



# THE WEEKLY EXPOSITOR,

AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM.

OR REFORMER OF PUBLIC ABUSES,  
AND RAILWAY AND MINING INTELLIGENCE.

Vol. 1.]

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1846.

[No. 16.

## 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 IX. CONTINUED.)

quarters to the mess-room (for it was after dinner, and over our wine, that we entered upon the ceremony,) a couple of carving-knives supplied each officer with a relic, and before the burning of the mass, with their poles, had commenced. My old companion now showed me his portion, which he had religiously preserved, but I had unfortunately lost mine, even since my return to Canada.

Although, since my short stay in Cornwall, almost every trace of snow had disappeared, and my friend strongly recommended me to exchange my sleigh for a waggon, I still cherished the hope that winter had not yet wholly disappeared; but that some opportune fall would enable me to continue the use of my runners. At length my anticipation seemed gratified. The snow began one afternoon to descend, and in such large flakes, that the ground was speedily covered. Delighted at the prospect, I rallied my friend on his seeming want of knowledge of the caprices of his native climate, and expressed my intention to be off on the following morning at daylight, and before any of the family were up. He shrugged his shoulders with a dryness of manner peculiar to him, and replied that, if I expected to derive any advantage from the snow which was then falling, I literally "counted without my host"—that it was what is termed a "wet snow," the wind coming from the wrong quarter to render it lasting; and that moreover, as the roads were not frozen, the morrow's sun would dissipate the thin veil, and leave me to flounder through mud and "slush," until I should heartily repent that I had not followed his advice, and exchanged my sleigh for some more appropriate vehicle. I, however, persisted, and on the following morning the ponies, who had had four days' of good food and rest to restore them, were once more on their way to the West. For the first four or five miles we went on smoothly enough, but as the day advanced, and the sun, then acquiring power, imparted its warmth to the earth, the snow began gradually to disappear, and was only to be met with in detached parts, and where the deep shadows of the woods, through which we occasionally passed, prevented its rays from penetrating. Finally, as we gained the more open country, the journey became one of infinite distress, and such was the severity of punishment to the ponies, that, in order to relieve them, I was compelled to walk at their side for hours, ankle-deep in mud, with the reins in my hands. The distance from Cornwall to Brockville is between sixty and seventy miles, and this it took me two days to accomplish, with hard labor to the horses, and scarcely less fatigue to the driver. My tiger occasionally walked, but much oftener rode.

On reaching Brockville, about nine o'clock the second night after my departure from Cornwall, I found myself in quarters very different from those I had just quitted. There was not a good hotel in the place, and the best of the indifferent was kept by a Yankee, who had long resided in the town, and whom a successful business—his being the stage-house—had rendered "pretty considerably independent"—a condition which, by the way, is applica-

ble to most persons in Canada who keep inn, and (what are meant to be) houses of accommodation for travellers. Here, after having seen my horses properly attended to, I sat down to a not very choice supper, which had been prepared under the expectation that my servant and myself were to eat it together, yet which, in following our respective inclinations, we devoured separately. I was then shewn, at my request, to one of the best bed-rooms my host had to give me. Completely knocked up with my day's work, I was so disposed to sleep that I could with difficulty keep my eyes open during supper. I had not, therefore, much time, nor did I experience any inclination, to criticize the apartment which had been allotted to me, and which, on the following morning, I found was bounded on all sides, save that which admitted the light, by a thin unpainted wooden partition, the loosened and shrunken joints of which allowed the eye to explore the mysteries of two adjoining sleeping-rooms, in one of which, as was evidenced by scattered petticoats and bonnets, some interesting and not "too-devilish-particular" female had reposed. No sooner had my head touched the pillow than I fell deliciously asleep. But it was not fated this luxurious state of repose should last. I could not have been more than an hour in bed, when I was awakened by the most infernal noises that ever assailed the quiet of a slumbering man. A party of dissolute and dissipated fellows of that class which is known, both in Canada and the United States, under the expressive designation of "loafer," were carousing in a room not far from that in which I lay; and one of them—a ventriloquist—was amusing himself and his equally intellectual friends, by imitating the braying of asses—the lowing of oxen—the mewling of cats, and the crowing of cocks, in such a manner, that I could not but believe the object of this horrible din was to disturb me. I got out of bed, threw on my dressing-gown and slippers, went into the passage, and, in no very amiable tone, I confess, demanded to know who it was who presumed to raise such a disturbance in the house at that hour of the night, to the great annoyance of those who preferred sleep to being tormented with their blackguardism. There was a discontinuance of the noise, but no answer, and taking it for granted that my expostulation would prove a sufficient check upon their unseemly conduct, I returned to my bed, but sleep was no longer to be met with there. After passing a most wretched night, in vain endeavors to renew the sweet slumbers from which I had been so cruelly awakened, I rose at an early hour, for the purpose of repeating the task of the preceding day, until I should reach Kingston (sixty miles from Brockville), where it was my intention to stop for a few days, until I could have a waggon prepared for the long journey which was yet before me. Apologies were made to me by the delinquents, but there was no recompense for the heaviness and ill-humor with which I had risen from my miserable bed, to the untempting appearance of which fatigue alone had blinded me.

How seldom and how imperfectly can we read into the page of the future, and how often do the most important actions of a man's life take their rise in the most trifling causes. Little did I conceive at the time that this display of ventriloquism would prove to have been the first link in the chain of events which was to make this Brockville—a place I had so much reason to detest, and which I entertained no desire to behold again—my resting-place in Canada. Yet so it was. I had ordered my horses to be harnessed, and given other necessary instructions to my tiger, when an old half-pay officer and friend of my own entered the room where I was packing up my trunk, and entreated that I would delay my departure until I had seen the father of the youth who had disturbed my night's rest, and for whose conduct he was anxious to make some excuse. Not caring or thinking more of the matter, I urged that this was quite unnecessary, but that I should feel pleasure in delaying my departure for an hour or two, and calling, as he suggested, on the old gentleman, who was then residing with his relative, Colonel —, Collector of the Customs of the place. We called. The answer was "Not at home"; and we had handed in our cards to the servant, and were some paces from the house on our return, when the door was again opened, and a young lady, fat, fair, and eighteen—in short, all but in years a George the Fourth style of beauty—made her appearance, who, after apologizing for the mistake of the servant, very politely insisted on our re-entering. The invitation, coming as it did from such a quarter, could not well be declined. We

walked in, and we were soon surrounded by the whole of a very large family. Colonel ——— particularly urged me to dine with him that day, and to defer my departure until the next. The invitation being warmly seconded by the family, I was not sorry to yield to the temptation to remain, and test the hospitality which had been so freely tendered to me. Indeed such was the extraordinary *empressement* of all to detain me, that it was not without some difficulty, and only on giving a promise that I would return immediately afterwards, that I was suffered to depart with my friend, for the purpose of countermanding the instructions I had given, and ordering my horses back to their stable.

That night I was detained a not very unwilling prisoner among those with whom I had dined, and who, in lieu of the luxury of ventriloquism, offered me that of a most tempting clean bed, from which I arose far more refreshed than I think I should have done had I occupied my room of the former night. Breakfast over, Colonel ———, who, like a sensible man had an "eye to business," and had also advised my providing myself with a waggon at once, without waiting until I got to Kingston, took me to examine one which he had seized a few days before laden with smuggled goods, and which he strongly recommended as being suited to my purpose. I consented to take it at the price he named—twenty-six dollars—and as the box was both slight and shallow, I handed it over to a wheelwright who had been sent for to give his opinion, with directions to place the box of my sleigh upon the wheels, and so to mould the whole together as to give to the vehicle both durability and lightness. This job, he observed, could not be performed in less than two days, and my departure was consequently again delayed. In the mean time, Colonel ———, who had insisted on my leaving the inn, and removing my horses, servant, and baggage to his own place, was good enough to offer to shew me whatever was worthy of notice in the neighborhood, and among other things a "villa" nearly adjoining his own grounds, which he stated was to be sold for a mere song. These grounds, embracing fourteen acres (not more than one half of which were under, or susceptible of, cultivation, the rest being barren, but rather picturesque and elevated, rock,) were enclosed by a close board fence, not two lengths of which were alike, while the frame dwelling-house, which fronted and adjoined the river, exhibited as uninviting an appearance as a building which had nearly lost the thin coat of paint with which it had once been adorned, and moreover stood in need of much repair, could well assume. There was a prodigious shell of a stable, which had been intended originally for a barn, placed in a position the most favorable to deface the grounds, and everything else, which had been raised by the hand of man was in strict keeping with what I have already described. Still the place was beautiful and romantically situated; so much so indeed, that the same property, bordering as it was on the water, would in England have readily commanded some thousand of pounds. There was a deep sandy bay on one side of the house, which was completely shut from view on every hand, even on the river, until you closely approached it, and this bay afforded excellent shelter for boats in stormy weather; while on the other, was one of the most perfect sites for a fish-pond that ever was formed by the caprice of nature. This was effected by a narrow arm of the St. Lawrence which runs into the grounds between two oblong masses of rock terminating at the point where the stable stood, and a dam across the mouth of which could have been constructed at a cost little exceeding five-and-twenty pounds.

