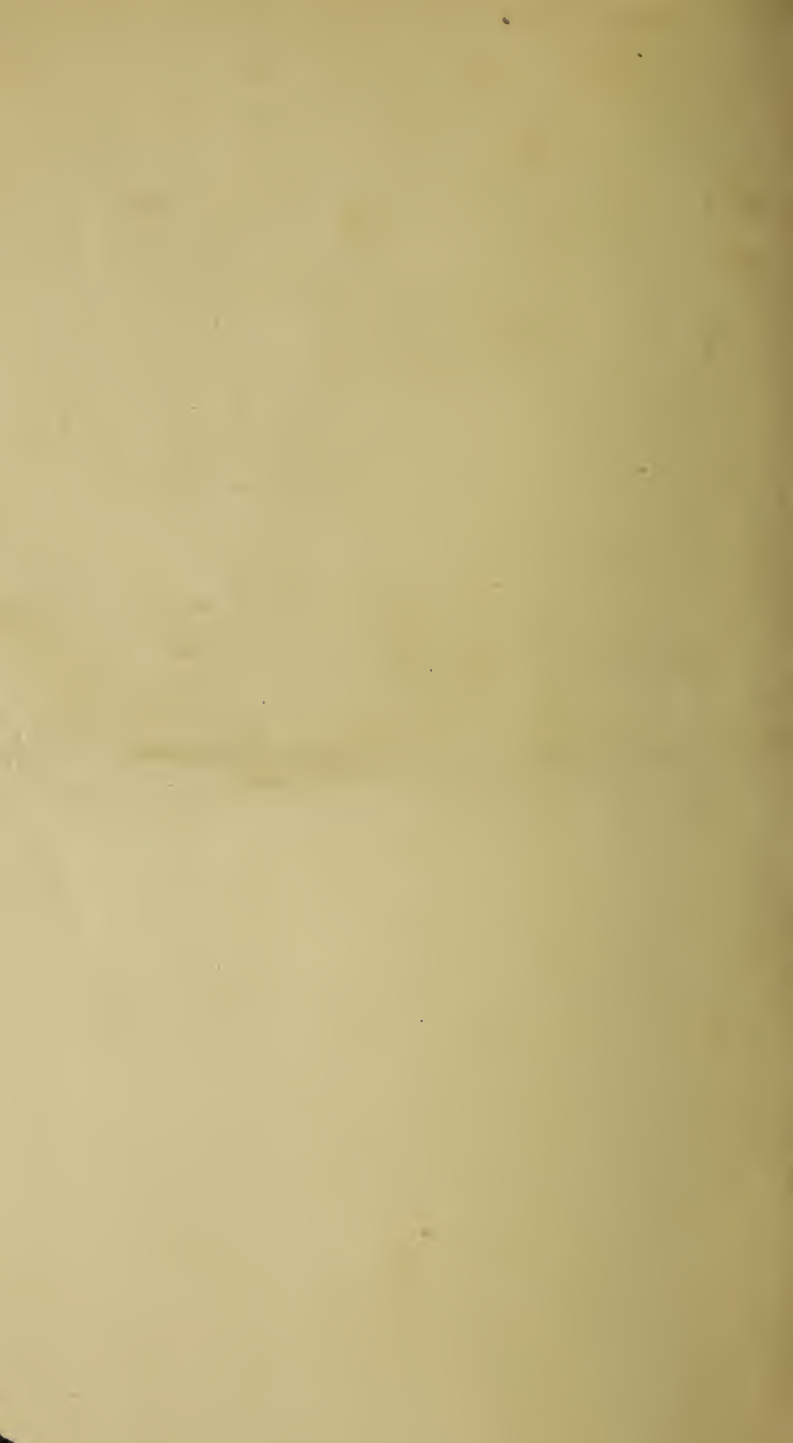


The Cutting out of the Caroline

By Capt Andrew Drew,

29th Dec 1837-



To the Editor of the Toronto Palladium.

SIR,—The enclosed poem was partly written at the period when the important event it celebrates occurred. The absence of my dear husband on the frontier, sickness, the management of our bush farm, and many domestic cares, hindered me from preparing it for publication at the time. Without wishing to keep alive the public excitement, so widely displayed on the perpetration of that gallant action, by Captain Drew, and his brave and loyal band,—with the vanity natural to my sex and profession, I should like to see my honest feelings on the subject transferred to the pages of your valuable paper; and I remain, Sir,

Yours with respect,
SUSANNA MOODIE.

