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BARKER'S CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

Vol. I. KINGSTON, MARCH, 1847. No. 11.

“*Fovendo doctrina viget.*”

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VOL. I.

KINGSTON, MARCH, 1847.

No. 11.

ALTHAM.*

BY JOHN S. CUMMINS, ESQ.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"Besirew me but I love her heartily ;
For she is wise, if I can judge of her ;
And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true ;
And true she is, as she hath proved herself ;
And therefore, like herself, wise, fair and true,
Shall she be placed in my constant heart."

Merchant of Venice.

Halifax is proverbially gay and hospitable at all times—more particularly during war ; but never was it more remarkably so than on the Shannon's arrival. It required all Jonathan's previous bragging to give such zest to so usual an occurrence then, as that of an enemy's frigate of slightly superior force being brought in ; but the American navy of the day consisted but of a few frigates, to which, however, we had scarcely one of anything like equal force to oppose. Had Captain Brooke captured a Frenchman of the same superiority, little, comparatively speaking would have been thought of it. Uncle Sam had entirely succeeded in persuading himself, and more than half convincing such of our countrymen as were ignorant of naval affairs, that at sea his prowess was unequalled. It was therefore that such gratulation was expressed when the first action of nearly equal ships, set the question so effectually at rest.

As to the capture of a solitary frigate, it was a matter of no importance to England, and the loss could be but slightly felt by the United States ; but morally considered, it was a conquest. The infant navy of America could only hope to console their country for the total destruction of her foreign commerce, (which it was unable to protect,) by triumphs in single actions of equal ships, and hitherto their rulers and Press had furnished the people with an abundant harvest of "glorious news," rating sloops of 10 and 18 guns, as "fine frigates," when taken from

* Continued from Number 10, page 540.

us, and glorifying the readers of their "naval chronicles," by similar Yankee tricks. The respective forces of the Chesapeake and the Shannon were, however, too well known to be *much* falsified; still the proceedings of the court of enquiry, which reported on the causes of the capture of the former, shewed how sore the parties composing it felt, and that there was at least no indisposition on their parts to lessen the national discomfiture, by the grossest misrepresentation of all kinds.

It was for the above reasons that the ever loyal Novascotians vied with each other in fêting Captain Brooke and his officers. Old Smith was on his pins again—merely evincing (whence arising, of course we know not.) a mercurial indisposition to sit quietly for a moment at a time. The Admiral had at once confirmed his promotion, and the old fellow was in the seventh heaven. As usual, Annesley and he were inseparable. Jemmy was a handsome gentlemanlike lad, and was in great request at all the shines. Amongst the Halifax belles, his acquaintance was extended, and despite his junior rank, we doubt whether Captain Brooke himself was considered a more desirable partner, at least by the young ladies themselves. Now and then a mamma did certainly manœuvre to sever her fair daughters from the handsome mid, but often in vain. Few partners are so acceptable to the lassies as a good looking little middy—the dear young *saltees* are so full of fun and frolic, so gallant, so frank, and yet so polished when in ladies' society. Salt water and French polish differ essentially, and the gun-room is by no means noted for the elegance of its intercourse; yet who of either sex, whether young or old, has associated with its occupants ashore, and not been delighted? The young scamps are always welcome companions, more especially to ladies of their own age; they are indeed generally

"Variable as is the shade,

By the light quivering aspen made,"

in their *liaisons*, which, though too often entered on with the sole intention of spending the passing hour, sometimes are for the moment sincere as they are brief. We know not in which of these classes to place a flower on which Annesley's shipmates quizzed him—its object was certainly well calculated to excite the latter—whilst the actual cautery which she unsparingly applied to his romance, shewed that she at least was yet free from the rankling of the boy-god's arrows. Annesley was proud of her as a partner, (for she was the belle of Halifax,) and delighted in her society, for, unless when he presumed too far, she was gentleness herself. Her well informed mind reflected warmly on his boyish generosity, and the innate nobleness of his thoughts. In his quiet moments he sought her approval of each projected action, and if he read it not in her soft blue eye, felt that he must be wrong; but if she smiled on thoughts which she read,

though but half expressed, that sunny smile assured his wavering judgment. Did he love her?—perhaps he had, were it not that reminiscences which scarcely assumed a tangible form, were ever present, arming him in proof against master cupid's assaults. If the sly boy's arrows had touched him in by-gone days, it was but to produce for the moment pleasant pain, and when he remembered Isabella Brock, he felt but the happier in the recollection of their youthful friendship; but his heart had never reflected, *when alone*, another image. In the sweet girl whose evening companion he now constantly was, he unconsciously worshipped her likeness, for in many respects they were alike. At all events their alliance gave pleasure to each—neither was of an age to detect the lurking quagmire beneath the fresh wreaths of foilage on which they sported—

“Their ways were ways of pleasantness,”

and thoughtless and joyous was their path.

On such terms was Annesley with ———, the second daughter of Sir ———, the highly esteemed Governor of Nova Scotia, at whose house the kind mention of his Captain had made him always welcome, and where we take up the too long neglected thread of our story.

Government House was brilliantly lighted up. No absurd conventionalities closed its hospitable doors to the wealthy and well informed mercantile community whose presence, with that of their wives and blooming daughters, formed one of its chief attractions. The crowded saloons were gay as morning—fair forms twined the mazy dance to the delicious music of a military band, softened by distance. The glittering uniform of the soldier, mingled with the more tasteful one of the sailor, and the chaste plain dress of the civilian—the sweet influence of woman shed its balmy influence around, and all was happiness as perfect as is allowed to us here below. The brave old soldier whose half century of service had been rewarded by his Sovereign with the Government of the Colony, hung on his daughter's chair, interchanging with its occupant and our hero, that light chat which forms the staple of our usual intercourse.

“Why are you not dancing, my Mary?”

“I have been, papa, and am a little tired, besides I hardly like dancing with a new acquaintance, and the officers who have arrived to-day are the only partners who have offered—to them I have pleaded fatigue.”

“I did not expect such an accusation from you, Miss Mary,” cried Annesley, “I am not a very new acquaintance. I hope, sir, you do not imagine that I have not pressed Miss Mary to dance.”

“You know Mr. Annesley I had twice danced with you before, so you cannot complain.”

"I am not given to complaining, lady, more especially when you grant me the more enviable gratification of your society in a quiet chat."

The old General's calm eye rested for an instant or two, first on his daughter and then on Annesley, with a questioning glance—no consciousness tinged either cheek.

"You are right to reserve yourself, Mary, I hope to do myself the honor of presenting to you one of the most agreeable young men I have for some time met. He is *aide-de-camp* to the General who accompanied the new arrival—I wonder the party has not arrived."

A glance passed with electric rapidity between the young people. After our elucidation, was it coquetry? we fancy not: a sufficiently jealous feeling may exist between two young people of different sexes, without bordering on love or its subordinate phases. The Governor passed on to do the honors of his house to others, and Annesley continued to chat with his former partner; they criticised the different parties who now flew by in the fascinating waltz, or swept through the more stately quadrille. A movement took place at the door of the room, and even the sweet tones of Mary's voice were unheeded; for with his daughters leaning on each arm, and his uniform decked with the aiguillette of a general officer, the father of Alice and Isabella entered, followed by Mountmorris as his aid. Scarcely a year had passed since Annesley had been their uncle's guest at Mountjoy Square, yet in that brief space his favorite Isabella had ripened into womanhood; had she not been in company with her father and sister, he could scarcely have recognised her, at least at first sight. Sparkling eyes and lovely forms had surrounded him during the evening, and he had enjoyed the association with the zest which a sailor alone can feel; but amongst them, to his eye at least, none could compare with Isabella; his senses wandered to long passed scenes as he gazed on her. Mary at length perceived his abstraction.

"May I ask, Mr. Annesley what it is which prevents your answering me?"

"Pardon my rudeness—I am certain you will, when I tell you that General Brock and his daughters have been amongst the kindest friends of my boyhood, and that until this instant I was not aware that they were in America."

"They must be the arrivals of whom my father spoke—pray let no idle ceremony detain you from your friends."

Had Mary entertained even a latent feeling for our hero, his meeting with the Brocks would have pained her, but it was not so; she esteemed and liked him as an acquaintance, but that was all; it was therefore that she felt unmixed pleasure at seeing him most heartily received by the veteran and Lord Mountmorris, whilst the General's youngest daughter testified her surprise and pleasure by soft blushes. The observant eye

of a female friend reads our hearts ere their pulsations are rightly construed by ourselves, and Mary had already sketched a shining future for Annesley and Isabella Brock, ere they had exchanged their blushing greetings.

The surprise felt by Jemmy and the General's party, was mutual, but did not equal the pleasure which the meeting afforded. Sir Isaac took the earliest opportunity of withdrawing with Annesley and Mountmorris to an unoccupied card-room, and seating himself, said—

“We fancied you still with Mr. Bushe's uncle, working away in the Attorney's office. How, in the name of fortune, have you been metamorphosed into a navy officer?”

“The tale is a long one, sir; but if you can afford me a few minutes, I will condense it.”

“Let us hear it, my boy.”

Jemmy briefly told his tale, in delicacy to Mountmorris, suppressing his suspicions that Lord Altham was his evil genius.

“'Tis a wonderful story, Annesley,” said the General, after musing for a few minutes, “and beyond my comprehension; but Mr. Quill shall make all clear—my utmost endeavors shall be exerted to punish the scoundrel, and do you right. Take an opportunity to introduce me to your gallant Captain—I long to make his acquaintance, were it only to thank him for his kindness to you; and now let us rejoin the girls, they are no doubt as curious as their old father to hear your adventures. Of course you take up your quarters at my house for the few days I remain here, at least when duty does not intervene.”

Notwithstanding the delicacy which had prevented Annesley's touching on any point in his history, which might lead suspicion towards Lord Altham, a chill oppressed the heart of Mountmorris, as he proceeded, and the most painful of all doubts, that of a loved father's honor, fell on his spirit and clouded his brow; he could not help remembering the unaccountable dislike evinced by Lord Altham to Annesley after his wound, and the prohibition so strongly insisted on against their intimacy. He was also aware that just before he left, Mr. Quill had been appointed agent to the estates in Galway, and Jemmy's abstraction happening scarcely a month after,—the whole subject was shrouded in painful mystery.

They rejoined the ladies, who gladly renewed their acquaintance with Annesley, questioning him as opportunity offered. Alice's attention was soon taken up with Mountmorris, whose depression she perceived. They had met only that day, after a long absence, during which the young noble had been with his regiment, from which he was recalled by an order to await General Brock's arrival at Halifax, and to attach himself to his staff. Short as had been the period of their reunion, much of deep importance to the happiness of both had passed, and though no express troth had been ex-

changed, yet each heart was glowing with happiness, when they entered the Governor's house. It was therefore that the gloomy abstraction which he manifested, on rejoining their party, after the conversation with Annesley, almost instantly attracted Alice's attention and fond sympathy.

"You have heard ill tidings, Edward—or something has occurred to pain you."

"Much, sweet Alice—Annesley has been most infamously treated and placed in the power of pirates, from which a tissue of good fortune alone has delivered him."

"Our young friend is far better off than when we last met; and although this does not absolve the unintentional authors of his good fortune, surely there is nothing to regret."

"Not on his behalf, certainly. Pardon me, dearest Alice, if I cannot even to you explain my present feelings, as they are founded on what may, I trust, prove idle suspicions—still I cannot shake off the depression which your kindness has noticed. What a lovely girl Annesley is introducing to your sister—let us too make her acquaintance,

Happily the evening sped for Jemmy. Mary — had read his sacred soul, and in a thousand apparently trifling ways advanced his suit. Nothing pleads more strongly the merit of a lover, than finding it appreciated by one to whom his homage might be worthily devoted, but is not; and very different would have been Isabella's sensations at hearing Annesley mentioned in such terms by a lovely girl, were it not apparent at a glance that they were simply warm friends.

General Brock reminded Jemmy of his engagement to introduce him to his Commander; and taking his arm, led him to where the hero of the day was surrounded by the most distinguished persons present. All made way for the noble looking old soldier—the introduction took place, and Jemmy blushed gracefully at the praises bestowed on his conduct during the period he had served in his ship, by Captain Brooke, who concluded by requesting to know at what hour he should wait on the General the next day—saying, that he had much of deep importance to communicate on a subject which he doubted not would be of great interest.

"Name your own hour, sir; my time is entirely my own at present, so that any that may convenience you will suit me."

"Shall we say at noon, Sir Isaac?"

"Certainly, I shall be at home all day—having letters to write—so do not inconvenience yourself to be punctual—meanwhile I have a favor to ask."

"It is granted, sir, if in my power."

"I wish, should duty not occur to prevent it, that you would give Annesley leave to remain ashore with me whilst I stay."

"With the greatest pleasure, sir; I am always delighted when my young officers have an opportunity of being in good society."

Annesley deserves leave, but I should recommend him to pass a few hours on board each day, as repairs are going forward which it will advantage him to witness. *Au revoir*—I am habitually punctual—so notwithstanding your good natured permission to be otherwise, I shall be with you at twelve to-morrow.”

CHAPTER XIX.

“Let me persuade you to forbear awhile.”—HENRY VI.

After the return of our party from Government House, the General, after kissing his daughters, bade them good-night, whilst the young people drew their chairs around the drawing-room fire, for a chat. All had much to hear and to communicate. Drawn out by Isabella, Annesley entertained them with his adventures at greater length than he had detailed them to the General, but with the same cautious reserve on any subject which he thought might be painful to Mountmorris. It grew late, and as they lighted their bed-room candles, Mountmorris drew Alice aside.

“Will you promise me, dear Alice, that however strange my conduct may appear, you will not doubt me; for, circumstanced as I am, after what has passed this morning, I feel it my duty to be explicit. I long have dearly loved you—I seek not, nor indeed could I in honor receive a reciprocal avowal, should I be so happy as to have won your love. I shall hope the best; but should my suspicions become certainty, I shall not hesitate, painful as it may be, to tell you all. Good-night, dearest—whatever may betide, I shall never cease to love you fondly.”

“I promise you all you wish, dearest Edward, and hope, to whatever your fears point, you may be in error. Whatever may happen, you have my warmest sympathy—you have forbidden my saying more,” she added; blushing, and smiling through tears.

The breakfast party at the General’s seemed to him less mirthful than he had expected; yet, suspecting nothing, he attributed it to the late hours of the last night, succeeding to the confinement of a ship.

“You must, Alice, consider yourself under arrest; and, after eleven in the evening, confined to your room. Raking does not agree with you—you look pale and weary this morning, my girl; and need a few days rest after our voyage. Take a short drive after breakfast—Mountmorris and Annesley will be your esquires. I have an engagement which will prevent my accompanying you.”

“I fear, sir, I must deny myself the pleasure,” said Annesley, “great as it would be, you remember the condition on which

Captain Brooke allowed my remaining on shore. Although he only expressed it in the shape of advice, I would not on any account disobey his wishes. I hope to be back to dinner, but must be aboard the greater part of each day."

"You're perfectly right—I had forgotten Captain Brooke's advice. On you then, Mountmorris, will devolve the duty of enacting *diable boiteux*, that is if you have no other engagement."

