

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE BRITISH FLAG.—We have received a *surge* of nonsense, the dull emanation from the watery brain of some witless fool, bearing the signature of a "FRIEND TO NO ABUSE." We cannot positively tell whence it comes, but have reason to believe that it proceeds either from the Crown Lands Office or from Government House—certainly from one or the other. No doubt this effusion of supposed wit has been considered much too piquant by the writer to be kept to himself; therefore his friends will judge of his spirit by the course he pursues, when we calmly, deliberately, and premeditatedly hurl the foul lie back into his throat for daring to insinuate a doubt of our attachment to the British Flag—not such a rag as floats over Government House, a monument of disgrace to the country, and which is the laughing stock, not only of every American visitor, but of the people of Montreal themselves—but one worthy of the Empire, and at which one of the subjects of that Empire need not blush. We tell this abject reptile—this fawning toady, whoever he be—that we have fought and bled under the British Flag, when he was a thing our very dog would not have presumed to associate with, under pain of incurring our displeasure, and being spurned from our presence. Will this draw the fellow out?

J. CAMERON, Esq., Toronto, has returned to us, through the Post Office, the 17th number of the WEEKLY EXPOSITOR, and that we presume in consequence of our having stated that we should publish the names of those parties who, in failing to pay their subscriptions, inflict a wrong not only upon the paper, but upon those who have, in a proper spirit, complied with its terms. The idea of returning the 17th number of a paper (all previous numbers having been kept) when asked to pay for it is rich indeed. We really do not know which most to admire, the coolness of the thing, or its utter absence of all conventional decency. We believe we form no exception in the cavalier manner in which the press generally is treated in this country, but we will at least form an exception in the manner in which we shall resent such contemptible conduct in men who affect to call themselves gentlemen. We need scarcely observe that the Mr. Cameron, to whom we allude, is not the Solicitor-General. While on this subject, by the way, we may as well remind the highest legal official in the country, who has been written some half dozen times without an answer being elicited from him, that he has been indebted these two years past on a former account in the sum of ten dollars, which will be highly acceptable. The Bank of the EXPOSITOR cannot stand weekly disbursements of from five to seven pounds without corresponding deposits.

NOTICE.

All parties subscribing to this paper may be supplied with the whole of the numbers from the commencement, including the Eight Years in Canada.

THE
WEEKLY EXPOSITOR.

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, DEC. 24, 1846.

MR. CROFTON'S APPOINTMENT.

The *Cobourg Star*, in commenting on our recent strictures on this gentleman's appointment to office by Mr. Draper, distorts—either intentionally to suit his purposes, or from a misapprehension of our true meaning—the spirit in which these strictures were couched. We were far from expressing—for we certainly did not feel—regret at the nomination to office of Mr. Crofton, as far as regards himself; but we do unequivocally

denounce, as most immoral, most profligate, most wanton, and most wicked, the conduct of the leader of a Government who could so long neglect a public servant, such as the editor of the *Star* describes Mr. Crofton to be—such as that leader must have known him to have been, for the last sixteen years—yet suddenly discover, and only when the envenomed shaft is directed against himself, that his talents and his services ought to be rewarded.