This property, at the rate at which lands were selling in the Johnstown District in which it was situated, was worth about two hundred pounds, at which it has been repeatedly valued by competent parties. But, as my very kind friend Colonel ———, who expressed a most flattering desire that I should become his neighbor, declared it was "dirt cheap" at five hundred, which was the amount demanded of me, I yielded to his presumed better judgment, and agreed to pay that amount. The deed was drawn—the transfer made, and, by the nicest little arrangement in the world, (although I know nothing of this latter, for I had not taken the trouble to read the wordy and dry document,) a mortgage was given in exchange, the purport of which was the reversion of the property to the seller—one Hayes, a clever and acute yankee,—on failing to pay any one of the instalments, which were at rather short dates—of equal amounts with interest—and five in number. Thus my accidental calling on Colonel ———, who, by the way, was one of the witnesses to the deed and mortgage which had been executed, and who never would have known me had it not been for the interesting ventriloquism of his relative, had been the immediate means of altering the whole course of my existence, and causing me to be what I never was before, and trust I never shall be again, a fixture in any place; and one especially that has little more than its natural beauty to recommend it.

I had now been nearly a fortnight on my route from Montreal, and yet more than three-fourths of my journey remained to be accomplished. This was undoubtedly travelling at one's leisure, but certainly not at railway speed, and independently of the time dwindled away in this manner, the fatigue of guiding horses through so long a succession of bad roads, was harassing in the

extreme. I was not very sorry therefore when the waggon builder came to announce that his job was completed, and to ask for the ponies to drag up the hermaphrodite thing—half waggon half sleigh—which, painted black as it was, very much resembled a hearse in appearance, although it united every advantage for the journey that I could reasonably desire. Taking my leave of Colonel ——— who had promised to see things put in order in my new place, and to prepare for my arrival in the summer, I mounted into my high waggon, from the driving seat of which my ponies looked very much as though they had come from Lilliput, and with my tiger at my side, and my baggage carefully disposed of, once more set off on my adventures.

The road from Brockville to Gananoque—a distance of from thirty-five to forty miles—runs parallel with what are called the "thousand islands" of the Saint Lawrence, and a great portion of this road is, like the islands themselves, extremely rocky. This is by no means a rich portion of the country, but on the contrary, considering the length of time the district has been settled, wears a character of poverty, if not of actual sterility, that offers but little temptation to the enterprising settler. This description indeed applies in a greater or less degree to the chief portion of the country along the immediate banks of the Saint Lawrence, from Brockville to Kingston, where the river takes its rise. As you retire into the interior, and strike the more inland streams and rivers, the quality of the soil is much superior, although the facilities of transportation are necessarily fewer. Not being particularly hurried in my movements, or desirous of distressing my ponies, I passed the night at Gananoque, one of the most miserable, and yet one of the most picturesquely situated villages in Canada. Here there are (what are prized beyond anything else in the country,) "good water privileges," formed by the discolored and narrow river from which the place derives its name, near its point of junction with the Saint Lawrence. A clan of M'Donald's own the greater part of the village, which (opposite to Frenchtown on the American side, and the great rendezvous of of the celebrated Bill Johnston, I have alluded to on a former occasion as being the head quarters of deserters from the British army,) has the reputation of producing the best flour in Canada, or even in the United States. It is fortunate that it can boast of something of which one may write favorably.

The journey from Gananoque to Kingston—a distance of twenty-four miles—my ponies accomplished on the following day in good time, and as in consequence of my having been so opportunely supplied at Brockville with the proper vehicle in which to continue my route, I had now no inducement for delay. I pushed on immediately for Toronto, passing through Belleville, Coburg, Port Hope, &c., and over a tract of fine country which increased in richness and fertility as I approached the then Seat of Government in Upper Canada, (Lord Sydenham had not yet carried his act of union,) and hot-bed of what the radicals and disaffected of the Province term *toryism*. I was five days in reaching this fine and rapidly improving city from Kingston, the distance being one hundred and eighty miles, for with the exception of four leagues of beautiful plank road leading into Toronto, which my waggon rolled over as though it had been an English bowling-green, the roads had been execrable throughout the greater part of the way, and I seldom felt inclined, after a hard day's journey, to continue out at night, unless the distance to the place at which I intended to stop should render it necessary. The plan I had adopted, and pursued, during this trip, was as follows:—I caused my servant, who otherwise enjoyed a far more luxurious ease than his master, and who always slept near me, to rise before daylight, and see the ponies watered and fed in such time as would admit of our starting about sunrise. I then pushed on until twelve o'clock, when I stopped at the first inn which seemed to promise—and not only to promise, but to be supplied with—the best "accommodation for man and horse," and here I ordered breakfast, while my ponies (always under my own superintendance,) regaled themselves with their second feed of oats. After an hour's rest I resumed my journey, until the close of the day, when having ordered dinner at the house where I purposed remaining until the morning, and ascertained by personal inspection of their stalls that my faithful and generous little steeds were well littered down with clean straw, watered, fed, and supplied with hay for the night, I made myself as comfortable as the absence of a companion, in whose conversation I could take pleasure, would admit. The accommodations for the "beast" were usually good, but those provided for the "man" were not always of the most tempting kind. The beds were sometimes good, but much oftener bad, while the meals, except in the cities and some few of the towns through which I passed, were the least inviting that could have been placed before a hungry traveller. Let the reader imagine to himself—sour, home-made bread—tea which resembles, in flavor, a decoction of hay, and sweetened with what I never could endure, the maple sugar of the country,—a rasher of bacon or ham exceedingly salt, and oftener rancid than sweet, and as thick

\* The amiable Colonel accompanied me a short distance on the road, and on taking his final departure, graphically remarking to a gentleman who was with him—"D—n the fellow, I like him. D—d fine fellow; d—d rich too, (would that he had been correct in this particular). He has given lots of presents to the girls.—D—d sorry he is gone." So at least I afterwards understood.

as a beef-steak ought to be, but never is in this country—potatoes infamously cooked—eggs fried and overdone in grease—a saucer or two filled with preserved apples, embrowned in the same eternal maple sugar—a few other fruits, such as raspberries, currants, &c., spoiled in the same manner—a couple of large plates of potted butter, with huge particles of salt oozing from them like drops of hoar frost from a damp wall—cheese resembling hard prepared bees' wax, and tasteless and tough as leather,—let the stranger, I repeat, imagine this galimatias of eatables, he must not forget to add huge slices not of crisp, but soddened toast, and he will know what sort of a breakfast or supper he may expect to find in Canada, should he ever be induced to travel through it. Sometimes a fowl is added to what they pertinaciously insist upon calling "supper," if you partake of it after one o'clock in the day, but which you, having only breakfasted, may incline to regard as your dinner; and this, if plainly roasted, is passable enough, but I confess that I never saw a piece of beef, (for they have no joints) or mutton, or veal, placed on one of those "country inn" tables that was not smothered in grease, and altogether most uninviting in appearance.

While in Toronto I had again the honor of dining with the amiable family of Sir George Arthur, and on the following evening the pleasure of attending a very brilliant ball given by the Chief-Justice Robinson, whose *savoir vivre* not less than whose *savoir faire* ever render his parties the most agreeable that are given by any private gentleman in Canada. I moreover again dined, for the third or fourth time since my arrival in the province (and I had passed but little of the interval in Toronto) with the truly hospitable Colonel Jarvis, the Superintendent of Indian Affairs, to whose son, now in the Canadian Rifles, Lord Morpeth was indebted for preservation from death by drowning, during his excursion with Colonel Jarvis in 1843 to the Manitoulin Islands. This gentleman has, like the Chief Justice, an amiable and promising family, and he who likes good dinners, good wines, and a cordial welcome, may dream of something worse in his philosophy than passing an evening in the domestic circle of the gallant Superintendent.

I had now travelled more than three hundred and seventy miles by land, and being heartily sick of the unavoidable jolting over rocks, ruts, and roots of stumps, which had presented themselves in multitudinous profusion, determined to escape at least that portion of the land route which lies between Toronto and Hamilton—a distance of forty-five miles—and to cross the Lake Ontario, which was now beginning to be navigated between those two points. Waggon, ponies, baggage, master, and tiger, were therefore, on the fifth day of their arrival in Toronto, duly shipped or rather *stamped* on the deck of the *Britannia*, which in a few hours carried us across the lake to Wellington Square, the ice in the bay not permitting us to reach Hamilton, the usual place of landing. The captain charged me what I thought was, according to the rates of steamboat travelling in the country, rather an exorbitant sum, namely, seven dollars, nor did he make any deduction when he found the state of the bay at Hamilton was such as to compel him to land his passengers at least six miles from that place. Indeed this part of the journey, yet to be performed before reaching Hamilton, was the worst of the road.

