



CHARACTER OF A WHIG.

Extracted from some old book, the *Toronto Patriot* gives the following "character of a Whig," which he says "completely destroys the accusation of change of principles, and proves that the nature of the animal has never varied." Had not this character come from the most loyal and patriotic Patriot, we should have been tempted to believe it is a base libel on our most gracious Majesty's Whig Ministers, more especially that self-styled Minister, who was the great unknown at the Colonial Office and is the well known in Upper Canada. We cannot believe that the most loyal Dalton intended this character of a Whig for the Whig Sir Francis Bond Head. But whom will the cap fit?

"The Whig is a busy, impertinent intermeddler in Government, or an empty politician, fit for nothing but to make a common Council man at Gotham, to drown the eel, or hedge in the cuckoo. A sucking coffee house statesman, a little great man of no business, that wanting employment of his own, troubles all the world with his idleness. He is haunted with a spirit of government, and wants nothing but a call into an office, to show his rare qualifications in turning the world upside downwards. Ingratitude and dullness will for ever be his character; which with a mixture of confidence, sets him up for a patriot, which in our phrase, signifies nothing else but a sticking disgusted top, that he thinks he deserves some good place or other, which Heaven and the King knows he is not fit for. To his parts and like the Chynois, thinks all the world is blind but himself. He is engaged in a confederacy with jaundiced hypochondriac clabbers to admire one another, who think they have as much wit as they want, and more than ever they will have.

He is a lump of combustible ignorance, whom the least spark of news kindles into a blaze of unlikely and preposterous conjectures; and then the rest of the rooks and daws take wing, and fill the town, and fill the town with incredible fears of despotic tyranny, and invisible dangers of rack and bondage. His talk is like Benjamin's mess, five times more than comes to his share. All are fools that are not of his opinion, but he esteems him a man of extraordinary wisdom that applauds his conjectures, and puts him upon laughing at his own shadow, for the want of a most ridiculous substance. His religion is but the vision of his policy, and whatever virtue he hath, craft is the keeper of it. All his discourses are pure and enigmatical, or intended to be so, like the devils in the Delphic oracle; you may understand his words, but with difficulty reach his meaning. The corruption of reason, was the generation of his wits, and the spirit of lying and slandering is the height of his improvement. He is a perfect enemy to Monarchy, for want of an office, and hates every courtier, because he is not one of the number. In short, he is a kind of sucking traitor, and the older he grows in his discontents, the more is the Government endangered by his misrepresentations of public actions. He creeps by degrees, from want of an employment, to advance a lawless liberty; from petitioning to remonstrating, from questioning the power, wisdom, and capacity of his superiors, to seizing the administration into the hands of the populace.—His maxims in Government are contradictory to common sense, and ruinous, as he intends they should be, to the Monarchy. He asserts that the way to make a King great and glorious, is to give no money; that the means to support foreign alliance, is to impoverish the Exchequer, and the best way to keep the Government upon the wheels, is to weaken the axle-tree; so that the Whigs and their new associates, the Jacobites, have long been troubled with the spirit of contradiction, the Devil of Non-sense is got amongst them also. Honour them, and you disappoint them. Every new fangled notion thrusts out a former exception, and give them full possession of what they ask, and they soon grew weary of

the joy they wimpered for. They declaim against arbitrary power, and YET USURP IT; and are themselves when dressed in a little brief authority, THE MOST ARBITRARY AND CRUEL OPPRESSORS IN THE STATE.—They rave against the King's prerogative, and erect an imaginary power above it—against grievances and yet promote them—against mismanagement, and yet produce no instances or proofs of its being. They carry liberty and religion upon the tip of their tongues, but dare swallow neither, for fear they should choke them. They complain against all Ministers to color a faction against the State, and to enslave free subjects under the arbitrary impositions of a prevailing party; but it is time I had done, for I fear I have kept them in company too long."

WEDDINGS.

By a Parish Clerk.

It would not perhaps be unamusing to describe the vast changes of fashion which have taken place during the forty years that I have officiated as parish clerk; but though I am not an inattentive observer of dress, I have looked beyond the bridal dress, and my chief delight has been to scrutinize, I hope not impertinently, the conduct of the parties. I was much interested by the appearance of a lady, who came in a splendid carriage, and attended by her friends to our church. She was rich and very elegantly attired, in white laces and white satin; but no one who looked upon her countenance would ever cast a thought upon her dress again: her form was so thin and fragile, it seemed a mere shadow; her face was of lily paleness, and she wore a look of such deep and touching melancholy, that the heart melted at the piteous sight. There was, however, no violence in her grief; her eyes were tearless and her manner was calm. I understood that she was a great heiress, who had lately changed her name for a large fortune, and that she was of age and her own mistress; therefore there could no constraint be employed in inducing her to approach the altar. My ears are rather quick, and I could not help over-hearing a part of this lady's conversation with her bride's-maid, as they walked up and down the aisle together. "I was wrong to come here," she said, in a mournful tone, "wrong to allow any persuasion to tempt me to violate the faith I have plighted to the dead. Can an oath so sacred as that I have sworn ever be cancelled? I scarcely dare glance my eyes towards those dark and distant corners lest I should encounter his reproaching shade; it seems as though he must rise from the dead to upbraid me with my broken vow."