Nothing, we repeat, can surpass the Tartuffeian infamy—the ignoble and dishonouring shuffling at the Head of an Administration—assumedly the chief guardians of public virtue—who, in his eagerness to ward off these blows which he is not sufficiently mailed in right and in honesty to sustain unshaken, dares to insult the public by tampering with principle, and setting an example fraught with injury, and tending to bring all government into contempt. Let the *Cobourg Star* pretend to tell us—for we will never believe, the public will never believe—that had Mr. Crofton continued sixteen years longer advocating Conservative politics, such advocacy would have brought him one step nearer to office? No, Mr. Crofton knew this well, but he had sagacity enough to perceive that while the domineering and self-satisfied Provincial statesman would continue thanklessly to avail himself of his honest support, the artful but excessively thin-skinned "dodger," as he has been happily termed, might be induced to accord to the biting lash of personal irony and scorn, when applied by a judicious hand, that which better motives never would have commanded. Had not Mr. Crofton stung to the quick the vain spirit of the man whose practice it is to blow hot and cold in the same breath—nay, stung him in a way to make him feel that a greater sting would follow the lesser, he might have continued to write for the *Cobourg Star* even to this hour: but writhing under the well-applied, the well-merited lash, Mr. Draper could endure no longer the torture that was inflicted. Moreover, he wanted a Judgeship (Heaven, preserve us from ever being tried for life under such a judge!), and it was not politic that the people of Canada should have an opportunity of seeing in all their naked deformity, the public vices that so wholly unfitted him for the bench. Hence the panacea,—hence Mr. Crofton's bribe.

We are told by the *Star*, that the letters in question were written long before Mr. Crofton left Cobourg, and that we are wrong in stating them to have been the productions of a 'clerk in a public office at Kingston.' We know that many of them were written long before any appointment took place, but will the *Cobourg Star* affirm that the later communications, signed Uncle Ben, were not written after Mr. Crofton had been employed in a public office, (the Customs,) in Kingston? If we are not greatly mistaken, this was the case. But the situation not being worth having, Uncle Ben cunningly went to work again—when,—open Sessame!—and a good fat berth

spread wide its capacious jaws, and in he jumped, and with far more adroitness than Sam Patch evinced when he took his last leap.

And so Mr. Crofton's *forte* is not politics, but statistics! Wonderful indeed that this should never have been found out before—only think, men of Canada, of a man writing politics for the Upper Province for the space of sixteen years, while his capabilities lay not in that way, but in a totally distinct line—one only recently discovered. What a waste of time; and how curious a thing, in this best possible world of ours, is coincidence—nay, this is not an affair of mere coincidence—it is one of fate. Had it not been that Mr. Crofton had been appointed a clerk in the Customs of Kingston, he never would, according to the *Star*, have had an opportunity of developing that peculiar aptitude for statistics which, after sixteen years devoted to another pursuit, has been so opportunely brought to light. How fortunate for the country—statistics will now be as much the rage as Executive dabbling in mining speculations. It is quite a new office the *Star* states, and how singular in all this chain of singular circumstances, that Mr. Cayley should have chanced to have hit, for the first time—to have been the inventor—the framer of a new office—just at the critical moment too when Mr. Draper, having no good excuse for turning any body else out of office at the present moment, required one made expressly to his hands. All this is rich, rich exquisitely rich; but seriously we really should like to know whether it is a disease peculiar to members of an administration and their supporters, to believe that all other men, not in that administration or among their supporters, are fools?

By the way, as the whole bent of his (Mr. Crofton's) mind leads him to seek for data, perhaps he will be good enough to furnish us with the precise epoch when the *Cobourg Star* veered its course, and from being a far more determined opponent of Mr. Draper's administration than we are, commenced its defence. But stay, we are interrupted by the *Official Gazette* just placed in our hands.—Ha! what is this? We are fully answered, and shall not trouble Mr. Crofton for his data, so precious to the Inspector General. Thus reads the *Gazette*—His Excellency (that is to say Mr. Draper) is pleased to make the following appointment:—

Richard D. Chatterton of Cobourg, Esquire, [late Editor of the *Cobourg Star*,] to be Clerk of the District Court of the Newcastle District, in the place of Henry Covert, Esquire, resigned.

We now can perfectly account for the shock we must have given to our sensitive contemporary, when, in censuring the appointment of Mr. Crofton his *confrere*, we indirectly and unconsciously condemned his own.

Before we close this article, we will advise Mr. Crofton to endeavor to get one more likely to benefit him than this new creation. What right has Mr. Cayley to create an office in his Department, without the consent of the Legislature? Does he suppose the Parliament will not see through the whole trickery of the thing, and refuse to lend their sanction