Leaving Hamilton at an early hour on the following morning, I passed along several miles of a macadamized road, and through an extremely fertile country to Brantford, where I purposed stopping for a day or two. The view from the high bank on which this town is built, overhanging as it does the Grand River, is exceedingly beautiful. The small stream which bears this imposing name, waters a broad, rich, and winding valley, hemmed in by lofty ridges of an arable, yet wooded land, which give to the whole a picturesque character not to be equalled in Upper Canada. Nor has the beauty of this scenery, amid which were cradled the infant years of Brandt, immortalized by Campbell in his *Gertrude of Wyoming*, and the favorite resting place of the present remnants of the once renowned and warlike Six Nations, of which he was their head, been wholly lost sight of by those whose more refined taste might be supposed to lead to the selection; for in this part of the country, as well as the neighborhood of Woodstock, in the Oxford District, which adjoins, reside some of the most really aristocratic, because really well born, families of the colony,—the Vansittarts, De Blaquieres, Winnietts, Lights, &c.

From Brantford to London, distant about seventy miles, the traveller passes through an exceedingly rich tract of land, lying principally in the Oxford District. About five miles beyond Brantford, while pursuing the route I did to London—for there are two roads—one's dormant recollections are suddenly awakened, by tumbling upon what you are told, on enquiry, is Paris, a small village of some half dozen houses, which lies at the foot of a deep declivity, it required no little dexterity on my part to cause my ponies to decent in safety. The valley reached, I found myself once more on the Grand River, and at a point where I could command a view to my right. Confined and shaded as the river was between its high and precipitous banks, it reminded me of certain portions of the Ebro. Crossing a plank bridge there, and urging my ponies up a long and winding ascent, I observed for the

first time a feature which is peculiar to this part of the country,—namely, that the woods, instead of partaking of the character of the dense forest, usually impetuous from overgrown brushwood, resembled rather an English park, so open were the tall oaks and beeches, and so wholly unhampered by creeping vegetation or rotting logs. This is a character so dissimilar to that of the Canadian forests generally, as to be worthy of especial remark. It applies chiefly to the banks of the Grand River, which are so high as to be almost mountainous, and is attributable in a great degree I presume to the comparative sandy nature of the soil. In one only other instance did I remark this, and that was on subsequently entering London; but this distinguishing feature was on a much more limited scale.

In London, the capital of the county of Middlesex, which is upwards of five hundred miles from my original point of starting, I remained some days under the hospitable roof of Colonel Hamilton, the sheriff of the London district, who, on hearing of my arrival, insisted that my horses should be removed from the inn to his own residence, a short distance without the town.

London may be said to have grown out of the woods, within the last quarter of a century, and reminds the traveller of Captain Basil Hall's description of Rochester. It is literally a city of stumps, for many of the houses are surrounded by them, and the barracks durable, neat, and well-finished, although constructed in an incredibly short space of time, and affording accommodation for a couple of regiments (a regiment and a wing, with a detachment of artillery, usually composing the strength of the garrison), may be said to have been erected in the very heart of a forest of stumps. The river Thames winds its silvery and serpentine course around at least three-fourths of the town, to which it may be said to form the boundary, and has a very imposing-looking court-house built on an elevation overhanging the prettiest part of the stream. The effect of the whole, verdant as are the sloping banks, is in pleasing contrast with the opposite extremity of the town, where the ground is flat, and where the defacing excrescences I have named so principally prevail.\*

After the delay already named I again recommenced my journey, but had not proceeded far on my way before I found myself in a position which had nearly brought my travelling adventures to a close. Hitherto, and since the day of my first series of disasters, my ponies had conducted themselves quietly enough, for I had made it a rule, each morning on starting, to see that their harness was in good order, and their collars well brought up to the end of the pole, so that on descending a hill there might arise no danger of whiplash or splinter-bar from again touching their heels. On this particular morning, however, I had neglected this precaution, and was not aware until it was too late to remedy the evil, that the pole-straps had not been buckled sufficiently short. I had advanced some miles from London, and was driving at a smart trot, the ponies seeming to feel all the beneficial effect of their rest, when I came suddenly on the rise of a steep hill. Before I could check the horses they had turned the brow, and the waggon was upon their heels. Restraint was out of the question. Again they set off at full speed, and at a glance I perceived the imminent danger which awaited me, if I should suffer them to continue their course, for at the bottom of the descent the road made a sudden turn, so that there was almost a certainty of the horses dashing forward in a straight line, and carrying the waggon over an angle of the small bridge, and into the ravine it overhung. I had once before been in a position of similar trying difficulty, where presence of mind alone saved me from destruction, and this circumstance, to which I shall presently refer, coming vividly upon my memory, suggested the course I should adopt. This was to upset the waggon before it could reach the point of greatest and seemingly unavoidable danger. Even, therefore, while the excited animals were going at a speed, which the heavily-laden waggon, pressing forward on their haunches, rendered it impossible to check, I saved the reins in such a manner that I compelled them to quit the road and dash the vehicle against a projection on one side of the bank between which it ran. The collision was fearful, and the waggon was so instantaneously upset, that I found myself lying on my back a few feet from the vehicle, almost before I was aware that what I had sought had been effected. That I had not been killed, falling as I did, was certainly marvellous, yet so far from this, and so little inconvenience did I suffer, that I was on my feet in a few seconds afterwards, endeavouring to ascertain the extent of injury which had taken place. A few feet from me lay my unfortunate tiger, with his face downwards, and apparently without sense or motion. A dreadful presentiment that he was dead came over me, and, with a beating heart, and with a cheek that I felt to be blanched, I approached and turned him over. He, too, was very pale, but although I soon found that although he moaned a good deal on being touched, and complained of a violent bruise in his stomach, that he was much more frightened than hurt. I gave him a few drops of brandy from my flask, which had escaped unbroken, when his color returned, and he was enabled to rise and assist in collecting the pack-ages, which were strewn upon the road. The waggon was lying on its side, and the ponies were standing as quietly where it had been overturned and checked, as if nothing of the kind whatever

\* The greater part of this place has since been destroyed by fire, and rebuilt.

had occurred. Fortunately, a farmer passed at the moment when we most needed assistance, and through his aid, principally, we managed to get the waggon righted—the baggage once more “stowed” away, and the harness properly arranged, when we resumed and completed our day’s route without further disaster.

