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THE WEEKLY EXPOSITOR,

AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM.

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

Vol. 1.]

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1846.

[No. 15.]

LITERATURE.

EIGHT YEARS IN CANADA, &c.

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

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

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ECARTE," &c.

DE OMNIBUS REBUS ET QUIBUSDAM ALIIS.

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

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

(CHAPTER VIII. CONTINUED.)

layer, on the inner surface of the fish, and, thus prepared, they are sold, according to their abundance or dearth, at from three to seven dollars a barrel. During lent, which occurs at a season when fresh fish are not to be had, they constitute an indispensable article of food.

The Americans have been truly said to be a go-a-head people, and but too prone to sacrifice the ornamental to the useful. Notwithstanding the many attempts which I made to discover the site of the old fort—built originally by the French, and a picturesque feature in the scene—which we had taken possession of in 1812, I never could trace the slightest clue to its situation, not even a ditch remaining to call up a recollection of the past. True, they who accompanied me pointed out what they affirmed (and no doubt correctly enough) to be the spot, but this did not render the matter in the slightest degree more evident to myself, and yet I fancied I had known every part of the immediate neighborhood. I could not but deeply deplore that the fort no longer existed, for associated with it were stirring recollections of an early period of the history of the country. At Detroit was laid a great part of the scene of my "Wacousta," and I confess that it was with bitter disappointment that I beheld the ordinary habitations of men covering ground which had been sanctified by time and tradition, and hallowed by the sufferings of men reduced to the last extremity, by a savage and vindictive enemy. Another object which naturally excited my interest was the ruined bridge, about two miles above the town and bordering on the river, where the execution of Frank Halloway is made to take place, and where, during that disastrous war when eight out of nine of the English forts were captured by the Indians, a company of the 42nd was surprised, and literally annihilated by the tomahawk. Here everything was changed. The ravine remained, but on its sloping sides were to be seen evidences of rich vegetation, while the bridge itself, known in those days as the "Bloody Bridge," had disappeared beneath the action of the waters which had risen and overstepped its ancient boundaries.

To my "Wacousta," I had written, but never published, a continuation of that tale under the title of "The Canadian Brothers," and as much of the action of this was laid in the same neighborhood, at a more recent period, I was strongly urged by my American friends to publish it forthwith. Having nothing else where-with to occupy my time, I assented; but aware as I was of the great pecuniary responsibility of the undertaking in a country so indisposed to the encouragement of literature as Canada, where the chief sale of the work was to be looked for, I stipulated for a list of subscribers which should in part guarantee me from loss, even although I did not expect to derive much profit from the publication: This was promised, and in a few days I found about a hundred names appended to a prospectus that had been left at one of the bookstores. The number was quite as great as I could have anticipated in so

small a place, and more than trebled anything that emanated from my countrymen, in cities containing a much greater population.

As there was no place in Canada where I could have the work published so well as in Montreal, I determined to continue there during the preparation of the volumes, and accordingly embarked for Buffalo in one of the very superior American steamers which ply on Lake Erie,* and which are some twelve or fifteen in number. From Buffalo, I took the car which (drawn by horses) leads to Lewiston, the great point of embarkation for the central and eastern portions of Canada. This trip was to me a rather nervous one. The road, on approaching the point which is opposite to the heights of Queenston, runs for upwards of a mile on the very verge of an abyss of great depth. With a view of seeing the country to greater advantage, I had quitted the body of the car and perched myself near the driver; and as I glanced downward and felt the shaking and yawning of the coach, which was pulled by two sluggish horses that seemed to have done duty on the same road for the last twenty years, I expected at every moment that it would overturn. Indeed, had there been anything to startle the horses (and yet from their appearance this seemed to be an impossibility), or had a stone or any other inequality found its unwelcome way in the track we were following, no human skill could have prevented us from being precipitated into the bowels of this not very inviting cavern, compared with which the Devil's Punchbowl in Portsdown Common is but a Queen Mab's tea cup. If we had gone over, I should certainly have fastened in the top of some tall tree of the forest that was far beneath us, and possibly I might have floundered into an eagle's nest, affording unexpected promise of a rich repast for the family. Be this as it may, however, I confess I felt that extreme dizziness which is common to many people, and which invariably assails me when on the edge of a precipice, and during our descent of the hill I kept my body painfully inclined to the opposite side, as if that movement could have the slightest effect to neutralize any undue leaning the car might have towards the abyss. Had there been a railing of any kind against which the coach might have fallen, and afforded even a chance of escape, appearances might not have been so bad; but there was no barrier of any kind, and a coach overturned towards the abyss, must, with all appended to it, have been dashed to pieces. We were nearly half an hour enduring this purgatory, and I was by no means sorry when the coach had gained the bottom of the hill.

Being desirous of conveying a compliment to Sir John Harvey, who, independently of his having borne a distinguished part in the American War of 1812, had, while Adjutant-General of the Canadian army, evinced the most marked kindness and attention to my brother, to whom I have already alluded as having been severely wounded in action against the enemy, and being furthermore aware that the introduction of this gallant officer's name on the title-page would do more than any intrinsic merit of its own, to induce the Canadian people, professing to be of any standing in society, to patronize the book, I wrote to him to request the honor of inscribing this second historical tale of the Canadas to one who was so familiar with its incidents, and who had so largely participated in them. The following post from New Brunswick, of which Sir John was then Lieutenant Governor, brought me His Excellency's reply:—

"GOVERNMENT HOUSE, FREDERICTON, N.B., November 26th, 1839.

"DEAR SIR,—I am favored with your very interesting communication of the 22nd instant, by which I learn that you are the brother of two youths, whose gallantry and merits—and with regard to one of them, his sufferings—during the late war, excited my warmest admiration and sympathy. I beg you to believe that I am far from insensible to the affecting proofs which you have made known to me of this grateful recollection of any little service which I may have had it in my power to render them; and I will add that the desire which I felt to serve the father, will be found to extend itself to the son, if your nephew should ever find himself under circumstances to require from me any service which it may be within my power to render him.

"With regard to your very flattering proposition to inscribe your present work to me, I can only say that, independent of the respect to which the author of so very charming a production as "Wacousta" is entitled, the interesting facts and circumstances so unexpectedly brought to my knowledge and recollection, would ensure a ready acquiescence on my part.

* Good as they were then, I am told that they are now absolutely floating palaces.

"I will cause the subscription lists to be sent to different parts of the province, and will do what may depend on me to promote its success, having first put down my own name for six copies.

"I remain, dear Sir, your very faithful servant,
(Signed) "J. HARVEY.

"Montreal."

Singular enough to state, I had never seen the gallant officer who had thus flatteringly borne testimony to the little merit attached to the early initiation in arms of my lamented brother and myself. Sir John had always been actively employed with the centre division, while I continued, until made a prisoner, to serve with a distant division (the right) of the army. Notwithstanding, therefore, the uniform kindness which he, as well as Sir George Murray, who was then at the head of the Quarter-Master-General's Department, extended to my brother, whose sufferings and manly conduct, at so early a period of his existence, had rendered him an object of much interest to both of these gallant and distinguished officers, Sir John could have known me only through private or official report. It was evident from his reply that he had in some degree misinterpreted my letter, and that he was not aware that his present correspondent was one of those two brothers to whose services he had alluded. My answer conveyed the explanation, and this I here transcribe, not so much because the explanation itself is a matter of much moment, but because it will be seen in the course of that letter that my denunciation of the Canadians as a people wanting in literary taste and national spirit, has not been the result of any subsequent disappointment, but was made before an opportunity had been afforded for testing its accuracy as far as I was immediately concerned.

"MONTREAL, FRIDAY, December 20th, 1839.

"May I be permitted, Sir John, to lose sight for a moment of the Governor in the soldier and the man, and to express the deep gratification with which your very kind and flattering note, dated 26th of November, has inspired me.

"To have had it in my power, in any way, however slight, to acknowledge the favors conferred on certain members of my family, now no more—and which I doubt not would have been extended to myself, had I ever summoned resolution to solicit them, is indeed to me a source of much gratification. The work which I am about to offer to you, whatever its merit or demerit, will at least contain that which must cause your name to be remembered in this country as long as the book itself shall endure—even assuming that time may so obscure all recollection of the past, as to leave a doubt, with succeeding generations, of the identity of those who were the most conspicuous among its defenders, during the era it embraces.

