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THE WEEKLY EXPOSITOR,

AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM.

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

Vol. 1.]

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, JANUARY 7, 1847.

[No. 20.

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 XII. CONTINUED.)

...while their rounded proportions fascinated the attention, and insensibly awakened feelings of adoration for that Master hand from which has issued the most splendid work the human imagination can conceive.

Everything in the suite of apartments, comprising the theatre of the dance, was in the perfection of good taste. The walls were hung with a drapery of white and gold, which harmonized admirably with the prevailing color of the dresses of the women, and gave to the whole—illuminated as they were with handsome and numerous chandeliers to correspond—an air of lightness and elegance not to be surpassed. The crowd however, as may naturally be supposed from the number I have named, as having been assembled together in the drawing-rooms of a not very remarkably spacious house, was much too dense for comfort; and the flushed cheeks and disordered ringlets of many of the fair dancers, as well as the continued application of cambrie to the overheated brows of their partners, sufficiently attested that their pleasure was not purchased without some toil.

My host, Mr. Jones, introduced me to a number of persons, ladies and gentlemen, and at one time pointed out, either Washington Irvine or my far greater favorite, Cooper—I do not recollect which—who was at the opposite extremity of the room conversing with an elderly lady. On my stating that it was the first time I had had the pleasure of meeting the celebrated author whom he named, he offered to introduce me the moment the crowd would admit of our passing to the point to which he seemed riveted the whole evening. But before my host again thought of his promise, or could find leisure to fulfil it, the "unknown," or rather the "unrecollected," had taken his departure, and I was thus deprived of what would have proved to me a great gratification—the more particularly, if it was indeed the gifted delineator of Indian character as, from the desire I had to know and converse with him, I am almost persuaded it must have been.

I was well enough entertained to be, among the last of the departing guests; but as I prepared to make my bow to the lady of the house, she begged me, in a tone that was pleasing and gratifying in its friendliness, not to leave them yet as the family, and a few intimate friends, intended sitting down to some oyster soup after the others had departed, and hoped that I would do them the favor to join them.

At supper we were accordingly seated in the course of half an hour, and as promised, some most delicious oyster soup was served up. There was only one other gentleman, who seemed to be on intimate terms with the family, and therefore this invitation I could not but regard as a personal compliment. There was an end of all that gear and ceremony, that unavoidably attend a formal reunion like that we had just witnessed, and the conversation flowed as

freely and unreservedly upon the ball, the management, the appearance of one, the manners of another, and the graceful dancing of a third, and other light topics, as if no stranger had been present to criticize the remarks that fell from their lips. There was something winning, lovable, in this confidence, and I felt myself (as it is ever my delight to be placed in a position to feel) so perfectly at home with those whose courtesy and kindness I was enjoying, that I was extremely sorry when a tell-tale clock striking three, reminded me that I owed something to *bienveillance*, and must, if I did not wish to lose caste, as a well bred man, make a movement to retire. The eldest daughter, a charming and unaffected girl, declared it was not late—as having passed the usual hour of going to rest, she was not in the least sleepy. The younger members of the family joined her in declaring that "it was not too late," and that "I must not go yet," but even, if their renewed invitation could have tempted me to be unreasonable enough to remain longer, I could perceive, in the half-drooping eyelid of the amiable host and hostess, that although their lips gave expression to a confirmation of the request preferred by the younger branches of the family, they would not be particularly sorry if I should refuse their invitation, and leave them to the repose they seemed so much to require. I shook hands with them all, and they returned my pressure as though we had known each other for years, expressing a hope that I did not yet intend to leave New York. The carriage of the gentleman to whom I alluded, *in suum posuimus*, waiting during this time at the door, conveyed me to the place where he alighted, desiring his coachman to fire which he complied. This I reached long before daylight, and on parting from him, and ruminating on the vast difference of the reception I had invariably met with by the reading Americans, and the non-reading Canadians.

