, gave the signal, and they proceeded in their work.

For a length of time, he talked, and I would ask an explanation of some part he had related; and so I kept him occupied. The rain had ceased; but the wind was high, and, in our lofty situation, it sounded among the battlements above, so that nothing could be heard. At last, there came one crash that even startled myself. It was the final one. One of the men had, at the moment he heard the sound, with presence of mind, thrown down a bench that was in the room, and pretended to have fallen over it.

"What the plague is the matter? Who fell over that bench?" said I, aloud.

"It was me, sir," answered Hull.

"Are you hurt?"

"A little, but not much. I will live, I guess."

"Why do you not take care? It is really too bad that you act so foolish, and make so much noise; and after the gun has fired, too. Come, get to your beds; and if you are satisfied, you had better stop that fife."

"Get to your beds," said Dodge.

I knew that it was all over; but I kept the sentinel still in conversation, until the bar was so replaced that it could not be observed without inspection.

It being near the time that he was to be relieved, I shook hands, and bade him good-night; was much obliged to him for his information; made him take another horn, and left him on the pretence of going to bed. The lights were put out, and all seemed quiet when the relief came.

The new sentinel was an old soldier. He remained a little while in the porch, before the door, to shelter him from the drizzling rain and the wind. I went up to the window, opened the casement, and called him. He came to me; and, looking at him, I pretended to recognise him. "Ah," said I, "is that you? How are ye to-night?"

"Very well, sir; thank you."

"Sentinel, one of my men is rather unwell, and I want to make some fire, that I may make him a little warm drink—a little punch. By the way, I do not believe that a little drop would do you any harm, either, this very disagreeable night; will you have the goodness to pick me a few chips, there, to make my fire?"

"Certainly, sir; but I fear they are so wet they will not burn," said he, as he laid his musket inside

the porch, and commenced picking them up with alacrity.

"Thank ye, thank ye; I am sorry to trouble you, sentinel, but as this is the last night that I am to remain here, I want to do all I can for my poor fellows, whilst I am amongst them."

"Yes, sir; we hear you are to go away in the morning."

"Indeed! why, how have you learned that?"

"Have you not heard it, sir?"

"No, indeed; but just hold on a minute, until I get my fire agoing and the lamp lit, and I will come back, and you will give me all the particulars."

I pretended to be busy a while; talked to my pretended sick man, made a fire, lighted my lamp, and returned to the sentinel, to hear the same story which his comrade had, but a short time before, told me; seated myself, but remarked, that what he had said about my going away, had driven out of my mind what I had promised him.

"Come, let us drink; and if I must go in the morning, that is no reason that I should not take a drink in night; what will you take?"

"Any thing you like, sir; whatever is most handy. I have no choice."

"I have some excellent London porter, if you like that; or I can give you a glass of Jamaica spirits."

"I would prefer the porter, if you please."

I brought a bottle to the window, and commenced cutting the wire, and still talking to him. When I had got it all ready, I asked Col. Dodge to please hand me a tumbler. He brought me a large one, and in the bottom of which was placed some of the laudanum we had procured. I had told the Colonel to put in about sixty drops, but in the hurry he was not particular, and dropped nearly three times that quantity. He held the tumbler in such a manner in his hand, that the sentinel could not see any thing in its bottom, and I took care to fill the glass

slowly, so that it might be mixed. The porter, indeed, was very good, and foamed up beautifully, and as I filled out a small glass of it for myself, we touched glasses. "Here's prosperity to you, sir, and may you arrive safe at the end of your voyage."

"Thank you," said I, "Heaven grant your prayer." I held my glass to my mouth, and drank but little of its contents, watching him drink; after I had seen him finish his glass, I smacked my lips and said:—

"Do you not perceive a queer taste about this porter? It seems to me to be very bitter."

"Lord bless you, sir, that is the taste of all porter, but this is really fine. I have not had such a glass since I left Lunnun."

On Col. Dodge refusing to drink any, I asked the men if they would not join us in a glass. None of them answered, as had been agreed upon.

"Come, come, if any of you wish it, speak out; it will become flat and sour if it is not drunk before morning. Do you want it, Culver? or, will you take it, Parker?"

Neither would drink it. It did not agree with them; it affected their bowels; and, besides, they did not like it.

"Well, sentinel, as none of them like it, it appears you and I can drink it. So, take another glass."

He, nothing loath, drank it, and began telling me the news of my going away. Before he had talked long, I perceived, by his voice, that it had commenced its effect. He spoke thick and stuttered. Perceiving this, I remarked that that d——d porter was very heavy and strong, and that I would go and lie down a minute.

We advised together; and, as it was about this time the officer of the guard visited the different posts; it was thought best to let them make their rounds, before we started, to preclude the possibility of being discovered by them; as well as, when they came to our place, get the countersign, which would be use-

ful to us in case of being stopped in any way. We waited anxiously for them to come, occasionally watching the sentinel, lest he might get asleep when they came. I watched him unperceived, and I could see that he struggled hard himself, to prevent the drowsiness that was stealing over him. At length, we feared that it was getting late, and we had better proceed, and run all risk rather than remain. We knew that if the relief, or the prison rounds, came and discovered him in his inebriated state, we would be detected at once, for the bar could not be replaced; and, as I was anxious to be off, it was agreed to go. I was to keep the sentinel in talk until Col. Dodge got through, and arranged the sheets that we could descend the enclosure, and the others, pass through our cloaks and effects. Then, one of the men who remained, was to take my place with the sentinel, until I squeezed myself through, and another was to shut the window after us, and pull back the sheets; but now another obstacle presented itself; the sentinel had tottered along from one part of the enclosure to another, staggering against the wall, and letting his bayonet come against it, making noise enough to alarm the outer sentinel. He had fatigued himself, and had now stopped before the window through which we were to go, and was leaning up against it.

"N'importe," said I, "I can manage all that;—Dodge, be ready."

"Contrive to have him turn his face from the window."

"Never mind; in two minutes I will have him so drunk that he cannot see a hole through a forty-foot ladder. Give me that flask with the Jamaica spirits."

I approached the other window, and tried to bring him to me; but he did not hear me, and I was fearful to speak aloud, lest I might make others hear that I did not wish. I went up to him, and roused

him, and whispered in his ear, that the general wanted to see him at the other window.

"Ay—yes—certainly, sir," said he, and staggered over to me.

"Well," said I, "sentinel, how are you now?"

"Oh, well, sir—fine, sir—right well—never was better."

"I wish I could say the same," said I, "but that porter, that you Englishmen are so fond of, has made me quite sick. How is it that you Englishmen like it? it is a heavy, sleepy kind of drink."

"I wish we could always get enough of it," hiccupped he,—“there is no good liquor in this French place; none as good as that.”

"Do you ever drink brandy? I prefer that; but I suppose that in England it is so dear, you cannot find that which is good. I have got a little by me; and tell me, have you ever drank any like it?"

"It is good," said he, as he swallowed half a tumbler, and which nearly strangled him. "It is good, sir, and better than can be had in any public house in this town; and I have tried them all, so I must be a judge—he, he, he!"

"Stop a moment. Hold this in your hand, and keep it until I light my pipe."

I went away behind, and I was not disappointed by the result. I did not wish to offer him any more, but I knew he would drink it if it was near him, and I was not deceived. I had scarce left him when I heard the gurgle, gurgle of the liquor, passing from the flask down his throat.

"Be ready, lads, and when I give the signal, by mentioning the word *rain*, start."

I returned to my post; smoked away; asked him to smoke, and gave him my pipe. I asked him to stand close to the window, to shelter me from the cold; and he approached as I told him. I had him alongside of me, and I pushed my arm through the bars, and put it familiarly round his neck, ready, in

case he made any noise, to draw him to me and strangle him, if he were likely to give the alarm.

"It rains a little now."

"A very little, sir; a very little," he answered; "a very little; not much, sir; not much," hiccuping.

I could just hear the rippling of the buttons of Col. Dodge's clothes, as he passed through; another and another, and the tap on my shoulder by the third, that I was to be in readiness, when Thayer took my place, and I placed his arm round, as mine had been, entwined about the sentinel's neck.

"What am I to do," said Thayer, "if he makes any noise?"

"Choke him; that's all," was the laconic answer to his question.

It came now my turn to pass through, to bring up the rear; and as I strove to pass, I found that my body was too large for the aperture. I stripped off my coat and vest, and by squeezing forced myself through; but not without compressing my chest, and scarifying my back and breast. After I had got my head and arm through, I at first stuck, but Partridge, putting his shoulder to my "western end," helped me to "move on my ways." I left my vest, and carried my coat in my teeth over the fence, which I descended with ease, owing to the sheet. I found the others there who had preceded me. Noiselessly we now skirted along the walls, keeping under the lamps which were over each door, and but shedding a very faint light over their immediate neighbourhood. The rain had ceased, but the water, pouring down into the tubs which had been placed to catch it from the conductors, and the wind, made a noise sufficient to drown the noise of our footsteps. One by one we slowly moved along, and got behind a small cook-house that was near, and which was to be the first rendezvous. While the last man was coming round, he stumbled over a large tin pail that had been placed to catch the water under the spout,

which made noise enough to create an alarm; and the attention of the sentinel on the wall above our room was directed to it. We watched his motions with anxiety. We could perceive him peering over the wall above, looking down where we were. We remained an instant motionless, afraid that we had been detected, when the sentinel beyond us challenged:—

“Who goes there?”

Not a breath was uttered by us; and as he challenged again, he was answered by the guard just emerging from beneath the gate; where the guard-house was.

“Relief.”

“Advance, relief, and give the countersign?”

Luckily for us, at that moment the guard was coming to relieve the sentinels at the different posts, and the noise which our man Parker had made, by the upsetting the pail, was mistaken for their first approach.

They came on and relieved the first post, and then passed us, and ascended the wall to relieve the sentinel above, and in doing so, they passed within a few feet of where we were. The night was dark, and from the lantern, that the drummer boy carried in his hand, we could distinctly discern their features, as they slowly ascended the way up the path. They were closely buttoned up in their watch-coats, under which they had secured their arms, and with their tall bear skin caps pulled over their faces, they had no suspicion we were near them.

They relieved the man above and descended. As they passed us again we crouched down. We feared that a bundle in the hands of one of the men, tied up in a white handkerchief, might attract notice, and I leaned forward and covered it with the tail of my coat. They passed us again, and went forward to relieve the sentinel outside the enclosure. At this time we could distinctly hear the man, whom we

had left at the window, pulling in the sheets from over the fence, with the noise it made, wet as it was, and then the fall of it on the ground, as distinctly as possible, and the whispering of the other person at the window, arousing the sentinel. We feared, that those sounds, which we could hear so distinctly, would be heard by the guard, but they, intent on their duty, and with the thick collar of their coat over their ears, to secure them from the rain, and having no suspicion, did not take notice of what to us sounded so palpable.

The opening of the door of the enclosure, and the challenge of the outer sentinel, had aroused the inner from his stupor. He now loudly challenged,

“Who goes there?”

“Relief.”

“Advance, relief, and give the countersign.”

“Go in,” said the corporal, who himself remained outside, holding the padlock of the door in his hand, and we could see the new sentinel pass in.

“Port arms—front—march;” and out came the relieved guard. The door was again locked, and forward they marched towards the guard house; our friend being the last file; and well it was that he was so, for he rather staggered than marched, and carried his musket in a manner the most independent, and one which did not, by any means, correspond with the way generally adopted by the army.

This was not noticed by the corporal; and our boon companion, like the rest, got to the guard-house, where, we subsequently learned, he threw himself on the guard-room bed, and slept for sixteen hours, notwithstanding every exertion, stomach pump, and all the other means the surgeons took to arouse him, so potent had been the potation administered to him.

Again we moved forward, on our hands and knees, and passed the store-houses, behind and before which were other sentinels, one by one, making a slight circuit to keep in the shade of the lights which were

about it. Again we were near being discovered by the noise made by the same person who had stumbled before. This attracted the attention of the sentinel, who moved down towards us. We all lay flat on the ground ; but mistaking us for some of the numerous dogs, that were prowling about that night, just as he came up to us, he turned round, and went back, and entered his box. Once more we moved forward in the most stealthy manner, that ever did Indian, when stealing upon his foe. We passed another sentinel, got into the centre of the parade ground, and were opposite the magazine, where was stationed another at its entrance. Here we were alarmed by a challenge behind us. Down on our faces laid every man, and immediately afterwards we heard the sound of feet coming running towards us. The person passed us, and made across the parade ground, towards the officers' quarters. He did not perceive us, although, notwithstanding the darkness, I clearly saw the black stripes on his white jacket, denoting his rank as a sergeant.

As I brought up the rear, and had been the nearest to him, Col. Dodge asked me :

“Is that, think you, an alarm? He came direct from our room, and he has run to the quarters of the adjutant.”

“No, it is not an alarm,” said I, although I knew nothing of the matter myself, nor did I believe what I said, but to encourage the men, and keep them inspirited and steady, for on that alone did our safety now depend. “It is the sergeant, who occupied the next room to us,” and whose wife had been confined the night before ; “his wife is probably worse, and he had been sent likely to the surgeon's quarters, to inform him of the affair. But steady, my lads, we are past all danger ; a few moments more, and we can pass those other sentinels, as easily as we have already done those whom we have passed, and who were stationed in more difficult places.”

There were then but three sentinels between us and the walls, none of whom we were near, nor had any occasion to approach nearer than, probably, twenty or thirty paces. Opposite to us, was the one stationed at the magazine. He was in his box, fifty paces from us. Ahead of us was another, whose duty it was to guard the back part of the magazine, and a pile of firewood, which was corded up there; and, I believe, to prevent soldiers from going to the canteen. Opposite to him, and on the other side of the square, was another, placed at the door of the officers' mess, whose box was turned in, facing the door of the mess-room, and his back, consequently, to us, so that we considered all danger as passed, unless from some untoward action arising from ourselves. We were even so certain, from the situation of the parade ground, that there was no occasion for us to crawl, as heretofore, but to walk upright, one by one, and pass along as quick as possible.

The word was given to march on; the first marching forward ten paces, and then halting until the others came up, and to go on in that way. I had sent them all forward but Parker, whom I discovered so nervous, that I could not make him understand me. I encouraged him; I flattered; I threatened; and at last, holding on to him, I brought him up with the others, and gave him in charge to Dodge. We marched again, and halted, all but Parker, who kept on, but, instead of going in the direction he should have done, he diverged off, and almost ran towards the sentinel, who, aroused by the noise he made, challenged him:

“Who goes there?”

No answer was given. “Onward!” whispered I, to the rest; “keep to the left, pass the old telegraph, and come round to the flag-staff, while I see what is to become of that fool of a Parker.”

“Do you think he designed to betray us?” said Dodge; “his conduct has been strange the whole night.”

"No!" said I; and I firmly believed what I said. "Sickness and confinement has weakened his body, and, of course, his mind. He is nervous, and has not that control over himself that those of stronger minds have." He, in fact, knew not what he was doing. When he was challenged, he attempted to run back to us, but fell among the wood, which made what seemed to us an awful noise, and directed the attention of the sentinels towards us.

The challenge was taken up by the other sentinel, stationed at the officers' mess; and as Col. Dodge and the others had passed, I perceived that it would be best to go around the telegraph, on the right side, near the stabling attached to the officers' quarters; and in doing so, if challenged, give some answer. I knew that the sentinel stationed there had nothing but side-arms; and that I would not let him get near enough to me to use them. I stopped, undid my cloak, placed on my cap, which, from the gold band and shape, looked like those worn by the officers, and boldly walked forward. I had nearly passed him without being seen, when I was challenged:

"Stand! who goes there!"

"Officer of the guard!" said I, in a careless manner.

"Advance, officer of the guard, and give the countersign."

We had not the countersign that night, owing to the prison rounds not having made their visit, at which time we always contrived to get it; but there was one thing we remarked, that their countersign was generally an odd number, and in the teens principally; the night before it had been seventeen—so I thought I would risk it, and putting up my hand to my mouth, and probably within ten yards of him, I said "—teen;" leaving him the choice of putting any thing he liked to fill the blank.

"Pass, officer of the guard—all's well!"

I passed, made a circuit, and on going to the wall,

I met with Col. Dodge coming towards me from the place, exclaiming,

"Our friends have deceived us—they are not here!"

"Impossible!" said I; "have you been on the walls and given the signal?"

"I have, but they are not there."

I mounted the walls, and ran along the different places to see whether they were beneath, but I found they were not; meanwhile, Parker, among the wood, was still making noise enough to alarm the whole garrison.

"What's to be done now," said Dodge.

"Cut down that rope,"—the halyards they raised the flag with—"and by means of that we can descend," said I.

A penknife was all that we had to effect this purpose, and Dodge set to it with a hearty good-will. Meantime, I stationed each of the other two men at the different corners of the telegraph, to warn us of the approach of any of the guard, while we were making the necessary arrangements for our descent.

"Hush, what is that?" said Dodge.

"It is the noise I told them to make to warn us of the approach of any one."

"Listen," said Dodge, "there is some one talking."

We did so, and we could hear distinctly a conversation as follows, between the officer of the guard and Culver.

"Who are you, sir? who are you? what are you doing here?"

Culver, imitating his voice, asked, "Who are you?"

"I am the officer of the guard, and I know who you are; but I will have no such tricks as this on my guard; I will report you to the commandant."

"Do so," said Culver, who still kept at a distance.

"Come, come, let there be no more of this foolery; you have passed the sentinels; I know that you are one of the officers playing a trick, and you know it

is my duty to know who you are; give me your name."

"My name would be of no use to you," said Culver, who began to look behind him, and wished to keep him in talk to give us time to be prepared.

"Then I am resolved, since you will not give me your name, to find out who you are," and he rushed towards him, but Culver ran to the rampart, and vaulted on the wall, followed by the officer of the guard, which, as soon as Culver perceived, he leaped back again, and slipped into one of the embrasures of the wall. The officer followed, and passed the other's hiding-place, and, as he came nearly opposite to where we were, myself standing behind one of the mounted guns of the saluting battery, and Col. Dodge behind the flag-staff, he called out, "Sentinel, pass the word to the sergeant of the guard, to turn out the picket."

"Sergeant of the guard, turn out the picket," was passed along the whole chain of sentinels, and the row-dow-dow of the drummer on duty, was heard calling the picket guard to turn out.

"He is here, sir, among the wood, sir," called the sentinel who had first challenged us; "among this pile of wood, sir."

From where we stood, we could plainly discern the whole commotion; the picket guard turning out; the officers, who had not arisen, even at that time of night, from their mess-table, also turning out to ascertain the cause of alarm; some buckling on their swords and other trappings, while others had run forward to the wood-pile. An artillery-man, with his dog, detected Parker, and, as soon as he was discovered by the light of a lantern, the cry arose, "The American prisoners—the American prisoners escaping." This shout added still more to the hub-bub; many of them ran towards our late prison-room, while others dragged Parker away to the guard-room, and others began the search around, to

discover the rest of us. We subsequently heard that poor Parker was so obstinate that he would not speak a word; and again, in answer to one of the questions, where we were, and who we were, he told them that we were there.

“Have all come out?”

“No, only the General, Col. Dodge, and Culver, and Hull.”

The alarm was general—yet amid all this hubbub, Dodge persevered and cut through the rope, but after that was done, we perceived that the noise of the pulleys placed above, as we attempted to haul down the rope, would direct the searchers where we were. We had now no alternative but to jump from the wall into the ditch. It was a dreadful alternative, but it was the only thing we could do. I proposed it, and said that I would go first; I was the weightiest among them, and if I escaped unhurt, they certainly would. If not, and if I was killed, they might not, or they might, if they liked, follow; but, as “Death or liberty” had been our motto, when we started, I, for one, would never submit to be taken alive; nor, indeed, would there have been any great chance, for the officers, infuriated as they would naturally be, for our daring attempt, would not be very anxious to restrain the natural ferocity of the soldiers.

I took the lead, and mounted the wall, and let myself over it. For an instant I hung by my hands; then let go. In the short moment of my descent, was crowded, it seemed to me, all the actions of my life. I alighted on my feet, on the solid rock. Gods, what a shock! Then I fell back on my head, and lay for an instant stunned; I thought every bone in my body was broken. Presently, I heard the voice of Col. Dodge, speaking from above.

“What say you?” I asked.

“Are you much hurt?”

“No, I am not hurt,” I said, “but before any of

you come down, throw down the bundle of cloaks, and whatever you have there, and I will arrange them so that you will not have to alight on this cursed rock, which is a little harder than a tory's heart."

In striving to get up, I found that I had dislocated my right ankle-joint, and splintered the outer bone of my leg, which was done in consequence of my foolishly bracing myself as I fell. I had alighted on my heels; the bone of my right one had been driven up between the two bones of my leg, and created the dislocation. The falling back on my head had so stunned me that I felt not the pain of my foot, and with presence of mind I saw at once, that if the others did not follow, left there in the ditch, in my situation, I could not but be taken.

They threw down the bundles and cloaks, and I arranged them in a pile, and told Dodge, that, as we had some fourteen or fifteen feet more to descend, I wished him to go back and cut, and bring with him two or three yards of the rope, that would aid us in making that descent.

By my voice I directed Culver, who followed next, where to drop from. He fell in the same way I did, a few inches from the bundles, and did not touch them. He was stunned to insensibility, and the blood gushed from his nose and mouth. He had injured one of his legs severely, fractured it, I believe. The next was Hull. As he was about getting ready, I told him to get off about a foot to the right of where Culver dropped. He did so, and alighted on the top of the pile. I was lying on my side, and as he alighted, it seemed to me he rebounded back almost a yard high, then fell back on me.

"Chr-i-st," said he, "what a jump!"

The coolness with which he said this excited my laughter, although, at that time, in no very laughing mood. Dodge threw down the rope which he had cut, and prepared himself to follow. He dropped,

like Hull, on the pile, and then fell back upon us without the slightest injury to him. Culver we soon aroused, and two of them holding the end of the piece of rope, I slid down. At the end of the wall of the ditch, and against that of the bastion, a piece of a cedar post had been laid, probably by accident, which helped us much down the second descent, Culver followed me, then Hull alone held on the rope until Dodge descended. He then let himself over the wall, as we had done before, and we standing, caught him as he fell. Doing this, Dodge sprained his wrist; but, notwithstanding, he and Hull aided Culver, who could not walk, to the glacis, and assisted him to clamber up the precipitous ascent. I crawled along myself unaided, dragging my leg after me until we arrived at the top, which we easily accomplished. The wall was faced with dry stone, and by inserting our hand into the interstices, and by the use of our feet, we soon pushed ourselves along.

When we got to the top of the height, we sat down to rest ourselves. There we could see the great search that was being made for us, and the lighted torches that were flashing in every nook and cranny of the ramparts, while we sat opposite to them, with only the width of the fifty feet ditch between us. There was a great alarm among them, but we had no time for sitting moralizing on the matter. I took my cravat, tightly bound my ankle, and got ready for a march. Hull carried Culver, and I leaning on Col. Dodge's shoulder, hopped along. From where we then were to the river, there was a gradual descent, rather precipitous for streets than otherwise. This ground was enclosed in, but used as a public promenade. We came toward a turnstile, passed through, and got into the street.

CHAPTER XII.

Perambulating the Streets of Quebec—Dodging Sentinels—Hunting Quarters.

WE now found ourselves alongside of a wall of a garden, which was palisadoed, and which we had often noticed. We had been informed it belonged to the old chateau: and, from the ladies that we had sometimes seen walking in it, we gathered the idea it was the "governor-general's garden." As we halted before it, I suggested to the others that, if we encountered any of the strolling police, whom, we had heard from the sentinels, were always prowling about, the sight of four of us together, carrying bundles, would excite their suspicion; besides, one man carrying another through the streets of a city, at that time of night, would seem so extraordinary; and, as we were unarmed, and not in a condition for making a good nor successful "run for it," I thought that this would be an excellent place for them to hide, whilst I, being the only one that understood the French language, should proceed, accompanied with some other, on whom I could lean, and find some Canadian who could direct us to the house of some of our friends, where we could be concealed.

The plan was thought by all a good one; and Hull and Culver were helped over, where, under the shelter of some trees, near a garden-house, they concealed themselves. I informed them that, in event of our succeeding in finding any one, we would send them to them, and conduct them to where we were. That I would inform the person how to approach them; and, when they would hear him whistle a few bars of a certain tune, they should come out, and

ask him a question. His answer was to be "Canada." That they were then to put themselves under his guidance, and they would be brought to us. But, in event of our being taken, they should remain as long as they could there, until our friends would find them out, or shift as they best could. Nothing that could or would be done to us, should make us reveal any thing about them, or where we had left them.

After having made our mutual adieus, Dodge and myself descended the terrace, and found ourselves opposite the residence of the receiver-general. We passed the sentinel, who was stationed near a monumental pillar; and, mistaking us, from our cloaks and caps, for some of the officers of the garrison, carried arms to us as we passed; which we, supporting our assumed character, politely returned, in the usual manner. We wandered on, and met no one in the streets. We had turned a corner of a street, near the residence, we afterwards learned from our friends, of Major Perrault; and, when we had passed near the residence of Sir John Colborne, as we could find no one in the streets, we undertook to knock at some houses, which, from their appearance, we thought might be occupied by Canadians; but we could not arouse any one. We were fearful, too, of making too great a noise, lest it might bring upon us those that we did not want to see. After many fruitless attempts of this kind, we proceeded on, still descending the streets, which, we knew, would lead us to the river. It was certainly a dangerous affair for us to make ourselves known to strangers; but we were confident, that, among the Canadian population, nine out of every ten that we would meet were patriots; who, so far from betraying us, would take us to a place of refuge, and die in our defence.

Yet we found that there was a probability of encountering the tenth. We had wandered about for

some time, myself, part of the time, crawling on the ground, and again, supported by my comrade, hopping along the uneven causeway. Dodge, who had gone a little in advance, when we heard the sound of voices, came back to me, and said there were some persons coming up the next street. Before we could get to the corner, they turned round, and came towards where we were; and actually stopped at, or near the place I was, Dodge remaining on the opposite side. There were two gentlemen and a lady. I accosted them in the French language, and requested to know what hour it was. He answered, by saying it was near one o'clock. The ice thus broke, I told him that we were strangers, and had lost our way in the city; and that I wished to find the way to the palace-gate. One had a lantern in his hand, with which he examined my features; and, from his manner, I at once perceived he knew me. Making a virtue of necessity, I boldly told him who I was, and demanded of him to direct me the proper route to where I wanted to go.

At the mention of my name, the lady seemed struck with fright, while the other gentleman started forward to look at me.

"Mon Dieu!" said he, "how did you escape from the citadel?"

"Jumped the wall," said I.

"Good Heavens! Are you not hurt?"

"My leg broke, I believe; but no matter for that. Direct me forward to where I can find my friends."

"Who are they?"

"Every Canadian ought to be a friend to us. Are you a patriot?"

"I am not," said he; "and I must apprehend and commit you."

"Ah! you must, eh!" putting my hand in my bosom, as if to draw a weapon. "Then, *I apprehend*

hend, you would *commit* a foolish act in attempting it."

He thought I had a weapon; and thinking, from my looks and attitude, that did a contest take place between us, he would not come off scatheless, he said, that as I had been so frank with him, he would let us pass, and pledged his word of honour, if we would confide in him, he would give no alarm. His companion also pledged his word of honour. "Remember the fate of Chartrand!" I said, as they passed in the door. They directed us to the palace gate.

We continued. Col. Dodge remarked, that we were not following the way which they directed, and I told him I knew it; lest the tory should betray us, it was best to take an opposite course. We passed a nunnery, I thought, from the appearance, but before we got there, and after turning a corner, we were challenged by a sentinel, at the door of some officer, whose name I could not afterwards learn. We did not answer his challenge at first, and a second, and third time, he peremptorily demanded,

"Who goes there?"

"A friend! a friend! a friend!" hiccupped I. "And what business of yours is it, sirrah, who goes there? Do you not know your duty?"

Imagining that we were two drunken officers going home after a supper somewhere; and from our peculiar gait, I being almost carried by my companion, he asked no farther question, but saluted as we passed him; while I hiccupped and muttered something about the mess.

