

the bitter gall of his vengeance on Mr. Du Calvet. The monk took charge with pleasure of an office which squared so well with his inclinations and his first apprenticeship; and he acquitted himself of it as a man who understood from long practice the cruel trade of tormenting men.

REV. FATHER BERRY at first ordered Mr. Du Calvet to be shut up in the infirmary, that is to say, in the general sewer, where the monks at certain periods, and often many together, were coming in the frequent days of their infirmities and of their purgations, to get rid of the humors which troubled them. But as if it was not enough that Mr. Du Calvet should be infested by these monks, two mad men were placed in a room above the prisoner who from the first days of April to the last of August, in the excess of their frenzy, allowed him neither rest nor peace.— Their infernal & constant noise was what FATHER BERRY, in his outrageously humorous jokes, used to call the *Ball* with which Government wished to amuse the prisoner.

It was thus that this hardened monk made barbarous sport of the sufferings of an unfortunate man; but behold the acme of cruelty; the filth with which these two mad men inundated their floor was dissolved and passed through the crevices, and fell sometimes in large quantities into the room of Mr. Du Calvet. FATHER BERRY would never permit during the space of more than two years, the room to be scrubbed once, even at the expense of the prisoner; so jealous was this monk of his filth and dirt, that he was afraid that cleanliness should exist in the smallest corner of his convent.

The health of Mr. Du Calvet was so much impaired by the constant infection to which he was exposed, that he was soon fast verging towards consumption: he thought that broth would be the only thing that could restore his health, or at least check the disease: but this Cerberus monk who enjoyed a good table, in great part at the expense of the Government, was daily infringing his rules of penance; he thought he could make an *amende honorable* to his infringed rules by charging a stranger with the penance of all his convent. He denied with an imperious and cruel tone this small relief to the prisoner, although he offered to pay for it at the price of a dollar a day. It is with extreme regret that Mr. Du Calvet writes this. He is a protestant by birth, by education and by principles; but fanaticism has nothing to do with his religious creed, and he would feel more pleasure in describing those monks as *they ought to have been*, and not *what they are*.

But whilst so much study and so much art were employed to aggravate the miseries of his captivity, the most atrocious means were made use of to ruin his large estates. His stores, his beautiful dwelling at Montreal, his seigniorial domains were abandoned to a general pillage. There was a lawsuit pending between him and his Agent in London; the Sabbath, the day before the final judgement, was chosen to cite him to appear in person the next day at the Court, although a sentry at his door would not allow him to go out of his room. Scarcely had he time to send to a lawyer to give him a power of Attorney to answer in his name. The lawyer begged from the court to delay the cause,—all was of no avail.—The Surgeon Major of the Garrison who was also the judge of the Province gave his opinion that so much lenity or rather equity could not be shewn to a State prisoner. In France, it would have been thought an insult to the whole people to have a sutler for a judge, but *any treatment is good enough for Canadians*. At least after such an iniquitous decision and such an infamous degradation, it would have been the duty of the Government to send him to his first avocations, but at Quebec, his decision was law, and Governor Haldimand was proved to be his echo.

This General was never before in the habit of sitting on the judicial bench, nor has he done it since; no other cause called him to the court. But Mr. Du Calvet was a chosen victim. This Swiss who had studied French jurisprudence on a farm in his own country, and had cultivated his first judicial essays in the midst of English camps and armies in America, pronounced a complete condemnation against Mr. Du Calvet who by the immediate and arbitrary execution of this judgement (all appeal

to the King's Council having been rejected) lost about \$20,000. In all cases where Mr. Du Calvet was plaintiff, a delay was granted to the defendants, but every one was welcome to sue him, nor could he have recourse to appeal.

Whilst so many glaring injustices were committed, the respectable friends of Mr. Du Calvet did not abandon him in his misfortunes; they offered General Haldimand bail for the prisoner, their offer was in vain. Mr. Du Calvet himself made propositions; he offered to put in sequestration, into the hands of a person empowered by the Government, the whole of his fortune, as a pledge for his present and future fidelity; this request was of no avail. He summoned in due form General Haldimand to give him up to the severity and vengeance of the laws, if he had infringed them, this reasonable request was also to no purpose. He then also appealed to the King's Council and requested to be transported immediately to England as a State prisoner, there to be judged by the laws and constitution of the Realm, but all this did not help him.