"I trust I shall not lay myself open to a charge of undue vanity, when I express a belief that the book which I am about to give to the world, will live in this country long after its writer shall have been gathered to his forefathers; nor this from any intrinsic value in the production itself, but because I think I can perceive, through the vista of years, a time when the people of Canada having acquired a higher taste for literature than they now possess, will feel that pride in the first and only author this country has yet produced, which as a matter-of-fact people they do not now entertain; yet which may then induce them to perpetuate the only two tales connected with the early history of these provinces.

"With this object principally in view, I shall distribute circulars, and thus make the existence of the work known in almost every town, no matter of how little note, in Canada; and gratifying as it is to me, to think that in so doing, I shall at the same time be the means of bringing before the more vivid recollections of its population, the debt of gratitude Canada owes to her most prominent defenders.

"I yesterday received the garrison list, which you were so considerate as to send me. I had not intended submitting it to the Commander of the Forces, but as it occurred to me, on seeing the names which were attached to it, that the omission might be deemed discourteous, I enclosed it last evening to that officer, with an explanation of my reasons for so doing. I have not yet received the list back, but should the Commander of the Forces use it in the manner you have been obliging enough to suggest, I shall, on its return, enclose it to Sir George Murray, to whom I have the pleasure of being personally known.

"I felt much the very kind and flattering manner in which you express yourself in regard to my gallant and lamented brother, and indeed in some measure one of the leading characters in my life—although of course, not historically so—I am the second youth to whom you have been pleased to allude in your note. I was fifteen years of age at the commencement of the American war, and served as a volunteer in the 41st Regiment, while waiting to be gazetted for an Ensign, for which I am proud to have been indebted to the noble Chief whose gallant feats of arms I am so inefficiently endeavoring to describe. It is indeed a source of unfeigned pleasure to me, to have it in my power to devote what talent I possess to the perpetuation of the deeds of those who have conferred benefits upon me and mine.

"My brother was never married, and has left no son. The youth, Harvey, to whom I allude, is my youngest brother—a remarkably fine boy, and who, if moving in the sphere of life he ought to occupy, would fulfil the promise he gives. I find the connection of my father's family much changed, however, in consequence of his widow not having obtained that pension to which I should have conceived his great length of service entitled her.

"I enclose herewith a rough copy of the dedication which I submit for your approval. Should it prove unexceptionable, as I trust it may, per-

* Sir John Harvey had obtained the signatures of almost every officer of the several corps serving in New Brunswick.
‡ Named after Sir John.

haps you will have the goodness to return it to me with as little delay as possible, as the work will be out immediately.

"I have the honor to be, Sir John, with sentiments of esteem,
"Your very faithful servant,

"Sir John Harvey, &c., &c., &c."

That I was not wrong in assuming that the Canadian people would (however indifferent to the success of the book itself) follow the example of the military, which seems to be as binding on them as the laws of the Medes and Persians, I actually obtained among a population little exceeding a million of persons, not less than two hundred and fifty subscribers—two thirds of whom even went so far as to take their books when published. The other third had been kind enough merely to lend me the encouragement of their names, and nothing, therefore, was more natural when called upon, to decline their copies—some under the plea that the volumes, the price of which had been made known to them on subscribing—were too dear; some, that they had been too long delayed in the publication; and not a few, that they did not feel inclined to take them at that moment.

This complaint of the *dearness* of books is, *par parenthese*, one of the rich fruits springing from the outrageous system of piracy which prevails in the United States. Accustomed as the American bookseller is to pounce upon every new English publication, and to reprint from it forthwith, he is, of course, enabled to sell the work at very little more than the cost of paper and printing, and, until very recently, these re-publications found their way into Canada, where they have naturally created a desire for cheap literature. That an author should be paid for the fruit of his brain, or indemnified for the hours of application devoted to his composition, are considerations foreign to their purposes. Provided they can obtain what they want at a reduced rate, they care little for the injustice done to those from the perusal of whose writings they profess to derive amusement and instruction. The law, however, as it now exists in Canada in regard to books, is such, that neither the English author nor the English publisher can sustain much harm. The first obtains the full value of his copyright, while the latter sells for the English market alone. He could not, and does not, expect to dispose of any part of his stock in the United States, and as the introduction of American reprints of English works into Canada, or any other British colony, is prohibited, these colonies must necessarily look to the English publisher alone for a supply. But in the case of one who does not dispose of his copyright, but publishes on his own account, and for a very limited market, it is unreasonable to demand that his books shall be sold at the same nominal price at which the American pirate can re-produce them, and without his enjoyment of any of the profit which accrues to the English author of previous remuneration for his labor, which is so much deducted from the profits of the publisher.

One advantage, however, and it is an important one, which the British publisher derives from the recent interdiction of American reprints of the works of British authors into British colonies is, that where a colonial writer publishes in England, his works, if at all valuable, become to the former, who has purchased all right in them, an increased source of profit, from the fact that no other has the privilege of competing with him in the colonial market. For instance, a book purporting, as this does, to treat of the manners, habits, political and moral character, of a colonial people, cannot fail to find readers among that people, not from any innate love of literature which may prompt them to the purchase, but because they will entertain an eager desire to know what is said and thought of them. Curiosity is a wonderful quickener of human impulses, and frequently accomplishes what, from the absence of better and more ennobling sentiments, is otherwise difficult of attainment.

Towards the close of February, the object for which I had visited Montreal having been completed, and the necessary instructions left with my publisher, I prepared for my return to Sandwich, where I still retained my "nut-shell." As the distance to be travelled over was upwards of six hundred miles by land, and as I had my usual misfortune of being much encumbered with baggage, of which the stages carry only a limited quantity, I resolved to travel in my own vehicle, and thus render my journey one of ease and convenience. A box-sleigh, of a particular construction, was therefore made, for the express purpose of affording suitable accommodation for my baggage, and I purchased a pair of black Canadian ponies—a most useful and untiring description of animal—for the very moderate sum of five-and-twenty pounds. Black harness I had made to match, so that the whole turn-out, the sleigh and all its appurtenances, being painted black also, and only relieved by an almost imperceptible double line of red along the several borders, was sombre enough. As my ponies are rather conspicuous agents in my adventures throughout this and other long journeyings in Canada, they merit a passing introduction to the reader. Both were about thirteen hands high, and the horse—a very strong and sturdy animal—had a round full carcase, a short but arching neck, and a shoulder that required a collar nearly as large as that of an ordinary English dray horse. He was an excellent draft animal, and although his speed was not equal to that of his companion, there was scarcely any load which could be drawn by a horse that he could not drag after him. The mare, rather slighter in figure, but an excellent match for the

standing, had more quickness and intelligence—an extremely lively eye—much sensitiveness of the whip, which she never required to stimulate her exertions, and could not endure to be passed on the road. Owing to her great impatience, she was always in advance of the horse, whose absence of ambition, induced by his comparative sluggishness of character—a fault common to horses as well to men—she used invariably to rebuke by a spiteful bite at the head, which he, seemingly conscious of his offence and the punishment that was to follow, used most amusingly to dodge, or turn aside, the moment he observed the ears of the mare wickedly thrown back in earnest of meditated mischief. The ponies had never been together until they came into my possession, but their friendship became in the end so great, that they could not endure even five minutes' separation, and if one happened to be in the stable and the other out of it, there was no end to their neighing and whinnying until they were again united. They were very great pets, fed from the hand, and although they had never been regularly led to the baptismal font, answered freely to the name of "Pony." If at the close of a hard day's travelling, I but uttered the word "Ponies," either in an encouraging or a reproachful tone, their spirits were sure to be aroused, even if their speed was not, from exhaustion, materially increased.

