

The whole thing resolves itself into this: We have a corrupt Government, and the vulgar aristocracy of vulgar men possessed of wealth in Canada is unendurable.

BALL AT DONEGANA'S.

A very brilliant Ball is intended to be given at Donegana's, on Tuesday evening next, in honor of the Fête of St. Catherine, and under the more immediate direction of Mesdames Lacroix, Selby, and Bourret. From what we can learn, it will be the most distinguished thing of the kind that has yet been known in Montreal, and will, we have no doubt, prove a most satisfactory introduction to the annual public Assemblies, which, so well attended and conducted during the past two seasons, will, it is hoped, be entered upon with the same ardor and success by those gentlemen who have hitherto devoted so much of their time to the management.

The present ball, or rather that which will take place in a few days, will afford an opportunity to those who are desirous of seeing the native French beauty of Canada, which may not again occur. It is true, it is called a "Fête Canadienne," and there is much of novelty, much to awaken curiosity, in the term; but it is open to everybody usually admitted to those delightful assemblies, no matter of what creed or origin.

We have no doubt that Donegana will do all that is necessary to show off his magnificent ball-room to advantage, and we sincerely wish him merely that room full of people. He can expect or desire no more. The tickets are a mere song,—ten shillings. To glance even, while passing through, on the bright and beautiful eyes which we know will be met there, were alone worth the money; how much more when all may have an opportunity of drinking in the sweet poison they distil, during a whole evening. Let the English fair ones of Montreal be prepared to encounter some formidable rivals.

ALEXANDER MATHIESON.

We have not time or space this week to notice the meek and Christian-like production of this gentleman, which has appeared in to-day's *Herald*; but we promise him that we shall not fail to do so in our next number. As the writer, in the course of his long and excessively classical tirade, alludes to the *Major* as the Editor of the *Expositor*, we trust we may be permitted to refer to him in turn as the *Reverend*, whom a respect for his congregation, and not for himself, prevented us, after the reception of his somewhat impertinent letter, from pointing out as one not wholly conversant with the language in which he professes to preach and write.

THE NEW MILITIA LAW.

We have some observations to make in regard to the illegality of the New Militia Law, in depriving officers of their commissions, which have been granted to them under the prerogative of the Crown, but not being desirous of "throwing our pearls before swine," we shall defer what we have to offer until the arrival of the Governor General.

CHANGES IN THE ADMINISTRATION.

Private letters from Toronto give it as a rumor to which credit is to be attached, that Mr. Hagerman intends to retire from the Bench ere long, and that Mr. Draper will succeed him.—Mr. Sherwood is, it is said, to be the Attorney General West. We shall recur to this subject at another time.

We have received a printed copy of the eloquent Sermon preached by the Rev. Mr. Adamson, on Sunday last, and recommend it to the careful consideration of those who had not the advantage of hearing it.

ARRIVAL OF THE ACADIA.

The *Acadia* has arrived, but brings no news of importance, further than that Lord Elgin had reached London, from his country seat in Scotland, on the 31st of last month. But it was not known when he would sail for this country.

On the day before the sailing of the packet, Flour had fallen 2s. 6d. per barrel.

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF SPAIN.

DON DIEGO LEON,

OR, LIFE ON THE "RIBERA" OF NAVARRE.

The "Ribera" of Navarre, is a vast plain extending almost the whole breadth of that province, from the city of Pampeluna in the east, to Lodosa, a town on the Ebro, in the west.

This space, of some fifty or sixty miles, is a barren surface almost without a hill—unless a few bluffs of land can be termed so. This plain was the outlet for all the expeditions, undertaken by the Carlists during the civil war, to the southern provinces; and to guard which a strong division of about 15, to 20,000 men, under the command of General Don Diego Leon, or as we appropriately dubbed him "Jimmy Lion," formed a corps of observation, composed principally of cavalry.

This corps, in consequence of the particular description of service, was constantly on the march, almost night and day; and was anything but an easy kind of life, especially for our light cavalry who were constantly employed on the advance in watching the movements of our vigilant and treacherous enemy.

Having given the reader an idea of the *locale*, and of the peculiar description of service requisite to the fulfilment of the object for which this division told off, I will, as far as possible, give them an insight to the life followed by those composing this force.

