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THE WEEKLY EXPOSITOR,

ACDE ALTERAM PARTEN.

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

Vol. 1.]

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1846.

[No. 13.]

LITERATURE.

EIGHT YEARS IN CANADA, &c.

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

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

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ECARTE," &c.

DE OMNIBUS REBUS ET QUIBUSDAM ALIIS.

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

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

(CHAPTER VI. CONTINUED.)

But the Canadian Rifles, to be made thoroughly efficient in Canada, must have a considerable accession of strength. One battalion is not sufficient for the very extensive frontier over which they must be diffused throughout both sections of the Province. There should be a brigade of three battalions, the formation of which would, on any sudden emergency, admit of the withdrawal of at least three regiments of the line. The inducement to desertion would also be lessened. The longer the men remain in the country, and the greater the opportunity afforded them for detecting the fallacy and insincerity of American promises, the more confirmed will they become in the good course which they have hitherto pursued.

Before dismissing this important subject, I cannot but advert to the extreme impolicy of giving publicity to the destinations of regiments ordered from this country, while they are yet in Western Canada. For instance, when a corps receives its route for the West Indies, the mania of desertion increases in a tenfold degree, and then the best of men will, in order to escape that grave of the European, lose sight of every other consideration in effecting their object. There had been comparatively few desertions in the 23rd, prior to the arrival of the order for their embarkation for the West Indies, but from the hour that order was promulgated, until the moment of actual departure, they were of nightly occurrence. Nothing, I should assume, could be more simple, when a regiment leaves this country than to continue it, for a period, under the impression that the destination is—home. When however Quebec, the point of final embarkation, is gained, and the facilities for desertion removed, the route of the regiment, if intended for further colonial or foreign service, might be made known. This would save to the country hundreds of men who might as well be made to take their chance of perishing by yellow fever with their more honorable comrades, as to swell the ranks of the American army, or to cultivate their soil.

No doubt many of these deserters are at this very moment Mexico, and this seems the more probable from the following facts which has been communicated to me, within the last ten days, by Captain Bouchier the Town Major of Kingston. A soldier (Philip Lee by name,) was discharged from the reserve battalion of the 71st, at Kingston, and this for no fault whatever, he having been subsequently taken into the service of the Assistant Quarter Master General. Subsequently he went over to Sackett's Harbor, where American parties were, and still are, recruiting, and from thence found his way back to Kingston. From the fact of his being constantly prowling about the barracks, at a period when desertion was very frequent, it was assumed that he had crossed over for the purpose of inducing these men to enter the American service.

Lord Fitzroy Somerset has frequently paid me the compliment of questioning me in regard to the management and conduct of

troops in Canada; and the last time, only a few days before I embarked for this country. I feel perfectly assured that His Lordship, well aware as he is of my former services in this hemisphere gave me credit for having treated the subject not only with serious consideration it deserves, but in a spirit of accuracy, the result of some close application to its study; and therefore this portion of my book do I especially devote to His Lordship's consideration.

It is singular enough that, while closing these remarks, I should have seen an article in the United Service Magazine from the able pen of Sir James Alexander, than whom there is no officer in Canada more capable of treating of this subject. With his opportunities for personal knowledge afforded him by a lengthened residence with his regiment (the 14th,) in Kingston, added to his acute observation, and aptitude in the study of the impelling motives of the human heart, Sir James is eminently qualified for the discussion of a subject to which he has lent much attention, and to which he cannot fail to succeed in directing that of the Horse Guards, with a view to the adoption of his valuable suggestions.

CHAPTER VII.

My engagements with the "Times" having now finally terminated, and tranquillity having been restored in the Province, I once more set out for Upper Canada, directing my course to Amherstburg, the extreme point of the British military possessions in the West. But how different were the feelings with which I now approached this most picturesque portion of the country, from those which had filled my young and ardent mind at an earlier period of my existence. Embarking at Buffalo, a flourishing American town which, while a mere village, had been burnt by our troops in 1813, but which Phoenix-like, had risen from its own ashes with renewed splendor, I ascended Lake Erie to the point of my destination. As we passed a cluster of islands which are about two-thirds of the way from Buffalo, my memory forcibly recalled the morning when (a prisoner myself, and taken in a subsequent affair,) I had seen the gallant Barclay, the commander of the little British fleet, lying severely wounded in the ward room of his own ship—herself a crippled and dismayed wreck, her cannon dismounted, and her timbers so torn with shot, that a hand could not be placed on that side exposed to the enemy's fire, without covering some portion of a wound. There too, around that gallant and well fought ship, had been clustered others which had nobly sustained her in the unequal conflict, but which an adverse fortune had equally consigned to the guardianship of a triumphant foe. I had been, in boyhood, the favorite of the joyous, brave, but unfortunate leader, and distinctly could I remember the cheerful smile which animated his intelligent countenance, still preserving its freshness of color even in suffering, and the faint pressure of the mutilated hand with which he greeted me, as he expressed his pleasure at seeing his "little warrior" once more.

But the devoted Barclay is not to be thus summarily dismissed. It is with unfeigned pleasure that I transcribe three, among many, of that gallant and noble minded officer's letters, written at a subsequent period. These letters are not only precious to myself, as conveying the expression of his regard for my high spirited father, who, hastily ordered to join the squadron on the eve of engagement with the enemy, was made prisoner, and was present with him at the moment of my visit; but important to the public because they breathe that high toned and chivalrous spirit which are the characteristics of the generous British seaman. Who can fail to esteem and love the memory of the man who expresses himself so feelingly on the subject of his successful rival in glory! Commodore Perry is now no more, but his relatives will hail with satisfaction a fellow-hero's tribute which I have not hitherto had an opportunity of giving to the world.

Independently of my vivid recollection of the generous Barclay, a thousand others flitted across my mind, as I found myself in the vicinity of the scenes of my early service. Every object that I beheld offered some exciting reminiscence of the past. There, in

* See Appendix, Nos. 10, 11 & 12.

for their common country, points out to them as his proper haven of repose.

With what mixed, yet glowing feelings had I drawn nearer to this spot, so often reverted to in my dreams, as I had known it in my boyish days, and how sadly, how painfully were they now thrown back upon my heart. The very people seemed to me, as I landed from the American steamer, upon the decayed wharf, to have shared in the general ruin and desolation of the place. Some familiar faces there were, but these were cold, unmeaning, and cheerless as the aspect of the town itself; and although, in one or two instances, the hand of an old school-fellow was held out to me, it lacked energy, warmth, vitality. The animal spirits of the man appeared to have been withered up, and the decadence of the moral energy of the inhabitants to have been in proportion with the desolation that reigned around.

There was no enduring this, and having seen my baggage landed and disposed of, I hastened to find my way into the town. As I entered the principal street, which ran parallel with the river, a thousand recollections of by-gone days flashed upon my mind. There was the spot on which had stood the house (since burnt down) in which my younger days had been nurtured. Close to it had stood the "cage" or prison which I had so often been threatened while yet in the nursery, and in which the "Simon Gattie" of my Canadian Brothers (soon afterwards published) had so frequently been made to do penance for his inebriety. There was the gate leading to the wharf (distinct from that on which I had landed, and also tumbling to decay) where my youthful piscatorial prowess had so often been tested; here the well-remembered "store" against which I had so often pitched my marbles, causing me many a pinch of the ear from the occupier by reason of the disturbance I created. But why multiply examples? In every part I saw something to remind me of the past, and yet to remind me painfully, for my feelings were no longer the feelings of my youth, and I half blushed to think that I, a man of the world and imbued with the world's selfishness, should have had my infancy nurtured in so primitive a spot, and amid so generally uncouth a population as that which greeted my eye at every turn. How truly applicable to my condition at that moment are the following lines, by whom written I know not, but taken subsequent to this event from a periodical of the day:—

NATURE'S FAREWELL.

"The beautiful is vanished, and returns not."