It was by their multiplied refusals that his captivity was prolonged to 948 days, without any respect whatever for divine or human laws, and in a province which is a part of the domains of a nation boasting of its freedom and its Government of laws.

(To be continued.)

FOREIGN.

AMERICA IS AGAIN TO BE MADE FREEDOM'S BATTLE GROUND.

[From the London Weekly True Sun.]

Our old men can recollect the period when the *loyalty* of the great body of American colonists was the theme of ministerial eloquence; when the "discontents" in our N. American colonies were attributed by Colonial Governors to the instigation of a few "turbulent" and "ambitious intriguers;" when overwhelming parliamentary majorities backed the minister in all his tyranny, confirmed the bigot King in all his prejudices, and authorized unbounded waste of blood and treasure. And yet the history of these things is no more regarded by our present rulers than an old almanack. The same melancholy scenes are about to be again enacted in Canada. America is again to be made the battle field whereon human freedom shall be lost or won. Lord John Russell and his colleagues seem to be ambitious of treading in the steps of Lord North, & hitherto they have been eminently successful, for in every measure recently taken in regard to Canada a striking parallel may be found in the Colonial policy of the British Ministry to 1774.

We are now going to war with an entire people whom our Government has deeply wronged; we have already sent out some fifteen or twenty thousand European troops, we have forwarded "thirty thousand stand of arms" to be placed in the hands of that colonial minority, which will side with the imperial authorities; we have enlisted on the side of misrule the savage Indian, whose object is plunder, whose warfare is indiscriminate slaughter; we have denounced as traitors and felons those our despotism has driven to resistance; and we are about to carry fire and rapine through the once peaceful villages and sequestered farms of a million of our fellow citizens. We are on the eve of a contest to be carried on four thousand miles from our

own resources, in which, if our armies are victorious, we shall obtain nothing but the disgrace of having retarded civilization and reduced a fertile province to a desert. In the meanwhile we are incurring the hazard of a war with the United States, a misery that would ruin half the manufacturers of Great Britain. It is futile to imagine with a civil war in Canada hostilities with the United States can long be avoided. The President and the Congress, the Van Burens, the Websters, & the Clays may unite in endeavors to maintain peace, but will the people of Maine and Vermont, of New York and Michigan, patiently see their neighbors and their brethren of the Canadas, subjected to the military ravages of a Colborne, or the judicial butcheries of a Van Dieman's Land Arthur? Common sense and past experience tell us they will not. Have Ministers ever heard of Texas?

War with the States then must be regarded as the probable, if not inevitable, consequence of Canadian coercion. How deeply indebted must the British nation be to Lord John Russell for his petulant resolutions of April, 1837, the proximate cause of all the present evils. For what are all these dangers; why are such expenses; wherefore are such ruinous losses to be incurred? Solely to maintain for the Aristocracy the profits misgovernment in Canada affords.

The Female Association of New Castle on Tyne have issued 20,000 copies of an address to their countrywomen, from which we select the following passages:

We have seen that because the husband's earnings could not support his family, the wife has been compelled to leave her home neglected and, with her infant children, work at a soul and body degrading toil. We have seen the father dragged from his home by a ruffian press gang, compelled to fight against those that never injured him, paid only 34s. per month, while he ought to have had £6; his wife and children left to starve or subsist on the scanty fare doled out by hired charity. We have seen the poor robbed of their inheritance and a law enacted to treat poverty as a crime, to deny misery consolation, to take from the unfortunate their freedom, to drive the poor from their homes and their father land, to separate those whom God has joined together, and tear the children from their parents' care—this law was passed by men and supported by men, who avow the doctrine that the poor have no right to live, and that an all wise and beneficent Creator has left the wants of his children unprovided for.

For years we have struggled to maintain our homes in comfort, such as our hearts told us should greet our husbands after their fatiguing labours. Year after year has passed away, and even now our wishes have no prospect of being realized, our husbands are over wrought, our houses half furnished, our families ill fed, and our children uneducated—the fear of want hangs over our heads; the scorn of the rich is pointed towards us; the brand of slavery is on our kindred, and we feel the degradation. We are a despised caste; our oppressors are not content with dispising our feelings, but demand the control of our thoughts and wants!—want's bitter bondage binds us to their feet, we are oppressed because we are poor—the joys of life, the gladness of plenty, and the sympathies of nature, are not for us; the solace of our homes, the endearments of our children, and the sympathies of our kindred are denied us—and even in the grave our ashes are laid with disrespect.