Such was the "turn out" which was paraded before Rasco's Hotel about six o'clock in a certain morning towards the close of February, 1840. Everything was comfortably "stowed away," and my tiger—a little fellow whose size was in strict keeping with that of the ponies—sat with his chin buried in the collar of his great-coat, and his hands thrust into its pockets, apparently as though he never intended to alter his position, until he should at least have attained the end of the day's journey. But if this was his impression, he counted, as will be seen presently, without his host. I took the reins from the ostler, jumped in, tucked the buffalo robe closely round me, and slightly cracking the whip, away went the ponies on the Lachine Road, the route to Upper Canada. I had unfortunately, yet unavoidably, protracted my departure so long that it was now nearly the close of the sleighing season, and not much snow remained even in the Lower Province. There had been a thaw the preceding day, and some rain had fallen, which, freezing during the night, had rendered the roads extremely hard, rough, and (contradictory though it may seem) slippery. Many parts of the road were as smooth as a mirror, thus not only causing one's seat in the vehicle to be exceedingly disagreeable, but allowing the sleigh to sway to and fro in a manner that threatened an upset, notwithstanding our heavy "ballast" of baggage. As we approached Lachine, I observed that the surface of a long and rather steep hill over which the road passes, and which it was impossible to avoid, was like polished glass. I did not much admire the appearance of this, especially as my ponies, who had been harnessed in a slovenly manner, seemed to be rather loose in their traces. However, trusting more to good luck than to any careful supervision of my own, I resolved to try the descent, seeking such inequalities as the sides of the road might present. But no sooner had the horses turned the brow of the hill, when finding the sleigh pressing upon their heels, for they were without breechings, they started off at their utmost speed, dashing down the slope as though it had been the Montagnes Russes in Paris, and naturally inspiring me with some dread lest we should meet and come in fearful collision with an ascending sleigh. Fortunately the road was clear, and, as I seldom lose my presence of mind on these occasions, I continued to pull steadily at the reins in a manner to enable me to guide the horses in their present course. At length, we reached the bottom of the hill, and the pressure upon the horses was consequently lessened, but they had become too much excited to abate their furious speed, and I was compelled to rein them with all the strength I possessed. This threw them eventually on their haunches, and as the sleigh had not yet wholly lost its forward impetus, but still kept touching their heels, they commenced kicking most furiously, dashing in the strong front of the sleigh, and leaving the prints of their shoes on a small packing case which was closely wedged in front. In order to avoid having the vehicle dashed to pieces, I again gave them the rein, and they had just started forward again when the sleigh came against something—I could not learn what—which upset it in a twinkling, and sent me bounding some half-a-dozen yards over my servant's head, upon the hard and ice-covered road.

I felt myself to be a good deal bruised, yet rose as fast as the weight of two or three overcoats would permit, to see what had become of the sleigh, which I fully expected, now that the horses had no one to guide them, to find dashed to pieces. Much to my surprise, I beheld the latter, still harnessed to the overturned vehicle, within twenty yards of the spot, and quietly approaching a shed adjoining the cottage opposite to which the accident had occurred, and to which they had evidently been invited by the tempting appearance of some hay which lay within. My next care was to see how my tiger had fared. He did not complain much at the time, nor had I the slightest idea that he had sustained any other injury than severe fright, and yet (as will appear later) an arm was dislocated. As for the sleigh, it was still on its side emptied of half its contents, which were strewn about on the road, and in no condition to rise without assistance. This was soon afforded to it by the man who inhabited the cottage, and the

baggage having once more been collected and replaced, I had leisure to think of own injury.

I entered the cottage, at the door of which was standing the wife of the habitant, who had been a spectator of the upset, and requested her to assist me in removing my coats, with a view to the examination of the arm on which I had fallen, and which from an old wound, was rendered particularly susceptible of pain; but such was the agony I endured in the attempt, that I resolved, if the coat must come off, to defer their removal until I should have reached the house of an apology for a married man, who was named to me as being the only one in the village of Lachine, and to whom I felt it would be necessary for me to apply for the means of relief. The place was about half a mile distant, and the habitant having driven my sleigh thither, the eradite culler of simples stripped my arm of innumerable, and rather tightly fitting coverings, the united thickness of which had, in all probability, prevented more serious injury—applied some warm aromatic decoction to the injured part, and strictly enjoined that the arm should be supported in a sling.

This was, it must be confessed, an excellent beginning to my journey of six hundred miles, and it now became a matter for serious consideration, whether I should proceed in my present disabled state, or return to Montreal for the purpose of procuring proper surgical assistance. I did not much fancy the idea of returning; firstly, because of a certain apprehension of ridicule; and secondly, because I foresaw that if I did not avail myself of what little snow remained, I should not accomplish my journey on runners as I meditated. My mind was therefore soon made up on the subject, and I started from Lachine with a determination, *coute qu'il coute*, to reach the Coteau du Lac (nearly forty miles from Lachine) that night. I had only one hand (the right) with which I could exercise any guidance or control over the horses, who never, during that day, lost sight of the excitement of the morning, and yet with this I hazarded the journey. My tiger had never had a rein in his hand, and even could he have driven, his feebleness—for he was a mere boy—would have rendered it impossible to place any trust in him.

The winter route from Montreal to Western Canada is from Point Claire, about fifteen miles above the city, and across an arm of the St. Lawrence to another island, called *l'Isle Perrot*, after traversing which the Ottawa is gained, a few miles beyond its junction with the St. Lawrence. The route is somewhat circuitous, but as the ice is there generally firm, a few miles of extra road becomes a matter of secondary consideration. At Point Claire I first quitted what might be called the land, for the frozen surface of the river, and as there was a gentle declivity on approaching this, I made up my mind for another run-away. The ponies had made up their minds also, it appeared, for, as I expected, they set off once more at a pace which compelled me to use my teeth as well as my hand for more than half a mile, before I could succeed in stopping them. I had taken the precaution to tie a knot in the reins, and this afforded me a capital purchase, without which, indeed, I never could have checked them. About mid-day I left the ice for the *Isle Perrot*, and the country over which the track lay was so uneven and cut up by cahots,* that I despaired of getting across it without accident. Nor was I wrong. I had reached nearly the middle of the island, and was in the heart of a dense wood, far removed from any human habitation, when a sudden jerk of the ponies, who were pulling to disengage the heavily-laden sleigh from between two deep and short cahots, broke the off whipple-tree, and left me in the most hopeless condition. I had neither axe nor knife, nor, had I even possessed these, could I, with a single hand, have made any efficient use of either. What was now to be done, I could not advance until I obtained a new whipple-tree, and night might, for all I knew to the contrary, overtake me in this position, without food or shelter for either "man or beast." These, however, were but fleeting anticipations, for scarcely had I formed them when I observed at some distance, and moving through the wood, a man who, from his costume, I knew to be a French Canadian. I called lustily out to him, and, when he drew near, promised him a dollar if he would contrive to mend my whipple-tree in such manner that I could proceed on my journey. He assented, and went to work with an axe which he carried on his shoulder, with such good purpose that, in a very short time, with the assistance of a rope from one of the packages, a new whipple-tree was produced much stronger than its fellow. Acquiring caution and foresight from experience, I now asked the man if there was any sudden descent from the island upon the ice of the Ottawa. He said there was a slight one, but that if I would give him something in addition, he would relinquish the work on which he was employed (wood-cutting) and accompany me until I got upon the ice. This proposal I gladly embraced, and we proceeded onward. Before coming to the spot designated by him, my new friend had an opportunity of witnessing the run-away propensities of the ponies, whom, by the by, he admired very much,—as much I believe because they were, like himself, French Canadian, as from any other reason. We had cleared the wood, and reached the high road which runs near the edge of the Ottawa, when a deep

* Abrupt undulations of snow, resembling the waves of a short sea, and one of the greatest nuisances in Lower Canadian travelling.

ravine, approached on both sides by a gradually increasing slope, appeared before us. Here I was perfectly assured the wicked young devils would make another trial of their speed, however I said nothing to the man, beyond telling him that my boy and myself would get out and lighten the sleigh, which had to cross a bridge and ascend the opposite bank, while he drove the horses. I cautioned him to keep a tight rein on them, and to place himself in such a position that their heels—should they be inclined to kick—might not reach him. Away he drove, and, as I anticipated, the animals had no sooner attained the downward inclination, when they rushed onward as if the devil himself, instead of the sleigh, had been at their heels. Out flew one or two packages, and so certain did I feel of the total destruction of the sleigh and its contents, that I turned my back upon the scene, determined not to witness the mischief that should be done. Jean Baptiste was no doubt rather startled by this unexpected outbreak, but he kept his seat manfully, and when, a few minutes afterwards, I heard my tiger exclaim delightfully that every thing was right, and that the Frenchman was ascending the hill with the horses at a trot, I turned again and rejoiced to see that it was the case. Of course we were not long in getting to the brow of the opposite bank, where he had now stopped, waiting for us to come up. At a couple of hundred yards beyond, was the auberge at which travellers usually bait their horses before getting on the Ottawa on their way to the Cascades, and here we passed half an hour until our horses had eaten their oats.