A youth rode forth from his childhood's home,
Through the crowded paths of the world to roam,
And the green leaves whispered, as he past,
"Wherefore, thou dreamer, away so fast?"

"Knewest thou with what thou art parting here,
Long wouldst thou linger in doubt and fear.
'Thy heart's light laughter, thy sunny hours,
'Thou hast left in our shades with the spring's wild flowers.

"Under the arch, by our mingling maid,
'Thou and thy brother have gaily played,
Ye may meet again, where ye roved of yore;
But as ye have met, oh! never more!"

On rode the youth, and, the boughs among,
Thus the free birds o'er his pathway sang:
"Wherefore so fast into life away?
'Thou art leaving for ever thy joy in our lay.

"Thou mayest come to the summer woods again,
And thy heart have no echo to greet their strain:
Afar from the foliage its love will dwell:
A change must pass o'er thee. Farewell! farewell!"

On rode the youth, and the freshets and streams
Thus mingled a voice with his joyous dreams:
"We have been thy playmates through many a day:
Wherefore thus leave us? oh! yet delay!"

"Listen but once to the sound of our mirth:
For thee, 'tis a melody passing from earth:
Never again wilt thou find in its flow,
The peace it could once on thy heart bestow.

"Thou wilt visit the scenes of thy childhood's glee,
With the breath of the world on thy spirit free:
Passion and sorrow, its depth will have stirred,
And the singing of waters be faintly heard.

"Thou wilt bear in our glad some laugh no part:
—What should it do for a burning heart!
Thou wilt bring to the banks of our freshet rill,
'Thirst which no fountain on earth may still.

"Farewell! When thou comest again to thine own,
Thou wilt miss from our music its loveliest tone.
Mournfully true is this tale we tell:
Yet, on, fiery dreamer! Farewell! farewell!"

And a something of gloom on his spirit weighed,
As he caught the last sounds of his native shade:
But he knew not till many a bright spell broke,
How deep were the oracles Nature spoke!

But although the town was, as I have already remarked merely the ruin of what it had been, such had been the effect of the introduction of troops into the country, that it was gradually emerging from the state of supineness and inactivity into which it had fallen; and indeed so great was the demand for houses, notwithstanding the erection of so many new buildings, that I could not hire a house, however small, at any price, and had the utmost difficulty in obtaining a suitable accommodation. And here it may be observed, that if the rebellion has been attended with no other good to Canada, its military occupation has been in itself a boon which leaves it difficult to determine whether the province has most gained or most lost by the events of the past few years. Until that period, the country had been regarded at home with an indifference that could well account for its rapidly increasing poverty and its degeneration; and when we consider the vast importance of Canada to the empire, furnishing as its trade now does a nursery for three fourths of the seamen of Great Britain, one cannot but entertain surprise at that absence of political economy which should have left to the working of faction and discontent, the true means of developing its rich resources. My remarks in regard to Amherstburgh, apply equally to all those towns in the province which had formerly enjoyed the advantage of military and naval stations, but which a long interval of peace had, in depriving them of that means of enriching themselves, also deprived of the spirit of enterprise. No sooner were the troops again quartered in these places, than they sprang up in renewed strength, and the vigor infused into them gave earnest of the commensurate return to the country which had at length awakened to a sense of its own interests, in promoting those of the colony. The Government of Great Britain will do well to bear in mind, that if the enormous trade of Canada constitutes an enduring nursery for her seamen, in no less degree does it soil afford the same advantage to her soldiery. As a large standing army must be kept up, there is no country where a great portion of it can be maintained at a less cost (putting aside the question of desertion) than in Canada; and, as a matter of political economy, the greater that army, the better for the interests of the empire; for the consumption of home manufactures is necessarily increased, not only by this force, but by the increased emigration which will be induced, under its protection, to settle in the country. Not this alone. There would ever be an army present to awe down disaffection, and to maintain British supremacy inviolate, and surely if our possessions in India and in other parts of the world, require the presence, and by the protection afforded to commerce, amply repay the expense of a large body of troops, there can be no good reason assigned why a similar establishment should not be maintained in Canada. The very proximity of the province to the United States, renders it as much a measure of precaution that the one should be guarded against foreign aggression and domestic discord, as that the others should be surrounded by the imposing military strength which, not only keeps the conquered natives in subjection, but defends them against the fierce enemies who dwell on their outskirts. The larger the army in Canada, the more will the empire, both in a political and in a commercial point of view, be benefitted.

While at Amherstburgh, I went on two or three occasions to its small Episcopal Church, at which by the way officiated a clergyman of very austere manners, and unjustifiably prone to indulge in personalities against particular portions of his flock; sometimes compelling parties to leave the service with a mixed feeling of indignation and disgust which it ill comported with the duties of his position to excite. The first time I visited it, I was struck by the appearance of a beautiful willow tree, its sea-green branches floating gracefully, in the gentle breeze of a summer day, over a grave the sward of which was green and fresh as the first bloom of beauty, and occasionally shading the light thrown upon the pulpit, that adjoined a window looking on this part of the burial ground. When the service had terminated, I inquired over whose grave this beautiful and drooping tree had been planted, and was told that he who reposed under its branches was my next and favorite brother. He had been wounded in action at the early age of fourteen years, had lingered long and painfully for many months, yet had gradually and, to a large appearance, wholly recovered. Consumption, however, had resulted from the constant exfoliation from a limb which had been severely shattered, but which he never would consent to have taken off; and death had terminated, a few years afterwards, the existence of as gallant a youth as ever entered the service of his Sovereign. He had received a positive order to remain behind on an expedition of some importance undertaken against the enemy, but, generously disobeying that order, he joined the army about an hour before it was engaged, and was almost one of the first who fell, both bones of the right leg having been shattered by a musket ball, while in the act of applying a match to a field-piece. When we last parted, at the conclusion of the American war, he had just thrown aside the crutches which he had used for nearly a year, and expressed to me the most sanguine expectation of his speedy recovery. The hope proved delusive, and it was fated that I should never behold him more.

I relate this anecdote chiefly with a view to shew how truly

the heart of winter, and on firm and seemingly enduring ice, we had crossed with heavy artillery, and surrounded by hundreds of stealthily gliding Indians, to the attack of an American army which we defeated and destroyed. Here, in summer, we had crossed the lake in batteaux on an expedition of a similar kind, and attended by a similar result; and ever, on these occasions, enjoying the rude song of the men, or their quaint recital of some anecdote, provoking the laugh of their officers, as, in treating of the differences of condition of the soldier in war and in peace, I have already remarked.

When we had crossed the bar, and drawn nearer to the river at the mouth of which the little town of Amherstburg is situated, the feeling of desolation which had been gathering in my mind, amounted to absolute painfulness. There was a stillness—a nakedness—a vacuity about everything, as we approached it, that, but for the leading features of the beautiful scenery, might have led one to doubt its identity. Before the town, and bounding with it the narrow channel for vessels of the deepest burden navigating the lakes, had once pleasingly arrested the eye of the stranger, a small island of extreme beauty of shape, and covered with a dense and luxuriant foliage. Nothing could then have been more picturesque than this island, which is about three-quarters of a mile in length and half a mile in breadth, covered as it was with the wigwams and watchfires of the Indians. Now it had been disfigured in every direction by the bad taste of the commander of the garrison, who, in consequence of the patriots having sometime previously landed on the island, had hesitated not to sacrifice a scene of surpassing beauty to their apprehension of a danger which in fact existed no longer. In order to deprive them of the possibility of shelter in the dense cover of the tall and verdant wood, he had caused the axe to be laid at the root of trees which had existed for ages, and in removing the dark curtain which the sun invariably goldened with his rays, before dipping finally from the view, destroyed a beauty which no human hand—no human ingenuity can renew.

