

as he would they should have done unto him—he is there.

We have ever had laudation on our lips, when the name of Metcalfe was pronounced, but the time of lip-deep homage has passed. It is now that our actions—and these embrace the slightest external sacrifice—must test the truth of our professions. Again we call upon the Administration created by the hand of him to whom we direct the offering up of the tribute of their grief, and upon every public body in the country, to adopt our suggestions. On the Mayor of the corporation of this city particularly we call, and we also call upon the ex-Mayor to use the influence he is known to possess, for the purpose of giving effect to that which to be efficient must be founded on unity of purpose and action among the citizens.

Whatever be the reception by the public bodies to which we have alluded, and whatever the course they may pursue, we at least shall feel that we have done our duty. Will the remainder of the Montreal Press do theirs, and join in the same advocacy? We can answer, we think, for one—and that in the affirmative.

COLONEL GUGY AND THE ADMINISTRATION.

We really know not which of two things creates in us the greatest surprise—the cool way in which the Government do the most extraordinary things, or the equally cool and apathetic manner in which the public at large regard them. It can only be that the former are quite sensible that their acts, however strange, have become so complete a matter of course that they have ceased to excite wonder in the public mind; and that the latter are so utterly hopeless of consistency in their rulers that they submit to the infliction of wrong without even feeling that it is such.

For the last three months, if not more, the press of this city has been teeming with the attack and defence of Colonel Gagy, between whom and the Government a regular war has been waged, the Attorney-General East being the principal *writing* combatant on the side of the latter. Now let us mark the result—

As a bonus to Colonel Gagy—an inducement to make him forego his well-grounded complaints against those who had most infamously treated him with a view to the consolidation of their own power—a gratuity of £500 of the public money was given to him. And here we may observe (par parenthese) that, had the same Government been liberal enough not to have opposed the grant of a gratuity to ourselves, as recommended by a Select Committee of Parliament, one of whom was the very Adjutant-General for whom Colonel Gagy was compelled to make way, and for whom we have the highest personal esteem—had they, we repeat, granted that to which we were declared to be entitled, we should have been enabled to have discharged certain obligations incurred in the exercise of our duties, and for any delay in the settlement of which we hold the unjust conduct of the Govern-

ment chargeable. But, although it was deemed advisable to oppose all gratuity to us, notwithstanding the recommendation of a Committee of the House, and to give one, unsolicited, to Col. Gagy, the bribe failed to secure the silence it aimed at. Colonel Gagy very quietly pocketed the money, and opened a fire upon his tempters which he continued with much spirit. And to this they replied, until a hint was thrown out that he might and would oppose them in Parliament. This was their most sensitive point. They could bear to tyrannize over Col. Gagy while out of a House on whose breath their political existence depended, but the very thought of a new and powerful adversary *there*, was gall and wormwood to their spirit of tenacity, and not the remotest chance of such a contingency must be permitted. How was the danger to be avoided? The Adjutant-Generalship was gone—that was beyond their control, but still there was a means by which they might, on the one hand, escape the charge of injustice, or on the other, stay the clamor of the officer they had so seriously injured. Mr. McCord, the late Police Magistrate of Quebec, was here a few days since—we know not for what purpose, but we do know that, only a day or two after his departure from Montreal, it is stated in the *Morning Courier*, a paper which ought to be, and generally is well informed on these subjects, that Col. Gagy, who had shown up the administration for what they are, had been offered by that administration the very situation vacated by Mr. McCord, and that he had indignantly refused it.

Now, in what a position does this place the men who govern Canada, and have governed it since the departure from amongst us of the lamented nobleman to whose memory we this day cause our columns to pay the only mark of respect—weak and imperfect we admit it to be—which can here be offered to his more than human virtues. Mark well their political manœuvring. If accepted by Colonel Gagy, they of course disembarass themselves of a dreaded opponent in the elections that may take place on Lord Elgin's assumption of the reins of government. If, on the other hand, rejected by him, they are enabled to show that Colonel Gagy has no further claim upon them, in consequence of his refusal of the only public office they have in their power to tender to him.

This latter may now be given as their true reason for making the offer, which has been rejected by Colonel Gagy; but no man of any penetration whatever will believe that they considered even this puntillo necessary. It is the apprehension of a coming election which has induced him to try whether Colonel Gagy cannot be won upon to accept £300 a year, and forego his chances of success in the contest, but this, as we have already seen, has been declined, and the Administration have to suffer the humiliation of seeing it recorded that he, who declared *guerre ouverte* against their injustice, has contemptuously and spiritedly refused the bribe with which they sought to purchase his silence.

We may not conclude these remarks without commenting on an extract from a letter from its Quebec correspondent which appeared, in reference to this appointment, in a late number of the *Times* newspaper. If the writer of that letter means to insinuate, and the paragraph we subjoin evidently bears that construction, that we have been an applicant for the office of Police Magistrate in Quebec, or any other whatsoever, we give it the most distinct and unqualified denial:—

W. K. McCord, Esquire, has been re-appointed Circuit Judge, and the office of Inspector and Superintendent of Police has consequently become vacant; but it will not be long so. It is said that Col. Gagy, the editor of the *Expositor*, or R. Symes, Esquire, will be appointed to the vacant office. I would rather that Mr. Symes should get it, but I believe Col. Gagy is to be the lucky applicant.

MINING ANECDOTE.

So prevalent is the mania for mining in this country at present, that visions of gold and silver seem to be called up as readily as in the days of the lamp of Aladdin. A good story is told by a friend of ours, who, we have reason to know, has discovered on his estate a mine far more valuable than anything Lake Superior has yet produced. He had employed one of his people, a simple French habitant, to crush some quartz supposed to contain ore, in a stone mortar the bottom of which was inlaid with pewter. When this had been carefully reduced to powder, the whole was emptied into a black iron pan filled with water, by which process any ore contained in the stone would remain in the bottom, and was of course distinctly visible on the dark surface. The man carefully emptied the pan of everything but a bright and shining metal which lay at the bottom in small and detached particles. Delighted at the sight, he ran exclaiming to his neighbours that he had found plenty of silver in the stone which was in great abundance on his own farm, and declared that as he was now so rich a master of the means of procuring wealth he would work no more. In short, his joy at the discovery was unbounded. But alas! it was of brief duration. The gentleman to whom we allude had, of course, been a good deal amused at the extravagance of his joy, but, unwilling that the delusion under which he labored should be continued, he explained to the poor fellow that what he had taken for silver was nothing but particles of pewter, which the act of pounding had detached from the bottom of the mortar, and concluded with the following very pithy advice:—

"Gallor tunc ego, et nunquam animo;"

Which being interpreted, may be read thus—

"Cock your eye, and never mind."

We have given, in our number of this week, as promised, the highly amusing Spanish sketch, entitled "The Pass and Convent of Ona."

General Kearney has taken possession of New Mexico, in the name of the American Government; and the other division of the army (7000 men) under General Taylor, are approaching Monterey, where an engagement may be expected.