"It would be an important one indeed, sir, which should prevent me. I am qualified too; for, during the first month after I joined, I was quartered here."

"Well, *chacun à son metier*. I will order the carriage at once, so get ready you lasses, and come in with freshened roses, or faith I'll send for old Sawbones, for I won't have you looking pale. You can take Annesley down to the wharf, on your route."

The old General sat him down to his writing table—giving directions that he should be at home to none, but Captain Brooke, and ordering that gentleman to be shewn up on his arrival.

Punctual to the stroke of noon, the Captain entered the apartment, saying—

"I have solicited the honor of this interview, General, finding that you were an old acquaintance of my friend Annesley—do you know who he is?"

"Yes; a natural son of the late Earl of Altham, and as fine a youngster as I have ever met."

"I entirely concur in your good opinion of him, Sir Isaac, but you are in error as to his parentage—I have good reason to know that he is legitimate, and is at this moment *de jure* Earl of Altham, and heir apparent to the English Earldom of Annesley."

"This is news indeed, sir; I remember that my brother-in-law suspected that all was not right, on his uncle's accession to the title, but on investigation, he learned the truth from the boy's own mother, who reluctantly confessed all; so you must be mistaken, my good sir."

"You shall judge for yourself, General—a man named Ingram, who at one time saved my life, at the imminent risk of his own, by attending me through a desperate fever on the African coast, left the service a short time afterwards, despite my entreaties to the contrary, and promises of promotion—he was a wild adventurous fellow, and had been at one time a sort of gentleman in Galway, when, through his own youthful extravagance, and the knavery of an Attorney, he soon ran through the remains of an already heavily burdened patrimony, and finding himself destitute, entered the Navy, where his daring courage, aided by some slight education, would quickly have ensured his advancement, were it not that misconduct in

other respects ever intervened; even his bravery had a touch of foolhardiness. On the whole, he was one of the most troublesome characters I ever commanded, always in scrapes of one kind or other, for which, more than once, I was obliged to punish him. When I was attacked with the fever, we were running into Sierra Leone, and knowing its deadly character, I had myself at once carried to the hospital on shore, when Ingram sought and obtained my Lieutenant's leave to attend me. Of his devoted care, I was for more than three weeks unconscious. You well know how few survive hospital treatment on those deadly shores, and I have no doubt that but for Ingram I should not have been amongst the few. Through a long convalescence no mother could have nursed a son with more untiring care. I besought him to change his habits on board, offering my purse and interest to their fullest extent; but he refused both, requesting as his sole reward, a discharge from the service. I remonstrated, but finding him determined, procured it for him. Though constant in my enquiries for him, for three years I could not discover what he was about; and when, through Annesley, I again traced him, I found that he had turned pirate, kidnapper, and traitor. I endeavored, nevertheless, to get him on board, but he had taken to the woods. How he made his way to Boston I know not, but the day before my action with the Chesapeake, he voluntarily came on board my ship. During the action, he behaved with his accustomed coolness, and poor Lawrence, as Annesley afterwards informed me, owed his death to Ingram's deadly aim, who the next moment was himself mortally wounded. On his death bed he sent for me, and told me that a couple of years before he had found himself in funds to repurchase his paternal property from a Mr. Quill, the attorney who had enabled him to dissipate it so quickly, and into whose hands it had eventually fallen. The most cunning sometimes betray themselves, and most fortunately, Mr. Quill misdirected a parcel of private papers of the late Lord Altham to Ingram, in mistake for the deeds of the land he had purchased—no nice scruples prevented the rover from possessing himself of their contents.—Accompanying them was a letter to a Miss Gregory, who it appears was Lord Altham's mistress, and entertained hopes of persuading him to marry her. The letter acknowledged the receipt of a large sum of money, and stated that the papers of which it was the price, were enclosed, dwelling on the difficulty he had in obtaining them, and the great risk incurred, especially in inserting a false leaf in the parochial registry. The papers referred to as enclosed, were a leaf taken from the registry of the Parish of Dunmaine, shewing the marriage of Lord Altham with Miss Mary-Sheffield, and a similar document, proving the baptism of a son, the issue of that marriage, by the name of James Annesley. Ingram further stated, that

Quill, discovering his mistake, came on board like a maniac, but that for his own ulterior purposes, he had refused to deliver the papers, as he gained thereby, together with a lasting eye over the attorney, the probable means of extorting money from the parties implicated in suppressing the marriage and birth.—Ingram further stated that on the capture of the schooner, he had given the packet containing these papers to Annesley, making him, however, promise on his honor, not to open it until he had in vain endeavored to procure justice from Quill, after having let him know that Ingram had placed in his hands the papers, which were enumerated in a sealed note accompanying the parcel. I have ascertained that Jemmy has them safe, but felt, under all the circumstances, that it was better not to enter on the matter at large with him. My Clerk was by at Ingram's confession, and took down its substance in writing, which I have duly attested. In connection with all this, taking Annesley's reminiscences of himself, no doubt remains of his identity with the child to whom these papers refer; and his uncle's having subsequently caused him to be kidnapped by this same rascal Quill, (to whom he had restored the agency) has to my mind fully corroborated my views."

"My brother-in-law was then right after all, in his suspicions. Although of course justice must be done, I must confess I am grieved for young Mountmorris—he is guiltless, and will suffer deeply."

"But has Annesley not suffered from his infancy upwards; and, considering the destiny to which his worthy uncle intended to consign him, I confess I feel but little sympathy with the usurping family, at losing their ill-gotten wealth and rank."

"You mistake me, Captain Brooke; the loss of station will weigh but lightly with Mountmorris; but if I judge him rightly, he will deeply feel his father's crimes, and consequent dishonor. With such a man as Lord Altham, Annesley will have a severe contest ere he establish his rights. 'Possession is nine points of the law,' more especially as that possession affords unbounded resources."

"Money will not be wanted, Sir Isaac, to make good Annesley's claims. Ingram has left in my hands the large gatherings of ill spent years, amounting, I should suppose, to a greater sum than Lord Altham can command, as it will be impossible for him to sell or realize by mortgage with a disputed title."

"Mr. Dawkins will be delighted, although he too values poor Mountmorris highly. "*Fiat justitia et ruat cælum.*" If I can be of any use in the matter, I pray you to believe that I shall do my utmost. Meanwhile, shall we inform those most deeply concerned, or leave them to learn it from home?"

"I should suggest the latter as regards Mountmorris—poor fellow, ill news flies fast, and he will learn it soon enough; but

we must tell Annesley all, as on his part immediate action is needful."

"Be it so; I have to repeat that if I can be of use, either myself, or through my connexions in Ireland, I shall be most happy."

The Captain took his departure—leaving Sir Isaac Brock in what is vulgarly termed a "brown study"; he felt deeply for Mountmorris—well knowing how his sensitive spirit would feel the impending blow; at the same time he could not but rejoice, that Lord Altham's deeply planned schemes were about being frustrated. In justice to Annesley, it would be necessary to inform him of what had come to light, that he might use the important documents in his possession; he therefore rung, and ordered the servant who answered his bell, to desire that Mr. Annesley should, on his return, be told that he wished to see him. Sir Isaac sat with pen in hand, occasionally adding a line to the letter he had been writing, but his thoughts ever and anon wandered to the momentous tidings he had heard; and although three hours had elapsed since Brooke had taken leave, his letter was still unfinished, when Annesley was shewn in, looking pale and harrassed.

"Sit down, my young friend—I have to inform you of things wonderfully discovered, which deeply concern you."

"I have seen Captain Brooke, sir, and know all."

"I had hoped to be the first to communicate the good news—I congratulate you from my heart on the bright prospect before you."

"You are most kind, sir, and I am grateful; but Captain Brooke's communication has occasioned me, nevertheless, almost unmixed pain; fortunately the papers he referred to are in my possession, and he has promised to take no step in the business, contrary to my will, nor even to mention a word of it—may I hope a similar promise from you, my dear sir?"

"You are a most unaccountable fellow, Annesley! What can you mean?"

"Simply, sir, that I love my cousin Edward, more than (with one exception) any earthly being; he has been brought up in the idea that he was the heir of honors and estates; he is also the soul of honor, and how can he endure disgrace. I, on the contrary, have always roughed it, and have now an honorable profession, and sufficient means to support me creditably, until I win promotion. Promise me, dear General—if you love me, promise."

"I do promise, Jemmy; but do you know what you relinquish? An ancient title—estates, whose rental few in England equal, and (it must out) an unblemished birth."

"I know, and have thought on all. I have never doubted my being legitimate; you, dear sir, now know it also—so does Capt.

Brooke; for the opinion of strangers on that point, I care nothing. My poor mother, I never knew. Alas! what must have been her sufferings!—had she lived, a different course would have been forced upon me—but there is no doubt she is long since dead, and the few who knew her have forgotten that she ever existed.”

“I will not conceal from you, Annesley, how much the generosity of your determination has raised you in my esteem. I would there were some way of punishing your rascally uncle, without including Edward in the chastisement. 'Tis strange that gentle blood could conceive such baseness—stranger still that such rascality should have been successful in this age—but most strange that the chivalrous friendship entertained by you for the son, should prevent justice taking its due course with the false peer. Leave me, my dear boy,—thinking of this astonishing drama, and its probable future events, has prevented my finishing a most important letter which must be in time for the packet which sails this evening. We shall meet at dinner.”

CHAPTER XX.

“We the world can compass soon,
Swifter than the wandering moon.”—*Midsummer night.*

We have been so occupied with Annesley and those whom fate threw into his immediate proximity, that we have too long neglected our earliest acquaintance, Bushe. On reaching town his first duty had been to wait on Quill's correspondent. The affair on which he was employed had been judiciously chosen by the astute attorney, being one of much historic and legal interest, involving a curious question of succession to forfeited lands originally granted by Charles II., to his unfortunate brother, James Duke of York, and by him sold to a London Company at a trifling rate, on the sole condition of extirpating the wolves and *Kernes*, or *Wild Irish*. Amongst the title deeds were strange old bonds, in quaint contracted law latin, executed by Murtach Oge O'Sullivan More, and which, notwithstanding his forfeiture, were (being previously *granted to a protestant*) held binding on the lands. All the rents were also, by the deed of sale, to be paid on Earl Strongbow's tomb in the cathedral of Christ, in the city of Dublin. Many other particulars excited the attention of the law student, which would be scarcely read by you, good reader, had we the cruelty to inflict them; and, to say the truth, with which you have as little to do as with the above recited legal curiosities.

Mr. Quill's first letter entered at length on the cause of Bushe's mission, giving the most detailed instructions as to his proceedings. A postscript line mentioned Annesley as giving

satisfaction, and being well. The next epistle contained a liberal remittance to enable Bushe to enjoy the idle time which would necessary be his in the interval of the sessions of the Law Courts—plainly evincing Mr. Quill's desire that he should remain in Town: to which, sooth to say, he had no disinclination. Mr. Dawkins had furnished him with letters which enabled him to spend such evenings as were not devoted to the Opera or Theatre—so that taking into consideration that this was his first visit to the great Babel, it is not to be wondered at, that he was in no great hurry to return to his musty law books. Thus three months passed, when Bushe, wondering that his uncle took no notice of his questions about his protégé, wrote directly to Annesley—weeks elapsed, and his letter remaining unanswered, caused him some uneasiness; he consoled himself, however, with the thought that it might have miscarried, and with the belief that had anything serious occurred to Jemmy, Mr. Quill would have informed him; he however, wrote again, enclosing his letter to his uncle, for though he was one whose nature was—

“When there *was* an equal poise of hope and fear”—

to choose the former; still the attorney's strange silence respecting one in whose weal he knew his nephew's interest, and his letters remaining unanswered, made him uncomfortable. He therefore was anxiously expecting an answer from Annesley, when the postman handed in a letter with the Galway mark. Bushe did not at first recognise the writing and with that so easily to be gratified inquisitiveness, which we all have felt, he turned it over more than once, examining the superscription, and the impression; at length curiosity got the better of this unaccountable feeling—he broke the seal and read as follows:—

GALWAY, January 10, 18—.

DEAR BUSHE,—

I think I mentioned in my last, that I was coming down here to our young friend Daly, to have some shooting—finding myself in your uncle's neighborhood, I determined to call and see young Annesley. Mr. Quill received me in his inner office—pardon me, dear Bushe, for saying that neither the old gentleman's personal appearance, nor his *shop* prepossessed me in his favor. On enquiring for Jemmy, he told me that he really could not say where he was, at that inoment. I said I would call again, to which, although he looked sulky, he did not object. Happening to mention his name at the dinner table at Mr. Daly's, I learned with some astonishment, that just previously to your leaving for London he had been reappointed to Lord Altham's agency—my suspicion was at once awakened, having as you may recollect, much doubt of this same Lord's intentions, when he offered to relieve you of the care of his nephew

when wounded. I therefore, called early the next day on Mr. Quill, but found him from home, and on the succeeding day learnt that he had gone to town, and was not expected to return for some time. Of Jemmy the people at his house either knew or would tell nothing; I therefore determined to await the attorney's return, knowing that his business would not allow his absencing himself for any length of time, and that if (as I judged) such were his purpose, he could easily evade me in town. I took care to make my intention known to his greasy cynical looking old clerk, and the result was, that as I expected, he came home fully a fortnight earlier than I had been led to expect. On my being shewn in, the morning of his arrival, he, after no very cordial greeting, asked—

“Are you come again about that boy?”

“Yes.”

“Well, then, I no longer see any use in concealing, that he has been indented as a vagrant by his natural guardian. I should have informed you of this when last you were here, but that my foolish nephew has taken a sort of fancy to this young vagabond, and I did not wish that he should be disturbed (whilst transacting important business about which I have employed him) concerning a matter for which when he dispassionately considers it, he will thank me heartily; and now, sir, that you have the information which alone, as I suppose, you sought here, I trust that you will not think me discourteous if I remind you that my business is in arrear from my absence from home.”

Sheer astonishment had hindered my interrupting this oration, and even kept me silent, when your good uncle arose and moved towards the door, for the purpose of bowing me out; at length I recovered from this feeling of stupid amazement.

“By whose authority has this been done, sir?—depend upon it, it shall be enquired into.”

“Be it so,” he replied, “you will find, young sir, that the authority was competent. Allow me again to remind you that my time is too valuable to be taken up thus.”

A bitter rejoinder rose to my lips, but I suppressed it, and left the office in, I confess it, no very charitable mood towards Mr. Quill. I have since made enquiries at every place where I thought I might obtain information, and can only learn that our poor boy has been sent to sea in a vessel which lay here for some time under pretence of being an African trader, but turned out, as it appears, a pirate; and which, after crippling an English cruiser that had been sent to take her, escaped to sea.

I have thus, dear Bushe, given you a narrative of the means by which I have learned thus much of this sad business—it will be for you to consider your course. I know your situation

as respects Mr. Quill, and you may depend on it that my father's zeal and my own will leave no stone unturned to penetrate its depths—to recover if possible poor Annesley, and to punish his persecutors.