Then, again, in the harbor, where so often had resounded the busy hammer of the ship-builder, and where had floated seven godly barks of war, manned by crews eager for an encounter with their enemy, and where had waved the proud pennants of England, scarce a sound was to be heard—scarce an evidence of human life was to be seen. Beyond the fort the same monotonous stillness prevailed. Then, gathered around the house of council which had since disappeared, had been collected three thousand warriors taken from at least twenty different tribes. These, clad in their wild costume, and formidable in their war paint, had contributed by their presence to give an air of animation to the scene, which was furthermore increased by that of their wives and children. At the period at which I had last seen them assembled on that ground they counted not less than ten thousand souls. Now there was not the faintest vestige of an encampment, and if a solitary Indian exhibited himself, he was so changed in character and in appearance from the warriors of those days, and presented so uninteresting an exterior in his unbecoming garb of civilization, that his presence only added to the melancholy of the feelings induced by the contemplation of the change.

Nay, the very town itself had altered its character, and, instead of making that progress which should have been looked for in a new and enterprising country, had, by the operation of very unfavourable circumstances, retrograded in the very proportion in which it should have advanced. The streets were dull and dirty, the houses of wood, which then were bright and pure in tasteful colors, were now almost without a shadow of the paint which, formerly, had adorned them, and ruin and dilapidation seemed to have done their slow and quiet work of destruction in every object that had once been familiar to my eye. Often, in my dreams, had I revisited this spot, and imagination had treacherously, and with startling fidelity, decked it in the hues which were most familiar to my mind—nay, so vividly had the future been represented, that I could not but feel deep pain when the chilling reality stood, in all its nakedness, before me.

But who has ever returned to the home of his boyhood, after an absence such as mine had been, full of the confidence of meeting its well remembered scenes, and yet not felt his heart to sink within him, when, instead of the warm greeting of familiar acquaintances—animate and inanimate—he finds himself almost a stranger to everything he beholds.

How is it that the sympathies cling so fondly, and with such tenacity, to the early past? There are certainly no very pleasant impressions with the maturer man arising from the recollections of his boyhood. The lecturings of parents, the flagellations of tutors, and the spirit of pugnacity which every where throughout the universe prevails among children, whether of the same family or strangers, marking the incipient cruelty and selfishness which characterizes his after life, leave, one would incline to believe, little cause for regret that these scenes never can be renewed: and yet, notwithstanding all the alacrity with which we throw off that then hateful thralldom—in despite of all the pleasure with which we leaped into new life, dissociating ourselves from all that tended to clog our early hopes and aspirations, when Time has woven the web of wisdom or experience around our vision, causing the eye

no longer to view, through an illusive medium, the things of life such as our young imaginations had loved to paint them, but to gaze on the stern reality—how do we incline to recal these days of our infancy, which we then regarded with loathing and dislike, but which a long and intimate communion with the selfish world, had taught us to discover was but the state of early preparation for the after trials of the heart, and the least unhappy of the existence of unhappiness accorded to man.

I had first breathed the breath of life near the then almost isolated Falls of Niagara—the loud roaring of whose cataract had, perhaps, been the earnest of the storms—and they have been many—which were to assail my after life. My subsequent boyhood, up to the moment, when at fifteen years of age, I became a soldier, had been passed in a small town (Amherstburg) one of the most remote, while, at the same time, one of the most beautifully situated in Canada. I had always detested school, and the days that were passed in it, were to me days of suffering, such as the boy alone can understand. With the reputation for some little capacity, I had been oftener flogged than the greatest dunce in it, perhaps as much from the caprice of my tutor as from any actual wrong in myself—and this had so seared my heart—given me such a disgust for Virgil, Horace, and Euclid, that I often meditated running away, and certainly should have gratified the very laudable inclination, had I not apprehended a severity from my father—a stern, unbending man, that would have left me no room for exultation at my escape from my tutor. It was therefore a day of rejoicing to me when the commencement of hostilities on the part of the United States, and the unexpected appearance of a large body of their troops, proved the signal of the “break up” of the school, or college, (for by the latter classical name was known the long, low, narrow stone building, with two apologies for wings springing at right angles from the body), and my exchange of Cæsar’s Commentaries for the King’s Regulations and Dundas. The transition was indeed glorious, and in my joy at the change which had been wrought in my position, I felt disposed to bless the Americans for the bold step they had taken.

Time passed—I had seen a good deal of active service during the war which succeeded, and had glided through nearly fifteen months, emancipated from the hated shackles of a scholastic life, and growing daily more and more wedded to my new pursuits, when, at length, notwithstanding the stupendous efforts of my regiment to continue the defence of that particular section of the country entrusted to them, they were overwhelmed by numbers, and defeat and capture were the result. The last time I passed through the home of my boyhood, it was as a prisoner of war. The place was filled with American irregular troops, and the usual excesses and spoliations had been committed. It could not therefore have been with much reluctance that I quitted a scene offering so little temptation to remain in it, nor can it be supposed that, with the feelings I have just expressed, I then entertained any great desire to return.

But notwithstanding all this—even although my after life had been passed amid scenes of excitement, in which a recollection of the simple and unobtrusive cares of my early years could scarcely be expected to enter—albeit the fascinations of the most polished capital of Europe had thrown their potent influence around me, to such a degree that, in the meridian of life’s enjoyment, I had never cared to revisit it, and even during periods when the pleasures or business of life had diverged the attention into a different channel: often and often, had memory recalled those scenes, every street, every house, every thought, every remarkable incident connected with the past, and this with so great fidelity and force, that I have had difficulty, on awakening, to satisfy myself I had but dreamt. Dreams have insensibly a tendency to excite an interest in the human heart for the object dreamt of, and the oftener this be repeated, and the more vivid the picture, the more endearing will be the feeling of attachment for the original. Thus, to cite an instance which must be familiar to every mind, it often happens that a person of one sex will dream of one of the other, for whom, previously, coldness, or indifference, or even aversion, had been entertained, but by the operation of an influence over which there can be no possible control of the will, and which, in contradistinction to the “animal,” may be considered and called “moral” magnetism, the most radical change is effected, and a most powerful passion for the person dreamt of thereby engendered.

If so, then, in regard to those who are originally indifferent to us, how much more powerful must be the desire of beholding them once more, when we dream of scenes that were endeared to our infancy, no matter what the circumstances of disadvantage under which we became familiar with them. They whom a proximity to the home of their boyhood robs of the pleasing, painful, aching desire of beholding it once more, and of feasting the eye on each well-remembered feature, know not the deep, the intense gratification of the wanderer who, after an absence of years, rendered even more exciting by distance, finds himself at length about to realize the anticipations of a life, and approaching that goal which nature, who directs the love of the individual man for his home, even as she does that of the mass

it has been remarked that the romance of real life is often more stirring than that of fiction. During the greater part of the time occupied in the church service, my eye had continued to dwell in admiration upon this beautiful tree, which cast its high shadows at intervals upon the window I have alluded to; but little did I imagine at the time that it drooped over him who had been the companion of my boyhood, and a sharer in the military glories which had commenced even at that tender period of our existence. Life to me had lost most of those charms with which, in the exuberance of our bright and youthful anticipations, we had too sanguinely invested it; and as I afterwards visited the grave and marked the stillness, the beautiful repose of all around, broken only by the faint and almost inaudible whispering of the light air through the gracefully yielding foliage of the willow, I half desired to share in the lovely grave of him over whom it seemed to mourn.

CHAPTER VIII.

Finding it impossible to procure a house in Amherstburgh, we made our dwelling of a den in Sandwich, a small village about twenty miles up the river, and the spot from which General Brock embarked on the occasion of the capture of the American fortress of Detroit, nearly opposite. The gable end of this house fronted the street, and was ornamented, at the angle of the sloping roof, with a suspicious looking projection and pulley that very much likened it to the residence of a hangman who does business on his own account. The two rooms below were just large enough to enable the body to be turned, without rubbing the coat or petticoat which covered that body against the white-washed, or rather yellow-washed, wall; but the twin brother, or twin sister, rooms above, it required some dexterity, and not a little practice in the art of dodging and stooping, to move in without bumpings innumerable on the cranium. In all, there were four rooms and an apology for a kitchen, the whole occupying the space of a moderate-sized drawing-room, and for this bountiful accommodation I was only charged at the moderate rate of forty pounds a year. Still, as it was the only house to be had, we were glad to have wherewithal to shelter our heads for the few months I purposed remaining.

