

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received from St. Charles the communication of our excellent friend S., and shall not fail to notice the glaring abuse to which he has drawn our attention. That portion of his letter which alludes to the meditated Railway operations, will appear in our next.

"One of the Choir of Christ Church" has been received. Our correspondent denies the assertion made by Observer last week, and suggests that if his friend had attended to the service himself, instead of watching the orchestra, he could not have witnessed what he describes. The fact of the curtain being undrawn is given in evidence, that nothing is done behind it, of which the orchestra need be ashamed.

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, Nov. 26, 1846.

MR. ALEXANDER MATHIESON.

In compliance with our promise of last week, we notice the public attack made upon us, through the columns of the *Montreal Herald*, by this reverend gentleman. In doing so, we hope we shall confine ourselves to the subject immediately at issue. We have no desire to offer slight to the Church to which Mr. Mathieson belongs, and therefore, in the spirit of forbearance we shall endeavor to keep in view, we must be distinctly understood as being actuated much more by feelings of proper respect for those who kneel at his altar, than by any consideration for himself. His attack upon us, as the mere chronicler of an anecdote which had already obtained universal circulation in the country,—the manner of occurrence only being the point at issue,—we conceive to have been too undignified and too purely personal to deserve any favor at our hands.

Mr. Mathieson remarks,—almost in the opening paragraph of his immediate communication to the *Herald*, that his letter (a copy of which follows in that paper) was "received with the insolence which those who take unwarrantable liberties with the characters of others, generally receive every thing that implies a doubt of the truth of their gossip." Now, putting aside the absence of all grammatical construction in this short sentence, we cannot see the application it is meant to convey. We took no unwarrantable liberties with the name of the gentleman in question: we did not even know it, until Mr. Mathieson himself informed us, in his letter, what it was. We could have no motive,—no feeling, beyond a desire to show that the nobleman alluded to in connection with Mr. McNaughton, was incapable of pursuing the course he had in regard to the minister in question, without some strong provocation; and we are prepared to repeat, and shall show presently, that such provocation had been given.

Mr. Mathieson says, that not to know him argues ourselves unknown, and that he has

no particular desire that we should emerge from our obscurity on his shoulders. We cannot altogether admit the first part of this position. It occurs to us that the reverend gentleman might have afforded us the benefit of a doubt on the subject of his identity, when he had not thought proper to inform us that he was a minister of the Church,—a fellow-laborer in which, he conceived, had been unjustly brought under the lash of our censure. We sincerely declare that we did not know, or even suspect that our correspondent was one connected with the Church, in the manner since shown, when we wrote the acknowledgment we did of his letter, for the "Notice to Correspondents." Had Mr. Mathieson given us to understand who he was, we should not have committed ourselves into the gross ignorance of not knowing him by intuition, with which he charges us.

But what shall we say of the second part of the paragraph,—the deliberate declaration of one who preaches humility, and kindness, and benevolence, and good offices to all men,—the un-Samaritan determination to deny to an obscure individual the power of emerging from that obscurity through his instrumentality—on his shoulders? Does he, in the meekness of the spirit of him who bowed himself to take upon him the sins of men, eschew anger,—return good for evil,—and endeavor to raise from that obscurity in which he seems to exult the object of his anger is placed, the erring mortal whom he is anxious to lead in the right way? No, he shall not emerge from darkness into light through any agency or instrumentality of his. And this is religion!

But the Christian forgiveness and forbearance of Mr. Mathieson is much on a par with his consistency. We are distinctly told that we shall not rise from our obscurity on his shoulders, and yet he adopts the very means to effect that which in words he denies. Who ever heard of the *Herald* noticing the *Weekly Expositor* before the appearance in its columns of Mr. Mathieson's letter? Not a line could that journal be induced to put forth, to show we had an existence. The letter in the *Herald* is worth a dozen advertisements, and has procured us more notice from particular parties than we were ever honored with before.—May we ever thus be continued in obscurity.

We now come to another part of Mr. Mathieson's letter, and that is where, with a benevolence of spirit truly worthy of a Christian Divine, the reverend gentleman expresses a fear lest we should "burst with an inflated sense of our own generosity in supplying a whole generation with one copy of our paper." He then most kindly proceeds to inform us, in order to avoid so fearful a result, that he obtained the same at the Office of the "Expositor." Mr. Mathieson has all that pure simplicity of character for which the Christian Minister should be distinguished. The figurative, the *facon de parler*, are sealed books to him. He comprehends only the *verbatim et literatim*. He cannot understand the exceedingly

fine writing which would endeavor to establish the possibility of our paper being handed down to a whole generation.

But although we are much indebted to Mr. Mathieson, for attempting to avert so fatal a result as that which he has anticipated, by giving us the information in question, we feel bound to state the following. Orders had been strictly issued that no single numbers of the *Expositor* were to be sold, after the appearance of the "Eight Years in Canada," and we were certainly surprised to find from Mr. Mathieson that they had been disobeyed. We questioned the only two persons in the office, and they have both positively declared to us—the one that he never has—the other that he has not the slightest recollection of ever having, sold a single copy in the office. Of course we do not question Mr. Mathieson's statement, but we must, in justice to those whom we had closely questioned, without saying wherefore, record their several declarations as we just stated them to be.

The beauties of Mr. Mathieson's letter are so many and so manifest, that we really feel at a loss for selection. Yet it would be unpardonable in us to pass over without comment that interesting little episode, wherein is detailed the dislike children have of everything that is silly. Mr. Mathieson has heard children in their sport, on these occasions, exclaim, "Well, now, after that."—It is very amiable on the part of the children to go no farther, but Mr. Mathieson improves upon this mark of infant wisdom—or more correctly, perhaps, of wisdom in an infant. He says, after alluding to certain inanities, "Well, now—after that—comes a—" What? Need any one require to be told of the elegance? If so, we supply the hiatus—"a pig to be shaved"! What a pity Mr. Mathieson had not finished the sentence. How his congregation would, in future, have treasured these words in their memories; and when, in the midst of some fiery denunciation, or earnest appeal to the impenitent heart of the relentless sinner, he, overpowered by emotion,—should have failed in the attempt to substitute words of sufficient force to express his anathemas—the idea of the past should suddenly obtrude itself on their minds, while incapable of resisting the influence which could, at such a moment, mingle things terrestrial with things celestial—each should silently exclaim—after that—comes—a pig to be shaved!

But what shall we say of the animus which dictated the publication of this letter? Mr. Mathieson is sensible that it is one of so unchristian-like, so reprehensible a character, that he doubts whether even the Editor of a newspaper—not usually too sensitive or refined in these matters—will insert it, and therefore, to overcome any reluctance that may be felt, he offers to pay for it as an advertisement? An advertisement for what?—to shew to the world that we are an obscure individual, that we write trash, and that, after that,—comes a pig to be shaved!

Having now disposed of a letter which was written to inflict pain, not to yield solace or to bestow the blessings and comforts of religion, we must revert to the pa-