



MY FIRST REGIMENTAL COAT.

I would be a Soldier. From my earliest youth I was inclined to nothing but a military life. I learned the classics without difficulty, or as my tutor (Dr. T.) an excellent scholar and a good Paddy, used to say, "in a hand gallop." Nature had favoured me with memory; but all that I read all that I learned, could not take me from an incessant longing for the army. I twice ran away after the soldiers and had I been old enough, I should certainly have enlisted. I was confined for a week for these frolics, but as soon as I got permission to go out, I never failed to attend every field-day of the Guards. My first coat was a scarlet one, lined with dark blue silk, and I put a cockade in my hat by stealth whenever I went out in which my kind tutor indulged me and I used to pocket it when I came in sight of my home. I had moreover a tin sabre and a wooden gun; a cartridge box rusty bayonet, and a sash made out of Mother's waist-ribbon! but I soon became too big for these, and was sent in due time to the university, and from thence abroad for four years. Previous to visiting foreign parts, I got myself well drilled, and enrolled in a volunteer corps; learned fencing and military riding, besides vaulting on horseback by Astley; and I started for Paris, partly a civil and partly a military figure, with a gay uniform of a two-company corps but not yet in regimentals. The time at last came when education being finished I returned home and being free as to my choice of professions I purchased a commission; tried on and appeared at court in my first regimental coat. I now considered myself a new being; I was a fish out of water before but now in my element—a regular lobster in the full time of a military course of life. I got my portrait and a miniature painted, in order to hand down to posterity the honour I had of serving the King; and to a host of emigrants, who then frequented my house, I always said, "Le Roi mon maître," whenever I named him. I will frankly confess that there was a deal of vanity mixed up in this affair but I hope that it was combined with better ingredients than it. I loved my King with a veneration which has no adequate term to express it; the trumpet intoxicated me with feeling; at the regimental standard my heart was ready to leap out of my bosom; my brother officers were as dear to me as my family, and the privates (to me) the finest fellows in the world.

Having now told my own folly, mingled with my affections and warmest sympathies, I must not presume to engage my reader's time with worthless self nor make myself "the little hero of the tale," but will briefly add a few observations flowing from experience respecting the influence which the profession and the garb of soldier have upon youth in general affecting their inward as well as outward habits and tending (after all) to useful end; and here I beg leave to say, that self has no part in these observations they are general.

Vanity first puts on the regimental but valour succeeds it. The honour of the cloth is interwoven with its texture, and must be supported; every thing teaches the recruit (of whatever rank) courage honour and fidelity. The cold-hearted cynical churl will condemn the noble profession of arms, and tell you that giddy girls and green geese are taken by a bit of red rag; the latter are driven by it—therefore who is the goose now? The fact is, that the colour is the most attractive gaudy and flaming and therefore excites the swellings of pride; but that is not all; it is national; and therefore as much to be looked up to as our national colours by sea and land; vanity may leap inexperience to this garb, but it cannot be worn long without producing a total change in the wearer and if gentlemen-like feeling were absent from the subaltern before he appeared in the Ga-

zette, it must be present afterwards for his life is at stake for its possession.

The King's colour represents him as it were in the soldier's eye; the regimental one is a memento to keep up the character of the corps (a most useful lesson) the hand inspires to bold enterprise and beguile the hours of the long march, or fatiguing field-day; the sword might be a sermon—it is such to the wise; for whilst it is the instrument of defence and the old privilege of a gentleman it tells the military man that he must be ever prepared for death and that by accepting of a commission he becomes the champion of his King and country, and his life is in their's but even to the thoughtless and short sighted the trusty blade is a fighting implement and he who wears a sword, must be ready to answer for his conduct in and out of the field; he can make no compromise of intrepidity and honour; and whilst the legislator and merchant the country-gentleman and mechanic, sleep in peace he must watch and look out however delicately reared in the lap of ease and comfort and exalted by birth and fortune. The rich and noble soldier as well as the hardy private has the bivouac in perspective before him—dangers and privations wounds and sudden death.

A vulgar prejudice and a plebeian idea have gone forth purporting that the soldier in peace-time is an encumbrance on the citizen that he is paid even by the dregs of the people that he is a sunshine butterfly a feather-bed fighting man but nothing is false; the officer is (from the King's son to the private gentleman and trader's offspring) an integral part of the state; his family he himself pears the purdents of that very population for whose monarch and name he is constantly bound to combat; the private is either a poorer or a braver man his reveling brother of the humble class and he protects his trade and labour, whilst the other works in safety and in comfort. War, perhaps is the great instrument of his handicraft's earnings yet he cannot find a term of brotherly esteem for his fellow man but must degrade what care not imitate.

Returning to what I set out with—if the gaudy trappings of the military within the week they must be soon abandoned unless bravery and sentiment accompany them;—it requires never to wear them honourable and for a continuance of time. A first coat like a first impression may be light but that impression may sink deeper the superficial observer may be aware of and may be indelible, until the hand of death destroy the mould,
Chatham, 30th July, 1828.