The town and people of Sandwich, I found precisely in the same condition of apathy and poverty with those I had so recently quitted, so that I was glad to avail myself of all opportunities of crossing to the American shore, where I was much better known than in Canada, and where I ever experienced a hospitality and kindness which I can never forget. At Detroit, and in its immediate vicinity, was laid the chief scenes of my Indian tale of "Wacousta," and as the Americans are essentially a reading people, there was scarcely an individual in the place who was not familiar with the events described in it, while, on the contrary, not more than one twentieth of the Canadian people were aware of the existence of the book, and of that twentieth not one third cared a straw whether the author was a Canadian or a Turk. Nor is this remark meant to apply simply to the remote region I was now visiting, but to hundreds of the more wealthy classes in all sections of the province.

It has been the custom in all ages, and in all countries, for men of education and acquirement to join in testifying regard for their authors, however mediocre their talent; and even in the United States—the last country which has given birth to men of genius and literary accomplishments—we find the caterers to the republic of letters treated with that consideration, which the civilized world has agreed in according to them. In Canada, they have this yet to learn and practice. Not, be it remembered, that I accuse the whole of my countrymen of being so absorbed in the pursuit of pounds, shillings, and pence, as to have utterly lost sight of the conveniences of life. There has been one exception, and this I have the greater satisfaction in recording, because it occurs among those who, not being so richly endowed with the gifts of fortune, were the last to have been expected to take the initiative in the matter. The compliment conveyed to me through the following letter, which was sent to me while absent from Sandwich, is no doubt far beyond any incidental merit I may possess, still it is the only document indicative of honor or approval that I have ever received since my return to my native country. It is the only bays that has been offered to me in Canada, and I must be permitted to wear it, for when I die it is to be hoped this book will survive me:—

GOSFIELD, February 20th, 1846.

—, A Committee, composed of John Scratch, J. P.; Thomas Hawkins, M. D.; and Thomas Brush, Esquires, appointed to make all necessary preparations, in order to commemorate the battle of Point-au-Pelée Island, by a public dinner, request me to make known to you a hope that you will honor them with your presence on the 3rd of March next, at the Gosfield Hotel, yourself, Colonel John Prince, M. P., and the Reverend William Johnston, Rector of Sandwich, being invited as the guests of a highly respectable portion of your fellow subjects of the county of Essex.

The Committee would beg, through me, to inform you that this small testimony of the esteem entertained for you by your grateful countrymen, is but another way of evincing their respect and admiration of the man of talents, the gallant soldier, and the accomplished gentleman.

For myself, except of my warmest wishes for your future welfare, and rest assured that I shall ever feel proud, as an adopted Canadian, to hear

some distinguish the character of a gentleman who, by the splendor of his genius, has shed an additional lustre on his native country.

I have the honor to remain, with high consideration, &c.,

—, Sandwich.

L. C. KEARNEY, Secy.

The above is certainly couched in strong language, and were it not, as I have already remarked, that it is the only document indicative of a desire to do honor to me in my native land, I should have hesitated to publish it. Let it not, however, be supposed, that it has had the slightest tendency to create in my mind any undue estimate of my "genius," as the letter flatteringly terms the pourtrayings of my pen. No man less than I do, possesses the vanity of authorship. I look upon the art of ingenious writing, not as a merit, but a mere incidental gift, for which one is more indebted to nature than to judicious application. The mechanic possesses the same in a variety of ways, and I regard the works of many of these with a wonder and admiration surpassing even those which are produced by a contemplation of the more elegant and accomplished arts of painting and sculpture, and yet I am familiar with the *chef d'œuvres* in both. Painting and sculpture are, after all, but imitations,—splendid, I grant, but still imitations. The exquisite beauty of the perfect human form is placed before the artist as a model, and the whole secret is to copy with accuracy and fidelity. I am far from wishing to convey a belief that nicety of execution, in those more refined occupations, does not require both inspiration and genius; but the inspiration is one of thoughts which are familiar to the mind, and the genius has a tangible foundation on which to build. But in mechanics how different! There is no model no design on which, or after which, to erect a structure. For instance, in the construction of the higher orders of mechanism, both of an ancient and modern date, what inexhaustible powers of imagination have been put forth in order to invent, combine, mould, harmonize, and finally give life and motion to that on which the eye has never hitherto gazed, and which has alone been woven on the labyrinthine meshes of the brain. Such have ever been my sentiments, such my views in regard to the relative bearings of the fine arts to the more complicated mechanics, and even at the hazard of being accused of having "no music in my soul," do I now avow them. Not, be it understood, that I look upon mechanics with anything approaching to the enthusiasm with which I have gazed on the breathing Venus de Medici in the Louvre, or the glowing Madonna of a Raphael; but because I conceive that there is more of absolute genius in one than in the other. If, therefore, I regard painting and sculpture as requiring far less ingenuity than certain complicated operations in mechanism, how much less in the scale of comparison must I necessarily class literature, and particularly that lighter literature which is embraced in works of fiction. The power so to weave together the incidents of a tale that they may be made comprehensible and attractive to the reader, is a mere gift, which some persons possess in a greater or less degree than others; and can reflect no more credit upon him who is endowed with it, than can reasonably be claimed by any man or woman who has been, by nature, fortunately gifted with personal beauty and attraction superior to that enjoyed by the generality of their kind. A man who chances to possess this advantage, cannot write ill if he would; neither, if nature has been lavish of her bounties, and made him what is called a man of talent, can he employ that talent in a less luminous way, whether for good or evil, than nature herself has assigned and willed. It costs him no effort, and therefore there cannot be said to be much merit.

These, then, being my honest impressions, it may be asked wherefore it is that I allude, in a spirit of censure and complaint, to the absence of honoring notice by their countrymen, of the literary effusions of the few Canadian writers we have. The answer to this is very simple: Because it is the custom of the civilized world, and has been such for ages; and however I may differ from that world in my estimate of the lighter literature of the day, still as all are agreed in rendering honor to those whom they have invested with an overrated merit, the exception is so gross and glaring as to form a proper subject for animadversion. Where nations unite among themselves to elevate their men of letters, and when it is universally admitted that their efforts reflect favorably upon the land of their birth, and tend to raise it in the scale of civilization, any deviation from a principle so sacred and acknowledged, can only be regarded as a slight, whether originating in ignorance or in wilfulness. True, I have elsewhere remarked that the Canadians are not a reading people. Neither are they: but yet there are many hundreds of educated men in the country, who ought to know better,—who possess a certain degree of public influence, and who should have been sensible that, in doing honor to those whom the polished circles of society, and even those of a more humble kind, have placed high in the conventional scale, they were adopting the best means of elevating themselves. England prides herself on her innumerable host of literary men; France, on hers; Scotland renders homage to the shades of Scott and Burns; Ireland boasts of the versatility of talent of her many eminent writers. Every nation in the Old World has done honor to the profession of letters, and the United States, in the New, glories, and justly glories, in the well-won reputation of her gifted Cooper; nay, if I mistake not, the land of reciprocity of pollution and crime—New South Wales—has not shown herself so degraded as not to seek for honorable estimation, by producing and encouraging or two native authors who have recently flourished amongst them.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE COMMISSIONER OF CROWN LANDS seems to be exceedingly indignant at the presumption of the Editor of the EXPOSITOR in laying bare the abuses of his office. Either he or Mr. Bouthillier have a horror of the very idea of the paper falling into the hands of their clerks, who may very naturally be led to look with some degree of contempt upon these well-paid lazy officials—who do but little, yet always contrive that that little shall be wrong. "The Commissioner of Crown Lands will not take these papers," appears on an envelope enclosing those numbers of the EXPOSITOR which contain charges of peculation in the department. Of a verity Mr. Papineau is wrong. He should not reject that advice which it is his duty to the public to act upon. But if, like the ostrich, he and Mr. Bouthillier (and we confess we do see some resemblance to that not very bright bird), fancy that by not reading those strictures which the long admitted infamy of conduct of their department render imperative, the public will not see them because they cannot see themselves, they may one of these days find their Augean Stable thoroughly cleansed, and themselves expelled, amid the mass of corruption that will be cast forth from it. Mr. Papineau should take example from the Receiver General, who likes the EXPOSITOR so well, that he has expressed a desire, which we have complied with, to have it sent to his private residence. That the Receiver General is a man of sense