Indeed, if I have been particular and detailed in my account of the personal attention shown to me by all parties, during my second brief visit to New York, it has not been only with a view to repay, as well as I can, with a public acknowledgment the debt of hospitality I had contracted, but to prove the utter want of nationality and refinement in those whom the accident of locality of birth have made my countrymen.

It cannot be supposed that the very marked attention which I received from all those parties of whom I have written, was the result of any mere personal or abstract merit of my own. Neither was it reasonable to expect that to an absolute stranger, they would have extended an hospitality so marked as that of which I had been the subject. But the truth is—how discovered I know not, for I am the last man in the world to herald the announcement myself—Mr. Newbold was made acquainted with my being the author of publications which have commanded the attention and, in many instances, met with the unqualified approbation of the American people; and by him the same information was no doubt conveyed to Mr. Howe, who succeeded in making my stay in New York as gratifying to me as the effort was honorable to himself. In this they complimented not so much the man as the author, who had been the means of presenting them with a picture illustrative of an important epoch in American history, and of amusing and interesting their minds, albeit only for a brief hour, and therefore sought to render to him that return, for the bestowal of mental recreation, which they felt, perhaps more than was necessary, was his due. They offered that meed of homage to literature which the cultivated mind is ever prompt to tender, and investing one of its

* No better evidence can be given of the literary tastes and pursuits of the Americans, than is afforded by the following statistics of the State of New York, for 1845.

"The New York State Register contains a mass of information, valuable to all classes of the citizens, from which we learn that the number of colleges in the State is 12; students, 835; academies and grammar schools, 501; scholars, 34,563; primary and common schools, 10,871; scholars, 301,156; scholars at public charges, 26,256. There are 48,743 white persons over twenty years of age who cannot read and write. There are three hundred and ninety one periodicals published in the State. Of these; there are thirteen daily, six semi-weekly, twenty weekly and eighty three weekly White newspapers. There are eight daily, three semi-weekly, and ninety-five weekly *Low's Free papers*. There are nine daily, five semi-weekly, one tri-weekly, and eighty-three weekly newspapers which are central, religious, literary, &c. There are two daily and one weekly *Nat va papers* in the State. In glancing over the list, we notice five Agricultural five Temperance, five Abolition, four Irish, four German, two French, one Welsh two Old-Fall vs, one Masonic, one Miller, one Murmon, one Fourier, two Tailors, one Military, and three Bank Note publications. There are also five republications of British Magazines and Reviews in the City of New York. It is difficult to ascertain the exact number of publications issued at any one time, owing to the mortality among newspapers.

humblest disciples with all the attributes which are properly those of its grand masters, thus proved their readiness to sacrifice unrestrainedly at its altar. Were I to live a hundred years in Canada I should never, and after what has passed, *would never receive one title of the delicate attention which the people of New York paid to me even during my short visit of three weeks—and that purely on business—to their beautiful and flourishing city.*

Christmas was fast approaching, and I was desirous of returning to Canada before the end of the year. My great difficulty—namely, that of procuring a person to superintend my press—having been removed, there was now no obstacle to my movements, and I only waited for a fall of snow to enable me to cross the Highlands, between New York and Albany, with that comfort, of which travelling over a winter road on wheels could afford no promise.

During my stay in New York I attended two of the churches. The one a French Protestant, the preacher at which was a great favorite. He was a young man of good address and delivery, and, if rumor spoke truly, much in esteem with the ladies of his congregation, to whom generally (that is to say the congregation) he inculcated the principle of doing as he desired them, without any reference to exemplary conduct in himself. This chapel was exceedingly neat, and fitted up in good taste. I observed that many more women than men attended the service, and, indeed, to confess the truth, this may have been one reason for my repeated visits to it. It is, *selon moi*, always pleasant to look on a beautiful woman, whether in the House of God or in a more worldly Theatre, nor can we render to the Deity a more perfect homage than what is involuntarily exacted by what we have already declared to be the most perfect work that has issued from his hands.