As ever, yours,

H. DAWKINS.

A. Bushe, Esq.

Bushe had more than once started to his feet whilst reading Henry Dawkins' letter. On concluding it, he mused for some moments, feeling perfectly stunned at his uncle's baseness. He never had loved or respected Mr. Quill, but had felt grateful to him for benefits conferred, and now deeply lamented that he was forced by circumstances to assume a hostile attitude; for never for an instant did he hesitate as to his course. He mechanically read the sentence in Dawkins' letter suggesting the probability of his leaving to others the task of compelling justice to his young friend, but read it without thinking of its obvious meaning. After musing for a few minutes, he packed up his necessaries, discharged his bill, and taking a coach called on his uncle's agents, and having informed them that business of the utmost import required his instant presence in Ireland, and calmly pointed out that in the present stage of the business which they were jointly carrying on, no injury could accrue from his absence, he drove to the Spread Eagle, Grace Church Street, for at that time that ancient hostelry was in the zenith of its fame, and took his place in the Liverpool Coach. On the day week from that on which he left town, (a journey at the time of almost unequalled velocity,) he landed in Dublin, and drove at once, though it was late at night, to Mountjoy Square, where he found Mr. Dawkins and his son, who had that day returned from Galway, in deep debate on the subject which had so hurriedly and unexpectedly recalled him.

"A thousand times welcome, Bushe," said Henry, as he entered the drawing room where they held their conclave; "this is a bad business; but we feared that we should not have your assistance, and indeed still you should consider what you are about."

"Surely, Henry, you cannot suppose that I could hesitate, or that I would accept bread at the price of my independence, nay, of my honesty."

"You are in the right, Bushe," said Mr. Dawkins, "you are able to work your own way in the world; nay, it will be better for you in the end that you should do so—a hot-house plant rarely succeeds when transplanted into the common atmosphere. All I can say, my dear fellow, is, that my house is ever open to you, and that in the prosecution of this matter, you will consider me your banker; you must remember that we took almost as deep an interest in Annesley as you did."

"Without hesitation I shall avail myself of your assistance, sir, but I hope to be but little intrusive on your kindness. The preliminaries at least will not be costly; I start for Galway in the morning, as my first exertions must be to find out the motives of my uncle, and if possible to obtain some clearer clue as to what has become of poor Annesley."

"On mature consideration," replied Mr. Dawkins, "I think that Henry is right in supposing that Lord Altham is at the bottom of the whole affair; and if we can ascertain that this is the case, we may feel assured that he is influenced by most important motives, for otherwise he would hardly run risk the kidnapping of the boy, knowing that we should sift it to the bottom."

"Mr. Quill seems little apprehensive of the result of any measures we may take," said Henry; "he would not else have so boldly admitted the apprenticing of Annesley."

"He knows he could not conceal it on Bushe's return, and that in fact he could not from you for any period; he was moreover aware that if he made a mystery about it, *that* would tell against him in the investigation which he well knew must take place. On the whole, he has played his part ably—with the 'wisdom of the serpent,' at least, if not with the 'harmlessness of the dove.' I am sorry that my brother-in-law has left; he would have been both an able and a zealous assistant."

"How fortunate poor Jemmy has been, Mr. Dawkins, to have made so many friends at the crisis of his fortune; had he been kidnapped or murdered a few months ago, there would have been no one to make a fuss about it, except indeed poor Mary Weedon, whom, as you know, sir, he used to call his mother. I now much doubt whether he was right in so doing, though I did not then after questioning her on the subject. By the way, I must see her, and tell her everything: when she left Dublin, she made me promise, that if he should fall into 'his bad uncle's hands,' I should at once let her know; I have only this moment remembered it, yet she may be an useful auxiliary, having attended him from his infancy, and of course being conversant with the history of the Althams."

"That is a good thought, Bushe," replied Henry, "I wonder it did not occur to me. You will recollect I met her at your chambers at college, and at the time I, certainly should have asked her more than your good-nature permitted you. With my father's leave, I will accompany you to Galway, and thence to Dunmaine, where no doubt Mary Weedon still is with her vagabond husband. 'Pon my honor I dare not write to Isabella Brock, though I promised to correspond with her by every packet, without being better able to account for Annesley's whereabouts—the darling little puss is half in love with him."

"I was going to propose that you should go with Bushe," said Mr. Dawkins. "Our connections and friends may be of

avail to you in the country. I am sure Mr. Daley will put you on the right scent in Galway. He is getting old, and rarely acts in his magisterial capacity; but I know no one of more clear judgment, when he can overcome a laziness which, to say the truth, is constitutional; or who, when his interest is exerted in a case, as in this I have no doubt it will, exerts himself more."

"I can assure you, sir, that ere I left, the interest you suppose needed, was effectually aroused. He hates Mr. Quill from the bottom of his heart; some tenants of his also hold land from Lord Altham, and (pardon me, Bushe,) your uncle has of late screwed the poor levels to the uttermost. This, in Galway, is a new system, and Mr. Daley has, in almost all the cases of this mutual ownership, been the sufferer to the full extent of his rent, as he would not exact his rights from poor wretches whose cattle and crops were sold for even the last groat, by Lord Altham. Of course this aided his old antipathy to Quill, together with finding his name associated in the same commission with his. You may believe too, sir, that my eloquence in Annesley's behalf was not lost on him."

"Well, I am glad, boys, that you will have his assistance, for his opinion carries the weight it ought to do in the county; the people are devoted to him, as they invariably are to the few landlords who do not abuse their position. Good night, my lads—my old eyes grow heavy—I shall see you before you go in the morning."

"I fear it will be too early for you, sir; the coach starts at five—Bushe and I must leave this half an hour earlier."

"Well then, God bless you—keep me well informed of your movements—good night."

"Is not the old governor a trump?" asked Dawkins, after his father left. "I hardly think you take more interest in Annesley's fate than he does. I thought, when first I told him what my letter informed you of, that he would have gone and accused Lord Altham of what he might suspect, but could not prove. We have since had long consultations on the course to be adopted, but some how, could not fall on anything likely to succeed. Your uncle has, doubtless, entrenched himself within legal ramparts, which will set our efforts at defiance; but you have to-night suggested the true source to be relied on, in Mary Weedon—that is if she still lives—she scarcely looked likely to outlast the winter, when I saw her at your rooms."

"Well, it is time to turn in now, Harry; and, to say the truth, I need rest; for, with the exception of some ten hours of sea-sickness and misery on board the packet, I have not been in bed for a week. Have me called in time, for I verily believe that, anxiety notwithstanding, I should sleep for two or three days otherwise. My constitution generally makes up for any grievance it may be subjected to in that way."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

PICKINGS FROM OUR ARCH(H)IVES.

BY A SECRETARY.

THE PROLOGUE

Is to our modern literary barks what the launch is to the ship—it gets them into their element. Every body begins now-a-days with a prologue, and every body ends with an epilogue. I shall stick to precedent.

Sit in thine easy chair, O! reader—enjoy the *otium cum dignitate* of a Provincial Secretaryship for twenty years—sink into a *dolce far niente*, and awake to find a tenth Governor General placed over your destinies, and the political volcano preparing for a fresh eruption—what would you do?

Such is my position—such is the question I have asked myself—and I have answered, after some days of uneasy reflection: My position has made me the mute receptacle of state secrets.

I have seen beneath the seal, that confessionnal whose secrecy is too often violated—that which the world deemed virtue, cringing meanness at the feet of power. I have seen the upright politician paint himself of more hues than the chameleon, I have seen for statesmanship, patriotism, and self-sacrificing loyalty—political thimble-rigging, unblushing selfishness, and heartless sponging. I have had a deep draught of experience—and I have learned a lesson of selfish wisdom. Not so much, therefore, to benefit the world, as to add my blow to the downward impetus of a falling power, and thus, if it be possible, to re-establish myself, I will give publicity to the following elegant extracts from the public archives of the Province.

The first five letters in the series should have remained unpublished, had not the promise of Lord E—n, which they contain, been fulfilled to the letter, by his appointing me to an office, which is held, as the lawyers say, *quamdiu bene se gesserit*; but now I have nothing to fear, and would like to let the world see how cleverly I managed it.

PART I.

HOW TO KEEP IN OFFICE.

NO. I.

(Confidential.)

G—t H—e, M—l, 15th Feb., 1847

Sir—You are requested to communicate to H—s E—y the R—t H—e L—d E—n, without delay, any correspondence in your office, of a public nature, which will tend to enlighten His Lordship on the true state of political parties in this Colony, and to give him an insight into the character of the heads

of the administration. Your secrecy and fidelity in executing this commission will command H-s E——y's gratitude.

H-s E——y is at present on the best terms with the administration; and it would be useless to alarm them (perhaps needlessly) by letting them know that he is making enquiries for himself. Above all, this must be kept secret from Mr. D——r.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

J—— B——E,

Priv. Sec.

NO. II.

S——y's O——e, M——l, 15th Feb., 1847.

SIR,—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 15th instant, written by command of H-s E——y the G——r G——l.

In reply, I have the honor to state that nothing would give me greater pleasure, than unhesitatingly to accede to H-s L——p's wishes. But I cannot conceal from myself, that the act of disclosing the correspondence required, (and I may add that much, very valuable for his L——p's purpose, does exist!) however laudable, in itself, and necessary for the safe guidance of my sovereign's representative, would brand me with the name of being a traitor to my present friends. Now, unfortunately, for myself, I performed a similar service for Lord Metcalfe, and consequently could have nothing to hope from my former friends, whom I then abandoned, for the public service.—In serving my sovereign, therefore, by complying with H-s E——y's request, I see nothing but ruin for myself and family! I must throw myself on H-s L——p's generosity. I am ready to perform the service he requires; I only ask his pledge that my devotion shall not be the cause of my ruin.

I have the honor to be, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

D—— D——y,

Prov. Sec.

NO. III.

G——t H——e, M——l, 16th Feb., 1847.

SIR,—H-s E——y L——d E——n, is fully aware of the delicacy of your position. He is surprised that you should imagine him capable of forgetting a service rendered to him. His L——p wishes to see you—when you can judge of his sincerity.

Yours, &c.

J—— B——E,

Priv. Sec.

NO. IV.

S—y's O—e, M—l, 16th Feb., 1847.

SIR,—I have the honor to acknowledge your letter of this date, and in reply beg to state, for the information of H—s E—y the G—r G—l, that I shall do myself the honor of calling on H—s E—y to-day. But in the first place, beg to state that my position is so delicate and embarrassing, that nothing short of a positive pledge in writing from His E—y, will embolden me to perform the self-sacrifice which he demands.

Awaiting your answer, I remain, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

D— D—y,
Prov. Sec.

NO. V.

G—t H—e, M—l, 16th Feb., 1847.

Sir,—By command of His E—y the G—r G—l; you will bring with you to G—t H—e, the list of vacant offices in the civil service; and also the correspondence alluded to by you in your letter of the 15th inst. His E—y will appoint you to such office as you shall yourself select.

I have the honor to be, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

J— B—E,
Priv. Sec.

Reader! what took place at G—t H—e you may imagine. I had found out the way to keep in office. The remaining correspondence will curiously illustrate several political positions.

1stly.—How to keep in office.

2ndly.—How to get into office.

3rdly.—How to get rid of a disagreeable Member of Parliament.

4thly.—How to buy a Member.

NO VI.

Daley's Hotel, Kingston, 15th Dec., 1844.

MY DEAR LORD M—E,

You say you have found that the people of Canada are not so loyal as you imagined, notwithstanding Sir F. B. Head's asseverations, their own protestations, and my *hopes*.

You have found an hostility as desperate as your partizans have been tumultuous, and you are doubtful if I shall have gained a majority.

You think I have deceived you. But I have not. I knew your inveterate dislike to B——n and H—— ; I sympathised with your lordship—a martyr to the triumph of principles which you feared would wrest this Colony from Great Britain. I arrived in Kingston on the eve of your quarrel with your ministry. I tendered my humble services. I told you that the fury of a large portion of the populace was roused—that one word from you would fire the train—that perhaps we might get a majority—that, in fact, there were more means than one of doing so.

It rests for me now only to explain to your lordship the latter remark.

You say that I am not sure of a majority ; well, on the other hand I am not sure of being in a minority. The free use of your name, the plausible cry that your ministry had insulted you, the use of your purse, the employment of a thousand office-hunters, always active electioneering agents, were the means by which I *hoped* the elections *might* be won. I never like to speak too positively, therefore I will merely say that I think they *are* won.

But take the worst case against us ; it stands thus. Half a dozen members have been returned, whose bias nobody knows, who have not declared themselves on the great question at the elections.

But I have carefully noted the addresses of each of these men to their constituents. Here I see a road wanted—there a bridge. I have them. I write to each confidentially ; I promise, as if it were a free-will gift of your Lordship, of which you had never heard till you yourself started the idea ; the very measure each requires—here the road, there the bridge. Now these members either really wanted the road or bridge, or they wanted something better ; something for themselves. Whatever they wanted, my letters were sure to elicit answers. I subjoin specimens for your lordship's consideration.

Township of _____ 1844.

MR. D——R, SIR,

I am glad Lord Metcalfe sees the use of making Roads instead of keeping up party—he can't do better than make this here road. Every man that voted for me wants it. I shall vote for Lord Metcalfe.

Yours truly,

B——n, _____, 1844.

MY DEAR D——R,

Your letter has disappointed me. What do I care about the d——d bridge. There's my son—can't get anything to do in his profession—and the Registrarship of the County vacant the other day. I fought at Chrysler's Farm, and have some claims on the Government.

See to this ; I shall be down at the opening of the Session.

I am, Sir yours truly,

Your Lordship may rest assured that the language used at the close of the latter epistle, conveyed to me a very intelligible hint ; I therefore lost no time in replying as follows :

Daley's Hotel, Kingston, ———, 1844.

MR DEAR ———,

I am delighted that you have had the frankness to open your mind to me freely. With reference to the Registrarship, I am happy to say that although there are about one hundred applicants, the list was still open when I received your letter. I took great pleasure in recommending your son to the G——r G——l, and he at once bid me accede to your wishes, adding that he was always pleased when in the exercise of the patronage of the C——n, he could reward old and long neglected services. I am glad that you have determined to be here at the opening. *Do not fail.* We shall want all our friends ! *

Yours very truly,

W—— H. D——R,

To ———, Esq., M. P. P.

Your Lordship will observe that the confidence you have reposed in me, has induced me to suppose that I have carte blanche to use your name. I am sure you will now congratulate me on Mr. ———'s promise to be at his post when the Session opens ! You will also apprehend that there are more ways than one of winning an election. There is another way which I need not mention here ; if your lordship chooses to entrust me with power until Parliament meets, it will be fully explained to your lordship by the action of the Election Committees.

On the other hand, if your Lordship feels dissatisfied, I beg that you will kindly relieve me by accepting the resignation of my office.

It will be my proud distinction to serve your Lordship, out of power, as well as in it ; and should Mr. B———n and his friends insult you when you have recalled them, my voice at least will be raised in the Legislative Council to defend you from their attacks.

The policy which I have pursued and advised, proceeds upon the principle that the end sanctifies the means. If you are not willing to rule by me, through the medium of this principle, I must (however painful it is) declare that you must again submit to be ruled by the party who have maligned you, and that too when you were on the eve of gaining a victory.