ALEXANDER MATHIESON has addressed to us a long communication, in reference to the anecdote which appears in the EIGHT YEARS IN CANADA, touching the obstruction upon Lord Durham of the Minister going to Lancaster. At present we will content ourselves with remarking that, in the book form in which the work in question will later appear, the error as to the steamer on board which the circumstance happened, and which was pointed out to us long before Alexander Mathieson's letter reached us, will be duly corrected. We do not, however, think it of much consequence whether the affair occurred on board the Coburgh or the Highlander—or on the Upper Lake, or between Cornwall and the Coteau. It did occur, and, of course, the apologist of Mr. McNaughton has his version of the story, while the writer of the EIGHT YEARS IN CANADA has his. The corrected account which will appear in the book, has been supplied to us, as far as locale is concerned, by a gentleman confessedly of the highest standing in the city. Of the manner and nature of the intrusion alluded to, the opinion of the author has been framed on the statements of others. By the way, where does Alexander Mathieson obtain the EXPOSITOR. We have made enquiry, and there seems to be no such name on our list. This is hardly fair. We cannot afford to supply a whole generation with one copy of the paper. It requires careful nurture, and if this periodical so much interest Alexander Mathieson, why does he not subscribe to it?—We should like to know who Alexander Mathieson is.

ALL PARTIES desiring to subscribe to this paper may obtain it from the first number, including the EIGHT YEARS IN CANADA, on forwarding the amount of the subscription.

What has become of the CORNISH MINER? We should like to hear from him.

The address of our friend is changed, as he will perceive, according to his desire, from Cornwall to Martintown. Will he also bear us in mind.

THE

WEEKLY EXPOSITOR.

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, Nov. 12, 1846.

"LONDON RAILWAY RECORD."

This important journal, which disseminates throughout Great Britain, and indeed throughout the world, the most correct and interesting information in regard to railways, has, in its

number of the 10th October, noticed at some length, the account given in the EXPOSITOR of the final meeting held by the Stockholders in regard to the St. Lawrence and Atlantic Railway.

When we commenced the publication of the EXPOSITOR, which our London contemporary admits is conducted with "ability and vigour," we had certainly expected that, placing it at the very low price we did, the EXPOSITOR, as advocating the interests of Railway Stockholders, would have been supported by every individual holding a share. But we regret to say that not only has this not been the case, but few of these who have actually subscribed to the paper, comply with the terms of publication with any thing like cordiality or a desire to uphold what cannot but conduce most materially to the furtherance of their own objects.

We certainly deem that nothing can be more advantageous to the interests of the stockholders in the St. Lawrence and Atlantic Railway, than the notice which has been taken of their views, prospects, and exertions by a journal enjoying such high influence among English railway capitalists, as the paper which has so largely quoted from our columns; nor is it, under these circumstances, expecting too much that the EXPOSITOR, which is the medium of communication with those whose influence may induce the English capitalist to embark in railway speculations in Canada, should be supported by every shareholder.

All we will add here is, that if the paper does fall through, it will not be from any absence of effort of our own to sustain it. We have been the more zealous in the task, less from a regard to our own personal interests, than from an earnest desire to secure those who contributed to its establishment.—There are stockholders enough in Montreal alone to give to the "EXPOSITOR" as a Railway and Mining Intelligencer, that stability which a journal of the kind should possess—and we cannot yet abandon the expectation that they will do that for their own advantages which they might be inclined to deny to the paper itself.—We shall see.

PORTLAND AND ATLANTIC RAILWAY.

"From a new paper recently started at Montreal, under the title of "The Weekly Expositor and Railway and Mining Intelligencer," (and which, from the few numbers yet come to hand, seems to be conducted with ability and vigour,) we gather some interesting details of the Portland and Atlantic Railway. A few extracts will be interesting in this country. The article referred to is a report, or rather sketch, of a meeting of the proprietors, held on the 22nd of August, in Montreal.

The Hon. Mr. MOFFATT who presided, after stating that the meeting had been called in pursuance of the notice required by law, intimated its object to be, to ascertain whether the sense of the proprietors was in favour of the prosecution or abandonment of an enterprise which, he was happy to say, had been so successful since the meeting of the 10th inst., on the Champ de Mars, as to have received an accession of encouragement in a further disposal of shares amounting to upwards of 1,400.

The Report was then read. The following are its main points:—

Since the meeting of proprietors held on the

30th ult., 1,410 shares have been subscribed of the Company's stock, conditionally on the work being immediately commenced. The Directors have gratefully to acknowledge the strenuous assistance rendered to them by the Committee appointed at the last meeting to secure additional subscription; and they are happy in stating their belief that the information thus conveyed to the public has produced a thorough conviction of the vital importance of the railway, and of its decided claims to be regarded as a profitable investment for capital, independent of all other motives for its formation.

The present position of the Company's subscription list is, 3,964 shares held in Canada; 1,000 subscribed on account of future contracts in England, by the scrip-holders there; and 1,983 held by scrip-holders in Great Britain; giving a total of shares, 7,597.

Of this number, the Directors regard as available for the immediate prosecution of the work, 3,964 shares held in Canada; 650 shares subscribed in England; 750 shares of those subscribed on account of future contracts; making a total of 5,364 shares, or £268,200.

The shares held by scrip-holders in England the Directors do not feel warranted in taking into an account of their available means, inasmuch as these parties can relieve themselves of future liability by forfeiture of their first instalments. But, at the same time, the Directors would express their confident hope that the very different auspices under which they now meet the proprietors will remove that anxiety to withdraw from the enterprise which has, for some time, been manifested in England, and they consequently anticipate a considerable increase to the amount thus stated as now available.

Independent of the English scrip-holders, they have ample means to construct from fifty to sixty miles of the railway. That this portion of the road would, in their opinion, be productive in itself, and would enable the Directors to obtain sufficient means to complete the work to Sherbrooke—a point about thirty miles from the boundary line—and which, if once attained, the Directors feel sufficient confidence in the now awakened feeling in Montreal and the adjoining districts to believe that the additional amount required to complete this great work will be eventually subscribed.

A resolution, authorizing the Directors to proceed, was carried by acclamation.

Some remarks were made by the Honble. Mr. Harwood, of Vaudreuil, the object of which seemed to the meeting to be that the stockholders in England had not been sufficiently informed on the subject of the enterprise in which they had embarked their capital, and that this had been, in a great degree, the reason why they had evinced so much anxiety to back out of all connection with the St. Lawrence and Atlantic Railway.

The Honble. Mr. Moffatt contended that this was not the cause, but rather that it had been in consequence of the panic which had pervaded all England, from the overgrown working of the railway system, in that country. This alone he believed was the true reason of the anxiety of the English stockholders to withdraw from the obligations they had contracted in this scheme.

Mr. GALT felt it incumbent on him to offer an observation to the meeting. He had been the party deputed to act as the agent of the corporation in England; and so far from withholding any information from the Directors or Stockholders there, he had been on all occasions most solicitous to afford it. Mr. Galt's brief explanation was received with much cheering from the meeting.

"And thus (says the local editor,) has commenced an enterprise which, up to the moment of the determination to take action upon it, had agitated the minds of the great bulk of the population of Montreal with alternate hope and fear—hope that the good sense of those who had not joined in the great and national undertaking would eventually overstep the barriers of prejudice, and awaken to a proper appreciation of the advantages to be derived from it—fear that some petty interest or influence would blind them to the importance of the project, and thus take from it that strength which is to be found in combination and union alone. But the Rubicon is passed, and it is in vain to look back upon the

gulf which once seemed impassable. It will be seen from an advertisement in this day's paper that contracts for the work are already advertised for."

