

for the purposes therein mentioned." Carried.

The Inkeepers Bill being read a third time.

Mr. Jones moved that it do now pass, and that it be entitled, "An Act to alter the laws now in force for granting Licences to Inkeepers, and to give to the Justices of the Peace, in General Quarter Sessions assembled, for the respective Districts, authority to regulate the Duties hereafter to be paid on such Licences." Carried.

Mr. Durand moved, that the House do on Wednesday next, go into Committee on the state of the Province, with leave to send for persons, papers, and records. Ordered.

Mr. Hatt moved for leave to bring in a Bill to repeal part of and amend the Laws now in force for keeping in repair the Public Highways and Roads, and to commute the Statute Labour on the same. Granted.

Mr. Cotter moved for leave to bring in a Bill further to regulate the Inspecting of Flour within this Province. Granted.

Mr. Jones moved for leave to bring in a Bill to-morrow, to increase the Representation of the Commons of this Province.

Mr. Burwell gave notice, that he will, on to-morrow, move for leave to bring in a Bill for ascertaining the Population of this Province.

Mr. Burwell gave notice, that he will, on to-morrow, move for leave to bring in a Bill to appropriate money for the Public Roads in this Province.

Mr. Fraser gave notice, that he will, on to-morrow, move for leave to bring in a Bill to appropriate a sum of money for purposes therein mentioned.

From the Niagara Spectator.

To the Honorable Thomas Clark, Legislative Councillor, U. Canada.

Niagara, March 1st, 1818.

GO by way of Sacket's Harbour! The Devil!—'tis the very error of the moon." My dear friend, Clark—the bravest man in Upper Canada, with the strongest head and the best heart, bids me go by way of Sacket's Harbor!—bids me sink from my duty—flinch from my guns, when the enemy shakes in his shoes! The Devil, I say, and nothing else, could be at the bottom of this. I'll shame the Devil: he's half ashamed already; and if I am allowed to tell all the truth, as I have offered to do, he'll never again show his face in the Province. I'll blow little York in the air, and "every man of respectability" with it, before I go by way of Sacket's Harbor! York must be blown a second time in the air: filthy little place! its atmosphere seems to weaken, and contaminate, every soul that inhales it.

Come, here's your letter, my friend. You are angry with me for publishing my correspondence with the people of York; but, no evidence, in the world, is more fair or convincing, than a series of letters. The exhibition of letters saves the trouble of swearing, and the ills of that, even to secure allegiance, the better. I published the correspondence to get all little personal matters out of the way, before going to York, to give evidence in the great public cause; and, this correspondence, published, and, *uncontradicted in Canada*, will prove all I wish to prove in England, as to the conduct of the Executive Council, in such matters.

To, Mr. Robert Gourlay, Queenston, (favored by Doctor Kerr.)

York, Feb'y 23d, 1818.

Dear Sir, Since writing to you this morning, I have re-perused your publication in the Niagara Spectator—and have to say, that I am still more displeas'd with it, as is also every gentleman in York, the more it is looked at, or talked of.—What could have induced you to expose the President and others, and particularly yourself, in the manner you have done, I know not. Until this fatal error most folks here, were inclined to befriend you: I can however now say, that it is my opinion that every man of respectability will be shy of you, should you come here; and, that your feelings may not be still further hurt, I should recommend your remaining on the Niagara side of the Lake; or, should you wish to go to Kingston (where there are many Reports waiting for you) that you should go by the way of Sacket's Harbour.

With every wish for your welfare, in which Mr. Dickson joins me. I am, dear Sir, yours, &c.

(Signed) THOMAS CLARK.

I betray no confidence in publishing this letter. It reveals no secret—except no private concern: it entirely regards public conduct, and from the alarm, created at York, from the development of truth: it marks, after the first sensation, excited in the ungarbled mind, from the busy interference of

Leonard, and the treacherous falsehoods of his useful accomplice. Though it is the letter of my real friend, it absolutely insults my understanding and my honor. It places me in a dilemma. I must either pocket the affront, and sacrifice my public duty to private feeling; or, throw this letter before the public, a powerful evidence in the cause I plead.

After consideration, no man will be more convinced of the urgency of this step than yourself. You will say, "Have not I spoken strongly to Mr. Gourlay as to the mismanagement of public affairs?" Have not I told him that, if "there is no change, the Province will not belong to Britain for five years?"—You will say, "What is private feeling to public duty?" "What is pain to the salvation of life?" "What does my friend do to me, but rub my face with a little snow, because he thinks 'the frost is taking hold of my nose'?" arguing thus you will gain a glorious victory over yourself; and, seriously set to work in the cause, which is equally great and good.

The letter was flung out of a window to Dr. Kerr, as he was leaving York; and, coming here, by easy journeys, he delivered it to me, afternoon of Saturday the 28th February.