I have the honor to be, my Lord,

Your Lordship's

Most humble servant,

W—— H. D——R.

To His Excellency

L——d M——c.

* NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—The italics and ! are our own.

NO. VII.

G—t H—e, K—n, —, 1844.

MY DEAR D—,—

Your last letter had the desired effect. L—d M—e has given in to the expediency policy—any thing to free us from H—ks and B—d—n! Besides, he says, “only give me support, and I will shew that I have the good of the country really at heart.”

Do not fear a dismissal. You struck the right cord, when you alluded to the necessity of recalling H—ks and B—d—n.

Have you secured —’s promise to be with us? G—n tells me that it might easily be done. See to him.

Yours sincerely, J. M. H—n.

In the foregoing correspondence the art of keeping in office is illustrated by two sets of letters. The manœuvres of Mr. D—r, as exhibited in these letters, certainly show tact; but unfortunately for him, the intrigues are of that character that they must almost inevitably be made public; for what would Mr. — and Mr. — care, once their own immediate object was gained, to turn round upon Mr. D—r, as soon as a new chase hove in sight?

I cannot help feeling vain of the quiet, unostentatious, but effective policy with which I secured myself. But having no time for self gratulation, I now proceed to

PART II.

HOW TO GET INTO OFFICE.

NO I.

MY DEAR D—r,—

It is now some months since Mr. B—d—n and his ministry resigned, and we are about to enter upon a new Session of Parliament. I supported Mr. B—d—n, against His Excellency, from conscientious convictions. I believed that his Lordship was prepared to hold out against Responsible Government, and to follow in the footsteps of Sir Francis Head.

But latterly, I have become convinced by his Lordship’s frequent and manly declarations, that he has no such intention. Satisfied of this, I do not wish to offer a factious opposition to His Excellency. But my public career has been such that I could not with any consistency vote for you in my place in Parliament. You will understand that on the one hand I do not wish to stand in His Lordship’s way, being convinced of his rectitude of intention; on the other hand I cannot remain in Parliament without doing so.

Now, I am aware that it is only owing to a split in the conservative ranks that I gained my seat. I am continually assailed by the Press for this, which was no fault of mine: yet I

am sore and sensitive on the point, and do not like to have the finger of scorn pointed at me, as one usurping a place to which I am not entitled. I am therefore anxious to retire from Parliamentary life.

But in doing this, I must do justice to myself. I have been some years laboring at my profession, and having done something for the Reform party, had their promise that my services should not go unrewarded. I might wait their return to power, *which might be a speedy one if we hung together*. But I am satisfied that His Excellency will grant all that the country asks, and therefore think that my duty does not require me to wait till then. Mr. F——r has long been Judge of this District, and I need not say, that not being a professional man, his decisions have not much weight. As I am the only lawyer at ——, who wears a silk gown, I think I may fairly expect that when I withdraw myself from political opposition, His Excellency would be justified in placing me on the District Bench, on the basis of the noble principle which he has avowed—that office shall be given to the most deserving.

His Excellency would gain one vote, equivalent to two on a division. I would not be obliged to act inconsistently, nor yet to do violence to my own feelings by opposing a Governor, who, I am sure, has at heart the welfare of the country. This arrangement would be an act of justice to me; would conciliate the Reformers, and would strengthen his Excellency's cause.

Of course you will consider this correspondence strictly confidential.

Relying upon your knowledge of my professional and private character; and reminding you that my father has long been a zealous Conservative, and that I have been a constitutional Reformer, (say a Whig,) I submit my proposition for your consideration,

And remain, dear D——r,

Your's very truly,

— — B——.

NO. II.

Montreal, ——, 1845.

MY DEAR B——,

I have submitted your proposition to L——d M——e, who consents to the arrangement you propose. At the same time you will distinctly understand that no consideration of a political nature has influenced him in his determination. His Lordship intends to carry out the principle he has enunciated—“*Palmam qui meruit ferat.*” * The new Act has purposely

* NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—And in this instance, the deserving individual has been crowned with imperishable bays. The reward of treason to a party, is loss of political influence, credit, and character, though there may be the gain

rendered the Bench in your's, and other Districts, vacant, in order that a more efficient juridical system might be established, and at the same time to prove that merit is hereafter to be the leading qualification for office. You will, I think, agree that the conduct of Lord Metcalfe is in the highest degree *self-denying* and *magnanimous*. You, one of his bitterest opponents, are advanced to the first station in your District. Why? Because you alone of the Bar at —— are *fitted for it!* Perhaps, too, the generosity which has led you to express your conviction of Lord M——'s rectitude has had some effect in softening his mind towards you. *It is not every one who can acknowledge an error.* I congratulate you, my dear B——, on your appointment. Eschew politics—would that I were comfortably out of them. *Eheu jam satis!*

Your's, very truly,

W—— H. D——R.

To —— B——, Esq., M. P. P.

Mr. B—— accepted the Chiltern Hundreds, which in Canada must be understood to mean a good office worth four hundred pounds per annum; and a staunch satellite of Mr. D——r, (whose star was now beginning to be in the ascendant,) took the place of the honest politician, who could manfully avow his error!

PART III.

HOW TO GET RID OF A DISAGREEABLE MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT.

The brief correspondence which I have selected from the mass which properly falls under this head, will, I think, be highly interesting. The character of public faith is therein beautifully illustrated. The system of wearing a fair face to the man you hate, and have endeavored to undermine, is disclosed. The despicable intrigue which seeks, under cover of an alleged devotion to party, to work out its own selfish ends, is palpably manifested; and more than all, the unblushing selfishness of would-be politicians is characteristically drawn by one of themselves.

N O. I.

Montreal, December ——, 1846.

MY DEAR ——,

Knowing that you are an esteemed and influential member of the Conservative party, in your District, and being

of office. Pausanias, the Lacedæmonian leader, would have basely delivered his country to the Medes and Persians. But, detected in his treasonous correspondence, he took refuge in the Temple of Minerva, and died at the altar he had invoked.

The Canadian Pausanias, to save himself from the consequences of a like treason, invoked the Goddess of Wisdom, and she said, "get a good berth." He took refuge, therefore, in a J——ship. But the course of politics will probably, ere long, show that Minerva has also, in this instance, played her votary a scurvy trick.

credibly informed that a great majority of the conservative electors, together with a large section of the reformers, are anxious that you should represent them, I feel it to be my duty, as leader of the conservative party, to point out to you in plain terms, that you are at present misrepresented.

I am proud to believe that in my hands, the interests of the conservative party have not suffered. I found them trampled on and despised, and I brought them into place and power.—But self-devotion on my part has not met with its reward. I am accused of truckling to my opponents; and my slanderers say, that I have had no object in view but that of securing myself in place and power.

Among the rest your Member has been a source of great annoyance to me. No sooner was he in Parliament than he wheedled the head of the government into a pledge in favor of himself. Now I had my own reasons (which I cannot disclose, but which are for the benefit of the conservative party.) in refusing what he asked, and overruling the head of the government. Therefore I am libelled—therefore I am to be turned out—therefore the representative of a conservative constituency votes against me on every division. As a friend to your party and to mine—the one to which I have ever belonged—I think it is your duty to spread the news of this defection of your Member far and wide. The Parliament has now gone through two sessions, and the time for a general election will in the ordinary course of law soon arrive. But I am sure I may safely entrust you now with a State secret, which must be ere long divulged. The cabinet is to be re-modelled. We are making great efforts to attach several of the leading reformers to us in a coalition; the basis of the ministry will be neutrality on all great questions involving principle. If we succeed in our endeavors be on the look out for a new writ for the county of ———, and take care that ——— does not get in again.—The government will lend you all their influence to keep him out.

Believe me, dear sir,

Yours truly, W—— E. D——r.

This letter as it appears, is a copy. By a memorandum on the back, I ascertain that on the 12th February, 1847, two copies were sent to two different gentlemen in the county alluded to. Men, I suppose, who from previous verbal enquiries, carefully made, on the *non-committal* system, had been ascertained to be made of malleable materials.

But one of them must have had a shrewd suspicion of the truth when he was first sounded, and must have shewn the soft paw to Mr. D——r, for some ulterior purpose.

We shall see by the following reply from him that he knew right well how to show his claws at the proper time.

NO. II.

_____, 14th February, 1847.

SIR.—I do not know what right you had to suppose that I would act the part of a pretended friend and secret enemy to Mr. _____, our Member. I am not aware of having ever violated any confidence, or abused a friendship, that you should imagine me capable of disseminating a plausible and highly colored statement of your pretended wrongs, in order to injure one, who for years has been the bulwark of conservatism amongst us, merely because you are his enemy, and would sweep him from your path.

Allow me to say that his claims to office were of no ordinary nature—that he had a right to urge them. That the pledge of Lord M——e was a sacred and deliberate one—and that your violation of it was a piece of cool, calculating cunning—which, however, I am happy to say has overshot the mark.

Having chosen me for the confidant of disgraceful schemes, which no word of mine ever gave you the right to suppose I would dirty my hands with, I beg to say that I have thought proper to communicate your letter first to the Member himself, and then to all his best and firmest friends, at meetings called for the purpose; and that there is but one opinion among us of conduct such as yours.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient servant,

To the Hon. — — —.

PART IV.

HOW TO BUY A MEMBER.

NO. I.

Tétu's Hotel, Monday evening.

MY DEAR S——,

The Committee on the Oxford election meets to-morrow. I must urge upon you the necessity of supporting me in this matter. No one can do it as well as you can. There is a mixture of the *fortiter in re*, and the *suaviter in modo*, in the composition of your character, which is invaluable in negotiations of this kind. Now you are quite aware that unless R—bl—n is managed, we will be defeated, and H——ks will take his seat. This must not be. See R—bl—n to-night. Do not speak of the object you have in view. Do not ask him for any promise as to what he will do—but talk about other things at first. Then lead him insensibly towards the subject. Seem curious to know if the Committee have yet arrived at a decision, or if they intend to deliberate again. Pump him as

much as you can in this way. Then, as if you were weary of the subject, begin to banter him about the folly of his standing out against the Government in his place in Parliament.—Speak of the futility of opposing a Governor who is determined to have his own way. When you have sufficiently impressed him on this point, shift the tables skilfully—watching any opportunity which his replies may afford you. Speak of the offices which are or can be vacant at ———. Do not mince the matter, but tell him boldly that *you* can manage to get him appointed, if he will only withdraw his opposition to Government. Watch the effect this has. If it seem favorable leave him with the assurance that you will urge his suit with me, and point out those peculiarities in your position towards me, which would have the effect of compelling me to accede to your wishes. If all goes well, break off by an endeavor, put meaningly, but in good disguise, to get him to express an opinion as to the result of the Oxford case. Ten to one, that you will be able to answer me by to-morrow morning, that R——ll will be declared the sitting member, but that H——s' petition is not frivolous or vexatious.

Be careful. I conjure you, not to let him see that this comes from me. But convince him of your own power to succeed, and of your wish to serve him.

Yours faithfully,

W. H. D——r.

P. S.—We have of course decided on his appointment.

To ——— ———, Esq., M. P.

NO. 11.

MY DEAR D——r,

Everything proceeded as you could wish. At first, R——n hung fire, but became more communicative after I had offered to do all I could for him. You know I have the reputation of having a pleasant way of making you do what I like! He assures me that the thing is certain—that *his* mind is perfectly made up on the law point, and that although he is sorry that a man of H——s' ability must be kept out of Parliament, yet he cannot think of allowing his prejudices to overcome his conviction that the petition must be thrown out, if law and precedent are to be upheld!

Send me the commissions for him, and congratulate me on my success; and *don't forget that affair of mine.*

Yours, very truly,

To the Hon. W. H. D——r.

EPILOGUE.

The curtain has fallen. The last act of the political farce has been received by the audience—the world—with silence instead of laughter; and every body is exclaiming—“Well, I don't like this play at all!”

This is strange. Is it not amusing? Are the stage tricks not clever? Is there any lack of wit in the players?

No. Where then is the fault?

Upon my word, I can hardly say—but—but— Yes, I have it—THE MORAL IS NOT GOOD!!

Pshaw! is it not all untrue? Is it not a farce?

CANADIAN FROG SONG.

(In imitation of Aristophanes.)

SEMI-CHORUS—Croak, croak, croak!

SEMI-CHORUS—Croak, croak, croak!

(AN OCTAVE LOWER.)

FULL CHORUS—Croak, croak, croak!!

LEADER— When Mackenzie was foaming,
And rebels were roaming,
And Bidwell was stript of Loyalty's cloak!
The most gullible song,
Was still found to belong

To Baldwin, with his Responsible croak.

FULL CHORUS— Croak, croak!

LEADER— Shall we pause in our strain,
Now the year brings again
A new Governor to gammon the folk!
Rather strike on the ear,
With a note strong and clear,
The cry of Responsible Government.

FULL CHORUS— Croak, croak!

LEADER— With the Rads at our back,
And the Pilot for hack,
To rule must be ours by a bold stroke!
But if it prove no go,
We'll continue our 'cho,

In a chaunt corresponding to—croak,

FULL CHORUS— Croak, croak!

ELGIN— Croak, croak—indeed I shall choke,
If you pester and bore
My ears any more,
With your croak, croak, croak!

LAFONTAINE— Rude companion and vain,
Thus to carp at our strain;
(To Baldwin)— But keep in the vein,
And attack him again,
With a croak, croak, croak!

FULL CHORUS— Croak, croak, croak!!

 THE DISAPPOINTMENT.

 BY FUZ.

The Summer days had come—the days when earth
 Looks beautiful ; when all on which we gaze
 Delights the eye—whether on forests' deep,
 Where the tall branches of the spreading trees,
 Put forth their varied leaves ; or on the bright
 And glowing surface of the dark blue lake,
 That lies becalmed, or rolls its noisy heaps
 Of gathering waters to the sandy shore :
 All have a charm for the attentive mind,
 And speak a lesson only to be read
 By those who study nature's open volume,
 And read delighted from the wide spread page,
 Truths, which none other books save her's impart.
 Twas noon ; a shepard sat upon a bank
 Whence he could watch his numerous fleecy charge,
 That fed in scattered groups upon the field.
 From every bush the birds rehearsed their songs ;
 And he, in jarring, sublime mockery,
 Caught up the sounds, and in a voice that more
 Resembled some huge giant's than aught else,
 With equal ardor sung his noisy strains :—

“ There's a voice I love to hear,
 A gladsome, tender sound,
 Than silvery chords more clear,
 Than music more profound ;
 Those wild, enchanting notes
 My heart's recesses move,
 Soft on the still air floats
 The voice of her I love.

“ As the stream that wanders through
 The verdant fields at morn,—
 Clear as the spotless blue
 Of heaven at morning's dawn ;—
 Like the first sweet song of birds,—
 Of the lark that soars above,
 As pure are the dulcet words
 Of the voice of her I love.

“ Some prefer the soothing strains
 Of music to dispel
 Love's rankling doubts and pains,
 That in their bosoms dwell ;
 I could join in jest and glee,
 Or through fancy's mazes rove,
 But more welcome still to me
 Is the voice of her I love.”

