

His greatest anxiety of mind was that of not seeing two of his dear children who had been left at Plattsburgh. He often expressed his deep regret that he could not press once more before dying, these two beloved children, and also to bid eternal adieu to his old and respectable father, who was a refugee in the States.

The fatal day was at hand, alone in his cell, he was meditating, when the Provost-Martial gave him the order to be prepared for the awful moment; soon after the public executioner entered his dungeon and pinioned his arms. When Mr. De Lorimier came into the passage, he bid adieu to all the prisoners there present and wished them to show firmness. As soon as he saw his fellow sufferer Brig. Gen. Hindenslang he exclaimed—"courage, it shall soon be over." He was answered by a cheerful voice: "Death is nothing for a Frenchman who dies for the cause of Liberty." The next moment they were marching towards the fatal block. Mr. De Lorimier's deportment on the scaffold was dignified, & showed that he felt that he was a martyr to the cause of liberty. Mr. Hindenslang spoke, at considerable length, and at different times Mr. De Lorimier was seen approving him. When Gen. H. shouted "Vive la Liberte," our friend smiled and gave marks of approbation with his head.

A few minutes afterwards the signal was given, the drop fell and Canada had to mourn the death of one of its noblest sons. His suffering seemed to be very short. His body was afterwards given to his family who had it buried in the city of Montreal. Mr. De Lorimier was 33 years and some months old, of rather a middle stature, his complexion was dark, his eyes black as also his hair. He left a young widow with three small children. He was a man beloved and respected by every one, even the Tories were forced to bear the most honorable testimony as to his private and public character before the Court Martial. Such are the men whom the bloody Colborne desires to sacrifice.

As we have already said, Mr. De Lorimier had taken precautions to have his political sentiments at the hour of death, made known to the public at large, by means of the public presses of the United States. We shall close this biography by giving his letter, certain that the reader will find in it sentiments that every Republican will approve.

MONTREAL JAIL, 13 Feb. 1839. }
11 o'clock, at night. }

The public, and my friends in particular, expect perhaps, a sincere declaration of my sentiments at the fatal hour which is to separate me from this world, as these opinions are always looked upon and received with more credence. The good Christian throws off at that moment, the veil which has obscured many of his actions, to reveal himself in broad day-light. Interests and passions expire with his life. For my part, at the eve of rendering my spirit to my Creator, I wish to make known what I feel and what I think. I would not take this step, if I did not fear they would misrepresent my sentiments. We know that a dead man speaks no more and the same state-policy which causes me to suffer for my political conduct on the scaffold, might well fabricate injurious tales about me. I have both the time and reason to anticipate such fabrications, I do so in the most faithful and solemn manner, at my last hour, not on the scaffold, surrounded by an insatiable crowd thirsting for blood, but amidst the silence and reflections of a dungeon.

I die without remorse. I desired but the well-being of my country, in the late insurrections. My views and actions were sincere, and were not tarnished by any crime that dishonors humanity: and which crimes are but too common amidst the effervescence of unbridled passions. Since 17 or 18 years, I have taken an active part in all popular measures, and ever did so, with the sincerity of conviction that my efforts have been for the independence of my fellow countrymen. We have been thus far unfortunate. Death has cut off several of my brother laborers; many of them are in chains, and a still greater number of them are in exile, their properties destroyed, and their families abandoned without succor to all the rigors of a Canadian winter.

Notwithstanding so many misfortunes, my heart remains undaunted, and I entertain better hopes for the future. My friends and my children will see happier days.—They will be free. A deep presentiment, the tranquility of my conscience, all seems to assure me it shall be so; this is what fills my breast with joy, even while every thing about me is desolation and sorrow. The wounds of my bleeding country shall be healed. After the disasters of anarchy, and of a bloody revolution, the peaceful Canadian will behold on the borders of the St. Lawrence, the revival of Liberty and happiness. Every thing

tends to that end, even the executions on the scaffold; the blood and the tears shed on the altar of liberty this day, will moisten the roots of the tree upon which will be unfurled the flag emblazoned with the two stars of Canada.