ST. LAWRENCE AND ATLANTIC RAILWAY.

We find in the same journal the following notice of another meeting:—

The annual meeting of the Stockholders of the Atlantic and St. Lawrence Railway was held at the City Hall, Portland, on the 4th of August.

Judge PEARLE, on behalf of the Board of Directors, submitted a Report of the operations of the Company since the organization of the Company, September 25, 1845.

The number of shares taken is 10,309; the advance of 5 per cent. was paid on 9,836; the payment of 5 per cent. on 931 shares was also secured by bond, and 82 shares had been declared forfeited for nonpayment.

On the August assessment, one-fifth was paid up the first day.

The Company have expended about 17,000 dollars, of which sum 10,959 dolls. 84 c. was for surveys.

Three routes had been surveyed, and a location finally adopted; 12 miles are under contract, and in process of construction; and 20 miles further will be under contract and completed next year.

The Company have about 50,000 dollars cash in their treasury. The greatest harmony and enthusiasm are evinced in carrying on the work.

HENRI HERZ, THE PIANIST:

The following is an extract from a letter which we received from an old and esteemed friend in Paris, by the last English Mail:

"By the way, I wrote to you by Mr. Henri Herz, the celebrated Pianist, who has left for the United States and Canada, with the intention of making a musical tour in those countries where his name is so well known."

Of the high talent of this gentleman—nay, the almost superhuman power he seems to have acquired over the Piano, the following extract from the last number we have received of that ably conducted periodical the *New York Albion*, will afford the Canadian reader a sufficient indication. We doubt not that the reception of this distinguished magician—for such, after what we read in the *Albion*, we cannot fail to pronounce him to be—will be at once brilliant and flattering in Canada. No lady who has ever laid an ivory finger on a scarcely more brilliant or polished ivory key, will, we are assured, fail to pay the homage of her presence to the accomplished master of her art. We think we know one highly intellectual fair one, who discourses brilliant music in the dullest town we ever set our foot in, whom nearly a hundred miles of distance will not prevent from wending her way to Montreal to hear Henri Hertz when he does make his appearance:—

"The second concert of Mr. Herz was given on Thursday, and his reception was most enthusiastic; indeed it is difficult to convey to our distant readers the effect that has been produced on the public mind by the wonderful efforts of Sivori on the violin and Herz on the piano. All the usual terms fall short in giving any adequate idea of the impression produced on the audience by these wonderful men. No one ever believed that instruments could be made to speak so exquisitely—that tones so heavenly could be produced from inanimate matter. The hacknied term enthusiasm, gives no idea of the feeling excited in the listener; he is rapt in intense admiration, and the next moment melted to tears; and the conviction rushes to his mind that he is enthralled

by some unearthly melody that comes not from human hands.

"The performance of Mr. Herz on Thursday exceeds our powers of description. It was a combination of the grand and the beautiful, which reached every heart, and led captive all our sensibilities and emotions, and enchained our admiration at the foot of the charmer. Truly the season of 1846 will be a memorable epoch in the annals of music in this hemisphere.

"The following is a programme of the performance; it will long be held in the memories of those who were present:—

"PART 1.—1. Grand Overture, from 'Il Pirata,' executed by the Orchestra, Bellini. 2. Duo, Mrs. E. Loder and Miss Korsinsky, Rossini. 3. A new Grand Concerto, (the fourth) Piano Forte and Orchestra. 1. Adagio Sentimentale. 2. Rondo Russe, composed and executed by Henri Herz. 4. Romance, from 'Ana Bolen,' sung by Miss Korsinsky, Donizetti. 5. Grand Fantasia, from 'Lucia di Lammermoor,' (by general desire) composed and executed by Henri Herz.

PART 2.—1. Grand Overture, executed by the Orchestra, Kalliwoda. 2. Aria, Mrs. E. Loder, 'Ah che forse,' Bonfichi. 3. Brilliant Duett on Moses in Egypt, for Piano Forte and Violin, executed by Signor Rapetti and Henri Herz, composed by Henri Herz and Lafont. 4. Song from 'La part du Diable,' sung by Miss Korsinsky, Auber. 5. Variations (di Bravura) on the celebrated Terzett from 'Le pre' aux Clercs,' with orchestral arrangements, composed and executed by Henri Herz.

The two Piano Fortes are from Mr. Henri Herz's own factory in Paris, and have been awarded at the National Exhibition of 1844, the Grand Gold Medal of the first degree."

LORD ELGIN AND LADY MARY LAMBTON.

Before his departure for this country, Lord Elgin will, if he has not already done so, lead one of the beautiful and accomplished daughters of the late Earl of Durham to the altar. This we truly rejoice to hear, for looking upon Lord Elgin as we do in the light of a Governor destined to accomplish the Federal Union of the British North American Provinces, as planned by his noble predecessor, it will be a source of deep satisfaction to us—ever a warm admirer of Lord Durham—to see the Countess Elgin witnessing, as the consort of a Governor of Canada, the triumph of those enlarged principles, a perseverance in which in a great measure drove her noble father from the country she now comes to adorn, and dimmed, though but for a moment, the lustre of a life past in the political service of his Sovereign. This, indeed, will be at once a triumph and a consolation.

Private letters from England state that his lordship will not leave for Canada until the close of the present month—the Countess in the Spring.

The *Times*, in adverting to the report of the marriage, finishes by remarking that "no selection could be made more welcome to the people of this country than the daughter of the late Countess of Durham." Does the *Times* mean to insinuate that a daughter of the Earl of Durham would be less acceptable; or does it fear to lose the favor of its subscribers by lauding those whom certain interested people in Canada have thought fit to censure?

LOUIS PHILIPPE AND SPAIN.

The following remarks, on the ambitious conduct of the King of the French, we copy from a recent number of the *Liverpool Albion*. The article throughout is powerfully written, and in a spirit of bitterness well suited to the subject. The writer is no unpractised hand, and may fairly take rank among the fiercest of the thunderers from Printing House Square:—

"Foreign politics are still rather exciting. From the United States we learn that President Polk has refused the mediation of England to settle the quarrel between him and Mexico. He probably relies for better terms upon some secret understanding with Santa Anna, which certainly must exist, seeing that that worthy gentleman was allowed to pass the blockading squadron without let or hindrance. But, then, Santa Anna is as slippery as an eel, as faithless as a weathercock, and as false as an estimate. If it is the safest plan for his selfishness, he will sell his country. If not, he will unscrupulously cheat Mr. Polk out of his passport and the dollars which he has probably received on account. Nearer home we find that the marriage *à la mode* between the French duke and the poor baby bought from her fiend of a mother has taken place. It seems to have been a very Jack Sheppardish and Jonathan Wildish sort of affair—a kind of Tarquin and Lucretia wedding, with the mockery of a priest present, and witnessed by horse, foot, and artillery without end. It is one of the worst cases of infant abduction ever heard of. In this country the punishment would have been hanging a short time since. Under the present law it is transportation for life. But such a crime will probably bring its own punishment with it upon the heads of all the conspirators concerned in it. It may, as we have said before, give the crown of Spain to the son of Don Carlos, by rousing the people of that country to drive out of it the wanton Christina and her daughters, who are, probably, no more the children of Ferdinand and the Seventh than of Ferdinand and the First. And, further, as the consequences of this vulgar crime, committed by royal sinners, become more and more developed, they will bring an awful retribution upon the Ahab of France, who is coveting his neighbour's kingdom as a Naboth's vineyard for his own family. Cunning often overreaches itself, and it does appear to us, as we cast a glance into the future, that Louis Philippe has involved himself in such a predicament by his present transgression of the laws of honor, honesty, morality, and common decency. He has kidnapped a child of twelve years old, with the connivance of her wicked and licentious mother, and he and all about him are in an ecstasy of delight at this *chef d'œuvre* of a Machiavellian policy. But let us wait and see. The end is not yet come, only "the beginning of it." Probably if the name England—England which was his friend and kept him on his throne when all the world was against him—were at this moment whispered in the ears of Louis Philippe, the hoary child-stealer, drunken with exultation, would laugh outright at the clever trick which he fancies and flatters himself that he has played us. But he may yet live to be "hoist on his own petard." "England!" he may be exclaiming, to his brother rogue, the Protestant Jesuit, Guizot, "England! who cares for England? we will break off our alliance with *la perfide Albion*, and unite ourselves more closely in the bonds of friendship with the Northern powers." Thus, however, is much more easily said than done. There can be no bargain without two parties consenting to it. The North-