He ceased, and from a group of trees, that lay
 Behind him, came a witching voice, so sweet
 And plaintive, that it seemed at first to mock
 His rougher notes—he sprang upon his feet,
 And listened most attentively, to catch
 The thrilling tones that echoed through the woods,
 So clear and shrill—"it is the voice of her
 I love," in rapture cried the youth. One bound,
 And he has reached the hallowed spot where sits
 A form whose face is turned from his. He starts!
 For, as his sturdy arm is thrown around
 The Syren's waist, the charmer turns her head:
 "Who dar?" she asked. The disappointed swain
 In terror from the graceful form escapes,
 As the first look from those bright eyes disclose
 The lovely features of—a *negro wench!*

DEER-STALKING ON THE SOUTH BRANCH.

BY CINNA.

"Though the Castle of Richmond stands fair on the hill,
 My hall," quoth bold Allen, "shows gallanter still;
 'Tis the blue vault of heaven, with its crescent so pale,
 And with all its bright spangles!" said Allen-a-Dale.—*Scott.*

We were gratified by the arrival of Mingo, of "b'ar" hunting notoriety, and David Glenlyon, a promising young forester, and the second edition of *the Glenlyon*, on the evening of this day. They came out fresh—Mingo having more traps about his person than would have satisfied half a squadron of Mamelukes. He looked at the venison strung up in front of the "chankay," as if he understood something of the mode of disposing of that same when the covers are removed, and the jar of jelly occupies a conspicuous station to the left.

"Your doe was hit far too high—how comes that?" he enquired of me—to which I replied evasively, as best I might, giving two short coughs at the same time, in intimation that it would be quite agreeable to have the subject changed.

"And Glenlyon too!—why here is downright mutilation and haggling of the choicest parts of the animal in this buck of his," quoth he, pointing out the range of the bullets with his finger.

"How so?" replied Glenlyon, coming up—"to be sure I struck him too far behind, but he was flying at the time, and I once knew an Indian shoot all his game in the haunch, as the readiest mode of disabling them." Mingo shook his head, and

continued to hold forth upon the great nicety required in planting your bullets properly, until deaf Will stayed his speech by placing before him huge piles of bread and cold steaks, and offered to his thirsty lips an immense bowl of hemlock tea.—Then came laughing and story-telling, until we lay down for the night. Glenlyon was truly great on Waterloo.

The next morning, Glenlyon and Mingo took one route to meet Hurley and Mellan with their dogs, while David and myself contented ourselves by beating up the game nearer home. We had our own land spaniels and those of Mingo—for a short hunt I prefer them to your fox or deer hound, particularly when they have been trained for hare-hunting, inasmuch as they do not drive the game for miles away, and they are quite as good, if not better, at turning up whatever the wood contains. David took the dogs to follow a path through a swamp in which an extraordinary number of deer congregate around a "deer-lick," or salt spring, which we suppose to be there, although we have never found the spot. I stationed myself on a ridge in the centre of the swamp, and felt confident of bringing something to pass. The deer, however, were too near the ridge, and the wind being favorable, they smoked me at once, and made off. David came on with the dogs, and never had they a prettier run—scattering the game in all directions through the wood—each one trundling away on the track which suited him best, but none of them coming within rifle shot of the ridge. Highly provoked, I shouted to David to join me, that we might get in the dogs and adopt some other expedient to come at them. While we were standing together, Dash, Mingo's favorite dog of all works, turned his game, and we heard him giving lip directly towards us. The buck had evidently forgotten that danger lay in the way, and he made play in our direction. We heard him crushing the snow and ice in the hare thicker to our right, and finally he dashed out. David got sight of him some hundred yards away, and drew up his rifle, when the buck shifted his position, getting behind a fallen tree which completely covered his body. "He has seen us, and is looking directly at us from under the log," whispered the lad, while I caught the direction of his eye, and finally made out the buck's head. I must have moved slightly in raising my rifle, for he started off again at full speed, and Dash coming in, gave him another burst around our station, until he finally swept him clean away to the Cranberry marsh, whither the other dogs had carried their game. Out upon such work. "Five minutes at Donnybrook, and divil a fight yet!" We wished ourselves out of Canada, and sent to the town of Johnstown. But the worst was to come. Our dogs came back in a sad plight. Finding themselves unable to catch the deer, they pitched into an old batchelor porcupine, who had crept out of his log to sun himself, and they attempted to

make way with him in a general rush after the loaves and fishes. He rolled himself up, and received the charge with fixed bayonets, until all comers had taken a taste of him, when he vanished into the log, whither Dash and Blucher had followed him, and came out sorry. This infernal animal had distributed his barbed quills over the length and breadth of these two, and into the eyebrows, ears, noses, mouths, and tongues of the other three, so that they came to us howling like so many mad things, leaping into the air and plunging their snouts in the snow with very anguish. Here was work for us, and that on the instant, otherwise death was the doom of all. We grappled with Dash first, and having ground him into the snow by main and might, we commenced drawing the quills with a pair of bullet moulds. Commend me to tooth-pulling after that. That was laceration and maceration and grappling and snarling and howling with a vengeance, for two good hours, before we had finished the five. Covered with blood and froth, and wet with perspiration, we then repaired in no very quiet mood to the hollow log, from which we hacked out the reptile, and made a heave offering of him into a tree, lest the dogs should come there to roll themselves on him, which they are certain to do if left on the ground—a fact which we would thank naturalists to account for. We then burst home to dinner, and had the inestimable satisfaction of seeing Mingo and Glenlyon trailing in a fine buck, which Mingo had shot at a long distance, and from behind a log, during the fine run they had had with Hurley's dogs.

In the evening, we repaired to the scaffolds for watching.—Glenlyon had a deer before him for a number of minutes, but being uncertain whether the dark object which he saw between two trees near his brouse, was not a black log, he neglected to fire, and moving one of his feet slightly, the spot passed away, and he came home highly incensed at himself for his over squeamishness in not risking a shot. Mingo had no better luck; and as for myself, a deer came in all directions around me snorting and stamping, as they are wont to do when they scent something which they cannot make out. Although intensely cold, I sat for more than an hour waiting for him to intrude a little mere into the space which I had cleared for his especial benefit, but he appeared quite indifferent to the fine feast of cedar which I had prepared for him. Finally, step by step, and not more than one in a minute, he came out, and I had him before me appearing to creep along through the snow, for sitting above him, his legs could not be distinguished. One motion from me—the breaking of the slightest twig—would have sent him out of sight in an instant, and therefore I did not move until he came up to the fallen cedar and commenced nibbling it, taking a dainty bite, and then grinding it at his leisure, while looking about him. Luckily he never

cast his glance upward, and could not consequently perceive the two orbs of fire which must at that time have been glowing upon him. I cocked my gun without noise, (I learned that from Glenlyon—can you do it, any or all of ye who read “Miss Maggy?” No—ye may move mountains, but *that*, we are proud to say, ye cannot do, until ye become one of us,) I cocked my gun without the *click*, which the lock generally gives forth in the hands of snipe shooters and such riff-raff—(speaking in a political point of view, which covers all sins,) and having done so, I held out mine iron, and held in my breath. I will wager any man the year's salary which the Doctor gets when he removes to Montreal, becomes Queen's Printer, and brings out “Miss Maggy” on gilt paper, with plates and portraits of his contributors, (when he finds out who they are,) I will take *that* bet, although loath to bet, unless sure of winning, that my gun, if not held *at* the deer, was at least pointed within five yards of him. However that may be, it was of no use—the cap would not go off, owing to the dampness it had got in the scramble after the porcupine—the deer gave one sommersault backwards, and into the swamp with him, and I came in perfectly subdued with cold, watching, and vexation. This was one of the *unlucky* days which all hunters know to be in store for them while in the woods, and so it was submitted to, in conjunction with a supper of unequalled proportions and savoriness; after which our adventures were recounted, while the smoke of our dudeens became impenetrable around the roof-tree, and a large tree it is, of our shanty, and Glenlyon, growing young again, gave us—

“The home of my love is below in the valley,
Where the wild flowers welcome the wandering bee;
But sweeter than all which in that spot is seen,
Is the lass that I love of the bonny blue e'en.

I sigh for the lass of the bony blue e'en,
Her smiles are the sweetest I ever have seen,
Her lips like the rose, but fresher I ween,
She's the loveliest lassie that trips on the green.”

This song suited Mingo amazingly, and he gave the Captain a lusty *encore*, which called it forth again, although our gentleman is wont to cheat us by merely giving the first stave, and then stopping short, with a protestation that he knows no more, when it is notorious that he once sang in Perth, on a wager with another, as to who could sing the most songs, and won by forty-six!

To commence the fifth day, I started before the first streaks of morning to take a lonely hunt by myself, and enjoy the luxury of a sun-rise in winter from the tops of some distant hills. That was a place for a man to ponder in. The air was cold and crackling, yet intensely exhilarating. The fibres of the

brain were strung up to their highest tension—the muscles of the body were hard and wire-like, causing one to feel the tiger's strength and activity, at every move. "Hi!" I shouted, as the sun came up—"Hi—hurra! hurra!" The glorious woodlands re-echoed—"hurra! hurra!" in ten thousand voices. "Glory!" I cried—"glory!" responded the snowy savanagh, and then I sang the sublime matin hymn of Coleridge—

"God! Let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
 Answer, and let the ice plains echo—God!
 God! Sing ye meadow streams with gladsome voice!
 Ye pine groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds!
 And they too have a voice, yon piles of snow,
 And in the perilous fall shall thunder—God!
 Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost!
 Ye wild goats, sporting round the eagle nest!
 Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain storm!
 Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!
 Ye signs and wonders of the elements!
 Utter forth—God! and fill the hills with praise!"

The partridge started from the spruce covert beneath me, to commence his morning's repast—innumerable small birds, circling above, and sweeping down upon the white birch and elm, reminded one of the swirling hum of the bees in May. Out came the squirrel to play his gambols, and gaze down upon me with his small, steady eye; while high over head my two ravens, with which I have been familiar for many a year, and which will continue to soar over these hills long after the sod shall cover me, in all probability, now croaked me down their morning salutation—the hills greeted each other—

"Still where they were, steadfast, immovable;
 Those mighty hills, so shadowy, so sublime!"

with many a sigh and sough, "like noises in a swound," proceeding from the unexplored depths of their darksome chambers.—The mists began to rise beneath the hills—

"Wave upon wave! as if a foaming ocean,
 By boisterous winds to fierce rebellion driven,"—

and the air became dusted with those silvery particles indicative of intense frigidity, until finally the hoar frost hung upon me as if I had been buried for ages in the snow, and yet my heart was gladsome, and all my swelling pulses shouted joy!

I knew that the deer came to these ridges to feed on the trees which had been swept down by the wind the previous autumn, repairing to them at four in the afternoon, and leaving for the swamps where they repose, at ten in the morning. It was now my object to intercept some of them, and accordingly I took my way slowly on the lee side of a ridge, until my progress was stayed by a single sound, like the cautious step of

a deer on the crust of the ridge. I was not certain that I had heard anything, but as too much caution cannot be used on such occasions, I determined to remain stationary. Hearing no repetition of the noise for several minutes, I deemed I might better ascend to the brow of the acclivity, and yet I was loth to move, having lost many deer by the same overhaste. I therefore sat me down on the root of a tree at my side, and awaited what might turn up, with much patience, in a sort of dreamy listlessness. I was startled into activity at once by hearing the same sound repeated—then came a harsh, grating noise, and peering sharply along the brow of the ridge, amidst a cluster of immense hemlocks, I saw a buck's head and neck moving back and forth, as if he were attempting to rub his horns off, which it is said they do at this season, though others contend that they fall off naturally. My gentleman had evidently heard me about the time. I had caught the sound of his hoof on the crust, but patience had outwitted him, and he approached me fearlessly along the ridge. He came within ten yards, and then facing me, he put down his head to smell what it was beneath. I knew this was my time, and raising my rifle, I aimed at his head, but waited until he drew it up in the direction of his body, so that if I missed my mark, I should at least have a hook to hang a hope upon, when I fired coolly enough. He seemed to kneel down, so quietly did he take to the ground, and made not the slightest motion afterwards. Reloading my gun, I stood up my full height, and attempted to ascertain what he would be at, not being anxious to approach any nearer, lest his eye should catch me, and he make an attempt to rip my stomach open in a down-hill rush, as they are wont to do, and as they have often come very near doing with myself, despite tomahawk and butt end of rifle. He lay quiet enough, and after waiting a short time, in case he were followed by another, I at length came near him, and cut his jugular with my knife. One of his horns had been driven where it could not be found, either by myself or Mingo, afterwards—the bullet having entered at its very butt, and ranged down through the neck. He was more than ordinarily large, and Mingo and myself, he having heard my shot and found my whereabouts, had infinite trouble in hanging him to the sapling from which we suspended him beyond reach of the wolves.

I felt in an amiable mood after this good fortune, and volunteered to drive Mingo a deer for his peculiar advantage.—“Done,” says he, “bring him forth.” “Very well,” says I.—“Good, Miss Rouse,” says he, and his eyes sparkled. “The bell-rope must of necessity be mounted,” says I—but a truce to dramatic writing!—there was much more said, but I have only to speak of what was done. If Mingo knew that part of the wood well, it was known better by myself, and after a long disputation, and much shaking of the heads on both sides, he at

length consented to take his station on a deer path, while I took a circuit to come up through an immense "wind-fall."—In tumbling through this vast field of desolation, I drove up a nimble young deer which I in vain attempted to take on the wing, he keeping a tree between us, and running from me in a straight line, which four out of five of them will do. It could not have been three minutes before I heard Mingo's rifle send forth its echoes, and then I knew it was of no use in the deer attempting to run any more. He could not do it unless he had more lives than Sergeant Landers.

You generally asseverate pretty correctly, when you say that Mingo shoots his gun with the hand and eye of a professor. No mere amateur can expect ever to arrive at his perfection in shooting off hand, either with rifle or double barrel.—Frank Hitchcock, the editor of the *Ogdensburgh Republican*, is the only one I know with whom I should be afraid to pit Mingo. Frank has an enormous rifle, weighing thirty pounds, which he shoots admirably; and with his double-barrel he killed, last summer, twenty-one pigeons out of twenty-five, flushed from a trap, he giving the great odds of five dollars for every bird he missed, while only receiving one dollar for each one which fell within the bounds. Frank said they intended "to lay him out," but knowing himself and his gun, he came off victorious, and obliged them to do nothing else but give in.—Frank and Mingo are rather shy of each other, but we intend to make them "walk up to the trough, fodder or no fodder," next season, when the match shall be reported with due particulars.