We have searched and found that the cause of these evils is the government of the country being in the hands of a few of upper and middle classes, while the working men who form the millions, the strength and wealth of the country, are left without the pale of the Constitution, their wishes never consulted, and their interests sacrificed by the ruling factions, who have created useless offices and enormous salaries for their own aggrandisement.

We tell the wealthy, the high and mighty ones of the land, our kindred shall be free. We tell their lordly dames we love our husbands as well as they love theirs, that our homes shall no longer be destitute of comfort, that in sickness, want, and old

age, we will not be separated from them, that our children are near and dear to us and shall not be torn from us.

NORTH AMERICAN:

SWANTON, MAY 29, 1839.

BRITISH CAPITAL.

Some of the States of this Union when they wish to borrow money for their own use go to England after it, because they can get it there a little lower than in this Country. The effects of borrowing so much foreign capital as is yearly negotiated for the use of the State Governments are beginning to be seen, felt and deprecated. The true interest of each State is to borrow at home; to owe their own citizens if any body, is the true policy. In addition to the large sums yearly borrowed by the several States, it is estimated that \$130,000,000 of British Capital is invested in American stocks. British gold begets British agents in this Country, who must have British newspapers which ever cry down every thing Republican and extol anything Monarchical. This British capital is concentrated and directed, not only to advance the pecuniary interests of its owners, but to control the national and State elections by means of its pensioned, corrupt and profigate press. Besides this large capital that poisons the public ear and blinds the Republican's vision, is the heavy amounts borrowed by some of the City Banks, which also has its influence to make monarchy palatable. There are also the retainers, hirelings, borrowers and underlings of those Banks who suffer themselves to be used by this powerful engine, either through interest or fear. These, with those commercial men who would willingly sacrifice the lives of their fellow citizens to add dollars and cents to their wealth, go hand in hand with the Tories of Canada in justifying the desolation by fire and sword of her blood stained soil—the land of CHERRIER, PERRAULT and DE LORMIER.

We warn the American people to guard against this Trojan horse—this political engine, when its influence is brought to bear upon a single object it seldom fails in accomplishing the aim of those who manage the machinery, unless the people penetrate their designs. It is this influence that controls a portion of the public press of the U. S. at the present time; and that gives that press such an anti-national tone; that makes them the apologists of despotism upon our borders; that justifies the cruelties practised upon the Canadians;—and that causes our country to mourn her flag stained with the blood of our citizens, and its being held now in triumph at Toronto. It is this same influence that seeks to quarrel with France, to divert public attention from the wrongs visited upon our country by proud, haughty and insolent England. It is this influence that causes the American Tories to cry down the poor Patriots who have lost their all in behalf of their country's Liberty. Curse the Tories, we love them not.

THE SECOND WINDSOR TRIAL FOR A BREACH OF NEUTRALITY. BRITISH GOLD AND BRITISH WITNESSES HAVE FAILED TO CONVICT MESSRS. GROGAN & WEST !!!

Are the people of Vermont now convinced of the fact that this is a British conspiracy, and that certain American officers have become parties to it? In addition to the strange disclosures which have been already made in this business, the public may look for a doxology, as soon as the necessary data can be obtained. We intend to make no statements but such as can be supported by affidavits.

The following letter from Windsor confirms us in the belief that the late buzzing in the bureaucratic hive at Burlington, was created by the gingle of GOLDEN SOVEREIGNS. Although this idea may be humiliating to every American, yet if he loves his country he is bound to investigate the subject, and, (if he be not too late), to avert the wreck of the ark of Liberty.

As Mr. Bowdish's letter is not marked 'Private' we have ventured to publish it. But if he has any fears of being proscribed by the Tory Dynasty, we shall give him space in our columns to recall it if he please.

Windsor, May 22d, 1839.