While they were thus occupied, I examined the descent to the ice, and found that, although exceedingly abrupt, it was little more than the length of the sleigh; however, well knowing from my experience of the past, that if the splinter-bar should touch their heels, the excited ponies would again start off at their speed, I directed the Canadian to place one or two rails across the descent, in order that the runners might drag as they went over them. This was done, and, when everything was prepared, off we started, my new friend in the front, and holding the reins. And well it was that I had taken the precaution, despite of the careful placing of the rails as a drag, to take him part of the way on the ice. Unchecked by the obstacles which had been placed in its way, the sleigh, in its descent, again touched the sensitive heels of the ponies, which, finding themselves on the open field of smooth ice, and seemingly breathing renewed freedom, carried us at their fullest speed for upwards of a mile before the driver could succeed in reining them in. This at length done, however, they were now quite enough, so that I was enabled to dispense with the further services of my guide, who, having received the stipulated sum, left me on his return home, with a good-natured "Bon voyage, monsieur," which, however, I fancy he did not anticipate would be as good as it subsequently proved.

Although my left arm continued to be so painful as to render the hand for the moment unserviceable, the remainder of the day passed over without further accident, and about nine o'clock I reached the hospitable dwelling of Mr. Simpson, (the father-in-law of Mr. Roebuck the present member for Bath,) at Coteau du Lac—a distance, as I have already remarked, of forty-nine miles from Montreal. This certainly, considering the long chapters of disasters which had attended me during the day's journey, was not so very bad travelling after all. My arrival had been expected some hours earlier, but none were prepared to see me in the character in which I now presented myself—that of a comparative cripple. The inflammation of the limb had been greatly increased by excitement and fatigue, and I now suffered so much that I was glad to get my clothes off at an early hour, and to seek relief in bed. To this I was eight and forty hours confined, and the severity of the hurt may be judged of from the fact that, during the first night, I could not rise or turn in my bed. On the following morning Mr. Simpson proposed, as there was no regular practitioner in the neighborhood, to send for a man self-taught in anatomy, who was proverbial for his successful treatment of bruises of this description; and who, although he had not received the least education, and consequently was without professional knowledge beyond what he had himself studied in the great book of nature, evinced as much acquaintance with the human frame as if he had served half a life's apprenticeship at Guy's or Saint Thomas'. This character of the old Canadian, as given to me by my host at the time of making his proposal, excited my interest, and I assented, not so much because I placed reliance on his skill, as that I felt curious to see how he would proceed in his vocation. A messenger was forthwith despatched on horseback, (one of the Roebuck's being kind enough to undertake to find the man of simples,) and in the course of the morning he made his appearance. He was a venerable looking man, apparently between sixty and seventy years of age, without any of that forwardness or pretension which are so common to the medical empiric; and notwithstanding his bronzed cheek was marked by hard lines, there was an expression of quiet benevolence on his countenance, which insensibly won on the attention. His dress was a gray capot, surmounted by a hood of the same material (Canadian cloth), and his waist was encircled with a sash such as is worn by the habitants also. He calmly approached and

evaluating me, uncovered the arm,—he then sought with his long, bony, dark and shrivelled fingers the various nerves and muscles, and at length after a good deal of the usual handling, pronounced that the limb had not been broken as I had almost begun to apprehend, but that it had sustained an injury which had only not terminated in that serious manner by reason of the quantity of clothing with which, as had been stated to him, it had been covered. He correctly described the nature and situation of the pain I experienced, and then issued his directions for certain embrocations to be made and applied. My servant was next submitted to his inspection.—He bound his arm, which was exceedingly sore, passed his fingers rapidly over it—pronounced that it was dislocated, and then without violence, but also without hesitation twisted the dislocated parts into their proper places. The next morning the boy was perfectly well, and the application to my own arm proved so far beneficial that, at the end of three days, I was in a condition to resume my journey. It was with some reluctance that I tore myself from such excellent quarters, but the snow was fast departing, and I dreaded any change in my mode of travelling.

On the fourth morning, the ponies, who had all this time been luxuriating in oats and rest, were brought to the door, looking as saucy in their harness as though they meditated some new mischief. They pricked their ears—champed their bits, and pawed the little snow there was, beneath their feet, as though they were impatient to repeat the scenes in which they had been such conspicuous actors only a few days before. For the first twelve miles of the road, most of which was over ice, they went at a pace that required all the strength and address I could, in my convalescent state, muster, to prevent from turning into another runaway. However, as the day advanced, and the sun acquired power, the roads almost destitute of snow, became so extremely heavy, that every mile subsequently passed, became one of severe drift; and here was the excellent metal of this peculiar race of horses most fully tested. The sleigh was, as I have elsewhere remarked, heavily laden, and as the runners now dragged through the half mud—half snow—the strong draft powers of the horse were put forth, as though he had reserved all his energies for the occasion, while the mare on the contrary, although possessed of a spirit which would have prompted her to "die in harness" rather than yield, and who, on good roads, always led—now slackened in her traces, and allowed her companion full opportunity to put forth his remarkable strength.

That evening, however, notwithstanding the execrable state of the roads, we reached Cornwall, forty-one miles from the Coteau du Lac, where, in compliance with a previous invitation, I took up my temporary abode with an old brother officer, who had served with me in the King's Regiment. The gay soldier was now transformed into the sober judge, but this did not prevent him, as we lingered over our wine each day, when the ladies had retired, from recurring to past scenes, when our mutual wild oats had not yet been sown; and we particularly dwelt upon a circumstance that had occurred at the reduction of the second battalion of the regiment which made some noise in England at the time—namely, the burning and burial, with funeral rites, of our colors—an act of insubordination which brought down upon us the expressed displeasure of the Duke of York, who was then Commander-in-Chief.

In emphasizing the word "expressed," I mean it to be understood that, although the Commander-in-Chief was, in vindication of the offended discipline of the service, compelled to issue a general order, condemnatory of the act, there is every reason to disbelieve that he impugned the spirit which had actuated us. In no other way can we account for the fact, that notwithstanding we were all very young men (the whole have seen active service, however), and that there were numerous second battalions reduced at the same time, whose officers were incessantly besieging the Horse Guards, a very great number of us were restored to full pay within a few months from our reduction. My friend Jarvis, who was then, like myself, a junior Lieutenant, and who had been one of the most active in the praiseworthy destruction of the colors which had been rendered sacred to us from recollections of past triumphs obtained under their folds, and which we vowed should never be sullied by a touch from other hands than those which had unfurled them before the enemy—I repeat, my friend Jarvis, although a ringleader, if I may so term it, in the affair, was appointed to full pay in the 104th Regiment within five months and Sir Henry Torrens, then Military Secretary, procured my appointment to his own regiment (the Queen's), serving in the West Indies, within less than six from the period of reduction of the King's. Nay more, Captain Simmonds, who was the officer who read prayers over the ashes of the colors, buried in the barrack square at Portsmouth, was also within a short period reappointed to the 61st Regiment, from which he had originally joined us. These appointments, with numerous others that took place from disbanded corps about the same time, could scarcely be said to indicate any serious displeasure at our conduct on the part of His Royal Highness, although a sense of public duty called upon him to censure the insubordination.

As may be presumed, we did not, while destroying the colors, fail to reserve what would later form a gratifying remembrance of the past. The moment they were brought from the commanding officer's

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received from St. Charles the communication of our excellent friend S., and shall not fail to notice the glaring abuse to which he has drawn our attention. That portion of his letter which alludes to the meditated Railway operations, will appear in our next.