The Burning of the Caroline.

A sound is on the midnight deep,
The voice of waters vast,
And forward with resistless sweep,
The torrent rushes past
In frantic chase—wave after wave—
The crowding surges press and rave,
Their mingled might to cast
Adown Niagara's giant steep,—
The fretted billows foaming leap
With wild tumultuous roar—
The clashing din ascends on high
In deaf'ning thunders to the sky,
And shakes the rocky shore.

Hark! what strange sounds arise?
'Tis not stern Nature's voice—
In mingled chorus to the skies,
The waters in their depths rejoice—
Hark! on the midnight air
A frantic cry uprose,—
The yell of fierce despair,
The shout of mortal foes—
And mark! yon sudden glare,
Whose red portentous gleam
Flashes on rock and stream
With strange unearthly light!
What passing meteor's beam
Lays bare the brow of night?

From yonder murky shore
What demon vessel glides,
Stemming the unstemm'd tides?—
Where madd'ning breakers roar
In hostile surges round her path,
Or hiss recoiling from her prow,
That reeling staggers to their wrath,
While distant shores return the glow
That brightens from her burning frame,
And all above—around—below—
Is wrapt in ruddy flame!

Sail on!—sail on!—no mortal hand
Directs that vessel's blazing course;
The vengeance of an injured land
Impels her with resistless force—
Midst breaking wave, and fiery gleam,
O'er-canopied with clouds of smoke,
Midway she stems the raging stream,
And feels the rapid's thundering stroke;
Now buried deep—now whirled on high,

She struggles with her awful doom,—
With frantic speed now hurries by
To find a watery tomb!

Lo, poised upon the topmost surge,
She shudders o'er the dark abyss;
The foaming waters round her hiss,
And hoarse waves ring her funeral dirge;
The chafing billows round her close,
But ere her burning planks are riven,
Shoots up one ruddy spout of fire—
Her last farewell to earth and heaven—
Down, down, to endless night she goes:
So may the traitor's hope expire,
So perish all our country's foes!

Destruction's blazing star
Has vanished from our sight—
The thunderbolt of war
Is quenched in endless night;
No sight nor sound of fear
Stattles the listening ear,
Nought but the torrent's roar,
The dull, deep, heavy sound
From out the dark profound,
Echoes from shore to shore,
Where late the cry of blood
Rang on the midnight air,—
The mournful lapsing of the flood,
The wild winds in the lonely wood,
Claim sole dominion there.

To thee! high-hearted DREW,
And thy victorious hand
Of heroes tried and true,
A nation's thanks are due;
Defenders of an injured land—
Well hast thou taught the dastard foe
That British honor never yields
To democratic influence low
The glory of a thousand fields.
Justice to traitors, long delayed,
'This night was boldly dealt by thee;
The debt of vengeance thou hast paid,
And may the deed immortal be:
Thy outraged country shall bestow
A lasting monument of fame;
The highest meed of praise below,
A British patriot's deathless name!
Melsetter, Duro, U. C.

Cut from The Toronto
Herald of 1838—



THE END OF THE "CAROLINE."

THE CUTTING OUT OF THE CAROLINE.

A TRUE STORY.

BY FRANCIS W. ROWSELL.



FEW of the many brilliant exploits done by British seamen have been so little noticed or so little rewarded as that which is now to be commemorated. The cutting out and burning of the steamer *Caroline*, on the 29th of December, 1837, on the Niagara river, was a deed of daring and of skill second to none in the whole of our naval history. Lord Cochrane might gladly have owned it for its gallantry and dashing courage. Lord Nelson might have been proud of it for the consummate ability and deliberate hardihood by which it was characterised. Let us see whether the particulars now to be set down at all warrant the little flourish with which they have been announced.

