

—a regular frequenter of Exeter Hall meetings—a parliamentary supporter of Sir Andrew Agnew; and, terrible reflection under the circumstances! the person on whom rested my principal hopes of official advancement—the being almost pledged to obtain for me the situation of Provincial Vice-Deputy-Assistant-Under-Secretary to the ecclesiastical commission! In the fortitude of avoiding observation, I hastily drew my hat over my face. But it was too late. The eyes of the "governor" were of the most penetrating character, and had easily singled me out from the motley group by which I was surrounded. He had many virtues, but patience, and equality of temper could not be reckoned amongst the number. His indignation knew no bounds on seeing me so oddly employed—with my fair forehead hanging affectionately on my arm—and darting towards me with a mischievous gesture and flashing eyes, he apostrophised me in no gentle tones. "So Sir—very pretty indeed!—very pretty, upon my honour!—You shameless prettifier!—You barefaced fool-for-nothing scamp!—Is this the way you are going on, after all your promises of amendment! I won't stand it, sir!—You shall repent it to the last day of your life!—I'll have nothing more to say to you—I'll disinherited you—I'll cut you off!"

But here his "right honourable friend" interposed to check this very boisterous display of paternal ire; and taking him by the arm, he led me gently away, having whispered some words of reason in his ear. But before he walked off, Mr. — turned towards me, and with a most apostrophic brow, said "Young gentleman!—I am sorry, very sorry to see you in such company; all things considered, I might have hoped that, at this particular time, you would have shown a little more regard for decorum. I have no right of course, to take you to task; but I must say that I regret deeply, on *my own account*, that you should be so regardless of all propriety."

So saying, he moved on; and the governor, heedless of my efforts at explanation, and my entreaties that he would stay to hear my defence, suffered himself to be walked off, in sullen silence, and left me to my fate.

In the mean time my interesting and troublesome charge became every moment more troublesome and less interesting in my eyes; but as she was apparently wholly dependent on my good offices, I could not, of course, desert her. I was, however, very unwilling to incur any further opprobrium on her account, and sincerely desirous to deposit her in a place of safety. Under these circumstances I came to the conclusion, after much unpleasant deliberation with myself, that I would offer her an honourable retreat in my lodgings, until the arrival of the hour when she might have a chance of being put in communication with her friends. "I must trust to my good fortune," thought I, "to smuggle her out of the house, without being observed by my respectable and sour-tempered landlady; and at all events as Mrs. Simpkinson is a sensible woman, I dare say I should have no difficulty in making her understand the honest state of the case." Having thus made up my mind as to the course to be pursued, I saw no need in philandering about the streets any longer; so having explained my purpose to the fair lady, I proceeded at a very rapid pace to Craven-street. But all the annoyances I had hitherto experienced about her, were as nothing compared with my vexation on discovering that I had come out without my latch-key. I could not obtain admission for myself without "knocking up" the house, and, I confess, every principle of modesty and decorum seemed to me to forbid a proceeding which, in my distressing position, was likely to be so unpleasantly advertised upon.—With a heavy heart, therefore, and eyes no less heavy, I resumed my wanderings, and as a last resource, bethought me of an hotel not a hundred miles from the Adelphi, where I resolved to take my chance of a successful appeal to the hospitality of the proprietors in favour of my forlorn stranger.

*Chemin faisant*, I met one or two of the police, and was greatly tempted, in spite of the lady's remonstrances, to transfer my responsibility to a more legitimate quarter; but she seemed to have an instinctive horror of those formidable authorities, which, I confess, almost induced me to suspect that she had, at some period of her life, found herself *aux prises avec la justice*, and was consequently apprehensive of exciting reminiscences that might be too agonising to her feelings. I therefore continued my route, growing at every step, more silent and sulky—ruminating

on the unpleasant consequences that might probably result from my rencontre with the "governor and his friend; but I soon found that dusting had not yet exhausted all her severity towards me, or I had not proceeded above a couple of hundred yards up the strand, when I was suddenly confronted by another acquaintance, whom, of all men in the world, I least wished to meet in so embarrassing a crisis of my fate. This was my friend Harry Cobham, the brother of the too fascinating nymph whose absence from Lady —'s ball had so grievously disturbed my equanimity; and as he was to a certain extent, aware of the good understanding that existed between his sister and myself, and less averse to the prospect of my alliance than his more worldly mamma, it will readily be believed that I was not very anxious to obtain credit, in his eyes, for a species of *distraction* so contrary to the loyal duty I owed to my life lady.

But my friend Harry was in no mood to play the moralist, as being apparently, just rescued from some scene of protracted revelry, in a state of bewilderment highly creditable to his own conviviality and the hospitality of his friends. His progress along the pavement was rather of a serpentine character, ever and anon declining a few degrees from the mathematical course, like that of the sun in the ecliptic; and my evil genius decreed that I should get the full benefit of one of those meandering movements, which brought him close up against me.