DEAR SIR,

I promised to drop you a line as soon as I arrived in Windsor, but have delayed until this time for the purpose of ascertaining the destiny of Gen. West & J. W. Grogan. The Court opened on the 21st inst. After the Grand Jury were sworn, a short but lucid charge was pronounced by the Judge and they retired. I was glad that the time had arrived when the prisoner could be released from the damp and sickening air of the Jail, and

from the grasp of marshal and military, and placed in the hands and at the disposal of an untrammelled jury of FREEMEN. I was thankful that the time had arrived, when an unbiased and impartial jury of FREEMEN, could have another opportunity of teaching the British a lesson; and also of rebuking some of our own officers, who have disgraced themselves, and their country, by becoming the willing and voluntary instrument of oppression and cruelty in the hands of the British Government.

One o'clock P. M.—The Grand Jury have just returned from the Court House and I am informed by a man who knows, that the complaint to West has been returned to the Court and no bill found; and I have good reason to believe that Grogan's case will follow in the footsteps of its "illustrious predecessor." This is just as I expected; just as every unbought and honest man expected. The enlightened members of the Grand Jury proceed calmly and coolly to the investigation, they weigh the whole matter in the scales of justice; and as long as this is the case, the friends of humanity and patriotism will not suffer. There has been considerable excitement here in consequence of the admission of testimony from Canada. Lieut. Clark of Caldwell's Manor, it is said, has perjured himself; and there has been serious talk among the Grand Jury of finding a bill against him. I really hope they will, if he is guilty; and from what I can learn there is but very little doubt upon that subject. It would be a fine affair indeed, if he could be sent to our State Prison, to manufacture rifles for the use of the Canadians. If this is the case, and the wretch receives his just deserts, I apprehend Her Majesty's border subjects will be careful in future how they volunteer their services to swear away the liberties of American citizens. The number of witnesses from that sink of corruption, is eight or nine. Their expenses to Windsor were paid by Capt. Browne of the Montreal Police. I took particular pains to ascertain this fact by enquiring of Inkeepers and Stage Agents. The next business before the Grand Jury is respecting the rescue of Grogan from Jail. Since I left home, and while I was at Burlington, I learned that I was one among the number charged with that offence. And I also learn that government officers have been tampering and pandering with witnesses respecting my case. One witness was told while on board the Steamboat passing from Plattsburgh to Burlington, that he was seen on the hill and conversing with me, and that was probably why he was subpoenaed. He was also told at the same time, "that it was almost enough to convict a man to be seen in my company!" The man who made this expression lives at Highgate Falls, and is very near, if not totally overshadowed by a certain large brick house in that vicinity, the occupant of which, always works with tools. The two first letters of the man's name who talked with the witness is R. L. Paddock. Another man at Burlington was caught at the same dirty work, and was heard by two individuals to tell a witness that he was "seen conversing with me, and that if I had my just deserts for what I had done for the patriots since he had known me, and for what I had done in this concern, I should have been in State Prison long ago. And this was the great redoubtable Heman Lowry of Burlington.

Now friend Thomas, what do you think—should you under such circumstances have committed suicide!—But one thing prevented me from that awful act. It was the remark made by a man after having been kicked by a Jack Ass, and upon more nature reflection I have concluded to take up with his consolation and "consider where it came from."

The mail is about to leave for the North, and I have no time to write more. When I return you shall be furnished with a regular history of all the facts, just as they transpire from day to day.

Yours in great haste,

I. B. BOWDISH.

P. S.—My case I am informed is now up before the jury. One of the witnesses who has just testified, tells me that the District Attorney appears determined to indict the whole North. Friend Vail is also taken into consideration before the Grand Jury for distressing the Queen! More soon.

NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—We could not recommend Mr. B. to commit suicide, for that is a vulgar way of disposing of one's self, and looks too much like aping the *die-nasty* (dynasty).

Extract of a communication from a brother Refugee, dated,

Plattsburgh, May 20, 1839.

I am one of the many, who have been compelled to take refuge in this boasted land of liberty; I have been received with open arms and treated with hospitality by many, but regret to add—there are those among these "Republicans" who have joined heart and hand with the accursed British tyrants to aid in oppressing a people already oppressed beyond human endurance. I could relate scenes of suffering and cruelty which would cause the sword of every patriot to spring from its scabbard to revenge the wrongs of my oppressed countrymen, but would fail to excite sympathy in the breasts of those Americans, whose best feelings have become seared by British gold and a generous portion of the appropriation which the American rulers have granted to assist these demons in their hellish work lest they should offend the most christian Majesty, the little twaddling maiden Queen Victoria. Yes! Eng-