"One of the Choir of Christ Church" has been received. Our correspondent denies the assertion made by *Observer* last week, and suggests that if his friend had attended to the service himself, instead of watching the orchestra, he could not have witnessed what he describes. The fact of the curtain being undrawn is given in evidence, that nothing is done behind it, of which the orchestra need be ashamed.

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

THE

WEEKLY EXPOSITOR.

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, Nov. 26, 1846.

MR. ALEXANDER MATHIESON.

In compliance with our promise of last week, we notice the public attack made upon us, through the columns of the *Montreal Herald*, by this reverend gentleman. In doing so, we hope we shall confine ourselves to the subject immediately at issue. We have no desire to offer slight to the Church to which Mr. Mathieson belongs, and therefore, in the spirit of forbearance we shall endeavor to keep in view, we must be distinctly understood as being actuated much more by feelings of proper respect for those who kneel at his altar, than by any consideration for himself. His attack upon us, as the mere chronicler of an anecdote which had already obtained universal circulation in the country,—the manner of occurrence only being the point at issue,—we conceive to have been too undignified and too purely personal to deserve any favor at our hands.

Mr. Mathieson remarks,—almost in the opening paragraph of his immediate communication to the *Herald*, that his letter (a copy of which follows in that paper) was "received with the insolence which those who take unwarrantable liberties with the characters of others, generally receive every thing that implies a doubt of the truth of their gossip." Now, putting aside the absence of all grammatical construction in this short sentence, we cannot see the application it is meant to convey. We took no unwarrantable liberties with the name of the gentleman in question: we did not even know it, until Mr. Mathieson himself informed us, in his letter, what it was. We could have no motive,—no feeling, beyond a desire to show that the nobleman alluded to in connection with Mr. McNaughton, was incapable of pursuing the course he had in regard to the minister in question, without some strong provocation; and we are prepared to repeat, and shall show presently, that such provocation had been given.

Mr. Mathieson says, that not to know him argues ourselves unknown, and that he has

no particular desire that we should emerge from our obscurity on his shoulders. We cannot altogether admit the first part of this position. It occurs to us that the reverend gentleman might have afforded us the benefit of a doubt on the subject of his identity, when he had not thought proper to inform us that he was a minister of the Church,—a fellow-laborer in which, he conceived, had been unjustly brought under the lash of our censure. We sincerely declare that we did not know, or even suspect that our correspondent was one connected with the Church, in the manner since shown, when we wrote the acknowledgment we did of his letter, for the "Notice to Correspondents." Had Mr. Mathieson given us to understand who he was, we should not have committed ourselves into the gross ignorance of not knowing him by intuition, with which he charges us.

But what shall we say of the second part of the paragraph,—the deliberate declaration of one who preaches humility, and kindness, and benevolence, and good offices to all men,—the un-Samaritan determination to deny to an obscure individual the power of emerging from that obscurity through his instrumentality—on his shoulders? Does he, in the meekness of the spirit of him who bowed himself to take upon him the sins of men, eschew anger,—return good for evil,—and endeavor to raise from that obscurity in which he seems to exult the object of his anger is placed, the erring mortal whom he is anxious to lead in the right way? No, he shall not emerge from darkness into light through any agency or instrumentality of his. And this is religion!

But the Christian forgiveness and forbearance of Mr. Mathieson is much on a par with his consistency. We are distinctly told that we shall not rise from our obscurity on his shoulders, and yet he adopts the very means to effect that which in words he denies. Who ever heard of the *Herald* noticing the *Weekly Expositor* before the appearance in its columns of Mr. Mathieson's letter? Not a line could that journal be induced to put forth, to show we had an existence. The letter in the *Herald* is worth a dozen advertisements, and has procured us more notice from particular parties than we were ever honored with before.—May we ever thus be continued in obscurity.

We now come to another part of Mr. Mathieson's letter, and that is where, with a benevolence of spirit truly worthy of a Christian Divine, the reverend gentleman expresses a fear lest we should "burst with an inflated sense of our own generosity in supplying a whole generation with one copy of our paper." He then most kindly proceeds to inform us, in order to avoid so fearful a result, that he obtained the same at the Office of the "Expositor." Mr. Mathieson has all that pure simplicity of character for which the Christian Minister should be distinguished. The figurative, the *facon de parler*, are sealed books to him. He comprehends only the *verbatim et literatum*. He cannot understand the exceedingly

fine writing which would endeavor to establish the possibility of our paper being handed down to a whole generation.

But although we are much indebted to Mr. Mathieson, for attempting to avoid so fatal a result as that which he has anticipated, by giving us the information in question, we feel bound to state the following. Orders had been strictly issued that no single numbers of the *Expositor* were to be sold, after the appearance of the "Eight Years in Canada," and we were certainly surprised to find from Mr. Mathieson that they had been disobeyed. We questioned the only two persons in the office, and they have both positively declared to us—the one that he never has—the other that he has not the slightest recollection of ever having, sold a single copy in the office. Of course we do not question Mr. Mathieson's statement, but we must, in justice to those whom we had closely questioned, without saying wherefore, record their several declarations as we just stated them to be.

The beauties of Mr. Mathieson's letter are so many and so manifest, that we really feel at a loss for selection. Yet it would be unpardonable in us to pass over without comment that interesting little episode, wherein is detailed the dislike children have of everything that is silly. Mr. Mathieson has heard children in their sport, on these occasions, exclaim, "Well, now, after that."—It is very amiable on the part of the children to go no farther, but Mr. Mathieson improves upon this mark of infant wisdom—or more correctly, perhaps, of wisdom in an infant. He says, after alluding to certain inanities, "Well, now—after that—comes a—" What? Need any one require to be told of the elegance? If so, we supply the hiatus—"a pig to be shaved"! What a pity Mr. Mathieson had not finished the sentence. How his congregation would, in future, have treasured these words in their memories; and when, in the midst of some fiery denunciation, or earnest appeal to the impenitent heart of the relentless sinner, he, overpowered by emotion,—should have failed in the attempt to substitute words of sufficient force to express his anathemas—the idea of the past should suddenly obtrude itself on their minds, while incapable of resisting the influence which could, at such a moment, mingle things terrestrial with things celestial—each should silently exclaim—after that—comes—a pig to be shaved!

But what shall we say of the animus which dictated the publication of this letter? Mr. Mathieson is sensible that it is one of so unchristian-like, so reprehensible a character, that he doubts whether even the Editor of a newspaper—not usually too sensitive or refined in these matters—will insert it, and therefore, to overcome any reluctance that may be felt, he offers to pay for it as an advertisement? An advertisement for what?—to shew to the world that we are an obscure individual, that we write trash, and that, after that,—comes a pig to be shaved!

Having now disposed of a letter which was written to inflict pain, not to yield solace or to bestow the blessings and comforts of religion, we must revert to the pa-

graph itself which has given rise to this philippic. Long before Mr. Mathieson wrote to us on the subject, the error was corrected in the sheets of the book, and that error (the only one) was in regard to the *locale* in which the occurrence took place. This will be seen by the following, which they who are desirous to do so, may contrast with what appeared in the *Herald* as an extract from the *Expositor* :—

"Another anecdote is related of a nearly similar kind during the return trip. The steamers in which Lord Durham and his suite embarked were well known to have been chartered for the sole use of the mission, and the several Captains had been instructed to refuse admission to all applicants not of His Lordship's immediate party. No one, therefore, of any delinquency would have presumed to enter without having previously obtained the consent of His Lordship. Notwithstanding which, some obscure and not very polished preacher was allowed by the Captain to embark at Cornwall, under a promise of concealment on his part, until he should arrive at the place of his destination.—Soon after the boat was under way, however, this individual, whose sole object in selecting the steamer appears to have been to gratify an ill-timed curiosity, and to be brought immediately under the notice of the Governor-General, emerging from his hiding-place, approached His Excellency, and indulged in some familiar remarks. Lord Durham had too much penetration not to perceive the whole truth connected with the presence of the stranger, and promptly summoning the Captain, who disclaimed all knowledge of his being on board, desired him to pass Lancaster, which was the place of his destination, and disembark the intruder at the Coteau du Lac, the utmost point to which the steamer could go. This was done, and His Lordship and quite there took the land carriage, leaving the disappointed reverend to bestow his benediction on the haughty peer, and wend his way back to Lancaster as best he might. The papers opposed to Lord Durham's policy made a great outcry about this asserted outrage; but, in my opinion, the unworthy and petty cunning of the man found its merited reward. Had he openly solicited a passage from Lord Durham, it would in all probability have been granted to him, but the very trick to which he had recourse to effect his object, had in it something so offensive, so much of low manoeuvring, that a marked disapproval was called for."