Not to enter wearisomely into the circumstances under which it fell to the lot of British seamen to burn and destroy the *Caroline*, it will be sufficient to state that in the year 1837 the angry political differences which for some years had been growing between the Government and the people in both Upper and Lower Canada, came to a head. It was deemed advisable by the Government to arrest two persons who were eminently concerned in promoting disaffection. The arrests were made, the people became excited and very violent, and rescued the prisoners out of the hands of their guard. Warrants were issued for the arrest of those concerned in this outrage, and on an attempt being made to execute the warrants, the peasantry of certain districts in Lower Canada, notably the districts of Chably and Grand Brulé, rose in arms. The spirit of insurrection immediately imparted itself to the malcontents in the upper province; armed resistance to the Government was seriously maintained, and it was found necessary, in order to restore order, that martial law should be proclaimed. It was not alone, however, with the rebels in Canada that the Government had to deal—they were put down by the soldiers and volunteers with comparatively little bloodshed—but there were people on the American shore of Lake Ontario, Lake Erie, and Niagara river, “American sympathisers” as they were called, who not only gave their countenance to the rebels in every indirect way, but proposed

Cham. B. B.

also to lend them material aid. This latter desire expressed itself in the shape of robber raids over the borders by bands of desperadoes, whose real sympathy was scarcely so much with the Canadian people as with their property, and whose unscrupulous violence when "driving a prey" was only fitly punished when they happened to come in the way of good men and true like Colonel Prince, of famous memory. It was in operating against these men, leagued with the actual insurgents, that the brilliant service about to be described was performed by one who is still living to enjoy the honour which attaches to the heroic deed in which he played the principal part, and whose name—Andrew Drew—is beyond all question "on Fame's eternal bead-roll worthy to be enrolled."

The Niagara river was the part of the frontier where most annoyance was experienced at the hands of the "sympathisers," the proximity of the two shores rendering it favourable for the execution of any marauding designs. Buffalo was full of enemies to the British rule, and the citizens of that town openly encouraged them to make descents upon the British coast line. There are two islands, one called Grand Island and the other Navy Island, in the bight of land on the Lake Erie side of the river, and round which the waters sweep to the Niagara Falls. Grand Island occupies the greater part of this bight, and lies towards the American side. Navy Island, quite a small place, lies about half-a-mile from the Canadian shore.

A party of the rebels under Mackenzie, having collected on the American territory, took possession of Navy Island, intending to hold it as a rendezvous for their fellows and as a depôt for their stores. The attention of Sir Allan Macnab, the commander of the militia in this part of the colony, having been called to the fact, he marched with a fair number of militiamen and volunteers to the village of Chippewa, immediately opposite to Navy Island, and a short distance above the Falls of Niagara. It was found that the rebels had full possession of the island, and were said to muster eight hundred men; additions to their force were being hourly made, and it was reasonably feared lest they might be able, under cover of the protection afforded by the place, to organise a really efficient force which might give considerable trouble whenever it should be led on to the Canadian mainland.

Sir Allan Macnab determined to dislodge them. Preparations were made for transporting the troops and for carrying the island, if necessary, by assault. Among the volunteers who had come forward to offer their services to the Government was a commander in the Royal Navy, who, having been unable to get professional employment in England, had quitted England in despair, and some five years before these events

occurred, had settled on a clearing which he himself prepared at Woodstock, in the county of Oxford, Canada. There he worked hard and thrived, and when the outburst of the rebellion occasioned a cry for volunteers, the seaman-farmer, like some old hunter when he hears the music of the hounds, could not be restrained. He laid down his spade and buckled on his sword, and strode away to Sir Allan Macnab and asked to be employed in whatever way would best promote the public good. This half-pay commander in the Royal Navy, this seaman-farmer, this patriotic man, was Andrew Drew. Of course, when it was a question of flotilla work, of transporting troops, of attacking by means of armed boats, such a man as this volunteer was a most desirable addition to the staff of the general. Sir Allan Macnab requested him to take command of the boats, and to make the necessary arrangements for putting the attack in train.

Three lake schooners were hired, a gun was mounted in each of them, and they were fitted for the service of war. Flat-bottomed boats were procured, the militia and volunteers were organised as well as the shortness of the time allowed, and all went smoothly, if not quite as "merry as a marriage bell." On the 29th of December, nine days after the arrival of the troops at Chippewa, Sir Allan Macnab and Captain Drew were standing—about four o'clock in the afternoon—on the look-out place overlooking the river. From the opposite shore a steamer, her decks crowded with men, and having a couple of field-pieces on board, was seen to stand across the river in the direction of Navy Island. There could not be any doubt as to her character; her "intents" were evidently more wicked than charitable, and if she were allowed to remain unmolested it was quite clear she could do a great deal of harm.

Sir Allan simply remarked to his companion, "This won't do," an observation in which Captain Drew entirely agreed with him; and it being announced by the latter that the only thing to be done was to cut the steamer out after she should have anchored for the night, Sir Allan gave the comprehensive and simple order, "Go and do it."