I can imagine circumstances which influenced you in writing this letter. You dined on Monday with the Honorable This, the Honorable That, Doctor Thingam, and others. They were no sooner met, than the SPECTATOR was talked of. "Well, what do you think of it now?" says the Doctor: "didn't I tell, from the beginning, what this fellow was? Here is private correspondence published to the world; what gentleman would do that?" The Doctor keeps it up, even walking through the saloon (if there are saloons in little York) to dinner. After dinner the subject is resumed, openly; having engaged committees, between courses. They do not talk to you: they talk at you. Eyes say more than tongues. They unbraided you on my account. "Why did you take him by the hand?" "Why did you lodge and feed him?" "Why did you not let him die of musquet bites?" "Why did you save him, thus to laugh, even at the new-paper musquetors of Canada; and, to silence the majoring of half pay officers?"

Tell me not, that the bravest man may get white livered: I know it to be true, that he, who, with undaunted step, can march up to a cannon's mouth, may wax pale before "the world's dread laugh," or, be borne down before the tide of prevailing opinion.

You colored and were sore vexed.—You went home ashamed of me: felt easier when you had written to me, to get out of the way, by Sacket's Harbour: gave the letter to Betty to fling out of the window, in the morning, to Dr. Kerr; and, went to sleep.

Now, my dear Sir, you will feel a little angry at my publishing all this; but on reflection, you will think me perfectly correct: you will, indeed, thank me for it. The salvation of this Province depends upon a few of you, now at York, sacrificing every little consideration—tearing yourselves from the fabrications of personal feeling, and, really doing your duty.

Is it not notorious, that you and my friend Dickson, were actually the preservers of this Province, when the enemy first pounced upon it? Did you not instantly, upon the credit of your names, raise means, which Government had neglected, to defray the expenses of defence? Were you not, during the most trying period of the war, the very foremost man, in the most perilous adventures? Did you not persevere, till the very flesh of your body was worn off with fatigue? Did you not come home to us in Britain, wounded and faint,—almost without a hope, but that of laying your bones to rest, in the land of your ancestors?—and all this for Canada; which you are now abandoning,—whipt from your post of honor by the *taunt* of an arrogant and paltry Schoolmaster! O God give me charity towards my enemies; but, more especially patience with my friends; and, above all, give me a face of brass, that I may be able to out-stare the whole host of weakness, hypocrisy and deceit, which has entrenched itself in little York, under the false banner of respectability.

This to be sure is imagination: but, here is reality, on my side. You wrote me, in a letter dated 21st February, from York, desiring that I should bring with me to that place "a few Niagara Spectators of the 12th," as they were there in demand, and I would "now bring 12 dollars a piece"—to come in a black suit to look respectable before the Bar of the House, as the folks there were all in mourning; and, in your first letter of the 23d, you bid me give your compliments to Major Leonard. The following is a copy of my answer.

To the Honorable Thomas Clark.

Niagara, 27th Feb. 1818.

Dear Sir—Your letter of the 23d has greatly disappointed me, as I did not expect you to flinch, at this time, from what, I am clearly of opinion, is your duty. You will see what compliments I have given your friend Major Leonard, in the Spectator. On reading my Petition over and over again, I can see nothing to alter but one letter, in the word *allege*. I have put in a d, which I shall thank you, carefully to erase, in both copies, as it may be spared. Instead of buying a new coat to appear in at York, I shall go in my oldest one, to be in character among shabby fellows; and, I shall deepen my count mourning, because of the want of public spirit, by renting it wide at the elbows.—

All is well elsewhere.— ROBERT GOURLAY.

You accuse me of exposing myself;—leave it to:—let your accusation be recorded with all that I have done in Canada, that futurity may judge of it. You accuse me, of exposing the President; but why should he not be exposed, in his public capacity? Enquire into the practices of our first statesmen at home, and you will find that, as public men, they abuse each other like pick pockets; and the very next day crack a bottle together in the utmost conviviality of private friendship. I published a letter of the President's marked private, and for what reason? It contains not a word of confidence to conceal. The word private was written upon it merely to distinguish it, from an official communication. The letter was a proof of Colonel Smith's attention to me as a gentleman; and, its publication was called for, in justice to his private feelings.

From the hour that I was introduced to Colonel Smith, I felt the utmost assurance that he was willing to pay me every attention, and afford me every assistance in my Statistical enquiries. I shall never forget the frank way in which he talked to me of my scheme—getting Mr. Ridout's Report, and so forth; and, I am sure that he must have been opposed in Council in his wishes to promote my views: after which, it was his private duty to be silent. It is the very "error of the moon" to suppose that I have improperly accused the President, or, injured him as a private gentleman; and, it will be his fault if I have not the honor of shaking hands with him at York. My heart is as free towards him as yours.