On Christmas Day—and one or two preceding my departure, I was resolved to gratify my curiosity as much as my devotion by visiting the church of St. Pauls, immediately opposite the Globe Hotel in the Broadway. I had remarked that numerous dashing equipages, containing the most fashionable women in New York, drove each Sunday up to the door at the usual hour of morning service, and had, on enquiry, been informed it was considered the Episcopal Church *par excellence*, in the city. I have an innate horror of going into a place of worship, and looking round like a beggar for some good Samaritan to pity my condition, and relieve me by offering me a seat in his pew.—I therefore took my stand near the large procelain, or Russian, stove near the entrance, and under the pretence of warming my feet, looked at each new arrival in the expectation that some one would enter to whom I was not unknown, and who would do the amiable by inviting me to a seat. I had no sooner been seated, than I was surrounded by my friends, of the Broadway and the oyster supper, drove up and alighted from their carriage. It was the first time I had seen them since the night of their entertainment, for although I had called a day or two afterwards they were from home, thus compelling me to leave my card, when I should have preferred a personal meeting with those who had so politely treated me. The young lady, whom I have before stated to be a very fine girl, and wholly without affectation in her manner, expressed her delight at seeing me again, and insisted on my going into the family pew—an invitation which, of course, I was not there to decline. The church was not only neatly fitted up, but in a style of elegance not usually, seen in London—not even in the Quebec chapel, or St. Philips. The service differs from that of the English Protestant Church, and of course wholly so in the national prayers. The clergyman, I forget his name, who read the sermon, gave one appropriate to the occasion, and in a tone of voice which led me to infer that he was an Englishman, and not a native of the country. In fact the whole style of thing was strictly orthodox. And here by the way I must, while on the subject of churches, take occasion to remark on what I have not had an opportunity of noticing in its proper place—namely, the head of the Episcopal Church in Detroit. Few preachers unite a more commanding and dignified person, with a more imposing delivery than the Bishop McCoskry, whose powers of oratory are acknowledgedly very great, and whose impassioned appeals to his congregation are ever clothed with an eloquence and truthfulness which impart irresistible force to his arguments, and render him at once the awe and admiration of his flock. But although this gentleman, who is a man of deep reading and conversant with almost every subject, is strict in his sacerdotal character, and stern in the exaction of what he considers to be the moral obligations of his charge, he is, in private life, of an amiability and even cheerfulness that would scarcely lead any one thus meeting him, and ignorant of his pastoral character, to suppose that he was the uncompromising lasher of human vice, and the thundering organ through which the anathemas of the church are poured forth, carrying conviction to every heart. The Bishop McCoskry is about six feet high—of a good and well proportioned figure, with blue eyes, light hair, and rather florid complexion, while his manners and carriage are distinguished by an ease—even elegance—that is much more frequently observable in the man of the world, than in the servant of the church.

On the following Sunday, at an early hour, I had my baggage removed to the stage office, but instead of starting immediately as I had expected, there were so many delays from the asserted

inability to stir the drivers into action, or to procure the necessary horses—many of these having been lamed on the previous journeys to and from Albany—that it was nearly ten o'clock in the day before we could get off. The stage house was a filthy place, filled with people of a low description, whom I found were to be my fellow travellers, and whose vulgar and impertinent curiosity gave me ample earnest that I was not to hope for the enjoyment of the same comfort of society with which I had been favored on coming down. As in such cases I generally enshroud myself in a veil of taciturnity which is not easily penetrated, I took my assigned place in the stage, in a spirit of dogged sullenness and ill humor that promised little "word of speech" from me, at least until we should arrive at Albany.

The journey was tedious, and to me a very unsocial one; however, notwithstanding I did not exercise my tongue more than absolute necessity required, my ear was sufficiently on the alert, so that although not particularly edified or instructed by the conversation of my fellow passengers, there were local subjects canvassed in a spirit that often excited in me a passing curiosity. They were particularly free in their discussion of public men, and of their Governors especially, and as we approached Mr. Van Buren's residence, near Kinderhook, their quaint strictures on that celebrated functionary were perfectly in accordance with the bias of their political opinions. While some averred him to be the most exemplary, and wise, and virtuous statesman that had ever presided over the United States, others denounced him as an incapable tyrant, whose whole object was his own personal aggrandizement, and an utter recklessness of the interests of the people. This topic was so warmly discussed, while in the neighborhood of its subject, that I at every moment dreaded some unfortunate explosion, nor was it until some new scene, breaking upon the view, changed the subject of conversation, and afforded a temporary truce.