On rejoining Mingo, I saw that he had been doing mischief, by the glance of his eye, and sure enough, a few yards from where he had been sitting, I found the young deer lying on the side of the hill. Mingo had been quietly enjoying himself inhaling the soothing weed, when the animal came bouncing down upon him along the path, taking him unawares, and getting nearly away from him down the ridge, when his rifle was brought to bear, and "the affa'r" was settled as I had anticipated. Twisting a withe, we tied his fore legs to his nose, and drew him in with much ease on the snow. Glenlyon had arrived before us, having had the good fortune to secure one also. He had been quietly pursuing his course towards the Cranberry Marsh, an immense bog, (which Pat. Cotton says contains as fine *peat* as any part of Ireland can produce,) whither he was going to stir the deer out on the ridges, when before he could bring his gun from his shoulder, two deer rushed past him within a few feet, and stopped. In the hurry of the moment he levelled his gun at one of them, conceiving him to be a wolf. His gun was not cocked, and he drew the trigger in vain—at length he made a hurried overhaul, and then again he pulled the wrong trigger—the deer were by this time fully aware of his presence, but one of them started too late. Glen-

lyon had got hold of the right trigger and sent one of his ounce bullets at what he had taken for a wolf, but which he soon brought in as a good bit of venison for his Christmas pasties. So far we had all done well, and were in high glee, save deaf Will, whose one eye had been nearly smoked from his head in preparing our dinner. Perceiving his ill-humor, Mingo drew forth a small jar from his bag, containing what was called "brandy!" before the universal spread of our principles had banished it, and made it no longer a gentlemanly drink.—Mingo took a cup, and in a most scientific way commenced measuring Will a dose, to revive him, as he said. The tea cup was nearly filled, and Will drank it off without a shudder! His eye straightway began to expand, and his tongue to wag all manner of odd sayings, mixed up with some few oaths, but this, our fore-fathers have informed us, was the usual effect which the liquid had on those who were foolishly led to imbibe it some sixty years ago. He looked as if he might pitch into Mingo, or any one of us, without warning, and from mere recklessness, but luckily the spirit began to die away in some five minutes, and then Will became a sane man again—albeit rather chop-fallen. Notwithstanding the astounding and really alarming effects which the liquid had produced on Will, I was shocked in the course of the evening to see the hot water prepared, the sugar dissolved, and a certain quantum of this same blood-red fluid poured out, and mixed up in it with our soup ladle, and, *horresco referens*, Mingo and Glenlyon discussing pottle-deep potations therefrom, for their "stomach's sake," as they averred. Then were killed all the deer over again, and every battle had to be gone through with, to say nothing of the duties which were piped in tones which must have alarmed the wolves for miles around. They gave old Will two or three "horns," as they called them, in relation to their powder flasks, probably, after which I heard them speaking of his being "pretty well corned," referring thereby, possibly, to his desire to square himself before somebody, even if it were one of their worships, which I understood him to say he had a great inclination to do. The jug was finally laid aside under the straw in a careful way by Mingo, just as you will see a hound secure something for another time, but Will, the redoubted Will, had his anxious eye fixed upon him in the operation.

About the middle of the night I was awakened by an unusual sound coming from the farther side of the shanty. On looking out, I saw Will's head drawn back like the cock of your gun, and the jug thrown upward, as if he were endeavoring to sustain it perpendicularly on the end of his nose.—He was trying an experiment at balancing by way of experiment, and then came a soft gurgling sound, like the dance of a mountain rill in the gushing time of spring. "Ah! ha!" I said, "our winters are improving—here we have the running

waters again." Glenlyon was at this time fighting his battles over once more, as he lay asleep beside Mingo. "Close up—close up—will ye!" he cried—"Now then, we have them before us. Ready!—present—poo!" but by this time Will had become startled, and made two strides back, with the jug in his hand. "Fire!" I hallooed at the top of my lungs—the dogs set up in concert—up started Mingo and Glenlyon, while David rubbed his eyes. Will supposed they were coming to seize him, and being out of humor at not getting a longer pull at the canteen, dashed it against the side of the shanty, into ten thousand pieces, and bade them come on. Aghast they turned out, eyeing Will suspiciously, not knowing what to make of his conduct, until Mingo began to awaken to the full extent of his loss—then he seized a flaming brand, and Will took the slope of the Sabine out of the door, carrying with him the blanket which was our only guard for the opening. The Captain gathered some of the fragments of the jug, and asseverated sorrowfully that the "old Cyclops had broken it in many pieces." Mingo filled his pipe, and talked the matter over with the Captain, eloquently. I have heard of more broken heads and inflamed eyes than we there had, but never had I a more practical illustration of the advantages of "taking a little for the stomach's sake," than in that scene, at which I laughed immoderately, and still continue to laugh, terming it—"The fray of the pot of Basle, or Deaf Will's jugglery exposed."

The next day we had our grand *battue*. Pat Cotton and Mellan came with their dogs, and we surrounded the deer-lick swamp, Mingo leading in the dogs, accompanied by the two latter, armed with axes,—Glenlyon, David and myself occupying the principal run-ways. Mingo and his party advanced towards my station first, and arriving at a small pine ridge near where they knew me to be standing, I heard them shout to me, evidently despairing of finding any deer in that quarter. Answering them by a whistle, they perceived that I exacted silence, and bore away further into the fastness where the game had been started the day previous, and then commenced a scene of the most intense excitement. The dogs broke out nearly at the same time, and the deer made in a body towards Glenlyon's station. I could distinguish the peculiar cry of Mellan's Indian hound above all the others, and being a remarkably swift runner, he pushed the deer with tremendous speed directly at the Captain. Fortunately the crust on the snow enabled him to hear them approaching him, and he prepared his double barrel accordingly, but they came upon him so swiftly, making such a deal of noise, as quite to unsettle his purpose. While following one with his gun, to get an open place where he might fire, another would come upon him to divert his attention, until some nine or ten had passed him,

when the dogs came up, driving a small deer directly down the run-way, where he stood. This one did not escape, for Glenlyon headed him, and while he was turning, wounded him desperately in the hinder quarter.

Mingo and his companions had now approached near to where I stood, when we heard Glenlyon's shot. Then we heard Mellan's dog coming in full cry directly back to us, and in a short time I saw the deer's tail rising and falling in the swamp. He passed me beyond shot, and plunged down upon Mingo, who gave him the contents of his rifle, and commenced again to load. The deer had now stopped, and so far had he outrun the dogs, that Mingo discharged his gun at him again ere they came up. This shot prevented him going any further, but left him sufficient strength to offer good battle. Now the dogs came up, and with them Pat Cotton, Mellan, and Mingo, set at once upon the deer. The Indian hound seized him by the nose, but was at once stamped down into the snow by the fore-feet of the animal. From the cedar ridge, where I stood, I could hear all that went forward, and had I not been so fully excited, I do not well see how I could have prevented myself dying outright of laughing. "See, boy!—now seek him!—keep your hoults!—my soul to the bit, but he—by the mortal!—down wid him!" cried Pat and Mellan, coming to close grips with the animal, and being kicked and trodden upon in all imaginable ways, while the only two dogs which were up, in thus being hustled on, and flung off to be trodden upon, were howling every note in the scale of dog music. Mingo played the old soldier, but he informed me, that twice, dogs, deer and men rushed over him, maiming and bruising him not a little, until he, in the end, scrambled behind a large tree for safety. The Indian hound at length pinned the quarry to the ground, and keeping his "hoults," the struggle was soon ended by the hunter's knife being brought into play. When I arrived, Pat and Mellan were foaming from the exertion, and were in great glee at the "fine hunt" they had had—Pat averring that although he had lived many years in the bush, and had seen much sport, yet this "bet" all he ever seen entirely.—"My soul to the bit, but when he came rearing forrid to join me, I was in dread of him, that I was; only for the dogs held their grips in the dear spoort, I was done for intirely," he said, in giving a graphic account of the operation afterwards.

Well pleased that we he had at least secured one, I started over to ascertain what luck Glenlyon had met with. being confident that he must also have got something. He was awaiting my coming, and then we took the trail of his deer into the swamp, through which we could plainly trace it by the blood. How vexed were we to find the deer at which he had fired to be the indential one on which Mingo had been expending his shots, and which gave Pat and Mellan so much work. This

made us all feel mighty small, and very much ashamed of ourselves. Six men—as many dogs—and only one two-year-old for the pother. We went home chagrined, but in no way discouraged.

The next morning we were out on the run-ways expecting to do more than we had yet accomplished—Hurley having agreed to drive from the beaver meadows down to us, over an excellent game tract. Hurley and Mellan came as agreed upon, bringing a Scotchman, named Carruthers, to guard one of the outlets into Lot No. 1. Very soon, Hurley's dog was heard in the swamp, and then came Little Dog, Watch, &c., all joining in chorus. Fortunately for myself, I had taken a position on the highest part of a hill, and hither two large deer came trundling—leaving the dogs far behind. Determined on not making so slovenly a shot as that which had called forth the animadversion of Mingo, I now stepped silently out from my tree to meet the deer, feeling that one of them at least was in my power. They heard me, and stopped at once. As I am choice in my venison, I calmly examined their different proportions, and deeming the one farthest from me the best, I levelled and drew trigger at her. The smoke of my rifle prevented my seeing for a moment, and when it blew away, a deer came full speed towards me, and stopped again. I was astonished at myself in shooting so infamously, and at once set to work reloading to retrieve my lost fortunes; but I had scarcely got my bullet enclosed in the barrel, ere two of the dogs came up, and carried her out of my sight at once. My next enquiry was, how had the other escaped, for the dogs had only driven one away? I could not have hit any but this one, else the blood would have attracted the dogs another direction, supposing it had gone off down the side hill. Perplexed what to make of such work, I at length moved nearer to where the deer had stood, and I was not long in seeing a pair of heels kicking their last from behind a root. Rushing forward I was overjoyed at finding a huge deer just expiring from the effects of my shot which had been well sped this time. Another shot was now heard, so loud that it could have been none other than the Scotchman's wide-mouthed musketoon. Thither I repaired, and found Hurley giving him a choice blessing for not having stayed the progress of an immense buck that had passed him within five yards. "He frightened me with the muckle heid of him," said Carruthers, and the look of terror which the young Scotchman (lately arrived) then wore, was enough to convince Hurley that he had spoken the truth as to his having been "frighted." Hurley and Mellan then took their dogs on to Lot No. 1, to drive up to us, and shortly after we heard their muskets both report progress in succession.—The dogs were on, but drove the deer to the southward. They had turned a large buck back upon Mellan, who fired at him

with buckshot within ten yards, as he came over a log. Not heeding this shot, the deer next ran the gauntlet past Hurley, who sent at him one ounce bullet, two rifle do., and ten buckshot, but he kept on notwithstanding. He was pursued all that day by these two indefatigable foresters, until the darkness prevented them following his bloody trail any longer. They found where he had stood at bay several times, and where, after having beaten off the dogs, he had lain down; but altho' they continued the chase the next day, in which they were joined by others, the deer having made for the front, they never got near him again, and he escaped. These shots prove the vast superiority of a rifle over any other gun. Had the deer been struck by a twirling bullet from a grooved barrel, his progress would have been stayed in a very brief space of time. Mingo and Glenlyon were this day unsuccessful, and owing to the jugglery of Will the night before, they had no mode of raising fictitious joy, and were forced patiently to submit to the flourishings of my penny trumpet, in mockery of their multiplied calamities.

Glenlyon, however, repaid me the next day in kind, having killed the largest deer that has ever been brought out of these woods. Our closing hunt was made in the deer-lick woods, and around "pow-wow-ridge," the scene of Pat Cotton's "fine hunt." Mingo and Glenlyon conducted themselves very badly, having in a kind of amicable strife both shot at the same deer, and then wounding him but slightly. The best laugh they had at my expense during the whole hunt, was in the evening, when I returned from pursuing this deer the entire day, without success; but that is an experiment which I have pledged myself they shall never play off upon me again. Each one patch up his own breeks after this, gentlemen.

Hurley drew in our game the next day, and we footed it home with the greatest ease and expedition. The moral of all this prozing is this. Air and exercise are necessary to man's health—that is—air in the forest—air on the hill tops, or on our wide, chafing waters:—not the sickly element of narrow streets, dirty offices, or back parlors, redolent of brandy and water, and gin cocktails: and exercise too—not that of mincing along the slippery streets, with an immense shawl bound around your chops, or driving in a cutter, with an old garron of a nag, stifled and half starved, to do your bidding; but the exercise which Englishmen, Irishmen and Scotchmen take in their own country, on the moors, or in front of the ox-fences of Leicestershire, or the sunk walls of Tipperary. It is a question of life and death, and doctors' bills, and thus we look to it for ye—
O, ye of little faith!

SONGS FOR THE CONSERVATIVES.

NO. I.

BY TYENDINAGA.

O! SWEET WILLIAM, OH!

AIR—"O! poor Lucy Neul!"

O! have you seen Provincial Peel—the great Canadian shaper
Of our provincial politics—magnanimous Bill Draper?

O! sweet William oh!
Most mellifluous Bill,
If we hadn't got you,
How could we office fill?

When we were down, and in King's town, Bob Baldwin cut his caper;
Who won for us the victory—but plausible Bill Draper?

O! sweet William, oh!
O! soft and silky Bill,
If we hadn't got you,
How could we office fill?

But ah! alas for public faith, who'd give a scrap of paper,
Since we're deserted by our Bill—our own sweet William Draper?

O! sweet William, oh!
O! lilly—whitest Bill,
When we haven't got you,
How office can we fill?

He turned tail on his friends, this precious William Draper,
And looking out for public squalls, became a favor scrapper.

O! sweet William, oh!
Honey-suckle Bill,
If we hadn't lost you,
We might some office fill.

He first tried Lafontaine—now off with Hincks will taper,
If he can but secure himself—the cautious William Draper.

O! sweet William, oh!
O! Leander Bill,
If we hadn't lost you,
We might hold office still.

But what's the use of crying now, or filling up more paper,
We've lost him—he is gone from us—he's no more our Bill Draper.

O! sweet William, oh!
Our grief will surely kill;
If we hadn't lost you,
We might be happy still.

SONGS FOR THE CONSERVATIVES.

NO. II.

BY TYENDINAGA.

GET ALONG HOME JOHN ROBLIN, GO!

AIR—"Git along home, yellow gal."

One evening at the set of sun,
 When my Parliament work was did and done,
 I took my banjo and I played—
 My work is done—my fortune made.

Get along home, John Roblin, go!
 Poor Hincks' sun 's declining
 Get along home, John Roblin, go!
 For what is the use of pining?

Why should I always toil and sweat,
 And hang to old Baldwin's coat tails yet?
 I'll take my banjo, and I'll play—
 Francis Hincks get out of the way.

Get along home, John Roblin, go!
 The red, red gold is shining—
 Get along home, John Roblin, go!
 For what's the use of pining?

EPIGRAM,

On reading the poems of Charles O'Flaherty: many of which are
 addressed "To Rosa."

No wonder that the girl would fly
 A lover so forlorn:

CHARLIE! you're not the only boy
 Whose *Rose* has proved a *thorn*!

S.

 THE EDITOR'S TABLE.

"CANADA AND THE CANADIANS, IN 1846."

By Sir Richard Henry Bonnycastle, Kt., Lieutenant-Colonel Royal Engineers and Militia of Canada West. 2 vols.—London: Henry Colburn.

