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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 XII. CONTINUED.)

...while their rounded proportions fascinated the attention, and insensibly awakened feelings of adoration for that Master hand from which has issued the most splendid work the human imagination can conceive.

Everything in the suite of apartments, comprising the theatre of the dance, was in the perfection of good taste. The walls were hung with a drapery of white and gold, which harmonized admirably with the prevailing color of the dresses of the women, and gave to the whole—illuminated as they were with handsome and numerous chandeliers to correspond—an air of lightness and elegance not to be surpassed. The crowd however, as may naturally be supposed from the number I have named, as having been assembled together in the drawing-rooms of a not very remarkably spacious house, was much too dense for comfort; and the flushed cheeks and disordered ringlets of many of the fair dancers, as well as the continued application of cambrie to the overheated brows of their partners, sufficiently attested that their pleasure was not purchased without some toil.

My host, Mr. Jones, introduced me to a number of persons, ladies and gentlemen, and at one time pointed out, either Washington Irvine or my far greater favorite, Cooper—I do not recollect which—who was at the opposite extremity of the room conversing with an elderly lady. On my stating that it was the first time I had had the pleasure of meeting the celebrated author whom he named, he offered to introduce me the moment the crowd would admit of our passing to the point to which he seemed riveted the whole evening. But before my host again thought of his promise, or could find leisure to fulfil it, the "unknown," or rather the "unrecollected," had taken his departure, and I was thus deprived of what would have proved to me a great gratification—the more particularly, if it was indeed the gifted delineator of Indian character as, from the desire I had to know and converse with him, I am almost persuaded it must have been.

I was well enough entertained to be, among the last of the departing guests; but as I prepared to make my bow to the lady of the house, she begged me, in a tone that was pleasing and gratifying in its friendliness, not to leave them yet as the family, and a few intimate friends, intended sitting down to some oyster soup after the others had departed, and hoped that I would do them the favor to join them.

At supper we were accordingly seated in the course of half an hour, and as promised, some most delicious oyster soup was served up. There was only one other gentleman, who seemed to be on intimate terms with the family, and therefore this invitation I could not but regard as a personal compliment. There was an end of all that gear and ceremony, that unavoidably attend a formal reunion like that we had just witnessed, and the conversation flowed as

freely and unreservedly upon the ball, the management, the appearance of one, the manners of another, and the graceful dancing of a third, and other light topics, as if no stranger had been present to criticize the remarks that fell from their lips. There was something winning, lovable, in this confidence, and I felt myself (as it is ever my delight to be placed in a position to feel) so perfectly at home with those whose courtesy and kindness I was enjoying, that I was extremely sorry when a tell-tale clock striking three, reminded me that I owed something to *bienveillance*, and must, if I did not wish to lose caste, as a well bred man, make a movement to retire. The eldest daughter, a charming and unaffected girl, declared it was not late—as having passed the usual hour of going to rest, she was not in the least sleepy. The younger members of the family joined her in declaring that "it was not too late," and that "I must not go yet," but even, if their renewed invitation could have tempted me to be unreasonable enough to remain longer, I could perceive, in the half-drooping eyelid of the amiable host and hostess, that although their lips gave expression to a confirmation of the request preferred by the younger branches of the family, they would not be particularly sorry if I should refuse their invitation, and leave them to the repose they seemed so much to require. I shook hands with them all, and they returned my pressure as though we had known each other for years, expressing a hope that I did not yet intend to leave New York. The carriage of the gentleman to whom I alluded, *in suum posuimus*, waiting during this time at the door, conveyed me to my own abode, where he alighted, desiring his coachman to fire which he complied. This I reached my lodgings before daylight, and, on parting from him, and ruminating on the vast difference of the reception I had invariably met with by the reading Americans, and the non-reading Canadians.

Indeed, if I have been particular and detailed in my account of the personal attention shown to me by all parties, during my second brief visit to New York, it has not been only with a view to repay, as well as I can, with a public acknowledgment the debt of hospitality I had contracted, but to prove the utter want of nationality and refinement in those whom the accident of locality of birth have made my countrymen.

It cannot be supposed that the very marked attention which I received from all those parties of whom I have written, was the result of any mere personal or abstract merit of my own. Neither was it reasonable to expect that to an absolute stranger, they would have extended an hospitality so marked as that of which I had been the subject. But the truth is—how discovered I know not, for I am the last man in the world to herald the announcement myself—Mr. Newbold was made acquainted with my being the author of publications which have commanded the attention and, in many instances, met with the unqualified approbation of the American people; and by him the same information was no doubt conveyed to Mr. Howe, who succeeded in making my stay in New York as gratifying to me as the effort was honorable to himself. In this they complimented not so much the man as the author, who had been the means of presenting them with a picture illustrative of an important epoch in American history, and of amusing and interesting their minds, albeit only for a brief hour, and therefore sought to render to him that return, for the bestowal of mental recreation, which they felt, perhaps more than was necessary, was his due. They offered that meed of homage to literature which the cultivated mind is ever prompt to tender, and investing one of its

* No better evidence can be given of the literary tastes and pursuits of the Americans, than is afforded by the following statistics of the State of New York, for 1845.

"The New York State Register contains a mass of information, valuable to all classes of the citizens, from which we learn that the number of colleges in the State is 12; students, 835; academies and grammar schools, 501; scholars, 34,563; primary and common schools, 10,871; scholars, 301,156; scholars at public charges, 26,256. There are 48,743 white persons over twenty years of age who cannot read and write. There are three hundred and ninety-one periodicals published in the State. Of these; there are thirteen daily, six semi-weekly, twenty weekly and eighty three weekly White newspapers. There are eight daily, three semi-weekly, and ninety-five weekly *Low's Free papers*. There are nine daily, five semi-weekly, one tri-weekly, and eighty-three weekly newspapers which are central, religious, literary, &c. There are two daily and one weekly *Nat va papers* in the State. In glancing over the list, we notice five Agricultural five Temperance, five Abolition, four Irish, four German, two French, one Welsh two Old-Fall vs, one Masonic, one Miller, one Murmon, one Fourier, two Tailors', one Military, and three Bank Note publications. There are also five republications of British Magazines and Reviews in the City of New York. It is difficult to ascertain the exact number of publications issued at any one time, owing to the mortality among newspapers.