The organisation of the affair was left wholly to Captain Drew, not *manque de mieux*, for there could not have been a better head, and he readily undertook the task, not without fully recognising the many difficulties and dangers by which it was surrounded, but determined, as he himself said, "not to let one of them enter his head." The thing had to be done, and done quickly: those were the only facts Captain Drew suffered to occupy his mind. Two other facts which might have claimed attention were these: the current at that part of the river where the crossing was to be made ran at the rate of seven miles an hour, and the spot itself was

only half-a-mile distant from the Falls of Niagara. But, to use the gallant officer's own words, "I had resolved to make the attempt, and that nothing should stop me, well remembering that most of the dashing things of the late war were accomplished in this way."

Silence—absolute silence—upon the subject of the expedition, was agreed upon between Sir Allan Macnab and Captain Drew as the one thing needful to success. Not even to those who were to form the party was a word said as to their destination until after they had left the shore, and then only to offer them a return passage if they feared or disliked the nature of the service. At four o'clock in the afternoon the expedition was agreed upon, and by half-past eleven the boats were under way. The interval had been occupied by Captain Drew in making preparations, which, after all, were simple enough. The first thing he did was to call for volunteers—a call to which a hundred voices replied, though ignorant of the purpose for which they were wanted.

"Here we are, sir. What have we to do?"

"Follow me," said the captain.

And this was absolutely the only information given to them beyond what they could glean from the single condition of acceptance of their service, which was that each accepted volunteer should be able to pull a good oar. From this they might gather that some river work was contemplated.

The *Caroline* was anchored under the protection of Fort Schlosser, between Navy Island and the American shore; the moon was shining brightly, too brightly for the purpose of the bold adventurers, and it was probable, from the number of men on board the steamer, that a very sharp look-out would be kept from her deck. It was necessary to defer the starting of the expedition until the moon had waned a little, and until it might reasonably be supposed the majority of the *Caroline's* crew were not only in bed, but asleep. It was therefore resolved not to quit the Canadian shore till near midnight, and in the meanwhile a grave question was debated between Sir Allan Macnab and the commander of the boats. What was to be done with the *Caroline* if she should be captured? Sir Allan was for bringing her over to Chippewa, and keeping her as a prize; but Captain Drew was averse to the arrangement, not only because of the difficulty of navigating the steamer in the face of such a current, but because the Americans would be certain to claim her, and to insist on her restoration to her mischievous career. Captain Drew proposed to send her crew ashore, and then to set light to her and cut her adrift, the effect of which would be to send her ablaze over the Falls of Niagara. The latter plan was agreed to, but the first question was how to apply it. First catch your hare, then eat it.

Captain Drew proceeded to catch his hare like one who knew thoroughly what he was about. At half-past eleven he stepped into his boat, bade farewell to Sir Allan Macnab, who frankly confessed afterwards that he never expected to see him again, and amid three cheers from the multitude assembled round the starting-place, he quitted the Canadian shore. The expeditionary force mustered seven four-oared boats, manned by four rowers and three or four more each. The commanders were Lieutenants MacCormick, Beer, Elmsley, and Battersby, Mr. Harris, master, Royal Navy, Mr. Lapenstiere, mate, and Mr. Gordon, captain of a steam-vessel plying on the lakes. After pulling a short distance along shore, Captain Drew called the boats around him and told the men the nature of the service on which they were bound; he explained to them briefly the difficulties and dangers that surrounded it, and offered to put any one ashore who objected to go on. No one availed himself of the offer, so the captain proceeded to give to the commanders of boats his orders, which were few and simple. They were not to go too near Navy Island, they were to keep as close as possible to the captain, and on no account to go ahead of him; finally, they were to strike the American shore some distance above Fort Schlosser, and having attained that to wait for each other.

All being now ready, the boats started again, Captain Drew leading the way. When he had gone about a third of the way across, his ears were saluted with the unwelcome sound of musketry firing from the direction of Navy Island—a sign, as he considered, that his purpose had been discovered, and that it would be certain loss for him to persevere. Two of his seven boats had indeed been seen and fired upon from the island, but under the impression that their business was to attack the island itself, an impression which was removed by the retreat of the boats, upon which the firing also ceased. The five boats held on their way, the rowers striking out lustily for the preconcerted goal. The force of the current prevented a crossing in a straight line from the starting-point, and the inequality in the pulling of the oarsmen caused a dispersion of the boats. The roar of Niagara Falls grew louder and more fearful as the little band advanced, almost drowning with its thunder the voices of the men speaking to each other.

