

agraph itself which has given rise to this philippic. Long before Mr. Mathieson wrote to us on the subject, the error was corrected in the sheets of the book, and that error (the only one) was in regard to the *locale* in which the occurrence took place. This will be seen by the following, which they who are desirous to do so, may contrast with what appeared in the *Herald* as an extract from the *Expositor* :—

"Another anecdote is related of a nearly similar kind during the return trip. The steamers in which Lord Durham and his suite embarked were well known to have been chartered for the sole use of the mission, and the several Captains had been instructed to refuse admission to all applicants not of His Lordship's immediate party. No one, therefore, of any delicacy would have presumed to enter without having previously obtained the consent of His Lordship. Notwithstanding which, some obscure and not very polished preacher was allowed by the Captain to embark at Cornwall, under a promise of concealment on his part, until he should arrive at the place of his destination. Soon after the boat was under way, however, this individual, whose sole object in selecting the steamer appears to have been to gratify an ill-timed curiosity, and to be brought immediately under the notice of the Governor-General, emerging from his hiding-place, approached His Excellency, and indulged in some familiar remarks. Lord Durham had too much penetration not to perceive the whole truth connected with the presence of the stranger, and promptly summoning the Captain, who disclaimed all knowledge of his being on board, desired him to pass Lancaster, which was the place of his destination, and disembark the intruder at the Coteau du Lac, the utmost point to which the steamer could go. This was done, and His Lordship and quite there took the land carriage, leaving the disappointed reverend to bestow his benediction on the haughty peer, and wend his way back to Lancaster as best he might. The papers opposed to Lord Durham's policy made a great outcry about this asserted outrage; but, in my opinion, the unworthy and petty cunning of the man found its merited reward. Had he openly solicited a passage from Lord Durham, it would in all probability have been granted to him, but the very trick to which he had recourse to effect his object, had in it something so offensive, so much of low manoeuvring, that a marked disapproval was called for."

This version of the story, although changing, as we have observed, the *locale* of the impertinent intrusion of Mr. McNaughton upon Lord Durham, by no means weakens the fact itself. And here we may take occasion to remark how different the gentlemanly and quiet manner in which the error was pointed out to us by the Hon. Peter McGill, upon whose suggestion the alteration was made, and the bullying letter of the minister, who first abuses—nay, almost insults us—and then asks us to do justice to his friend Mr. McNaughton! *Proh pudor!* We have done justice to him, and there is not one word in the version of the story as it now stands in the sheets of the book, that we could consent in fairness to unwrite. We repeat what we have before stated, and we ground our assertion on renewed and *undoubted* information, received since the publication of Mr. Mathieson's letter, that the intrusion of Mr. McNaughton on Lord Durham, in a steamer set apart for his exclusive use, was at once indecorous and offensive. Mr. McNaughton did secrete himself until after the steamer left her moorings, and then, when he fancied his passage was secured, he intruded himself ostentatiously on his Lordship's presence, and altogether so conducted himself, that it led

to a demand to the Captain to know who he was. Can any man in his senses believe that Lord Durham would have caused a minister of the Church, in the discharge of his religious duties, to have been subjected to the inconvenience he sustained, unless there had been good cause for it, some flagrant violation of good breeding and of etiquette? Certainly no one can be so miserably deficient in common sense. Such an act would have been too palpable an outrage upon the commonest decencies of society, and Lord Durham was too sensitive a man, too much alive to the censure of the press, to have wantonly provoked a denunciation of his conduct, which all were then disposed to condemn. If Mr. McNaughton had really been of that retiring character which his friend Mr. Mathieson seeks to establish, some little doubt might be entertained of the utter exemption of caprice on the part of Lord Durham on this occasion; but we know, from the same source which supplied us with our information on the subject, that Mr. McNaughton was a very bold and presuming person; and, in evidence of this, we aver, on the same authority, and the reverend Mr. Mathieson may disprove it if he can, that he was condemned by several ministers of the Church of Scotland for his conduct on that occasion. Does Mr. Mathieson, moreover, know that this very humble and pious minister once sent something very similar to a challenge to the gentleman Mr. Draper in the last agony to see removed from the bench,—Mr. Hagerman? If not, he does not know his friend as well as we do, who have never seen him.

