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OR REFORMER OF PUBLIC ABUSES, AND RAILWAY AND MINING INTELLIGENCE.

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LITERATURE.

EIGHT YEARS IN CANADA, &c.

EMBRACING A REVIEW OF THE SEVERAL ADMINISTRATIONS OF LORDS DURHAM AND SYDENHAM, SIR CHARLES BAGOT, AND LORD METCALFE;

And Dedicated to the Memories of
THE FIRST AND LAST OF THESE DISTINGUISHED DEAD

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ECARTE," &c.:

DE ONNIBUS REBUS ET QUIBUSDAM ALIIS.

A difficulty of arrangement having occurred with the only two London publishers to whom the following pages have been submitted, the Author has decided on reversing the usual practice, and publishing in Canada first; thus affording that means of direct communication with other metropolitan publishers, which his absence from London renders a matter of much inconvenience. It will be borne in mind, therefore, by the Canadian reader, that what is now offered to his perusal, was intended for an English public.]

{ Deposited at the Office of the Registrar of the Province. }

(CHAPTER XI. CONTINUED.)

of "kitchen stuffs," and had Lodige suddenly tumbled from a balloon upon this spot, he would have found some difficulty in comprehending the vile distortion to which his favourite art had been subjected.

My first work was to cause the removal of the huge barn, to which I have already alluded as overhanging the prettiest part of what was eventually intended for a fish-pond. This was taken to pieces, and razed into a stable of more moderate dimensions, which I caused to be built on the surface of a broad and almost imperceptibly sloping rock, about two hundred yards in rear of the house, and in a line with the outer edge of the field just described. This finished, the oats and peas which proved more useful than I had anticipated, were cut and housed, and the ponies thus supplied with hard food nearly sufficient for their winter consumption.

Nor were other accessories of a farm wanting. A milch cow—pigs—ducks—fowls—rabbits—a plough, harrow, waggon, and all the lesser adjuncts of a miniature farm were procured, to which was added a handsome pleasure boat, the stern of which, in remembrance of her whose successful debut at the Italian Opera I had first witnessed, bore the name of "Fanny Elslar."

As the ice could be obtained within a few feet of my own door, and as the summer was even then so hot as to render it desirable, I now resolved to build an ice-house, and for that purpose selected a spot shaded by a cluster of pines, which grew near the edge of what I have previously described as Sandy Bay, and within fifty yards of the house, on a line parallel with the river. This was of the most simple construction in the world, and did not cost me, including labor, more than ten dollars. The man who undertook the job first dug an excavation some six feet in depth, built his frame work of pine trees, taken from an overhanging ridge beyond the field, where they could be best spared, filled the interstices between the layers of logs fastened together by notches at the end with slips of timber, and then placing tan bark and brush wood, covered the whole with earth and sod, so as to render it impervious to the outward atmosphere. The door was then added, and this facing the north, was sufficiently exposed, when necessary, to the action of a cold temperature, without admitting the warmth produced by the rays of the sun. This ice-house, the most rude and simple in its construction that can be conceived, answered all the purposes required of it. During the two following summers, it was closely packed with huge blocks of ice taken from the water below, not twenty yards off, and drawn up by the ponies on a flat sledge, and lasted so well that, throughout the season, we were never without the luxury of ice. Upon each layer had been thrown water which, freezing as it fell, and filling up the interstices, formed a compact and solid mass, which the axe alone, and that not without some trouble, could break up.

My position soon became nearly as critical as that of the Creator of Frankenstein. I had formed an image which carried terror to

my own soul, and I felt a utter hopelessness of freeing myself from the new ties which bound me to the spot. It seemed to me as if all power had been taken from me to overleap the narrow circle I had drawn around my future fortunes, and I experienced all that painful *serrement de cœur* which the certainty of coming evil invariably produces. There were moments when the idea of being buried alive, as it were, in this spot, without a possibility perhaps of ever again seeing the beautiful fields and magnificent cities, and mixing in the polished circles of Europe, and of matchless England in particular, came like a blighting cloud upon my thoughts, and filled me with a despondency no effort of my own could shake off. It did not once occur to me that I could, by disposing of the property, again shake off the incubus which weighed me down even from the very onset, and once more obtain that liberty of which I was sensible I had been deprived through my own consummate folly alone.

And the greatest act of folly in that series of absurdity was the disposal of my commission in the Service. But so confident did I feel that Lord Durham had, in compliance with the principle he had so energetically avowed to me, and on which he appeared so much to pride himself, named me to his successor, Mr. Poulett Thompson, as one who had strong claims on the Government, and had received his promise to be provided for, that I had conceived that the retention of my half-pay would in a great degree debar me from the enjoyment of the reward to which I had confidently looked forward. Under this impression I had written to Lord Fitzroy Somerset, requesting to be re-appointed to some regiment, and suffered to sell out from full pay. His Lordship promptly complied with my wishes, and soon after my arrival at Brockville, (for I had made the application while in the West) I saw the Gazette, which announced my appointment to the 44th Regiment and retirement from the same corps, by the sale of my commission. Here, then, was my all at stake, and doubtless it was this conviction that tended so strongly to confirm me in the lowness of spirits from which I was never thoroughly exempt while a resident on my new acquisition.

The necessity for self exertion, however, was obvious, and as I had neither the habits, taste, nor aptitude to become any thing that had not some connexion, more or less, with literature, I suffered myself to be influenced by the strong persuasions of several friends who expressed themselves perfectly confident that if I would undertake the publication of a newspaper, I should secure at least a couple of thousand subscribers, and determined on editing a publication in support of responsible Government, yet rather literary than political.

The mode of conducting a newspaper in Canada is very different from that at home. There an editor, as we all know, invariably enjoys a fixed salary for the management of a journal in which he has no immediate interest as a proprietor, but in Canada with perhaps not more than three or four exceptions out of upwards of sixty newspapers, the Editors are the sole proprietors of their papers, and of the mechanical mysteries of the craft necessary to produce them. Many editors even set up their own type, some of these, and the present proprietor of the "Kingston News"—one of the largest and best conducted papers in the Province, can with ease put up fifteen thousand ems a day. It is true he served an apprenticeship to the practical part of the business while a mere youth, and until his persevering industry, and capability placed him in the position he now occupies, but I very much question whether any other man in Canada, or indeed in England, can be found to exceed his rapidity of execution.

How true it is that what we are *compelled* to do, we ever perform with reluctance and distaste; and never was this fact more obvious than in the very art to which I am now alluding. The best of compositors—those who work with the greatest ease to themselves—have as inveterate a dislike to "setting up," as a man who has been any time in the West Indies, has for pine-apples, and turtle cooked in all its varieties. He goes to his work with the same sort of feeling with which a hired wood-chopper sets about his daily toil, and leaves it, when the time comes for the cessation from his labors, with quite as much delight and absence of care for the work on which he has been engaged. No matter how interesting the subject, he looks merely mechanically at the letters composing the words, seldom at the words as a whole, and never at a consecutive sentence. And yet this man is endowed with an education, an intelligence, which the wood cutter has not!