With regard to "others," I presume you allude to the arcana aimed at Dr. Strachan. With this man I will not shake hands. You know he was sent out from Scotland by my wife's uncle, some twenty years ago—glad to get into his friend's family, as preceptor to the children. By a concurrence of fortuitous events, certainly not from superior ability, he has got on horseback; and, you know how some people ride, when so mounted. Has he a single man to counteract him, as the writer of a certain letter to Lord Selkirk?—Has he apologized to the public for that most unbecoming act, which in my opinion, contributed, not a little, to the Red River massacres? Do you remember of my declaring before I visited York, that I would have no introduction to this little man? Does the Editor of the Gazette remember, that I wished to see a book at York which he had, but declined asking it? Does the same person remember that I refused to let him shew the proof sheet, of my first address, to Dr. Strachan, which I most cordially begged the President to peruse? All this was before I heard of his fault finding with my publication. I wished to steer clear of him, but could not; and, when I last alluded to him, in the newspapers, that the subscriber, was to teach philosophy to get the school house painted. What would be thought in London, if an Executive Councillor was to be mean himself? what would be thought of the subscriber in one of our universities? what am I not entitled to say of a man, who provokes, with vulgar trifling of this sort, while the duties, for which he is paid by Government, remain unperformed?—while the petitions of my brother and self lay, for months on the Council table, and are denied a civil answer?—when all this time I am detained 4000 miles, apart from my family? Doctor Strachan, most assuredly, is fair game before the public. Let him apologize to Lord Selkirk: let him never again intermeddle with the free commercial speculations of any individual: let him never again blow up strife among mankind: let him give up dabbling in politics, and trifling with philosophy: let him resign his seat in Council, where no priest should ever have a place: let him get into a penitentiary: let him stick to the altar, where his utmost zeal and ability has scope,—and then we shall leave him to God, and his conscience. In the meantime, how are we to make such a man, as his conduct, but by the lash of satire,—by exposing him to the world

—by assailing his unbounded vanity?—

I expose nobody, without good cause. I exposed your friend Governor Gore, because he stood the ostensible cause of incalculable mischief to the Province; but, perhaps I should have told the public, that he had orders from home for what he did: so, the Governor's secretary informed me. This makes little difference as to the conduct which should be pursued. It is proper to arraign the Governor; but, if he can shift the accusation from himself to the prime minister, let him be brought to contrition: let us go home and arraign him. Let every thing, and every man, be exposed, for the sake of truth, justice and the law.

You speak of the folks being "inclined to befriend" me. This argues a misconception which I must correct. My endeavors in the public cause are not, to procure friends, but, to unite men together in the bonds of patriotism. If they befriend me so much the better; but, I despise their friendship, who desert the rigorous course of public duty. If I had wanted to gain mere personal friends, and serve my private ends, very different should have been my conduct. I knew that bowing and scraping by the way, was incompatible, with the attainment of great objects; and, I have, upon principle, been stoically indifferent to trifles. I have kept my eye steadily bent on the great object before me. I have asked the people of the Province, to petition for enquiry, and have, myself, sent you petitions. If neither the people, nor you Legislators at York, choose to join and assist me, so as to get a commission sent home, I shall go home and petition there to have a commission of enquiry sent, from thence, to Canada. You have great interests here, and, it would be the natural course of things, for you, and others, resident in the country, to whom its neglect and ruin are most apparent, to make the first move. The people of England, however, have also great interests, and should you remain supine, I shall endeavor to rouse them to the importance of the subject. You see I have flung out an offer in the last Spectator, to draw attention to the value of Canada. Whether England pays out one hundred thousand pounds a year, or receives one hundred thousand pounds a year, is no trifling consideration; and, you have only to take your pen and ink to satisfy yourself that my offer may be fulfilled. I have indeed conversed with you repeatedly as to such a proposal, as that now made public; and, you have acknowledged that it was the true way of doing most, both for the Province, and the Government. A London banker goes to the minister with empty pockets, and contracts for a loan of twenty millions, which in a week is made light to him by the purchase of all the shares, at a premium. Why should we dread accomplishing something great on the credit of the Township Reports of Canada?—Rouse yourself my friend: this is a speculation worthy the consideration of him whose mill wheels go round by the rapids of Niagara.

My dear Clark! Can you really suppose, after having known me intimately for years; after knowing that I have drank to the dregs the bitter cup of this world's misery and blood the utmost blast of misfortune and persecution, to sustain my honor and my principles,—after knowing that for eight years I have contended with the second Peer of England and put him, with his whole host of learned lawyers and perjured witnesses, to the rout;—after knowing all this and much more, decisive of my strength of mind, can you really for a moment suppose that I would care a single fig's end if all the folks at York, and you at the head of them, were to "be shy of" me, while I am conscious of doing my duty? Away with the respectability of little York. You there, pay 10 dollars for a scrap of my writing on Saturday—hear Doctor Strachan preach all Sunday; and on Monday are shy of me, because I have published a correspondence which, without further ado, will make all the people of England shy of the Executive Council—I'll punish you for it. I'll actually go to York in my old black coat, rent at the elbows, and sit down by the side of you at dinner, among the Honorable Councillors.