Impudence—impudence, thought I; in this world there is nothing, I believe, like impudence—and I have a pretty good share of it.

We crossed a market-place, and came to a gate, then looked about us, and saw some soldiers standing about the door, inside the gate, and listening to the noise that was heard at a distance, wondering

what it was. Seeing them so occupied, we made a circuit, and crawled under cover of the eaves of the houses; and just as we had got to the wicket, and went out of the gate, we heard the sentinel inside challenge an advancing party, by the clatter of whose feet, at double-quick time, we found were hastening to where we were.

“Blood-and-ouns, sergeant, turn out, it is the rounds!—turn out!” cried a soldier. We crept along, and afterwards learned that this was a part of the guard who had been in pursuit of us, and who had hastened to every gate in the city to prevent our egress; but we had been too quick for them. They had shut us out, and we had not the least disposition to be again shut in. The gate we passed through was called Hope Gate.

We descended another very steep street, and, fatigued and exhausted, found ourselves near a large building, which we discovered to be a brewery. We sat down to rest ourselves on a log of wood that was near a fence, which inclosed a ship-yard.

“Let us not remain here,” said Dodge; “we will be so stiffened by the cold, and from the effects of your lameness, that we will not be able to proceed any further when we get up.”

We arose, and I found the truth of his remark; and after a little walk farther, we met a young Irishman, whom we stopped, and entered into conversation with.

I asked him if he knew the Rev. Mr. McMahan. He said he did; and I represented that I was a friend of his, and asked him to conduct me to his residence, and I would pay him for his trouble.

This Mr. McMahan was the Roman Catholic priest, of the Irish church of St. Patrick, who had called to see me twice at the citadel; and although he was opposed to me in politics, like too many of the Catholic priests of the Canadas, I knew that, as an Irishman, he would not be the betrayer of a coun-

tryman who would throw himself upon his hospitality, and claim his protection.

The young man said that it was late, and he was fearful that he might be locked out of his lodgings; however, if we would go there with him, which was only a short distance on the other side of the street, and as McMahan's residence was a considerable distance off, if the people would leave the door open for him, and we pay him, he would go with us.

We went along with him. On our way, I asked him his name, and what his business was, and the name of the person with whom he boarded. He told us, but they were not Irish names, or at least Roman Catholic ones.

"Are you acquainted with Mr. McMahan? and do you know his house," I asked.

"O yes!" he said; "although not much acquainted with him, he had seen him in the street, and knew him." I surmised he was not a Catholic.

"Were you not in the volunteers, last winter?"

"Yes, I was; and was about to enlist again, for this winter, as there is but little business to do for a poor man."

"Do you expect any trouble here, this winter, from the rebels?" said I. "With us, in Montreal, every thing is quiet; but it may be, that they may break out again, when, if they do, I suppose that we must give them such a roasting as we did at St. Eustache."

"Lord, what fun you must have had with them in your place last winter," said he.

"Considerable," said I, almost tempted to knock the villain down, that could call such horrid massacre fun. We stopped at the door of a mean, dirty-looking building, and the fellow invited us up stairs. We refused, and said we would wait for him below. We heard him knock at a door at the head of the stairs, and afterwards talk to the person who opened it, who came forward undressed, with a candle in

his hand, looked down at us to see who we were, and presenting to our view a countenance, where Orange bigotry and deceit were portrayed in every lineament.

"It is very late, gentlemen, and it is a long way to where the priest lives; but if I let the young man go with you, what will you give him?"

"Oh, whatever is reasonable; how much will be enough?"

"A dollar, at least," said he. I hated the looks of the wretch, and thought it best to break with him.

"Pshaw," said I, "you would wish to impose upon a stranger. I will give him a *trente sous*."

"He won't go for any such a petty trifle. No honest man would keep his door open this time of night for that," said he.

"Well, we must go without him; come," said I, to Dodge, "we will meet some of the police, who will take us there, and if not, we will go to a tavern for the night, and they will show us where we can find 'my uncle' in the morning." With this, we left the door, and went on our way, almost unable, either of us, to raise our legs.

We had not got far from the place, when we perceived a man coming along with a lantern. We made up our minds that we must be desperate, and, let him be friend or foe, we would press him into the service, and compel him to take us to where some of our friends were. Dodge thought he was a police watchman. As he approached, I heard him whistling. "No," said I, "he is no police-man; he is a Canadian; no Canadians belong to the police, and no Englishman, Irishman, or Scotchman, could whistle that tune. As he neared us, he began, in a low voice, to sing a French ballad, that reminded me of other times. His song was an old lay of the Troubadours, brought by his Norman ancestry to Canada. When he came near us, on the opposite side of the street, I called him to me.

"Comment, monsieur," said he.

"Venez ici, j'ai d'affaire avec vous. Come here, I have business with you."

He crossed the street, and came to me.

"Who are you," said I, in French, "in the streets at this time of night?"

"Me, sir? who am I, did you say?"

"Yes, who are you?"

"My name is Michel ——" Prudence forbids my giving it. He, too, still resides in Quebec.

I took his lantern, looked upon his open, honest countenance, and mentally exclaimed, "Here, thank God, is a man I can depend upon. I would, at any time, trust my life in the hands of any man who wore so honest a countenance.

"Michel," said I, "do you know me?"

"No, monsieur, I do not."

"Then you will soon do it. I want your services, and it would be wrong in me to solicit them without you knowing who I am, and the danger you expose yourself to in rendering me assistance. You are a French Canadian, the countryman of Chenier, and those who fought at St. Eustache, St. Charles, and St. Denis. You are a patriot, I know, and so are we."

"Mon Dieu! who are you, sir?"

"We are part of the American prisoners, who escaped from the citadel to-night."

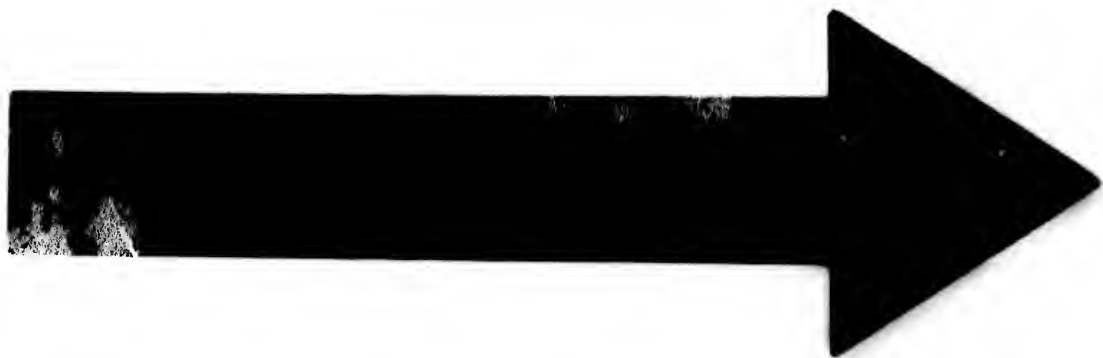
"Oh, Dieu, quelle bonheur pour moi," and, seizing me in his arms, we embraced. He took hold of Dodge's hand, who knew nothing of what we had been saying, deposited his tools in an old shed, and blew out the light.

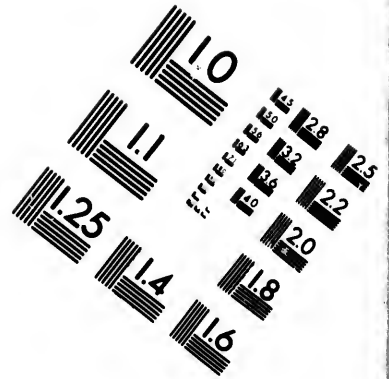
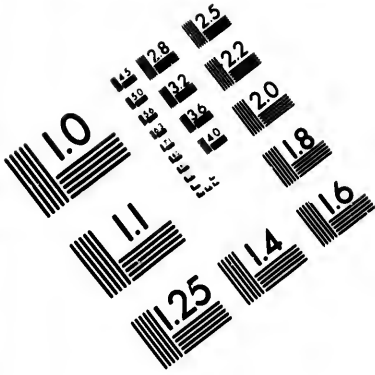
"Come," said he, "where shall I take you to?"

"First," said I, "take us to the house of —, if he still lives in the city. Do you know the way?"

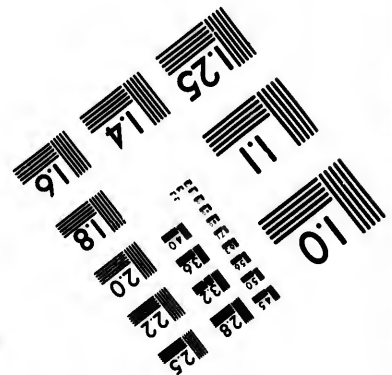
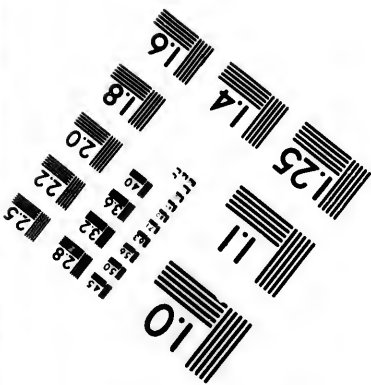
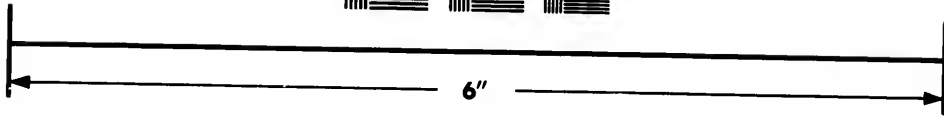
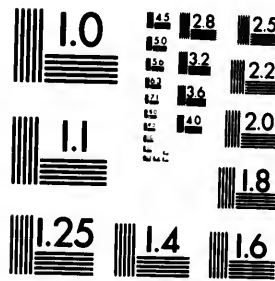
"As well as I do the road that goes to the church."

Saying which, and getting me on his back, he started off on a trot, through by-ways and lanes, at a





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rate that kept poor Dodge troubled to keep up with him. He carried me more than a mile, until we came to the house of our friend, in the suburbs of St. Roch.

There was a light burning in a chamber above. We knocked, for some time, when a person looked out from the window, asked who we were?

"Michel ——," said our conductor, "I have brought these gentlemen to your house. They want to see you, '*ils sont vos amis.*'"

"Indeed; what do you want, gentlemen?"

"We want you," said I, "to come down, open your door, and let us in, and make no alarm, but be quick; you will perceive the necessity of it when you know who I am."

"What is your name, sir?" he asked, in evident surprise.

"Theller!"

Down went the window, and down stairs we could hear him come, rattling in his haste until he lost his balance, and came tumbling from top to bottom.

I was carried in; and he began to call his family up to make a fire, and provide refreshments.

"Stop, mon ami," said I, "you are not aware how we are situated?"

"Certainly; I know all about it; I watched last night, myself: where is Grace? where is Hunter?"

"We have seen neither of them this night. When we got to the wall, they were gone. I suppose, when twelve o'clock had come, they went away. Now I want you, and Michel, here, to hasten to our friends' house; leave us here; and inform them of the whole, and contrive by some means or other to go to the *jardin du palais*, where our two men are concealed, and bring them to a place of safety."

"I am able to walk, and I will go with them," said Col. Dodge.

"Go to the house of Mr. Hunter, that is outside the walls," I said, "but do not attempt to go in, or you

never will come out again; Michel, when they are doing that, you, being well known, pass through some of the other gates, and manage to get the men from the garden, and conduct them to Mr. Grace's house, where we were to have gone, and where there are apartments prepared for us. Mon ami, you will go with Col. Dodge, and see Hunter, Drolet, Grace, and ———, and ———, and ———," others, whose names my readers will excuse my mentioning, as they are still in the power of those who yet might visit them with their vengeance.

It may be as well for me to mention here, as in any other part of this narrative, that fear of injuring those who showed such a noble zeal to serve us, much as I might wish to gratify my readers, and to show my own gratitude to these brave and disinterested men, who risked their lives, their liberty, and their property, to aid and protect us. It would injure them if they were known, and it would be a poor requital for their generous efforts, should I do any thing that would, in the slightest manner, implicate them. With Messrs. Drolet and Grace, it is different; they have left their country, and are now citizens of Detroit; obliged to abandon their home and their property, for what they were known to have done for us; and Mr. Hunter is beyond the reach of their persecution; his lofty soul is in heaven.

They went away, and I was left in the house with my friend's wife, whom her husband informed who I was. Every attention that her goodness of heart could suggest was rendered to me. She bathed my feet, which were now so swollen that my stockings had to be cut off, and gave me excessive pain. There was no surgeon, at that time, convenient, who could be depended upon, to reduce the dislocation, and I had to suffer until the next night. About two hours after, and when near daylight, her husband came back, without Col. Dodge. He had left him with

Messrs. Hunter and Grace, and others, and they had taken him to a place where he would be safe.

"It was too dangerous," he said, "to have Col. Dodge return. Indeed, I was stopped myself twice in the suburbs, by persons who, seeing me out at that hour, and knowing my political feelings, suspected that I was on the same errand, I was in reality. I pretended, however, to know nothing of the matter, and they let me pass on."

"Indeed," said I, "were you suspected?"

"Oh, yes; but only by some loyalists, who, along with some of Young's police, wanted to show their 'little brief authority.' You are safe here, and madame will make you comfortable. We have a spare room and bed for you, and she will take care of you."

"Not so, my dear friends," I remarked; "you, sir, have been seen out at this hour, and knowing you as they do, they will suspect you, and your house will be searched in the morning; the military will have guards stationed everywhere, and those tories you talk of, were it only to annoy you, will ransack every part of your premises. I must leave it. Manage to get me away."

"But your friends think it best you remain with me."

"True, but my friends know not what has happened since they gave that advice. No, I must at this moment think for myself, and I am confident that my plan is the best. If you know anywhere I can be lodged until to-morrow night, you can tell my friends, and we can meet together there; but leave here I must."

"You are right, I think it would be better," said the lady.

"Where can he go now? It will place him in certain peril, if he leaves here to-night," said my friend.

"Where did you meet those tories?" I asked.

"At the entrance of the suburbs," he answered.

"And there, in all probability, they will remain until morning; they imagine we are still in the city, and if to-morrow they discover, from those we met, that we are outside, they will imagine that we are in the neighbourhood of that brewery; or with *my uncle*, McMahan, the priest."

"Is Messire McMahan your uncle?" asked the lady with naïveté.

"No more than you are my aunt, *Ma chere dame*, but I used his name as such for the occasion."

A place at last was agreed upon, and the gig of my friend was got ready for the occasion. I changed my clothes, and left mine with my friends, whom I informed would, if a search was made, be as likely to lead them into trouble as were I to be found in the house myself.

"*Ne craignez pas*," said she, "I will put them where they would never suspect to find you, and where I presume they would not attempt to search."

I was furnished with arms in case of an attempt to capture me, put into the gig, and started with my friend. We took some by-way, at first, and then came out into the main streets of the St. Roch suburbs, and passed, after a short ride, over a bridge across La Petite river, "Scott's Bridge," as it was called. We stopped at a farm-house, and the owner was aroused by my friend, who told a long story to him of my being his friend, and that I had got into some trouble; I had to leave the town, and would be obliged to lay concealed for some days, lest I should be taken by the constables and police, which were after me.

I stopped his long discourse, by calling him to me, and asking him, in English, if he knew the individual with whom he was conversing.

"Know him! certainly. Think you I would have brought you to the house of a man whose faith or honour I doubted?" he asked.

“Then why doubt it?—tell him, if you can trust him, who I am; say to him I will put him to no trouble; only put me somewhere that I may lie down.”

He told the man who I was, and the good fellow was overjoyed, thinking he could be of any service; there were some *parens* visiting at his house, but he said he could find a place for me.

“Have you a barn, friend, with hay in it?”

“Yes, certainly.”

“Then let me go there, but inform neither wife, child, nor *parens*, nor any other person about me. Let it be a secret locked up in your own bosom; for the least I am talked about at present is the better for my safety, and your benefit.”

We drove around to the barn, where they began to make a bed for me. I was fearful at first that the track of the wheels of the carriage might be traced; but at this time it began to snow, and, satisfied that it would cover all marks, I laid down in the bed provided for me, bade adieu to my friends, and in a few minutes was happily asleep

CHAPTER XIII.

The Search—Rewards offered—Shifting Quarters from Place to Place, to avoid being retaken.

I WAS awakened about eleven o'clock in the morning by my host, in company with my friend, who had brought me to the place that morning, and who reported to me the state of affairs within the city, and the extreme measures that had been ordered by the government authorities, as well as by the military commandant, to recapture us. They had apparently,

by their actions, fancied us still within the city, inside the walls. Lalievre, the Canadian tory, with whom I had conversed the evening before, notwithstanding his pledged word of honour to me, immediately went to Sir James McDonald, and informed him of where he had seen us, and where he thought we were. If the fury of a demon ever had possession of a man's breast, we might with truth say it was the case of "the old Highland chief." At the receipt of this intelligence, enraged beyond bound, at the audacity and success of such a daring scheme, it had the effect at first of depriving him of utterance; but when he did speak, he poured forth such a volley of blasphemous oaths against the guards, the officers, himself, the government, the country, the rebels, and, worse than all, against the d——d Yankees, whom, had he the power, he would have sent to the sulphureous regions below. His manner, his oaths, shocked all who saw or heard him. Like a madman he mounted his horse and rode to the citadel, to wreak his vengeance on the guard. When he arrived, he ordered the officers of the guard under arrest, and the soldiers and Sergeant Norman, into immediate confinement. When he saw the stupid, sleeping sentinel, who was then undergoing the treatment of the surgeon, he muttered:—

"Would that I had the power, I would drive this steel into your heart."

At the first sight of Norman, he again burst out afresh with the most threatening oaths, that he would not be satisfied until he had him hanged; and when Norman, with tears in his eyes, and frightened all but to death, strove to assure him, that, when he had left the room and locked us up, we were safe and well, he stopped him:—

"Speak not, or I may be tempted to do you an injury, traitor! I will have your heart wrung out, but I will find the truth of all this; your conduct has brought disgrace upon me, and upon your whole

battalion. You and every man connected with the whole business, in this damnable plot, I will cause to sup sorrow."

He then ordered the whole garrison under arms, and parties, whole detachments, were sent to scour the streets, with the assurance, that the person who brought us back, dead or alive, "would make his fortune."

The town was placed in a state of siege. The gates were shut and double and treble guarded. Sentinels were posted on every street, alley, and lane, in the city, with positive orders to allow no person to pass, man, woman, or child, unless they were closely examined; not to allow any ingress or egress through the gates without submitting them to the most searching scrutiny.

By this means every person that was found in the streets, were hurried to the guard-house; every short stout man, lest it might be me, and every tall thin man, lest it might be Dodge, disguised. Michel, as well as others, were taken up, near to the place where our men were concealed, and although he told them who he was, and repeatedly said, that he could not be an American, never having been out of his native city, he was brought along; his speaking French and not understanding any English, was, as one of the guard said, "a damned suspicious circumstance."

"Corporal, don't you mind the Frenchman's dog, eh?" said one of the soldiers slyly, winking at the corporal.

"Say nothing about it, Bill, but I will look out for that dog, for d——n me, if I don't think the prisoners are with that dog's master."

"Blast my eyes, if I met them alone, if I think I would try to take them; for dare-devils, that would do what they have done, deserve to go clear."

"Then you would be found out, and you would

be served the same sauce as they will get. Sir James's Highland blood is up."

"Oh, wounds! how he swore," said another, "there he goes," as the commandant passed them, with his staff, galloping through the streets, and as Michel afterwards observed, knocking fire out of the stones of the streets with the heels of their horses. He understood enough of their language to imagine what would be his fate, were it known what he had done. He was detained a few hours, and sent away at daylight.

"Then our boys have had no relief? Have you heard any thing of them? Where was Grace?" asked I, of my friend, who was sitting beside me, on the hay-mow.

"Grace himself was stopped, in returning from conducting Dodge to a place of safety in the St. Johns suburbs. He was passing through St. Johns' gate, and was arrested and taken into the guard-house. He was examined closely, and kept for some time, but was let go, with a number of others, although at the time he had Dodge's cloak on, having exchanged with Dodge, and given him a capot d'etoffe, as less remarkable to wear in the suburbs."

"But have you heard any thing of the men?"

"Why, yes. I am sorry to say, they are retaken."

"Malheur! How was that," I asked.

"I do not know, but I heard, they were taken this morning at daybreak."

"In the garden, where we placed them?"

"No, but in a tavern; they went in, and from their appearance, the landlord suspected them; a servant girl, when the master had gone out after the soldiers, tried to give them a warning, but they denied they had any thing to do with the affair, and before she could get them away, four of the soldiers came in, and recognised them, and they were taken up to the garrison, handcuffed, and with a guard of nearly one hundred men."

"God pity them. I fear they will fare hard; what could induce them to go into a tavern?"

"They said, that they thought you were taken, and they were to shift for themselves; poor fellows, they were so stiffened with the cold, and their bruised bodies, from the leap, as well as lying out all night, under a little shrubbery, during a snow storm, that they ventured out, and got into the first house they found open, to warm themselves, and get something to drink."

"It is no use to fret, I suppose. What happened to them may happen to me before long; but one thing is certain, old McDonald will never have it in his power to make me 'sup sorrow.'"

"Do not trouble yourself; I honestly believe that the old Highlander would not take you back again under his charge. The devil, he says, may take care of Yankee prisoners, for all him; he has had enough of Yankee tricks. He says, that they are disgraced and ruined; and from a bundle of papers they have found, they perceive that you are well acquainted with the fort; better than they wished any American to be."

"True: in the bundles, which we left with the men in the garden, were plans and views of the fortifications, that had been drawn by us, when we had nothing else to do; thinking, that eventually they might be of some use. We learned the way to get out, and consequently might learn the way to get in again, if a proper time came, and enough of men at our backs."

"There was a report, that a large reward was offered for your apprehension."

"I do not doubt it; that is usual in such cases. How much do they consider us worth? How much do they think it will require to induce a Canadian to betray us?"

"Fifteen hundred pounds; one thousand by the guards, and five hundred from Lord Durham. But

why do you ask, how much would it take to induce the Canadians to betray you?"

"Because I will take devilish good care not to put confidence in any other person, unless, perhaps, an Irishman who is of the right sort, if not in religion, at least in politics."

"And yet a Canadian has already betrayed you."

"Betrayed me? Who? How?" I said, starting up and seizing my weapons. "What Canadian has given his name to infamy, by betraying men, who have been unfortunate, but whose intentions were good, whose life and property were freely ventured in their country's cause?"

"Simeon Lalievre is the wretch."

"And who is Simeon Lalievre?" I asked, with surprise.

"The man whom you met last night, and whom you conversed with, at his own door, and, he says, threatened his life. He is, we are sorry to say, a Canadian, but has no feeling in common with his countrymen; is denied by them; is a sycophant of the government, and holds a petty office of subaltern in the artillery."

"Pshaw; is that the animal? I expected nothing better! Threatened his life! why, I was unarmed; had no weapon of any kind; but he said he was not a patriot. What could he know of me? He saw me not after that, that I know of."

"No; but he pledged you his word of honour."

"And what reliance, think you, I placed in that? The man that would be a traitor to his country, would be a traitor to his country's friend. But I frightened him, I believe, with our parting salute; telling him to beware of what he did, and to 'remember the fate of Chartrand.' Who was the young man, his companion?"

"Mons. ———; a friend."

"I thought so; his is a good countenance. He looked as if he would have helped us, had he dared:

but let all that pass, tell me what search they are making?"

We sat down again, and he told me that Lalievre had seen us pass, near the Ursuline Convent, and as we had not passed the gate, the sentinel swore, we of course must be there.

"Good logical reasoning: go on."

"Besides, a police-man, on duty, had seen two men skulking about the wall, which they must have climbed, and jumped down in the garden."

"The devil, we must; what kind of fellows must they take us to be? Any reasonable man would have supposed we had jumping enough for one night before we came there; but, I interrupt. *Continuez vous.*"

"Another, a soldier of the garrison, saw you go into the house of A. N. Morin, Esq., near the convent, and he says he knew you well."

"He did, did he? and why the plague did he not follow me? Had I known that friend Morin's house had been so near, last night, I think I would not have passed without giving him a call; but as it has turned out, it was, probably, as well that I should have passed through the gate at that time, and reserved my politeness for this morning; but, I interrupt you."

"Well," said he, "from those combined circumstances, as well as from their having found a ladder placed against a wall dividing the premises of Mons. Morin from the convent garden, they were confident that you were in the nunnery, or in the grounds around it, and early this morning the place was invested by the troops. Nearly three hundred of them alone were there, with Young's police, and half the tories in the city. They entered the garden, after having surrounded it and all the neighbouring houses; placed sentinels on the tops of houses, that they might see what was going on beneath, and prevent your escape by informing those below."

“An excellent arrangement, but they did not find me, I presume.”

“No,” said he, laughing, “they certainly did not; but they entered the nunnery and searched every room, cell, and dormitory in the building, and ransacked every nook and corner. The first time since the building was erected, that ever a man entered it, but a priest. It is said that the soldiers helped themselves to many a gold and silver ‘relique of things holy;’ as the poor nuns, at the sight of their red coats and glittering bayonets, had, affrighted, all huddled together in the sanctum sanctorum—their chapel; which sanctuary was not even sacred; the officer making the nuns pass before him, one by one, and examining their features.”

“Well, they did not find my handsome face under the hoods of any of the sisterhood, I hope. Whew! what a place to put me into!”

“They must have believed you were there, or else the officer commanding did it to insult our religion, and those virtuous and pious ladies, who were much frightened, but had to submit.”

“I hope they did with Christian fortitude; but were there none of the priests there to protect them? where was the bishop?”

“He, in company with others, had gone to the quarters of the commandant; but the fanatic brute told them, when they requested him to withdraw his soldiers from their intrusion on grounds that had been set apart for those *religieuses*, that he had information you were there, and he would, if necessary, raze the building to the ground, but he would have you.”

“Indeed! well, go on.”

“They pledged their sacred word of honour that you were not there, at least not with the knowledge of the sisterhood; and if he would withdraw his soldiery, they would take some of the civil authori-

ties along with them, and search the grounds, and give you up."

"Indeed; well, what answer got they for this very kind offer on their part?"

"The very one they merited. He told them in his Scotch dialect, and with a bigotry and fanaticism that would have better befitted the days of John Knox, that he would not take their word of honour, nor that of any of their cloth. That, from his youth upward, he had been taught that these kind of gentry never kept faith with folks whom they called heretics."

"What did the priests do then?"

"They did what they should have done at first. Accompanied with Catholics of respectability, they called upon the governor-general, who ordered off Mr. Buller, his civil secretary, with an order to withdraw the troops from within the grounds enclosed, and he and the priests arrived in time to stop one of the most disgraceful and brutal scenes that has ever been witnessed in a civilized or Christian community."

"And what was that?"

"Why, a stout, masculine sister, who was rather deaf, being, at the time of the entrance of the soldiers, in a root-house transplanting celery, and not aware of the noise, nor thinking of the trouble, nor the search after you, whom probably she never heard of, had concluded her job, and was about returning to the house, when she was met in the walk by the red-coated intruders, with their muskets and bayonets, and which, as soon as she perceived, frightened her into a scream, and caused her to flee. Taking advantage of her knowledge of the localities, she distanced them far, and hid herself; but was discovered, seized, and dragged out, though not without striking a blow for her liberty. From behind, she received a cowardly blow that felled her to the earth. Bleeding, stunned, and insensible, she was inhumanly dragged to where some of the subaltern officers were,

that the soldiers, the gallant captors, might put in their claims for reward. They had taken you; for they thought that she could be none other than Theller in petticoats."

"Me—the deuse!—take her for me! why, damn their impudence; take an old nun for me! What next?"

"Yes, but, you will remember," continued my waggish friend, "that she was stout, and ran away, but afterwards fought well."

"Yes, and 'struck for her freedom:' well, go on; let me hear the rest of it?"

