

Another story is about a Lieutenant's wife, who got her husband's Company for him by presenting His Majesty with a Newfoundland wild goose. The last story, however, is the best : An old gentleman who knew the Prince well when he was here, called on him at Kensington Palace. His Majesty was delighted to see him, and gave him a glass of calabogus—spruce beer and rum ; they had a pleasant chat over their glass and pipe. The Newfoundland gentleman thought it would be the right thing to ask after the Queen's health. His Majesty said Queen Adelaide was quite well, and would have had much pleasure in seeing him, but unfortunately it was *washing day*. I tell the story as 'tis told to me, and if you don't credit it, I can only say, in the words of an immortal official of the Assembly — " If you don't believe me, ask Richard."

THE AMERICAN INVASION.—1812-13.

(FROM THE TORONTO WEEKLY GLOBE.)



INTO the various causes which led to the American invasion of Canada in 1812-13, we do not propose to enter very fully in this place. These matters have already been treated of at length in a sketch of the life of General Brock, and all that we have to do with them at present is to show to what extent the invasion directly affected the town of York. A very few words will suffice to explain the situation of affairs at the time when the foot of the invader for the first and—let us hope—for the last time trod the streets of our capital.

On the 18th of June, 1812, war was declared by the United States against Great Britain, and General Brock—who, in the absence of Governor Gore, was President and Administrator of the Government in the Upper Province—at once