The accident—a fatal and distressing one—to which I have alluded, as having called for the exercise of similar presence of mind, occurred in England in 1831. Captain Gordon, of the 51st Light Infantry, and his young bride, had been spending the day with my wife’s family in Essex. I was then “vegetating” in the neighborhood while writing my “Wacousta,” and composed one of the small party. The evening looked dark and lowering, and I observed that Gordon, who had ordered his phaeton and horses to the door at an early hour, so that he might reach his cottage, near Epping forest, before it became dark, looked pre-occupied and anxious, as though he dreaded some coming evil. This was the more remarkable, because he was naturally of a gay and rattling disposition. His horses, moreover, appeared to be very impatient, and this might have been one reason for his evident nervousness of manner. When all was ready, and he had taken his seat and the reins, I handed Mrs. Gordon to her place, and he drove from the house. He had previously offered to set me down at my own door, at the opposite extremity of the town, but noticing his absent and anxious mood, I thought it better not to be any clog upon his evident desire to make the best of his way home, and therefore, as he did not renew his offer, abstained from getting into the carriage. But they had not proceeded many yards when Mrs. Gordon, perceiving that I was not in the back seat, reminded her husband, who reined in his horses, and beckoned me to join them. I did so, and we passed rapidly through the town, the attention of all parties being too much attracted to the uneasiness of the horses to leave much inclination for conversation. It seemed, indeed, as though we were all under the influence of some fearful presentiment of danger, and I confess, selfish as it may appear, that I was not sorry that my seat in the carriage was so soon to be relinquished. But fate had willed it otherwise. We were within a few yards of the spot where Gordon was to put me down, when some Savoyards, who had just stopped opposite to the house, began playing on the hurdy-gurdy. The sound seemed to infuriate the horses, who dashed off at full speed, soon leaving the house at which I was to have alighted far behind. “—, assist me with the reins,” were the first and only words pronounced by Gordon. I, of course, added all my efforts to his own, but although we both pulled at the reins with all the strength imparted by a full consciousness of the impending danger, we seemed to have no more power over them than we could have had over a whirlwind. Suddenly Gordon stood up in the phaeton, relinquished the reins, and sprang sideways from the vehicle. He passed from before our eyes like a shadow, but there was no time to look round, and his wife’s gaze, as well as my own, continued to be intently fixed upon the horses. The guidance of these maddened animals was now left to myself, and it required a coolness and presence of mind to follow the windings of the narrow by-roads, without bringing the wheels of the phaeton in collision with obstacles which must inevitably have dashed it to pieces, that I did not think I possessed until put to the trial. The great danger to be apprehended was the advance of some waggon or other vehicle coming into the town. Narrow and winding as the road was, the best whip in Christendom would have found it difficult, if not impossible to pass anything moving along it in safety. Provisionally, however, we met none—overtook none—so it was so late in the day that all the country market people had been some time since returned, and thus we so far escaped. Still we dashed on at the unabated speed of the excited horses, which were thorough-bred, and as I recollected in particular a short narrow bridge in a sudden turn of the road which was guarded on each side by a slight railing, I had summoned all my address to pass it without touching the latter. To my own surprise, I cleared it, but there was neither time nor room to congratulate myself on the occasion, for there was yet, within a few hundred yards, a point of greater danger. On passing this narrow bridge, the ground gradually ascends for about three hundred yards until the top of the short ridge is gained, the descent from which is rather abrupt, and over a bridge at the bottom not much unlike that I had just crossed. I felt satisfied that if the horses once gained the brow of this acclivity, nothing short of a miracle could prevent us from being dashed to pieces, and it therefore became necessary that our great velocity of motion should, *coute qu’il coute*, be checked on the rise we were now ascending; and in order to effect this, to work the horses under the hedge, even at the risk of an upset, became a matter of paramount necessity. With some difficulty, and not without the exercise of a force of which I had not thought myself master, I continued to saw them gradually across the road and towards a piece of ground which I knew to be wet and heavy, and consequently the most likely to act as a check upon the foaming animals. In this I was successful beyond my most sanguine hopes, for scarcely had the horses felt themselves clogged by the mud in which they sank over their fetlock joints, when, as if incapable of further exertion, they suddenly came to a full stop, their tails quivering, their ears pricked forward, and the sweat pouring from them as if they had just been drenched in a river. I left the reins

in the hands of Mrs. Gordon, who, over since her husband’s evasion, had continued, yet without uttering a syllable or exhibiting any symptom of alarm which could embarrass my exertions, to lend me her feeble aid, and springing from the phaeton was in a moment at the horses’ heads, the bridles of which I firmly grasped, while, not knowing how soon they might not again be off, I entreated her to descend. This she did, but with the same coolness that had characterized her conduct throughout. Such calm courage, bordering upon apathy, I have never before or since witnessed, and in so young a woman, for she was only eighteen years of age, was especially remarkable. One or two persons now came up to our assistance, and to these I confided the horses, with directions to have them led back to my own place, while, with Mrs. Gordon on my arm, I hastened to see what had become of her husband. She had not had more time to regard him, after his disappearance from the carriage, than I had, yet we had both taken it for granted that he had reached the ground without accident, and was even then enduring extreme anxiety for her safety. We approached the spot where he had jumped out, and met several people approaching, one of whom imprudently announced that Captain Gordon had been taken up insensible, and was then dying at my lodgings. This was a severe blow to his young wife, but her great moral fortitude supported her, and she manifested little outward emotion, merely urging me to quicken our pace. On arriving at the house, I found it was but too true. Gordon was then extended on a sofa, and in a state of stupor arising from concussion of the brain, from which he never recovered. Blood was attempted to be taken from him, but it would not follow the lancet, and all human aid proving unavailing, he died within a few hours from his fall. Poor fellow! little did we think, at the moment that he had flitted from before us, that he had even then met that death which we were endeavoring to shun ourselves. He had evidently fallen backwards, and, losing his hat, must have touched the ground first with the back of his head, which was sorely bruised. He had on his boots at the time a pair of long brass spurs, and these no doubt had considerably tended to give that insecurity to his footing which led to the catastrophe. In addition to those unlucky spurs, I subsequently received from his widow an antique ring set with a beautiful Indian pebble, which he also wore on that day. This is now on the hand with which I write.

The strength which I put forth on this occasion, and which, of course, is common to every one under similar circumstances of impending danger, was a source of astonishment to myself, and shows how completely the brute force of man is qualified and kept in check by the reason which prevents its unnecessary manifestation. I had, without any effort of which I was conscious, at the time, driven in the back of the phaeton, which was strongly enough built, by the mere pressure of my knees against it as a *point d’appui*, while my arms were, from the excessive tension of the muscles, positively black, and continued sore and stiff for some days afterwards. And, during this exertion of physical strength, how was the mind engaged? A thousand recollections seemed to crowd upon my brain during these few minutes of fearful suspense. Even while my whole attention was given to the horses and the points of danger we approached, I thought of all the accidents that had taken place under similar circumstances, and felt as perfectly assured that I was going to certain destruction as that I sat in the vehicle, the difficulty of conducting which, by the way, was greatly increased from the fact of my being in the back seat, where I had no proper purchase for my feet, and was moreover too far removed from the horses, to exercise proper control over them. Once I was tempted to follow the example of Gordon, drop the reins and let myself down behind. This, as the seat was low, might have been done with great ease, and had I been alone, or with a man for my companion in danger, I should certainly have attempted it, but I could not well abandon to her fate the woman who so courageously, yet silently, lent all her feeble aid to second my efforts, and whose admirable presence of mind merited a better acknowledgement.

There was a remarkable circumstance connected with the fate of poor Gordon, who perished, as I have described, at the early age of five-and-twenty. One of his horses had been lost or stolen from pasture about ten days previously. A reward was offered for the animal, and when all expectations of his recovery had been given up, he was (would he had never been found!) restored to his master. This was only a day or two before the accident occurred which cost him his life.

As the unfortunate young officer had only been gazetted to a company by purchase the preceding week, I waited on Lord Fitzroy Somerset, explained to him the whole of the melancholy occurrence, and submitting the very peculiar condition of Mrs. Gordon, who had no other provision than what should accrue from her pension, solicited that he would obtain from Lord Hill some indulgence in her favor. Lord Fitzroy warmly interested himself in the matter, and was successful enough to obtain from Lord Hill the remission to the young and bereaved widow—who was the daughter of an Austrian Consul in the Mediterranean, and whom Gordon had married there while quartered with his regiment at Malta—of four hundred pounds of the purchase money.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]



## NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"A FREQUENTER OF CHRIST CHURCH" informs us that the naughty letter of "OBSERVER," which appeared in the columns of the EXPOSITOR the week before last, will be the means of breaking up the choir. Alas! have we not sins enough to answer for, without having this added to the black catalogue? We are always doing something wrong—always incurring the displeasure of somebody. No sooner do we shun Scylla, than we tumble, like the "Great Britain," and without keeping a proper reckoning, upon Charybdis. How shall we appease these irritated fair ones? Can we say more than we do not believe what the Paul Pry friend of "OBSERVER" advanced? Can we do more than pledge ourselves to wear sackcloth, and cover ourselves with ashes, if they should feel inclined to impose the penance upon us; and furthermore promise never to suffer another stricture which can give them pain? Surely this is, or ought to be, atonement sufficient to soothe and cause them to abandon their cruel determination.

The WEEKLY EXPOSITOR has now been sent to certain persons in Toronto for the last six weeks, and upwards. All parties are aware of the terms on which the paper is issued; and yet many of those to whom we here particularly allude, while admitting the receipt of the publication, which alone renders them liable, have positively refused to pay for it. We can only say that, if we do not immediately receive the amount of subscription, 12s. 6d., which the office claims from each party to whom the "Expositor" has been sent—we shall publish their names, in order that those subscribers to the paper who have had the gentlemanly feeling not to require repeated applications to be made to them for the paltry amount, may see that we have done all in our power in furtherance of what must be their interest as well as our own. The only parties who have declined it, from Toronto, are Mr. Crooks, a lawyer, and Ridout and Brothers Co.—and this after they must have received and read several consecutive preceding numbers.—These were only sent back by them, on an announcement appearing in the notice to correspondents, that they would shortly be called upon for their subscriptions. What we have said we will do, we will do, for we are not easily turned from our purpose, unless the subscriptions be sent at once to this office, free of charge. Those who prefer paying the amount into the hands of the Post-master at Toronto, may do so, as that gentleman will be good enough to receive and transmit the amount. The remark we make in reference to Toronto, in particular, will apply to many persons elsewhere.

All parties subscribing to this paper may be supplied with the whole of the numbers from the commencement, including the Eight Years in Canada.

THE  
WEEKLY EXPOSITOR.

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, DEC. 3, 1846.