“We are going astern, sir; we shall be over the Falls.”

Such were the words which greeted Captain Drew from the lips of one of his men when they had recovered from the anxiety caused by the firing on Navy Island, and were got about half-way across the river. In justification of his statement the man pointed to a light which afterwards proved to be on board the steamer, and showed how that by it he could see they were drifting in the dangerous direction.

"Put her head round," said the captain to the coxswain, anxious himself at this manifestation of what he knew to be the real danger of the expedition, but wishing to persuade the others that he was not in the least alarmed. The boat's head was brought round to face the stream, and for two or three minutes every man on board knew that she was not making headway, if she was not dropping astern.

"Give way, lads! Give way! Remember the Falls! Pull for your lives!" said the captain; and the men put out their strength, the boat writhed under their exertions, battling with the giant power of the seven-knot current, but she *did* make headway, and began slowly but surely to gain upon the steamer's light. Having convinced himself and his men that it was in their power to stem the current, he urged upon them that they were now in the place where the stream was strongest, and that every yard farther they rowed their danger would become less. The boat's head was again turned in the slanting direction towards the American shore, and in a short time the crew were rewarded by finding themselves approaching their destination. A low spit of land most fortunately intervened between the steamer and the boats, concealing the latter effectually, and enabling them to come within a short distance without being seen. This unlooked-for piece of good fortune was of the highest importance; the moon was still shining too brilliantly, and but for this shield would undoubtedly have led to a discovery of the boats. As it was, Captain Drew pulled quietly up along this spit till he was considerably above the steamer, and he stopped, still under cover of the land, at a point from which he could without difficulty, and without pulling a stroke, drift down with certainty upon the steamer lying in the stream on the opposite side of the spit.

At this place he was joined by four other boats, two having retreated to Chippewa after drawing the fire from Navy Island. His strict orders, given in an undertone, were that perfect silence should be observed; not a word was to be spoken, even in a whisper, nor was any one to move or in any way to make a noise. There was manifest reason for this; the boats were lying at a spot not more than forty yards from the mainland, nor more than two hundred yards from the Caroline, on board of which there was no sign of knowledge that danger lurked so near at hand.

In order to allow the moon to sink lower, Captain Drew ordered a rest of half-an-hour, deeming it more prudent to run the risk of discovery from the mainland to the certain danger of dropping down upon the steamer in the full sheen of the moonlight. Oars were kept just moving so as to stem the current, but no word was spoken, no sound was heard from the boats.

It was about one o'clock in the morning of the 30th of December when Captain Drew gave orders for the finishing stroke to be put to the expedition. The boats were released from durance, and dropped down with the stream upon the steamer. No notice was taken of them till Captain Drew's boat, which was ahead, was within a boat's length of the vessel.

"Boat ahoy!" sang out one of the watch.

"All right! I'll give the countersign when we get on board," replied the captain, who clambered up the side as soon as his boat touched, and was the first man, and for a minute or two the only man, on the steamer's deck. There were three men lounging over the starboard gangway, unarmed, and evidently unaware of the character of their visitor, whom they probably took for one of their own party only now joining. The captain drew his sword, and going up to these men, said—

"Now I want this vessel, and you had better go ashore at once."

The three walked leisurely over to the port side of the deck, as if going to obey the stranger's order, for the Caroline was made fast to a wharf, port side on; but seeing that Captain Drew was the only one of his party yet on board, they seized their firearms, which lay on the port side, and one of them discharged a musket at the intruder not more than a yard away from him. The ball, however, missed its mark, and in another second the man who had fired it lay dead on the deck with a deep sword cut over the left temple. One of his comrades then clapped a pistol to Captain Drew's head and pulled the trigger. Providentially the flint only flashed in the pan, and the fellow was instantly incapacitated from doing any more mischief by means of a slashing cut on the inside of his right arm, which dropped useless to his side.

The report of the musket and the scuffle on deck had meantime aroused the rest of the crew, who turned up only to meet the remainder of the party, three boats' crews having boarded by the head, and the other with the captain's crew abaft. A smart fire was kept up for a few moments, and in the darkness there was great fear of friends being treated as foes: indeed, Captain Drew himself very nearly met his death at the hands of one of his own crew, named Zealand, who let drive at him with his cutlass, and would certainly have done for him if the captain had not succeeded in parrying the blow and in pinning the man's cutlass, with his own, to the bulkhead.