I reached Albany in time for the cars of Tuesday morning, and exchanged with pleasure the society of those I had been confined with during the route from New York, for that which I found on the railway, not that there was any particular difference in the style of passengers, but because I was desirous of change, whatever the garb in which it should present itself. One circumstance occurred, however, during this part of our route which I with pleasure record, and should these volumes ever fall beneath the notice of the individual referred to, he will at least have the satisfaction of knowing that his civility was not extended to one insensible of the service he sought to render.

In changing cars at Schenectady—one of the greatest bores of this mode of travelling, from the very hurried manner in which that change is effected—I had used so much haste, that my purse, which I had in my hand for some purpose or other, slipped from my grasp without my being at all sensible of my loss, or even of the manner in which it had disappeared. I examined my pockets and shook my cloak, which was upon my knees, but no purse was forthcoming. The passengers, some twenty in number, were ranged along the sides of the car on seats disposed lengthwise after the fashion of an omnibus—I sat at one of the ends, and therefore the search and its result could not fail to be noticed by nearly all those within the car. In answer to some questions asked about my loss, I stated that I regretted it the more because my purse contained the only American money I had with me for defraying the expenses of my journey. Here, a passenger very respectably dressed, and, as I afterwards learned, a merchant residing somewhere between Buffalo and Detroit, was kind enough to say that any money I desired he would be most happy to place at my disposal to be returned to him whenever it might suit my convenience, on my arrival in Canada. This was certainly a piece of courtesy one does not often meet with in travelling as a stranger in a public conveyance, and to be met with among few other people. But the Americans, whatever their public repudiation, are in the more private and social relations of life, a hospitable and generous people, and although the strong speculative bias which is inseparable from their enterprising character, may when those speculations prove abortive, lead them as a body to disclaim a public or national pecuniary responsibility, I am quite satisfied that many of these men would be far more forward in tendering private aid, from which they were to derive no benefit, than the punctual supporter of the public credit, who would in all probability pay his just debts to the uttermost farthing, yet on whose cold heart and calculating head the more generous sympathies of our nature have no power. Far be it from me to justify those who have pledged the solemn obligation of their good faith, in exchange for pecuniary benefits derived through reliance upon that good faith, but most assuredly, I should far rather esteem the feelings of the man who, alive to the more generous impulses which adorn poor human nature, should extend his hand to render individual service, than those of him who, disdain every thing that is not based on his immutable principle of reciprocal benefit, should, with the most scrupulous exactitude, repay the pound of flesh required of him.

I could not but be deeply sensible of the generous confidence of the American, whom I warmly thanked for his offer, stating however that I hoped, on reaching Utica, to exchange sufficient of my

Canadian notes, without any material sacrifice. No more was said on the subject, and the purse was for the moment forgotten. Some time afterwards, on rising to get out of the car, which had stopped a few moments on the road, and while removing the folds of my cloak so as to throw it across my arm, down dropped something which I did not myself notice, but which a lady at my side saw, exclaiming delightedly, as she picked it up, "Here, sir, is your purse." It was so indeed. In removing from the last car, it must have got fastened in some fold which I did not shake out, and there remained *perdu* until, extending the cloak, it had fallen to the floor of the car.

Under any other circumstances, this asserted loss of a purse, which had never been out of my possession, and its accidental *exposé*, might have appeared awkward enough; and indeed I could not but feel, at the time, that it was extremely fortunate I had not been under the imperious necessity of accepting the generous offer which had been made to me, of supplying its presumed loss. However, I did not look very guilty, but, on the contrary, not a little pleased, and I believe none of my fellow travellers were uncharitable enough to impute to me what I certainly did not merit.

