

the lively social commentary, are intended to be placed in juxtaposition, I must not pass over another anecdote, which tells in some degree against myself, and which occurred at the dinner to which I have just alluded.

I was seated at the centre of the table, opposite to Sir John, on whose left was Lady Colborne, and on whose right a very fine woman whom I had not seen before, and whose name I had not heard announced. Colonel — sat immediately on my right, and with him I had entered into that casual and general conversation which results from the near proximity of comparative strangers at a dinner-table. When the dessert had been placed, and a glass or two of claret, added to the previously imbibed champagne, had increased exhilaration of all, I ventured to say in a low tone to my neighbor,

"Pray, who is that remarkably fine woman opposite to me?"

"That is Mrs. —," replied the Colonel, naming his wife.

The well known story of

"Pray, Sir, can you inform me who that very ugly woman is?"

"Yes, Sir: that is my sister."

"No, no; not her: I mean the person to whom she is talking."

"That, Sir, is my wife."—at once occurred to me; but as the question, although at best an awkward one, involved nothing that was not complimentary, I felt the more at my ease. I merely bowed as a matter of course, and Colonel —, who, like every sensible husband, did not seem to be at all displeased with this tribute of admiration to his wife, had the good sense to come to my aid by introducing some other casual remark.

While giving these two anecdotes, I must not, although it is somewhat misplaced here, lose sight of another which shows, in its true colors, the generous and gallant spirit of the old soldier, the idol of the 52nd of former years.

Shortly after the arrival of Sir John Colborne in Quebec, and before the departure of Lord Durham for Upper Canada, a review of the troops in garrison, consisting chiefly of the Guards, then recently arrived in the country, took place on the plains of Abraham. Sir John, with a very brilliant staff, was present on the ground when I rode up, and it occurred to me that he was viewing with deep admiration the fine body of men, drawn up in line, whom it had never before been his fortune to have submitted to his inspection. Soon afterwards, Lord Durham, accompanied by his no less showy staff, at the head of whom was his Military Secretary, Colonel Couper, made his appearance, and both corteges having united under a salute of artillery, they passed slowly along the line. The troops then broke into open column, right in front, marched past in slow and quick time, and, after a few evolutions, which they performed in their usual masterly style, were moved off the ground. Lord Durham, with his staff, first left the field, and Sir John followed, at some little distance in advance of the troops, then retiring in sections. I had taken up a position where I could, at my leisure, see them defile into the high road, through the wide gate which communicates with the enclosed plains, and as Sir John passed me I of course touched my hat. He immediately left the main body of his staff, and trotting his horse up to me, asked, with an exultation in his manner I had never previously remarked, whether I had ever seen a more splendid body of men, or troops who went through their evolutions in a more steady and masterly manner. I, truly enough, replied that I never had, among the troops of any continental service, seen an infantry force that could, either in appearance or discipline, be compared with them. I confess I was at the time somewhat surprised that so old and distinguished an officer as Sir John Colborne should have asked the opinion of one who it was a good deal the fashion at that period to affect to slight, as having been, even though with the sanction of the Horse Guards, in the service of Spain; but when I subsequently reflected that they were only the "feather-bed" soldiers of the present British army who affected to contemn what they could not understand, and by no means those to whom active service of any kind was familiar, I was at no loss to comprehend the delicate compliment which had been paid to me, or the warm and soldier-like feeling which had drawn it forth. Although the delivery of Sir John Colborne was at all times quick and impetuous, his manner, while kind, was reserved; and therefore the departure on this occasion from his wonted habit conveyed to the troops, whose eulogium he, with the generous spirit of the old soldier was anxious to pronounce, one of the highest tributes of praise that could have been rendered.

The arrival of Sir John Colborne in Quebec, where he was subsequently sworn in as Administrator of the Affairs of the Province during the absence of the Governor General, enabled the latter to put in execution his project of a visit of inspection to the Upper Province. A very fine steamer—the John Bull—was chartered and fitted up in such a manner as to afford accommodation to the whole of his Lordship's family and suite as far as Montreal. Here he remained some days, and in one of the principal cabins, which had been fitted up as a library, he received the deputations which were conveyed to him by various public bodies in the city. It was on this occasion that he was so pestered with the plans and advice of the person to whom I have already alluded.

