

**"THE LOYALISTS: LIES, LEGENDS, AND LEVITY": A SPEECH
PRESENTED TO THE 240TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE FOUNDING
OF CORNWALL BY THE U.E. LOYALISTS IN JUNE, 1784
By Murray Barkley**

Ladies and Gentlemen, Good afternoon:

My address this afternoon is entitled "The Loyalists: Lies, Legends, and Levity". A word of explanation: "Lies" in the title refers to most American writings on the Loyalists in the years following the Revolution and throughout most of the 19th century; "Legends" to our own fondly cherished traditions from the same era! (We make no attempt at impartiality!). The third element in the title, "Levity" arose, from a modern perspective, from the conflict between the first two, although the very idea of humour may seem to some of you a bit out of step with the Loyalist movement. After all, the Loyalist experience is generally accepted -- especially in Loyalist circles -- to have been a tale of unremitting woe -- of persecution by their Patriot foes; suffering under their tyranny; culminating in a bloody struggle against the rebels, followed by the loneliness of exile, and the deprivations of the northern wilderness. Let's just look, for example, at a few of the *titles* of books on Loyalist history: *The Ordeal of Thomas Hutchinson*; *The Price of Loyalty*; *1777: The Year of the Hangman*; *Bloody Mohawk*; *With Nothing but Our Courage*; *Flight*; *The Hungry Year*; *The Perilous Year*; *Escape: The Adventures of a Loyalist Family*; *Liberty's Exiles*; *While the Women Only Wept: Loyalist Refugee Women in Eastern Ontario*; *This Unfriendly Soil*. [Italics mine] Not a lot of laughs, it would appear, in these weighty tomes!

Not only that: The eminent New England historian Lorenzo Sabine, writing in 1847, wistfully mused that the Loyalists of the American Revolution had been all but forgotten by their fellow Americans. Of their principles, sufferings, and respective fates virtually nothing was then known in the United States. The reason, reflected the pioneer Loyalist biographer, was not difficult to discern. For, he observed, "*Men, like the Loyalists who are driven from their homes, who surrender the hopes and*

expectations of life, and who become wanderers, and exiles, -- such men, leave few memorials behind them. Their papers are scattered and lost, and their very names pass from human recollection."

Writing a little more than *a century later*, another distinguished American historian, also sympathetic to the Loyalist cause, Professor William H. Nelson, would similarly note: "The Loyalists of the American Revolution suffered a most abject kind of fate, losing not only their argument, their war, and their place in American society, but even their proper place in history". This complaint, that the Loyalists had not only suffered persecution and exile, but had been as well either consigned to oblivion or unfairly vilified has echoed down the years. In Upper Canada, redemption was to come through the colony's glorious self-defence and victory against formidable odds in 1812, far easier to resuscitate than the defeat and exile of 1783. In the Maritimes, and in particular in New Brunswick, redemption of the Loyalists' "lost cause" was also a matter of building up strong, loyal, and prosperous colonies of Great Britain, but here the struggle was primarily against nature, in transforming the wilderness of defeat into the garden of victory, and making "the desert blossom as a rose". And yet, even in the face of the increasing affluence of the mid-1800s, one finds the themes of persecution, suffering, hardship, and resentment from the Loyalists themselves continuing in pre-Confederation Canada West, as the aging Loyalist second generation reminisced about early privations, doubtless relying upon "fireside tales" handed down from their elders. The growing prosperity, the product of their labours, was mentioned in the Loyalist Narratives only with an accompanying distaste for its beneficiaries. The fear was that their descendants had lost sight of the Loyalist achievement in the scramble for wealth and no longer emulated their virtues nor appreciated their sacrifices. This anxiety over the effects of materialism upon the rising generation -- forgetfulness and an immersion in the material delights of the present -- lay at the root of the Loyalist revival in the immediate pre-Confederation era. This final cultural threat to the Loyalist cause -- that their deeds and sacrifices would be forgotten -- was clearly expressed by Captain Thomas Gummersall Anderson, the son of Captain Samuel Anderson of Cornwall:

Thus, we may say, that the first generation born in Upper Canada were without book learning, but they labored like slaves to render their children more fortunate. The result is, that we see the young of the present day wallowing in wealth, yes, the hard-earned wealth of their forefathers, and have become such lumps of stalking pride and arrogance, that to remind them of old times, when their fathers gained an honest livelihood by holding the plough, and their mothers by household economy assisted in providing property for their offspring, is to bring upon your head every evil their weak minds can invent or command.

