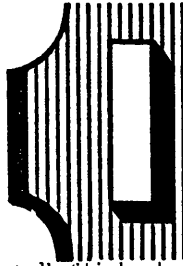


## THE VICE-REGAL PROGRESS.

FROM OUR SPECIAL REPORTER.



**I**N the Niagara District, his Excellency met with warm hospitality from a remarkable individual, known by the name of Greybiel—a corruption or mal-pronunciation of Grey Bill; and which, by an easy and natural transition into Bill Grey, affords a clue to the mutual fraternization of the distinguished personages in question. Were I possessed of the pencil of a Landseer, I could have furnished you with a portrait of the great Greybiel,—pen and ink can give but little of his *chiar-oscuro*, and nothing at all of his local colour—which, to carry out the metaphor artistical, appeared to be laid on rather thick. Greybiel is above the ordinary average height, swarthy as a native Nubian in complexion, and hirsute as the untanned chimpanzee of central Tongataboo; there is, nevertheless, an expression of concealed tobacco about his cheek, that speaks of more than meets the eye,—but which sometimes meets the eye in a very forcible manner when he expectorates. His establishment is not large—about fifteen feet square;—but the *ménage* is on a liberal scale; and Vice-Royalty was pleased to express itself dazzled by the quantity of pork which smoked on the festive board, or plank. A debauch on Canadian whiskey was here a salient point in the progress; and about twilight, Lord Mark Kerr was seen endeavouring to persuade his horse to “take” one of the Locks of the Welland Canal,—when, after many ineffectual attempts, both horse and rider “took it” by tumbling into the abyss; from which they were with great difficulty extricated, by letting on the water and floating them to the top. About this time your reporter proceeded to the hospitable residence of John H. Conolly, Esq., who incurs the heavy responsibility of causing the *hiatus* which here occurs in your reporter's manuscript;—a *hiatus valde defendus*, as the learned host with his usual classical promptitude elegantly expressed it,—and concerning which your reporter is unable to give any further explanations than what may be conveyed by the following symbols.

*Saturday, Sept. 29.*—The Viceregal procession arrived at Guelph, where torrents of rain—provided, we are informed, by the firemen of that ancient hamlet,—rushed down from the clouds to welcome the Bruce. The maple trees were blushing up to the very tops of their autumnal heads, at the honor about to be conferred on the Wellington district, and the cheerful little birds on the bushes, shook the sparkling gems of heavy-wet from their plumage, as they trilled the swelling chorus of “Scots wha hae,” in honor of the Celtic nobleman whose wandering inclinations had borne him to their bowers. But as a writer in a provincial paper has happily expressed it, no amount of rain could “damp the ardour of the gallant men of Guelph;” and so, while the cold water was running down into their boots, their indomitable spirit continued to burn with brilliancy, like the lantern of a storm-buffeted light-house amid the conflict of contending elements. Excuse my fine writing, but the subject inspires one with images of vast grandeur, and the steam must be let off or the boiler bursts. It was Michaelmas day, and in a short speech which his Excellency addressed to the brave spirits by whom he was surrounded, he alluded most happily to the anniversary. “The Goose of Canada,” he said, “was about to be cooked in a manner unparalleled in the history of nations, and he trusted, from the leading part he had taken in bringing about this culinary consummation, that he would be looked upon as a great tip-top sawyer (Soyer,) in the immense Reform Kitchen of the British North American Provinces.” This sally was received with roars of laughter,—though the majority of the auditors departed to their homes under the impression that his Excellency had been addressing them in French. From Guelph the Viceregal cortege returned to Brantford; and there I retired to rest,—to compensate by a short nap of about seventeen hours, for the fatigue incurred in chronicling the pageantry of the preceding day.

*Tuesday Oct. 2.*—On looking out of my window this morning, my eyes received a severe shock from the splendour of the gorgeous scene which flashed upon their unprepared orbits. Four gallant

steeds, with fire flashing from their eyes, while the smoke found vent from their distended nostrils, tightened the traces of the brilliant equipage of the veteran Babcock, wherein Viceroyalty sat with folded arms, accompanied by Col. Bruce and James Wilkes, Esq.,—the latter gentleman, from a certain air of embarrassment which pervaded his features, evidently conjuring up a mental picture of the triumphal progress of a great Circus Company, wherein he himself was cast for the part of Clown. Viceroyalty was pleased to compliment the veteran Babcock upon his personal appearance, saying that he “looked very well,—and fat;” a compliment in which truth was not sacrificed to flattery, seeing that Babcock weighs about two and twenty stone. With many flags floating on the breeze the procession arrived at the “Chequered Tavern,” where the visage of Viceroyalty beamed with smiles, at what he took to be the delicate little attention of putting the house into tartan to welcome the Bruce; and on the strength of which he ordered Babcock to pull up, in order that he might treat to “cock-tails” all round. Here a Viceregal salute, of rather a novel character, startled the ears of the revellers—being nothing less than, the explosion of nine anvils, which were converted into artillery for the occasion by the ingenious blacksmiths of Brock. Viceroyalty, though startled by the shock, expressed itself gratified, and “hoped that none of the honest fellows would blast their prospects by blowing their eyes out.” A little further on, the cavalcade was met by about forty-nine gallant fellows beating drums and waving colours,—and, as a western Journal expresses it with terrible poetical fervor, “the *Pibroch* of the Highland Society sounding wildly on the gale;”—though, as the day was perfectly still, I am at a loss to know where the *Pibroch* found a gale to sound upon. As the cortege neared the settlement of Woodstock, it gradually assumed a more Celtic and less civilised appearance, highlanders, with broadswords and bucklers occasionally falling in with it from the neighboring fastnesses, reminding one forcibly of a novel of Walter Scott.

*Wednesday, Oct. 3.*—When near Ingersoll, the Viceregal party was met by the “sturdy yeomanry” of Yarmouth and Southwold, brigaded with the men of Middlesex, and bearing banners embroidered with cunningly devised mottoes. The Irish Society overtopped the rest, with its lofty flag of emerald green, setting forth, originally—

“The Irish C’sts  
Welcome the Bruce,  
With a hearty  
Cean mille Failthe.”

but which some evil minded Tory had clandestinely altered, so that the mutilated motto informed your reporter that—

“The Irish C’sts  
Welcome the Brutes,  
With a hearty  
Cead mille Failthe.”

Meantime the town of London was the scene of a proceeding unparalleled in the pages of history, for its wild and picturesque violence. A torrent of Tories, headed by a venerable hero on horseback, swept through the town, carrying devastation to the triumphal arches which had been erected at an enormous expense for the delight of Viceroyalty. They next proceeded to the residence of the Honorable Postmaster, whom they pelted into a state of unconsciousness with unopened newspapers, thereby vindicating the majesty of the press, and giving vent to their pent-up politics. From the residence of Bill Niles, brother-in-law to the immortal but ill-fated General Putnam, the Progress approached the town of London, and finally Viceroyalty was landed at the door of Robinson Hall Hotel, where a small entertainment was got up for his private amusement by shooting a few young men in the crowd at a small expense. Here addresses were presented by the Town and District, and during the reply delivered to one of these your reporter fell asleep,—which finishes his narration.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**ВЪНКУМ.**—Of course Messrs. Rose and Johnson have thrown away their silk gowns with their allegiance. They have no longer any pretensions to plead the cause of the Queen whose rule they contemn, and whose empire they would dismember. Their patriotism and love of “our country” is too great to allow of dishonorable gain.