A great many stories are recounted in Canada of Lord Durham's haughtiness of character and irritability of temper, as manifested during this excursion, but the parties relating them seem to have lost sight of the fact that haughtiness and irritability would have been exhibited by any man filling, for the first time, the high station he

held in a country where as little respect appeared to be paid to rank as would have been evinced by the veriest democrats on earth. His Lordship had not, certainly, left England under the impression that he should find in Canada manners and habits so seemingly republican, that the only wonder to him was how its inhabitants could entertain the slightest dislike for American institutions. If, therefore, he experienced disappointment, and even restlessness, on finding that he had undertaken to legislate for those who seemed to be wholly ignorant of the essentials of a proper and decorous courtesy, the fault was with themselves, and not with him.

I have had some hesitation before determining to give these anecdotes a place in this work; but as in all probability they may find their way into the world through some other channel less favorably disposed to judge of Lord Durham's motives, and as every thing which relates to this distinguished, yet unfortunate statesman, cannot fail to be read with deep interest by his numerous friends, acquaintances, and dependents, as well as by the British public generally, I have thought it advisable to record them as I have heard the several stories related by parties more or less interested.

As the sea had the hardihood to set bounds to the ambition of Canute, so did the rapids of the St. Lawrence to the luxurious comfort with which Lord Durham had surrounded himself on board of the John Bull. Although a very large sum of money had been expended on this steambot, she could not, of course, get higher up than Montreal, and thus His Excellency's family and suite were compelled to have recourse to the alternate land and water travelling then incidental to the route to the Upper Lakes. The Cobourg steamer had also been chartered for him, and in this he embarked at the last landing-place communicating with Kingston; but the accommodations were so immeasurably inferior to those of the John Bull, that his Lordship felt no inclination to make it his home. At Kingston he disembarked, and took up his abode at the British North American Hotel, requiring that the landlord should clear the house of all lodgers, while he (Lord Durham) remained in it. This was accordingly done, and, of course, the summary dispossession gave great umbrage to many of the persons residing in the house, whence, in all probability, the bitter acrimony with which they ever allude to his Lordship's visit to Upper Canada. Only one gentleman—whom I know personally, and who, indeed, related to me the fact—positively refused to leave the house, and, independently of his own apartments, frequented the room near the entrance-hall, which is universally known in America as the "bar-room." Men who have been any time in Canada become inveterate cigar-smokers. Before breakfast, after breakfast, at noon, before dinner, after dinner, and to a late hour at night, the cigar is in perpetual demand, and one who wishes to refer to a newspaper, or to examine the address-book for the name of a friend, must thread his way—half-choked, half-blinded—through an atmosphere of smoke nearly as dense as a London fog. Nor is this immoderate passion for the cigar confined to any particular class. Merchants, shop-boys, government-clerks, officers of the regiments and detachments quartered in the several cities and towns, members of the provincial parliament—all seem devoted to the fascinating "weed." But most of all the Father of smokers, as he reputedly is of the Canadian press—the Honorable —, long a member of the House of Assembly, and recently called to the Legislative Council. This gentleman, who is, or was until very recently, editor of the —, I do not recollect ever to have seen, during those sessions of parliament in which he bore a part, without a cigar in his mouth, unless when actually in his place in the house. Indeed, I am half-inclined to think that the honorable and universally-respected Nestor is indebted to his copious use of the "weed" for much, if not all, of the bitterness and quaintness which are so remarkable in his speeches and writings.

The gentleman to whom I have alluded, as having absolutely refused to leave the hotel at Lord Durham's desire, formed no exception to the class of smokers I have described. One morning he was indulging in the bar-room, in the customary luxury, when his Lordship, who was passing from the vestibule into the hall which led to his drawing-rooms, immediately detected the smell of tobacco, and sniffing the air with that eagerness which a man sometimes evinces even when he does not expect to be regaled with the most odoriferous perfume, called out that there was somebody smoking in the house, and forthwith summoned the landlord. Mr. Macdonald, a timid and retiring man, heard the charge made by his Lordship—well knew who was the offender—but being satisfied that were it discovered he had, contrary to his Lordship's desire, suffered any stranger to remain in the house, he should encounter his severe displeasure, suggested that he might have been deceived. He promised, nevertheless, to make instant inquiry, and if he should find that the crime of smoking had actually been perpetrated, to take such measures as would prevent a repetition of the offence. Lord Durham, still sniffing the polluted air, and giving every indication of the nausea he experienced, then descended, much disconcerted, to his own immediate apartments.

Another anecdote is narrated as having occurred while he was at the British North American. Being extremely fastidious about the eggs that were set before him at breakfast, his Lordship com-