I am leaving children, whose only inheritance will be the remembrance of my misfortunes. Poor orphans! 'Tis ye that I pity! 'Tis you who are stricken by the sanguinary and despotic hand of Martial Law. You shall never know the blessing and the advantages of embracing a father in the days of rejoicing and bright holidays! When your reason will enable you to reflect, you will behold your father a man who died on the gibbet, for actions that have immortalized other men, more fortunate than himself. Your father's crime is in failure. Had success followed his attempts, his actions had been respected and honored. Crime alone, and not the scaffold reflects shame and dishonor. Men of far superior merit have preceded me in the dismal career, who it remains for me to follow from my obscure dungeon to the scaffold. Poor children, you shall then have for support but a disconsolate, tender and affectionate mother; and if my death and my sacrifices should reduce you to poverty, ask sometimes in my name, for the bread of life. I was not wont to be callous to the misfortunes of others.

As to you, my compatriots—may my execution and that of my brethren in misfortune be useful to you. I have but a few hours to live, and have wished to divide my time between my religious duties and the duty I owe to my countrymen; for them do I die on the gibbet, the infamous death of the murderer; for them do I separate from my young children, and from my beloved wife, who had but my industry for their support; for them do I die exclaiming—*Long live Liberty! Long live Independence!*

(Signed)
CHEVALIER DE LORIMIER.

COMMUNICATIONS.

MR. GROGAN'S LETTER.

We purposed saying something further this week in relation to the arrest of James W. Grogan, but he has himself more than anticipated everything we could have said on the subject, in the following letter:

TO THE CITIZENS OF VERMONT.

Fellow Republicans, you have most of you seen a letter written by me to the Hon. Heman Lowry, Daniel Kellogg and Elijah Paine, in which I pledged my honor, provided they would put me to no trouble or expense, to appear at Windsor on the 21st. of the present month; and abide my trial; had matters and things on their part been conducted as I had every reason to expect they would be, I should have most scrupulously and willingly redeemed my pledge. But after having been arrested and treated like a highwayman or a midnight assassin; by men who came directly from, and who had been closeted for some time previous to my arrest with my enemies in Canada, and in the very neighborhood from which myself, wife and eleven small children had been driven, and among the very Tories who first plundered and robbed us of all we had on earth, and then forced us out,—after all this I consider myself entirely exonerated and released from that engagement. Not that I fear an impartial trial, that is exactly the thing I want; and could I be assured of that I would appear in Windsor immediately. I would by no means be understood even to insinuate, that it would be possible for a Jury chosen from the freemen of Vermont, from the hard handed yeomanry of the land, to render a partial verdict: no they would most certainly decide like honorable men, according to the evidence given them in court. But mark my words, there is something unusual in this affair. Her Majesty's officers are daily suborning witnesses for the purpose of swearing against me and the unfortunate but innocent West. Some are hired, others are informed that unless they proceed, to Windsor and swear so and so, they will immediately be imprisoned. Yes British gold and British dungeons are used for the purpose of suborning witnesses. And in addition to all that, and what is more surprising still, is the fact that subpoenas are issued to which are attached the names of the President of the U. States, the Hon. Roger B. Taney, C. Justice, and Jesse Gove clerk, and these same subpoenas have been placed in the hands of the Montreal Police Officers, and those officers have come into the U. S., and served them. And what is still more sickening to every man of republican feeling, and that which I am sensible will chill the blood in the veins of every true hearted American—is the fact, that in connexion with, and on the same piece of paper on which the subpoena is written, will be found the following:—*I have to inform you that your ex-*

poses to Windsor and back will be paid by Her Majesty's Government, and that some one will call on you about the 16th or 17th. and accompany you to Windsor.