The friend endeavoured to combat these fantastical notions, urged the duty she owed to the living, and the various excellencies of the man who now claimed her hand. "I know it all," returned the fair mourner, "but still I cannot be persuaded that I have not acted rightly in accepting the addresses of another. My faith should be buried in the tomb with my heart and my affections. I fear me that he who receives my vows will repent, those solicitations, which have induced me to break my steadfast resolution to keep that solemn promise which made me the bride of the dead." Pulling down her veil, she passed her hands across her eyes and sighed heavily. Not wishing to appear intrusive, I withdrew to the vestry room, and shortly afterwards the bridegroom entered, accompanied by a gentleman whom he introduced as a stranger, saying that the relative who was to have attended him as the groom's-man had suddenly been taken ill, and his place unexpectedly supplied by a friend arrived from the Continent. He then enquired for the bride, and led her to the altar. The clergyman opened his book—the ceremony commenced—and the lady raising her drooping downcast head, fixed her eyes upon the stranger who stood by her intended husband's side, and uttering a wild scream, fell lifeless on the ground! We carried her immediately into the vestry, and after many applications of hartshorn

and water, she at length revived. In the interim an explanation had taken place; and I learned that in early life the bride had been engaged to the gentleman whose appearance had caused so much agitation, and whom she had long mourned as one numbered with the dead! The bridegroom did not urge the conclusion of the ceremony, and indeed the spirits of the lady had sustained too severe a shock for the possibility of going through it. Her tremor was so great, that there was some difficulty in conveying her to the carriage, and the whole party retired looking very blank and dejected.

About three months afterwards, the same lady came to church again to be married, and never in my life did I see so astonishing a change as that which had taken place in her person and demeanour. She had grown quite plump, a sweet blush suffused her face, and her eyes, instead of being sunk and hollow, were now radiantly brilliant. She stepped forward with a cheerful air, and her voice sounded joyously. If my surprise was great at this alteration, it was still greater when I looked at the bridegroom, and saw that he was the very same gentleman who had come before. I thought, to be sure, that the lady who had grieved so deeply was now going to be united to her first lover—but no such thing; and I was told afterwards that the young heiress was so shocked by the inconstancy of the faithless friend—for it seems that he was not aware of the report of his death, and had long ceased to trouble himself about her—that her attachment was quite cured, and she had determined to bestow her hand and fortune upon the man who best deserved them.

I have seen, to be sure, many unwilling bridegrooms in my time.—One I remember was evidently brought to church through fear of the brothers of his bride: they came three of them to escort the lady, as fierce as dragon officers; and I believe one of them was in the army, for he clattered in with long spurs, and wore a brave pair of mustachios on his upper lip. The other two were stout athletic men, with an air of great resolution; while the bridegroom was strong enough to have coped with either one of them, but who in all probability disliked the chances of a bullet, looked dogged and sullen, taking especial care to shew that the slight civility which he displayed was extorted from him by compulsion. I felt for the poor girl for she met with nothing but stern glances. The rising tear was checked by a frown from one of the three brothers, who watched her narrowly and there was little consolation to be drawn from the countenance of her intended husband; if ever he looked up there was a scowl upon his brow. She could only hope to exchange three tyrants for one, and there seemed a great probability that the last would revenge upon her the treatment which he had received from her kinsmen. The ladies of the party shook their heads and were silent; and altogether I never saw more evil

augary, although the termination was not so disastrous as that which I once witnessed on a nearly similar occasion.

The lady, according to custom, came first. She had many of her friends about her, and the whole company shewed more joy than is generally exhibited by the polite world, even by those happy events. There appeared to be a sort of congratulation amongst them, as though they had brought some fortunate circumstance to pass of which they had despaired; and amid them was a tall bluff looking brother, who seemed very well pleased with the success of his exertions. The bride, too, was in high spirits, and talked and smiled with her bridesmaid, arranged her dress at the glass, and carried her head with an air. So much was the party occupied with their own satisfied feelings, that they did not appear to regard the wild and haggard looks of the bridegroom. I was shocked and alarmed at the pale and ghastly countenance which he presented; he was dressed in black, and although somebody took notice of this circumstance it was only to joke about it. To me he secured under the influence of laudanum, for he talked strangely and laughed in such a manner that I shuddered at the sound. Nobody, however, appeared to regard it; and the wedding party entered the church as gaily as possible. During the ceremony the bridegroom's mood changed: as if struck by its solemnity, he became grave—a shape of inexpressible sadness passed over his wan cold brow, and large drops of perspiration chased each other down his face. The nuptial rite ended, he stooped forward to kiss the bride, and just as the clergyman had turned to leave the altar, drew a pistol from his bosom, and shot himself through the heart, before an arm could be raised to prevent him. Down dropped the new married couple together, for this unhappy gentleman had entangled himself in his wife's drapery, and dragged her with him as he fell. It was a horrid sight to see the dead and the living stretched in this fearful embrace upon the ground. Paralyzed by the report of the pistol, we stood aghast, and a minute elapsed before even I could reach out my hand to extricate the bride from her shocking situation. She had not fainted, and she could not weep; but her eyes were glazed, her features rigid, and her skin changed to a deep leaden hue. Her satin robe was in several places stained with blood; and surely never any spectacle was half so ghastly! Her friends repressed their tears and sobs, and gathering round her, attempted to carry her away. She submitted as if unwittingly, but when her foot was on the threshold of the portal she burst into long and continued shrieks. The whole church rung with the appalling cry, and it was