Tell the Honorable William Dickson, that I accept his "wishes for my welfare" only on condition that he is not shy of me at York, but maintains throughout the same spirit which he uniformly supported on this side of the Lake. Say that I do not think with him that Legislative Councillors are appointed to guard the interests of the Crown; if by that, he meant the Crown only. The ancient Barons nursed up the liberties of the people of Britain, often, in opposition to the Crown, and were the grand means of reducing regal authority to its present innocuous condition. They are bound in honor to do their utmost, not to support part, but the whole of the constitution; and, by doing so, they will

always best sustain the Royal dignity. Tell my Honorable friend, farther, that I do not swallow down, so cordially as he does, the rhapsody of Burke, about nobility being "the cheap defence of a nation."

Tell the Honorable William Claus, that I have lately received a written remonstrance from some Indian Chiefs of the Grand River, against his conduct; and shall do justice to it by publication in England, whether you "take me by the hand" or not.

Tell the Honorable John Strachan, that the harshest epithet applied to the Schoolmaster, who figures in this letter, was borrowed from the lips of an Honorable Legislative Councillor, of U. Canada.

Tell the Honorable Chief Justice Powell, that I have caused to be published, in the Niagara Spectator, at your desire, an extract from Cuvillier's Speech. The monopoly of places of power and influence is indeed a most serious evil any where; but, particularly so in a Provincial Government. The mere publishing of any man's opinion will do nothing towards removing such a grievance. You should protest against it in the Legislative Council; and, having done this, as a duty, move for enquiry into the state of the Province, and, for a commission to go home to get this, and all other matters that are wrong, as speedily put to rights as possible.

The Chief Justice would be better than an Angel, were he voluntarily to relinquish any of the places he has won by his superior talents; and, there is no power in the Province to compel him. At home they would see the propriety of raising his pay as a Judge beyond the present pittance, which would not keep up the dignity of an English gentleman farmer: they would do this, and liberally compound with him for the relinquishment of his other places of dignity.

Tell his Honor the Administrator, that I have just now been enquiring for poor Angelique Pilotte, confined in the Jail here, whose ignorance and the inactivity of others, brought her to condemnation; who experienced the most cruel injustice; and, whose innocency of appearance could not draw from the heart of her, too late appointed, Counsellor, a single syllable in appeal to the feelings of the jury-men who were to decide her fate. Tell his Honor that I have received answers to letters despatched to England long after I wrote the petition to the Prince Regent, in behalf of this poor neglected wretch; and, that I must suppose the delays of office have delayed the Royal clemency. In telling this, let Colonel Smith be guarded against thinking that I reproach his private character.—With such a guard you may also say, that by a letter just received from England (which you, or he, may see if you please) I find that the delay of answering my petition, which was the chief cause of my departing from my plan of going home in January, will injure me more than ten times the value of the largest grant which the Council can bestow, to say nothing of an assurance, or merely a civil refusal or explanation, with any of which I should have been perfectly satisfied.

I am so little acquainted with Members of Assembly, that I have nothing to communicate directly to any one of them. I have just seen a letter from a Representative of this district, asking the favour of a friend of ours to give a certificate to the Bearer, of what he knew of his commanding the Provincial Artillery Drivers, and how he conducted himself until the time of his resignation, wishing it to lay before the Administrator in Council, as he was about applying for land.

Having no wish to interfere as to the grant of land I shall say nothing of what our friend knew of the driving of the Artillery; but, really wish that all applications for land were out of the minds of Members of Assembly till the public duty, for which they are now at York is faithfully performed; and, if possible, the answer to the Administrator's Speech amended by a second answer, recalling the disgusting acquiescence as to the payment of claims out of the forfeited estates, which will otherwise go home to England, an undeniable proof of the contentment of the people of the Province, and shut the door against all further attempts to procure justice for the numerous sufferers.

Now, my Honorable friend, I shall conclude with a very few words to yourself. Your first letter of the 23d Feb'y, astonished me not a little, and I alluded to it in last week's SPECTATOR. Your second letter grieved me to the heart; but, I have got over my grief as much as possible, by making a joke of my escape by Sacket's Harbor. Suppose, however, I had really taken your advice; what would have been the consequence? Would it not have exhibited me to the whole world as a miscreant, whose conscience was blighted with crime? Would it not have bartered away, for a blasted name, the best hope of my life?—that or being