

Captains, nine lieutenants, eleven Ensigns, one Quartermaster, and one Deputy Adjutant General of Militia, namely:

Lt.-Col. Chewett, Major Allen.

CAPTAINS.—John Wilson, John Button, Peter Robinson, Reuben Richardson, John Arnold, James Fenwick, James Mustard, Duncan Cameron, David Thompson, John Robinson, Samuel Ridout, Thomas Hamilton, John Burns, William Jarvis, Quartermaster Charles Baynes.

LIEUTENANTS.—John H. Shultz, George Mustard, Bamel Van derburgh, Robert Stanton, George Ridout, Wm. Jarvis, Edward McMahon, John Wilson, Ely Playter.

ENSIGNS.—Andrew Thompson, Alfred Smalley, Donald McArthur, William Smith, Andrew Meran, James Chewett, George Kirk, Edward Thompson, Charles Denison, George Denison, Darcey Boulton.

19 Sergeants, 4 Corporals, 204 rank and file.

Of the field train department, Mr. Dunbar; of the Provincial navy, Capt. Francis Gauvreau, Lieut. Green, Midshipmen, John Ridout, Louis Baupre, Clerk James Langdon, one boatswain, 15 naval artificers of His Majesty's regular troops, Lieut. De Keven, one Sergt. Major, and of the Royal Artillery, one bombardier and three gunners, shall be surrendered prisoners of war and duly accounted for in the exchange of prisoners between the United States and Great Britain.

(Signed.)

G. MITCHELL,
Lt.-Col. 3rd Artillery, U.S.

SAMUEL S. CONNER,
Major and A.D.C. to Major Gen. Dearborn.

WM. KING,
Major U. S. Infantry.

JESSE D. ELLIOTT,
Lieut. U.S. Navy.

WM. CHEWETT,
Lt.-Col. 3rd regt., York Militia.

W. ALLAN,

Major 3rd regt., York Militia.

York, April 28th, 1813.

The foregoing agreement or terms of capitulation is approved of by us.

WILLIAM DEARBORN,
Major General.

ISAAC CHAUNCEY,
Commodore.

Throughout the action the American commander-in-chief carefully kept himself out of harm's way by remaining on ship-board. After the fall of General Pike there was no one to lead and the British were allowed to retreat at leisure. The American loss was 56 killed and 279 wounded.

They burned all the public buildings, at a great some distance from the city, and carried away the Speaker's official wig from the House of Assembly, which was absurdly described by the Commodore as a human scalp.

The ship *Charleston*, from Greenview, for Quebec, foundered at sea. Two of the life boats containing the crew have reached the north shore of Ireland. The third boat has not been heard of.

THE ORIGIN OF "GOD SAVE THE QUEEN."

The English national anthem of God Save the Queen—which was first publicly heard in 1745, after the defeat of Prince Charles on the fatal field of Culloden—was originally a Jacobite song, which was dangerous to sing within hearing of the authorities. When the Jacobites spoke or sang "the king," they meant "the king over the water," and the words still sung, "Send him victorious," imply clearly that the king intended was not the one who was already in England, but the one far away to whom the singers were loyal in his evil fortunes. A great deal of controversy has arisen as to the authorship alike of the words and music; but no satisfactory clue has been discovered for the elucidation of either mystery. If a prize had been offered for a national anthem, expressive of patriotic as well as dynastic loyalty, no competent critics would have awarded it to the author of the words, whomsoever he may have been. Yet this song, which grew rather than was made, is the richest literary jewel in the British crown, and may fairly claim to have been of more value to the House of Hanover than any standing army. God save the King, as originally sung at Drury Lane Theatre, shortly after the news arrived in London that the last hopes of the young Pretender had been crushed at Culloden, consisted of nine stanzas, or six in addition to the three which are now familiar to all of us. These three are the genuine Jacobite song, without the alteration of a word. The remaining six were strictly Hanoverian and Whiggish, and have long since gone to the limbo that is reserved for all literary rubbish. It was a fortunate accident, if it were not a profound piece of policy by which the present royal house took possession of the song of their enemies, and turned to their own glory that which was intended for their shame.—*All the Year Round*.