THE WEATHER.—In a work published in 1832, entitled Mackenzie's Manual of Weather the following remarkable passage occurs—"The years corresponding with the 1782 and 83 are the 1836 and 37. In the former pair of years the first summer and the last winter had by far the greatest proportions of the falls the cold exceeding upon the first summer; on the contrary in the last pair of years the greatest falls are upon the first winter and the last summer; the cold being excessive upon both the summers of the pair but more particularly severe upon the last or summer of 1837, a season which promises to exceed in cold rain, snow, frost, any summer within the last 500 years. It will therefore behove the rulers of the land of all ranks as well as public at large to be as well prepared for this severe visitation of nature as circumstances will permit,—for not only are these years exceedingly unfavourable, but the 1838 is equally unpromising; consequently this and the following year of 1839 will form a period of distressing privation since upon these two last the deficiency of the 1837 and 38 will fall with greatest effect."

EXTRAORDINARY MATCH.—A match for

200 sovs. took place on Monday in Lord's Cricket ground between Townsend the pedestrian and Drinkwater one of the quickest runners in England. It was to pick up 300 stones at a yard apart and bring them back to a basket placed at the starting post. Drinkwater to pick them with his hand—Townsend with his mouth. The start took place at 25 minutes to 11 each man being dressed in cotton drawers and jacket, Drinkwater having his head bound by a blue handkerchief Townsend running bare headed. The manner of each essentially differed—Townsend picking up his first seven or eight stones and then going to the three hundred and doing the farthest 150 first; Drinkwater beginning at the nearest and working upwards so as to leave his longest runs to the end. The entire distance has been calculated at 51 miles 540 yards. When half the work had been completed Drinkwater fell off in pace, and for the last hour and a half ran against nature; and on going up for the last 10 stones he staggered wildly; his eyes were gone he was caught in the arms of a bystander rallied, and ran again to carry it back to the basket but broken down a little better than half way and was conveyed to his room in a dreadful state of exhaustion leaving 9 stones at the extreme end untouched. Townsend ran on and completed his task in 8 hours 19 minutes.

LOWER CANADA.

Pierre Anot, of Vercheres, for whom a reward of £100 has been offered, was arrested last night in his own house, by a bailiff, and lodged in gaol. This morning Alphonso Gauvin, of this city, late Col. of the rebel army at St. Denis upon whose apprehension a similar premium had been set, and six other prisoners, were brought to town in the Varennes steamer from Sorel, in charge of the Volunteer Cavalry, who accompanied Col. Gore's second expedition. Yesterday Louis Frechette of L'Acadie, accused of high treason, was brought in by a party of the 24th and St. John's Volunteers.—*Montreal Gaz.*

The principal prisoners in the Montreal gaol have been transferred to military custody.

The French loyal papers, *L'Ami du Peuple* and *Le Canadien*, have come out in strong terms against the *ontreal Journals* which advise an entire proscription of the French part of the populace. The *Herald* reflects more violently than ever against the French, insisting that all the French are at heart the enemies of British sway. "At this very hour," says the *Herald*, "there are thousands in arms at *Grand Brule* and *Vaudreuil*; the county of *L'Acadie* is also in a state of rebellion."

"Disguise not the fact," it adds "that the whole country is in a state of rebellion; when we say the whole country, we know what we are saying; it is not necessary to prove our words that each village should be stockaded as was St. Charles, or garrisoned as was St. Denis, it is sufficient for us to know that one spirit animates the

French-Canadian peasantry, from Kamouraska to Coteau-du-Lac.—The District of Montreal, it is true, exhibits an entire population in arms, which as yet, is not the exhibition furnished by the Districts of Three Rivers and Quebec; but these districts are differently situated in regard to numbers and means of resistance from the district of Montreal. No want of a disposition to assist their fellow rebels of St. Denis St. Charles, and L'Acadie, prevents them from exhibiting the same scenes as have been witnessed at these places.

Although there evidently appears to be a lull at the present moment, in the revolutionary storm which has lately visited the Province, yet we believe it will be acknowledged on all hands that the final battle of the Constitution has not yet been fought; and that, until the rebels have root & branch been extirpated, there will be neither peace nor safety for Her Majesty's loyal subjects. It is true that the bravery and discipline of a handful of the Queen's troops have succeeded in relieving the banks of the Richilieu from that unhallowed blot, with which the people of that neighbourhood have suffered their loyalty and respect for the laws to be indelibly tarnished. But treason and disaffection still abound in the land; and our authorities, civil and military, will find that the most important part of their duty remains to be fulfilled. We are no alarmists, and despite that creeping cowardice which would stifle at the messages of a revolutionary nation, however numerous and united. Still, the dictates of prudence and wisdom demand that every preparation that force can exercise, should be used for the purpose of convincing not only the avowed rebel but his private abettors, of the folly and iniquity of their attempts to subvert the laws and the Constitution.

QUEBEC, Dec. 5.

Yesterday even.—Brown, Esq. and Lieut. H gall, 15th regt. returned to Quebec from Fredericton, New Brunswick; the former having accomplished the journey, there and back again in the short space of twelve days. We understand they report that the 43d regt. is on its march and may be expected daily at Quebec. The 85th regt. is to follow immediately after the 43d. The whole of that corps was concentrated in New Brunswick. It was reported at Fredericton in the best informed circles, that three regts. destined for Canada were expected at Halifax from England, and would immediately march for Quebec through New Brunswick.

The Montreal Courier, of the