

tled down quietly to a monk; in fact, anything but a jolly cornet. Time went floating on the wings of the butterfly: at one moment I enjoyed myself in the past; at others, indulged in the pleasing anticipations of the distant future. I was not conscious of the present. I believe that at last the large goblet had reached me, for I do not recollect anything after that—till the shrill trumpet echoed through the vast hall, sounding boots and saddles, for the regiment and for the route. I endeavoured to start up, but that was impossible: I was still glued to my chair. All my efforts were in vain. I opened my eyes and daylight had already penetrated the vast refectory; but the sight! oh, the sight that met my gaze beggars description!—My two companions of the night before were at my feet in the arms of Somnus. The old fat fellow was in his shirt sleeves, and I found myself dressed in his cassock. He had a huge pair of corked moustaches on his lips. The younger one had a pair of immense whiskers, and his cassock tied over his shoulders and close round his neck, forming a sort of strait jacket for him. On each side of the table were black heaps, as far as the eye could see. The president had disappeared under the table, but in his large oaken chair sat, or rather lay, one of our youngest cornets with the president's skull cap half way down his face. Various were the attempts made to get to the door, but in vain. There was an universal titter as each dragoon got up and came to his senses. Some huge moustaches had been singed off, and others again increased by the use of the cork, together with most immense and Salvator Rosa style of eye-brow. Who had been the principal actor in this scene, we never could find out; but we always suspected the last president, who was ever a sad dog in his way. Poor fellow! he was killed afterwards—peace to his ashes. At last we managed to get out; my horse was at the door. I had forgotten to take off my canonical dress, and when my old servant saw me, he stared and then went off into a hysterical laugh. He laughed, and I laughed, and at last every body laughed, for who could help it, as each officer presented himself to his troop. Reader, do not start! in the midst of this revelry the goblet had disappeared; and "who stole the goblet?" was ever after a cant phrase with us; or if any body was ever drunk, we used to say that "he must have the goblet." We continued our route, leaving our friends of the Convent with a great deal of regret, and with a most pleasing souvenir, with the exception of the accident that befel that large silver goblet.

Four years had elapsed, and the civil war was over. I retired from the service, and was on my way from Madrid to the frontier of France. The escort that I was with halted in a valley at the entrance of a pass. The valley was covered with ruins, and there was not sufficient shelter afforded by them from the sun, for our small party. I managed to get under the walls of what once had been a chapel. The rear of it was the only part in tolerable preservation, and that I should imagine was from the support of the ivy and other strong shrubs that had taken root in the walls. As I was conversing with the sergeant of the party, I asked casually if he knew the name of these ruins. His serious answer astounded and filled me with a melancholy I could not resist, and I really could have cried if I had been alone. Reader, these were the ruins of the once celebrated convent of Onâ! I did not recognize it: nobody could. There was not a vestige of its former grandeur and beauty—its trees had been cut down for firewood for the contending parties, and its vines uprooted. There was no vestige of a garden: all had disappeared—to the very

walls. Alas! this is indeed grim-visaged war! God forbid it here.*

CABALLERO.

* Note.—We had previously supped in that refectory, and slept in one of the dormitories of the brotherhood. It was once the largest and most wealthy Convent in Spain. Fourteen leagues of territory, extending in every direction from its walls, and crossing the Ebro in front, formed its domain. Its chapel was the most gorgeous perhaps, after that of Burgos, in the world, and the wines from its cellars—when the Holy Fathers chose to give their best—the most delicious that a soldier, fatigued with a long day's march through that romantic pass so graphically sketched above, could desire.—E. W. E.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"POST OFFICE."—Several of our subscribers in Kingston complain of never having received a number of the WEEKLY EXPOSITOR since its first issue. All that we know is that it is regularly mailed here, and that it is received at the Post Office in Kingston, for other subscribers have acknowledged the receipt of their copies, and the whole are made up in the same parcel. Unless this matter be satisfactorily explained to us, we shall make it an especial matter of complaint to the Deputy Post Master General, and comment in this paper; for abuses of this kind are not to be tolerated. The principal parties to whom we allude, do not having received their papers, are a well-known legal firm in Kingston. The Postmaster there will have no difficulty in understanding to whom we allude.