## UNCLE BEN.

What an accumulation of more than Aagean filth will it devolve upon Lord Elgin to remove, the moment he joins his administration—an administration corrupt and rotten to the core—stinking to the nostrils, and outraging every principle of public honesty and morality. Will he attempt it? Will he not be so surrounded by the fawning creeping reptiles, who would barter their very souls for the preservation of place—so flattered—so cajoled by them—so biased by the hateful sycophancy of those, whose object it will be to keep the truth from him, as to be persuaded that they, who condemn them, are actuated by

some unworthy and partizan spirit? But disheartening and disgusting as it is to watch the acts of a Canadian Administration of the present day, who, under the cloak of Responsible Government, daily commit acts of political infamy, which were unheard of before its introduction, the honest mind is somewhat relieved by the bright certainty which offers, that this system of barefaced public vice—destructive of the first principles of private rectitude and honor, will ere long cease for ever; and that the dreadful power to do evil, and to demoralize the Province, which is now vested in the Executive of this country, will be soon sunk forever in a General Union of the British North American Provinces. Then, indeed, may we hope for a healthier tone of public feeling—a healthier mode of administering public affairs; but until then, never.

There are few men in Canada who have not heard of the letters of Uncle Ben, which, written in Kingston, by a clerk in a public office, most violently, yet justly, assailed the Government generally, and its chameleon-like head—smirking, smiling, namby-pamby voiced Sweet William, in particular. According to the principle laid down by Lord Sydenham, any man in the Government employment who did not act with that Government, was considered against it, and *a fortiori* the man who took part against the Government, being a servant of the Government (for instance, Mr. Berry, in the Gore District), was instantly dismissed from that service.

How stands the case under the perverted system which prevails at this moment? Here is a clerk, at some seventy pounds a year, in a public office—what! dismissed, as Lord Sydenham, the practical introducer of Responsible Government, would have directed? Not so; but promoted to a post near the Government, at an annual salary of some two hundred a year. And why has this person been thus chosen? Because, abandoned by nearly the whole of the Conservative press of this city, they require some subtle pen to sustain them in the shock of the attack which they are well aware will be made on them by every independent journal, anxious to set His Excellency right on public matters. It is said that arrangements have been already made to connect him with a certain journal in this city, in which he will be aided by another party, whose energies have been, at the service of every Administration we can recollect. The altered style of the leading articles in that journal will soon satisfy us if the intelligence we have received be correct. We shall watch them closely.

## SHORT PIPES;

OR, PAULETT *VERSUS* WELLINGTON.

We find that a very remarkable change has been effected in the *morale* of the army. The punishment of the lash exists but in name—nay, we are wrong: not even in that—and a soldier may now strike his captain, or dash the eyes of his colonel, much to the amusement of his comrades on parade, without subjecting himself to anything worse than the mere solemn mockery of a

court martial, and perhaps an imprisonment for a few months at hard labor. The labor of drilling and guard mounting is quite hard enough as it is, and therefore the culprit only exchanges one description of punishment for another; besides he has an excellent opportunity of manifesting his independence, by misconducting himself to those who are placed in authority over him. Nay, we do not know that a six months' imprisonment is not desirable at this season of the year, particularly in Canada. It is not very pleasant to run the weekly risk of having one's nose frozen off, while pacing up and down on sentry, when the thermometer is some ten or fifteen degrees below zero; and to escape that, a man has only to commit some act that will relieve him from that sort of inconvenience.

But, not only is the punishment of the lash abolished, but a most praiseworthy and amiable desire is fast springing up to remove every thing like restriction from the soldier. It is now established, beyond the possibility of a doubt, that the Prince Albert cap, which it had originally been supposed was intended for another purpose, was in reality meant to be a receptacle for short pipes and tobacco; whence indeed, we have reason to believe, the ill-suppressed indignation of the Commander in Chief, when, with a sneer, he for the first time placed the nondescript covering on his head in her Majesty's presence, and inquired if that was the sort of thing with which she meant to crown the heads of her brave soldiers.

Let the reader picture to himself the pride and exultation with which her Majesty, at a review of the household troops in Hyde-Park, or at Hounslow, would sniff, as the most delicious incense, the perfume of some thousands of short pipes wafted by the light breeze upon her Royal nose, when the several shakos should be removed and wafted round and round, giving their spicy fragrance to the air, as the customary three cheers were pealed forth.

This is truly the march of mind. What are the discoveries of steam, of the railway, of the electric telegraph, of Warner's shell, of any, indeed, of the thousand-and-one inventions of the day—what are these, we ask, compared with the discovery made by Lord William Paulett, that the Prince Albert cap was intended as a receptacle for pipes and tobacco, and mouths formed to smoke them? What a noble sight to have seen that gallant regiment, after the heavy fatigues of the day, taking the initiative in this matter, and offering an example which cannot fail to be followed by the whole of the British army.

How keen too—how pointed the satire on the Duke of Wellington, who would not permit even officers to smoke at particular hours and places! Verily his Grace ought to be thankful for the lesson his Lieutenant-Colonel has taught him.

We subjoin the account which has been going the round of the papers of Lord William Paulett's highly exemplary conduct on the

occasion to which we refer. Too much publicity cannot be given to it:—

"A most amusing *on dit* has been going the rounds of the military circles in this city, which we think too good to be kept from our readers. It is said that, on a recent field day, Colonel T——, of the —th, was putting his regiment through certain manoeuvres, when one of the soldiers, in taking off his cap, let fall, to the horror and consternation of the martinet commander, a pipe! The regiment was immediately ordered to form in line, and, accompanied by an orderly, the gallant colonel inspected every cap, in each of which, with scarcely an exception, a similar article was found. The smoked and dried offenders against the colonel's ideas of military propriety, were ordered to be immediately destroyed; and, worse still, the heels of the owners were required to execute instant extinction on their cherished favorites. Many a grim visage, that would have been lighted up with pleasure if its owner were selected to form a forlorn hope, looked pitifully sad when each fondly loved *doodeen* was shivered, as the Yankees say, into "everlasting smash"; and many a murmur—not loud but deep—rose against the fiat ordering their destruction.

Indeed, when we remember that in Old Rome a difference of opinion relative to the domestic merits of certain matrons led to the overthrow of a dynasty of kings, and the establishment of a republic; when we recollect that a single ordinance against the press led to a French revolution; when we ponder on the sanguinary Swiss war, caused by an offensive allusion to the Bears of Berne; and when we think on the popular outbreak caused by the raising of the tyrant Gesler's cap; we are absolutely astonished that a mutiny did not instantly break out, to be called in after ages "the mutiny of the *doodeens*."

On the next insteption or drill day, as the story goes, Lord W——m P——t, Colonel of the —th, was inspecting his regiment in the same locality. He is a fine, dashing fellow, universally beloved by the men he commands, and had heard—as what military man had not?—of the stretch of authority exercised by his br'er colonel.

Lord W——m rode along the line, a laughing devil in his eyes, telling of the spirit of fun within. Suddenly reining in his steed, he gave the word of command,

"Stand at ease."

He was obeyed.

"Each man remove his cap."

With wondering looks, they did so.

"Each man produce his pipe."

The order was quickly attended to.

"Now, smoke away, boys," added this facetious satirist, as he rode away enjoying his caustic joke.

On being told the story, Colonel T—— may be truly said to have looked unutterable things.—*Halifax (N.S.) Packet*.

### CHANGE OF ADMINISTRATION.

We have already stated that a change in the Administration will take place in the Ministry soon after Lord Elgin arrives in the country, and our readers may rely that what we now advance will be found to be not far from the truth. We have reason to know that a strong feeling prevails in regard to Messrs. Draper, Daly, and Smith, who will be required to resign those offices they have hitherto filled with so much dissatisfaction to the country; and that the following gentlemen will, as nearly as possible, be the new Administration with which his Lordship will meet his first Canadian Parliament. The only doubt is in regard to Mr. Lafontaine, whose interest, however, we conceive it will be to join such a Cabinet, if he would prevent that step to which his continued impracticability must otherwise render indispensable,—namely, a Federal Union of the Provinces:—

Sir Allan Macnab, President of the Council.  
Mr. Lafontaine, . Provincial Secretary.  
Mr. Morris, . . Receiver General.  
Mr. Cayley, . . Inspector General.  
Mr. Macdonell  
(Kingston), Com. Crown Lands.  
Mr. Black, . . . Attorney General C.F.  
Mr. Sherwood, . Attorney General C.W.  
NOT IN THE CABINET.  
Mr. Chabot, . . Solicitor General C.E.  
Mr. Cameron, . . Solicitor General C.W.