Or despots will stipulate for certain terms and conditions of their own before they admit the Orleans interloper into the ranks of the legitimate sovereigns of Europe, even if they will allow him to pass muster among them at any price. The freedom which exists in France, cleverly as it has been curtailed by the King of the Barricades, is yet sufficient to be a rank offence in the eyes of the Russian autocrat, and the Meternich-led weakling of Austria, and his wavering Majesty of Prussia. They might, perchance, agree to tolerate Louis Philippe on the express condition that he should set his iron heel upon the remnant of liberty which the French people yet enjoy, and add his dominions to the howling wilderness and waste of slavery on the European continent. But, would he do this? We think not. France would be roused by the attempt, and speak her *veto* in a voice of thunder, which would shatter to pieces the new dynasty. The French are like a ticklish courser that goes, for a time, steadily on the road, and you think you have him well in hand. But something turns out wrong. The whip or the spur touches him accidentally, and the fiend is stirred within him, and he never rests until he unseats his rider. And such would be the fate of Louis Philippe should he attempt to crush the freedom of the French people at the fiat of the powers of the north. His rat-trap fortifications round Paris would not save him. A storm would be excited which would sweep him irresistibly away to deserved destruction. We do not, then, see how he is to escape from the dilemma in which he has so wilfully and wickedly involved himself. He has outraged Spain; he has estranged himself from and insulted England; the Northern despots will not play his game, unless he consents to play theirs, and this would be to lose France and his dearly-bought crown. How true are the lines

"O! what a tangled web we weave
When once we practise to deceive";

and, probably since the world began, no more striking illustration of this truism has been beheld than the one set before us at the present moment in the case and person of Louis Philippe.

MR. HOPKIRK.

We believe there is no doubt whatever that the Administration purpose giving to this individual the lucrative situation of Collector of Customs at Kingston. Indeed we know that he has already made certain arrangements, preparatory to his removal there. A greater piece of iniquity could not be perpetrated by any Government calling itself Responsible, for we all know that, under its stipulations, offices are only held during pleasure, and that it by no means follows when public expediency requires the removal of a party from one particular place, that another is to be provided for him.

And why has it been found necessary to remove Mr. Hopkirk at all? We will boldly give a reason which is very current, and that is, that Mr. Hopkirk has been accused of intriguing with the enemies of the Government under which he is serving—affording them information on subjects which were kept carefully from the conservative press, and yet found their way into the radical papers of Montreal.

Can we wonder at this? No. Mr. Hopkirk is a pupil—a *protégé*—of the radical Mr. Harrison, who brought him into his own office as a second-rate copying-clerk, while secre-

tary to Sir George Arthur, in Toronto; from which position he was elevated, very shortly afterwards, to be chief clerk, or, as we are told, assistant-secretary. Is it then to be supposed that he is not heart and soul in the interest of Mr. Harrison and his clique? But why provide for him? Or are there certain secrets in the Perpetual Secretary's Office, which it is found prudent should remain undivulged by him, whom it would be impolitic to provoke to a disclosure? We shall return to this subject next week.

The *Montreal Pilot*, after a lapse of several weeks, has replied to our observations on the 19th of September, and the reply is marked by the coarseness of manner habitual, we believe, with that paper. It has failed, however, to shake our statements, because they were founded on facts and documents which were then and there presented. The editor of the *Pilot* does not even deny the imputation of having been privy to McKenzie's rebellion without revealing it to the proper authorities; or that he "stood with his arms folded" without rendering any assistance towards putting that rebellion down. He contents himself with the use of coarse expressions, of "stupidity," &c., because, we suppose, we are apt to be dull and incredulous when rebels and traitors try to pass off for loyal men and good subjects.

It is so long since we last addressed ourselves to the *Pilot*, that many, perhaps, have forgotten what we then stated. Should any feel interested in this matter, we advise them to refer to our article of the 19th of Sept. We expressed, on a former occasion, our disapprobation of the course of Sir Charles Bagot in dismissing loyal men from his councils, and taking into his confidence those in whom the loyal subjects of the Queen had no confidence. Has the reply of the Editor of the *Pilot* weakened our statements on this point as regards himself?—We have also said that Mr. Lafontaine—another of those objectionable persons whom Sir Charles Bagot took into his confidence—had shown an ungenerous and vindictive spirit towards Mr. Ogden, whose office, that of Attorney General, he, Mr. Lafontaine, obtained. This the *Pilot* denied in its usual style, but we proved our statements by the published correspondence, and particularly by Mr. Lafontaine's own letter, dated the 17th of September, 1842.

But the *Pilot* shelters itself under the false and paltry subterfuge that "Responsible Government," as it is called, existed at that time in Canada, and that, therefore, Mr. Ogden had no more claim for compensation on being ejected from office, than Sir Robert Peel when superseded by Lord John Russell. This is a false view of the matter. Colonial usage had always recognised the principle, that when an officer was removed from his office without fault, another was given to him, or that he was otherwise provided for. The responsible government system had not then set this usage entirely aside, as is shown from the fact that Sir Charles Bagot insisted that some provision should be made for Mr. Ogden before Mr. Lafontaine stepped into his shoes. Was, then, Sir Charles Bagot ignorant of the workings of responsible government? Was he, the idol of the *Pilot*, stupid, pig-headed, and ignorant? Her Majesty's Ministers, too, seeing the foul injustice that had been done to Mr. Ogden, and seeing, moreover, that justice was not likely to be obtained for him while such men as Mr. Hincks and Mr. Lafontaine were in office, gave him a handsome appointment at home, with the distinct and special understanding that it was conferred in compensation for his claims for services in Canada. Were, then, the Queen's Ministers untutored in the matter of responsible government? Were they

ignorant, stupid, and pig-headed? The *Pilot* must, indeed, presume largely on the stupidity of its own readers, when it puts forth such solemn nonsense.

Some of these remarks are, perhaps, distasteful to the editor of the *Pilot*; but he must remember that he was the aggressor, and sought the controversy; he must remember too, that he chose arbitrarily to deny our right to discuss Canadian politics, a right which it was necessary that we should vindicate. We have no wish to continue the discussion, because we think it profitless to our readers, as the Canadian people have long since made up their minds on such questions; but if the *Pilot* chooses to go on, we would advise it not to deny the inherent rights of Englishmen; to abate some of its vanity and self conceit, and, above all, to confine itself to the language commonly in use among gentlemen.—*New-York Albion*.

By this Morning's Mail.

LATE AND INTERESTING FROM GEN. TAYLOR'S ARMY.

Received at Albany by Electric Telegraph.

On the 29th ult. the steamship *Palmetto* arrived at New Orleans, in 36 hours from Galveston.—Among the passengers were several officers, who brought intelligence from Monterey to the 12th ult. They represent that the American troops in and about Monterey are quite pleased with the position of the place and the manners of the inhabitants. The latter certainly seem a degree higher in civilization than the people about Camargo and Matamoras.

There were various reports floating about the camp at Monterey respecting the movements of the Mexican army, but nothing authentic.