"THE LONDON RAILWAY RECORD" has come to hand in exchange for our own Colonial Railway and Mining Journal. We have made, and shall continue to make, extracts from the valuable columns of this paper, and hope that in return our London cotemporary will aid in conferring a benefit upon Canada, and afford information to the British speculator, by quoting from our columns all that appertains to the great Railway in contemplation here. It will be seen from our files that the undertaking is not only one of vast magnitude and importance for the country, but so certain of success that a Bridge across the St. Lawrence (an accessory measure) is intended to be built.

"A CORRESPONDENT" again writes to us on the subject of the Exhibitions in this city, and calls our attention to the removal of the Moscow Diorama to the Odd Fellows' Hall in St. James Street. He complains bitterly that the Corporation do not impose a tax on these never-ending attempts to extract money from the pockets of the citizens, and we think not without justice. If the Theatre be taxed, why not these exhibitions? It is but lessening the profit of the exhibitor, while the public are benefited.

"A CORNISH MINER'S" letter is again postponed until next week.

After the present issue of the WEEKLY EXPOSITOR no single numbers will be sold. They who desire the paper must subscribe to it, in which case they will be supplied with a file from the beginning. None of those, however, who receive a copy of the present impression, and have not given their names as subscribers, will have it continued to them, unless they signify their desire. All letters must be sent free to the Office, the address of which is given at the foot of the paper.

THE WEEKLY EXPOSITOR.

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, Oct. 8, 1846.

PUBLIC MOURNING FOR LORD METCALFE.

The article from the London Times which, although of some length, we copy into our columns this week, so fully details the services and character of the late Lord Metcalfe, that any remarks we could offer would be wholly a matter of supererogation. But we have another duty to perform, quite as important as that of eulogizing one whose

praises have already been justly sounded by the great trumpet of the Times. It is that of pointing out to the people of Canada generally, and to the citizens of Montreal in particular, the propriety of paying to the memory of this good man that tribute of respect which, even in the common relations of life, we bestow upon our fellow creatures.

Had Lord Metcalfe's health permitted, there can be no doubt that he would have made Canada his home, even as he had once intended to lay his bones in India,—another illustration of his love for the country he governed—and surely the vast sums of money he expended in this country, in public as well as in private charity, and in the furtherance of all Christian institutions, no matter of what denomination or sect, it will not be denied, gives his memory the strongest claims upon our gratitude.

Statues we may design, but we never erect,—witness the Brock monument—the Tecumseh and the Sydenham. Perhaps we are too poor, and "our appetites are larger than our stomachs,"—that is to say, we purport much but do little. A statue was once spoken of to be erected to Lord Metcalfe, but few of the present generation of Canadians, however young they may be, will ever see laid the first stone of that tribute of love to the good. But what we may all see, what we should all see, and that immediately, is the customary outward symbol which marks the affliction within. Who is there who knew Lord Metcalfe—either personally or through his actions,—who will hesitate to pay to his memory a tribute of respect which is as honorable, if not so enduring, as the erection of a statue, and which can be rendered without expense of any moment to most individuals in the community.

In this spirit, and feeling satisfied in the consciousness that, in recommending what we do, we are acquitting ourselves of a solemn duty which the whole of Canada owes to the departed nobleman, the tidings of whose decease has so lately reached us, we call upon the Government itself to issue an order to the effect, as well as upon every corporation and public body in the Province, to pass a resolution expressive of their sentiments of regret and their determination to wear some symbol of mourning for the space of one month, at least, from the passing of such order and resolution—recommending, at the same time, a similar course to be followed by the public at large.

Let us not be misunderstood. This is not intended to be a political demonstration. Men of all parties and opinions in politics may kneel at the same shrine. It is not the Governor General to whom we offer up the incense of the soul's sorrow, but to the generous—the high minded—the benevolent—the self-sacrificing nobleman, whose ear was ever open to the plaint of the distressed—whose heart was ever touched by its recital—and whose hand was ever extended to relieve it. Peace to his shade: if there be a Heaven for him who hath done to others