If any evidence were wanting of the increased interest evinced by the better classes in England, with regard to this Province, it is supplied by the fact of the ready and profitable sale of works on Canada, by authors, such as Captain Warburton, Sir Francis Head, and Sir Richard Bonnycastle. The first of these works, though ushered into the world under the auspices and editorial revision of the celebrated author of "The Crescent and the Cross," is composed of the crude and undigested notes of a military man, during a hasty tour through the Province, and was evidently got up, like Peter Pindar's razors, to sell. Sir Francis Head's "Emigrant," on which we made some remarks, in a late number of this Magazine, bears strong internal evidence of having been got up for the same profitable purpose. We sincerely hope that both Capt. Warburton and Sir Francis have succeeded in their laudable endeavors. Sir Richard Bonnycastle's work, which was published in London last autumn, possesses the advantage over the other two which were published about the same time, of being the work of a gentleman of education and talent, who has spent many years in the country, and is not led away by wild political, or other speculations; but takes a plain common sense view of the country as it is. In the year 1842, Sir Richard published two volumes, entitled—"The Canadas in 1841," with the following dedication:—"Dedicated to the brave Militia of the Midland, Prince Edward, Victoria, and Eastern Districts of Upper Canada, by their affectionate friend, companion in arms, and former commander, R. H. Bonnycastle." That those volumes were favorably received by the British public, is proved by the publication of "Canada and the Canadians, in 1846."

The truth of the following remarks in the commencement of the first volume will come home to the mind of every emigrant: "From the first discovery of America, there has been a tendency to exaggeration about the resources and capabilities of that country—a magniloquence on its natural productions, which can be best exemplified by referring the reader to the fac-simile of the one in Sir Walter Raleigh's work on Guiana, now in the British Museum. Shakspeare had, no doubt, read Raleigh's fanciful description of "the men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders," &c.; for he was thirty-four years of age when this print was published, only seventeen years before his death.

“ So expansive a mind as Raleigh’s undoubtedly was, was not free from that universal credulity which still reigns in the breasts of all men respecting matters with which they are not personally acquainted; and the glowing descriptions of Columbus and his followers respecting the rich Cathay and the Spicæ Islands of the Indies, have had so permanent a hold upon the imagination, that even the best educated amongst us have, in their youth, galloped over Pampas, in search of visionary *Uspallatas*. Nor is it yet quite clear that the golden city of El Dorado is wholly fabulous, the region in which it was said to exist not having yet been penetrated by science; but it soon will be, for a steamboat is to ply up the Marañon; and Peru and Europe are to be brought in contact, although the voyage down that mighty flood has hitherto been a labor of several months.

“ The poor emigrant, for we must return to him, lands at New York. Sharks beset him in every direction, boarding-houses and grog-shops open their doors, and he is frequently obliged, from the loss of all his hard-earned money, to work out his existence either in that exclusively mercantile emporium, or to labor on any canal or railroad to which his kind new friends may think proper, or most advantageous to themselves, to send him. If he escapes all these snares for the unwary, the chances are that, fancying himself now as great a man as the Duke of Leinster, O’Connell, the Lord Mayor of London, or the Provost of Edinburgh, free and unshackled, gloriously free, he becomes entangled with a host of land-jobbers, and walks off to the weary West, there to encounter a life of unremitting toil in the solitary forests, with an occasional visit from the ague, or the milk-fever, which so debilitates his frame, that, during the remainder of his wretched existence, he can expect but little enjoyment of the manorial rights appendant to a hundred acres of wild land.”

It is evident from the following extract, that the gallant Colonel is no democrat—

“ The republican notions which the greater portion of the lower classes emigrating from the old country have been drilled into, lead them to believe that in the United States all men are equal, and that thus they have a splendid vault to make from poverty to wealth; an easy spring from a state of dependency to one of vast importance and consideration. The simple axiom of republicanism, that a ploughman is as good as a president, or a quarryman as an emperor, is taken firm hold of in any other sense than the right one. What sensible man ever doubted that we were all created in the same mould, and after the same image; but is there a well educated sane mind in America, believing that a perfect equality in all things, in goods and chattels, in agrarian rights and in education, is, or ever will be, practicable in this naughty world?

"Has nature formed all men with the same capacities, and can they be so exactly educated that all shall be equally fit to govern?"

"The converse is true. Nature makes genius, and not genius nature. How rarely she yields a Shakespeare!—There has been but one Homer, one Virgil, since the creation. There was never a second Moses, nor have Solomon's wisdom and glory ever again been attainable.

"Look at the rulers of the earth, from the patriarchs to the present day, how few have been pre-eminent! Even in the earliest periods, when the age of man reached to ten times its present span, the wonderful sacred writ records Tubal-Cain, the first artificer, and Jubal, the lyrist, as most extraordinary men; and with what care are Aholiab and Bezabel, cunning in all sorts of craft, and Hiram, the artificer of Tyre, recorded! Hiram, the king, great as he undoubtedly was, was secondary in Solomon's eyes to the widow's son.

"These men, says the holy record, were gifted expressly for their peculiar mission; and so are all men, to whom the Inscrutable has been pleased to assign extraordinary talent.

"Cæsar, the conqueror, Napoleon, his imitator, and Nelson, and Wellington, are they on a par with the rabble of New York? Procul, O, procul este profani!"

Sir Richard seems to be of the old school of geological writers, and does not approve of the high sounding phrases so much in vogue at present—

"It will be necessary to enter more at large than in my preceding volumes into the resources of Canada, and, for this end, Geology and other scientific subjects must be introduced; but, as I dislike exceedingly that heavy and gaudy veil of learning, that embroidered science, with which modern taste conceals those secrets of Nature which have been so partially unfolded, I shall not have frequent recourse to absurd Greek derivations, which are so very commonly borrowed for the occasion from technical dictionaries, or lent by a classical friend; but, whenever they must occur, the dictionary shall explain them, for I really think it beneath the dignity of the lights of modern Geology to talk as they do about the Placoids and the Ganoids, as the first created fishlike beings, and of the Cnetoids and the Cycloids as the more recent finners. It always puts me in mind of Shakspeare's magniloquence concerning "the Anthropophagi and men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders, of antres vast and deserts idle," when he exhibited his learning in language which no one, however, can imitate, and which he makes the lady seriously incline and listen to, simply because she did not understand a word that was said. So it is with the overdone and continual changing of terms that now constantly occurs; insomuch that the terms of plain science, instead of being simplified and brought within the

reach of ordinary capacities, are made as uncouth and as unintelligible as possible, and totally beyond the reach of those who have no collegiate education to boast of, and no good technical dictionary at hand to refer to.

"The present age is most prone to this false estimate of learning and to public scientific display. If science, true science, yields to it, learning will very soon vanish from the face of the earth again, and nothing but monkish lore and the dark ages return."

He is enthusiastic in his praises of the country, and waxes rather poetical in his admiration of the gloom and glory of the primeval forests.

"Canada is, as I have written two former volumes to prove, a magnificent country. I doubt very much if Nature has created a finer country on the whole earth.

"The soil is generally good, as that made by the decay of forests for thousands of years upon substrata, chiefly formed of alluvion or diluvion, the deposit from waters, must be. It is, moreover, from Quebec to the Falls of St. Mary, almost a flat surface, intersected and interlaced by numberless streams, and studded with small lakes, whilst its littorale is a river unparalleled in the world, expanding into enormous fresh water seas, abounding with fish.

"If the tropical luxuries are absent, if its winters are long and excessively severe, yet it yields all the European fruits abundantly, and even some of the tropical ones, owing to the richness of its soil and the great heat of the summer. Maize, or Indian corn, flourishes, and is more wholesome and better than that produced in the warm South. The crops of potato, that apple of the earth, as the French so justly term it, are equal, if not superior, to those of any other climate; whilst all the vegetables of the temperate regions of the old world grow with greater luxuriance than in their original fields. I have successively and successfully cultivated the tomato, the melon, and the capsicum, in the open air, for several seasons, at Kingston and Toronto, which are not the richest or the best parts of Western Canada, as far as vegetation is concerned.—Tobacco grows well in the western district, and where is finer wheat harvested than in Western Canada?—whilst hay, and that beauty of landscape, the rich green sod, the velvet carpet of the earth, are abundant and luxuriant.

"If the majesty of vegetation is called in question, and inter-tropical plants brought forward in contrast, even the woods and trackless forests of Guiana, where the rankest of luxuriance prevails, will not do more than compete with the glory of the primeval woods of Canada. I know of nothing in this world capable of exciting emotions of wonder and adoration more directly, than to travel alone through its forests. Pines, lifting their hoary tops beyond man's vision, unless he inclines his

head so far backwards as to be painful to his organization, with trunks which require fathoms of line to span them; oaks of the most gigantic form; the immense and graceful weeping elm; enormous poplars, whose magnitude must be seen to be conceived; lindens, equally vast; walnut trees of immense size; the beautiful birch, and the wild cherry, large enough to make tables and furniture of.

“Oh, the gloom and the glory of these forests, and the deep reflection that, since they were first created by the Divine fiat, civilized man has never desecrated them with his unsparing devastations; that a peculiar race, born for these solitudes, once dwelt amidst their shades, living as Nature's woodland children, until a more subtle being than the serpent of Eden crept amongst them, and with his glittering novelties and dangerous beauty, caused their total annihilation! I see, in spirit, the red hunter, lofty, fearless, and stern, stalking in his painted nudity, and displaying a form which Apollo might have envied, amidst the everlasting and silent woods; I see, in spirit, the bearded stranger from the rising sun, with his deadly arms and his more deadly fire-water, conversing with his savage fellow, and displaying the envied wealth of gorgeous beads and of gaudy clothing.

“The scene changes—the proud Indian is at the feet of his ensnarer; disease has relaxed his iron sinews; drunkenness has debased his mind; and the myriad crimes and vices of civilized Europe have combined to sweep the aborigines of the soil from the face of the forest earth. The forest groans beneath the axe; but, after a few years, the scene again changes; fertile fields, orchards and gardens, delight the eye; the city, and the town, and the village spires rise, and where two solitary wigwams of the red hunter were once alone occasionally observed, twenty thousand white Canadians now worship the same Great Author of the existence of all mankind.”

In drawing a comparison between the present mode of travelling between Kingston and Montreal, and comparing it with the Durham boats of former times—which, he informs us, “was neither invented by, nor named after Lord Durham; but was as ancient as Lambton house, itself.” He laments most feelingly over the loss of some fine wine and a cask of West India ration rum, sucked dry by the French Canadian voyageurs, and goes on to tell a good story of a witty auctioneer, well remembered in Kingston.

“I know the reader likes a story, and as this is not by any means an historical or scientific work, excepting always the geological portion thereof, I will tell him or her, as the case may be, a story about ration rum.

“There was a funny fellow, an Irish auctioneer at Kingston, some years ago, called Paddy Moran, whom all the world,

priest and parson, minister and methodist, soldier and sailor, tinker and tailor, went to hear when he mounted his rostrum.

"He was selling the goods of a quarter-master-general who was leaving the place. At last he came to the cellar and the rum. 'Now, gintlemin,' says Moran, 'I advise you to buy this rum, 7s. 6d. a gallon! going, going! Gintlemin, I was once a sojer—don't laugh, you officers there, for I was—and a sirjeant into the bargain. It wasn't in the Irish militia—bad luck to you, listenant, for laughing that way, it will spoil the rum! I was the tip-top of the sirjeants of the regiment—long life to it! Yes, I was quarter-master-sirjeant, and hadn't I the sarving out of the rations: and didn't I know what good ration rum was; and didn't I help meself to the prime of it! Well, then, gintlemin and ladies—I mane, Lord save yees, ladies and gintlemin—if a quarter-master-sirjeant in the army had good rum, what the devil do you think a quarter-master-general gets?'"

"The rum rose to fifteen shillings per gallon at the next bid."

We quite concur in his opinion, that the removal of the seat of government will do no ultimate injury to Kingston.—It will force us to rely upon our own energies, and to improve the natural advantages of our situation.

"Toronto is still the seat of the Courts of Law for Western Canada, of the University of King's College, of the Bishopric of Toronto, and of the Indian Office. Kingston has retained the militia head-quarter office, and the Principal Emigrant Agency, with the Naval and Military grand depôts; so that the removal of the seat of Government to Montreal has done no injury to Toronto, and will do very little to Kingston: in fact, I believe firmly that, instead of being injurious, it will be very beneficial. The presence of Government at Kingston gave an unnatural stimulus to speculation among a population very far from wealthy; and buildings of the most frail construction were run up in hundreds, for the sake of the rent which they yielded temporarily.

"The plan upon which these houses were erected was that of mortgage; thus almost all are now in possession of one person who became suddenly possessed of the requisite means by the sale of a large tract required for military purposes. But this species of property seldom does the owner good in his lifetime; and if he does reclaim it, there is no tenant to be had now; so that the building decays, and in a very short time becomes an incumbrance. Mortgages only thrive where the demand is superior and certain to the investm...; and then, if all goes smoothly, mortgager and mortgagee may benefit; but where a mechanic or a storekeeper, with little or no capital, undertakes to run up an extensive range of houses to meet an equivocal demand, the result is obvious. If the houses he builds are of stone or brick, and well finished, the man who loans

the money is the gainer; if they are of wood, indifferently constructed and of green material, both must suffer. So it is a speculation, and, like all speculations, a good deal of repudiation mixes up with it."

Sir Richard goes the whole hog on Railroads.

"Even in our days, nearly four centuries after the Columbian era, the idea of reaching China by the North Pole has not been abandoned, and is actively pursuing by the most enlightened naval government in the world, and, very possibly, will be achieved; and, as coal exists on the northern frozen coasts, we shall have ports established, where the British ensign will fly, in the realms of eternal frost—nay, more, we shall yet place an iron belt from the Atlantic to the Pacific, a rail road from Halifax to Nootka Sound, and thus reach China in a pleasure voyage.

"I recollect that, about twelve years ago, a person of very strong mind, who edited the *Patriot*, a newspaper published at Toronto, Mr. Thomas Dalton, was looked upon as a mere enthusiast, because one of his favorite ideas, frequently expressed, was, that much time would not elapse before the teas and silks of China would be transported direct from the shores of the Pacific to Toronto, by canal, by river, by railroad, and by steam.

"Twelve years have scarcely passed since he first broached such an apparently preposterous notion, as people of limited views universally esteemed it; and yet he nearly lived to see an uninterrupted steamboat communication from England to Lake Superior—a consummation which those who laughed at him then never even dreamed of—and now a railroad all the way to the Pacific is in progress of discussion.

"MacTaggart, a lively Scotch civil engineer, who wrote, in 1829, an amusing work, entitled 'Three Years in Canada,' was even more sanguine on this subject; and, as he was a clerk of works on the Rideau Canal, naturally turned his attention to the practicability of opening a road by water, by the lakes and rivers, to Nootka Sound.

"Two thousand miles of water road by the Ottawa, the St. Lawrence, and the Welland, has been opened in 1845, and a future generation will see the white and bearded stranger toiling over the rocky barriers that alone remain to repel his advances between the great Superior and the Pacific. A New Simplon and a peaceful Napoleonic mind will accomplish this.

"The China trade will receive an impulse; and, as the arms of England have overcome those of the Celestial Empire, and we are colonizing the outer Barbarian, so shall we colonize the shores of the Pacific, south of Russian America, in order to retain the supremacy of British influence both in India and in China. The vast and splendid forests north of the Columbia River will, ere long, furnish the dockyards of the Pacific coast

with the inexhaustible means of extending our commercial and our military marine."