And Susan Burnham Greeley added her fervent hope that, with the coming of steam vessels, canals, bridges, the telegraph, and the railroad,

May the memory of the U.E. Loyalists ever be cherished and may their descendants, not fascinated by the flashy brilliance of southern civilization nor by the allurements of selfish ambition, never stain their annals with records of crime and cruelty.... May they still cherish ... and imitate the example of their forefathers, whose heroic self- denial, and steadfast adherence to loyalty and integrity won for them such a happy home and such a lovely country which is the envy and admiration of the world.

But if Canadian Loyalist descendants and historians were concerned about the failings of the younger generation, they were absolutely catatonic about what Gilbert Auchinleck termed the "Yankee blustering and buncombe" flowing forth from the neighbouring republic. Persecution, argued Lorenzo Sabine, made half of the king's friends. And nothing in the nineteenth century was looked upon by Loyalist descendants with more distaste and abhorrence than what they perceived -- quite rightly -- as the continuing persecution and vilification of their ancestors in the patriotic orations and chauvinistic histories cranked out by American nationalists in the century following the Revolution. They were righteously indignant at the rabid partisanship and blatant falsehoods that permeated American histories and school texts, and feared their pernicious effects upon the youth of Canada. The hero-worship that passed as history in the neighbouring republic for most of the nineteenth century was meant to serve the interests of a developing American nationalism. It was not the Revolution itself so much as the use of its image that was meant to create a unified national experience for Americans. And one can be certain that a good story, if told well enough and often enough, will almost always trump the truth! American Whig nationalist historiography, epitomized by the writings of George Bancroft and designed to instill American patriotic values, ironically contributed, through reaction against it, to a parallel determination on the part of Canadians to inculcate our own traditions. Loyalist partisans quite naturally leapt to the defence and vindication of their noble ancestors. One Loyalist champion in Saint John, New Brunswick, broke into verse in this noble cause during the Oregon Crisis in 1846:

New Brunswick was th'adopted home / Of many a British Brave,
Who had his choice to leave his all / Or turn a Rebel Knave.
But they forsook his happy home, / They left his fertile land.
They landed on a rocky shore / But on a British strand.

Shame, shame to thou who did rebel / Against their lawful King,
And thus upon their Milder friends / Destruction sought to bring;
Ah! let them boast that they possess / Great liberty indeed,
But let them know New Brunswickers / Can see as well as read.

Talk not of Liberty my friends, / Judge Lynch your country rules,
And is the Bible not expell'd / From all your common schools?
And do ye not the basest deeds / And bring yourselves disgrace,
Enough to make an honest man / Asham'd to show his face?

In responding to American bias and misrepresentation, Loyalist enthusiasts, while maintaining the conviction of advancing the cause of truth and justice in replying to their traducers, likewise served the interests of national historiography by ironically forming a Canadian equivalent to the growing American movement to exalt the country's founding fathers. And following the American lead by reacting against their hyperbole, frequently led those of the Loyalist persuasion to make their own exaggerated claims in response.

For example, to give a somewhat extreme example, in 1867, Dr. William Canniff, the Chief Medical Officer of the City of Toronto and first historian of this province, in his manual on the "Principles of Surgery" could not restrain himself, in the middle of a discussion of "Scrofulous Inflammation", from praising the superiority of the Loyalists and their descendants to Americans "in physical development, in mental capabilities, in slight mortality among the children, in length of life, in powers of endurance, not to say in bravery and patriotism". Exactly one century later, in Centennial year Dr. Morton Shulman, the Chief Coroner of Metropolitan Toronto, was told by a very prominent psychiatric officer in the city that "there were 40,000 psychotic persons at large in Toronto alone". "Most of them are harmless" he reassured Shulman. "It was his theory that the unusually high proportion of mental illness in southern Ontario was the result of the excessive inbreeding that took place among the United Empire Loyalists". Certainly a lot had changed during the intervening century! But the term may have a more practical application: one 19th century writer swore that the surest test for inebriation was the subject's inability to pronounce the words "United Empire Loyalist"! And that great Canadian cartoonist of the late 19th century, J.W. Bengough, portrayed a young couple sitting on a park bench in the Victorian moonlight discussing, of course, the philosophical questions of the age. They came to social Darwinism, and the young lady inquires of her gentleman friend (all of course in

rhyiming couplets) "And do you with Darwin believe that man is descended from the apes?" And he replies (to the effect) "Well, my dear, you may be, but as for me, I am of Loyalist descent!" Indeed, in light of many of the excessive claims made on behalf of the Loyalists by their descendants and enthusiasts between Confederation and the First World War, one could almost echo the sentiments of Goldwin Smith, writing as "The Bystander" in Grip, "O, U.E. Loyalist Rooster proud/ Why thus our slumber break/ Victorious bird, crow not so loud,/ Or History will awake!"