"The shout was raised that you were taken, inside and out. The hurrah was raised among the tories, and I, like many others, approached to see the person I had so comfortably put in the *straw*."

"*Hay*, if you please; excuse me for interrupting you; go on."

"Well, the hay, then, in friend Babtiste's barn; five or six hours before now metamorphosed, and playing a part in the tragedy of the 'Bleeding Nun,' in the garden of the Ursuline Convent. We told them that it was not you; but, fearful that it was another of your d—d Yankee tricks, they were suspicious."

"Well, what followed?—They soon discovered their mistake, I hope, without further injury or violence to the poor old soul; she must have thought that another massacre of the innocents was at hand. They let her go then, I suppose?"

"They did, but—with shame I say it—not before some of them indecently examined her person to discover her sex."

"They were then satisfied that she was not me, eh?"

"Why, yes—they had, of course, proofs enough of that. The arrival of Mr. Buller put an end to this scandalous and outrageous scene."

"Well, and the populace, did they submit to see his done in a Catholic community, without mak-

ing some demonstration to protect an insulted female?"

"They did—although all the tories, with but few exceptions—regretted it much; yet the other party would like to have seen the building razed to the ground, and its inmates burned at the stake, among whom were some of your native countrymen."

"No, no, you are mistaken; no Irishman would stand still and see that done."

"But we have in this city, Irishmen who are of the most ultra loyal, few in number, it is true; but as bigotted, and to whom the burning of a house of that kind, would be a sight pleasing in their eyes."

"Oh, they are Orangemen—we do not call them Irishmen. They are like your tories here, sons of the invaders, the persecutors of their race and countrymen who have a different faith. They are the descendants of the fanatics of Cromwell. None of them could have a spark of Irish feeling, unless their mothers played their husbands false; but what happened after this?"

"The soldiers came out of the garden, and buildings, but stationed a strong guard outside the building, and around the whole square. After which, a part of them received orders, along with the police, to search every house in the neighbourhood. They did so, most effectually, from garret to cellar, the soldiers making no difference between the house of the tory and the patriot. With them, all were alike; they wanted you, and you they were determined to have, and to effect that, they turned out the hay and straw, in which you might be hidden, out of every loft, and the wood out of every yard and cellar."

"And I am just as determined to keep out of their way. I have had enough of them, and you may say to your friends 'when you write home,' that I want nothing more to do with them. Where next did they look for me?"

"Morin's house was the principal place that they

next went to; and, maddened with the ill success of their search at the nunnery, they certainly wreaked their vengeance on his property."

"Poor Morin; he is a timid, worthy man, whom I know not that I ever spoke to, and he must have felt bad at their disturbing his quiet household. As he is a bachelor, I hope they discovered nothing feminine there, that they mistook for me."

"No, not that I learned. But they made work for half the *Laveuses*, about town. They upset his furniture, broke what they could not remove with ease, lest you were under it, and in fact destroyed all they could lay their hands on. The officer commanding, informing Mr. Morin that he would order the men to cease if he would only inform him where you were, when he, poor gentleman, knew no more of your whereabouts than they did, and if he had, it would be all the same. He pointed out to them every part of the house from top to bottom; 'Show us the garret of your house,' they demanded. 'There is no garret to it; go to the door, and you will perceive that the roof of my house is low and flat, and that it is not possible to have a garret.' This looked suspicious. A house without a garret, why, that was as suspicious as the dog that the sentinel spoke about, who could not understand English. They would not take the trouble to go to the door to look, but took what they considered a shorter plan. You must be there; and axes were provided, and they cut down the ceiling of the chamber and found"—

"What?"

"Nothing."

"Well, that repaid them for their pains; what next did they do?"

"Why, they searched everywhere and every place, and at this moment I believe there is not a house within the walls of the city, but has been searched and gutted from top to bottom."

"Have they entered the suburbs?"

"Not to search, but they have placed guards at every spot, and at every corner. They have extended them to every road leading from the city, and on the different bridges crossing the river. They had placed a guard on the bridge over which we passed last night, and a sergeant's guard is stationed at the Blue House tavern near it. When I returned last night, or rather this morning, they were there, and challenged me, and I was happy that you insisted on going out last night. You are now without the outer guard, where I hope you will remain for some time."

"I hope so; indeed, you may be assured that it will not be my fault if ever they have me again in their power. But have you heard any news of Dodge?"

"He is safe and well; although badly bruised and lame. How is your leg?"

"Painful, in the extreme; I wish I had it attended to. When you come again, bring with you Dr. —, and, with your assistance, we can manage to secure it; and it may yet be of service to me."

"Yes, if you have got to give *leg-bail*."

"Finissez donc with your punning. Where is Grace, Drolet, and the others, that they come not to see me?"

"They are employed; better employed, too. Grace has been sent to the island of Orleans, to see some friends, who are to come to-night in their boat, and take you off to the island, where you will be comfortable, and be soon able to run about."

"I really am under obligations to you all for your zeal in my behalf, and I hope yet to be able to requite you for your kindness; but it grieves me much that my friends have to suffer so much on my account; that poor old nun, among others."

"You are not to blame for that; it is the work of Lalievre, and God help him when the day comes. Well, I must say adieu. I had forgot I have brought

this morning's paper; that postscript must be peculiarly interesting:—Escape of the American prisoners from the citadel last night, et cætera."

The rest of that day I passed as well as I could. In the early part of the night my friend came again, accompanied by Dr. ———, and Mr. Grace. They had a carriage for me, and after I had got my leg attended to, we started for the Beauport shore. As the roads were all guarded, we had to take a circuitous route through fields, woods, and swamps; over by-roads used in the winter for sleighs, but probably never before traversed by any vehicle like a carriage. Grace and the others came in a cart belonging to the farmer in whose barn I had lodged. After much difficulty, through those almost impassable roads, and frequent break-downs, we at last reached the Beauport shore, near the priest's house; but, alas! nor boat nor friend could we see there. The tide was out; we surveyed the long beach over and over, yet nothing could be seen of them; this was the spot where they had agreed to meet, and which they knew as well as they knew their own home. Some untoward accident must have happened; the boat had been brought from the island; Grace said that he had come across with them from the island in her; they must have been taken by the troops. The tide was out, and Grace suggested that we had better ride and see what could be done, and away he and the Doctor went, plunging in and out of hole after hole. They stayed away for nearly an hour, and came back with the intelligence that they could discover nothing of our friend's boat, or any thing else. We had to return; but how? The road we had come, was so bad that we could not arrive there until it would be late, and it would not answer to have me seen in the day-time. The day was now nearly breaking, and we began to hear and see persons on the road, probably going to market with the produce of their gardens and farms, to avoid whom,

we had to get off the road. The axle of the carriage broke down, and then was added the cap-sheaf to our difficulties. A short consultation was held. If we could get to the house of a wealthy Canadian near by, they thought that he would give me shelter for the day, and, from his house, I could, with ease, be taken to the shore, and embark for the island the next day.

“Who is he, with whom you think I can find a shelter?”

“His name is Gudbout, and he lives not more than a mile from where we are,” said Grace.

“Do you know him, Mr. Grace?”

“Slightly,” he answered; “but I cannot doubt but he will do so small a favour as to allow you a place in one of his numerous barns, if not in some private room in his house. However, situated as you are, I think we had better try him.”

“Agreed, then; but to get there, let us get the carriage out from the road. I will get on the back of the horse and ride with you to his house, and try him, at all events. If he refuses us admittance itself, he will not be base enough to betray us, consequently, we can be no worse off than we are.”

The carriage was got out of the way; the horse unharnessed, and myself mounted upon his bare back, and away we sped; my injured limb, my bruised body, how they were tortured by the ride on that hard-trotting horse! Dressed as a Canadian *habitant*, with blue toque, capot, ceinture, and moccasins, and my face discoloured, slightly embrowned, I was no bad-looking representative of *un bon habitant*. Grace, and myself, entered the gate leading up to Mons. Gudbout's house, while the others stayed in the road. We knocked at the door, and after some time he appeared himself, and Mr. Grace, taking him aside, told him who I was, and our business. After hearing his story, and reflecting upon it, he hesitated, and lest some injury might happen to himself,

he said, that as he was a magistrate, his official oath prevented him from giving us shelter; that he could not take me into his house, lest it should be discovered.

"None will know about the matter," said Mr. Grace, "and we will come in the evening, about twilight, and remove him to a place of safety. If you cannot admit him into your house, let him go into your barn; he is now exhausted with our long ride to night, and from the consequences of the leap from the walls into the ditch. You will not certainly be so inhuman as to turn us from your door. I mean to stop with him myself, and he will be no trouble to you. Give me permission, and I will find a place for him in the hay, and you need not be aware of the place where he is. All I ask of you is, that you will give him a shelter, and not inform the authorities, who still believe that they are inside the walls of the city. This he refused, his oath of office forbade it; but suggested, that he had, at about the distance of a mile, in the woods, a small vacant hut, used for the purpose of boiling the sap of the maple, in the spring of the year. That no person ever went that way, and in which I might be safe; that he would give him some provisions, that we could carry with us, and we might stop there as long as we pleased. He went for the provisions; during which time, Mr. Grace came outside, and informed me of the result of his negotiation.

"Take from him what he may give," I remarked, "and be particular in your inquiries about the road to the *sucrerie*, as if we intended to go there; and after that, we can make other arrangements."

Gudbout returned, and brought with him a large loaf of bread, and was about going back to procure something else, while Mr. Grace assured him that that would be sufficient, with what we had. He inquired particularly after the road, and we left him with the idea that we would go direct to the place

which he had pointed out. We went back to our friends, who, I observed, were somewhat chop-fallen when we told the result of our conference, and my determination to have nothing to do with Mr. Gudbout or his hut in the woods.

"He will inform upon you in the morning," said the doctor; "I know him well; he was elected to the provincial parliament by the people, and he ratted, and turned a renegade; I wish you had not called."

"I am not the least afraid of him saying any thing of this night," remarked Grace; "I gave him a hint, coming out, what might happen to him did such an event occur, of the populace, conceiving that he had betrayed us."

"That may prevent him; were it not for such fears, many of these characters would be worse than they are actually at present. But, what are you going to do with that huge loaf, friend Grace?"

"I intend leaving it at the door of some poor man who may want it for his family. By-the-bye, gentlemen, this loaf will serve us in a manner, too, that you may not think of."

"If we were hungry, it would answer well," said the doctor, "but in any other way, I can see no good in it."

"I will explain to you: when he and I parted," said Grace, "I told him that, as his official oath prevented him from giving us shelter, it also ought to prevent him giving us food; that we were in his power, as he knew where we were going; and he in ours, for he had given us food; that it would be best for all to keep one another's secrets; and it would eventually turn out altogether better in the end for all concerned."

"Well, gentlemen," said I, "day is breaking, whither shall we bend our steps now?"

None knew; one grumbled at one thing, another at another. The doctor was afraid that we

would be discovered; his horse was well known, and if I were taken, riding him, that would lead to their discovery. They did not know what to do, they said.

"Well, gentlemen," I remarked, "it would be ungrateful in me to wish to detain you longer, after your kindness to me this night, and before I became acquainted with you; it would be decidedly wrong to even expect that you could remain longer with me; return to the city, and leave me to my fate; I will shift for myself. I am armed, and if attacked, no matter by whom, they will not take me alive. I have got Gudbout's loaf of bread, and any ditch will supply me with water. To-night, near this spot, I can be found, if you think that I can be removed to the island of Orleans without being detected. Go, gentlemen, with my thanks for what you have done."

They went, all but Mr. Grace, and thinking that he had stayed to have some farther converse, I said, "Good-bye, friend Grace; I may depend on seeing you to-night?"

"Yes, you may, and this morning, too," he answered.

"How so? you had better go with the rest; they await you."

"They will wait for some time, then; I will not go and leave you here. If you have danger, I will share it with you; I will not desert you now. Good-bye, mes amis," he said to the others, "I will stop here; go on to town; I will see you by-and-bye, but it will not do to go all the same road."

They drove on; Grace lifted me into the cart.

"Come," said he to the farmer, who drove it, "you will have to go back, *ne sais pas*, to bring up the carriage to your place."

"Oui, Monsieur Grace, c'est vrai; but if you want me to take you and monsieur here to any other place, I am at your service; the carriage can remain for a while where it is; no one will eat it, did they

even perceive where it is, a thing not probable until a few hours from now, at any rate."

"Avance donc, then, take us to Mons. —, you know his house."

"Oui; mais, il n'est pas patriot lui."

"No, but his wife is."

"Who is the person, of whom you are talking!" I asked.

"He is a good, honest, clever man, a Canadian of fortune, but he is timid by nature, and too much under the influence of La Petite Famille, as we term a knot of Canadians here, who have been influenced by the priests, and who, for the sake of a paltry, petty office, think it better to submit to every aggression that has been showered upon us, to be down-trodden and oppressed by the government, rather than arise in our might, and, taking the power into our own hands, rule ourselves."

"He is, then, what we used to term, a few years ago, a Beurocrate."

"Not altogether. His heart is with us, but, timid by nature, he is somewhat inclined to acquire the end we aim at by peaceful agitation, as if such a good could be obtained; and if we had not tried that way long enough."

"He is honest, then, and we can confide in him?"

"For his truth and honesty I would pledge my life," responded Grace; "besides, his good lady is a true patriot, and she can and will aid you."

"Allons then; vive les dames toujours. They are all, Heaven bless them, patriotic, and with their potent assistance, although the cause is somewhat at present cast down, we will be able yet to have things made right."

We arrived at the house. My friends, between them, carrying me from the cart to the door, at which we knocked for admittance. A window above was opened, and the lady herself appeared, asking who we were.

Mr. Grace gave his name, and said, he wished to see Monsieur, her husband.

"He is not at home," she replied. "He went on business to town, the day before, and had not returned; but what was Mr. Grace's business?"

Mr. Grace requested her to come down to the door, and he would explain it; that it was business of the most urgent kind, that had brought him there at that untimely hour, Madame might well imagine; and as it was of a nature too important, and connected with the safety of a person, whom she had often spoken of, he did not like to speak aloud.

Suspecting, as she afterwards said, what it might be, she hastily dressed herself, came down alone, and opened the door. We entered, and when she was informed of the matter, she assured us, that every thing she could do for my safety and protection should be done. The inmates of the house could be relied upon. They were called up, and prepared some breakfast for us, and every precaution taken for secrecy, lest some one might be prowling about, that would give information of my being there. Our trusty friend, the farmer, went away to take the broken carriage to his house, and after some hours, and when the kind attentions of that good lady and my friend Grace had, by bathing my injured limb, removed the bandages, which its swollen state demanded, I was left alone, to sleep away my fatigue. Mr. Grace was to come back that evening and bring me the news of the city, and to find out the cause of our being disappointed by our friends' boat, as well as to bring a conveyance, if the plan was still held advisable, to have me brought to the place of embarking.

CHAPTER XIV.

Further Incidents in the City and Suburbs of Quebec—Attempt to escape—Variety of Lodgings.

IN the course of the day, I received a note from a friend in town, giving me a correct account of the actual situation of affairs. The search was progressing, and various rumours were afloat, of our having been seen outside the walls, but to none of them the military gave the slightest credence, thinking and being certain, that we were within the walls of the city, and that those reports were circulated for the purpose of directing them from their search inside. The Irishman, whom we wished to engage to show us the house of Mr. McMahan, and the person at whose house we stopped, volunteered their testimony of what they had seen of us, but their tale, mixed up with the additions that they put to the truth, seemed so incredible, that no notice was taken of it. Godbout also, went, in the course of the morning, and consulting with Mr. Carron, the present mayor of Quebec, told the whole story of the previous night, and that we were at that time in the hut in the rear of his house, and that, were a company of soldiers sent out, we could be surprised and taken. This news was carried by Carron to the civil secretary's office, and, like the other stories, met with the like fate. He was not believed; Mr. Buller, like the military, believing that it was incredible, that we could be, not only out of the city, but could have passed through the numerous guards without detection; and believing, as it seemed, that a Canadian could not be found, voluntarily to betray us, dis-

missed the informer, Carron, without any ceremony. If Mr. Gudbout was confident it was us he saw ; he was a magistrate, and why not take us himself, as in duty bound by his oath of office. Why, when he refused the shelter of his house, said Mr. Buller, did he not arrest us immediately ? or, if fearful of consequences, then, why not since have issued a warrant for our apprehension ? besides, the description he gave of us, did not in the slightest manner agree with our true appearance. No attention whatever was paid then nor afterwards to his information ; but he accomplished what he intended ; fearful of us being discovered, and being found on his domains, he had thought that, as well as furnishing us with the loaf of bread, would criminate him in the eyes of the law, of which, like most Canadians, he had a horrid dread. He informed the government, so that, in the event of our being taken, it could be proved, that he had given the necessary information. So numerous had been the reports, and so strange they appeared on paper, when they were written down and compared, that it was found impossible to believe any of them ; and as most of them were circulated by our friends, and placed in parts where they knew we were not, they served to distract the attention still more. There was, no doubt, some of our secret friends remarked, but that we were still in the city, and they would not be surprised, "if we were in the houses of some pretended tory, snugly ensconced, laughing at the search being made for us," and as many of them who were unsuspected mingled in the search, on pretence of wishing to earn the immense reward that had been offered for our apprehension.

The authorities, to believe the stories told them, must have thought that we were possessed of ubiquity, we were seen at so many different places, at the same time. They took a different course. There was no way we could get out of the city but through the gates ; and, if outside, no way we could get out

of the province, but by certain roads and thoroughfares, which were now closely guarded by strong detachments of men, sent under the command of officers whose vigilance would be stimulated to our recapture, by the disgrace that would be attached to them, did we finally escape to the United States. Another, and more effective mean, taken by Sir James McDonald that day, was, to select out from among the two battalions of the guards non-commissioned officers, to whom he promised, and pledged his honour to procure, in addition to the reward of £1,500, a commission in the army, to the person who would bring information to him where we were, or bring us back. It was said that they had received an intimation from Sir James, in presence of Sir John Colborne, that our heads, so as to be recognised, would be more easily carried, and would bring the reward as well as if attached to our bodies. These men, fifty in number, received money and civilian dresses, to go among the people, and mingle with them; hear their discourse, and report accordingly. By this means, many of the stories that our friends circulated got to the ears of the authorities. But they were the worst kind of spies that could be sent out. Quite as well known as if they had kept on their uniform, ignorant of the country, of its inhabitants, of their language, and of their customs, they received no information, nor served no purpose whatever, but to lie about beer shops and low taverns; where they thought, in their wisdom, we would be likely to be found. Some of them, however, took a wiser course. They went to the outskirts of the city, and watched, with intense anxiety, every passenger by the travelled road. Others crossed the river at Point Levy, and remained loitering about there. Some went to St. Henry's, where a bridge is erected over the Chaudiere river, and took up their quarters; knowing that, if we finally succeeded in leaving the city, and attempted to take the Kenne-

bec road, leading to the state of Maine, we must pass that bridge, where we must inevitably fall into their hands. Others, again, took their station on the Craig's road, and chose the most favourable places, where none could pass without their observation; these being the two and only roads that we could pass by. They thought themselves safe, then. Another was by the steamboats that plied between Quebec and Montreal; which, as soon as one arrived, until her departure, was strictly watched by some of those, in addition to the numerous police and Tories, who were stimulated alone by the reward offered for us; as well as by the regular soldiers, who were stationed for the purpose. Neither bale of goods, nor box, nor person, male or female, would be allowed to depart from the wharves, without the strictest scrutiny and search. We knew all this as well as they did; for the numerous friends which exerted themselves for us, and found out their plans, so strict in the city, notwithstanding all these precautions, for the surrounding country, that the most ultra measures were taken to prevent us, were we in the city, of passing through the gates, without being taken. Nothing could pass without being thoroughly examined. The bakers' carts were stopped in the street, until the guard tumbled out the loaves of bread: loads of hay and manure, as well coming in, as going out of the city, were thrown down and reloaded: and even loads of grain, such as oats in short bags, were overhauled, and occasionally a bayonet thrust into them, lest I might be concealed therein. But, to cap the climax, a funeral procession was stopped, and the coffin opened, and the corpse examined, lest it might be a plan adopted by my friends to smuggle me out. This was going rather farther than the people would long tacitly submit to; and the press noticed it. "Had they who suspected that the coffin contained Theller," said a Quebec paper of the day, "followed the funeral

procession, it would have answered every purpose. They could have witnessed the interment, and have seen the coffin safely buried under six feet of earth : and had he whom they suspected been there, he would have been safe enough. If they feared his rising again, they might have placed a guard upon the grave in the cemetery that would have prevented it ; but not wound the feelings of the persons who were following to the grave their relative or friend, by being stopped on their way, and the corpse of the deceased exposed to the gaze and the remarks of a rude and insolent soldiery." This hint was taken ; and lest that hereafter any thing of the kind might be done, a person always followed every funeral procession that afterwards passed the gates, without subjecting the inmate of the coffin to the scrutiny that the living, who followed the train or carriage, were obliged to submit to. In how many cases this was done I know not ; but that they were frequent, and were the subject of remark, is well known to those who were in the city at that time.

Towards the evening of that day, my friend, the doctor, called to see me. He had been informed where I was by Mr. Grace. He stopped for an hour with me, and told me that they had ascertained that the gentlemen who were the night before to take me to the Island of Orleans, had come to the spot where they expected to meet me ; but, owing to the ebb of tide, they were obliged to keep away at a distance from the shore : and, when they perceived that we were not near the shore, fearful of remaining there, lest the boats belonging to the different vessels of war in the river should detect them, they were obliged to return to the city.

"Do the boats belonging to the men of war do duty at night, then ? And are they, too, on watch, lest I should escape by the river ?" I asked.

"Undoubtedly," said my friend. "Did you not

remark, the first night, as soon as the alarm was given in the citadel, that an alarm gun was fired, when certain lights were hoisted on the telegraph, giving them notice ; and that their boats were then out, and kept rowing about all night ?”

“ I remember the gun being fired, and saw the lights hoisted ; but we did not observe any thing on the river.”

“ That is because you were not near enough, or had not the chance of observing it ; but then, and last night, at dark, boats were stationed all along shore, and not even a market-boat can come or go without being brought to, after sunset.”

“ Then how can our friends manage to get away their boat without observation ? You say it is now in the city ?”

“ Yes ! but they will leave the wharf before the time, and pretend to go home to the island ; and as soon as they can do it, they will return to-night, and being outside the chain of sentinel-boats, they will cross at Beauport, and remain there until you come on board, then keep along the shore until they get out of the observation of the others who are on the watch, cross over, and once there, they will take care that you will never be suspected of being in that vicinity. They will disguise you in such a manner, that you will have exercise enough for your health.”

“ How do they mean to disguise me ?”

“ Have you any objection to the *jupe* ?”

“ A most unconquerable aversion to wearing petticoats, certainly ; and if any other disguise would answer as well, I would, if allowed a voice in the matter, prefer almost any other. Life is a stage, and we are sometimes obliged to play many parts ; but the part of a lady I cannot play. Why, a plague upon it, such a cousin Slender of a figure as yours might do ; but my figure would be decidedly bad—I could ‘ never look the character.’ Only think of a

Jack Falstaff in petticoats! Any Mistress Ford would detect him."

"Pshaw! do not be fastidious! But what objections can you have to wearing a priest's jupe?"

"None in the least, my dear fellow; I will wear the jupe soutain, and rabat, too, if necessary. Why, I should play that *role* to admiration. Dress me well, and if Father Badin, of Detroit, can beat me in giving a *benedicité*, or saying a *pax vobiscum*, I will be much mistaken. I always thought I would make a good curé; I have now a desire for it. Ne pensez-vous pas que je ferais faire un bon confesseur, ma chere dame?"

"Je ne sais pas, monsieur, mais ne parle pas de même, vous êtes trop gai."

"Well, then, let us be serious—at what time am I to be ready?"

"They will be here at seven o'clock; and, until then, adieu!"

"Good-bye! my baggage is so easy got ready, that I will be at any time able to go at a moment's warning."

When we were on the road, Mr. Grace rode up in haste, and informed me that he had been sent back, by Mr. Drolet, to prevent our going to Beauport shore, as he feared, from circumstances that had transpired, that our plan had been discovered; and that, instead of conducting me there, I should be brought back to the city.

"How can it be discovered? Who knew but ourselves?"

"True! but while he and Mr. Hunter were on the wharf, from which the boat was to depart, waiting for the owner and the others to come and take them along, an individual, of the name of Thompson, perceiving them there, and looking out for the boat, became suspicious of something, and gave the alarm; meanwhile, Mr. Drolet, thinking that the boat had gone, left them, and procured another boat, and re-

turned to find his friend. When he arrived near to the place, he discovered that the wharf he had left occupied by Mr. Hunter alone, was now covered with nearly two hundred soldiers, and police *ad libitum*; and they were searching the warehouses around it, and every other place where it was likely, in the remotest degree, that a person could be hidden. Anticipating from this, and from other appearances, he thought it advisable not to attempt going to Beauport, but to remain where you are until about nine o'clock, then to accompany me, and others, into the town."

We did so; and at nine o'clock exactly, left, and encountered no difficulty until we were in the precincts of the city. Two friends then came out of the shade of a building, lifted me out, and carried me into a boat that was in the river St. Charles, between the bridge and the Marine Hospital. We waited until, by the challenge of the sentinel, we found that our friends were on the bridge, the sound of their horses' feet, and the carriages, preventing the sentinel from hearing our boat, which was but a very few yards distant. I was put on horseback, and with a pistol in my hand, and another in my belt, rode after the carriage that had just crossed the bridge. We stopped at a house, in St. Johns' suburbs, where I remained a few hours; but the search being now as vigorously pushed in the suburbs as it had been within the city, I was again obliged to leave.

"What quarter are they searching now?" asked Mr. Drolet, of some one of our numerous friends, who would be on the lookout.

"They are in the Fauxbourg St. Roch's, and have searched houses all along the Coteau St. Genevieve."

"Humph, they are too late there," said Drolet; "two days ago, they might have had a chance. Are they in any other part but there, in that suburb?"

"The streets are crowded with them, and they now go into the search systematically. A company

of them is placed as far as they can extend, at a few yards distance from each other. These are placed before the doors, front and rear, of the place to be searched. A number of police, and they, indiscriminately, enter the houses and go from place to place, and examine every nook and corner, remove and break furniture, toss every thing about, and if spoken to or complained of, they wreak their spite upon the furniture. Young's gang, and Symme's, rival each other in atrocity, and have engaged ruffians who have been notorious for their iniquity; they are reaping now a golden harvest of revenge, among the people who despised them; they take the lead in cruelty, and Heaven help those whom they have any grudge against."

"An old bourgeoisie, in the Fauxbourg St. John, had bitterly complained, when she perceived her neatly arranged and tidy household thus disturbed and partially destroyed; she bore it well, until they began among her geraniums and flowers in her window, which they must lift, lest that some concealed place was beneath them. Designedly to provoke her, one of her favourites was let fall on the ground, and the pot broken to pieces. The old lady heard the crash, and shouted out at the full height of her voice:

" 'Prenez donc garde; leave my flowers alone—what fools you must be, to look for men beneath a flower-pot!' But as the disaster met her eyes, her favourite, the beauty of her window, which she had watered so often, watched with such care, and which gladdened her sight by its beautiful blossoms, and sweetened the air of her little chamber by its perfume, so roused her anger, without a moment's reflection she leaped in among them, and with her broomstick began to belabour all within her reach. 'Clear my room, you vagabonds, or I will do you an injury,' she cried, as she knocked one, then another, until she had come to her now trodden flower,

which maddened her so, that, seizing the broken parts of the flower-pot, she hurled them at their heads, and shortly cleared the great bulk of the police, who, when these ugly missiles began to fly, followed their officers, who, lest their brandy-coloured faces might get bruised, left the field ingloriously."

"Bravo, ma bonne!" said Drolet, "but what did they do on the bonne femme, after?"

