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ACDE ALTERAM PARTEN.

OR REFORMER OF PUBLIC ABUSES, AND RAILWAY AND MINING INTELLIGENCE.

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LITERATURE.

EIGHT YEARS IN CANADA, &c.

EMBRACING A REVIEW OF THE SEVERAL ADMINISTRATIONS OF LORDS DURHAM AND SYDENHAM, SIR CHARLES BAGOT, AND LORD METCALFE ;

And Dedicated to the Memories of THE FIRST AND LAST OF THESE DISTINGUISHED DEAD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ECARTE," &c.

DE OMNIBUS REBUS ET QUIBUSDAM ALIIS.

[A difficulty of arrangement having occurred with the only two London publishers to whom the following pages have been submitted, the Author has decided on reversing the usual practice, and publishing in Canada first; thus affording that means of direct communication with other metropolitan publishers, which his absence from London renders a matter of much inconvenience. It will be borne in mind, therefore, by the Canadian reader, that what is now offered to his perusal, was intended for an English public.]

[Deposited at the Office of the Registrar of the Province.]

(CHAPTER VI. CONTINUED.)

But the Canadian Rifles, to be made thoroughly efficient in Canada, must have a considerable accession of strength. One battalion is not sufficient for the very extensive frontier over which they must be diffused throughout both sections of the Province. There should be a brigade of three battalions, the formation of which would, on any sudden emergency, admit of the withdrawal of at least three regiments of the line. The inducement to desertion would also be lessened. The longer the men remain in the country, and the greater the opportunity afforded them for detecting the fallacy and insincerity of American promises, the more confirmed will they become in the good course which they have hitherto pursued.

Before dismissing this important subject, I cannot but advert to the extreme impolicy of giving publicity to the destinations of regiments ordered from this country, while they are yet in Western Canada. For instance, when a corps receives its route for the West Indies, the mania of desertion increases in a tenfold degree, and then the best of men will, in order to escape that grave of the European, lose sight of every other consideration in effecting their object. There had been comparatively few desertions in the 23rd, prior to the arrival of the order for their embarkation for the West Indies, but from the hour that order was promulgated, until the moment of actual departure, they were of nightly occurrence. Nothing, I should assume, could be more simple, when a regiment leaves this country than to continue it, for a period, under the impression that the destination is—home. When however Quebec, the point of final embarkation, is gained, and the facilities for desertion removed, the route of the regiment, if intended for further colonial or foreign service, might be made known. This would save to the country hundreds of men who might as well be made to take their chance of perishing by yellow fever with their more honorable comrades, as to swell the ranks of the American army, or to cultivate their soil.

No doubt many of these deserters are at this very moment Mexico, and this seems the more probable from the following facts which has been communicated to me, within the last ten days, by Captain Bouchier the Town Major of Kingston. A soldier (Philip Lee by name,) was discharged from the reserve battalion of the 71st, at Kingston, and this for no fault whatever, he having been subsequently taken into the service of the Assistant Quarter Master General. Subsequently he went over to Sackett's Harbor, where American parties were, and still are, recruiting, and from thence found his way back to Kingston. From the fact of his being constantly prowling about the barracks, at a period when desertion was very frequent, it was assumed that he had crossed over for the purpose of inducing these men to enter the American service.

Lord Fitzroy Somerset has frequently paid me the compliment of questioning me in regard to the management and conduct of

troops in Canada; and the last time, only a few days before I embarked for this country. I feel perfectly assured that His Lordship, well aware as he is of my former services in this hemisphere gave me credit for having treated the subject not only with serious consideration it deserves, but in a spirit of accuracy, the result of some close application to its study; and therefore this portion of my book do I especially devote to His Lordship's consideration.

It is singular enough that, while closing these remarks, I should have seen an article in the United Service Magazine from the able pen of Sir James Alexander, than whom there is no officer in Canada more capable of treating of this subject. With his opportunities for personal knowledge afforded him by a lengthened residence with his regiment (the 14th,) in Kingston, added to his acute observation, and aptitude in the study of the impelling motives of the human heart, Sir James is eminently qualified for the discussion of a subject to which he has lent much attention, and to which he cannot fail to succeed in directing that of the Horse Guards, with a view to the adoption of his valuable suggestions.

CHAPTER VII.

My engagements with the "Times" having now finally terminated, and tranquillity having been restored in the Province, I once more set out for Upper Canada, directing my course to Amherstburg, the extreme point of the British military possessions in the West. But how different were the feelings with which I now approached this most picturesque portion of the country, from those which had filled my young and ardent mind at an earlier period of my existence. Embarking at Buffalo, a flourishing American town which, while a mere village, had been burnt by our troops in 1813, but which Phoenix-like, had risen from its own ashes with renewed splendor, I ascended Lake Erie to the point of my destination. As we passed a cluster of islands which are about two-thirds of the way from Buffalo, my memory forcibly recalled the morning when (a prisoner myself, and taken in a subsequent affair,) I had seen the gallant Barclay, the commander of the little British fleet, lying severely wounded in the ward room of his own ship—herself a crippled and dismayed wreck, her cannon dismounted, and her timbers so torn with shot, that a hand could not be placed on that side exposed to the enemy's fire, without covering some portion of a wound. There too, around that gallant and well fought ship, had been clustered others which had nobly sustained her in the unequal conflict, but which an adverse fortune had equally consigned to the guardianship of a triumphant foe. I had been, in boyhood, the favorite of the joyous, brave, but unfortunate leader, and distinctly could I remember the cheerful smile which animated his intelligent countenance, still preserving its freshness of color even in suffering, and the faint pressure of the mutilated hand with which he greeted me, as he expressed his pleasure at seeing his "little warrior" once more.

But the devoted Barclay is not to be thus summarily dismissed. It is with unfeigned pleasure that I transcribe three, among many, of that gallant and noble minded officer's letters, written at a subsequent period. These letters are not only precious to myself, as conveying the expression of his regard for my high spirited father, who, hastily ordered to join the squadron on the eve of engagement with the enemy, was made prisoner, and was present with him at the moment of my visit; but important to the public because they breathe that high toned and chivalrous spirit which are the characteristics of the generous British seaman. Who can fail to esteem and love the memory of the man who expresses himself so feelingly on the subject of his successful rival in glory! Commodore Perry is now no more, but his relatives will hail with satisfaction a fellow-hero's tribute which I have not hitherto had an opportunity of giving to the world.

Independently of my vivid recollection of the generous Barclay, a thousand others flitted across my mind, as I found myself in the vicinity of the scenes of my early service. Every object that I beheld offered some exciting reminiscence of the past. There, in

* See Appendix, Nos. 10, 11 & 12.