This version of the story, although changing, as we have observed, the *locale* of the impertinent intrusion of Mr. McNaughton upon Lord Durham, by no means weakens the fact itself. And here we may take occasion to remark how different the gentlemanly and quiet manner in which the error was pointed out to us by the Hon. Peter McGill, upon whose suggestion the alteration was made, and the bullying letter of the minister, who first abuses—nay, almost insults us—and then asks us to do justice to his friend Mr. McNaughton! *Proh pudor!* We have done justice to him, and there is not one word in the version of the story as it now stands in the sheets of the book, that we could consent in fairness to unwrite. We repeat what we have before stated, and we ground our assertion on renewed and *undoubted* information, received since the publication of Mr. Mathieson's letter, that the intrusion of Mr. McNaughton on Lord Durham, in a steamer set apart for his exclusive use, was at once indecorous and offensive. Mr. McNaughton did secrete himself until after the steamer left her moorings, and then, when he fancied his passage was secured, he intruded himself ostentatiously on his Lordship's presence, and altogether so conducted himself, that it led

to a demand to the Captain to know who he was. Can any man in his senses believe that Lord Durham would have caused a minister of the Church, in the discharge of his religious duties, to have been subjected to the inconvenience he sustained, unless there had been good cause for it, some flagrant violation of good breeding and of etiquette? Certainly no one can be so miserably deficient in common sense. Such an act would have been too palpable an outrage upon the commonest decencies of society, and Lord Durham was too sensitive a man, too much alive to the censure of the press, to have wantonly provoked a denunciation of his conduct, which all were then disposed to condemn. If Mr. McNaughton had really been of that retiring character which his friend Mr. Mathieson seeks to establish, some little doubt might be entertained of the utter exemption of caprice on the part of Lord Durham on this occasion; but we know, from the same source which supplied us with our information on the subject, that Mr. McNaughton was a very bold and presuming person; and, in evidence of this, we aver, on the same authority, and the reverend Mr. Mathieson may disprove it if he can, that he was condemned by several ministers of the Church of Scotland for his conduct on that occasion. Does Mr. Mathieson, moreover, know that this very humble and pious minister once sent something very similar to a challenge to the gentleman Mr. Draper is in the last agony to see removed from the bench.—Mr. Hagerman? If not, he does not know his friend as well as we do, who have never seen him.

In concluding these remarks, which with us are final, we cannot but express our satisfaction that we have not left to some later chronicler of the anecdotes connected with Lord Durham, the task of dissociating the true from the false. Each succeeding year would have added to the injustice done to the memory of the noble Earl, and particularly in this instance, where prejudice appears to have been so deeply rooted. At the outset, we had our doubts as to the propriety of the course we were pursuing, but when we behold a minister of religion advocating, or rather seeking to justify, that absence of respect which the distinguished position of his Lordship ought to have claimed, we rejoice not only in the fact of our allusion to these stories but in the discussion that has arisen, and the opportunity thereby afforded us of adding fresher evidence in support of our position. And in this spirit of right do we take our leave of Mr. Mathieson and the subject.

FETE OF ST. CATHERINE.

As we had anticipated, this reunion came off with great eclat and satisfaction to all parties, on Tuesday evening last. The magnificent dancing room—quite equal in size to, if not larger than, Willis' or the Hanover Square rooms, was not so full as we had expected it would have been, but still quite full enough for comfort. It has been said that the number of French ladies was limited, because some misunderstanding had taken place in consequence of the invitations given to the Officers of the Garrison. It was contended, that the committee had no right, at the instance of others, to invite people to whom the majority were strangers, and to whom the invitations had been extended, principally with a view to enable some plain old women to monopolize partners for their more than plain daughters. Nor, indeed, could it be any great compliment to the garrison to be invited at all.—They would no doubt, many of them, have preferred being subscribers. There was a limited display both of the graceful and the beautiful, in the room. Yet we must certainly except—the fine and voluptuously

formed Mrs. H—, the soft, meek, and winning Miss W—, the roguish gazelle-eyed Miss P—, the dark haired Gulnarish Miss E—, and the finely formed, animated, and enchanting Miss B—.—Amid the several attractions of these it was difficult to choose, and like a true Turk we felt that we could have loved them all.

The supper table was well laid out in the ladies' parlour of the Hotel, and in good taste. The only difficulty was the means of approach—a result of course of the assemblage of so many people, but this did not prevent the sharp crack, not of the rifle, but of the champagne cork, from resounding throughout the gay evening in the room. We hope Donegana will manage to get up a second affair of the kind before long.

EIGHT YEARS IN CANADA.

TUESDAY, 24th Nov.

MY DEAR MAJOR,—The remarks upon the opposite page will give you the result of Mr. Derbishire's application to you, arrived at between his friend, Mr. Abraham, and myself. Mr. D.'s distinct assurance of his not having been on the frontier at the time adverted to, in the paper relating to Gagnon, left no room for any other conclusion—one to which, as your representative, I most promptly and cheerfully acceded.

Yours, most faithfully,

R. STUART WOODS.

"In reference to a remark in our last, in which we suggested that we might have been mistaken on a particular occasion for a gentleman now filling the office of Queen's Printer, we have been called upon by Mr. Derbishire; and are satisfied that from his absence from the Vermont frontier, at the time of the illegal attempt in respect of Gagnon, he could not be the party alluded to; and, in justice to Mr. Derbishire, we feel it our duty to express our regret at having connected him with a suspicion we were anxious to repel from ourselves. We learn that Mr. Derbishire left Quebec for Fredericton and Halifax, with Sir John Colborne's despatches to the Lieutenant Governor of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, a day or two after the outbreak of Nov. 3rd, 1838, and that immediately on his return, which took place in December, he proceeded to Toronto, where he remained until March, 1839. These dates will shew the impossibility of his having been present on the Vermont frontier at the time that the illegal attempt must, if at all, have taken place."

For the Expositor.

THE DEPARTED.

Where'er I am—my thoughts will cling to thee,
As one to hope and fondest memory dear;
Where'er the sparkling wine they bring to me,
I'll quaff to thee and shed the silent tear.

There is a charm about thy winning glance,
Who once has felt them never can forget;
A sweetness, softness, meekness, which enhances
The playful beamings from those eyes of jet.

I love thee as a sister—as a daughter—
Ah! were such mild and charming daughter mine,
I'd bless the soul-restoring hand that brought her
To melt my heart with ecstasy divine.

It is not love I feel—the fleeting passion
Which, like the summer sun-dew, quickly flies;
'Tis something purer—holier in fashion;
Too exquisite to last, yet never dies.

To 'sok on thee alone is calm and gladness;
It fills the heart, and melts us into tears;
'Tis not the frantic lover's madness—
It soothes voluptuously, and endears.

How strange the human heart! Not striking beauty
Hast thou employed to wear this potent spell:
It is thy grace—thy sweetness—sense of duty—
Thou knowest, loved one, what I mean too well.

Montreal, Nov. 21, 1846.

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF SPAIN.

DON DIEGO LEON,

OR, LIFE ON THE "KIBERA" OF NAVARRE.

(CONCLUDED FROM OUR LAST.)