It is moreover intended, according to the information we have been able to gather on the subject, that Mr. Morin shall be nominated to the Speaker's chair; and that if these several changes do take place, the present Assistant Secretaries of the province will be replaced: the one, by a party taken from the majority of the Legislature from Upper Canada; the other by one from that in Lower Canada. With such a Government, we have no hesitation in saying that Lord Elgin will be eminently successful in his mission, which he seems to be cautiously studying, before venturing to embark in it.

### THE BALL ROOM.

A portion of our remarks of last week, on the subject of the *fete Ste. Catherine*, (we entreat Donegana to give us an early opportunity of again exercising our powers of criticism,) is so completely borne out by the following, that we hesitate not to transcribe the extract from a contemporary. The reader has merely to substitute for the despised younger son, the merchant or the clerk who may obtain a partner among the less pretending of the women—the really interesting, the beautiful, and the amiable—but certainly not among what, in Canada, are called the *bon ton* of society, while there is a scarlet bait to be caught at. Such is the rage for this particular color with the Canadian women, that even the neat Rifle costume sinks literally and comparatively into the shade, before the basilisk-like red. Will any philosopher tell us on what principle of ethics or physics is founded that mania of the weak-minded among women for gaudy colors?

"EVENING PARTIES.—By half-past eleven the proceedings of the evening are in full play, and the various motives and attributes which characterise an evening party pervade every portion of its constituent features. It is not all mere amusement; indeed, there is often much discontent prevailing. The old ladies have not received sufficient attention; the young ones have been eclipsed; the men have lost at cards, and other like vexations. Allow a quadrille to pass by without dancing; sit quietly in a recess of the window, half enshrouded by the curtains; make a fair use of your eyes, and you will find much to entertain. You will see the young men shuffling away when they suspect the hostess wishes to introduce them to some odd-looking partner; and the young ladies saying they think they shall not dance this time, until the favored one asks them, when they stand up immediately. You will see the "speculative mammas," all eyes and Irish poplin, telling their daughters who are flirting with younger sons on the landing that they will catch cold, and desiring them to come into the room: and you will not fail to observe the attention which the hostess pays to the great people

of her acquaintance, how anxious she is for their comfort, although they are generally the queerest objects in the room, and what ingenuity she displays in getting partners for the unmeaning girls they have brought with them. And finally, you will confess your inability to imagine what on earth the gentleman with the long hair, who is carefully balancing himself on one leg against the flowerpot-stand, and the pretty girl with the bouquet, can find to talk about so long, and so earnestly.—*Physiology of Evening Parties*.

### THE REV. MR. MATHIESON.

We thank the *Herald* for having copied our remarks, of last week, on the letter addressed to us by the Rev. Mr. Mathieson, in its columns. We could have asked no more, and had not expected so much from our contemporary. It was a source of some uneasiness and concern to us, lest the members of the church over which Mr. Mathieson presides, should have incorrectly surmised, from our article, that we in the slightest degree intended anything like disrespect or offence to that highly intelligent body of the community; and the declaration set forth in the preamble of our remarks, disclaiming all such intention, could not be more appropriately disseminated than by the journal which had published what might seem to convey an impression we were by no means solicitous should exist.

Had we been aware of the intention of the *Herald* to republish our article, we should have corrected one or two inaccuracies (and these, we regret to say, abounded in the last number of the *Expositor*), which occur in the course of our remarks, and which are chargeable on the want of proper attention in those to whom the corrected proof-sheets were finally entrusted.

### THE LONGUEUIL FERRY.

A gentleman filling a high and responsible public office in this city, has written to us a strong letter in which he complains bitterly of the manner in which this ferry—supposed to be devoted to one exclusive object, the accommodation of the travelling public—is conducted. It appears that he left Montreal for St. Hyacinthe, and embarked on board the Longueuil boat, which on his arrival started immediately for her usual destination. Much to the astonishment and dismay of our correspondent, however, when the boat had got about half way over she suddenly put about, made for the Montreal shore, where her conductor or captain (a boy of some fifteen years of age) very coolly, and in despite of all expostulation, made her fast to a large raft, which she took in tow, thereby occasioning the most serious loss of time to our correspondent, who had taken on board with him the cab in which he had driven down to her from Montreal. Thus, through the improper management of suffering a boy of this age to superintend a public ferry of the kind, was much serious inconvenience sustained. Surely this is most infamous. If this sort of thing occurs once, it may occur in a hundred instances. If the ferry bo-

longs to her Majesty, then does her Majesty grievous wrong, through her servants, to her loving subjects; if to a corporate body, they should know their duty to the public better. We trust that the hint will be taken, and action on it also; for assuredly, if the subject be brought again under our notice, we shall give that corporation a name and a responsibility which may call public attention more immediately to the matter.

### NATIVE CANADIANS.

We copy the subjoined from the *Courier* of this morning. Our cotemporary is wrong in assuming that Sir Allan McNab is not a native of Canada. Mr. Holmes, although not absolutely born in Canada, came to it at so early an age, that he can have no previous recollection of any other country. The case of Mr. Ogden, as stated by the correspondent of the *Courier*, does not come under the period embraced by him, but is of previous date;—and in reference to the loss of the Speakership by Sir Allan McNab, we rather think it will be found, that unless he takes the Chair as President of the Council, he will resume his place as usual, on the opening of Parliament.

#### TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING COURIER.

Had not Washington been snubbed by the authorities of the day, he had never been a successful Revolutionary General.—*Courier*.

SIR,—The historical fact thus recorded by the *Courier*, was only one case of snubbing among several millions. It was the fashion of that day, as it is of the present. Excuse me gratia.

One fine morning each of the undermentioned persons found himself summarily deprived of his office, and their respective families of the benefit of their salaries:—

Firstly,—Major Richardson was removed from the office of Police Magistrate, and purposely and deliberately insulted into the bargain.

Secondly,—The Hon. Henry Sherwood was compelled to retire from the office of Solicitor General.

Thirdly,—Colonel Guy was excluded from the office of Adjutant General.

Fourthly,—Doctor Bethune was removed from the office of Principal of McGill College.

Fifthly,—Benjamin Holmes, Esquire, was deprived of the situation of Cashier of the Bank of Montreal.

Sixthly,—Sir Allan MacNab was compelled to forego the office of Adjutant General, and was probably so circumvented us to have forfeited that of Speaker.

To these cases already enumerated, I would add that of C. R. Ogden, with whose fate your readers are well acquainted.

All this was the work of some three months. All the work of the Ministry!

Every one of these gentlemen too, is a native born Colonist, they are to a man Anglo-Canadians, true-blue loyalists. Thus have all these officers, being men of note, the fifth an accomplished financier, the first a man of fine literary merit, made way for men of the *Old Country*!

Some short time ago the Bishop of Montreal publicly intimated that no Colonist would be promoted to any vacant see.

I speak not of the Government, for unless a man be French, to be born in Lower Canada is to be disqualified for any high position. These be dignities especially reserved for persons of the calibre of the Hon. Dominick Daly and of the equally Honourable William Draper, and divers others of the same stamp.

Caligula created his horse a Consul—and we are told that the degenerate Romans bore it. But we have the liberty of the press, among other advantages, over the Romans, and we must no longer be snubbed, we and our wives, and our sons and our daughters, as we all are daily.

Why should the course of the native Colonist tread downwards? "down, down, to hell."

The Statesman newspaper considers it diabolical, in the native Colonists, to cherish any spark of honorable ambition, to aspire to any distinction in their own country. Yet the same Editor is understood to be himself a candidate for office—and he holds it

just and fitting that the immigrant population should obtain power. But what are the native Colonists, but descendants of earlier settlers, and unless they have degenerated sadly indeed, which they have not, no man from the Old Country, who has ever begotten a child in America, no woman who has ever borne one, looking to the probable fate of their progeny, will acquiesce in a system degrading to the natives.

The countymen of their fathers should be their natural allies, not their superiors, as the Statesman pretends, nor should they, as they do, practically, proscribe and exclude the Anglo-Canadians.

This pretension is like the hiss of the serpent, a prelude to his sting.

I am, Sir, &c. &c.,

A LOYALIST DESIROUS OF PERPETUATING  
BRITISH RULE.

Montreal, December 2.

[Our correspondent is mistaken in one or two of his statements. Neither Sir Allan McNab nor Mr. Benjamin Holmes were born in Canada.]

### RAILWAY ROUTE.

#### EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM ST. HYACINTHE.

Some time past, I promised to give you, during my journey through this part of the country, some idea of the route of the St. Lawrence and Atlantic Railroad; and I have, to that end, taken pains to ascertain and view personally the line fixed for its passage.

I am informed, that it is not yet determined whether the terminus shall be at Longueuil or at a point on the upper side of St. Helen's Island, directly opposite the Infantry Barracks at Montreal, and at which point a good depth of water is to be had at a distance from the shore, not much affected by the current, and to which, from the main land, the approach by the railroad can be made without excessive expense. To this, I believe, the Ordnance will make no opposition.