"Holloa, Zealand! What are you about?"

"I beg your pardon, sir; I didn't know it was you."

This was the brief dialogue that passed between them when they managed to recognise each other.

The Caroline being now in full possession of the assailants, Captain

Drew jumped upon the paddle-box and gave directions for sending the prisoners ashore. It was necessary to be quick, for the attack had now been seen from the land, and a smart musketry fire was directed thence upon the steamer. Everybody below was roused out of sleep and packed on shore; and when it had been ascertained that no one was left in the cabins, the Caroline was set alight in four places, and began to burn bravely. Some difficulty was experienced in freeing the vessel from her moorings on account of the ice which had congregated around her, but an ice axe or two soon made this all right; the cables were cut, and amid hearty cheers from the British, the Caroline drifted down the stream in the direction of the Falls, herself lighting the way to her own destruction.

Before she parted, Captain Drew saw all his party into the boats, and was very near falling a prey to his own humanity. Going forward to make quite sure that no living being remained on board, he found to his horror, when he presented himself to go over the side, that all the boats had left. One man was with him, and these two stood alone on the burning deck of the Caroline, which was drifting rapidly down the river. With the energy of despair they shouted to a boat that was yet in sight, and fortunately succeeded in making themselves heard. The boat returned, took them off, and the Caroline went on her solitary journey.

An hour's hard pulling brought the boats' crews back to Chippewa, where they were received with the most hearty welcome, as men of whom all thought that they should see their faces no more. The loss of life on the part of the enemy had not exceeded two killed, though many must have been wounded; on the part of the captors there had not been any loss of life, but Lieutenant MacCormick received a ball in the wrist which ultimately caused his death; there were also several unimportant flesh wounds. The hero of the exploit, Captain Drew, was quite uninjured, and was rapturously received by the troops and loyal Canadians.

As for the Caroline, she performed unassisted an act of seamanship, or navigation rather, which the most skilful river pilot could hardly have done. Instead of drifting straight down the stream and going over the American Falls, as might have been expected, she stood right across the river, cleared the rapids above Goat Island, and in sight of many thousands of people, took the fatal plunge which extinguished the fire and her in the British Niagara Falls.

Female Courage and Patriotism.

Exhibited in Canada, during the disturbances
at the close of the year 1837.

times of peril and strife are not without their
It is at such periods that the more sublime
are elicited, serving at once to ennoble the
character, and to stimulate those who come
to an equally honourable course when duty
or country demand their exertions. It is true
also, that such periods bring to view the darker
side of our nature; the base passions and sel-
fishness of the heart are developed as well as
the virtues which appertain to the better part of our
nature, and times of commotion may truly be said
to exhibit beacons to shun as well as models for
imitation. The following brief narrative contains
examples of both; the good however being the
predominant matter, and the bad incidentally. It con-
tains well authenticated facts, and, whilst the
conduct of the high spirited damsels is worthy of
praise, it must be evident that loyal chivalrous
feelings must have pervaded the hearts of the parents
in whom they have learnt so noble a bearing in
all emergencies.

Charlotte and Cornelia are the daughters of Capt.
De Grasse, a military officer of long experience
and tried loyalty, residing in a retired situation a
few miles distant from the city of Toronto; and it
is to be seen that the same patriotic feelings which
animated his bosom were carefully cultivated in the
hearts of his children. On the memorable 10th of
November last, Capt. De Grasse having accidentally
learned that the rebels proposed to possess themselves
of Toronto, he felt himself called upon promptly to
leave all domestic ties and comforts; and confiding
in the protection of his family to The Arm which is
destined to save, he proceeded at 11 o'clock at night
from the city, in order to take up arms in its defence.
His daughters, the elder of whom had not complet-
ed her fifteenth year, resolved to accompany him and
remain safe to the city, that they might relieve the
anxiety of their mother; and with some difficulty
obtained his permission to execute so perilous a
task.