In concluding these remarks, which with us are final, we cannot but express our satisfaction that we have not left to some later chronicler of the anecdotes connected with Lord Durham, the task of dissociating the true from the false. Each succeeding year would have added to the injustice done to the memory of the noble Earl, and particularly in this instance, where prejudice appears to have been so deeply rooted. At the outset, we had our doubts as to the propriety of the course we were pursuing, but when we behold a minister of religion advocating, or rather seeking to justify, that absence of respect which the distinguished position of his Lordship ought to have claimed, we rejoice not only in the fact of our allusion to these stories but in the discussion that has arisen, and the opportunity thereby afforded us of adding fresher evidence in support of our position. And in this spirit of right do we take our leave of Mr. Mathieson and the subject.

FETE OF ST. CATHERINE.

As we had anticipated, this reunion came off with great eclat and satisfaction to all parties, on Tuesday evening last. The magnificent dancing room—quite equal in size to, if not larger than, Willis' or the Hanover Square rooms, was not so full as we had expected it would have been, but still quite full enough for comfort. It has been said that the number of French ladies was limited, because some misunderstanding had taken place in consequence of the invitations given to the Officers of the Garrison. It was contended, that the committee had no right, at the instance of others, to invite people to whom the majority were strangers, and to whom the invitations had been extended, principally with a view to enable some plain old women to monopolize partners for their more than plain daughters. Nor, indeed, could it be any great compliment to the garrison to be invited at all.—They would no doubt, many of them, have preferred being subscribers. There was a limited display both of the graceful and the beautiful, in the room. Yet we must certainly except—the fine and voluptuously

formed Mrs. H—, the soft, meek, and winning Miss W—, the roguish gazelle-eyed Miss P—, the dark haired Gulnarish Miss E—, and the finely formed, animated, and enchanting Miss B—.—Amid the several attractions of these it was difficult to choose, and like a true Turk we felt that we could have loved them all.

The supper table was well laid out in the ladies' parlour of the Hotel, and in good taste. The only difficulty was the means of approach—a result of course of the assemblage of so many people, but this did not prevent the sharp crack, not of the rifle, but of the champagne cork, from resounding throughout the gay evening in the room. We hope Donegana will manage to get up a second affair of the kind before long.

EIGHT YEARS IN CANADA.

TUESDAY, 24th Nov.

MY DEAR MAJOR,—The remarks upon the opposite page will give you the result of Mr. Derbishire's application to you, arrived at between his friend, Mr. Abraham, and myself. Mr. D.'s distinct assurance of his not having been on the frontier at the time adverted to, in the paper relating to Gagnon, left no room for any other conclusion—one to which, as your representative, I most promptly and cheerfully acceded.

Yours, most faithfully,

R. STUART WOODS.

"In reference to a remark in our last, in which we suggested that we might have been mistaken on a particular occasion for a gentleman now filling the office of Queen's Printer, we have been called upon by Mr. Derbishire; and are satisfied that from his absence from the Vermont frontier, at the time of the illegal attempt in respect of Gagnon, he could not be the party alluded to; and, in justice to Mr. Derbishire, we feel it our duty to express our regret at having connected him with a suspicion we were anxious to repel from ourselves. We learn that Mr. Derbishire left Quebec for Fredericton and Halifax, with Sir John Colborne's despatches to the Lieutenant Governor of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, a day or two after the outbreak of Nov. 3rd, 1838, and that immediately on his return, which took place in December, he proceeded to Toronto, where he remained until March, 1839. These dates will shew the impossibility of his having been present on the Vermont frontier at the time that the illegal attempt must, if at all, have taken place."

For the Expositor.

THE DEPARTED.

Where'er I am—my thoughts will cling to thee,
As one to hope and fondest memory dear;
Where'er the sparkling wine they bring to me,
I'll quaff to thee and shed the silent tear.

There is a charm about thy winning glance,
Who once has felt them never can forget;
A sweetness, softness, meekness, which enhance
The playful beamings from those eyes of jet.

I love thee as a sister—as a daughter—
Ah! were such mild and charming daughters mine,
I'd bless the soul-restoring hand that brought her
To melt my heart with ecstasy divine.

It is not love I feel—the fleeting passion
Which, like the summer sun-dew, quickly flies;
'Tis something purer—holier in fashion;
Too exquisite to last, yet never dies.

To 'sok on thee alone is calm and gladness;
It fills the heart, and melts us into tears;
'Tis not the frantic lover's madness—
It soothes voluptuously, and endears.

How strange the human heart! Not striking beauty
Hast thou employed to weave this potent spell:
It is thy grace—thy sweetness—sense of duty—
Thou knowest, loved one, what I mean too well.

Montreal, Nov. 21, 1846.