"Hallo! Ned, my boy! Is that you?" exclaimed he, with a huckup, and stopping short in his eccentric career. "Whom have you got here? Ah! You sly old fox! Is this your morality, I say? Who—whose's your fair friend, if I may make so bold as to enquire?" "Ah! *mon Dieu!*! *Est ce que?*" exclaimed my amiable companion, "Quelle horreur!"

"Wh—what's that Mr. Cobham do you say my dear?" continued the facetious Mr. Cobham. Do you suppose I'm dr—drunk! Quite the reverse, my angel! I—'m very te—mark—ably sober, and a second huckup afforded convincing evidence in support of his assertion.

"My dear Cobham," said I, anxious to get rid of him as quietly as possible, pray don't detain us. You quite mistake—this is a most respectable young person—and I have promised to see her safe home."

"Well, my dear boy, you know there's safety in numbers. No—by your leave—and—her leave, I'll ma—make one of your party."

And suiting the action to the word, he staggered to the other side of her, and held out his arm, which, however, she declined taking; but he walked for some distance by her side, addressing her in a half English half French jargon, which at any other time would have excited my risible faculties.

At length he carried his assiduites so far as to chuck her under the chin; which polite demonstration of regard she resented by a box on the ear, given in a style which at once proclaimed the competency of her *tailleur* to take her own part. It seemed, indeed, to be applied with a degree of *a-plomb*, and precision that could only result from practice.

Cobham, however, was outrageous, and became so violent in his behaviour, that I felt bound to interfere in defence of the fair object of his mingled wrath and admiration. A short scuffle ensued; I had not the slightest intention of striking him, but a gentle shove, which I was obliged to give him, in order to release his body from his grasp, made him lose his very precarious equilibrium, and he came to the ground; while my fair friend began to scream, like Miss O'Neill in "Belvidera," and before I knew where I was, a couple of policemen ran up, springing their rattles, and flourishing their staves in the most mischievous style imaginable.

Cobham started on his legs, completely sobered by the fall, but furious at the indignity I had put upon him.

"Mr. —," exclaimed he with an oath, "you shall answer for this before you are a day older."

"Whenever you please, sir," answered I, driven to desperation.

"What's all this here now about?" quoth one of the policemen, in an authoritative tone. "Come gentlemen, you and this here lady must be pleased to walk off to the station house."

But Cobham began to show fight, and the lady seemed equally disposed to resist this encroachment on the liberty of the subject.—Whereupon, observing that the municipal force had full occupation in reducing these two refractory individuals to obedience, I watched my opportunity and ran off at full

speed, leaving my ill-omened acquaintance to shift for herself; nor did I once slacken my pace until I found myself at my own door in Craven-street.

But woe! were the consequences of that eventful morning! About a week after I was sitting at home, with my arm in a sling, (the result of a hostile rencontre in Wimbledon-Common with my friend Cobham) when three letters were delivered to me, each being an answer to an apologetic and explanatory communication from myself to their respective writers. They shall speak for themselves.

The first was from my father—it was to the following effect:

"Ned, you are an incorrigible dog! and your humbugging excuses only serve to aggravate your offences. From this day, your allowance is reduced one half; and by the Lord Harry, if you don't mend your manners, it shall be withdrawn altogether. Yours, &c."

The second was from my official friend —.

"My Dear Sir,—I regret to say that I cannot be of any service to you in the matter to which your note refers. The archbishop has this day appointed Mr. — provincial-vice-deputy-assistant-under-secretary to the ecclesiastical commission. As Mr. — is unquestionably a gentleman of high character, and *irreproachable morals*, you will at once see the impossibility of my interfering with His Grace's appointment.

"Forgive me if I say that I trust what has occurred will be a salutary lesson; and that you may ere long be recalled to a becoming sense of the awful responsibility attached to the character of a christian.

I remain, dear Sir,  
Your sincere friend and servant,  
"

The third was "the most unkindest cut of all." It contained a small locket, and ran thus:—

"After what has occurred, you cannot be surprised that I hasten to return an ornament which I am painfully sensible I ought not yet to have accepted from you. My mamma was quite right, and I am justly punished for my neglect of her injunctions. I wish you every happiness, and hope, for your own sake, that you will reform. But we will meet hereafter on common acquaintance.

"Yours,  
EMILY."

I tore up these three interesting documents into a thousand pieces, threw the locket on the hearth stone, and stamped upon it until it was pulverised to atoms. But the past could not be recalled, and after washing down my grief and despair with a bottle of claret at the Athenaeum, I turned into the opera to revive my drooping spirits. The fair Emily and her mamma cut me dead from their pit-box, and I took refuge behind the scenes, where the first person I saw was the heroine of my unfortunate adventure dressed out "in very thin clothing and but little of it," for the ballet in which she was about to make her *début* as Mademoiselle Euphrosine, from L'Académie Royale de Musique. She was leaning against a side scene, and listening coquettishly to the agreeable flattery of my friend Harry Cobham.