"To the question put to her, when she stood in her door, brandishing her broomstick, which had done her such good service; where were the American prisoners, and did she not tell they would pull her house down; she answered, 'Pull away; and probably you may find them; but if one of you crosses my threshold, you will get a volley that will make you remember. I know nothing of the American gentlemen, but should they come to my poor house, they would be treated with the best I had; protected; and had I not food to give them, I would go out in the street, and among my richer neighbours. I would beg from door to door for them, before they should want any comfort that I could not give them myself. They deserve it from every soul in this fauxbourg, who has felt the oppression that we suffer from such a God-forsaken wretch, as you, Symmes, and your partner, Young, in infamy.'"

"Astonishment at the boldness and daring of the woman, which could be accounted for on no other grounds but that the prisoners were secreted in her house; Symmes gave an order to one of his ruffians to seize her and pass into the house."

"'He had better not try it,' said the bonne femme, 'for I will have him measure his length on the ground, and give better measure than you used to do, when you cheated the old women, by selling calico, and measuring it with a short yard!'

"This sally excited a laugh among the crowd, and maddened Symmes, who now, being an aristocrat, liked no mention to be made of his early beginning

in the low peddling trade, in which he had amassed some wealth. He rushed himself to the door, but met with a blow from the broomstick, that staggered him; he then grappled with the old dame, and the rest followed into the interior of the cottage. The destruction of her little furniture was now completed; her feather-bed was ripped open with their knives and bayonets, and every thing that malice could suggest was done to punish her. She bore it all with stoical indifference, until a looking-glass, which had belonged to a favourite daughter, long deceased, was broken. Then she felt distressed beyond description. This little article she valued with maternal affection, as belonging to her whom she loved; and when she saw it broken to pieces, woman's prerogative, tears, came to her aid, and she sank on the floor, and wept aloud. Superstition, too, added its horrors; for, among that class of people, the breaking of such an article always, in their minds, presaged some misfortune and bad luck."

"What was next done? what new act of infamy have they perpetrated? for, knowing both those infamous scoundrels, Young and Symmes, as I do," said another of our friends, "they would not take off their ruffians after such a commencement, until other outrages were committed, to madden our people still more, and force them into a riot, that the military might be called in. They owe us of St. Roch's a grudge since we held the last meeting here, and would like to have the pleasure of bayonetting a few of us. Oh, when will the time come that we may be ready, and with arms be allowed to meet these men, and drive them, as our fathers did those who first landed with Wolfe."

"Keep quiet," said Drolet, "the time will soon come;" and we remarked, that then and afterwards, his every word was obeyed by those daring souls, as they knew he was, when the hour arrived, to be their leader.

"Come, one of you, go again, and see where they are," said Drolet, "and if they approach this way, bring us intelligence. Meanwhile," he said to the other, "have ready the cart."

The first messenger came back, stating that they were searching a little farther in the same street, and apparently were coming down where we were.

"Then let us go, gentlemen; be cool and prudent; each to the several duties that have been assigned you. Let us go."

They placed me in a cart, and one going before, on the side-path, I followed slowly, not seeming to take any notice, and turned every corner he did, until we arrived at a spot where he stopped, and was met by another person, who told him he was going direct upon another party who were busy above, and we would, if we continued, be in the midst of them in a few minutes. We changed our course, and made through lanes and by-streets. In the cart were some vegetables, as if it belonged to some farmer, who had come to market, and had left it somewhere, and our friends had taken it, and pressed it and the horse into service, to convey me away anywhere from the place where I had been. We got into the St. Foy road, and where to go we knew not; a little beyond were a number of persons placed to watch and examine every one who went out of the city, and although I was disguised, and might have passed for what I seemed to be, yet my friends thought that there was too much danger in the attempt. Behind and around us were the police and Tories searching, and as we were likely to be observed, we knew not what to do, until a bold and lucky thought struck me. We turned back, and met our friends advancing. I whispered my plan to Mr. Drolet and another who accompanied him; they heard it with surprise, and the accompanying friend feared that in attempting its execution, I would run myself into certain danger.

"Not so," said Drolet, "I think the plan a good one; it is a desperate one, but it may be successful. I know the man he thinks of applying to; he is a government officer of high standing, is his countryman, and, besides, he never has shown so much hatred to the Canadians as so many others have. He is, besides, of a generous nature, and even magnanimous. If he does not agree to shelter and protect him, he will not, like Lalievre, Carron, or Gudbout, attempt to betray him. In God's name, try him, and we will be ready, in whatever situation we may be called upon to act." A few minutes brought me to the house, and I limped round to the back entrance, climbed up the steps of the piazza, and opened a door leading me into the hall. The sound of merry voices, in a small breakfast parlour off the hall, arrested my attention. I heard the merry laugh of a young lady and the playful tones of a rich, manly voice, as if reading aloud. "Come good, come ill," said I, after looking at, and concealing my weapons, "here goes." I opened the door and entered. For a moment no notice was taken of my intrusion, thinking that it was one of the servants. They were around a breakfast table, a gentleman and lady in the prime of life, two young ladies, one of whom was just merging into womanhood, while the other appeared some year or two her senior. The quick eye of the younger first perceived me, and her looks attracted the others' attention. I bowed.

"Papa," said she, "there is a Canadian, who wishes to see you!"

"Me?" and he turned around and eyeing me closely, thinking I was a Canadian, and might not understand the English language, said to his daughter, "Ask him what he wants."

The young lady asked me in French my business, and I muttered something of wishing to see monsieur, her father, in private, relative to some matters that I had of importance to reveal to him.

"Pshaw!" said he, with impatience, "I do not wish to be troubled with business of importance just now. If it is any thing connected with the ——, tell him to call at my office. I will be there at ten o'clock. Why the plague have the servants allowed such a dirty-looking fellow to come in here?"

The young lady commenced to interpret her father's answer, but I stopped her by saying it was unnecessary, as I understood it; and walking to him, I said in English, circumstances would not allow me the pleasure of seeing him in his office, and that, if he would permit me, I would explain to him my business now.

"Do so, sir!" I looked at the ladies. "My family, sir; you may speak before them, if the nature of your business will permit it."

"Is M—— your name, and are you an Irishman?" He looked upon me with surprise, as did all the ladies, and answered, that I was right in reference to his name and country, "But what do you want?" said he, with impatience.

"I am, sir, an Irishman, and I want from you food and shelter. I have come to your house, knowing, from the character you bear, that an appeal to your hospitality would not be in vain."

"Who are you, sir?"

"I am your countryman, a proscribed and hunted man; a price set upon my head; I have thrown myself upon your protection, although I knew you were a government officer. As an Irishman, and descended, as you are, from a race of men who have rendered your name familiar to every lover of Ireland, I knew I ran no risk in relying on your honour. My name, sir, I presume, by this time, you suspect is **THELLER!**"

"Papa, papa, you surely will protect him," said the younger maiden, fondly clasping her father's arm.

"Sir," said the elder of the two, addressing me,

"take a chair; if my father does not, we bid you welcome."

"Aha, traitress," said he, laughing, "do you not know that this same gentleman has been attainted as a traitor, convicted of high treason, and that he has escaped from the custody of the military?"

"I care not for that," said the young lady; "he has claimed the hospitality of your roof, and your protection; nor can I see that his situation is worse, nor the cause that he has suffered in much different, from that which my own grandfather endured, in your native country, in the rebellion there, some forty years ago."

The gentleman looked serious; arose, went to the door, locked it, and, turning to me, held out his hand.

I took his hand, and told him that it was necessity that had forced me to attempt the intrusion on his privacy.

"You did well, sir: you are welcome to my house. Here you may be safe, if no one has seen you enter."

"None, sir, has seen me enter here, but those I can depend upon; and who, like you, have aided me, and given me shelter."

"Who are they?"

"That I cannot tell."

"But how do I know I can depend upon them?"

"They have been true to me; and they will not betray me, nor you for succouring me."

"Well, sir, I again repeat you are welcome; but you are aware of my situation. I am in the employ of the government; but I cannot shut my eyes to the faults of those who are placed at the head of affairs in these provinces, nor close my heart to a countryman who throws himself upon my hospitality. Come, sir; approach the table. You have not breakfasted?"

A hasty one, I said, I had snatched early that

morning; but that what I had eaten would not prevent me from again partaking of what I so often needed, and what was now a luxury.

The good lady poured out some coffee, and, with much good-humour, pressed me to eat, saying that she had often heard her father say, that after the defeat at Wexford, and when he was lying concealed, how good the first comfortable meal he had eaten seemed to him. The gentleman had, when I sat down to the table, walked out of the room. He returned, and laughingly said to me, "I have, I believe, found out those who saw you enter here."

"Indeed, sir! Then you know who they are, and can have no doubt of their faith?"

"None, sir. I would hazard my life at any time on the truth and faith of either of them. I have differed somewhat with them politically; but, as men of worth, and honour, and talent, I have admired the straightforward course of both."

"Your relative situations might, probably, have had the tendency to cause the political difference," I said.

"There might be something in that; but, although I am ranked with the tory party, as our Canadian friends call us, I must admit, that, to my own knowledge, the Canadians have been badly treated: and the cause of the late unfortunate outbreak would have been avoided, had the government paid that attention and respect to their repeated demands for redress, which they pressed upon them. But, sir, I must leave you. I go to town to attend my official duties. You will be safe, here; and I need not warn my young ladies to beware that, while you are under their charge, that secrecy must be observed. Mary, my love, you had better remove our guest up-stairs: he will be more out of the way of either of the servants, or any visiter that might drop in to make a call."

"We will be at home to no one, my dear papa,

until you return at six o'clock to dinner," said the younger of the two.

He left; and I, being removed up-stairs, the greater part of the day was spent, giving the mother and daughters an account of our adventures, from the time we had left the citadel; concealing, of course, the names of those who had aided us. They laughed at the stratagems we had used, and cried at some of the parts that were pathetic; wondered where poor Dodge was, whom I had said I had not seen from the time we had been separated the first night; praised the gallant conduct of the young gentleman who had stayed by me when I was left by the others; censured the conduct of Gudbout and Lalievre, both of whose families they were acquainted with; and told me anecdotes and on-dits of what they had heard of us, and the consternation that prevailed throughout among the loyalists, when our escape was first made known. They had been at a party that night, and wondered exceedingly at the alarm in town, and were fearful of another outbreak.

"Speak for yourself, mamma; I was not fearful," said the youngest of the ladies. "I hoped that it would be so, and that it would turn out successful. I hate those carpet-knights, those dandies, who think they honour a provincial lady much, by taking the slightest notice of her. One of the lieutenants of the Coldstreams condescended to tell me, in a lisping accent, that he had not danced with any ladies since he had the *plesh-ar* of dancing with the princess somebody or other, whose name I have forgotten, at a ball which had been honoured with her majesty's presence."

"You must have felt yourself highly honoured, mademoiselle?"

"Not in the least, I assure you; and rude as it did seem, I let him know as much."

At twilight, perceiving the appearance of some one waiting for me, about the house, one of the

young ladies went out, and, accompanying her, came Mr. Drolet. A new disguise was procured for me, and after bidding them adieu, and promising that, if I was obliged to remain in the city, I would again call upon them, I took my departure along with my friend, and got again into the suburbs of St. Roch's; and again were we disappointed with some unforeseen circumstances of getting away from there, until another boat could be procured. We had to remain at the house of a friend. About midnight intelligence was brought to our friends, of a new search by the police, in the very quarter I was in; something had been seen that excited the suspicion of some of the spies, and they informed Young, who, with his gang of ruffians, commenced anew the search that night. I could not be got away; and knowing that the house wherein we were would be searched, as well as the others, from the known disloyalty of its owner; another expedient was adopted. In the rear of the house was a stable, built of square timber; we entered there; and, removing a horse that stood in the stall, and placing him in another stall, we took off the litter, and raised the planks of the floor; a hole, like a grave, was dug by Mr. Grace, and another friend; which, as soon as completed—and they hurried fast, for the voices of the police could be heard, and their lanterns seen—a buffalo robe was placed in it, and I laid down. They then put on the boards, and I was left till near daylight to enjoy the solitude of my living grave, with the promise that at night they should come and have some arrangement made to have both Dodge and myself removed to the island.

The stable had been built on a rising ground, and the earth was consequently dry. The floor above was also raised, probably sixteen inches from the ground; beneath, through the chinks of the logs, some of the mortar at several places had been knocked out at my suggestion, as well as some that had

worn away by time, and fallen out by accident before. That made a slight current of air through the place. My body had been so fatigued, and mind harassed, that, although I was in an uncomfortable place, forming such a contrast with where I had but just left, I could not but reflect on the many places I had been in, and the many 'scapes I had passed through; and although I was far from being comfortable, yet I was safe: that consoled me; and after some time I fell asleep, and slept as comfortable as I could have done at home and on a bed of down.

CHAPTER XV.

Final Escape from Canada—Arrival in the United States.

IN the evening, my friends came into the stable, and I was disinterred and taken into the house; when they went to bring Col. Dodge to me, and, after some little difficulty, towards morning succeeded, and we were once more together. Our friends remained with us until morning, and at daylight we went into the stable again, and descended into the grave. It was now enlarged for the accommodation of two. We whispered our different adventures to each other, from the time we had parted, and I found that he had his share of escapes as well as myself. I learned, that after he had left me, that he could not get any farther than Mr. Hunter's, where, after remaining a short time, it was thought advisable to have him removed to a more distant place, a friend's house in St. John's suburbs. And after being there a period, he was hurriedly borne off to another place, where the police had not been searching. The place he was removed to, was that part of St. Roch's suburbs immediately

under the coteau St. Genevieve. From the low situation and the dampness of the soil, the cellars are always wet, and at this season of the year they are mostly filled with water. Into one of these cellars he was put, although knee-deep in water; and there he had to remain crouched, or sitting down, the cellar being too low for him to stand upright. From thence he was removed, in the course of the day, to a house in St. Paul's street. A brother of the person to whose house he had been removed, rather indiscreetly having mentioned it to an acquaintance, it soon became current, and came to the ears of Mr. Drolet, who happened to be in the office of a friend; heard it remarked by one of the persons present, that one of the prisoners, that so much search was after inside the city, was at that time in the house of Monsieur ———, in St. Paul's street. On hearing which, Mr. Drolet asked the person what it was that he had remarked about the American prisoners.

"Why," said he, "I have just learned from a person, that one of the American prisoners, Col. Dodge, from the description, is in such a man's house; and that he was brought there in the course of the day. He had learned the circumstance from that person, who had heard it from another, who had heard it from a third, and that third had learned the whole matter from the brother of the person in whose house he was. It is not true, I believe," he remarked; "but the report is quite current, as I have heard it repeated frequently within these last few hours."

Mr. Drolet said, that he thought it could not be possible, yet, fearing that it might be so, as soon as he could, without suspicion, he went out, and taking up a position where he could see and watch the movements of the police, and ascertain whether they would take any action on the report, which was so general. Waiting some time, he then walked to St. Roch's, and found, too truly, that he had been removed, and to the very place mentioned by rumour,

and which Mr. D. had previously ordered him to be removed to that night. He had come now to prevent his removal, but found that he had already gone. With haste he returned to the house where Dodge had been removed, accompanied by Dodge's former host, and asking to see the man of the house, demanded of him where he had placed him. He pretended ignorance.

"Fool!" said Drolet; "I tell you I come to take him away. Your house will be searched, and pulled down about your ears by the police."

"N'importe—I am quite ignorant of the whole affair, and if they come, they may pull away—I will still know nothing of the matter."

"Come, come, Mr. Drolet!" said the person who had been with Col. Dodge, "come, I will take you to where he is." They entered the yard, and in the loft of a stable, half filled with hay, they found Dodge, and removed him away to another place. The owner of the house, when they were leaving the yard, saying to Mr. Drolet, "Excusez moi, Monsieur Drolet, I had promised myself never to mention where the pauvre jeune homme was; and in denying him to you I meant no disrespect."

"But while you were talking, the police might have surrounded your house, and burned it, if they discovered him."

"C'est égal—they might have burned it, and me in it, too, before I would have disclosed, by word or look, where he was; I would have kept my word, '*assurance*.'"

"It is a pity your brother was not as prudent as you are; he has reported the whole affair; and it is now spread far and wide."

"Oh, mon Dieu! quel babillard—but I will kill him;" and fearful that he might keep his word as rigidly in that as in the other instance, he left him, and followed the cart which conveyed Dodge to the house of another friend in St. John's suburbs, where he remained

until Mr. Drolet went out to St. Foy, to procure a place for him there. He soon returned, after easily procuring a place; and that same night he was removed. He was, like me, put into a barn, and remained there three days, fearing every day being discovered by the kind, zealous attentions of those in whose barn he was.

About noon that day, our host came into the stable, bringing with him a small tin pail, with some dinner; and as it was Saturday, a *jour maigre* with the Catholic, the dinner was composed, for the greatest part, of pea-soup, bread, and so forth. I asked him to go back and bring us some water; but before he went, he related to us that the police were in the suburbs, and were searching again very closely. He took a bottle, which he had used for the purpose before, to fill it with water, that we could take along with us, but returned in a few minutes with a face white with alarm, exclaiming, "Down, down! the police are here! down, down!"

We lay down, and he placed the planks in their places, knocked down the nails, threw some litter over the floor, and removed the horse back into his stall, on the top of us. For a while he kept loitering about, pretending to be cleaning his horse, and whistling, in case the police should come into the stable.

We remained there in far from a pleasant state—myself famishing with thirst, and not knowing any thing of what was transpiring out of doors, or rather in the world above us. The horse, however, kept us busy. He had been foundered, and they had given him some diuretic medicine, which, operating frequently, very soon drenched us completely. We at first were rather incommoded; but we had to become used to it, and we bore it all with Christian fortitude, glad, however, that there was part of us, about our heads, that was out of the reach of him. We had placed our pistols there, that the priming might be kept dry in case of having occasion to use

them; but, alas! even that little dry spot was not allowed us long. Towards evening, the little boy who attended the horse, came in, and after putting hay in the rack for the night, and cleaning him, he tried to give him water to drink. We could hear the iron handle of the pail, as the boy laid it down on the stable-floor, then hear his feet above our head. We could hear him try to have the horse drink, which, apparently, from the manner that the lad coaxed and whistled to him, to encourage him, the horse would not. After much time spent in this way, as it seemed, in vain, the lad got angry, and threw the whole pail of water on the horse's face—and down it came souse upon us. About the same instant that the boy threw the water, Col. Dodge whispering to me, asked,

“Do you think Mr. Drolet will come here to-night?”

I turned my head slightly round, and whispered hush, hush—at that instant the water fell, covering me, face, head, neck, and all my body, as if I were deluged. We had to lie still and endure it until he went out.

“There, now,” said Dodge, “you have been wishing for water, water, all the afternoon; now you have got enough of it, and yet you are not satisfied.”

“Thank God, then,” said I, “I am no worse off than my neighbours: you have got nothing to brag of yourself.”

Long and tedious did the time seem from that until our friends came to let us out. The stupid fellow who had nailed us down had acted so singularly, that we knew not what to make of him; instead of coming and informing us when the police had departed, he went down town, and began drinking and gossiping with his neighbours; nor did he come near us, nor his house, until some time after Messrs. Drolet, Hunter, Grace, and another friend, had come. Grace came and let us out, and, glad to breathe the fresh air, we rushed past him. I swore then that I had enough

of being buried, and, until I paid the debt of nature, no one should ever catch me submitting again to descend to my tomb.

When we got among our friends, who had brought with them the different ingredients of a good supper, and wine, and who had come to sup with us, our attention was attracted to our appearance, which seemed to convulse our friends with laughter.

“Whew!” one would say, holding his nose.

“Quelle odeur!” said another.

“What the devil is the matter?” said I.

“Oh, only look at him!”—pointing to Dodge.

And then another, directing him to look at me; and when I saw Dodge, for the soul of me I could not refrain from joining in the laugh, and he, in like manner, at my appearance.

“Oh, mon Dieu!” said Grace, and burst out again in another roar of laughter.

“Fini donc, Paul!” said Drolet: then he laughed as hard as the other.

“Gentlemen,” said I, gravely pulling off my bonnet blue, which I had worn, “excuse our appearance.”

They had not laughed until then, and as I looked at one and then the other, they would burst out afresh. At length Grace went into another apartment, and brought out a looking-glass, in which I saw a sight, and of course the cause of the fresh burst of laughter, occasioned by my pulling off the blue night-cap. I did not know myself. The doctor had disguised me; shaved my whiskers, and when he affixed the false gray hair upon my head, which I had worn, he thought it necessary to shave about my temples, forehead, and ears, lest some of my straggling black locks would play the tell-tale upon me. I was a fright indeed. I joined them, however, in the laugh at my appearance; my embrowned countenance, pieces of straw and horse manure sticking in the little hair I had left; altogether making

me look something different from any thing I had ever seen, or thought of. We then washed and changed our linen and other apparel, and sat down and enjoyed ourselves, forgetting all care, and amusing ourselves in describing the circumstance of the boy throwing water upon the horse, and all that had happened, with the remarks of my comrade when the water came upon us.

After midnight they went away, leaving one of the gentlemen with us, and shortly after, home came our host, a little the worse for liquor. He chatted and gabbled out all he had heard in the fauxbourg, and what he had seen and heard in the city, and fearing that in his drunkenness he might have been more communicative than would suit our safety, we resolved, as soon as he retired to rest, we would be off and try some other place. We sent away our friend, who had remained, to get the key of an uninhabited house that Col. Dodge had been in for a while, and a little before daylight we sallied out into the streets, and arrived there in safety and unobserved. We had taken the precaution of advancing slowly by by-ways as much as possible, which was necessary, as our friend had to carry me; Col. Dodge always going a few rods ahead of us, and waiting at every corner until we came up.

At that house we remained all that day, which was the Sabbath, suffering most excessively with pain in our limbs, bowels, and head, and in fact, every part of our body. We had to remain still, as the next house to where we were was occupied, and nothing but a slight wooden partition being between the two, the slightest motion on the floor could be distinguished from its creaking. We awaited anxiously until night came, and brought our friend, who informed us, that after almost despairing, owing to the strict search still kept up in the city, of being able to find a place where we could be removed to with safety, he accidentally encountered a friend, who

told him, that he knew where we could be placed, and well attended to, and without the slightest suspicion attached to our being there. He went and saw the good man of the house, who generously offered us whatever was in their power. About three o'clock we were again in the street, and came to this new place, where we were received in the most kindly manner, and for thirteen days we remained with them, the most devoted attention, the most kind and unceasing efforts were made by those kind, good people for our comfort, and to alleviate our bodily sufferings. They were wealthy, and ran the greatest risk of loss of property and their liberty, had we been discovered in their house; the only condition being, and which was complied with by us, and by our friends: that no one, but Messrs. Drolet, Grace, and Hunter, and another friend, who had conducted us to the house, should be aware where we were, and that none of those gentlemen should come to see us in the day time, and as seldom at night as possible, lest they might be dogged by the guards through the streets.

Nor was this precaution unnecessary, for at the doors of the suspected individuals were stationed sentinels, who closely examined every person as they came out, and watched where they went to. At Mr. Drolet's house, and in the neighbourhood, were three sentinels posted, two soldiers and a policeman. Nor could he, nor one of his family, go out, by day or night, without stopping to be examined. At the Catholic church doors, at the convent, Mr. Morin's, and several other places, the guards were still retained as they were placed the first day, and, indeed, kept there, until news had come officially, that we had been seen in the United States.

The rumours of our being seen in various sections of the country, had become so prevalent, and seemed so authentic, that they were inserted in the newspapers of the city; and we had the pleasure of reading

the different accounts of ourselves, the different disguises we had assumed, and the conversations which we had held, until we began almost to fancy ourselves on our way, homeward bound; but, as if to cap the climax, there appeared in one of the city papers an extract, taken from the Burlington (Vermont) Sentinel, which had been inserted by a friend, to mislead the Canadian authorities, and to take off the search, that in the eyes of some appeared ridiculous. The extract stated, that on that morning—the morning of the publication—we had safely crossed the lines, and were at that time in the state of Vermont. Some of the refugees, who, on account of Lord Durham's proclamation, had returned to the province from the surrounding states, asserted that they had seen us, and one of them, Mr. Rodier, who, it was known, was acquainted with me, and that he had seen, and, it was said in the paper, had conversed with me, in Swanton, on the Vermont line. All this was circulated and believed by many; yet still the guards were kept up, and the watch was still as vigilant as ever. I wrote some letters to the officers, which were taken to Vermont, and mailed there, bearing the post-mark, which added more confirmation that we had crossed the lines.

Meanwhile, Lord Durham had embarked in the *Inconstant* frigate, and departed for England, leaving Sir John Colborne, now Lord Seaton, installed in his place, with the powers of governor-general, and commander-in-chief, who began actively to prepare for another outbreak, which, it was currently rumoured, was at hand.

We had received intelligence before this, and were expecting it. Mr. Grace had returned from Montreal, whither he had been sent, as well to look out if we could ascend the river in a steamboat, and cross the lines by that route, as to send some of the letters which I have mentioned across there, to be

returned by the mail, bearing the American post-mark.

We received intelligence that the outbreak was to commence on the night of the 3d of November, and we gladly offered our services; but the people of the district of Quebec were not prepared, and, indeed, had no confidence in the second insurrection. Some time before, an emissary had been sent down there, accompanied by a gentleman from Montreal, who told too flattering a tale of their means, their munitions of war, the numbers of their hosts, to be believed by them; and, after they had gone, Mr. Drolet was chosen, by the other leaders of the people, to go to the district of Montreal, and the neighbouring state of Vermont, where resided Dr. Robert Nelson, brother of Wolfred Nelson, who had signalized himself at St. Dennis, and who was expected from Bermuda, as a copy of Lord Durham's proclamation had been sent there by his lordship, in one of her majesty's vessels of war then at Quebec.

Mr. Drolet, finding that the preparations were not so great as was told them by the emissaries, returned to those who sent him, and reported accordingly. The people of the district of Quebec felt, as much as did the other parts of Canada, their degraded and enslaved situation, and, with the faintest hopes of success, they were prepared, at any moment, to measure strength with the power that held them in subjection, and to second any attempt of any other part of the province. But the leaders were men of coolness, and would not recommend their people to embark in an enterprise that would be ruinous to themselves, unless they could be assured there would be likely to result some chance of success. They agreed that they should wait in readiness, but implored the leaders in other places not to attempt any thing for a little while longer, until they, as well as other parts of the province, were prepared; that a reunion of the dissenting Canadians on the subsidy

question was about being accomplished, as overtures had been made by the minority, known by the soubriquet of La Petite Famille. The answer of Robert Nelson was, that it was now too late to recede; that they must go on, *coûte qui coûte*.

There were now in the Canadas ten thousand regular troops, besides twice as many more of the loyal volunteers, and they were receiving, by enlistment, accessions to their strength daily, by the invocations of Sir John Colborne, calling upon them, and making the most liberal offers to join the ranks, that the anticipated revolution might be speedily quelled. It was stated, too, that the organization in the United States, among the Canadian refugees and others, in the frontier states, was much more perfect and complete than it had been at the previous outbreak, and that more assistance would be rendered the patriots than at any previous time, in men, money, and munitions of war. We judged of the opinions entertained by the government, of all this, from the preparations that were made by every branch and department, and the extraordinary means they took for the defence of the country, of all but one spot, which we pointed out to our friends, and which has still been overlooked by the authorities.

The people of the district were resolved to do nothing for the present, but to be organized and in readiness, and our friends were urgent for our departure, so that after many plans had been formed and discussed, all were abandoned, but the one to cross the river at Point Levy, and to take the Kennebec road to the state of Maine. A person was sent to examine the road, see where the different guards were placed, and to furnish us with a guide for our journey. He returned, and we prepared to start on Saturday night, the 3d of November. Horses and arms were procured, and money furnished to pay our expenses, by Mr. Grace. The horses were engaged at livery stables, as if the per-

son engaging them was to go on a journey. They were taken across by different individuals, at different times, who, after riding about a little, put up the horses at a friend's house, where they were concealed in the cellar-kitchen, to be in readiness for us.