LORD THESIGER A MIDSHIPMAN.

"What, little Thesiger Lord Chancellor!" said the other, springing to his feet with great animation. "You don't say so? Climbing aloft came easy to him, it seems; and so now he is on the truck head, and got a Chancellor's wig on, eh? Well, I am right glad to hear it. Dear me," he continued, resuming his seat, "it seems to me only the other day he was sky-larking in the cock-pit, and up to all sorts of pranks and devilry. I recollect we once took a Spanish prize, loaded with cigars, snuff, and all sorts of raw and manufactured tobacco. Of course, we youngsters helped ourselves most liberally. The snuff was in bladders of the size of foot-balls; but as none of us used that, we amused ourselves by shying it about at each other. The captain's clerk, who messed with us, was a sneaking sort of fellow, and used to curry favour with him by reporting what was going on in the cock-pit. So, in order to punish him, one night Thesiger and I took one of these bladders, cut it open, and spread its contents gently all over his hammock. When he came below, and turned in as usual with a spring (for he was as active as a cat), he sent up a cloud of snuff that set him coughing, crying, sneezing, and swearing like mad; but the worst of it was, it nearly choked the whole of us middies, upon whom it had the same effect, and when the officer came below to inquire into the cause of the row, he tchec-hee'd and tchec-hee'd us as any of us; and as soon as he opened his mouth to speak, down went the snuff into his throat, and nearly suffocated

him with coughing. He could do nothing but swear, stamp his foot, and shake his fist at us. There was a precious row, as you may suppose; but the best fun of all was to see the youngsucking lawyer threatening to report the clerk for trying to stifle us all like rats, by attempting to conceal the snuff in his hammock. Dear me, how I should like to see him again."—*The Season Ticket*.

A CLAIMANT ON THE PEERAGE.—In the list of passengers by the steamship *President*, which sailed from New York for Liverpool in 1841, and was never heard from afterwards, appeared the name of Lord Fitzroy George (Charles Lennox, second son of the late Duke of Richmond. No doubt has ever been entertained that the young gentleman in question was really what he styled himself, and that he perished with every body else in that ill fated ship. But now a middle-aged man who signs himself "Lord Fitzroy Lennox," and dates his advertisements from Albert cottages, Battersea rise, announces himself to the world as the long lost brother of the present Duke, and begs any of his old friends who may be still living to come forward and identify him. He declares that he did not sail with the *President* but has passed thirty years of his life in obscure retirement, where or for what purpose he leaves to mankind to conjecture. He has been trying for five years to obtain recognition from the present duke or at least an interview with the family with which he claims membership. The dowager duchess, whom he styles his mother, and a long roll of lords, ladies and honorables whom he pants to embrace as brothers and sisters, are living, but give him no confidence; Burke's Peerage says he died in 1841, and dead he shall be. The case of Lord Fitzroy Lennox we must say is not a hopeful one. If mother, and brothers and sisters will not recognize in the grizzled gentleman of fifty the spruce lad who sailed away from England thirty years ago, it is hardly to be expected that the eyes of old friends will be any sharper; that the world will probably conclude that a man who could impose upon his family with a cruel story of his death has no business to come to life again at all.

The *Montreal Gazette* says one of the Government surveyors now employed on the head waters of Lake St. John continuation, of the Saguenay, has written to the engineers of the Gosford Railway, stating that a possible railway route has been discovered between that lake and Quebec.

San Francisco is filled with idle men.—Upwards of 5000 are supposed to be on the town—that is, to have nothing to do. The wages of every class is constantly dropping, and Chicago manufacturers and merchants enter the San Francisco market and undersell San Franciscans. The financial pressure is very great, and a panic seems imminent. Under such a state of affairs, San Francisco is a lovely place to emigrate to.

The United States War Department has directed the Signal Officers in its employ to telegraph whenever and wherever notice of the practicable force and direction of storms, to the sea coast and northern lakes for the information of the shipping. The storm signal will thus soon be as noticeable a feature at New York and New Orleans and Chicago and Milwaukee as it is in Liverpool and Hull. Why not extend the systems to the Dominion? It would be naturally advantageous—a reciprocity treaty, no one could find fault with.