From the St. Lawrence the line, as posted by the Engineer, proceeds to the river Richelieu, to the southward of Montarville mountain, crossing the plank road at Charron's tavern, a few hundred feet beyond the second toll-gate, and with the exception of an elevation to overcome the base or span of that mountain, is, as nearly as possible, a dead level. It crosses the Richelieu river at the rapids, some hundred yards above the village of Belœil, and runs between the Rouville mountain and the river, until it passes the northerly bluff of the mountain, where it makes a curve, and from thence it proceeds in a direct course to the village of St. Hyacinthe. From the point at which it crosses the river to the curve, and at Montarville mountain, are the only passes at which deviations, arising from the natural formation of the ground, occur, and the grades then, do not exceed 45 feet to the square mile, and only for a short distance—the deepest excavation at any one place being 11 feet. There are several deep gullies to be overcome by culverts in the neighbourhood of Rouville mountain, and at the river Huron, the small swampy valley of that river. With these exceptions it is nearly a dead level from the St. Lawrence to the Yamaska rivers, and presents a line of road unmatched for facility of construction, perhaps in the world, for a distance of thirty miles. The route at present travelled from Montreal to St. Hyacinthe exceeds forty-five miles.

It was with much pleasure I met a man at Belœil, who informed me that he was in the employment of Messrs. Black, Wood & Company, the Contractors (as I understood him), who had obtained the grading of the road; and he stated that his employers, having signed their contract, had sent him forward on a reconnaissance, and intended to break ground in the course of the next week, near the Rouville mountain, thus putting an end to all further doubt of the prosecution of the work, forthwith. This must be a source of no small congratulation to the good people of Montreal, whose prosperity is so intimately connected with this undertaking. Surely they will not, now that the commencement is fairly made, permit a work of this kind to retrograde for want of funds, and yet I understand they are as slow in paying their instalments as they were in subscribing. Is there no spirit in the press, that they, the most powerful engine either for good or evil, will not thunder forth their anathemas against the sluggard, who refuses his assistance to this, the only work of magnitude of that kind

ever attempted in the Province, and in which persons of every nation, and politicians of every shade, may meet upon an arena where no interest that is not praiseworthy can be suspected, and where the hatchet of discord may be buried in the love of country?

Yours, A TRAVELLER.

Why, according to Mr. Baldwin, is the Perpetual Secretary like the lily of the valley?—Can any one hesitate in the answer? Because he toils not, neither does he spin; yet "Solomon in all his glory" led not a life of half such luxurious ease.

MR. UNDER-SECRETARY HOPKIRK.—This self-satisfied official has drawn the redoubled ire of the *Montreal Expositor* upon him, by sending official letters offensively addressed. The airs which this gentleman assumes make him a very unfit man for either of his present situations—for he is both Secretary at Montreal, and Collector at Kingston. Singular rumours are afloat as to the cause of his not taking possession of his collectorship; it is disgraceful to the Government that such an important situation should remain for months without a head to suit Mr. Hopkirk's convenience.—*Toronto Globe*—[Gone at last!—*Ed. Exp.*]

MORE TROUBLE IN THE BURSAR'S OFFICE.—We learn that another very awkward affair has occurred in the Bursar's Office, King's College University. Another Clerk is said to have been discharged—and the cause is said to have been a second Hawkins affair. We have not learnt all the particulars yet, but hope to do so before our next publication. The speculating young gentleman is said to have been offered—an investigation—or his "walking-ticket"—when he very judiciously chose the latter. The fact is that as long as such an incapably as Dr. Boys remains at the head of the office, the institution will continue to be disgraced by such transactions.—*Toronto Globe*.

### IN BANKRUPTCY.

In the matter of GEO. WAIT,—a Bankrupt.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given, that the REAL ESTATE of the said Bankrupt,—as particularly described in the Official Gazette and the *Times* newspaper of date 23th November,—will be Sold by Auction, at the BANKRUPT COURT, in the Court House, Montreal, on SATURDAY, the FIFTH day of DECEMBER next, at ONE o'clock.

CONDITIONS:—

In Handbills day of Sale.

JOHN G. DINNING, Agent for  
FERDINAND McCULLOCH, Esq., Assignee,  
Estate Gibau, Spalding & Wait.

Montreal, Dec. 3, 1846.

### ON SALE:—

1,799	pieces	2 inch Plank,
600	do	Ash Boards,
555	do	1 inch Boards,
921	do	2 inch Battens,
262	do	Do tongued and grooved,
659	do	Scantling, assorted,
229	do	Plank, tongued and grooved,
425	do	Battens, various,
244	do	3 inch Plank,
120	do	Cherry Boards,
201	do	Planks and Lumber, various,
102	do	Cherry Plank,
22	do	Oak Plank,
143	do	Black Walnut Boards,
165	do	1½ inch Deals, clean,
429	do	1 inch Deals, clean,
3,195	do	1½ inch Plank,
510	do	1½ and 2 inch Plank,
22	do	Oak Boards,
120	do	Oak.

—A N D,—

Door and Window Frames, Shutters, Sashes, &c. &c.

—A N D,—

One Share "People's Line Steam Company."  
A LEASE of the Work Shop and Yards adjoining Bleury Street; also the Yard in Coté Street, to 1st May, 1847. The Rent for the whole, or each separate, will be moderate.

The Shops, Dwelling Houses, and Timber Yards, will be sold on or about the 25th April, 1847.

For particulars, apply to

JOHN G. DINNING,  
Assignee.

Estate JOHN KELLY & Co.

December 3.



CHAMPLAIN AND ST. LAWRENCE RAILROAD. NOTICE.

FROM the uncertainty of the WEATHER at this late period of the Season, the PRINCE ALBERT will, for the present, leave MONTREAL as follows:—

8 o'clock, A. M., with Mail and Passengers. 12 1/2 do. Noon. Railroad Office, Montreal, Nov. 26, 1846. }

CHAMPLAIN AND ST. LAWRENCE RAIL-ROAD. NEW ARRANGEMENT.

ON SATURDAY NEXT, NOVEMBER 7th, and till FURTHER NOTICE, the ARRANGEMENT will be as follows:—

Table with columns for 'From Montreal', 'From Laprairie', 'From St. Johns', and 'From Laprairie'. It lists train times for 'RAIL-ROAD CARS' and 'ON SUNDAYS'.

FARES: First Class Passengers, 6s.; Second Class Passengers, 2s. 6d. All Freight to be paid for on delivery. Application for Freight or Passage from Montreal, to be made on Board the Prince Albert. RAILROAD OFFICE, Montreal, November 5, 1846 }

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that application will be made by the COMPANY of PROPRIETORS of the CHAMPLAIN and ST. LAWRENCE RAILROAD, at the next Session of the Provincial Parliament, for an Act to amend and extend certain provisions of the Act 2 Wm. 4th, chapter 53, entitled, "An Act for making a Railroad from Lake Champlain to the River St. Lawrence" and particularly the provisions of the 47th Section of the said Act, so as to authorize the said Company to extend and construct a Branch of the Champlain and the St. Lawrence Railroad from some point on the present line of the same West of the River commonly called La Petite Riviere de St. Jean, in as direct a line as may be found practicable to any point upon the River Saint Lawrence at which a bridge shall be constructed under the authority of any Act to be passed by the Legislature over the said River to communicate with the City of Montreal, and also to empower the said Company to carry their said Branch Railroad over such Bridge and thence to the City of Montreal, upon such terms and conditions as shall be fixed by Legislative enactment.

JOHN E. MILLS, Chairman. WM. B. LINDSAY, Commissioner. RAILROAD OFFICE, Montreal, November 2, 1846. }



VALUABLE MILL SEATS.

NOTICE is hereby given that THREE VALUABLE MILL SEATS on the LACHINE CANAL, viz. two situated on the South side of the Basin, above Lock No. 2, marked on the plan No. 10 and 11, and the other on the North side of Lock No. 2, will be disposed of at PUBLIC AUCTION, at the OFFICE of the PUBLIC WORKS, on MONDAY, the 23d day of NOVEMBER next, at NOON. The plan of the Ground, and plans and specifications relative to the manner of taking the water, &c., may be seen at this Office, on and after the 1st November, where any information as to terms of purchase, &c., may be obtained. The Lots are particularly well adapted for the construction of Mills for Flouring or Manufacturing purposes, being within the City, on the Basin of the Canal, and easy of access both by land and water. The fall, at the ordinary level of the River, will be at Lots No. 10 and 11, about 20 feet, and at Lock No. 2, 13 feet, with an ample supply of water at each for milling purposes. By order, THOMAS A BEGLY, Secretary.