At seven o'clock that evening, after bidding our adieus to our friends, and returning our thanks to the good ladies of the hospitable mansion, who had received us in our time of need, and receiving their good wishes and prayers for our success, we started, I taking the arm of my host dressed as a venerable looking man, with the broad-brimmed hat and overcoat, like that worn by the priests of the seminary and order of St. Sulpice, hobbled out. I had, for the last few days, been able, with the aid of my cane, to walk about my room, and I now exerted myself to walk slowly with my friend, as becoming my grave and clerical appearance. Col. Dodge and a friend walked along on the opposite sidewalk to where we were, whilst Mr. Drolet, Grace, and a number of other friends, were on the streets, at different places, ready to aid, did occasion require their services. We met with a number of the police in squads, and saw them individually crossing our path, but they did not apparently take any notice of us. We went along a street where there was a long wall, and at the end of which two men were standing, which, from a lantern in the hands of one, and a bludgeon, we knew to be belonging to what were called "The Queen's Pets"—a *soubriquet* that had been given from their ultra-ruffianism—to that part of the police under the charge of the stipendiary magistrate, Symmes. Before we approached them, I began to discourse with my friend, and remark in English, pronouncing my words in the peculiar style of the Canadian who has an imperfect knowledge of our language.

"All that, my friend, is the consequence of the people not paying that attention to their religious

duties that they ought. Does not the sacred Scriptures say, 'Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and to God the things that are God's? Therefore, my brother, it is the duty of every religious man to support the government.'

We passed the fellow.

"God forgive me," said I, "for playing the hypocrite. If a ball from this pistol which I clutched so firmly as we passed the ruffian, would have had the same good effect, without creating an alarm, I would have preferred letting him have it."

"It is better as it is," said my worthy companion. "Vile canaille as those ruffians are mostly composed of, yet, probably, they may have a family depending upon their dishonest efforts to earn their daily bread. Leave them in the hands of God: in his own good time, he will give success to the efforts of the patriot who wishes to rid his country of such pests."

We came to the boat on the beach near the queen's wood-yard; and I, with my old companion, embarked. Colonel Dodge had already arrived, and was concealed on board. There were a number of persons on the beach and wharf; and, next to where we lay, was a boat laden with hay. There were two or three carters about it, looking at it; and one of them addressed me, and, in an Irish accent, asked:—

"Do you know, sir, what's become of the man who owns this hay?"

"He is gone to that *auberge*," said I, "to receive the money for his load, which he has just sold."

"What did he get for it? Do you know, sir?"

"I do not."

And away he went, up the river, to pick out another load.

When our friend, the owner of the boat, came on board, after a few moments, we shoved off, and then

rowed slowly and carelessly along, as if we were a boat-load of habitans, coming home after market. We kept down the river, and outside the place where the boats belonging to the vessels of war were in the habit of rowing; and, as soon as possible, we landed at Point Levy, near the little church. The boat was secured, and our friend came with us, and aided me up the ascent. When they returned, I stopped on the roadside, until such time as Colonel Dodge and his companion went to the place our horses were, and one of them returned, bringing me my horse, which I mounted, and joined my companions. We rode on, and took by-ways, to avoid the places where we knew the sentinels and spies were placed, and were conducted to the tavern of a man who had been engaged to guide us to the lines. This man had been a smuggler, and had formerly smuggled cloth into the United States, and, in return, brought tea and other things back into Canada; and was, of course, well acquainted with every road and house on the whole route we were to take. He knew where the officers of the customs stopped, and knew how to avoid the different places we had previously learned were used as quarters by the soldiers and police stationed as guards. For his knowledge of the road, and from being a client of Mr. Drolet's, and, withal, a clever fellow, he was selected to act as our guide. Mr. D. had talked with him, and represented to him that he had a friend in trouble, whose pecuniary affairs were much embarrassed; and that, if he could not settle them satisfactorily with his creditors, he would advise him to leave the province; and if so, he would esteem it a great and personal favour, if he would go with, and conduct him across the lines: and that he might look to Mr. Drolet for his pay, as he would have property belonging to his friend left in his hands, sufficient to pay all his demands.

We arrived at his house near daylight; for, al-

though it was not more than fifteen miles from Point Levy, yet the two or three circuitous routes that we had to take to avoid particular places, lengthened the way, keeping us nearly six hours in the saddle. We were received by the person as travellers, and got some breakfast; after which I told him to state to his family that I was the person of whom Mr. Drolet had spoken; that I was obliged to leave Quebec, and get into Maine; and that I hoped they would keep the matter secret, as we intended to stop that day at his house, and in the evening, would be ready for our journey: that my companions were like myself, and would accompany us.

“Ne soyez pas inquiet. There is no danger: my family will say nothing of the matter. But if you are in a hurry, why not go on?”

“We expect Mr. Hunter, one of my lawyers, and a friend, with whom I have some business to transact; and after that, we will leave. You will be ready, I hope.”

“He did not know,” he said; “his wife was complaining. She was near the time of her *accouchement*; and he was fearful that she would not permit his absence: but he would see what he could do before evening.”

Messrs. Grace and Hunter came, and brought with them some articles of dress for us; our cloaks and caps had already arrived at the tavern. Towards evening we were preparing to go, and our guide could not come with us. The evening was gloomy, his wife was sick, she knew nothing of who we were, and at this time I thought he suspected. We prevailed on him to come part of the way: he had no horse.

“Take our horse; we will stop all night here,” said Hunter, “put them on the road, at any rate.”

He agreed: we mounted. As I was securing my pistols, and covering them with my cloak, before I strapped my belt, Hunter looked at me, and said:—

"Theller, good-bye;—God bless you!—we may never meet again. Do not let them retake you; for if you do, I will, I believe, cut my throat."

"Oh, don't! but, never mind, *I'll be hanged if they do*; good-bye, Hunter, au revoir, but no cutting of throats. Grace, kiss that pretty girl for me. Forward!" and away we went. But how prophetic was poor Hunter! We were never to meet again.

For some miles we rode; the guide and myself ahead, whilst Col. Dodge and a gallant friend accompanied us. After we had ridden some miles, I talked with the guide; found out what he expected Mr. Drolet was to give him, if he conducted us to the lines, and offered, on my part, twenty-five dollars in the specie I carried in a bag, slung over my shoulder, did he come, and as soon as we came to the lines. His wife, his wife, was still the answer. Knowing the danger of our situation, I was not disposed to stop at a trifle. We let the others go before us. When I turned on my saddle, and my next argument was irresistible. He came with us *as far as the lines*.

Here I must apologize to my reader, for giving no further details of our journey through the ninety miles we rode through a country whose roads and bridges were guarded by soldiers and Tories. Certain circumstances have lately transpired that render the utmost prudence necessary, and it would be wrong in me, although I should be pleased to relate the kindness we experienced on the road, to say any thing that could be traced to the persons at whose houses we stopped. *They still reside there*, and on them would be wreaked the baffled vengeance of the bloodhounds who yet infest that still unhappy country.

Suffice it to say, that we rode on, laughed at their guarded bridges, passes, and barricadoed posts, and on Tuesday morning, a little after daybreak, our hearts were gladdened at the appearance of the Fron-

tier House, one-half of which was built on either side the lines. About the centre of this building, stood a large post, on which was hung a sign; on the one side was painted the royal arms—the lion and unicorn; beneath was, in large letters, “Lower Canada.” On the other side, the glorious eagle and the stars of our country; underneath, “State of Maine.” As we looked in that wild spot upon the emblem of our country, our hearts bounded with joy, and we gave three loud cheers, that re-echoed in the woods, startling the inmates of the house from their slumbers. We rode on to the first house, a distance of six miles, and, although we were scarce able to sit in our saddles, before we arrived at the haven of our hopes, joy had invigorated us so, that we cantered our weary horses until we arrived at it. We halted at the door of a long, low log-house, occupied by a family of the name of Hillson, who occasionally accommodated travellers with lodgings, or a meal of victuals. We asked if they could prepare us breakfast. They said they could, of such fare as they had. We entered their house, and after being there a while, and being satisfied of the friendly appearance of the family, to whom we were unknown, we remained to refresh ourselves by a day’s rest. Indeed, our horses were as fatigued as ourselves, and could go no farther.

The first question, which was put to us by one of the three sons of our landlord, was, whether we were from Quebec.

I answered that we were.

“Then, sir,” said he, “you can inform us on a subject that we are much interested in. We have heard that the American prisoners who escaped from the citadel are retaken.”

“They were not retaken when we left Quebec, on Saturday night last.”

“God be praised,” said the old dame, the good mother of the young man, who was occupying her

self at the fire, preparing our breakfast. "God be praised for his mercies! May he guard them and conduct them safe!"

"They are, then, favourites of yours, mother?" I said.

"No, sir, I never saw them; they are from the west; some part of Michigan, wasn't it, Jonathan?"

"Yes," said the son. "But have you heard where they were?"

"I hope they will not attempt to come this road," said the old lady.

"Why so, madame? would they not be safe, were they here?"

"Yes, they would be safe, at least as safe as three good rifles could make them; but the roads are so closely guarded. Have you heard, sir, where they were?"

"Yes, they are now in the state of Maine."

"Did they cross at Houlton, sir?" said the old man.

"They did not. They crossed below, and are now in your house. This gentleman and myself are the persons."

Astonishment seized them all. We shook hands all round. Congratulations were poured upon us, and all were, seemingly, as happy as it was possible for people to be; the good woman, in her haste to congratulate us, upsetting the pan in which was frying the ham for our breakfast, with a—

"Never mind; gracious me, I am so glad; bring us some more;" and an abundance did the good creature furnish us, with clean linen and comfortable beds by way of dessert, which, after our all night's fatigue, was most grateful.

CHAPTER XVI.

Visit and reception in New York, Philadelphia, and Washington.

A VIOLENT snow-storm, and high wind blew that day, so that, had we been even willing, it would have been rather a fearful time to travel in; but in our fatigued state we thought it advisable to rest ourselves, and take our horses no further. A mail-stage, carrying the northern mail, was to arrive that night and go on to the lines, return, and stop at Hillson's, and depart in the morning. We agreed to take seats in that conveyance, and proceed as fast as we could to Augusta, and from thence procure a passage in a steam vessel to Boston. Some of us lay down and slept, whilst others kept watch, lest, in the proximity to the lines, some daring fellows might venture across and surprise us. In the course of the afternoon, two Canadians, on foot, were seen coming towards the house, and we hailed them, and brought them in, on pretence of warming themselves. I ascertained that they were labourers, who travelled into the state of Maine in search of employment, and had spent the summer there, and were now returning to their homes with their little savings, to pass the winter with their families. I got them to remain that night, as we could give them a chance of riding our horses to their very doors. They gladly accepted our offer, and remained with us. So far, no one had passed that could carry any intelligence to the lines of where we were.

Late in the evening, the stage-wagon, bringing the mail, but without any passengers, arrived, and as it was my watch, and all the rest asleep in an adjoining room, to which we had removed our arms, save the pistols, which those who guarded kept

about their persons, and also the loaded rifles of which the family had spoken. The two wearied Canadians were asleep on the floor, while our landlord and his family were all retired to rest, but one of his sons, who sat up, waiting the stage. We had made up our plan of finding out what was going on at the lines. When the driver entered, I had put on the capote and toque of one of the sleeping men, and, with a short black pipe in my mouth, I sat in the corner of the chimney.

After some little conversation between the driver and the young man, asking relative to any passengers to go in; Hilson pointed to where I sat, and said that I had talked of riding to the lines.

"Do you wish to go to the lines, friend?" the driver asked.

"How much you ax, 'spose you take me to Canada?"

"The fare is only half a dollar," he answered.

"Half-dollar, c'est trop—mais, the night is dark and cold, I b'lieve I'll wait till morning."

"I do not care so much for the fare, as I do for the company; come, I'll take you with me for a quarter dollar, and you'll stand the liquor at the tavern."

"No, remercie, I believe I'll not go."

"Never mind him," said the young man. "If you want company bad, I will ride with you, and see what is going on, and what the news is."

Young Hillson went with him, and returned in about three hours after, and reported that the tavern was crowded with persons—police from Quebec, and Tories of the neighbourhood. It seemed as if they had found some trace of us, or had been informed by the suspicious of an old magistrate on whom we had played a trick, called Oliva. When the driver entered the house they surrounded him, and asked him whether he had seen four men on horseback, dressed in military caps, cloaks, and armed so and so.

The driver shook his head, and said he had seen no such men.

"Ah! here is Hillson," said the landlord. "Have you seen any thing of persons on horseback, passing your house this morning?" asked a stranger of Mr. Hillson.

"Yes, sir, four men stopped at our house, breakfasted, and had their horses fed. I think it was about eight o'clock this morning."

"Strange that the driver did not meet them," remarked one, "there is no other road."

"Maybe they were at Moose village; finally, I believe there were some strangers in the tavern, as I did see some horses under the shed as I passed," said the driver.

"How far from here is Moose village, and what time did you pass through it?"

"It's all of twenty miles good, and I guess it is not far off three o'clock this afternoon, when I came through there."

"If they had ridden on as fast as they did when they came to our house, they could easily been at the village in three hours' ride," remarked Hillson.

"Is the country populous?" asked the stranger of the driver.

"Why, yes, considerable; after you leave the village, until you get on to the forks, its pretty thickly settled; but until you get to the village you will only come across, after you leave Squire Hillson's, two houses, and one of them nobody lives in; but after you pass it, and on to the forks, there is a pretty smart settlement."

The stranger thanked them for their information, and as soon as they had warmed themselves, there being no passengers, they drove back. The young man informed me of the whole conversation, and thought that, did they know we were so convenient, they might make a foray across the lines, and bring us back. I told him we did not fear that, but it

seemed strange that he should make such inquiries. As he was coming out, he remarked to the landlord, that he had a full house that night, and inquired who were the persons whom the strangers were so anxiously inquiring after.

"Do you not know who they are?" asked the landlord.

"No, I suppose that they are some fellows that are running away from Canada for debt."

"Running away! why, man, they are the fellows that broke out of the citadel of Quebec. The short, stout one was Theller, and the tall one was Dodge."

"Goodness! is it possible?"

"Yes, man; think of them fellows escaping after all—and such a reward offered for them. Lord, how comfortable it would have made a poor body. It is provoking to see such a sum of money lost to the country, after all our trouble."

In the morning we bade adieu to our friends, and, with the driver, commenced our journey to Augusta. We passed through Moose village, and by the forks, a thriving village, fast rising into importance, built on the fork of the Kennebec river, where we stopped that night. The landlord of the house at which we stopped, found out from the driver who we were, and treated us in the kindest manner, and I regret much that I have forgotten his address. Indeed, throughout our whole journey to Augusta, in that patriotic state, we were received with kindness, and treated with marked attention.

On Friday night we reached Augusta, and had to remain there until Monday, when the steamboat Vanderbilt, sailed for Boston, and we took our passage in her. In Augusta, the different public men vied with each other in their attentions to us. We were invited to dine at different places, and a public dinner was given to us on the day we left. When we were just getting ready to enter the carriage to go to the boat, we were surprised at the appearance

of Mr. Grace and Mr. Perrault, who had left Quebec four days after we did. After we had got comfortably on board and under way, Mr. Grace informed us of the news, since we had left. The news of the outbreak in the district of Montreal, had been brought down to Quebec when he got home on Monday evening, and the greatest consternation prevailed. The government commenced making arrests of those who, they doubted, and whom they had information against. By inquiring among the livery stables, some of the spies had discovered that many horses had been hired and out of town, and, from something else, there seemed to be a chain of connection with or about us. Then came the news of our horses having been taken; and after some other matter that we cannot now speak of, lest it might involve others. Grace's friends advised him to leave town, and follow us. He was accompanied by Mr. Louis Perrault, a gentleman who had been banished by Lord Durham, at the time that Papineau and others were exiled. When Durham's ordinance was disallowed by the home ministry, Perrault came into the province, but, fearful of being arrested and incarcerated in a dungeon, as they were serving others, he thought it best to fly. They engaged a Canadian with his caleche, crossed the river, and took the same road we had done. About thirty miles from Quebec, they were informed by a magistrate who had entered the tavern where they dined, that he had seized the horses on which Theller and Dodge had ridden, but that the guides had escaped. Among the captured articles which he showed them, were a pair of pistols that Grace had borrowed for me, and I had sent back. The next day, as they were pursuing their journey, they were stopped by a magistrate, who very coolly told them that he had reason to suspect they were escaping from the province for high treason. The charge was true. Warrants had been issued for their arrest, before they left; but they

knew that this fellow must have only conjectured the matter, as they were in advance of the mail. Grace laughed at what he called his absurd assertion, and stated that his *loyalty* was well known; he was going, on commercial business, to Boston. The steadiness with which Grace made the assertion, and the firmness which he displayed, troubled the magistrate; and after detaining them a while, waiting for another magistrate, he allowed them to proceed. They crossed the lines where we did, and followed and overtook us at Augusta.

A delightful and pleasant voyage we had to Boston, with every attention on the part of the officers of the vessel, and passengers, to make us comfortable. No pay would be received for our accommodations nor passage. We arrived in Boston about ten o'clock in the morning, and in the afternoon of that day proceeded to New York, anxious to hear the news of Canada, and knowing that we could get the particulars there of the truth of the rumours which had become current in Boston, and were hailed with joy by the people of that city, whose residence recalled to their remembrance a like struggle which their forefathers had encountered. They were not wanting in attentions to us, but we could not wait to receive their congratulations nor hospitalities, which from the few we saw were offered us.

On our arrival at New York, we thought it best to go immediately where we would be more likely to receive correct accounts of the progress of the second revolution, and the office of "Mackenzie's Gazette" was the most likely place where that end could be acquired. Besides, fatigued as we were, we preferred remaining incognito, as we were literally tired with the kindness and congratulations of our fellow-citizens, which, if we stopped at any hotel, we knew we should be incommoded with. We ordered a coach, and directed the driver to take us there. A number of persons were around the door of Mac-

kenzie's office, reading the bulletin containing the latest accounts from Canada. A way was made for us; we mounted the stairs, and, on being shown into the editorial sanctum, our eyes were gladdened with the sight of Dr. Wolfred Nelson, Messrs. Bouchette, Desriviere, Gauvin, Marchessault, Goddu, and Bonaventure Viger, who had just arrived from Bermuda, and, like ourselves, had sought the office of the Gazette immediately, to hear the news which we all were so deeply interested in.

We compared accounts. Each told the sufferings which he had endured since we had parted, and then listened to the particulars which Mackenzie had compiled of the then state of both provinces. We learned that, along the whole line of the frontier states, an organization, complete and effective, had been formed, and societies of Canadian refugees, and American citizens, friendly to Canadian independence, pervaded the whole country. That some time before they held a solemn convention in Cleveland, Ohio, to which delegates from these different societies were sent, as well from those residing in the United States, as in both provinces of the Canadas. It was there agreed that, on a given day, a landing should be effected by the patriots at different parts of the province, to act in conjunction with those who were to rise inside; that the Canadians were to meet them at given places in the interior, where arms and munitions of war would be furnished to all those who would join the standard of liberty. On the night of the third of November—the time appointed—we further learned, that Dr. Robert Nelson, who was the commander-in-chief of the lower province, moved in from Rouse's Point, with a small force, and entered Canada by L'Acadie, and went from thence to Napierville, which had been taken, and was in the possession of Dr. Cote, who had taken and lodged a number of prisoners in the jail of that place; that Robert Nelson had moved on to take St. John's, from Na-

pierville, with eleven hundred men, at which place he was to be joined by one thousand more, from the other parishes near St. John's; that the whole country round by Caldwell's manor, had all fallen into the hands of the patriots; that at Henrysville the colonel commanding the loyalists there had surrendered, while another party, of four hundred in number, had attacked the house of Mr. L. Brown, of Beauharnois, and, after a fight of some twenty minutes, the party of tories in the house surrendered; and that among the prisoners taken, was Mr. Ellice, the nephew of Lord Durham, with Messrs. Brown, Norvel, Ross, and others of less note; while at Caughnawaga, the patriots had been defeated by the combined force of loyalists and Indians, and had met with a slight defeat in the upper province. The news had come that one thousand men had landed from Ohio, in the western district; taken Malden; and that, in the rear of Kingston, the people were up in arms, as well as in Bellville, and along the river Trent; that at Lapprarie the steamboat Princess Victoria, from Montreal, had attempted to land a detachment of royal artillery, and been repulsed; that there were in the neighbourhood of Montreal, fifteen hundred men, and in the district of Quebec, three thousand men were under the command of myself and Col. Dodge.

The last part served to make us doubt the former parts of the statements, and proofs of letters and papers were produced to convince us that the other reports were well founded, whereas, the army that we commanded was only given by unsupported rumour. However, the greater part of the story was believed by us, because we wished it so. Wolfred Nelson, and others, left town in that evening's boat, to go to the lines, and enter Canada; whilst I, lame and disabled, was to leave town immediately, and join the force on the Michigan frontier; but for that day I was forced to remain, and fan the embers of the sympathies of the people of New York, and de-

scribe to them at a meeting called by public notice, at which it was said I was to address them, on the actual state of the grievances of the Canadians, and to solicit the aid of Americans for a people who were suffering, like their sires, in a great and fearful struggle for their freedom; for equal rights and equal laws.

The meeting took place at the Vauxhall Garden, and was in reality immense. The venerable Dr. William James McNeven presided, assisted by nineteen vice-presidents, all of whom were men of the highest respectability. Resolutions were passed, expressive of their appreciation of the services which had been rendered to this country by France in the gloomy days of the revolution; and the gratitude for the essential services volunteered and rendered by distinguished foreigners, such as Lafayette, Montgomery, De Kalb, Kosciusko, Pulaski, Steuben, and others, which they had never had an opportunity yet to repay; and that it was their duty, as citizens enjoying the liberty acquired by the toil and blood of their fathers, and the strangers who aided them, to assist all in their power, consistent with the laws of their country, those who, like their fathers, were trying to acquire the same national independence. That in expressing their sympathies for a people so struggling, they did no more than had been done by American citizens in behalf of oppressed Greece, and down-trodden Poland, enslaved Ireland, and emancipated Texas. And that they looked upon with horror, and would express their abhorrence, at the sanguinary excesses committed by the British authorities, of Canada. Atrocities that were a stain upon humanity, and inconsistent with the age of civilization, and worthy of the reprobation, and calling for the execrations of all good men. That they protested, strongly protested against the neutrality law, which was burdening the country with expense, not for the sup-

port of good government at home, but for the purpose of waging war against liberty, and assisting monarchy to crush democracy at the very doors of the only free government upon earth. To crush a people who were following in the footsteps of their fathers, and, for the same cause, and with the same enemy, were fighting as they had fought. That they recommended the appointment of a committee who should correspond with the reformers of Great Britain and Ireland, requesting them to use their influence in requiring their parliament to acknowledge the independence of the North American colonies, and put an end to the misrule and oppression of their fellow-men; and that they should select persons to receive donations in money to aid the Canadians, and be empowered to distribute relief according to the views of the donors, and in whatever shape or in whatever articles they saw fit. Resolutions to this purport were passed unanimously, amid the cheers of the assembled multitude. I was called for, and my reception was enthusiastic in the extreme. I related to them our sufferings and escape; painted to them the sufferings of the Canadian people, worn out with oppression and with repeated wrongs; whose patience and forbearance had been tried beyond endurance; who had seen their rights forcibly wrested from them; their substance seized upon; their property confiscated; their houses burned by a mercenary soldiery; their relatives, their fathers, sons, and brothers torn from them, incarcerated in filthy dungeons, dragged to the foot of the scaffold, or murdered in cold blood; their wives and daughters violated in their very presence. That they had witnessed the cruelties perpetrated at St. Eustache and St. Charles; the horrors of their inquisition, and the cruel and heartless butcheries that had been committed from one part of the colonies to the other, by hordes of English troops, who had stained their foot-

prints with blood from the ocean to the lakes. That they had seen, and suffered, and borne all this, but, now, the cup of their wrongs was full; the day of their political redemption was at hand; had at length come. They appealed to the citizens of the United States, of all ranks and creeds, to judge whether their cause was not a just one; whether they were to be ranked as rebels, or as patriots who had arisen to save the last vestige of human right, or to die as freemen in the fight to procure them.

That they asked the sympathies of the people of the United States, whose fathers like them had suffered; they asked not men to fight their battles; they were enough themselves, but they asked them to sell them or to lend them arms. They appealed to the countrymen of Washington, Franklin, and Jefferson; the descendants of the immortal heroes, sages, and statesmen of '76, who had fought and died as martyrs in the same cause, for that aid to an enslaved people at their own doors, almost within their own boundaries, that their forefathers, the people of France, had extended to them in the time of their need; in the "days that tried men's souls."

The next morning a deputation from the "friends of Canadian liberty," residing in Philadelphia, waited upon us, and invited me to visit their city, and address the people. Notwithstanding my anxiety to reach home, I could not refuse, when I remembered the zeal of the adopted citizens of the city and county of Philadelphia in my behalf. I was under the deepest obligation to them; for, although their prompt and energetic appeal to the secretary of state, when they heard of my sentence, availed me not; still their intention was good; and it showed the warm heart of my countrymen, and the cool determination of men who knew their rights.

As soon as the news of my condemnation to death in Toronto, for high treason, had arrived in Phila-

delphia, Captain William Dickson, of the "Montgomery Hibernia Greens," and others of that corps, called a public meeting of the naturalized citizens of the city, to demand of the President of the United States his interference, to prevent the rights of American citizenship being trampled upon in my person. A committee was appointed by the meeting, who commenced a correspondence with Mr. Forsyth, the secretary of state; and the arrival of Mr. Vail in Toronto, was the consequence; and although his arrival was not for two days after my respite, and would have been too late to have saved me, still, for their zeal and promptitude I was grateful. Accompanied by Mr. Mackenzie and Dr. Gauvin, one of the Bermuda exiles, and Mr. Watson, of Jefferson county, New York; I went to the city of brotherly love, and personally thanked my warm-hearted countrymen.

As in New York, the meeting we held that evening was numerous and respectable, and was presided over by citizens of the highest standing.

The Philadelphia Spirit of the Times, in alluding to the meeting next day, said, "But one feeling pervaded the immense assemblage, that of deep commiseration for the hardships and sufferings of the patriots, and upon dispersing, the universal sentiment was, **GOD SPEED THE CANADIANS.**" Such indeed were their sentiments, openly, avowedly, expressed. They had turned a willing ear to Greece, to Poland, and to Texas; strange would it be, were they deaf to the cries of the houseless and homeless widows and orphans of the Canadian martyrs.

At a meeting of a few of the friends of Canadian liberty at our lodgings, learning that I was to return home by Pittsburgh the following morning, it was suggested to us that we had better continue our route to Washington; that a meeting held there would be of infinite service to the cause, as well from the

effect it would have abroad, as that information, by such means, would be given to the different diplomatic personages who were residing at the federal metropolis. Willing to do all I could for the advancement of a cause I esteemed so righteous, I agreed to go, and the next morning set off in the cars for Baltimore, where we made arrangements for a meeting, and advertised it in the public papers, the day after we were to hold that in Washington. I had to return to that city, to proceed on my journey homeward.

In Washington we encountered difficulties that we had not anticipated, and which surprised us the more, that they were unaccountable and unprecedented. To give the true account, regardless of every consideration, I esteem my bounden duty, grieved, however, that I am obliged, for the honour of my country, to expose such contemptible truckling to an arrogant foreign power, on the part of an executive elected by the democracy of the country. On the morning after our arrival, Mr. Mackenzie waited upon Mr. Force, the mayor of the city, to request the use of the City Hall for the meeting. The mayor regretted that it was not in his power to let us have it, as it was filled with models belonging to the Patent Office; that he would have been truly happy to have consented to it, for the purpose we mentioned, if it was at his disposal. He suggested to us Carusi's saloon, capable of holding three thousand persons, as a building, for its convenience, still more suitable for our purpose. This we procured, at the expense of thirty dollars, and Mr. Mackenzie went to the different printing-offices, to have the advertisement of the meeting published, calling upon the citizens friendly to the cause of civil and religious liberty in Canada, to come to Carusi's saloon, to hear an address on the situation of the Canadian people, who were cruelly oppressed, and struggling for freedom

from foreign domination, and for the attainment of liberal political institutions. He called first at the office of the National Intelligencer, and giving the advertisement to the clerk of the establishment, paid one dollar for its insertion. He then went to the office of the Globe, where he was told that the advertisement was in time, and, on his paying a dollar, was assured that it should appear in the paper of the next morning. When he returned to my room, and during the time he was giving me an account of the success of his mission, the clerk of the National Intelligencer was shown up to where we were, to inform us that "Messrs. Gales & Seaton could not possibly allow such an advertisement to appear in the columns of their paper." From a correct source, and a person in the employ of those gentlemen, we learned that, as soon as they saw the advertisement, one of them hastened to the residence of Mr. Fox, the resident British minister, advising that functionary what we proposed to do, and that the message we received by the clerk was the consequence.