Our General "Jimmy Lion," was indeed a "preux chevalier sans peur et sans reproche." Educated from youth for the military service of his country, and in the military nursery of her nobles and grandes—the light cavalry,—it was not surprising that he was attached to that arm of the service. Indeed he never seemed to be happy unless he was in the saddle and at the head of a few squadrons, seeking, like the knights of old, adventures in those lonely and sometimes dangerous plains, far more agreeable in the narration, than in the undertaking. Ah poor Leon! my heart's blood, warms at the mention of thy name. He was what we would term, a good fellow, one of the right sort, bold as his nickname, courteous and affable as a well bred lady, and identifying himself as one of us, then all youth and fire; it was not strange that he became our military idol, the leader that all blindly followed, tho' oftentimes leading us into sad scrap. Of towering height and gigantic strength, it indeed required an overwhelming force to resist his lance (usually carried by a page—near him,) and the few chosen squadrons that generally followed him, in his fortunes and perils in this mad career. Often [ay too often for our poor chargers,] have we extricated him and ourselves from the most overwhelming odds, by the mere bull-dog courage exhibited on those occasions.

The Carlist General, "Elio," commanding the corps opposed to us, was one equally chivalrous, and who had been selected for a similar description of service. Vigilant, active, and of great courage, he never lost an occasion of measuring tactics with the rash, incautious, and impetuous Leon.

Elio had in the year referred to in this sketch, [1838,] the greater part of the Carlist cavalry

under his command. In this arm of their service, the Carlists had been hitherto rather deficient, having invariably had the worst of it, when brought in contact with the finely mounted cavalry of the Queen. In that year, however, the attention of the Carlist Commander-in-Chief [Maroto,] had been principally directed to this deficiency, and their resources had in consequence been freely applied to its reorganization. So the close of the year saw them with powerful and well disciplined squadrons, numbering from 20 to 30, well mounted and under officers of experience.

This force now feeling its numerical strength became bold and audacious, disputing with us every blade of grass on the vast "Ribera," upon which both belligerents levied heavy contributions in forage, for the maintenance of their now numerous cavalry.

It was at the close of a splendid ball, given by the citizens of Pampeluna to the division, on a particular festival, that "Diana" [the assembly] resounded through the streets. It was early in the morning, day had already dawned, tho' the senoras and senoritas were still gay, kind, and condescending; and the "valz and mazourka" resounded in the beautiful ball-room—handsome guardsmen could yet be seen whirling lovely "donzellas" in the seducing mazes of the "valz," and the crash of music [perhaps the finest in Spain,] was still echoing its enchanting strains thro' the maddened brains of the assembled guests: when the well known call acted like an electric shock on the military "convivales" [invitees] present. The music, composed of some four or five regimental bands, and some fifty or sixty vocal performers, chanting the airs and forming unison with the instruments, perhaps the finest and most mellow orchestra that could be imagined, ceased, as if by inspiration. The silence that followed, was now interrupted by the clang of the sword and the jingling of the spur; here the whispers of some fair maidens with a knot of young lancers and cacadores of the guard, were answered in sighs by the gay and youthful deceivers, in "adios hasta otra vez," [adieu, till we meet again]; there the tender and killing looks of two or three well known Poles [lancers] could yet be seen, as they imparted their last glances to their favorite ones; and the heavy and measured step of some half dozen English lancers, with "adios snora," [senora could be easily distinguished, as they sallied out, satisfied that come what would, they would as usual be in for it. We were fully persuaded that "Jimmy Lion," tired of dancing, had determined to treat us to one of his favorite rides. "seeking some one to fight," or mayhap to give his "galgos" [grey-hounds] a course before breakfast. I never felt less inclined to do one or the other, as my eyelids weighed most heavily down, the want of sleep and the excitement of the night having rendered me feverish and uncomfortable.

I hastened to my billet to refresh myself and change my dress, and a few more minutes found me "a cheval" and in the "plaza," [square] telling off my troop. The officers were here and there collected in groups about the square, talking and chatting of the ball, and of the sudden alarm, and of the probable causes. At last the arrival of the general and staff dispersed these, and in a few seconds the column was in motion, taking up its line of march to, and defiling thro', the western gate of the city. On reaching the vast plain outside the town the division formed into line, and we remained thus for some minutes, at a loss to account for so unusual a circumstance.

Some time had elapsed, when an aide-de-camp rode past at a gallop with a packet in his hand and delivered it to the general. A few moments after a company of cacadores [light troops] issued from the gate, with four men in the centre with their arms pinioned, and each accompanied by a priest.

A sight so unexpected and startling had its effect upon us, and there reigned a solemn and dead silence thro' the whole line as the company advanced and passed. There needed no explanation for this parade,—reader this was a prelude to a military execution. The company halted in front of the general and near the centre of the line, whose flanks wheeled inwards, forming three sides of a square. The sentence of a court martial was then read condemning these unfortunate men to death. Their crime, sacrilege; they having on some previous occasion entered a chapel, and having purloined the altar and converted a few Virgin Marys and silver crosses into the munition of this world, thereby forfeiting