The general and staff had proceeded with the caçadores, and had disappeared with them. Whilst the horses were feeding, and the men and officers quietly smoking, little relishing the dull work, and wishing the convoy down the Ebro: suddenly the sharp crack of a carbine came rattling on our astonished ears, and then another and another, till it was apparent that the caçadores were sharply engaged with the enemy; in an instant every man was upon his legs: "Stand to your horses, bridle up."—Done as quick as ordered. Another second saw us all mounted. By this time an aide-de-camp came galloping down the hill and, with breathless haste, ordered us to gallop up as quickly as possible. The lancers of the guard, who were in front, took the lead, followed by the grenadiers of the guard, whilst we acted as a reserve. On reaching the summit of the small hill, the view that met our gaze was indeed startling. We had the whole of the Carlist cavalry before us, and already engaged with the lancers of the guard. They came thundering down in close columns of fifteen or sixteen squadrons, making the earth tremble and producing a hollow sound like distant thunder. The caçadores had been annihilated, and already the lancers of the guard were sharing the same fate. The grenadiers now plunged into the advancing columns. "Well done! brave Azlor." He checks them for a second, his gallant squadron fight bravely, ay most bravely.—The best and noblest blood in Spain leads them on, but all in vain, the overwhelming odds tell, and the flanks of the heroic squadron yield, and it gives way! And now—hurrah! for St. George and Merry Old England! And thy sons, will they forget thee? No! Will they disgrace thee? Never! Hear that cheer! heard above the din of the action. Hurrah! hurrah! another and another!—'Tis the advance of the English squadron at full gallop to the mêlée! On, on they rush, one instant and they dash into the astonished foe, amidst a forest of lances and sabres. Ah! gallant band!—bravely, most gallantly done! They check them! Aye like a thunder bolt they charge through and through the dense, but now unsteady and shaken ranks. They form again in rear of the now broken squadrons! will they stand a second shock? No! The Carlists turn, and two thousand routed cavalry fly before this gallant, gallant little band. We followed the flying squadrons till they tumbled upon their own infantry, which lay hidden from us by a small hill, and consisting of some sixteen battalions, causing a great deal of confusion among them, prevented as they were from firing on us, from our being mixed with their own cavalry.

On that day, if the remainder of the cavalry had been up with us, even after the engagement, we might have even after the immense number of prisoners, and perhaps the greater part of their infantry, but as we were unsupported and at a great distance from our reserves, we were compelled to retire without the results that we should have reaped if Jimmy Lion had had his force a little more together. A it was he narrowly escaped having been driven into the Ebro, which would undoubtedly have been the case, if our regiment had not proved itself in Spain.

The Carlist upwards of three engaged, in this active cavalry alone advanced which, wloss. Had, these certainty, and is a hero cautisery, there is no doubt would have annihilated the whole as they

did the two first squadrons, but their own impetuosity disordered them, and after receiving a severe shock from the grenadiers of the guard, and then another consecutively from an unbroken body, the result in a similar instance, can never be questioned. Thus ended the action of Sesma. Sharp, quick and decisive, as all cavalry actions ever ought to be.

After the action, the general rode up to the grenadiers and eulogized their conduct in a very handsome manner, indeed as they richly merited, it was impossible for cavalry to have been better led, or to have behaved better!—Their commandanté, (major) Azlor, was a gallant fellow! and though hitherto a fashionable roué in Madrid, a sort of life, that does not always school one for conduct in the field—had, in this instance, proved what I believe has already been often attested, that a gentleman, though a dandy, can fight as well as his neighbors when called upon. He then rode up to us, and I shall never forget his countenance and voice. He commenced in the most impassioned and excited manner to thank us in the name of his illustrious sovereign, Her Majesty "La Reina Isabel," and for himself, to his comrades,—"Here his voice failed him, poor fellow! he could get no further! his good and noble heart was too full! he turned his horse sharply round and galloped off to another part of the field to give orders and collect his broken and shattered squadrons. 'It was the height of eloquence'—those few words, ending with "comrade,"—the link, the bond, that unites soldiers in a brotherhood more sacred than the ties of nature,—was here understood by all—and many a noble heart and gallant soul responded to this touching sympathy. In an instant every voice was raised,—"Viva Leon! Viva Nuestro General!" The infantry now caught up the enthusiastic cheer, and for a minute or two the cheering was actually deafening.

The column now moved off to Mendavin, a village near the Ebro. As the day was far advanced, and as "Los Arcoss" was still some hours march from us, Leon deemed it advisable not to proceed. And thus the alcalde's rations were saved.

The following morning we retired upon "Lodosa," a town on the banks of the Ebro, and within our own lines, where we were joined by the General in Chief, "Espartero," with forty battalions and eight or ten squadrons of cavalry. He held a levée that day, and ordered a review for the following one.

It was on a beautiful December morning, the sun shining with a brilliancy unusual, even in that ever unclouded climate, that we turned out to form on the beautiful plain near the banks of the classic Ebro, now glistening as she glided majestically downwards, with the rays of the rising sun. The battalions of the general-in-chief had already taken up their ground, in line, on our right, composed of the Luchana regiment (his own), and the royal guards, and some other battalions of the line. The cavalry, consisting of the Prussian guards, were formed on the extreme right, and the artillery on the left. The cavalry of our division was formed on our right, then the infantry and our artillery on the left. We remained thus for some minutes before the general-in-chief made his appearance.

At last "Jimmy Lion" came galloping up at his usual pace to the front line. He was dressed as a Lieutenant General, covered with orders and ribbons of two or three grand orders, and a large gold key suspended by a ribbon (insignia of a gentleman of the bed-chamber of her Majesty), and mounted upon a large Andalusian white horse, covered with trappings and harness. He was the beau idéal of a gallant knight of by-gone days: as senior officer, he took the command of the parade. The line now stood at attention, and in another minute, the General-in-chief, ac-

companied by a brilliant staff and his escort of two or three hundred horse, came cantering across the plain. The whole now presented arms, whilst the several bands struck up the national air. The effect of the whole was indeed very exciting.

Espartero was simply dressed in the uniform of his rank, with his breast glittering with the diamonds of his Grand Crosses,—some six or seven. He galloped down the line and up by the rear rank, in the usual way, and then again by the front to the centre of the line, when assuming the command in person. Leon galloped up to the front of his own division. An aide-de-camp now advanced to the latter, and delivered an order, upon which Leon, and his staff, trotted up to the front of his cavalry, and ordering the grenadiers of the guard and the English squadron of Lancers to the front, they advanced in line to within a few paces of the General-in-Chief, when they halted.

Espartero now advanced to the grenadiers, and taking his hat off, harangued them! and in the name of the Queen, "Isabel Secunda" thanked them for their distinguished conduct in the late action, stating that Her Majesty should be made cognizant of it, for her consideration. They then retired to the main body.

The General now came up to us, and addressed us to the following effect:—"Ingleses, you have proved yourselves worthy of the great nation you hero represent. I have taken the earliest opportunity of tendering to you, the thanks of our nation of our illustrious Sovereign Isabel Secunda, and of myself, your General-in-Chief. I shall take the earliest occasion of making known to Her Majesty the distinguished services you have rendered her cause, as witnessed not alone by myself in person in the late action, but by the army. [The General-in-Chief witnessed the whole action of Sesma from the opposite side of the Ebro, on the heights of Alcanadra, about half a league distant.] I have thus addressed you and the grenadiers of Her Majesty's guard, in order that your brilliant example may infuse the same spirit into the whole Spanish army." At the conclusion of this harangue, the General-in-Chief retired a short distance, and giving the word of command in person, the whole line presented arms—and the proud and yellow banners of Espana lowered, whilst the several bands struck up the "Tragala," to do homage to that great nation, which has ever befriended her, in her hours of adversity and need. After this, the General-in-Chief ordered "tres vivas por los Ingleses," cheering also, and the squad retired to the line, amidst the deafening "vivas" of about forty thousand of the best troops in the peninsula. I have felt joy! I have felt great, great emotions in my life before! but I had never felt as I did that day!

Reader, have you ever from joy, felt annihilation close at hand? a choking in the throat, that prevents respiration! what relief is it to you, when melancholy succeeds all this. I looked at my troop, and I saw that most of them: stout, rough-bearded and moustachioed fellows, that would have faced that whole line if they had been ordered, were like myself, endeavoring to hide their trickling faces! Ah! the heart, if not perverted, beats the same in every bosom! strike the same chord, and it will echo the same note.