"Never mind, Mac," said I, "Joe Gales is an Englishman, who forgets that his type and press, as well as his office, was burned down the time the British burned the city, during the last war, and you must forgive him; he is the hired, pensioned tool of the United States Bank, whose stock is owned by the British aristocracy; besides, he is at the beck of Fox, and dares not say his soul is his own. It will be printed in the Globe, and that will be enough. Take back your dollar from the young man; he is not to blame."

The young man said that he was sorry that he had so unpleasant a duty to perform, and stated that he was confident that the notice would not be published in the Globe. To my inquiries he could assign no reason, but that we had better not depend upon it. We did not. Mr. M. went to a job-printer, and had him strike off a number of placards, which

were posted on all the public places, near all the public offices; as well as procuring small bills, to be left at every house in the city. The next morning the notice did not appear in the *Globe*, nor was the money returned. We had made up our minds for this, but the matter was now made public, and we resolved to have a meeting, in spite of Fox, or any other person. About noon, however, a new circumstance appeared. We had already known that messages had passed and repassed several times between the president and Mr. Fox, relating to us and our meeting, and, indeed, it was reported that Fox really had the impudence to make a demand for me, as "an escaped traitor from her majesty's fortress of Quebec," to be returned to her majesty's officers in the Canadas. This was refused.

"Humph," said I; "I would much rather than have all the wealth of England, that they would attempt that. I would go very willingly, if they would use force, but how many thousands would follow to bring me back?" I asked the gentleman who informed me of the *on-dits* of the departments; "Is not Martin too cunning to attempt so impolitic and unpopular a game as that?"

"I wish, then," said he, "he had been cunning enough not to have ordered this"—showing me an order from the head of the department in which he was employed, earnestly requesting him not to attend "the meeting to express sympathy and compassion for the Canadians," under the pain of the displeasure of the president.

"Indeed," said I, "that is taking a bold stand; rather a loftier flight than I thought his usual non-committal policy would allow him on any subject; but are you exclusively favoured, in this particular?"

"I am not. I have inquired in some of the other departments, and find literally and truly that all officers, clerks, and subordinates, are expressly forbidden; but I will go, and so will fifty others, if for no

other purpose but to test him, and see if he dare remove me from my situation, for exercising an inherent right."

In the course of that day, we were waited on by two gentlemen, and urged with much earnestness to decline the meeting, as it would be useless to attempt holding it, since the president and the National Intelligencer, which was the organ of the opposition to the administration, both opposed it. They tried to persuade, to coax us, but it would not do. They did not say the president sent them, but they might as well have told us so, in so many words. We knew he did. They soon received our opinion of the president's conduct, and Mr. Mackenzie, in plain language, told them that if the people came to hear us, we would tell them the grievances of Canada, ask them to use their influence with members of Congress, and all in authority, to induce the president not to pursue a cringing, sycophantic, but a manly course on that great question. That the papers pretending to be republican, but who were in British pay, were in the habit of slandering the Canadian people unjustly, falsely, and cruelly, and that a short discourse to the people in this country, the source of all power, would prevent, or at least render their virulence less noxious.

Although friends of the president, and the officers of the government, they admitted that his mandate to all persons over whom he had any control, was an improper exercise of tyrannical power; a virtual disenfranchisement; a robbery of individual independence; and that now, he nor his party friends could no longer blame the New York merchants for influencing the votes of those in their employment; when gentlemen of education, intelligence, and principle, were threatened with official vengeance, in Washington, if they dared to be mere hearers of a discourse on the woes and miseries of a large number of their fellow-creatures on this continent.

Some of the petty officials even did worse. Following the footsteps of the President of the United States, they dared to threaten the poor man who posted the bills, that he would be punished if he did not desist from posting them; they frightened him off, but another was procured. Although but a few hours' notice was given, under the extraordinary measures taken to prevent it, when the doors were opened, we had the largest meeting held in Washington for the last ten years: not less than fifteen hundred persons being present, amongst whom were even high diplomatic personages then in Washington, representing some of the strongest powers of Europe. I addressed them for an hour and a half; told them the situation of Canada, her grievances, and what she wanted. She wanted but their sympathies, their good wishes, to cheer them on in her dangerous, hazardous struggle. Canada sought not, as Texas, aid in men; she wanted no recruits; she did not want the United States to fight her battles; but she asked them to be friends to the friendless; to listen to those she sent, as they listened before to the cries of grief and misery that had been borne from other unhappy countries who were struggling like them. She asked them not to turn a deaf ear to her, and believe the lying stories that were told by her powerful enemy, who had been the enemy of their fathers, and was now the insidious foe of their country. To believe not the representations which corrupt presses, in the pay of Britain, in this country, showered upon them; extracts which they took from the tory press of Canada. That they had no presses of their own, all having been seized and put down by the government officials in both provinces; and who sought now, by false, positively and unequivocally false representations, to ruin the character of the leaders and actors in their struggle for Canadian independence. That so far from their being what the tories represented, the leaders and subordinates

in the contest, consisted of the very essence, the worth, the honour, the industry, and the respectability of Upper and Lower Canada. That they had been goaded into a rebellion, into a resistance; because, by the monstrous policy of Great Britain, they had been robbed of their rights; denied the exercise of all that man holds dear; that their friends and relatives were proscribed, incarcerated in dungeons; and, with a brutal and fiendish malignity, they had deluged the province in blood; banished the most worthy citizens, and cruelly sent others into a dishonourable exile, because they had dared to indulge in high aspirations for their country's liberty. That all that we demanded was a hearing; and that, if they considered that their fathers were justifiable in taking the stand they did, that I would take their declaration of independence, and for every grievance that was there related, would show a parallel from the present sufferings of the Canadians. They gave me their attention, and I succeeded in convincing most of those there who would be convinced. And further, I related the policy of England towards the United States; her threats of provoking a servile war in the south, by creating insurrection among and arming the slaves; read documents of speeches in the House of Commons, and in the provincial Legislatures of Upper and Lower Canada. Showed, too, what England's course had been in respect to neutrality. How she had taken part in every quarrel with every nation in the world. How she had supplied with arms the Seminole Indians, even at that day; and how, during the last war, she had let loose upon our western frontier, the Indians, with tomahawk and scalping-knife, to butcher our inhabitants.

During the time of the address, every attention was paid: not a whisper was heard; but, at the close of some thrilling incident that I related, would

be heard the low pent sigh, exemplifying the thrill of horror that ran through the assemblage, at some picture of the atrocities that I had witnessed, and which had become so frequent, that the recital lost its effect upon myself.

Once, when a remark was made about some act of cruelty, a slight hiss was heard, which came from a knot of young men, most of whom were attachés to the British ministry; but it was not them. It was found to be produced by the son of Levi Woodbury, Secretary of the Treasury.

The cry of "throw him out!" "hustle him out!" prevailed in an instant. I begged they would use no violence; that if the gentleman would step forward, or any other persons present deny what I had asserted, I would on the instant prove the facts; for Mr. Mackenzie had with him the official account of the very facts I had related. None answered: and I resumed my discourse, and finished. Mr. Mackenzie followed me, and related the reasons why we had come to Washington, the illiberal and unconstitutional measures which the president had resorted to, and thanked them for the attention they had paid, and begged for their patience a little while longer, whilst he went into a farther exposition of the grievances of Canada; which, from his well-stored mind, was an easy thing to do. He compared the situation of the Canadas with that of the United States; showed how important it was, for the preservation of the institutions of this country, that despotism which would disgrace the Czar of all the Russias, should not be allowed to trample down so virtuous, and generous, and brave a people as the Canadians; and how disgraceful it would appear to the eyes of the world, to see republican America confederated with England, to keep down the germ of liberty springing up among a neighbouring people, who were aspiring to free themselves, and have

laws and institutions like those the United States were blessed with.

After our meeting adjourned, we were waited upon by hundreds who were pleased and satisfied; and, "tell it not in Gath: whisper it not in the streets of Askelon," that very night was established, in the metropolis of the United States, and under the very nose of Mr. Fox, one of those "secret lodges" which he seemed to fear so much: and, out of the number who had joined, and were initiated that night, full four-fifths of them were clerks and officers connected with some of the departments of the government.

CHAPTER XVII.

Reception at Baltimore—Proclamation of the President—Battles of L'Acadie and La Cole.

BEFORE our departure from Washington, the next morning, a friend from the printing-office of the Globe, had put into our hands a copy of the president's proclamation, where he, not satisfied with only following the line of duty prescribed to him, to preserve neutrality with a foreign power with whom the United States was at peace, and warning the people that he would enforce the laws, he travels beyond his duty. As executive of the federal government, we knew that he was obliged to preserve the laws inviolate; but there his duty ended. He might have spoken in reference to our own laws, but no farther. All reference to the causes or justice of a foreign quarrel, in which American citizens evinced a disposition to embark or engage, or to the rights, wrongs, or means of either

of the contending parties, was supererogation; wrong, and inconsistent with his duty to the people, and to the dignity of his high office. He travelled out of his official and appropriate path, to express his individual opinion upon the character of the contest, and the means of the revolutionists. With these matters he had no concern. Whether the Canadians were right or wrong, or able or unable to effect their object, he had no official right of judgment between them and the British government. If they felt oppressed, and able to break their chains, no foreign functionary, and much less the chief magistrate of a republic, had a right to inform them officially, that their own government was just, and that they were too weak to contend against it. He assumed, on his part, an interference in their quarrel, which he forbade and denied the individual citizen to exercise. He forbade all countenance to the Canadians, all expression in their favour by the people; yet, he assumes upon himself to express his opinions, and interfere between two belligerent parties: and the expression of such opinion on his part, in an official document, if not usurpation, was, to say the least of it, highly indecorous.

We admitted that he had a right, as Martin Van Buren, to express, in private conversation, what opinion he might have formed on the subject of the Canadian troubles; but, as Chief Magistrate of the United States, he had no right, in an official document, to denounce the Canadians as traitors and pirates. He had no right to say that the Canadians could not succeed without foreign aid; and they could not expect to obtain it; and that they were injured by attempts made by American citizens to aid them. How did he know this? But, admitting that he did know it, what right had he to express it officially? Why travel out of the record? None! he had no right whatever beyond the maintenance of our own laws and treaty stipulations; but with the

right or wrong of the prospects of success of the Canadians, he had no concern whatever ; and his meddling interference was as undignified as uncalled for.

He cautioned all American citizens who might aid the Canadians, to expect no protection from their own government ; and what protection did he or the government give to me when I was in Canada? What protection did he extend to me when one of the principles of the Constitution, and the dearest rights of the naturalized citizens of this country, were about being violated in my person? Did he stretch out a finger to save me? Did he remember the votes of the thousands of naturalized citizens that had elevated him to his eminent seat? But had not any American citizen a right, if he so wished, to expatriate himself ; to leave this country and go to any other he liked? If so, why, then, has he not a right to go to Canada, or to England, or any other country he thinks proper? If the president knew this, how dare he, then, insult, in his proclamation, men who might do this, by calling their conduct **NEFARIOUS**? He knew, or ought to have known, that the laws do not prohibit expatriation, but allow any American citizen to leave his own country, and join any other at any time, and for any purpose he may think proper, or see fit. All that the laws prohibit, is hostile preparation against a foreign country, within the borders of our own.

But we perceived that he had even dared to go farther, in saying, that every American who would join the Canadians, would be "**REPROACHED BY EVERY VIRTUOUS FELLOW-CITIZEN.**" Now, this, from the President of the United States, who, in charity, one would believe, knew enough of his own country's history, and the fond remembrance that was treasured in the hearts of the people to the gallant and chivalric souls, who, from other lands, gallantly came to the aid of the sires of '76, and battled with them for the rights of man, in *our* revolution. Are they

execrated? Did they deserve to be "reproached by every virtuous fellow-citizen?" And are not the Canadians contending for the very rights, the very principles which inspired the American fathers to contend against such a foe, so long and so ardently? Did the president ever read the history of Canada? Do not the records of the British Parliament tell the story of her wrongs? Have not eminent British statesmen, says an eminent writer, from whom I have quoted, in their legislative places, hurled the thunders of their eloquence in their arguments against the countless violations of the British constitution, by the colonial governments of the Canadas? Have they not warned the British government that the question between Canada and the mother country, was the old question with the old United Colonies, and would have the same termination? Then, if the Canadians are contending for *our* principles, and those who help them deserve to be "reproached by every good and virtuous fellow-citizen," so did Lafayette, our nation's benefactor; and so did all his noble companions from other lands.

But, to bring the matter more home. Did the president remember the enthusiasm of his countrymen, for the Greeks and Polanders? Did he remember that Howe, and Jarvis, and Washington, ventured life, in the case of the former, and the two latter fell nobly, battling as martyrs for the liberty of oppressed Greece? Did they meet with that reproach which he says will be given to those who would assist the Canadians? But where, we would ask, was the President of the United States' proclamation of neutrality, and denunciation of criminal enterprises, "to the reproaches of every virtuous citizen," when Americans assembled in military array in the city of New Orleans, and proceeded to levy war against a "friendly power," and a republic, too; amid salutes from United States' vessels of war, then lying at that port? Mexico was but a feeble power; there was

no president's son at her court, nor had she a minister like Fox, at Washington. Shades of the deceased fathers of the revolutionary signers of the declaration of American independence; patriot statesmen, patriot soldiers, who poured out your blood for the liberties of the American people, in your contest with the servile hosts of Britain, shut your ears, if, from your abodes of bliss, you can hear of the pollution of the stage of your glorious career; the proceedings of those to whom you have bequeathed, in trust, the sacred deposit of freedom, to be transmitted to your descendants to the end of all time; shut your ears from the acts of him who now sits in the seat which your blood erected for your god-like leader, the immortal Washington!

The next morning we returned to Baltimore, and that evening we held our meeting there. The call had been advertised in all the papers of the city, save two: the one, the American, refused to publish it, while the Republican, which promised to insert the notice, and received the pay, published a tirade against Canada, with the president's proclamation, and begged the Baltimoreans not to attend, nor listen to the tale of Canadian wrongs.

Our meeting was at Washington Hall, and upwards of twenty-five hundred of the citizens attended; a warm sympathy for the Canadians was expressed, and every thing done by the patriotic citizens of Maryland that could be expected or desired.

That evening's mail brought us news of Canada, that, at "one fell swoop," dissipated the pleasing visions of success we had formed. Papers and letters had been forwarded to Mr. Mackenzie from the lines, and they gave us a mournful picture of the disasters that had befallen the patriots. They were defeated; many of them escaped across the lines, whilst many more of them were taken, and were incarcerated in dungeons, to prepare themselves for the hungry gallows. When they had been tortured to

the satisfaction of their unfeeling, brutal oppressors, what their fate would be, I knew; and, oh! with what bitterness, I thought, would the vengeance of the cruel, and unfeeling torics, be wreaked upon them.

But, what still added more to the poignancy which we felt for the defeat of the patriots was the circumstance of their discomfiture being mainly attributable to American interference. While Cote held possession of Napierville, and Nelson had taken Lacole, and cleared a way for himself to the lines, and for the safe transmission of what munitions he wanted, thousands had joined his standard, and he had no arms to give them. They had been seized by the United States on board a schooner on lake Champlain, while, on the other hand, an American steamboat, the Burlington, of Burlington, Vermont, commanded by Capt. R. W. Sherman, transported a large detachment of British regular soldiers, who had been stationed at St. Johns, and landed them in the rear of the patriots, so as to cut them off from all aid or succour. Sherman's conduct was most rascally, and merits the execration of every American. Poor, pitiful wretch; he will meet his reward.

He landed the troops at a place about two miles nearer the American lines than the Isle-aux-Noix, from which a detachment had already been sent off, under the command of Captain Gratten, while another force of volunteer militia, under the command of Major Schiner, had come from Hemmingford. The fight at Odeltown, although the patriots were defeated, was hotly contested; and even the very enemy, speaking of the daring bravery with which the rebels charged upon the cannon, said the loyalist commander in his official despatch, "they fought like devils; although the artillery made sad havoc among them, at one discharge of grape clearing a space of ten feet square of their ranks, mowing them down as with a reaper's scythe." At Lacole, when Nelson was

obliged to retreat to the lines, where as soon as he arrived he found the bridge barricadoed, and a strong party of the loyalists, under the command of Lieut. Colonel Taylor, in possession of it. Hindenlag, a French officer, who was afterwards taken and executed, and died like a brave man, was ordered to take possession, and post his advance guard upon it. He performed the duties promptly and effectually, and the enemy was driven in. As it rained incessantly at the time, there was a truce from the fighting for a short space. Nelson himself, accompanied by two others, rode to a post on his right, about four miles off, at which was stationed a large detachment of men. These he intended to move forward, and get upon the enemy's rear at the village of Odeltown. When he arrived at the post, he found the men scattered about, and many in a state of mutiny, which had been encouraged by one of their officers named Heffernan, a person who had lately left the tory ranks. He invited Nelson and company into a room, seized them and made them prisoners, and had them tied, with the intention of conveying them to the loyalist camp, for the purpose of giving him up, and obtaining pardon for the men whom his representation had made believe that Nelson's cowardice had got them into trouble, and that their delivering him up would insure their own safety, and secure to himself the reward of £3000, which had been offered for his apprehension; notices of which offered reward had been placarded in the different parts of the county of L'Acadie, and one of which had found its way into the camp. They were hurrying Nelson off, and were actually a mile or so on their way, when he was rescued by a small scouting party from Lacole, and brought back to the camp. Soon was the moral influence of this treachery apparent; next morning distrust and suspicion had got among them, and out of eleven hundred who were there on Thursday night, only six hundred remained, about eleven

o'clock when the action commenced. Taylor, in his despatch, says, "that they drove in his outposts, upon which he commanded his men to concentrate upon the church of the village;" he admits that several brilliant and daring attempts were made to capture their gun, which had made such havoc, but the destructive fire kept up from the windows of the church, by the loyalists, "rendered the attempt abortive." Finding themselves almost surrounded by the regulars conveyed by the steamboat Burlington, as well as the reinforcement brought from the fort at Isle-aux-Noix, under Capt. Grattan, and the volunteers of Hemmingford, under Major Schiner, the patriots were obliged to retreat; leaving, says Taylor, in his despatch, "fifty men dead on the field, and carrying off their wounded, while the loyalists in the church had of killed Capt. McAllister and four men, and Lieut. Odell and nine men badly wounded. The defeated patriots crossed the lines, where they were disarmed, as soon as they arrived, by the United States authorities. Their head-quarters, at Napierville, were found abandoned by Sir John Colborne, on his arrival there on Sunday, which was communicated by a despatch to Col. Wetherall, commanding at Montreal, and another addressed, by Sir John's orders, by his military secretary, to James Buchanan, her majesty's consul at New York, bearing date L'Acadie, November 12th, informing him that the rebels who had assembled in arms in the district of Montreal, had been entirely dispersed by her majesty's troops and volunteers.

Now the work of destruction commenced. The conquered district was given up, by the orders of Sir John Colborne, to the unrestrained ferocity of the troops. Universal license prevailed. Property plundered, women and children driven from their habitations to perish from want and exposure; maidens violated, and unresisting and inoffensive men hunted like wild beasts to the forests; villages were reduced

to ashes, and hundreds of families were reduced to want, deprived of shelter and protection against the pitiless storm of that inclement season of the year, and in that severe climate. Heart-rending was the description of the suffering of that simple, mild, and virtuous people, as given even by the tory papers of Canada. The Montreal Herald, of the 13th of November, says, that at the moment at which he writes, the whole champaign country across the St. Lawrence, and forming the counties of L'Acadie, and Laprairie, appear as one lurid sheet of flame; not a single rebel house being left standing; nothing but starvation from hunger and cold stares the surviving Canadians in the face:" and yet the same official organ, with the malignity of a fiend, talks coolly of "sweeping them from the earth, and laying their habitations level with the dust;" and that, "even this punishment is not enough;" "twenty leaders must be hanged or chained together," as slaves, "to macadamize the streets of Montreal," and that, to accomplish this end, a "walking gallows is being erected," in Montreal, by order of the authorities, "that will hang six or seven at a time with comfort, and a few more at a pinch." It was, the same paper said, to be erected in front of the new jail next day, and the editor *trusts* that the American brigands have only escaped the bullet, the bayonet, and the tomahawk, to terminate their career on the scaffold. Gracious Heaven! can such things be, and on this continent such acts be perpetrated, and not excite the horror of a people such as ours? Will there, at this advanced age of civilization, the age in which we write, be found men to believe that such atrocities, such barbarities could be committed by men claiming any of the attributes of humanity? And yet, melancholy as it may seem; brutal as it may appear, this was commanded to be done by Sir John Colborne, by a hoary-headed old man, himself a husband and a father; who even took not the trouble to con-

ceal the part he took in it himself, but declared openly, on board the steamboat, at Laprairie, on his return home, that, "should another outbreak occur, he would sacrifice every one who bore a French name; he would utterly destroy the cursed race of ignorant Canadians;" and that he would "repeople Canada with the negroes of the south, or with wild Arabs." He would get rid of them; "they should no more trouble the peace of the province."

Well, we say that another outbreak may occur; aye, as sure as the sun will rise in the heavens, another will occur; and the lesson of barbarity which Sir John has taught the Canadians will make it successful. They know what they may expect in defeat; and when again they draw the knife, they must, they will throw away the scabbard. When they arise again, they must not start nor flinch; and he who undertakes to lead them again, must put his life in his hands. He must not stop to count consequences; he must accomplish his object by bold, daring, and even desperate steps. He must bid defiance alike to danger and to fortune. Dark, and long, and bloody, may the contest be—but victory and liberty will compensate. The sight of the waving of the banner of free, happy, republican Canada, on the stronghold we have left, would compensate for years spent in toil, and blood, and battle.

The American press, in the neighbouring frontier, with but a few exceptions, in a tone, manly, dignified, and becoming, spoke in bitter, galling terms of censure, of such atrocities on the part of the colonial government authorities, worthy of republicans, worthy of men, worthy of the free, enlightened press of this country; and, however they varied in opinion, politically, as to their own country, or upon the nature, the justice, or the necessity of the struggle of the Canadians—of the horrors, of the distress, the misery consequent upon it, no diversity of opinion, even in the slightest shade, existed. They told the

tale of misery that was brought to them on every breeze; of the want, the sufferings, and the distress of the unhappy families of the imprisoned, the exiled, the murdered Canadian patriot. They solicited pecuniary aid for the relief of the friendless strangers cast upon our land; and a generous people did not let them call in vain.

The Montreal and Quebec papers gave an account of the crowded state of the prisons of the former place, and the constitution of a court-martial for the trial of all persons—martial law having been declared, by Sir John Colborne, at the commencement of the outbreak. The court, as organized, for the trial of all persons connected with the rebellion, or that might hereafter be connected with it from the 1st day of November, whether they were taken in arms, or were otherwise connected with, or in aiding, or otherwise “assisting the same,” they were to try them, and give sentence “according to martial law, and the rules of military discipline.” The court was composed of Major-General John Clitherow, president, four lieutenant-colonels, three majors, and seven captains, all belonging to the different regiments, and seven of whom were officers of her majesty’s own household troops, belonging to the two battalions of the Coldstream and Grenadier guards. At that time nearly five hundred persons, whose names were given in the Montreal Herald, of the most respectable and influential men of the province, composed of lawyers, physicians, notaries, merchants, and wealthy landed proprietors, were imprisoned, and awaiting trial before such a tribunal.

In Quebec a number of arrests had been made, and many were incarcerated; among others, our friend, Hunter. The severity of his imprisonment in a damp cell, and the bad, noisome fetor of his prison-house, ruined his health; and a few days after his liberation on bail, when nothing could be proved upon him, he fell a victim to their brutal, inhuman

treatment. A remarkable instance of high-handed and arbitrary, despotic conduct, on the part of the military, was related in the Quebec Gazette. Mr. John Teed, whose name I have mentioned before, in a preceding chapter in this work, a merchant-tailor of the city, and a man highly respectable, was arrested on suspicion of high treason, and, among many others, was thrown into prison. He made application for a writ of *habeas corpus*, before the judges of the court of King's Bench. The two Canadian judges, Messrs. Panet and Bedard, after twenty hours' deliberation, granted the prayer of the petition, and issued the writ. But when the sheriff had proceeded to the jail, he found that the military authorities had removed Mr. Teed to the citadel. The writ was then served upon Col. Bowles, the then commandant of Quebec, in whose custody Mr. Teed was. The colonel wrote to the judge, declining to give up Mr. Teed, who, he said, was his prisoner, and went into an explanation of his reasons for the refusal, which appeared so little satisfactory to the judges, that they instantly issued a warrant for his arrest, to answer for contempt. The colonel closed the gates of the citadel, and laughed at the civil authorities, who kept around the gates, and actually besieged the citadel. From the popularity which Mr. Teed had acquired, for his straightforward, manly bearing among his own countrymen, as well as the Canadians, the affair created much excitement.

The sergeant, and the guard on duty, the night we escaped, were tried by a court-martial, found guilty, and it was thought that they would be shot; but, after the true circumstances of the affair were known, and an affidavit, which I sent from Baltimore, exonerating any of them from any knowledge of the design or plan, and the same, I understood, afterwards being done by Col. Dodge, from New York, they were not executed. I subsequently learned that the sergeant had been reduced to the ranks, and the

sentinels sentenced to a certain term of imprisonment—some two or three years—at hard labour in the fort. The officers of the guard, and the adjutant, having obtained leave to resign their commissions, returned to England. I now prepared to leave for home, when that evening's mail brought to Baltimore the thrilling account of the battle of Prescott.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Battle of Prescott.

THE history of the battle of Prescott will strengthen a position we have somewhere assumed, that the Canadian outbreak, and the revolutionary scenes of 1837 and 1838, roused a feeling, which will never be permitted to slumber until those provinces are free. It added another evidence, had it been wanting, of the inseparable feelings and interests of the Canadians and the people of the frontier states of the American Union, and was convincive of the fact, that these contiguous regions hold, at all times, the balance of power between Great Britain and her Canadian provinces; a power which will one day be most fearfully exercised, adding a new and a bright page to the new world, whilst it writes, with daggers steeped in blood, upon the pages of the old, "EXPUNGED FROM THE ROLL OF ENGLAND'S ENSLAVED KINGDOMS AND PROVINCES, ALL AND EVERY OF HER POSSESSIONS ON THE CONTINENT OF NORTH AMERICA, BY VIRTUE OF AN ORDER FROM A FREE, SOVEREIGN, PATRIOTIC, AND INDEPENDENT PEOPLE!"

The patriots, who had secretly rallied in clubs, in and about Syracuse, Oswego, Sackett's Harbour, Watertown, Ogdensburgh, French Creek, and at other points on or near the American line, began to

exhibit an intention to make a fresh demonstration at some point in the upper province, in the early part of November, 1838. About the 10th of that month, two schooners were noticed, as being freighted from canal boats, which had come up the Oswego canal, under circumstances suspicious to the tory spy, and to move out of the harbour, making sail in a northern direction.

