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AND RAILWAY AND MINING INTELLIGENCE.

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LITERATURE.

EIGHT YEARS IN CANADA, &c.

EMBRACING A REVIEW OF THE SEVERAL ADMINISTRATIONS OF LORDS DURHAM AND SYDENHAM, SIR CHARLES BAGOT, AND LORD METCALFE;

And Dedicated to the Memories of
THE FIRST AND LAST OF THESE DISTINGUISHED DEAD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ECARTE," &c.

DE OMNIBUS REBUS ET QUIBUSDAM ALIIS.

[A difficulty of arrangement having occurred with the only two London publishers to whom the following pages have been submitted, the Author has decided on reversing the usual practice, and publishing in Canada first; thus affording that means of direct communication with other metropolitan publishers, which his absence from London renders a matter of much inconvenience. It will be borne in mind, therefore, by the Canadian reader, that what is now offered to his perusal, was intended for an English public.]

[Deposited at the Office of the Registrar of the Province.]

(CHAPTER VIII. CONTINUED.)

Canada, alone, in the wide universe, forms the exception. The few men of talent who exist within her bosom, have never met with that attention which it is the pride of the nations to which I have alluded to bestow upon those who undertake to instruct, inform, or amuse their minds; and so far has this apathetic feeling been carried, that in my own case it was left to the people of the United States to inform them that they possessed a writer not less favorably known in Europe than among themselves, of whose existence they (the Canadians) were ignorant, and to whose success they were indifferent.

As this is the last time I shall ever allude to the humiliating subject, I cannot deny to myself the gratification of the expression of a hope, that should a more refined and cultivated taste ever be introduced into the matter-of-fact country in which I have derived my being, its people will decline to do me the honor of placing my name in the list of their "Authors." I certainly have no particular ambition to rank among their future "men of genius," or to share in any posthumous honor they may be disposed to confer upon them.

The gratification which I have elsewhere stated I experienced in my communication with the hospitable people of Detroit, had nearly now been interrupted by a not very welcome invitation, which emanated from one exercising high influence on that border. All the world know, or have heard of, the famous General Theller, who won his way to much renown by escaping, in 1838, from the citadel of Quebec, while immediately under the surveillance of the Guards; and who, after a diligent and fruitless search of many days, had secretly left the vicinity of the city about the time I returned from my farewell visit to Lord Durham. He was now once more in Detroit, the point from which he had originally invaded Canada, and while editing a paper entitled the "Spirit of '76," denunciatory of British ascendancy, was anxiously awaiting an opportunity when some future demonstration on the part of the disaffected Canadians might enable him to renew his hazardous course.

The distance from Sandwich to Windsor is about three miles, and between the latter place (the scene of action during the invasion I have already described, when Colonel Prince ordered the prisoners to be shot) and the American town of Detroit immediately opposite, plies a small stein ferry-boat. Intending one morning to cross over in this, as was my wont, I chanced to go into the "store" of Mr. Dougall, the proprietor of a large establishment on the Canadian side, which is much resorted to by the inhabitants of both shores, when that gentleman inquired if I had seen Theller's paper of that morning. I replied I had not, when he handed it to me, pointing out the following paragraph:—

"*Hunters—Look out! What does this mean? We copy from the 'North American' the following:*

"———, alias STEVENS, THE SPY.*

"Immediately after the troubles of last fall, a man, calling himself STEVENS, made his appearance on the Vermont and New York frontier, who called himself a lumber-merchant from Michigan; said he had been arrested at Sorel, Lower Canada, and thrown into the Montreal jail, on account of his friendly feelings to the patriots. While at Champlain, he repeatedly endeavoured to get Colonel Gagnon into Canada, under pretence that he wished to purchase his (Gagnon's) farm, and it was necessary that the business should be done before a notary in Canada. His conduct looked suspicious, and, consequently, measures were taken which very soon led to his detection as a spy—and well did he merit the fate of a spy.

"He was afterwards recognized as the ridiculously famous ——, so well known for his cowardice in a certain affair of honor with Mr. Le Blanc Marconuay, of Montreal. The unchanged villain has now gone on a tour along the Michigan frontier, and is, no doubt, at his old tricks, of spying out the sayings and doings of the patriots. Give him a peep into *futurity* and he'll be satisfied.

"DESCRIBTION.—He is a man of middling height, rather inclined to corpulency, florid complexion, sandy hair and whiskers, of easy manners and martial carriage.

"Look out for him along the New York and Michigan frontier."

There are some men so singularly unfortunate, and as it were predestined to notoriety, that, go where they will, court what privacy they may, they are certain of being dragged before the public by the 'dastardly malevolence of fools and scoundrels, and made to undergo the influence of that leprous curse of human society, the blistering foul-mouthedness of a loathsome and insatiable scandal. I could have felt disposed to smile at the paragraph, overcharged as it was with my accomplishments as a spy, but when I reference made to another matter of a more private character, and, from the very fact of the allusion, formed the same surmise that appeared in the commentary of the Montreal Herald, as given in the note I have appended, that it had emanated from certain beings whom I held in the most thorough scorn and contempt, I could ill suppress my indignation and disgust. But then, there was a manifest error. I had neither sandy hair nor whiskers; neither were my mustachios, which I had constantly worn for the last five-and-twenty years, alluded to, and yet these composed a feature (if such it could be called) which was remarkable enough to have claimed a place in the very detailed description. I reviewed in memory all those persons who, from their peculiar position in the country, were most likely to have been thus employed, and finally became confirmed in the opinion that the present Queen's Printer in Canada, who had been employed by Lord Durham in some secret service on the lines, was the party for whom I had been mistaken, and who had been thus charged. His person completely corresponding to the description:—"middling height, rather inclined to corpulency, florid complexion, sandy hair and whiskers, and of easy manners."

But, whoever the offender, I was the individual to whom had been attached the odium. Although I had never been near Lake Champlain; had not set my foot on the Vermont frontier; knew no more of Colonel Gagnon than I did of the Emperor of China, and had taken no part whatever in the affairs of that troubled period, I had been too markedly pointed out by name to the formidable 'Hunters,' who abounded on the American shore, not to apprehend personal violence of some kind, even although I might escape the rifle bullet or the bowie-knife. I could not quite reconcile to myself the idea of shrinking from the danger that threatened, but prudence and my better judgment came in to the support of Mr. Dougall's earnest recommendation, and I resolved to discontinue my

* The following are the remarks, while giving it a place in his columns of the editor of the Montreal Herald, upon the paragraph:—"The above is copied from the Spirit of '76, of the 19th ultimo (Sept. 1838), a paper published at Detroit by the infamous Theller, who escaped from the Citadel of Quebec. Its object was, no doubt, to induce some of the sympathizers or refugees about Detroit to assassinate ——, who is at present residing at Sandwich, and who was for some time a resident of this city. It is not unlikely that the article in the North American was concocted in Montreal, by some of those individuals who might have felt afraid that their characters and conduct would be gilded in the work which —— announced a short time ago that he was about to publish. The charge against him of having been a spy is ridiculous in the extreme as we know, and equally so is that of his having shown cowardice in an affair of honor he had with Mr. Marconuay. That he was guilty of precipitation and indiscretion in that affair we cannot deny, but his character for courage was too highly established to suffer from the malignant efforts of any set of men."