Department of Public Works, Montreal, Oct. 19, 1846.

DEBTORS TO THE ESTATE OF WM. FARQUHAR. TAKE NOTICE.

A SECOND Dividend will shortly be declared on this ESTATE; from the Debitors due, the dividend is to be paid. All unpaid on 15th December next will be placed in the hands of an Attorney for Collection JOHN G. DINNING, Assignee.

ST. LAWRENCE AND ATLANTIC RAIL-ROAD. NOTICE.

THE STOCKHOLDERS of the St. Lawrence and Atlantic Rail-Road Company, having, at their Special General Meeting, held on the 2nd instant, unanimously resolved upon the immediate commencement of the Rail-Road, whereby the Subscriptions for Shares of Stock, conditional upon that resolve (received subsequent to the 30th ultimo) have become absolute, the New Stockholders are requested to PAY the FIRST INSTALLMENT of £4 lbs. Currency per Share, to the Treasurer, at the Company's Office, 18, Little St. James Street. By order of the Board, THOMAS STEERS, Secretary.

Office of the St. Lawrence and Atlantic Rail-Road Company, Montreal, 25th August, 1846. }

NOTICE.

WE the Undersigned hereby give notice, that application will be made by us at the next meeting of the Legislature to obtain a CHARTER for the purpose of CONSTRUCTING A BRIDGE ACROSS THE ST. LAWRENCE; say from the South side of said River to a point on St. Paul's Island (Isle St. Paul), and from said Island to the North bank with right of way across the said Island, and from the North bank of the River to a convenient terminus on the Canal.

- H. STEPHENS, HUGH ALLAN, JAMES C. PIERCE, D. DAVIDSON, WILLIAM DOW, JOHN LEEHING, WM. LUNN, J. B. SMITH, J. FROTHINGHAM, JNO. YOUNG, JOHN E. MILLS, T. H. HOLTON, D. L. MACDUGALL, BENJ. LYMAN, R. CORSE, DAVID TORRANCE, ANDREW SHAW, JAMES GILMORE, WM. EDMONSTONE, MOSES HAYS, JOSEPH MASON, ROBERT MACKAY, O. BERTHELLET, H. JUDAH, A. LAROCQUE, B. HART, JOSEPH HOUURET, A. M. DELISTE, W. ERNATINGER, W. C. MEREDITH, JOHN J. DAVY, GEO. ELDER, JUNR.

Montreal, September 14, 1846.

NOTICE.

To the Claimants for Rebellion Losses in Lower Canada, whose names are included in the Schedule published in the Canada Gazette, dated 10th October, 1846.

RECEIVER GENERAL'S OFFICE, Montreal, 9th October, 1846.

THE RECEIVER GENERAL is authorized to issue DEBENTURES; redeemable in Twenty Years, for the liquidation of those Losses, in sums not less than Twenty five Pounds, Currency, bearing interest at Six per Cent per Annum, as provided by the Act 9 Victoria, Cap. 65, payable Yearly, on the 1st January. It is recommended to those individuals whose claims are under the sum above specified, that they should unite so as to make up the Minimum Amount of Debentures allowed to be issued.

The English and French papers in Montreal will insert the above for two weeks.

University of McGill College, MONTREAL.

THE CAPUT of the COLLEGE having this day received through the Principal an Official Communication of the confirmation by Her Majesty of the STATUTES of the COLLEGE, avails itself of the earliest opportunity of announcing the COURSE of LECTURES to be delivered in the College during the current Term:— On Classical Literature—By the Rev. W. T. LEACH, A. M., Professor. On Mathematic and Natural Philosophy—By EDMUND A. MEREDITH, L. L. B., (T.C.D.) Principal of the College. On History—By the Rev. JOSEPH ABBOTT, A.M. On French Literature and the French Language—By LEON D. MONTIER, Esquire. All the above Courses will be commenced on TUESDAY next, the 22nd instant; but Students matriculating on or before the 29th instant, will be able to keep the Term. Fees, £3 6s. 8d per Term, or £10 a-year. Board, including Fuel and Candle, £3 5s. a-month. J. ABBOTT, A.M., Secretary.

Sept. 21, 1846.

JOHN M'CLOSKEY, SILK AND WOOLLEN DYER, AND CLOTHES CLEANER,

(From Belfast) No. 76, St. Mary Street, Quebec Suburbs. GENTLEMEN'S Clothes Cleaned in the best style, and the Cloth made to look as well as when new. All kinds of Stains, such as Tar, Paint, Oil, Grease, Iron Mould, Wine Stains, &c. carefully abstracted. N.B.—Persons not finding it convenient to call at his place, by sending a few lines will be punctually attended to.

DONEGANA'S HOTEL.

THE Proprietor of this UNRIVALLED ESTABLISHMENT, in returning thanks to the Public for the liberal share of patronage bestowed upon his uncle (Mr. RASSE) and himself, during the twelve years they conducted the Establishment so well known as "RASCO'S HOTEL," begs to inform them that he has now removed into that

SPLENDID BUILDING in Notre Dame Street, formerly the Property of WILLIAM BINGHAM, Esq., and the Vice Regal Residence of Lord DUBHAM and SYDENHAM, which has been greatly enlarged and fitted with

EVERY CONVENIENCE & ORNAMENT which Comfort and Luxury can desire. THE SITUATION is central, and within an easy distance of the Champ-de Mars, the Cathedral, Bishop's Church, the Banks, the Government Offices, the Court House, and other Public Buildings. The openness of the site, and the elevation upon which the Hotel stands, ensures it abundance of light and air, while it commands upon every side an Excellent View, including the River, the Island of St. Helens and the opposite shore, the Mountain, and the adjacent Picturesque Country. The Establishment has been furnished throughout with NEW AND COSTLY FURNITURE, and fitted in every way worthy of what it is—

THE FIRST HOTEL IN BRITISH AMERICA!!

Among the conveniences will be found SIX BATHING ROOMS and a BILLIARD ROOM. THE TABLE will be supplied with EVERY DELICACY of the Season; and while the Proprietor will spare no expense to give satisfaction to all who may honor him with their patronage, the large number which the extent of the Establishment enables him to accommodate, will admit of making his CHARGES VERY REASONABLE. CARRIAGES will be always in attendance, to convey parties to and from the Steamboat Wharves, and the Upper Canada and other Stage Offices. And the Proprietor will spare no exertion to make his New Establishment worthy of the liberal patronage he receives as Lessee of Rasco's. J. M. DONEGAN.

THE SUBSCRIBERS offer for SALE:—

- Bright Muscovado Sugar in Hhds. White Crushed Sugar in Tierces Pipes Port Wine Puncheons Cuba Honey (Clear) Bales Cuba Tobacco for Cigars Roasted Coffee in Barrels Ground do in Bags Seal Coal Whale and Dog Oils Barrels No. 1 Arichat Herrings Dighy Herrings in Boxes 10 M Superior Cuba Cigars Bees' Wax, Fustic Mahogany, Cedar Pimento in Barrels Jamaica Preserved Fruits, &c. &c.

W. H. LEAYCRAFT & CO. No. 9, St. Nicholas Street.

WINE S.

MAITLANDS, TYLEE & CO. have RECENTLY LANDED: 100 Baskets of "BRUNER, JANET & Co.'s" First Quality CHAMPAGNE, 100 Baskets of "JACQUESSER'S" First Quality CHAMPAGNE, 150 Cases of "BARTON & GUERIN'S" Superior CLABET 5 Hog-heads Fine "St. GEORGE'S" BURGUNDY, 75 Cases Curgenon, Maraschino, and assorted LIQUORS.

WANTED,—for the EXPOSITOR OFFICE,—TWO CARRIER BOYS, who have been in the habit of taking round papers.

NEW RAIL-ROAD JOURNAL.

The Weekly Expositor, OR, REFORMER OF PUBLIC ABUSES; And Railway and Mining Intelligencer.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS having for their object redress of grievances, and well-founded complaints against any Public Department whatsoever, as well as those treating of Railways and Mining Speculations, are requested to be dropped in the Post Office, addressed to the Editor of the 'WEEKLY EXPOSITOR'; and all Advertisements (which are especially solicited from those who are interested in the prosperity of an Independent Paper) may be left at the Office, corner of St. Francois Xavier and Great St. James Streets. The names of communicators of flagrant abuses or injustice will not, unless they desire it, be made known. TERMS of SUBSCRIPTION.—Two Dollars per Annum in Montreal, and Two Dollars and a Half in the Country, payable in advance. Montreal, August 11, 1846.

PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETOR, BY DONOGHUE & MANTZ, Chapter's Buildings, 142, Notre Dame Street.

PUBLISHED BY J. TENSON, At the Office of the Proprietor, No. 1, SAINT FRANCOIS XAVIER STREET,