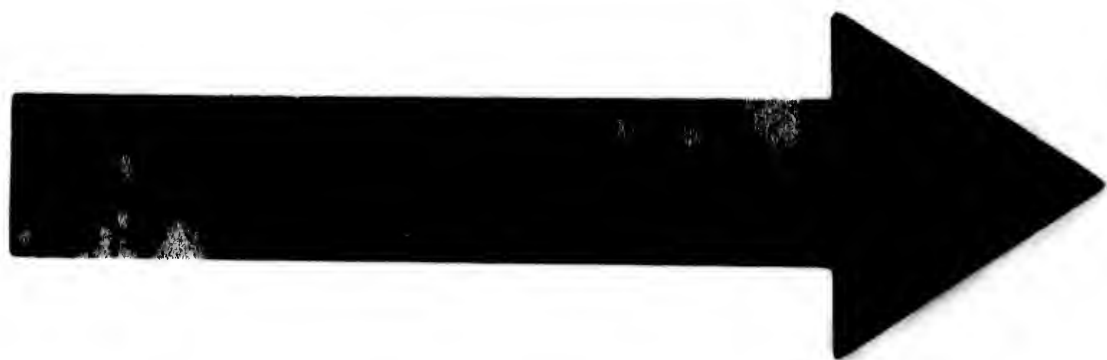
On the 12th, two days after, the steamboat United States, which had been detained in port by a heavy gale, sailed for Sackett's Harbour. Previous to her sailing, there had been, according to the account of a writer to the British Consul in New York, for a few days upwards of a hundred fine fellows, strangers, who seemed to have no occupation, but who behaved with great propriety; their appearance respectable, and some of them evidently gentlemen. These, says the consul's correspondent, took passage in her, and one hundred and fifty more, of the same class of people. The latter appeared when the United States gave notice of sailing, like Roderick Dhu's men, at the sound of the whistle, in the glens.

The two schooners spoken of, were next discovered by the United States, lying in the river St. Lawrence; where Capt. Van Cleve, of the boat, was applied to by a passenger of respectable appearance, to take them in tow; saying, they were loaded with merchandise for Ogdensburgh, which he was desirous of getting into port the next morning. This request was assented to, and one of them lashed to each side of the steamboat. The boxes and barrels on their decks, with just men enough in sight to navigate them; exhibiting no evidence of their being other than represented by the passenger making the contract. However, the captain of the boat was soon undeceived, by armed men climbing from the schooners on to his boat, to the number of some two hundred, and he determined to lay by at Morris-town, ten miles above Ogdensburg, and give notice

to the authorities. On arriving in that neighbourhood, however, the patriots, after transferring about one hundred of the boat's passengers, unfastened their vessels, and were found the next morning at anchor in the river, between Ogdensburgh and Prescott, filled with armed men.

Both towns were now the scene of excitement, of bustle, and confusion; for it was evident that Fort Wellington was the point of attack, and both shores were soon thronged by the citizens. The Experiment, a British armed steamboat, was lying at the Prescott wharf, and by this time the United States had arrived at Ogdensburgh, having given notice to the authorities at Morristown, and sent an express forward to Ogdensburgh, which had a tendency to create an excitement in favour of the patriots, instead of arresting them in their movements; the mass of the people being favourable to their object, and others indifferent or ripe for a scene, so long as they could witness it as unharmed spectators. On her arrival, the people, with loud cheers, rushed on board, took forcible possession of her, and went to the relief of one of the schooners, which, by some mismanagement, had got aground on the shoal in the river. They were not, however, able to reach the schooner with her, and returned to port for a longer hauler. As she went out again, the Experiment came out from the opposite shore, and greeted her with two shots, but without effect; and she passed down the river about a mile, to Windmill Point, to the other schooner, which had succeeded in landing her forces, and was returning to take off the men from the grounded vessel. The Experiment followed her, and when the United States was covering her on her way up, kept up an irregular fire upon both, without effect.

The United States having seen the schooner she was protecting anchored under the Ogdensburgh shore, returned again to Windmill Point, where the



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celebrated commandant of the Thousand Isles, William Johnson, by means of small boats, succeeded in landing a hundred and ten men from her. Meantime, the little American steam ferry-boat, Paul Pry, which plies between Ogdensburgh and Prescott, dropped in, and for once wanted to intrude. She ran over to the stranded vessel, attached a rope to her and hauled her off, under a brisk fire from the Experiment, which Paul returned with muskets and rifles, killing *seven* of the Experiment's men, and losing *none*, nor was there other damage in this gallant little exploit, than damaging the rigging of the schooner. The United States was now returning, and again encountered the fire of the Experiment, breaking glass lights and doing other damage; those who had remained after the disembarkation, about twenty-five in number, standing upon the promenade deck and cheering the discharges as they came. At the same time, the Experiment commenced her cannonade, discharging her pieces repeatedly without effect, till at length a shot passed through the wheel-house, killing a very worthy young man, by the name of Solomon Foster, who was acting as helmsman. As the United States now went into port, she was surrendered to her owners, and immediately seized by the United States authorities, which completed the forenoon's operations.

Commodore "Bill Johnson," who had come on to Ogdensburgh, on the return of the United States, addressed the patriots present, urging and beseeching them to go with him, and join those who had crossed: and he succeeded in crossing with some, in one of the schooners, at two or three different times; whilst most of the afternoon and evening was occupied at Windmill Point, by the patriots, fortifying their position, and preparing for the contest. They had taken possession of the windmill, and other large stone buildings, and their numbers were estimated at some two hundred, which were being increased by the

crossing of small boats during the evening. It was seen, that at Fort Wellington, the British were also engaged in making preparations; but, towards night, there was scarcely a living soul observable in the streets of Prescott. There was no fighting that night. During the evening, the steamboat Telegraph, with Colonel Worth, of the United States army, had arrived, accompanied by two companies of United States troops, and by Mr. Garrow, a United States marshal, who immediately took into custody all the craft which had been employed by the patriots, including the United States, the two schooners, and the Paul Pry; and made effectual arrangements to cut off all further supplies of men, arms, or provisions from the patriot camp. After which, all remained quiet during the night, except the report of cannon, at long intervals.

Early on the morning of the 13th, the British armed steamboats, Cobourg and Traveller, had arrived at Prescott with troops; and, at about seven o'clock, they, together with the Experiment, opened a discharge of cannon, and commenced throwing bombs at the patriots at the windmill, who discharged field-pieces from their battery on shore, in return. "At about 8 o'clock," says the account of an eye-witness, "a line of fire blazed along the summit of the hill, in the rear of the windmill, for about eighty or a hundred rods, and the crack of the rifle and the musket made one continuous roar." The scene was one of most intense excitement and solicitude. The reflection that men, full of high hopes and ardent expectations, were falling, fighting for freedom, was calculated to awaken the most painful emotions.

It appears that, by the time the firing commenced in the morning, there were but one hundred and eighty of those who had crossed left at Windmill Point; and that, when they were attacked by land, in rear of their position, some fifty-two of these fled, leav-

ing only one hundred and twenty-eight brave fellows, to face from six to eight hundred British regulars and volunteers. After a fight of about an hour, this little band drove the British back into their fort, with a loss, as was supposed, of about one hundred killed, and an immense number of wounded; they having but five of their own number killed, and thirteen wounded.

On the 14th, little was done; the British being engaged in picking up and burying their dead, where they could find them out of reach of the patriot rifles; and, as there were forty or fifty bodies laying nearer the mill than they dare approach, they sent a flag of truce, asking permission to bury their dead. This flag was respected, and they granted the request: but, after that, when the patriots sent a flag of truce to the British, instead of their respecting it, they shot the bearer, in the most cold-blooded and savage manner.

On the 15th, the British received a reinforcement of four hundred regulars, with cannon and gun-boats, by steamboats from Kingston, and tory volunteers, to the number, in all, of upwards of two thousand; who surrounded the mill by their gun-boats and steam-boats on the river, and by stationing cannon and troops on land; and keeping up a continual cannonading until Friday evening, when the patriots surrendered. At 5 o'clock, a white flag was displayed from the mill; but no attention being paid to it, it was finally fastened on the outside: then, three or four flags were sent out, and the bearers shot down as soon as seen. The loss of the British in the two last days' fight, was not estimated, as we can learn, but must have been considerable. That of the patriots was in all, killed thirty-six, two escaped, and ninety made prisoners. The British, as usual, throughout the siege, acknowledging little loss, save officers, whose deaths they could not keep secret; and these, as usual, were blazoned before the world as heroes, with the exception of a Captain Drummond, whom

they acknowledged to have been shot by their own volunteers, and appended the words, "with regret." As nearly as we can calculate, from accounts of both parties, about one hundred and fifty men, and twenty officers must have fallen by the hands of this heroic and devoted corps of one hundred and twenty-eight, who refused even the thought of asking quarters, or of surrender, until their ammunition was exhausted.

We have thus far placed before the reader but a general outline. We have said nothing of the lofty minded and chivalrous being who led up to the cannon's mouth, and into the slaughter-house of death, those chivalric and fearless men; nothing of his cowardly associate officers; nothing of the base abandonment of the hundreds, aye, thousands, who were to have stood or fallen beside his manly form, and stalwart arm; nothing of the causes which militated against him, after effecting his landing; nothing of the cruel, cold-blooded interference of the United States authorities; nothing of his martyrdom upon the scaffold, when another Kosciusko fell, and freedom shrieked over the broken corpse of another of Poland's heroes.

VON SHOULTZ, a Polander, and who had stood in the bristling ranks of his countrymen, fought for the freedom of his native land, and witnessed her expiring agonies at ill-fated Warsaw, her capital, and the once happy home of his fathers, had sought refuge in our land of freedom—our home for the oppressed and exiled. Here he found all that his warm and enthusiastic imagination had pictured, and with a fortune at his command, and in the enjoyment of the blessings of a society congenial to his mind, he was at rest, and once more happy. Too soon the history of Canadian wrongs found a hearing in his sympathizing breast, and once more bleeding Poland stood before him, writhing under the heel of a despot. He stood upon the soil of freedom, where liberty hath her dwelling-place; and which was now

his country. He saw, standing upon the neighbouring shores, the houseless and the oppressed wanderer, robbed, like himself, of his birthright, and sinking under sorrow, persecution, famine, and want. Their wailing voice of sorrow fired his bosom, and he would rush to the rescue. He sought out the haunts of the patriot bands, and tendered his services and his fortune. His noble bearing, manly mien, intelligence, and eloquence, opened to him a grateful reception. The title of a colonel in the patriot service was conferred, and its onerous duties imposed upon him. He harnessed for the field, and obeyed the summons of his superiors. They took up the line of march, and landed him upon the battle-ground. His chosen followers, those who knew him and loved him, were with him. He commenced active field operations, and made his preparations for promised hundreds, and thousands, who were to follow.

Alas! they never came. Even those in whom he had confided, and who had accompanied him to within a mile of the scene of his valour, had faltered, and stood like statues upon an opposite shore, gazing upon that scene of life and death, in which they had solemnly sworn to be participators. His hour had come; but with it, his high-swelling soul murmured not; nor was there upbraiding of his perjured general, and his recreant comrades. Left in command—hemmed in on all sides by the foe he had come to battle, and all resources, all succour cut off by the authority he had worshipped—he had but to fight and to die a soldier's death.

History, probably, affords but few instances of so much irresolution, cowardice, or perfidy, as remains to be recorded to the disgrace of at least two individuals, taking rank of the martyred Von Shultz. The one, another Sutherland, bearing the name of J. Ward Birge—the other a Colonel Eustus. The first of these was to command the expedition; and

the other was to be the second in command. They were brave and valiant officers, to all appearance, until they set down Von Shoultz and his men in an enemy's country, with the professed intention of returning with the boats, and escorting to the same point, the remaining force, two-thirds the number who had come down to fight. On the way from Windmill Point to Ogdensburgh, Birge, on board of the United States, either was, or feigned to be sick; what excuse the other had, we know not; and, on landing, they so disposed of themselves, that the men knew not where they were, and refused to cross without a leader—became dispirited, and resolved to abandon the project, until some more fit and confidential officers could be found to lead them forward. Von Shoultz, consequently, found himself, on the morning of the 13th, with the little force we have mentioned. He had cannon, but not enough to load them with, as it proved, to last him through that day's fight; and but about two days' provisions. The persons in possession of the two schooners that carried him and his men to the point, and which were to have remained there as the defence to their position on the water; or if they left for more men, to return immediately, parted from him, carrying away with them two-thirds of all the army stores, five cannon, pork, beef, flour, one hundred and seventy-six spare rifles, four or five hundred muskets, and ammunition. Had they remained, manned as they were, they could have commanded the river with the cannon, so as to keep the British boats off; and in case of reinforcements arriving, the small arms would come in play, and, if obliged to retreat, they could get on board and come to the American side. But they left, and were the next morning in custody of the American government, and forthwith despatched to Sackett's Harbour, cutting off Von Schoultz from all human aid; Mr. Johnson being, for some reason or other, dis-

robed of any command, and having but two small boats of his own, manned by only ten men.

Yet, under all these afflicting, distressing, and hopeless circumstances, did the hero, and his handful of brave men, fight with all the coolness, precision, and tact of an army flushed with success; and, even when driven to desperation, he opposed the offering to the enemy the flag of truce, and besought his men to rush upon the enemy, and die in the contest; but their ammunition and provisions were exhausted, and a five days' fatigue, in active night and day defence, had worn them out, and made them indifferent to their fate, so that they but expired without the gnawings of hunger, of further mental and physical agony. Their strength was gone.

On this occasion, the British militia acted with the same brutal malignity which has characterized them on all other like occasions. Those of the patriots who fell, were instantly stripped naked, and those who surrendered, were robbed of their clothing, and otherwise brutally insulted. Immediately after the surrender, the British burnt four dwellings and two barns in the vicinity of the windmill, on the plea that their owners were friendly to the patriots. They also shot a woman dead, who kept a grocery, because she furnished them with cider, and likewise fired a bullet through the under-jaw of another female.

The official account of Col. Gowan, the great grand-master of the Orangemen, contains an admission as to the daring bravery of the patriots, and of loss on the part of the British, which it may be well to extract. In speaking of the fight on the 13th, he says, "After a few *hot and heavy* exchanges between the steamers and the enemy's artillery from the tower or windmill, the battle commenced on the left, by driving in the American outposts. As the left wing advanced, the fire of the enemy was very galling, and Col. Fraser, seeing so many of the brave marines, and their gallant companions, the Glengarrys, falling, ordered the whole to advance and charge,

which order was promptly obeyed. Three British cheers, and a few paces of 'double quick,' with the *cold steel* in front, soon exhibited the *long-legged* Yankees, and gave our gallant boys possession of the ground, on which their right flank had taken post. Meanwhile, the right wing was advancing against the main body of the enemy, who were entrenched behind stone fences, and occupied a large barn, and two large stone houses close to the windmill tower. As this division advanced, the enemy opened a most galling fire upon it, and, we regret to say, too many of our brave companions in arms fell, gallant sacrifices for the insulted honour of their country; and, amongst the rest, the amiable, but undaunted Lieut. Johnson, of the 83d. The ruffians were so securely planted behind the stone fences, that they stood the charge to the last; and so closely was the ground contested, that Col. Gowan received the bayonet of one of the brigands in the left hip, while in personal conflict with him."

After the surrender, the prisoners were removed to Kingston, and arriving there after night, were tied in pairs, and driven through the illuminated streets, amidst the hurrahs, jeers, and peltings of the mob populace, to the fort, the gallant Von Schoultz at their head, and without a hat. When their trials came on, Von Schoultz pleaded guilty to the fact of his having been arrayed in arms, and of having fought for the liberties of the Canadas, was sentenced to death, and executed on the 9th day of December, 1838, aged thirty-one, leaving a proud name to be handed down to posterity, alongside with those of Steuben, De Kalb, and Kosciusko.

Much has been said and written upon the subject of the Canadians not rising and joining Von Schoultz's forces on this occasion. The truth should be known. There had been an understanding perfected between the Canadians and the patriots on the American line. The former were destitute of arms,

and the latter undertook to strike the blow ; take possession of fort Wellington, and plant the tri-coloured flag upon her walls, as a signal that there were arms at their disposal, and for them to rally and use them. Until this was done, they had nothing to do but to perfect the general understanding, and be in readiness to obey the signal. On the other hand, the causes of failure, if not sufficiently apparent to the reader, are easily explained. Fort Wellington was to have been surprised and captured, before daylight, on the morning of the arrival of the two schooners, which would, undoubtedly, have been effected, but for the misfortune of one of them being grounded. Then, again, all might yet have been saved, after Von Schoultz's stand at Windmill Point, had not the cowardice of the officers, the indecision of the larger force of the men, and the joint co-operation of the armed troops of the British and American Governments, for once united in a joint crusade, have prevented. They, at the windmill, fought valiantly, and for days maintained their position, yet they did not hoist the signal on Fort Wellington, and could in justice have their proceedings construed in no other light, than as waiting for the arrival of recruits, arms, and munitions.

Under such circumstances what were the poor Canadians to do? Was it to be expected that, unarmed, and with bosom bare, they would rush upon the bayonets of British regulars, Scotch bloodhounds, and murderous Orangemen? There is no reason in the thought that they would thus jeopardize their helpless and destitute families; they were faithful to their contract. "Raise a standard for us; open a road to it, and furnish us with arms, and if we do not protect it, or die fighting in the cause, then upbraid us as cowards, as imbeciles, apologies for men who will not, dare not, strike a blow for their own freedom, and suffer us to die unpitied, as we now live, the hunted, revolting slaves of a tyrant! But, as you

love liberty, curse us not for hunger, when a greedy despot, and his armed myrmidons hath eat out our substance; for being naked, when the destroying wolf hath annihilated our flocks; for failing to make resistance, when plundered of all means to resist; nor censure us for our endeavours to protect from violence our wives and our daughters, and from destitution our helpless offspring, until such time as a fair chance is exhibited of securing our liberty, or falling as men should fall, fighting for freedom!" They looked for that aid and succour which had been cheerfully volunteered, and for the same reason that our oppressed fathers looked for foreign aid, when their blood countryman, La Fayette, deserted the luxuries of the gay court of Versailles, run the British fleet, and threw his person and his fortune upon our shores, a devoted champion of the oppressed and the suffering patriot; and they had a right to expect it, for it was to the land of the free and the brave they looked.

That the Canadians will not fight, is an opinion as erroneous as is that they do not seek their freedom. Let the slaughter fields of St. Dennis, St. Charles, and St. Eustache, bear witness. Remember their Cheniers, and their Nelsons, and upbraid them no more.

FROM VON SCHULTZ TO THE BRITISH COM-
MANDANT.

"To the commander of the queen's troops, at Prescott:—I send you two of your wounded, because I cannot attend to them, and give them the care that they require.

In requittance, I beg you to treat my wounded with kindness.

If, on your honour, you can assure me that we are not received, by the people here, as liberators, it depends upon you to put a stop to further bloodshed."

How did Col. Young, there commanding, treat this note? He had already sent to Von Schoultz his flag of truce, and obtained time for the purpose and the privilege to bury his dead, and now, two prisoners were humanely sent home to his camp, on account of their sufferings, and the inability to perform those kind offices due to the wounded. Instead of holding out three days longer, in imminent peril of renewed and successful attacks, if he could, in honour, have given Von Schoultz the assurance, that the people did not look upon them as liberators, would he not have done so, to save his beaten troops from further bloodshed? He did not know then that he could sustain himself until a sufficient force could be brought to his relief to cope with his enemy, and afford him the pleasure of murdering the bearers of flags of truce, from those who had so honourably and so mercifully respected his. But, a truce to the horrid sequel, after quoting from a writer of the time:—

“ Miracles our champions wrought :
 Who their daring deeds shall tell ?
 O ! how gloriously they fought !
 How triumphantly they fell !”

The conduct of the one hundred and twenty-eight warriors, who, trusting that their tamer comrades would join them according to promise, refused to retreat before the two thousand opposing them, was beyond all praise. Their gallant bearing will live in history. The poets of the age will rehearse their deeds. They were an honour to human nature, and a credit to the American name. It is much to be regretted, that, although their numbers were quite insufficient to inspire with confidence the Johnstown district, the young men of the colony, either from the want of a perfect understanding of their real situation, or from lack of courage, did not join and share the dangers so nobly incurred by their generous and disinterested benefactors.

Col. Dorephus Abbey, of Watertown, Jefferson

County; Col. Martin Woodruff, of Salina, Onondaga County; and Daniel George, and others, suffered the same fate with Von Schoultz. Col. Woodruff was twice hung, the rope breaking the first time, and at the second attempt he was most bunglingly and horribly strangled. A number of the others were finally released and returned home, while the others were sentenced to transportation; and with those in a like situation, who had been respited, after their trials, and with Messrs. John G. Parker, Watson, and others, to the number of twenty-three state prisoners, were sent to Quebec, and embarked for England, and, in company with eleven convicted felons, were forwarded on their way to Van Diemen's Land.

Sickened at heart with this gloomy intelligence, I took my way homewards, by the great western route, the national road. At Wheeling I was obliged to remain a day, waiting for a steamboat to ascend the Ohio; and meeting there a number of my acquaintances, I was treated, and feasted, and visited, and congratulated, until I was tired of the notoriety I had acquired. From thence I crossed through the state of Ohio to Cleveland; and on the route through that rich and fertile state, but richer in the noble, manly hearts of her population, I found that my unhappy fame had gone before me: I was not certainly "reproached by every virtuous fellow-citizen;" on the contrary, at Milan, Massillon, and every other place where the stage stopped, and when on the way-bill my name was seen, I was cheered and blessed by old and young; and many of those who could not have time to see or converse with me, have ridden after the stage in their own or in others' conveyances, to overtake the stage at the next stopping-place. This was sympathy; among this enthusiastic and wealthy population, was no cold-hearted, cringing court-policy known, nor would the fear of the bugbear, national neutrality, prevent them from speaking out their minds. They were republicans;

and they prayed that beneath the wings of the soaring eagle of America, the eaglet of Canada might be cherished, fostered, and protected.

CHAPTER XIX.

Seizure of the Schooner Victory—Arrival at Detroit—Battle of Windsor—Public Sentiment.

AT Cleveland, and on my way home, I had learned many singular accounts of proceedings in the neighbourhood of Detroit. Among others, that about the 20th of November, excitements were renewed again. More rumours were afloat. Information had been received that the patriots were gathering in great numbers at Cleveland, and Sandusky, and other towns on the lake shore: and that arms and provisions were constantly passing up the lake, on steamboats, for some point unknown. Gen. Brady had forthwith chartered the steamboat Illinois, armed her, and began to station his troops in various directions, and the number of marshals and deputy collectors were again doubled. Anon, came a report that the patriots had landed at an island in Lake Erie, from schooners, and were making their preparations in great numbers. Away went Gen. Brady, and John McDonnel, Esq., collector of customs, with the Illinois; and after a cruise of two or three days, returned and landed at Malden, as was supposed, to report progress, and receive any fresh orders the British had to give. At Malden was a little steamboat called the Lady, in the employment of the British, and she was immediately chartered to go to Gibraltar, opposite, in Michigan; where lay a little schooner, the Victory, which had excited the suspi-

cions of the British. She was boarded there, when made fast to an American wharf, and, without resistance, taken possession of, with four men, constituting owner and crew.

On board, were several hundred stand of arms, ammunition, and provisions. She was then taken by the Lady over to the Illinois, at Malden, and delivered over to General Brady and John McDonnell, the men ordered on board the Illinois, and confined. The Illinois, then, with her prize, made for Detroit, and anchored off in the river. The four men were ordered into a boat, in charge of a marshal, and sent on shore for examination. In the evening, a writ of replevin was issued out of the state court, for the schooner and contents, in behalf of the owner. The officer on board, when called upon by the sheriff to allow him to serve the writ, was told he had express orders not to permit any one to come on board; and the officer, informing him it would be necessary to execute it, if he had to raise a posse for the purpose, returned to Mr. Roberts, the attorney issuing it, who, with a few other gentlemen, went down to state the propriety and necessity of their submitting to a civil process. Whilst on the wharf, General Brady and suite arrived; and, being politely addressed, and told their business, he treated them with great rudeness, crying out to the captain of the boat that there were "a pack of d—d rascals" there, who wanted to get on board; and to fire into any boat, or upon any person who attempted it.

The next day, however, the sheriff succeeded in serving it; and the government officers assumed the responsibility of holding possession, until time and circumstances should remove the film from their eyes, and they should be convinced of their error; which an indignant and insulted community did not long permit to be delayed. But more of this anon. The rumours and tales to which I have alluded, and many of which proved correct, whilst a great many

more were fallacious, were as current on the one side as the other. The Sandwich Herald (Prince's paper) would announce news, as coming from American officers; and, as will have been seen in this account, with respect to the Victory, General Brady and his officers were in the habit of constant correspondence with them; and, indeed, their spies were openly entertained by him, and other of the authorities, at their houses and lodgings.

From Cleveland, I hurried as fast as a conveyance could be found, and travelled day and night, to prevent, by my presence and reasoning with the patriots, who, I was informed, had assembled at Detroit, the utter folly and hopelessness of attempting an invasion of the western district at that time. From numerous squads of men, that we met at the stopping-places on the way, who had belonged to the encampment, I learned that, from appearances, they had understood that the expedition was abandoned; but I found, to my mortification, when within a few miles of my home, and when about the river Ecorse, that I was deceived. The firing of cannon and of musketry, and the detachments of regular soldiers that were hurrying up the river, on the Canada shore, assured me that a landing had been effected, and a bloody contest was going on.

At Sandwich, the most active preparations were apparently making. Couriers could be seen riding at full speed back and forward. In the midst of this excitement, I returned to Detroit, to my family, after an absence of eleven months, on the 4th of December, 1838.

The expedition had been planned principally by refugees quartered at Cleveland, Ohio, from which place they had taken their departure some fortnight previous, and, in small parties, assembled at Brest, in the state of Michigan, where they recruited and exercised without arms.

The government authorities had been as prompt as usual in ascertaining their numbers, and notifying the British of their suspicions; but, although they would send their marshals among them, and keep the military constantly on the *qui vive*, they were, for a long time, unable to obtain any tangible advantage. They would visit them, talk with them, eat and drink with them, but they could discover no arms, nor induce them to give them any other information than that they were chopping cord-wood. This band consisted of about five hundred; and, for a few days, they received additions to their numbers, until the weather became exceedingly cold, and some became disheartened at what they esteemed tardiness on the part of their leaders, when they began to desert. Their leaders, observing this state of feeling, began to hurry their movements, and give evidence of an intention to make an immediate demonstration; but, as they had yet held no consultation with the Michigan line, it was necessary, from the paucity of their numbers, to perfect some understanding by which their forces might be augmented.

For the first time, then, since this plan was organized, were those who had the direction of affairs in Michigan, invited to take part in this movement; and then under circumstances far from being favourable to the cause. They represented the necessity of immediately crossing the river, in order to retain the men they had already enrolled, when it required at least a few days to turn out the Michigan force. Our friends at Detroit took a brief review of the matter, and promised to call their strength together as early as possible, and advised that, in the mean time, if nothing would quiet those at Brest, to change their position, and keep them moving, until a sufficient number could be gathered, to hazard the expedition. This step was adopted, and they moved up to within three miles of Detroit, where

the authorities succeeded in capturing some thirteen boxes of muskets. They then insisted upon crossing immediately, and boats were provided; but, by some carelessness, they were detained until nearly daylight, when they were marched two miles north of the city, and encamped. Here they remained undisturbed in the wood for two days; when, again persisting in crossing, and resolved they would do so, whether their officers did or not, another consultation was held, and an attempt made to provide boats. The officers of the expedition were divided in sentiment as to the propriety. The commander-in-chief, General Bierce, and others, reasoned with them, and explained the folly of the attempt without an extensive addition to their numbers; and General Putnam and Colonel Harvell, both of whom were afterwards killed in the action, pursuing a course directly the reverse.

The steamboat Erie was kept constantly plying up and down the river, with armed men, United States soldiers; and although the patriots were marched down to the water, it was found impossible to cross that night, and, at daybreak, having been under arms all night, the order was given to march back to camp. This so incensed a portion of them, that they dropped their arms in the street, and wheeled out of the ranks by companies, only about two-thirds returning to their late quarters. The following night was another of excitement and agitation on the part of both the authorities and the patriots, the latter being beseeched to remain quiet for only twenty-four hours longer, when the expected reinforcements would have time to arrive. It was, however, unavailing; go they would, be the consequences what they might. At this time, the greater portion of the officers were either refreshing themselves in the city, or endeavouring to obtain some rest, and as many of the men as could find quarters about the taverns, or amongst friends, were employed

in the same way, believing they would be compelled to wait the Michigan muster. General Bierce, however, to quell excitement, and encourage those in camp, called the officers and men present around him, stated to them the difficulties to be encountered, the numbers of the enemy, and the utter hopelessness of success.