Much, fellow Republicans, has been said about British gold and British influence in the United States. Can you be induced to believe that your government will secretly combine and confederate with the British to persecute, harass and oppress the unfortunate Canadian refugee who for the high crime of thinking for himself, for speaking as your fathers spoke, has been driven among you, and who asks no more than a resting place, a home where he may enjoy the birth-right of man? Lives there in this Republic an old fashioned patriot of Bunker's Hill and Bennington? What would he have said, when he heard of the horrid butchery of American Citizens, of the cursed outrage upon his country's flag at Schlosser: had it at that time been whispered in his ear, that before 18 months should elapse the officials (not the people) of the U. S. would enter into partnership with the blood thirsty Colborne for the purpose of persecuting an unfortunate individual, who once possessed sufficient of this world's goods to defend himself and his cause in Windsor, against all the wicked machinations of the British Government, but who is now reduced almost to beggary. Would not the grey headed patriot at that time have turned from such information with disgust? Yet this is a fact; and a fact that will be proved to every honest man who will open his eyes and read. And belittling and humiliating as it may be, I fear it is all for the wretched and vain purpose of appeasing the wrath of the "hungry British lioness." I am persuaded that the liberty loving citizens of Vermont, when they shall have candidly examined the subject and ascertained that the above is a fact, will all as one, cry out in the language of one of old, "Oh that my head were waters and mine eyes a fountain of tears" that I might weep over the waning and departing Liberties for which my father fought on Bunker's Hill and Bennington. But when they come to know as I do, that this is a partnership affair; that the U. States on their part furnish the prosecuting Attorney, the Marshal, the Judge, the Court House and the Prison, and that Her Majesty furnishes the witnesses and the money, & compels them to swear as she wishes, will they expect me to deliver myself up under such circumstances? and that too, after the conditions of my engagement have been forfeited? Why and for what purpose was this combination formed? There is something so GLARING in its very appearance that I could not be induced to believe it, did I not hold in my hand while writing this letter a copy of the original Subpoena, in the hand writing of the very Police officer who came into the State for the purpose of serving it.

Am I a highwayman? a robber? or a midnight assassin? and is it for this that the two Governments have secretly combined and hunted me? No, fellow Republicans! I am charged with no such crime. Why then, and from whence arises this anxiety and vigilance? The conduct of the British government I can account for, but must leave that of the U.S. for abler hands, for with me I acknowledge it is wholly unaccountable and was totally unexpected. Are the departed spirits of the immortal signers of the Declaration of Independence and the defenders of those principles, permitted to look from their seats in Heaven upon the conduct, and into the hearts of the men who administer the government for which they fought and died? If so they have already discovered the secret of this affair and mourned over the unhappy State to which the American Republic at this rate is fast approaching. The blood thirsty Colborne has every reason on his part to be desperate in this affair: he did not look before he took his leap, he drove me from my home, before I was charged with the commission of any thing worthy of arrest or punishment, even under his military despotism. He well knew that I was in favor of a Republican form of Government; and that I was taught from my cradle to revere Republican institutions. 'Twas for this, (& while I was demanding my arrest and trial, if they had aught against me,) that I was driven at the point of the bayonet to the U. States, and told by the Lieutenant who commanded the company that drove me, that "if I return to Her Majesty's Dominions I was a mark to be shot at."

Not content with this, the Tories of Canada immediately after I left, waged war against my defenceless wife and innocent children, plundered them of nearly every article of personal property which I possessed, burned down my buildings, and forced them to flee, destitute as they were into the United States for protection. And now to cap the climax, they have the consummate impudence and effrontery to follow me to the United States, and ask the Sons of Liberty to put me in duress: to harass and oppress me. By furnishing the necessary evidence and paying the expense, they hope to drive me from the frontier; to banish me from the sight of my property; expecting, no doubt, that under such circumstances I shall FORGET MY WRONGS and INJURIES.

Again I ask, is it wondered why I do not deliver myself up? If your Government will enter into the conspiracy already exposed, will they not go further? would they not deliver me up to the bloody Colborne if he would pay the expense? The military despot who "lords it" over the Canadians; who has doomed many of them to drag out a miserable existence in exile; who has spilled the best blood of Canada: who has not only murdered husbands and fathers, but burned their dwellings and plundered their widows and orphans of all the comforts of life, and then turned them destitute and wretched upon the mercies of the public; now fears that the day is not far distant when they will have a lawful opportunity of avenging the blood of their murdered brothers, and of redressing their grievances. This explains the reason, of his suborning witnesses to swear against us. I very much mistake the spirit of the American people, if they could under these circumstances advise me to deliver myself up. All I have to say respecting my trial is simply this.—When I can be tried for a breach of the Laws of the United States; when I can be tried by the United States, separate and apart from the British government; then I will cheerfully come forward. But while Her Majesty pays the expense, and so long as witnesses are hired suborned and forced through fear of the dungeon, Van Dieman's land and the gallows, so long I cannot consider it my duty.