I'm not sure what the ever-skeptical Smith would have said to the Rosedale matron who, attributing supernatural powers to her Loyalist ancestor, assured me that the War of 1812 medals won by her great-grandfather, Sheriff William Jarvis, had materialized at breakfast one morning in her sugar bowl, as she was enjoying her first cup of coffee! Or to the ladies Pilar and I met while researching our Barkley Loyalist forebears in Schoharie, who assured us "They want you to find them, you know!" To be fair, and I'm sure this has happened to many of us in our genealogical pursuits, the instances of blind luck and coincidence that one runs across, certainly make it seem that way. To give one example, at Salem-Old Hellers Cemetery in Lancaster, Pennsylvania (which is huge), Pilar made a beeline to the tombstone of Johannes Jost Schwab, the father-in-law of Rev. Samuel Schwerdtfeger: The Lutheran Pastor was watching and was almost speechless! Hank Jones, in his two volumes on Psychic Roots: Serendipity and Intuition in Genealogy furnishes numerous convincing instances of help, seemingly from the beyond. But for every fortuitous find, perhaps there are as many near misses, and we just don't know because we missed the connection.

As I mentioned, many Loyalist descendants were lured into ancestor-worship by both the neglect and misrepresentation of their forebears in the neighbouring republic throughout the 19th century. But many of these claims made by Loyalist enthusiasts are not that extravagant when examined in the context of the on-going debate over the American Revolution during that era. As American patriotic orators and historians during the 19th and much of the 20th century tried to outdo each other in boastful claims on behalf of their illustrious founding fathers, and in vilifying the British and Loyalists, there emerged in their accounts two stereotypes of their "Tory" foes. The first of these, the "aristocratic Tories", lived in palatial mansions and rode around in fine carriages -- sort of a cross between Scarlett O'Hara and the Marquis St-Evremonde. This was a transparent attempt to make the Revolution a class struggle -- forgetting that for every DeLancey there was a Livingston, and that

Washington and Jefferson hardly lived in log cabins, as did so many of our ancestors in the Mohawk and Schoharie. One sees this stereotype of a Tory elite persisting in popular 20th-century portrayals, such as Walt Disney's "Swamp Fox" and Mel Gibson's "The Patriot" -- neither bearing the slightest resemblance to historical accuracy!

The second stereotype of the Loyalists prevalent in the neighbouring republic was that of "Tories and Indians", villains who skulked around the frontier settlements waiting for a chance to massacre their inhabitants. Perhaps the best (or worst) example of this in American popular culture occurs in the movie "Drums Along the Mohawk", where a nasty Tory villain, complete with eyepatch, eavesdrops on Patriot newlyweds, played by Henry Fonda and Claudette Colbert, at an inn, and is next seen lurking in the tall grass with savage Indians, preparing to massacre and burn the settlement. [It was little comfort to me to learn, upon reading Walter Edmonds's novel of the same name, that his name was "Suffrenus Casselman", my 3rd Greatgrandfather, who had been accused by the rebels, following the Battle of Oriskany, of killing Sergeant John Ritter in hand-to-hand combat (which he did) and of drinking his blood (which he didn't).] Suffrenus Casselman, like John Walden Meyers and Justus Sherwood, in reality, conducted many hazardous scouts into enemy territory. Wyoming was a rebel defeat but hardly a massacre; at Cherry Valley about thirty rebel non-combatants were killed by the Senecas, but all reliable evidence shows that Joseph Brant and Walter Butler attempted to end the slaughter, with some success. On the other hand, Major-General John Sullivan's Raid into the lands of the Six Nations in 1779 was on such a scale and so devastating that the 20th-century term "genocide" comes immediately to mind. The Loyalists had no equivalent to the copper mines of Newgate, Connecticut, a place of cruelty and suffering referred to by its loyal prisoners of war as "Hell". In summary, just one example of Patriot "justice" (and *not* Major John André): David Redding was a member of the Queen's Loyal Rangers who was hung in Bennington in 1778 as a Loyalist spy and traitor. There was just one problem: He had been tried twice for the same offence, which was illegal. The local cemetery refused to bury him, and his bones were stored in a Doctor's closet and later used in a local school to teach anatomy. Eventually they were given to the Bennington Museum where, near Grandma Moses' schoolhouse, they were put on display in a glass case! There they remained until 1981 when, after considerable urging and shaming by the UELAC, they were finally laid to rest (In fact, near those of Robert Frost!).