We believe there is a good deal of truth in the following remarks :

"Of all the unformed, unfinished public establishments in Canada, it has always appeared to me that the Crown Lands department, and the Board of Works, are pre-eminent. One costs more to manage the funds it raises than the funds amount to ; and the other was for several years a more political job. No very eminent civil engineer could have afforded to devote his time and talents to it, as he must have been constantly exposed to be turned out of office by caprice or cupidity. I do not know how it is now managed, but the political jobbing is, I believe, at an end, as the same person presides over the office who held it when it was in very bad odour. This gentleman must, however, be quite adequate to the office, as some of the public works are magnificent ; but I cannot go so far as to say that one must approve of all. The St. Lawrence Canal has cost the best part of a million, is useless in time of war, and a mere foil at all times to the Rideau navigation, which the British government constructed free of any provincial funds. The timber slides on the Trent are so much money put into the timber-merchants' pockets, to the extreme detriment of the neighboring settlers, whose lands have been swept of every available stick by the lawless hordes of woodcutters engaged to furnish this work ; and who, living in the forest, were beyond the reach of justice or of reason, destroying more trees than they could carry away, and defying, gun and axe in hand, the peaceable proprietors.

"It was intended, before the rebellion broke out, to render the river Trent navigable by a splendid canal, which would have opened the finest lands in Canada for hundreds of miles, and eventually have connected Lake Huron with Lake Ontario. A large sum of money was expended on it before the Board of Works was constituted, and an experienced clerk of works, fresh from the Rideau Canal, was chosen to superintend ; but the troubles commenced, and the money was wanted elsewhere."

He is sceptical enough to doubt the effects of lunar influence upon the tides.

"These great seas of Canada have often engaged my thoughts. Tideless, they flow ever onward, to keep up the level of the vast Atlantic, and in themselves are oceans. How is it that the moon, that enormous blister-plaster, does not raise them ? Simply because there is some little error in the very accurate computations which give all the regulations of tidal waters to lunar influences.

"Barlow, one of the mathematical master-spirits of the age, was bold enough once to doubt this vast power of suction on the part of the ruler of the night ; and there were certain

wiseacres who, as in the case of Galileo, thought it very religiously dangerous indeed, to attempt to interfere with her privileges.

"But, in fact, the phenomenon of the tides is just as easy of explanation by the motion of the earth as it is by the moon's presumed drinking propensities, and as she is a lady, let us hope she has been belied. The motion of the earth would not affect such narrow bodies of water as the Canadian lakes, but the moon's power of attraction would, if it existed to the extent supposed, be under the necessity of doing it, unless she prefers salt to fresh liquors.

"One may venture, now-a-days, to express such a doubt, particularly as Madam Moon is a Pagan deity.

"What a useful thing it would have been, if any scientific navigators or resident observers had registered the rise and fall of the lakes in the years since Upper Canada came into our possession! An old naval officer told me that it was really periodical: and it occurred usually, that the greatest depression and elevation had intervals of seven years. Lake Erie is evidently becoming more shallow constantly, but not to any great or alarming degree; and shoals form, even in the splendid roadstead of Kingston, within the memory of young inhabitants. An American revenue vessel, pierced for, I believe, twenty-four guns, and carrying an enormous Paixhan, grounded in the autumn of last year on a shoal in that harbor, which was not known to the oldest pilot.

"By the bye, talking of this vessel, which is a steamer built of iron, and fitted with masts and sails, the same as any other sea-going vessel, can it be requisite, in order to protect a commerce which she cannot control beyond the line drawn through the centre of the lakes, to have such a vessel for revenue purposes? or is she not a regular man-of-war, ready to throw her shells into Kingston, if ever it should be required? At least, such is the opinion which the good folks of that town entertained when they saw the beautiful craft enter their harbor.

"The worst, however, of these iron boats is that two can play at shelling and long shots; and gunnery-practice is now brought to such perfection, that an iron steamer might very possibly soon get the worst of it from a heavy battery on the level of the sea; for a single accident to the machinery, protected as it is in that vessel, would, if there was no wind, put her entirely at the mercy of the gunners. The old wooden walls, after all, are better adapted to attack a fortress, as they can stand a good deal of hammering from both shot and shells."

Sir Richard gives an amusing (and to young settlers an instruction) account of a visit to a young friend in Seymour, which gives the reader a good idea of the difficulties experienced by the emigrant in the Canadian forests.

We will conclude our extracts by quoting his remarks upon our good old city of Kingston.

"Having thus given a glimpse at the state of affairs, I must leave my readers for the present, after a little talk about the city of Kingston.

"Kingston, instead of suffering, as predicted, by the removal of the seat of government, having been thrown on her own resources, is rising fast.

"Her naval and commercial harbors are being strongly fortified. The public buildings are important and handsome.

"The Town Hall is probably the finest edifice of the kind on the continent of America, and cost £30,000, containing two splendid rooms of vast size, Post-office, Custom-house, Commercial News-room, shops, and a complete Market Place, with Mayor's Court, and Police-office, and a lofty Cupola, commanding a view of immense extent.

"There are three English churches, built of stone, a Scots church of the same material, several dissenting places of worship, and a magnificent cathedral, almost equal in size to that at Montreal, for Roman Catholics, with a smaller church attached, a seminary for educating the priests, a nunnery, and an Hotel Dieu, conducted by Sisters of Charity; also an immense building for a public hospital, extensive barracks for troops, and several private houses of inferior importance, with four banks.

"There are ten daily first-class steamers running to and from Kingston, and about thirty smaller steamers and propellers, with a fleet of two hundred schooners and sailing barges—

"Kingston is, in fact, the key of the Great Lakes, the St. Lawrence and the Rideau Canal being their outlets for commerce; but, unless rail roads are established between the Atlantic at Halifax and these Lakes, the prosperity of this and many other inland towns will be materially affected, as by the enlargement of the Rideau branches at Grenville, &c., and the Lachine Canal to the required ship navigation size, Kingston must no longer hope for the unshipment of bulky goods and the forwarding trade on which she depends; a glance at the forwarding business done by the Erie Canal to New York on the American side, and that by the Welland, St. Lawrence, and Rideau on the Canadian, being quite sufficient to prove that all the energies of the Canadians are required to compete with their rivals."

We are informed that Sir Richard is about to retire from the service, of which he has long been an ornament, and to convert his sword into a ploughshare. He will carry with him into his retirement the good wishes of all of his old Kingston friends, and the respect of the Militia whom he so ably commanded during the insurrection.

PRICES CURRENT AT MONTREAL.

(Our quotations are the prices of articles of the first quality.)

MONTREAL. March 20, 1847.

ARTICLES.	PRICES.		
	£	s.	d.
ASHES—Pots, $\frac{1}{2}$ cwt	1	7	6
Pearls	1	8	0
COFFEE—Laguayra, (good.) $\frac{1}{2}$ lb	0	0	8 $\frac{1}{2}$
FLOUR—Canada Fine, $\frac{1}{2}$ bbl. 196 lb	1	12	6
Superfine	1	15	0
American Superfine	0	0	0
GRAIN—Wheat, Upper Canada best, $\frac{1}{2}$ 60 lb	0	6	6
Middling do. do.	0	0	0
Lower Canada Red, $\frac{1}{2}$ minot	0	5	10
Barley, $\frac{1}{2}$ minot	0	3	6
Oats	0	2	6
Pease, boiling	0	5	5
IRON—English Bar, $\frac{1}{2}$ ton	15	0	0
English Hoop, do.	18	0	0
Scotch Pig, No. 1, do.	7	1	0
Swedish Bar, do.	1	0	0
Steel, English blst. $\frac{1}{2}$ lb	0	0	9
Do. Cast	0	0	11
Canada Plates, $\frac{1}{2}$ box	1	2	0
Nails, Cut	1	1	3
MOLASSES, $\frac{1}{2}$ gallon	0	2	0
OILS—Linseed, Boiled, $\frac{1}{2}$ gallon	0	3	2
Linseed, Raw, do.	0	3	0
Olive, do.	0	4	3
Lard, do.	0	3	10
Sperm, do.	0	6	0
Cod, do.	0	2	0
Seal, pale do.	0	2	11
Palm, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb	0	0	5
Castor. do.	0	0	9
PROVISIONS—Beef, Prime Mess, $\frac{1}{2}$ bbl.	2	7	6
Prime, $\frac{1}{2}$ bbl.	2	2	6
Pork, Mess, do.	4	15	0
Do. Prime Mess, do.	3	17	6
Lard, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb	0	0	5
Butter, do.	0	0	7
SEEDS—Clover, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb	0	0	10
Linseed, $\frac{1}{2}$ minot	0	4	6
Timothy, do.	0	10	0
SOAP—English, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb	0	0	3
Canadian, do.	0	0	2
SUGAR—Muscovado, fair to bright, $\frac{1}{2}$ cwt	2	13	6
Muscovado, dark to fair, do.	0	0	0
Bastards, white	3	3	0
TEA—Gunpowder, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb	0	3	9
Imperial, do.	0	3	6
Hyson, do.	0	3	9
Young Hyson, do.	0	3	0
Hyson Skin, do.	0	1	9
Twankay, do.	0	2	0
Congou, do.	0	2	0
Souchong, do.	0	2	9
TOBACCO—United States Leaf, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb	0	0	4 $\frac{1}{2}$
Plug, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb	0	0	6

KINGSTON PRICES CURRENT.

CORRECTED MONTHLY BY MR. R. SCOBELL, INSPECTOR.

Kingston, March 20, 1847.

ARTICLES.	PRICES.		
	£	s.	d.
ASHES.—Pearl, $\frac{1}{2}$ cwt.....	1	2	6
Pot.....	1	2	9
Sal Eratus (Morton's) per cwt.....	1	5	0
FLOUR.—Superfine, $\frac{1}{2}$ bbl. 196 lb.....	1	10	0
Fine, do.....	0	0	0
Middlings, do.....	0	0	0
HIDES.—Cow, $\frac{1}{2}$ 100 lb.....	1	0	0
Calf Skins $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.....	0	0	5 $\frac{1}{2}$
PRODUCE.—Wheat, $\frac{1}{2}$ bushel, 60 lb.....	0	5	0
Barley, do. 48 lb.....	0	3	0
Oats, do. 34 lb.....	0	2	0
Pease, do.....	0	3	0
Beans, do.....	0	5	0
Rye, do.....	0	3	0
Corn, do.....	0	2	6
Buckwheat, do.....	0	2	0
Hay, $\frac{1}{2}$ ton.....	1	5	0
PROVISIONS.—Beef, fresh, per 100 lb.....	1	2	6
Beef, mess, $\frac{1}{2}$ bbl.....	2	15	0
“ prime mess, do.....	2	10	0
“ prime, do.....	1	12	6
Mutton, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.....	0	0	4
Pork, fresh, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.....	0	0	4 $\frac{1}{2}$
Do. mess, $\frac{1}{2}$ bbl.....	4	0	0
Do. prime mess, $\frac{1}{2}$ bbl.....	3	10	0
Do. prime, $\frac{1}{2}$ bbl.....	2	10	0
Potatoes, $\frac{1}{2}$ bushel.....	0	2	9
Turnips, do.....	0	1	9
Butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.....	0	0	9
Fowls, $\frac{1}{2}$ pair.....	0	2	0
Eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cozen.....	0	1	0
SEEDS.—Timothy, $\frac{1}{2}$ bushel.....	0	5	0
Red Clover.....	1	15	0
STAVES.—Standard.....	20	0	0
West India, do.....	6	0	0
Black Oak, W I do.....	4	0	0
Headings, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ feet by 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ inch.....	10	0	0 $\frac{1}{2}$
SOAP, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.....	0	0	3
TALLOW, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.....	0	0	5 $\frac{1}{2}$
Candles, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.....	0	0	7 $\frac{1}{2}$
TIMBER.—Pine, $\frac{1}{2}$ cubic foot.....	0	0	4 $\frac{1}{2}$
Oak, do.....	0	1	0
Plank and common Boards, $\frac{1}{2}$ thousand feet.....	1	15	0
Cleared do. $\frac{1}{2}$ thousand feet.....	2	5	0
Black Walnut, $\frac{1}{2}$ thousand feet.....	6	5	0
Wood, $\frac{1}{2}$ cord.....	0	9	6
Wool, $\frac{1}{2}$ stone of 8 lb.....	0	10	0

DALEY'S HOTEL, LATE RASCO'S, ST. PAUL STREET, MONTREAL.

J. H. DALEY,

HAVING removed to Montreal, and taken that extensive Establishment long known as "Rasco's Hotel," has entirely remodelled the whole of the premises, and he is thus enabled to offer to Travellers and Residents, all the comforts and conveniences which are to be found in the most celebrated Hotels on this Continent.

THE SLEEPING APARTMENTS

Are airy, and will be, in the cold season, carefully maintained at a due degree of warmth.

THE LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S SITTING ROOMS

Will be found replete with every luxury that the most elegant taste can suggest, or the most lavish expense procure. No pains have been spared to render the Furniture and arrangements of this apartment equal to that of the most *recherché* Drawing Room.

THE BILLS OF FARE

Will always include the most seasonable delicacies which can be obtained in the excellent Markets of this city; and it is believed, that the performances of the culinary department, conducted by a most able *Chef*, cannot fail to satisfy the most fastidious.

THE WINES

Will be always selected with scrupulous attention to the quality. None but the very finest of their class can ever be admitted.

After all, perhaps, there is scarcely anything so necessary to the comfort of the inmates of an Hotel, as the very best

ATTENDANCE.

And in this particular, it is confidently expected that DALEY'S will be found without a rival. A complete corps of Waiters, all thoroughly experienced in their duties, have been chosen with considerable research at New York, and placed under the direction of a very assiduous Head Waiter.

BATHS OF VARIOUS KINDS

Are constantly ready on the Premises, and

OMNIBUSES

Will always attend at the arrival and departure of the Coaches and Steamboats, which run between this City and every part of the American Continent, free of charges.

The Proprietor of this Establishment begs to inform the Gentry of Canada, and the United States, that in accordance with their frequent solicitations, which he has had the honor to receive during the last three years, he has now assumed the management of the above Hotel. He has entirely changed the system observed by the former Proprietor, and his first care is to ensure the comfort of those who may honor him with their support.

From its admirable and healthy position—fronting on the St. Lawrence—no better situation in the City can be found; and the premises are supplied with every convenience—Reading Rooms, Billiard Rooms, Hot and Cold Baths, Saloons, Private Apartments, Horses and Carriages,—no expense has been spared, and the house has been entirely re-furnished, in the most lavish and elegant style.

Visitors to Canada, during the Summer Months, will find at this Hotel every convenience to render their stay agreeable, and the accommodation of the Ladies, more particularly, has been consulted with the greatest care.

The Proprietor superintends every department himself, and he will feel particularly thankful by Visitors reporting to him any negligence or want of attention.

JOSEPH H. DALEY,

Formerly Proprietor of the British American Hotel, Kingston.

N. B.—The Proprietor wishes the Public particularly to remark that Rasco's Hotel is now under totally different management.

October, 1846.