Cries of "coward" and "traitor" now greeted his ear, which the general rebuked, by declaring that, if they were resolved on sacrificing themselves, he would show them that he was no coward, no traitor, by being sacrificed with them. The men then present, being only one hundred and eighty in number, were divided into two attacking detachments, the one under Col. Harvel, who was a Kentuckian, and a brave soldier, the other under Col. Cunningham, with Gen. Putnam—a Canadian refugee—acting as brigadier-general; leaving Col. Coffinbury the rear-guard, consisting of only twenty-five men. They were marched into town, and silently through the streets, to the wharf where lay the steamboat Champlain, which they boarded, and which was soon got under way, and crossed as near to the shore of the Windsor side as the ice would permit. Here they were landed, and forming in line, they marched for the barracks. In a few minutes they were fired upon by the British picket, who fled to the barracks, from whence a galling fire was immediately opened upon the patriots, killing Capt. Lewis, a brave officer, from the London district. The patriots then, shouting "Remember Prescott," rushed upon the barracks, and, crossing guns with those inside in the windows, kept up a deadly fire, until the buildings were all on fire, and consumed with the dead and the wounded. They next raised the cry of "Remember the Caroline," and fired the steamboat Thames, in the British government employ, then lying at the wharf, and in the pay of the British government.

The inhabitants now fled, leaving their houses open, but, instead of trespassing upon them, as some buildings had caught fire adjoining the barracks, and the wharf separating the steamboat from a large warehouse, the patriots went actively at work to extinguish the flames, and preserve private property. Day had just broke, and the view from the American side, as the flames curled above the barracks and the boat, were as sublime as terrific. The people hurried down to the Detroit shore, cheered, and were cheered in return by the patriots. Securing their prisoners, together with arms and ammunition, which had fallen into their hands, and sending their wounded to Detroit, in small boats, they resumed their march, and, on reaching the centre of the town, encountered the troops from Sandwich, three miles below. A fire was opened by both parties, and the British driven back into an orchard, where they took position behind a fence, whilst the patriots made their way through a gate, incurring a most deadly fire. This was followed by a skirmishing fight, until the British were reinforced by two hundred regulars, composed of artillery and cavalry, from Malden. This reinforcement cut off the rear-guard, with the baggage and prisoners, from the main body, and forced Putnam to retreat for the woods in the rear of the town. The rear-guard then marched up the river three miles, keeping out scouts, to ascertain, if possible, where their main body concentrated, but being unable to do so, and finding the enemy's cavalry and artillery close upon them, they held a consultation, and concluded to make signals to the steamboat *Erie*, in the service of the United States, and in sight; but, on seeing the signals, the boat put back to Detroit, refusing to render any assistance. They then discharged the prisoners, eighteen in number, and taking what canoes they could find, crossed over to Hog Island. On seeing them thus escape from the enemy, Major Payne, of the U. S.

army, in command of the Erie, ran up among the open canoes, and ordered his men to fire upon them, and his order was obeyed. The advance of the enemy had now arrived, and also commenced firing upon them. Capt. Armstrong, one of the patriot officers, had his arm shot off, and another was knocked overboard. These were the only two in the boat, and, whilst the one was lying, thus wounded, in it, and the other clinging to it, Major Payne still continued to preserve neutrality by firing upon them, and even firing upon those on Hog Island, Michigan, after they had landed. The Erie then ran up to the island, took such prisoners as they could, and their arms, and brought them to Detroit, arresting, on their way back, two gentlemen of the city, who had rowed out in a small boat, to see the fight, and causing them, with the others, to be dragged through the streets to prison.

Meantime, the chivalrous and daring, though, unfortunately, too rash and imprudent Putnam, had fallen, being instantly killed by a ball fired through his brains; and the gallant Kentuckian, Harvel, indisposed to retreat into the woods, had turned alone upon the enemy, waited their approach, and drawing his long and powerful Bowie-knife, or, more properly, tremendous butcher-cleaver, prepared for his fate. The enemy approached, and levelling their weapons, demanded,

“Surrender!”

“Never! I have sworn never to fly mine enemy; and never to surrender my neck to be broken upon the scaffold! Come on—come one and all!”

He, of course, was deliberately shot down; his enemy either not knowing the meaning of the word magnanimity, or being unable to appreciate the valour of so noble-hearted and brave an antagonist. This gallant soldier was afterwards sought for by those to whom he was dear, and who could not be induced

to believe his unhappy fate, until the bodies were disinterred, where they had been stript, and promiscuously thrown into a hole, and fully identified by his appearance, as well as by the statement of the individual who had sent a ball through his heart.

Bennet, the flag-bearer, a worthy young man, and an aid of Putnam, was shot with the standard in his hands; and feeling that all was over, coiled it around his body, and expired within its folds.

Some of those who had retreated into the woods were afterwards found to have perished from cold and hunger. Others had made their way to the Irish settlements, where they were provided for, and afterwards smuggled over to Detroit. Others had made their way for the London District, to carry out the original calculation; and others had straggled into the houses of the Canadians, where they were protected, or sought the shores of Lake St. Clair, where they were, after much suffering, either apprehended, or succeeded in making their way to the American shore. But four of them were made prisoners in the neighbourhood, and brought before John Prince, of whom, in his official account, he says:

“Of the brigands and pirates, twenty-one were killed, besides FOUR, who were brought in just at the close, and immediately after the engagement—ALL OF WHOM I ORDERED TO BE SHOT UPON THE SPOT; AND IT WAS DONE ACCORDINGLY.”

This fiend in human shape, who had the command, says, in the same report, that he was at home, and asleep, at the time of the action; and only arrived on the ground in time to put these prisoners to death; and probably the only evidence that can be recorded of his valour, is the fact of his turning out on a hazardous expedition a few nights after this transaction. It seems, in the neighbourhood of Sandwich, there are many wild Canadian horses, which run at large, and

graze on nature's common. On the night in question, when Prince was reposing in his quarters, the pickets were alarmed by the supposed tramp of a band of armed patriots, fired the signal guns, and ran for dear life into the camp, where the cannon roused all to arms. The troops were ranged in battle array, and this potent leader and commander, breathing vengeance against the rebels, ordered them to advance to the attack. Indistinct objects were visible among the trees. "Fire, and charge!" cried he; and lo, and behold, three poor horses fell weltering in their blood.

Shortly after shooting the four prisoners, some Indians brought in Mr. Sheldon, and other prisoners, whom Prince also ordered to be shot; when Mr. James, a brother magistrate, exclaimed, "Good God! Do you, who pretend to live in a civilized and Christian community, mean to take the lives the savages have spared?" But, enough of the acts of this sickening brute. The scorpion stings he has since suffered, the effects of which are stamped indelibly upon his countenance, should elicit mercy even from me. I should even try to forget the demon malignity exhibited, by telling one of the prisoners, who was wounded, and could only drag himself along by one leg and his hands, to "run for his life," and when the poor fellow was making an effort to hobble off, beckoning his men to shoot him; and I ought not to call to mind the cruel scene at the house of a Canadian friend, there; where Miller, a worthy fellow from Ohio, was seized; and whilst begging time to write to his wife and children, bayoneted to death, stripped naked, and thrown under a shed in the yard with a large pool of his life's-blood left upon the floor, to sicken the delicate and worthy lady who had been endeavouring to dress his wounds, assuage his pain, and protect him.

To leave this painful part of the subject, and re-

turn to that part of the narrative belonging to the American shore, is almost as painful; yet, let justice have sway and the truth be told. I had arrived in Detroit, as I have before observed, in time to witness the smouldering ruins of the barracks, and the steamboat, on the opposite shore, that morning; and I am sorry to say, to witness a display of that interference on the part of the government authorities, of which I had heard so much, but as yet seen nothing. I had now to learn that a venerable officer of the army, who had fought well and rendered his country great service, could be guilty of a gross perversion of his duty, and of an outrage to common humanity, that, had any one previously asserted, could be possible, in my presence, such was my veneration for his character, that I would have promptly resented it as an insult. He bore an Irish name, and was descended from an Irish patriot, who had left his country to seek an asylum in the western wilds. It was Gen. Hugh Brady, of the U. S. Army. He was upon the wharf, with a guard, as the wounded patriots were being landed from the opposite shore, and forbade their landing. The people interfered, and he drew his sword upon them, with oaths, threatening to cut them down, unless they moved off the ground; and not until they convinced him he would be thrown into the river, did he desist from his mad assumption of authority. This, together with his general conduct during the day; the course pursued by Major Payne, and others of the military, and the U. S. civil officers, were convincive of the old adage of "clothing a man with tinsel, and a little brief authority, however simple in his manners and habits, and democratic in his professions, he might have been, would soon resolve him into an aristocrat." That power had its talismanic influence upon them, as well as upon the beggar placed upon horseback, riding to the devil; and it was certainly a convincing argument to me, if I had not before been settled

in my opinions, of the influence of a standing army on the morals and stability of a republican government.

The expected, and, but the night before, anxiously looked-for patriots, from the surrounding country, had commenced arriving in Detroit, early in the morning; and by noon, there were enough to have crossed and beaten the seven hundred British who had dispersed the small force who had crossed; but all was confusion and excitement. People were disarmed in the streets: marshals were serving their warrants, and arrests were momentarily taking place. Guards were placed upon every vessel and upon every wharf in port; whilst a sufficient force was kept plying up and down the water, to aid the British and preserve the neutrality of the country. The people—the free and sovereign people thronged the streets, biting their thumbs, and praying for means to execute the good-will of their hearts; the wreaking of vengeance upon the oppressors of their race.

Suddenly, the cry rang along the streets, that hundreds of patriots were assembled at Michigan Garden. They were there congregated, as if by common impulse. In a long hall of the buildings, they had organized, but the crowd was so great, they had to adjourn to the open garden, which was also soon thronged. Some of the authorities, as if resolved to awe freemen into fear, appeared, and thought of reading the riot act; but they looked upon the firmly knit and frowning brow of this immense populace, and hid themselves behind its living, moving walls. Col. JAMES L. GILLIS, a firm man, and all patriot, was presiding, and one who “knew his rights, and knowing, dared maintain them,” was addressing the multitude. The degradation of the national flag, the base insult offered to the people, and the cruel and ruthless conduct of the government authorities, were depicted in colours as glowing as they were true and insupportable. There was but one opinion;

one indignant and uncontrollable voice. That voice was, that these grievances, with their authors, must be denounced, and their infamy and shame published to the world. For this purpose, a committee of five was appointed, and the vast assemblage adjourned to meet at the City Hall, in the evening. Before the hour appointed, the hall was crowded to suffocation; the corridor, the stairway, the steps, the front walk, and finally the streets around it, composing a part of Campus Martius, were one living mass. Men, American freemen, and Canadian *slaves* were there, and there to deliberate upon the course pursued by the American authorities.

Col. Gillis appeared, and on taking his seat and calling to order, we never witnessed a more orderly, reputable, and respectful assemblage congregated; every thing was conducted in a sober, dispassionate, and candid manner. He made an eloquent and manly appeal to them, "whether or not they were willing to be freemen, in act and in deed," and when avowing his determination to preserve the laws, he demanded to know "for what purposes our fathers fought; for what they bled; why the Constitution of the United States was framed; why we were possessed of state rights!" He then called for the report of the committee, when E. J. Roberts, Esq., the chairman, and the gentleman who had addressed the meeting in the morning, brought forward the report, regretting, in terms honourable to himself, the necessity of the meeting, the cause which produced it, the unconstitutional, unlawful, and oppressive conduct of public officers, civil and military. He contended, that, however desirable it might be to preserve "our amicable relations with Great Britain, and, however solicitous every American citizen might be, to uphold the institutions of his own country, and *maintain the law*, that there were *constitutional privileges* which were not to be violated with impunity by any one, how clothed soever he might be

with official power." Then demonstrated the fact, that the collector of the port of Detroit had no power to arrest men, as in the case of the schooner Victory, and carry them prisoners to a foreign port, and from thence bring them home for examination, without a warrant for so doing; and that he, and those acting with him, were liable to an action for false imprisonment, and any intelligent jury would testify in heavy damages their detestation of the outrage. Pointed out the provisions of the act under which the collector had assumed to take this step, as having been passed on the 10th of March previous, which authorized him to seize any vessel, or arms and munitions of warfare, which *may be prepared for any military expedition* against the dominions of a peaceable foreign power, and *detain the same*, after having procured a warrant for that purpose from the district judge, until the president shall order restoration, or "*the property be discharged by the judgment of a court of competent jurisdiction.*" Contended that, by thus referring to another mode of restoration than the *order of the president*, Congress evidently intended, that the party aggrieved might have a remedy through the medium of state tribunals, and that neither the collector nor the commanding general could legally resist the lawful writ of replevin, sued out by the owner, and calculated to bring the whole subject for a hearing and decision by the state court, having "*competent jurisdiction;*" that the warrant of detention could only be granted upon oath, "showing probable cause to believe, that the property seized was designed to be used contrary to the provisions of the act."

Mr. Roberts, also, defined satisfactorily, that there was nothing in the acts of Congress justifying the officer commanding firing into boats crossing, and upon individuals on Hog Island; and showed plainly that, had death ensued, the laws would have classed the

offence as premeditated murder. The act of Congress, to which he alluded, he said, vested officers with vast powers; and if it did not violate the constitution of both nation and state, it approached so close to such sacrilege, that one shuddered at the consequences; and, he thought, the question might well be asked, "have not the people a right to be secure in their persons, houses, papers, and effects, from unreasonable searches and seizures?" Was treason to the United States suspected, that the Constitution should be suspended? Were we not allowed to bear arms? Was trade and commerce interdicted? Did either of these terrible evils exist, that a species of martial law was proclaimed, endangering the lives of American citizens, and placing their property at the disposal and caprice of the civil and military officers of the general government? It was wrong, and the question should be tried at once, whether the sovereignty of the United States was of such a constitutional character, as to clothe its agents with power to resist the legitimate and reserved jurisdiction of a sovereign state.

A statement of facts were then charged upon the authorities, such as the seizure of the schooner *Victory*, the imprisonment of her men, the resistance of the writ of replevin, the forcible entry and search of private houses by armed men, the disarming citizens of their private property, arrest and imprisonment without warrant or examination, the firing upon the canoes, and upon Hog Island, the conveying of information to the British authorities, of the movement of American citizens, &c. &c. When he submitted the following affidavits of two respectable individuals on a point which was denied, and the annexed resolutions, which I insert here as convincing of facts, which I would never have believed could exist in our government, and of the rebuke of the people so honourable to their intelligence, and spirit of independence:—

State of Michigan, County of Wayne :—

George Washington Case, being duly sworn, deposeseth and saith, that while standing on Hog Island, on Tuesday afternoon, in company with fifteen or twenty others, many of whom were American citizens, the steamboat Erie, in the employ of the government authorities, and loaded with American regulars, while passing by, fired fifty or sixty rounds of musket balls among them; they being then on American soil; and that deponent and others only escaped being shot by skulking behind the trees; and deponent further saith, that boats while crossing were frequently fired into by the Erie, in British, as well as American waters; and deponent further saith, that one person on Hog Island, was grazed on the hand by a bullet from the steamboat Erie; and deponent further saith, that the firing and cannonading on Hog Island was continued, both from the British forces in Canada, and the American forces on the Erie.

GEORGE WASHINGTON CASE.
Col. in the Patriot Service.

State of Michigan, Wayne County :—

On this 5th day of December, A. D. 1838, personally appeared before me George Washington Case, who, being duly sworn, testified that the facts set forth in the foregoing affidavit are true and correct.

Given under my hand at Detroit.

BENJAMIN KINGSBURY, JR.
Notary Public, W. C. S. M.

State of Michigan, County of Wayne :—

John H. Harmon, being duly sworn, deposeseth and saith that on Tuesday afternoon last, while deponent stood on the ice, about two yards from the shore of Hog Island, the steamboat Erie, loaded with American regulars, fired at deponent a number of times, and one bullet struck the gun of deponent, which he

held in his hands ; and deponent further saith, that he was compelled to throw himself flat on the ice, in order to avoid being shot.

JOHN H. HARMON.

State of Michigan, Wayne County :—

Personally appeared before me John H. Harmon, who being duly sworn, testified that the facts set forth in the foregoing affidavit are correct and true.

Given under my hand at Detroit, this 5th day of December, A. D. 1838.

BENJAMIN KINGSBURY, JR.

Notary Public, W. C. S. M.

RESOLUTIONS.

Resolved, That this meeting do disapprove of the conduct of the general government, in authorizing the detachments of the United States army stationed on this frontier, to act, either in the capacity of British spies, or civil officers of police. As citizens of a SOVEREIGN STATE, we are jealous of our STATE RIGHTS ; and, as FREEMEN, do most solemnly protest against the ARMY being called in to aid the *civil power*, unless in case of *actual treason and rebellion*. The duty of the army is twofold of a *national character* :—

Namely, To protect the frontier against threatened invasion, and act offensively in time of war. They have no constitutional power to arrest American citizens *without warrant*, or inflict capital punishment for civil offences, for which the law has otherwise provided. The offence designated in the act of Congress, is but a *misdemeanor*, punishable by fine and imprisonment, and *after trial and conviction*. And that officer of the army who undertakes, *without legal trial*, to impose a *higher* punish-

ment, usurps the province of judge and jury, and should never be tolerated in a free country, boasting the supremacy of her laws, and the purity of her ermine.

Resolved, That our national government is one of limited and express power, recognising the reserved rights of the sovereignty of the state: therefore, it follows, that our army officers cannot and will not be recognised as clothed with state or municipal authority, and empowered to arrest, without warrants, citizens suspected of a breach of the peace, or violation of law. They are not sheriffs or constables, but soldiers, in war to defend us, and in peace to prepare for war.

Resolved, That we consider the act of ordering United States soldiers to fire at American citizens, by a United States officer of the army, as unwarranted by law, and a dangerous outrage upon the liberties of the people; and that, if loss of life had ensued, such officer would be guilty of murder.

Resolved, That Congress have not the power to invest the President of the United States with authority to employ the army and navy of the United States in arresting and punishing American citizens for a suspected infraction of either national or state law.

Resolved, That we are for the sovereignty of the states, and for the union of the states; but will not submit to martial law in time of peace.

Resolved, That the advice of the President of the United States, as in his proclamation contained, like the well-meant counsel of any other citizen, will be weighed and respectfully considered: but we regret, as American citizens, to see, in the chief magistrate of our country, a solicitude for oppressors, and a silence in regard to the national insult and wrong which characterized the destruction of the CAROLINE.

Resolved, That we consider a United States judge as a *national*, and not a *state* magistrate; and

that he cannot take cognisance of offences against the jurisdiction of the state. The right to bear arms, and the right of speech, is an American right; and when the one is trampled upon, and the other denied, or viewed as evidence of a guilty infraction of national law, giant strides are making towards consolidation, on the ruins of state sovereignty.

Resolved, That peace is a blessing, when maintained with honour, and by constitutional means; but a curse to any people, if at the price of national submission to foreign pride, or the prostration of the civil rights of citizens.

Resolved, That, though we fully appreciate the obligations of national faith, under the laws of neutrality, yet we are not, nor cannot be, insensible to their gross violation, heretofore, by Great Britain, in the instances of the slaughter of the Turks, by England and France, conjointly, in Navarino Bay, while in profound peace with the Sultan; in the unjustifiable assumption, by England, in openly putting down Don Miguel, with her troops in Portugal; in the British Parliament sanctioning the legion at Sebastian, against the Spanish Pretender, Carlos; and in the unnatural and inhuman massacre of American citizens, on board of the steamboat Caroline, at Schlosser, while in profound peace with the United States.

These resolutions were passed without a dissenting voice; and myself and others being called upon, addressed the meeting. It was the largest ever congregated in Detroit; and I never witnessed a purer spirit of generous, whole-souled, patriotic enthusiasm, than swelled that mighty mass of mind. It was a glorious spectacle; one that would have made the cringing, truculent Tories of the day blush for their own recreancy, and feel themselves less than men. It was a scene that would have filled the hovering spirits of our forefathers with joy. It proved that

the God-derived principles of liberty still governed the American people.

On the ensuing day, the patriot volunteers were openly paraded, with their arms in their hands; and after being addressed by some of their leaders, disbanded, and provisions made for them to return to their homes, and for the present abandon the idea of being able to render assistance to the suffering Canadians. Those from the western part of the state were marched to the rail-road cars, which had been chartered by the committee, and, with three cheers, took their departure; whilst those from the north and the south marched out in order, and, for once, without molestation. The rebuke of the people had terrified and subdued the authorities. They saw their only legitimate sovereigns would be masters; and that they must be content to submit to their will. And, I verily believe, that, should such high-handed measures ever again be resorted to by the agents of the general government, the people of Michigan would rise *en masse*, tear their epaulettes from their shoulders, and break their swords over their heads.

CHAPTER XX.

State of the Public Mind—Trial of the Author in Detroit—Close of the Work.

THE public mind, in Michigan, for a length of time after the disastrous termination of the affair at Windsor, and the brutal treatment of the wounded prisoners, continued in a state of the highest excitement. Sectarian prejudices and political animosities were stifled in the burst of grief at the fate of friends

and acquaintances, who had fallen martyrs to the cause of patriotism, and their sympathy in the distresses of an oppressed and suffering people. Besides, from the reports that were brought over by the daily arrival of some of the wounded, who had been secreted by many of the French and Irish inhabitants, who, themselves were obliged to bear arms, and who shared the rations which they drew from the government with their wounded, hidden guests, served still more to keep up the bitter hostile feelings, and must have shown to our government, state and national, that whilst tyranny and oppression existed in Canada, dissatisfaction, sympathy, and resistance would be expressed by our people living on the frontier states.

Hardly any intercourse between our people and the opposite shore, would be by the Canadian authorities permitted. Sentinels were stationed at the wharf at Windsor, and no boat was allowed to land or depart, unless undergoing the strictest scrutiny; nor would any of their own people be allowed to leave their shore on any business with the American states, unless they brought with them a pass from the commandant of the place. Yet, notwithstanding all this, some fifteen or twenty of the patriots, by means of forged passes, eluded the guards, and came safe across to Detroit, disguised by their kind and faithful hosts, who had to wear the seeming garb of loyalty. The generous individual whom I hinted at in the commencement of this work, was still faithful to the patriot and the country, and nobly dared, and risked much to aid and succour those that had fallen into the loyalists' hands. The faithful history of that person's deeds would astonish the world, that in so frail and weak a constitution could be found strength of body, and daring to endure the numerous acts of fatigue, which love of country, and a generous, noble nature alone impelled.

On the second day after my arrival at Detroit, I

was arrested, and had to give bail for my appearance at the next term of the United States District Court, for the state of Michigan, to answer to an indictment, which, by some of my friends, had been procured against me for a breach of the neutrality law, during the time that I was confined in the citadel of Quebec. The object which my friends had, in procuring this indictment, was to enable the United States authorities to demand me from those in whose power I was; and, although their kindness put me afterwards to some trouble, still I regretted not, nor blamed them for their mistaken kindness. When arrested I came before the court, and demanded an instant trial, which was refused me by the District Attorney, Goodwin, on the grounds of the people being in too excited a state, on our frontier, to allow a hope, as he said, of my conviction for having set on foot a military expedition, and of having furnished means, and so forth, for the same. The trial was postponed until the succeeding June term. Meanwhile, the news from Canada was coming into our city daily, of the atrocities committed upon the Canadians, and the judicial murders perpetrated by order of the authorities on the patriots who had fallen into their hands. At Kingston, perished on the scaffold, Sylvanus Swete, of Northampton, N. Y., and Joel Peeler, of the same state Christopher Buckley, Sylvester Lawton, Russell Phelps, and Duncan Anderson, and their spirits sent to join that of their brave commander, Von Schoultz, in the regions of bliss. At London, Joshua Doun, Daniel Kennedy, Cornelius Cunningham, Hiram B. Lynn, Bedford Clark, and Purley, also, sealed with their blood the principles they had espoused. In Montreal, also, perished on the scaffold the following gentlemen, who were esteemed and acknowledged by the loyalists to be among the most talented and respectable inhabitants of the lower province: J. N. Cardinal, M. P. P., M. Duquette, Theophile Decoigne, Ambrose Sanguinet,

Charles Sanguinet, Francois Xavier Hamelin, Joseph Robert, Charles Hindenlang, Chevalier De Lorimier, Pierre Remi Narbonne, Amable Daunais, and Francois Nicolas. These were but a part of the brave men who were martyred in their country's cause, and whose blood will yet be avenged. Their noble bearing, the manly manner in which they met their end, was even eulogized by the tories; and the letters which they wrote, particularly Mons. De Lorimier, before his death, showed that their souls, like those of their illustrious ancestors, the nobility of France, was truly noble. They died as they had lived—brave and intrepid, and added others to the list; to the holocaust of illustrious names, the brightest and best; the Cobhams, the Balls, the Russels, the Sidneys, the Hampdens, the Emmets, which had been sacrificed to support the Moloch of British monarchy.

Hundreds of others were transported, to pine and die in a foreign land, in exile, in banishment, because they dared to hope their country's freedom; while those of less note, and whose influence was not so great among their countrymen, were still permitted to live, immured in the dungeon's deep, that their health and constitution should be ruined, and that their punishment might strike terror to those who might, in future, even dream of political regeneration for their oppressed and down-trodden country.

The arrival of the steam-packets from England brought us the account of the exertions of several friends of Canada, in the case of Mr. John G. Parker, and the rest of the Upper Canadian gentlemen, who, by order of the Lieutenant-governor of Upper Canada, had been transported to Van Diemen's land. We learned that, on their arrival in Liverpool, they addressed letters to Lords Brougham, Glenelg, and Russell, as well as to Messrs. Hume and Roebuck; and that, in a few days after, Mr. Roebuck arrived at Liverpool, and arrested any further proceedings

against them, and served a writ of habeas corpus upon the jailer, in whose custody they were. Twelve of them were ordered up to London, before the judges there, and, in the meantime, eleven of the others who accompanied them, and who were not mentioned in the writ, were forthwith placed on board a steam-frigate, and forwarded to the hulks at Portsmouth, from whence they were removed to the place of their original destination. They also obtained a copy of the warrant by which they were sent to England, and, for the first time, learned that their destination would have been Van Diemen's land, had not the service of the writ of *habeas corpus* prevented it. After much difficulty, and with much zeal on their behalf, by the kind friends who acted as their counsel, the judges decided that their transportation was illegal, and their detention unjust, and they subsequently were liberated, and returned to the United States.

Sutherland, and the rest of the men confined with us at the citadel of Quebec, were, in the following spring, brought from the lower province to Cornwall, in the upper, and from thence sent across to the American shore, after being detained in the different prisons and forts in Upper and Lower Canada for fifteen months, enduring hardships and distress, without any of them, save Sutherland, ever having a trial, or many of them ever even undergoing an examination.

In the month of June, I was arraigned for trial at the United States District Court, on the indictment procured against me for a breach of the neutrality laws; and although every means were taken to procure a conviction, and efforts made on the part of the official officers of the government in procuring witnesses, even from Canada, I was found not guilty by the jury, after a recess, on their part, of about ten minutes; and although the trial had lasted four days, it could not be proved that I had ever set on foot a

military expedition, or procured means, but that "I had joined the patriot force when in British waters, and beyond the jurisdiction of the United States," which I had a perfect right and liberty to do. When Goodwin, the district attorney, found that he could not procure my conviction, he knew it would be of no use to try Messrs. Dodge and Brophy, who were on the same indictment, and consequently entered a *nolle prosequi* upon any further proceedings against them. Thus ended all further prosecution against the patriots in Michigan, by the United States authorities, and since then I have interfered no further in Canadian matters than to restrain, as far as in my power, the headstrong and the unwary from falling into the hands of Canadian despots, and to reserve myself and other friends for Canada, when she is in readiness, to be able to afford efficient aid to that country, which period, thank Heaven, appearances indicate as being near at hand.

THE END.

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