

they are so stupid they don't see it. All the specie goes into the Banks. I am told that the U C Bank had at one time £300,000 in England in Commissariat bills of Exchange: their notes in circulation are a million and a quarter of paper dollars, for all of which they draw interest from the people, although not obliged to keep six cents in their money-till to redeem them. All the troops were paid in the depreciated paper of these fraudulent bankrupt concerns, the directors of which deserve the Penitentiary: the contracts of the commissariat are paid in the same paper as a 10 per cent. share: and the troops up at Brantford were also paid in Bank! notes which the Bank did not pretend to redeem; and it would have offended Sir George (Arthur), who has a share in such speculations (as he had when in VanDieman's Land), had any one asked the dollars. Sir Allan McNab, who has risen from poverty to be president *de facto*, solicitor, directors and company of the Gore Bank, ever since its creation, is said to be terribly embarrassed for want of money. He is not the alpha and omega of the Bank now. He has quarrelled with his brother villains. The money paid to Canada from England to uphold troops to coerce the people helps the Banks." In the same number of the *Gazette* published at Rochester we have an extract from a production by Robert Gourlay himself, who in his old age paid a final visit of inspection to Canada. In allusion to a portion of Gourlay's famous work published in 1822, the extract is headed in *McKenzie's Gazette* "Robert Gourlay's 'Last Sketch' of Upper Canada." It is dated at Toronto, May 25th. Having just presented one gloomy view, we will venture to lower the reader's spirits a particle more, by giving another. Let allowance be made for the morbid mental condition of the writer, the contrast offered by the Canada of to-day will afterwards proportionably exhilarate. "What did Upper Canada gain," Gourlay asks "by my banishment; and what good is now to be seen in it?" Cast an eye over the length and breadth of the land" he cries, "from Malden to Point Fortune, and from the Falls to Lake Simcoe: then say if a single public work is creditable, or a single institution as it should be. The Rideau Canal!—what is it but a monument of England's folly and waste; which can never return a farthing of interest; or, for a single day stay the conquest of the province. The Welland Canal!—Has it not been from beginning till now a mere struggle of misery and mismanagement; and from now onward, promising to become a putrid ditch. The only railway, of ten miles; with half completed; and half which cannot be completed for want of funds! The macadamised roads, all in mud; only causing an increase of wear and tear. The province deeply in debt; confidence uprooted; and banks beleaguered!—Schools and Colleges, what are they?—Few yet, painted, though lectures on natural philosophy are now abundant. The Cobourg seminary outshining all that is sanctimonious: so airy and lank that learning cannot take root in it. A college at Sandwich built before the war, but now a pig sty; and one at Toronto indicated only by an approach. The edifices of the Church!—how few worthy of the Divine presence—how many unfinished—how many fallen to decay. The Church itself, wholly militant: Episcopahans maintaining what can never be established; Presbyterians more sour than ever, contending for rights where they have none whatever: Methodists so disunited that they cannot even join in a respectable groan; and Catholic priests wandering about in poverty because their scattered and starving flocks yield not sufficient wool for the shears. One institution only have I seen praiseworthy and progressing—The Penitentiary; but that is a concentrated essence, seeing the whole province is one: and which of you, resident landholders, having sense or regard for your family, would remain in it a day, could you sell your property and be off?"

Some popular Almanacs of a remarkable character also emanated from McKenzie's press. Whilst in the United States he put forth the *Caroline Almanac*, a designation intended to keep alive the memory of the cutting out of the *Caroline* steamer from Fort Schlosser in 1837, and her precipitation over the Falls of Niagara, an act sought to be held up as a great outrage on the part of the Canadian authorities. In the *Canadian Almanacs*, published by him, intended for circulation especially among the country population, the object kept in view was the same as that so industriously aimed at by the *Advocate* itself, viz., the exposure of the shortcomings and vices of the government of the day. At the same time a large amount of practically useful matter and information was supplied. The earlier almanac was entitled "Poor Richard, or the Yorkshire Almanac," and the compiler professed to be one "Patrick Swift, late of Belfast, in the Kingdom of Ireland, Esq., F.R.I., Grand-nephew of the celebrated Doctor Jonathan Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin, etc. etc. etc." This same personage was a contributor also of