To the generous and patriotic citizens of Vermont I am under many—very many obligations, for the timely assistance they have rendered my suffering family in their destitute situation, and I embrace the present opportunity in behalf of my wife and family to render our sincere thanks to those of my acquaintance as well as to those with whom I am unacquainted, for the liberal assistance they have rendered us, and for the interest they have taken in our welfare, and I assure them, that the hospitality which we have received, and the kindness with which we have been treated will never be forgotten. I hope and believe, that the time is not far distant when I shall not only be able in part to repay them, but also to invite them, together with my at present oppressed fellow Canadians, round my once comfortable home on Caldwell's Manor, for the purpose of celebrating the birth day of Canadian INDEPENDENCE.

J. W. GROGAN.
For the North American.
Disgraceful!

The following important document should be looked upon by every American citizen, as indicative of a policy, which if continued, will finally lead to the most dangerous consequences.

SIR,—I am directed to notify you that your presence will be required as a witness in the case of James Grogan and others, and do accordingly leave you a copy of the Subpoena.

[COPY.]
UNITED STATES, }
VERMONT DISTRICT, } The President
of the United States to
—of Beach Ridge, in the
Province of Lower Canada,
Greeting:
By the authority of the United States, you are hereby commanded that laying aside all business and excuse, you and every of you personally be and appear before the circuit court

of the second circuit of the United States, to be holden at Windsor, in the said District, on the 21st day of May next, to testify all and singular what you or either of you know in a prosecution now pending before said court, in favor of the United States, against Geo. Stanton West, James Grogan, and others; and this you and each of you are by no means to omit, under penalty of the law in such case made and provided.

Witness the Hon. Roger B. Taney, Chief Justice of the Supreme court of the United States at Windsor aforesaid, this 29th day of April, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and thirty nine, and of the independence of the United States, the sixty third.

(Signed) JESSE GOVE, CLK.
I have to inform you that your expenses to Windsor and back, will be paid by Her Majesty's Government, & that some person will call on you about the 16th or 17th inst. to accompany you to Windsor.
(Signed) WM. BROWNE, M. P.

May 6th, 1839.

The foregoing is a true copy of the original paper in the handwriting of William Browne, of the Montreal Police.

American citizens! after the perusal of the foregoing Subpoena, and the accompanying remarks of the Montreal Police Officer, are you not astonished? In the name of the departed WASHINGTON, has our government become so pennyless, mean, and degenerate, as to supplicate that hangman—Colborne, & his bloody and despotic government to furnish money to prosecute offenders against the laws of the United States!!! Is there any precedent for such humiliating and outrageous proceedings? It is believed there is none. It is unheard of in the old or new world. Goths and Vandals would look upon such base proceedings with indignation and contempt.

Is there any present necessity for calling on a foreign government to enforce the due observance and execution of our laws? Will the American people submit to this? No! never!! Why should Her Majesty's government be so anxious, respecting the violation of the laws of the United States? Did she exert herself to bring that Murderer McNab and his ruffian associates to justice? Why this great distress of the British Government to intrude itself into our affairs at the present time? 'There is something rotten in Denmark.' It is a well known fact, that the Government officers in Canada have of late been in the constant practice of dealing out money without measure, to induce witnesses to commit perjury, against the unfortunate Canadians, who have been tried before the drunken, brutal blood thirsty Court Martial of Montreal, and by means of such perjury THE SCAFFOLD HAS BEEN STAINED with INNOCENT BLOOD: Yes the lives of innocent men have been offered up as a sacrifice to "cold blooded tyranny and oppression." And Montreal has been the awful theatre of human slaughter, from the sight of which weeping humanity has turned with disgust. Not satisfied with this bloody drama, the Tories of Canada are now endeavoring to force upon our Courts and Juries a horde of their vile and perjured desperadoes to swear away the liberties of men in the free Republic of the United States.

Will our Courts and Jurors be made the dupes of such machinations? will they suffer themselves to be the plant instruments of oppression in the hands of the minions of despotism!! Before they submit to such degradation they would do well to recall to their minds the scenes of our own revolution, and show to the world that at least our Courts and Jurors look upon such infamous attempts with no other feelings than scorn, contempt, and indignation. Can an honest Jury of Vermont