It was a beautiful moonlight when they com-
menced their journey, a considerable portion of
the way was through the bush, or uncleared country.
Between Halliwell and Berniett they fell in with
the notorious Matthews and his party, forty two in
number, who were advancing in two files. Capt.
De Grasse was now in imminent danger from
which he would hardly have escaped, but the pre-
sence of mind of Charlotte saved them. She sud-
denly took to the left file, and by paddling through
the mud she came in contact with Matthews' foot
guards, and attracted his notice; by which means
she obtained De Grasse and his other daughter passed
unobserved. Charlotte was allowed to pass with-
out obstruction. At length about one o'clock the
party arrived at Toronto, where they found all
alarm and commotion, guns were heard firing in
all directions, and all the preparations for immedi-
ate hostilities were at hand. Notwithstanding these
ominous omens of danger, the youthful heroines deter-
mined to return home, even at that untimely hour
of the night. The moon continued to give her
light until they reached Arthur's Distillery, after
which they had to encounter all the terrors of
darkness, and the fears of falling into the hands of
rebels known to be disseminated in all directions of

the vicinity. All these however they escaped and
reached home about 4 o'clock in the morning.

On the following day (Tuesday) the sisters went
to Toronto, carrying with them information of the
proceedings of the rebels at the *Don*, and they re-
turned in the evening after having enquired for their
father. On Wednesday they again succeeded in
crossing the dreadful bush which separated their
home from the city. Their father was that day on
duty at the Parliament house; but some one had
told Cornelia that he was at the advanced post, at
the turnpike in Young street, where indeed he
would have been, had it not have been for the tem-
porary indisposition of Col. M——, which made
the alteration necessary. Cornelia not finding her
father at the post described, and perceiving the
general terror on every countenance, in consequence
of the report that the rebels were 5000 strong, she
resolved to proceed *alone* to Montgomery Tavern,
their head quarters, and ascertain the truth or falsity
of the rumour. As she passed through the rebel
lines, all seemed amazed at seeing a little girl on
a fiery pony coming fearlessly among them, and
she could hear them enquiring of each other who
she was. Thus she reached the wheelwright's, ad-
joining Montgomery's, without molestation; and
after enquiring the price of a sledge of particular
dimensions, and promising to give the wheel-
wright an answer the following day, she was
about to return to the city, when suddenly
three or four men seized her bridle, exclaim-
ing, "You are our prisoner!" By these men
she was detained nearly an hour, waiting for
the return of McKenzie. All at once a general
huzzinga was heard, and McKenzie appeared,
apparently elated. He cried "Glorious news, we
have taken the Western mail!" Then followed
the coachman and passengers, *prisoners*. The con-
gratulations of the rebels and their crowding round
their captives caused some confusion, and relaxed
the vigilance of her guards, and Cornelia taking
advantage of the opportunity, whipped her pony
and made her escape, although pursued and fired at
several times.

After ridding herself of this party, she was again
fired at from Watson's, and was summoned to
surrender, but this seemed only to give additional
strength to her resolution, and at length she reached
the city, bringing the news of the robbery of the
public mail, and describing the number of the

the fence and never stopped till he reached the
chapel. Immediately after the first fire of this
party one of the cowardly ruffians ran across the
angle of the bush, and upon coming in front of
her fired in the noble girl's face!!

Cornelia arrived safely at home that night about
11 o'clock, without having seen her father. She
therefore crossed the bush again on Thursday
morning, and followed the loyal troops to Yonge
street, where she was seen perfectly composed and
fearless near the thundering of the cannon and the
heat of the fire. As she was leaving the city that
morning she was met by the excellent Chief Justice,
who intreated her to let him know all the intelli-
gence she could collect in Yonge street, being ex-
tremely anxious to hear the issue of the attack
against the rebels. This the courageous and loyal
hearted girl undertook to do.

She was returning home to inform her mother
of the events of the day and to give assurance of
her father's safety, when upon her arrival at the
Don Bridge she discovered that Matthews had set it

on fire. Instantly she returned to the city and gave the alarm. Then, unable to pass the bridge on her pony in consequence of the great damage it had received, she left the animal in the city, and proceeded on foot at 11 o'clock at night, though the district was filled with dispersed rebels.