We had shaken hands on the ground, but Harry had not forgiven me, so I was not surprised that he turned away his head on my approach. But my indignation was aroused to the highest pitch, when Mademoiselle Euphrosine—the perfidious cause of all my misfortunes—stared me full in the face, with no other mark of recognition than a look of the most sovereign contempt.

Thus in the space of one short hour, I lost my friend, my mistress—whoby-the-by, had twenty thousand consols at her own disposal—my father's good graces, one half of my allowance, and my hopes of an official appointment—to say nothing of a shattered elbow—all for the sake of a nymph who rewarded my services by the most flagrant ingratitude.

A more unmerited string of misfortunes could scarcely have fallen on a devoted head!—all resulting from my chivalrous disposition, and the amiable pliability of my temper! But one such lesson is sufficient. From that hour I have forsworn all benevolent interference in the cause of the fair sex; and, as Paul Pry has it, "If ever I do another good natured thing in the course of my life—you'll see—that's all!"

Of all infirmities, vanity is said to be dearest to us. A man will starve his other virtues to keep that alive.

Poetry is defined by Burke as the art of substantiating shadows, and of lending existence to nothing.

UPPER CANADA.

Brookville, (U. C.), March 1st.—Our Frontier, which during the latter part of last week was seriously threatened with an attack from a collection of people under Van Rensselaer, is now in a more quiescent state. The invaders have dispersed—not being able after all their industry and labour, to get over 180 men willing to make an attack on any of our posts, although it is said some 1500 or 2000 men were in and about French Creek.—(Recorder.)  
The Cornwall Volunteers, who had been sent up to this place on the late emergency, left this morning (March 1st) on their return. Two Companies of them were pushed on to Gananoque, but returned on it being ascertained that Van Rensselaer and his party had left Hickory Island. The Rifle Company of this town was also despatched to Gananoque, but were recalled for the same reason, before reaching that place. The 1st and 4th Regiments of Leeds Militia were called out on Saturday.—(Ibid.)

THE TRANSCRIPT.

QUEBEC, TUESDAY, 6th MARCH, 1838.

LATEST DATES.

London, - - - July 4.	New-York, - - - Feb. 28
Liverpool, - - - Jan. 4.	Hull, - - - Feb. 21
Lyons, - - - Dec. 31.	Toronto, - - - Feb. 27

The New York papers received this morning contain no later intelligence from Europe. The "Patriots" broke into the Arsenal at Elizabethtown on the 27th February, and carried away 1200 stand of arms, and a large quantity of ball cartridge and accoutrements. An express had been sent off to General Wool who was (somewhere about like Champ-plain) to inform him of the circumstance.

The Upper Canada papers contain nothing of great importance.

We understand that his Excellency Sir John Colborne, administrator of the Government, and commander of the Forces is not expected here before the opening of the navigation.

Yesterday's American mail did not bring us any later European intelligence, although nearly a dozen packets are due. The last Liverpool packet that arrived was the Pennsylvania, bringing dates to the 23d December. The last London Packet brought London dates to the 26th December, and the last Havre packet brought Paris dates to the 1st Jan. The following are now due:—From London, the Sanson, 1st January; President, 10th Jan.; Ontario, the 20th January; From Liverpool, the Orpheus, 1st January; From London, 8th January; Cambridge and Shakespear both of the 16th January. From Havre, the Formosa, 16th December; Poland, 8th January, and Albany, 16th January.

We have received private information from Sandwich to the 22d of February which states that the pirates of Michigan, have effected a landing on Walpole Island, at the mouth of the river St. Clair. General Brady of the United States Army had taken up a station opposite, with some regular troops, for the purpose of preventing the return of the pirates to Michigan, and Dr. Dunlop, with the Huron, and part of the Kent Militia, had occupied a position on our main land, for the purpose of giving them a British reception, in the event of their making any hostile movements. An attack was expected that day at Amherstburg from another body of Pirates, for which the troops and volunteers stationed there were fully prepared.—*Montreal Herald.*

From the Montreal papers of Saturday, we learn that despatches have been received from the Hon. Colonel Maitland, Commanding at Amherstburg, enclosing a report from Major Townsend of the dispersion, by the force detached under his command, from the garrison of Amherstburg of a piratical band assembled at Fighting Island near that place. Major Townsend's force consisted of Captain Brown's company of the 32, a company of the 83d, under Lieutenant Kelsall, a detachment of Royal Artillery, under Captain Glasgow and a body of militia. Captain Glasgow soon opened a fire that greatly discomposd the rebels, but relying upon the ice being too weak to bear the troops, they were not inclined to abandon their position, till they saw the company of the 32d closely followed by that of the 83d advancing to attack the island. They then took to flight, leaving behind their can-