The only solution to this ongoing feuding and refighting of the Revolution should have been obvious from the start: objective, impartial historical research. John Adams, the high-minded Patriot, Revolutionary leader, and second President of the United States, wrote that the real American Revolution had occurred "in the hearts and minds of the people" during the decade before a drop of blood was shed at Lexington. It was carried on from pulpit and podium, with pen and press and pamphlet, by prominent Patriots of the calibre of Tom Paine, Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, and James Otis. Against them were arrayed a host of worthy, if today largely forgotten, adversaries of the Loyalist persuasion, including Pennsylvanian Joseph Galloway, who advocated the British Commonwealth a century and a half too soon; the Rev. Jonathan Boucher, who preached the Divine Right of Kings from his Virginia pulpit with a brace of pistols at the ready; the Tory wit the Reverend Mather Byles [grandson of Increase Mather and nephew of Cotton Mather, best known for his adage "*Which is better -- to be ruled by one tyrant three thousand miles away or by three thousand tyrants one mile away?*"]; the high-minded Governor Thomas Hutchinson of Massachusetts; Justices Jonathan Sewall and William Smith; Reverends Charles Inglis and Thomas Bradbury Chandler; Daniel Dulane and Myles Cooper and Samuel Seabury. The Loyalist cause had been championed by this nobility of intellect, not social status, as its adherents had come from all levels of society. While there is no doubt that the Loyalists included their share of the refined, the educated, the affluent, and the prominent, the vast majority had been farmers and small tradesmen. Indeed in early New Brunswick only 8% could sign their name, and yet all had been united in a common loyalty to their royal allegiance.

The second truth about the Loyalists is found in the nature of the conflict. The American Revolution was, in its essence, a civil war and became even more so following French intervention after Saratoga. At one point during the conflict there were 31,000 Loyalists* in arms in 78 Loyalist Regiments -- more loyal Americans fighting against the Revolution than there were Americans fighting on its behalf under Washington. [*There is an asterisk here, because one must be a bit careful with these figures: when decimated British regiments were reduced, especially in the South, some of their troops were frequently reassigned to bring Provincial Corps up to strength.] Nonetheless, the Loyalist corps showed a bravery and determination that frequently put their rebel foes to shame. Brigadier-General Cortlandt Skinner of the New Jersey Volunteers hid beneath his wife's hoopskirt while the rebels looted his house, searching (almost) everywhere for him. Captain William Caldwell of Butler's

Rangers decisively defeated none other than Daniel Boone at the Battle of the Blue Licks in Kentucky in August, 1782. The "Raiders of the Mohawk", Butler's Rangers, the Royal Yorkers, the Six Nations, traversed hundreds of miles of wilderness in all conditions to disrupt the breadbasket of the Continental Army and very nearly succeeded. If the British commanders had shown such determined enthusiasm, the Revolution might have had a far different outcome.

The third truth about the Loyalists was not only that they came from all ranks of society but that they were more likely to be ethnically diverse than their Patriot foes. Many became Loyalists because they feared the tyranny of the Yankee majority. The Loyalist migration to Canada was almost without parallel in terms of its ethnic diversity. Upwards of 30 different ethnic groups were represented: German Palatines, Scottish Highlanders, the Dutch, French Huguenots, the Six Nations Indians, thousands of Black Loyalists, Irish, Welsh, Swedish, Spanish, Swiss, Hungarian, and Danish Loyalists. In many respects, their ethnic pluralism and the multicultural society they created anew under the aegis of the British Crown in the northern wilderness is but a microcosm of the pluralistic society which we as Canadians cherish today. And we can certainly see this in S.D. & G. especially -- Casselman, Chrysler, Ault, Hough, Shaver, Schneider, Barkley, Markell, Merkley, Hess, Marselis, Whittaker, Eamer and at least 100 more family names.