The General-in-Chief and the troops with him, returned to the opposite side of the Ebro, and our division marched back on the Kibera to return to Pampeluna, where, on our arrival, we were received with all the kindness, we usually met with from its inhabitants. The authorities giving us a "bal masquo," on the night of our arrival. Reader, this was the life usually led by the division of the Kibera, under Don Diego Leon, or Jimmy Lion.

CHAMPLAIN AND ST. LAWRENCE RAILROAD. NOTICE.

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

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

CHAMPLAIN AND ST. LAWRENCE RAIL-ROAD. NEW ARRANGEMENT. ON SATURDAY NEXT, NOVEMBER the 7th, and till FURTHER NOTICE, the ARRANGEMENT will be as follows:—

PRINCE ALBERT. From Montreal. 8 1/2 o'clock, A. M.; 4 do P. M. From Laprairie. 10 o'clock, A. M.; 10 do do.

RAIL-ROAD CARS. From St. Johns. 9 o'clock, A. M. From Laprairie. 10 o'clock, A. M.; 4 do P. M.

ON SUNDAYS. Prince Albert, from Montreal. 3 o'clock, P. M. Cars by Locomotive, from St. Johns. 9 o'clock, A. M.

FARES: First Class Passengers, 6s.; Second Class Passengers, 4s. 6d. All Freight to be paid for on delivery. Application for Freight or Passage from Montreal, to be made on Board the Prince Albert. RAILROAD OFFICE, Montreal, November 5, 1846

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

JOHN E. MILLS, Chairman. WM. B. LINDSAY, Commissioner.

RAIL-ROAD OFFICE, Montreal, November 2, 1846.



VALUABLE MILL SEATS.

NOTICE is hereby given that THREE VALUABLE MILL SEATS on the LACHINE CANAL, viz. two situated on the South side of the Basin, above Lock No. 2, marked on the plan No. 10 and 11, and the other on the North side of Lock No. 2, will be disposed of at PUBLIC AUCTION, at the OFFICE of the PUBLIC WORKS, on MONDAY, the 23d day of NOVEMBER next, at NOON.

The Lots are particularly well adapted for the construction of Mills for Flouring or Manufacturing purposes, being within the City, on the Basin of the Canal, and easy of access both by land and water. The fall, at the ordinary level of the River, will be at Lots No. 10 and 11, about 20 feet, and at Lock No. 2, 13 feet, with an ample supply of water at each for milling purposes.

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

JOHN LEEMING.

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

A SECOND Dividend will shortly be declared on this ESTATE; from the Debts due, on this ESTATE, to be paid. All unpaid on 15th December 1846 will be placed in the hands of an Attorney for Collection JOHN G. DINNING, Assignee.

ST. LAWRENCE AND ATLANTIC RAIL-ROAD.

NOTICE.

THE STOCKHOLDERS of the St. Lawrence and Atlantic Rail-Road Company, having, at their Special General Meeting, held on the 2nd instant, unanimously resolved upon the immediate commencement of the Rail-Road, whereby the Subscribers for Shares of Stock conditional upon that resolve (received subsequent to the 30th ultimo, have become absolute, the New Stockholders are requested to PAY the FIRST INSTALLMENT of £4 10s. Currency per Share, to the Treasurer, at the Company's Office, 12, Little St. James Street.

By order of the Board, THOMAS STEERS, Secretary. Office of the St. Lawrence and Atlantic Rail-Road Company, Montreal, 25th August, 1846.

NOTICE.

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

- H. STEPHENS, HUGH ALLAN, JASON C. PIERCE, D. DAVIDSON, WILLIAM DOW, JOHN LEESING, WM. LIGN, J. B. SMITH, J. FROTHINGHAM, JNO. YOUNG, JOHN E. MILLS, L. H. HOLTON, D. L. MACDOUGALL, BENJ. LYMAN, R. CORSE, DAVID TORRANCE, ANDREW SNAW, JAMES GILMOTR, WM. EDMONSTONE, MORSE HAYS, JOSEPH MARSON, ROBERT MACKAY, O. BERTHELET, H. JERDAN, A. LAROCQUE, R. HART, JOSEPH BOURRET, A. M. DELISLE, W. ERMATINGER, W. C. HERRNITH, JOHN J. DAVY, GEO. ELDER, Junr.

Montreal, September 14, 1846.

NOTICE.

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

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

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

University of McGill College, MONTREAL.

THE CAPUT of the COLLEGE having this day received through the Principal an Official Communication of the confirmation by Her Majesty of the STATUTES of the COLLEGE, avails itself of the earliest opportunity of announcing the COURSE of LICENTURES to be delivered in the College during the current Term:—

- On Classical Literature—By the Rev. W. T. LEACH, A. M., Professor. On Mathematics and Natural Philosophy—By EDMUND A. MEREDITH, L. L. B., (F.C.D.) Principal of the College. On History—By the Rev. JOSEPH ABBOTT, A.M. On French Literature and the French Language—By All the Professors and Lecturers. All the above courses will be commenced on or before the 22nd instant; but Students matriculating on or before the 20th instant, will be able to do the Term. Fees, £3 6s. 8d per Term, or £10 a-year. Board, including Fuel and Candle, £3 5s. a-month. J. ABBOTT, A.M., Secretary.

Sept. 21, 1846.

JOHN M'CLOSKEY, SILK AND WOOLLEN DYER, AND CLOTHES CLEANER (From Belfast)

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

DONEGANA'S HOTEL.

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

SPLENDID BUILDING

In Notre Dame Street, formerly the Property of WILLIAM BRIDHAM, Esq. and the Vice Regal Residence of Lords DURHAM and FRYBURNHAM, which has been greatly enlarged and fitted with

EVERY CONVENIENCE & ORNAMENT which Comfort and Luxury can desire.

THE SITUATION is central, and within an easy distance of the Champ-de-Mars, the Cathedrales, Bishop's Church, the Banks, the Government Offices, the Court House, and other Public Buildings. The openness of the site, and the elevation upon which the Hotel stands, ensures it abundance of light and air, while it commands upon every side an Excellent View, including the River, the Island of St. Helens, and the opposite shore, the Mountain, and the adjacent Picturesque Country.

The Establishment has been furnished throughout with NEW AND COSTLY FURNITURE, and fitted in every way worthy of what it is—

THE FIRST HOTEL IN BRITISH AMERICA!! Among the conveniences will be found SIX BATHING ROOMS and a BILLIARD ROOM.

THE TABLE

will be supplied with EVERY DELICACY of the Season; and while the Proprietor will spare no expense to give satisfaction to all who may honor him with their patronage, the large number which the extent of the Establishment enables him to accommodate, will admit of making his CHARGES VERY REASONABLE.

CARRIAGES will be always in attendance, to convey parties to and from the Steamboat Wharves, and the Upper Canada and other Stage Offices. And the Proprietor will spare no exertion to make his New Establishment worthy of the liberal patronage he receives as Lessee of Rasco's. J. M. DONEGANA.

THE SUBSCRIBERS offer for SALE:—

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

W. H. LEAYCRAFT & CO.

Sept. 3. No. 9, St. Nicholas Street.

WINES.

MAITLANDS, TYLEE & CO. have

- RECENTLY LANDED: 100 Baskets "PERRIER, JANET & Co.'s" First Quality CHAMPAGNE, 100 Baskets "JACQUESSER'S" First Quality CHAMPAGNE, 150 Cases "BARTON & GUERTIER'S" Superior CLARET 6 Hogsheads Fine "St. GEORGE'S" BURGUNDY, 75 Cases Curacao, Maraschino, and assorted LIQUEURS.

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

NEW RAIL-ROAD JOURNAL.

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

ALL CORRESPONDENTS, who have any subject redress of grievances, and well-founded complaints against any Public Department whatsoever, as well as those treating of Railways and Mining Speculations, are requested to be dropped in the Post Office, addressed to the Editor of the 'WEEKLY EXPOSITOR'; and those advertisements (which are especially solicited from Paper) may be left at the Office, corner of St. Francois Street, at the great St. James Streets. The names of all communicators of flagrant abuses or instances of SUNDRIES, less they desire it, be made known. Montreal, and Two Dollars per Annum in payable in advance. Half and a Half in the Country, Montreal, August 11, 1846.

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