The following is the disposition of the army at Monterey: General Worth's division, with which is Blanchard's company of Louisiana Volunteers, attached to the 7th regiment garrisons the city. The 1st, 3rd and 4th regiments, and the brigade of artillery, with General Taylor's Staff, are encamped about four miles north of the city. The Kentucky, Tennessee and Georgia Volunteers are encamped a mile still further north of the city.

But few of the citizens remained in Monterey after its evacuation by the Mexicans, and but few of those who left have yet returned.

The prevalent opinion in camp was that there would be no more fighting, for Apudia actually had assured the deputation who arranged the terms of the armistice with him, that commissioners from the United States to treat of a peace were received by the Mexican Government. They are, however, of this long before now disbursed, for the bearer of despatches from Washington to General Taylor, had passed Camargo on his way to Monterey.

The number of our men killed and wounded, so far as ascertained, is 571. Many of the wounded were dying. Whenever a bone was touched, it was found difficult to effect a recovery of the patient. The number of killed and wounded on the side of the Mexicans is believed to be about 1200. There was no bound to hard fighting. The volunteers, when inside the city, exposed themselves as little as possible in the streets. They would enter a house at the extreme end of a street and fight their way from house to house—now on the roof and now in the interior—using the rifle with deadly effect all the time, and this accounts for the greater loss of their enemy. To their credit be it said, they never, in any instance, resorted to plunder.

The Mexican regular forces in the engagements were 8,000. Judging from the number of irregulars found killed, this branch of the enemy must have been very strong.

The Texan forces are all disbanded.

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.	From Laprairie.
6 1/2 o'clock, A. M.	7 1/2 o'clock, A. M.
4 do P. M.	10 do do.

RAIL-ROAD CARS.

From St. Johns.	From Laprairie.
9 o'clock, A. M.	10 o'clock, A. M.
	4 do P. M.

ON SUNDAYS.

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

FARES:

First Class Passengers, 6s.; Second Class Passengers, 2s. 6d.
All Freight to be paid for on delivery.
Application for Freight or Passage from Montreal, to be made on Board the *Prince Albert*.
RAILROAD OFFICE,
Montreal, November 6, 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 58, entitled, "An Act for making a Railroad from Lake Champlain to the River St. Lawrence" and particularly the provisions of the 47th Section of the said Act, so as to authorize the said Company to extend and construct a Branch of the Champlain and the St. Lawrence Railroad from some point on the present line of the same West of the River commonly called La Petite Riviere de 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.



NOTICE.

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

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

THE RECEIVER GENERAL is authorized to issue DEBENTURES, redeemable in Twenty Years, for the liquidation of 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 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.

NOTICE.

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

H. STEPHENS, HUGH ALLAN, JASON C. PIERCE, D. DAVIDSON, WILLIAM DOW, JOHN LEMING, WM. LUNN, J. B. SMITH, J. FORTINORAN, JNO. YOUNG, JOHN E. MILLS, T. H. HOLTON, D. L. MACDONNELL, BENJ. LYMAN, R. CORSE, DAVID T. BRANCE,	ANDREW SHAW, JAMES GILMORE, WM. EDMONSTONE, MOSES HAYS, JOSEPH MASSON, ROBERT MACEAY, O. BERTHELET, H. JUDAH, A. LAROCQUE, JO. ART, A. ZEPH BOURRET, M. DELISLE, W. ERNATINGER, W. C. MEREDITH, JOHN J. D'Y, GEO. ELDER, Junr.
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Montreal, September 14, 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.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

IN BANKRUPTCY.

In the matter of CHARLES LAROCQUE, Jr. FIRST DIVIDEND of this Estate, of 1s. 2d. in the £. is hereby payable at the Office of the Undersigned, on or after SATURDAY next, the 31st instant, from 12 to 2 o'clock.

THOMAS SEED,

ACCOUNTANT,
33, Little St. James Street.

October 29, 1846.

**University of McGill College,
MONTREAL.**

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

On Classical Literature—By the Rev. W. T. LEACH, A. M., Professor.
On Mathematics and Natural Philosophy—By EDMUND A. MEREDITH, L. L. B., (T.C.D.) Principal of the College.
On History—By the Rev. JOSEPH ABBOTT, A. M.
On French Literature and the French Language—By LEON D. MONTIER, Esquire.
All the above Courses will be commenced on TUESDAY next, the 22nd instant; but Students matriculating on or before the 20th instant, will be able to keep the Term.

Fees, £3 6s. 8d per Term, or £10 a-year. Board, including Fuel and Candles, £3 5s. a-month.

J. ABBOTT, A. M.,
Secretary.

Sept. 21, 1846.

ST. LAWRENCE AND ATLANTIC RAIL-ROAD.

NOTICE.

THE STOCKHOLDERS of the St. Lawrence and Atlantic Rail-Road Company, having, at their Special General Meeting, held on the 2nd instant, unanimously resolved upon the immediate commencement of the Rail-Road, whereby the Subscriptions for Shares of Stock conditional upon that resolve (received subsequent to the 30th ultimo) have become absolute, the Now Stockholders are requested to PAY the FIRST INSTALLMENT of £4 10s. Currency per Share, to the Treasurer, at the Company's Office, 18, Little St. James Street.

By order of the Board,
THOMAS STEERS,
Secretary.

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

IN BANKRUPTCY.

In the matter of JOHN KELLY & CO., Contractors and Carpenters, Montreal, BANKRUPTS.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the undersigned have been duly appointed Assignees to administer the Estate of the said Bankrupts.

GEORGE WEEKES,
JOHN G. DINNING, Assignees.

19th September, 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 FRIDAY, the 20th day of NOVEMBER next, at NOON.

The plan of the Ground, and plans and specifications relative to the manner of taking the water, &c., may be seen at this Office, on and after the 1st November, where any information as to terms of purchase, &c., may be obtained.

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

By order,
THOMAS A. DEGLY,
Secretary.

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

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

SPLINDID BUILDING

in Notre Dame Street, formerly the Property of WILLIAM BINGHAM, Esq., and the Vice-Regal Residence of Lords DUNHAM and SYDENHAM, which has been greatly enlarged and fitted with

EVERY CONVENIENCE & ORNAMENT
Eminent Comfort and Luxury can desire.

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

The Establishment has been furnished throughout with NEW AND COMELY 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 b 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 Pieces
Pipes Port Wine
Punchons Cuba Honey (Clear)
Bales Cuba Tobacco for Cigars
Roasted Coffee in Barrels
Green do in Bags
Seal Cod
Whale and } Oil
Dog
Barrels No. 1 Arichat Herring
High Herring in Boxes
10 M Superior Cuba Cigars
Bees' Wax, Plastic
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 "FERRIER, JASSET & Co's" First Quality CHAMPAGNE.
100 Baskets "JACQUESSEN'S" First Quality CHAMPAGNE.
150 Cases "BARTON & GUERIN'S" Superior CLARET.
5 Hogsheads Fine "ST. GEORGE'S" BURGUNDY.
75 Cases Cuvée de Marschino, and assorted LIQUEURS.
19th August, 1846. 10

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

NEW RAIL-ROAD JOURNAL.

The Weekly Expositor,
OR, REFORMER OF PUBLIC ABUSES;
And Railways and Mining Intelligence.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS having for their object redress of grievances, and well-founded complaints against any Public Department whatsoever, as well as those treating of Railways and Mining Speculations, are requested to be dropped in the Post Office, addressed to the Editor of the "Weekly Expositor," and all Advertisements (which are especially solicited from those who are interested in the prosperity of an Independent Paper) may be left at the Office, corner of St. Francois Xavier and Great St. James Streets.

The names of communicators of flagrant abuses or injustice will not, unless they desire it, be made known.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—Two Dollars per Annum in Montreal, and Two Dollars and a Half in the Country, payable in advance.

Montreal, August 11, 1846.

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Esper's Buildings, 142, Notre Dame Street.

PUBLISHED BY J. TENISON,

At the Office of the Proprietor,

No. 1, SAINT FRANCOIS XAVIER STREET,

REÇU LE

25 JUIN 1975

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