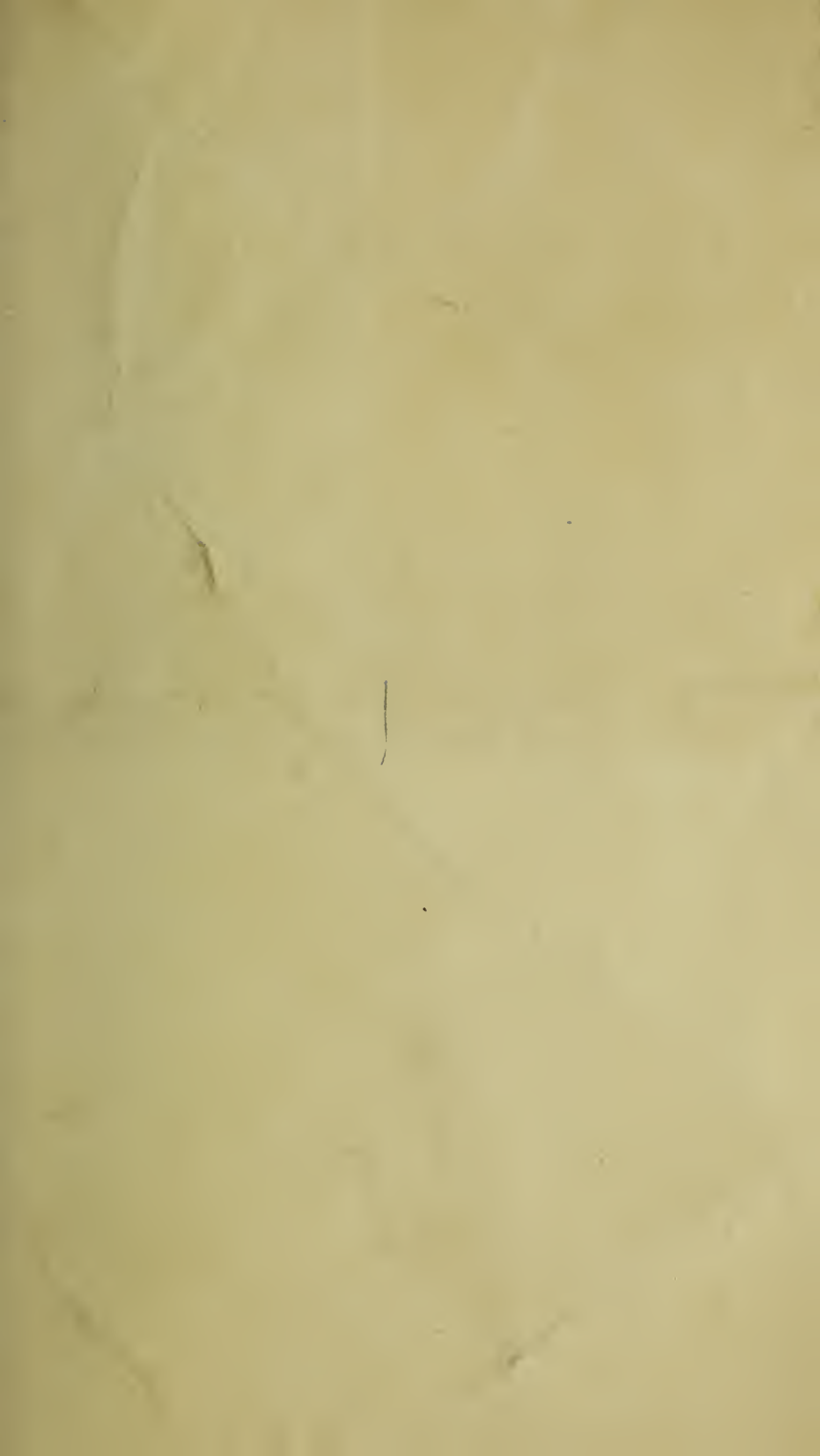
All who were witnesses of the conduct of these extraordinary girls spoke of it in terms of unqualified admiration. They became the topic of conversation, and were pointed out as bright examples of loyalty and courage. It has not yet transpired that any testimonial of the service performed by them has been given, but "the times are out of joint," men's minds are too briefly engaged in warding off present dangers, and it can only be in hours of comparative leisure that individual instances of heroic virtue and determination can be dwelt upon at large. But these young ladies and their parents have their own rewards. The proud conviction that in the hour of danger they did not confine their patriotism to passive wishes and hopes for the cause of loyalty; but, braving danger to its very teeth, performing services at the moment of emergency when alone they could be such, casting off the timidity of their age and sex for the glorious purpose of saving their country, and the dutiful one of giving ease to the hearts of those they loved, they have a fund of consolation and happiness within their own bosoms of which nothing external can deprive them.

It is but a small justice, yet to refuse it would be an injury both to the subjects of these anecdotes and to the world at large, to give the account to the public. To the good and active it may stimulate to further exertions, and to the supine it may furnish a spark of noble sentiment, and a desire to 'go and do likewise.'

THE LANCET

*There is one instance
of this kind. It is a
woman who is a
patriot.*

*This is from the
Herald of Feb 1834.*



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