And a fourth truth about the Loyalists was that their persecution by the Patriots was cruel and vicious; their loss of their homes and deprivation of their lands was real; and their exile in the northern wilds, because of their loyalty and their choice, was in many cases a bitter burden. But the Loyalists and their children persisted and gained some measure of revenge in 1812, when the Americans failed in their stated objective to capture Canada. Much of the fighting was done by British regulars (at least those that Prevost hadn't hoarded in Lower Canada), but they had significant help from the embodied and local militia, especially in this area, and it is doubtful if they could have held the province had Upper Canadians been disaffected or even neutral. But the *Loyalist influence upon Canadian history* did not end with the Treaty of Ghent in 1815: *it was just beginning!* Loyalist descendants have achieved prominence in virtually every area of Canadian and international life. In 1803, Massachusetts Loyalist and Chief Justice of Lower Canada Jonathan Sewall abolished slavery in all of British North America -- 30 years before Britain and the rest of the Empire and 60 years before the neighbouring republic, *where all men were created equal*, had fought a bloody and divisive war over the issue. In

Upper Canada, Loyalist descendants of renown included Chief Justice John Beverley Robinson, an early advocate of Confederation; his brother Peter Robinson, founder of Peterborough; Robert Hamilton, after whom the city of Hamilton was named; Sir Allan McNab of Dundurn, and his 3rd great-granddaughter, Queen Consort Camilla; Barbara Heck, founder of Canadian Methodism; William Hamilton Merritt, builder of the Welland Canal; Major-General Sir Roger Hale Sheaffe, the true victor of Queenston Heights, the son of a Boston Loyalist; Rev. John Bethune, Chaplain of the Royal Highland Emigrants (and his great-grandson Dr. Norman Bethune); and Egerton Ryerson, founder of the Ontario School System, leading Canadian Methodist, and Loyalist historian.

Loyalist descendants have figured prominently in education: Sir George Parkin, founder of the Rhodes Scholarships; Harold Innis, Canada's greatest economic historian and communications theorist (the mentor of both Donald Creighton and Marshall McLuhan); and Northrop Frye, the world renowned literary critic. Fathers of Confederation such as Charles Fisher and Sir Leonard Tilley; Prime Ministers from Sir Charles Tupper to Pierre Elliott and Justin Trudeau; Joseph Howe, father of responsible government and the freedom of the press in Canada; and the Rev. J.S. Woodsworth, the father of Canadian democratic socialism. Explorers from Simon Fraser to Dr. Joseph Burr Tyrrell, geologist and Canadian Arctic explorer; entrepreneurs from Sir Samuel Cunard, founder of the great ocean steamship line, to Kenneth, Lord Thompson of Fleet; inventors from Allen McIntosh, developer of the McIntosh apple and Loyalist son on the side of his mother, Hannah Doran, to Abraham Gesner, inventor of kerosene; and scientists all the way to J. Tuzo Wilson, the originator of tectonics and the continental drift theory. Folk heroes from Joseph Brant and the original Flora Macdonald, through Tom Longboat, the fabled Six Nations marathoner, and Jay Silverheels (Tonto on the Lone Ranger series), to Dr. Mahlon Locke of Williamsburg, the renowned foot specialist (his mother was Abigail Barkley). Artists of the calibre of Bostonian Loyalist John Singleton Copley and Lawren Harris, of the Group of Seven, to novelists and writers from through William Kirby and Charles G.D. Roberts, to Robertson Davies and Pierre Berton. And lest we forget, a few famous Americans -- Thomas Alva Edison, U.E., inventor of the electric light, the phonograph, and motion pictures; Charles Lindbergh, U.E.; and Walter Percy Chrysler, U.E., founder of Chrysler Motors, builder of the Chrysler Building in New York, and a fifth cousin of my mother (through the Casselmans!). And a fifth cousin of mine and another direct descendant of the Rev. Samuel Schwerdtfeger, Jane Fonda, U.E., whose mother and

grandmother were both born in eastern Ontario. Maybe the Loyalists, through their descendants, did have the last laugh!

Well, so much for setting the record straight on "lies and legends" -- "levity" was to be found in the ways the Loyalists were commemorated through the years. The largest annual Loyalist celebrations throughout the 19th century consistently took place in Saint John, New Brunswick. They featured the firing of salutes and the marching of firemen's bands. Perhaps the most memorable of these occurred on Loyalist Day, May 18, 1870, when, following a twenty-one gun salute from Fort Howe, Sergeant James Napier was run over by a stray cannon. Simultaneously, a number of houses below Fort Howe caught fire, ignited by the discharge of the salute, posing a major problem for their inhabitants, since the firemen and engines were taking part in the Loyalist Day parade. On Loyalist Day, May 18th, in the centennial year, 1883, upwards of 40,000 participants gathered for the celebrations in Saint John, as compared to a grand total of fewer than 4,000 in Adolphustown, Toronto, and Niagara the following year for the Ontario Loyalist Centennial celebrations.

Loyalist Day, 1883, in Saint John began with a re-enactment of "the Landing of the Loyalists". It seems to have turned into a "farical burlesque", as one observer remarked, in that the participants did not assume a "stern and grave aspect". A parade up King Street followed, composed of Polymorphians, in period costumes, the "H.M.S. Union", representing the Loyalists' arrival, a log house, symbolizing the wilderness experience, a regiment representing the "Old 104th", sixty knights in armour carrying spears, and finally the "Loyalists", who had been received by a sixty-gun salute. The Rev. Canon Brigstocke compared the day to Israel's delivery from Egypt. A Fireman's parade was held in the evening. It had been intended to have a gigantic fireworks display on King's Square, but a spark fell into the uncovered box, and the entire display went up immediately, "to the disappointment of thousands who expected to witness a brilliant pyrotechnic display."

Newspaper reactions to the Loyalist Centennial were overwhelmingly sympathetic to the Loyalist cause. The one dissenting voice was raised by John Ellis' Saint John Globe. Regarding the Fireman's Parade, Ellis remarked that New Brunswickers were indebted more to the descendants of the rebellious colonists than to the Loyalists:

Yankee rockets rushed Heaven-ward to declare the joy that our forefathers did not become Yankees.... how much that we had on Friday to honor the Loyalists was not due to the genius of the Loyalists, but to the people whom they left.... Almost all that we have that is most worthy

of our people comes to us through the reaction upon us of the United States, through what we learn by observation of, and contact with, that people. The gallant Captain Kerr, beneath his Yankee helmet, behind his Yankee fire engine, his breast adorned with a Yankee badge -- of what was he the representative? The question needs no answer.

One can only guess at John Ellis' reaction had he been around to witness the 1976 Saint John Loyalist Days Parade, led by Colonel Harland Sanders (of Kentucky Fried Chicken fame)!

This celebration of the Loyalists has continued down to the present in innumerable works of literature: novels, epic poems, and children's fiction, dedicated to extolling their adventures. These include many by well known Canadian authors, from William Kirby to Ralph Connor, and more recently by Robertson Davies, but there are also quite a few written by British and American literary giants: John Wesley wrote a hymn on the Loyalists and Charles Dickens penned a fascinating prose essay on the Loyalist exiles in England. American literary works on the Loyalists include Nathaniel Hawthorne's haunting, almost Kafkaesque tale "My Kinsman, Major Molineux", James Fenimore Cooper's The Spy, and Kenneth Robert's Oliver Wiswell. More recently, there have appeared some more esoteric Loyalist novels: P.N. Elrod's Red Death, the adventures of a gentleman vampire Loyalist!; S.M. Stirling's Under the Yoke, sort of an alternate world history, where Canada does not exist and the Loyalists flee to South Africa!; not to mention several Loyalist "bodice rippers"! [e.g. -- Tory Mistress: She Used Men as Stepping Stones to Fame]

Finally, one more Loyalist offspring -- Canada's maple leaf emblem. While the maple leaf had from earliest times been associated with this land, its official ceremonial origins as Canada's national emblem date from the visit of the Prince of Wales to Toronto in September, 1860. A large parade of patriotic societies was planned. The English wore the rose; the Scottish, a Scotch thistle; and the Irish, a shamrock. The "Native Canadians", or Loyalist descendants, coming from a multitude of ethnic and linguistic backgrounds, could not agree upon a suitable emblem until the Hon. James Morris, suggested the Maple Leaf. Thus it was that "our emblem dear" was born, enshrined today on Canada's flag -- originally a Loyalist symbol. In conclusion, a century and a quarter ago, William Canniff remarked that "No people, no nation can be truly great who do not cherish and revere the memories of their forefathers and carefully preserve the ... chronicle of their lives and doings, especially when those forefathers laid the foundation of a rich and prosperous nation."