On leaving Utica the same afternoon, I found myself the solitary occupant of the stage sleigh, and resigned myself to the prospect of having my own reflections only to commune with for the next eight and forty hours. I was, however, very agreeably disappointed when, on being driven a short distance, the sleigh stopped, and an officer in the dress of the American army came to the door, escorting two young ladies, who were proceeding to Watertown, near Sackett's Harbour: the one, to join her husband, to whom she had been recently married; the other, as her companion and friend. The day was rather bitter, promising a night of increased coldness, and accordingly the young officer, after carefully tucking the buffalo robes around the delicate persons of the travellers, bade them take care of themselves, and left them under my charge, not absolutely requested, but implied by his manner.

The ladies of the American officers have, in general, more of tact, more of the *savoir faire*, and less of *mauvaise honte*, than is usual among their countrywomen. The fair friends and myself were very shortly on the best of travelling terms in the world, and I found their conversation so agreeable and unaffected, that I half resolved, as the journey was little more than forty miles longer, to accompany them to Watertown, and thence, by a circuitous route, reach the point of departure for the Canadian shore, without the disadvantage of recrossing the Rossie Mountains. We stopped about nine in the evening to supper, and then re-entering the stage, where I imitated the example of the American officer in inducting my companions hermetically into the buffalo robes, proceeded on our journey. Not a great deal was said, for fatigue now began to exercise its influence over the senses of my fair charge, and by the dim light within I could perceive the young wife pillowed on the bosom of her friend, and her redundant hair partially escaped from its confinement. Whenever we stopped, either that the driver might get his dram or change his horses, the slumberers were generally aroused, and then we conversed for a short time until the renewed motion of the sleigh, added to the natural fatigue of the frame, once more closed their eyelids, and continued them in their state of dreamy, half unconsciousness. In this manner we proceeded during the whole of a very cold winter's night, and after having, since leaving Utica, passed successively through Rome, Boomville, Leyden, and Turin, finally reached Martinsburgh, the proper point of separation, about seven o'clock in the morning.

Here a tall fellow having announced that his stage was ready to leave for Hammond and Morristown, I thought of my lady liege, and my promise to be home on New-Year's Day; and desiring him to remove my baggage into his sleigh, took a final leave of my fellow travellers, whom I recommended to the especial care of their driver, and found myself once more *en solitaire*, and wending my way to the Rossie Mountains. We passed successively through Denmark, Copenhagen, Carthage, Wilner, and Antwerp, at which latter place we stopped for the night. The next day took us through Rossie, Hammond, over the Rossie Mountains, and finally to Morristown, which we reached about two o'clock in the day. The St. Lawrence was not more than half frozen over, the ice projecting from the land on either shore to a distance of about one fourth of the width of the stream; but the centre of the river was filled with cakes of floating ice that were being carried rapidly down by the current, which in this part is of extreme swiftness. Still, as the ferry boats were crossing, I adopted the customary mode of transit. I took a boat for my own especial use, and this containing what baggage I had with me, was placed upon a sledge, with notches cut into the transverse bars, for the purpose of receiving and securing the keel. Thus the sledge was pushed along, both the ferryman and myself having a hand on the gunwale of the boat, in order to be secured from danger in the event of the ice giving way beneath us. But this, so far as it had hitherto formed, was so firm that we gained the extreme edge without difficulty. The boat was then taken off the runners, which in their turn were placed uppermost, and pushed into the stream; and when we had succeeded in getting through the floating ice, and gaining the opposite edge, the ferryman jumped out, hauled the boat up, and then replacing the runners on the ice, fitted the keel to the grooves, and we moved on-

ward as before. About four o'clock on the 31st of December, I once more gained my cottage.

Soon after my return I sustained one of the most bitter losses I have ever known. I had left my faithful Hector as a protector to his mistress, during my absence, but the poor dog, ever accustomed to be with me, feeling anxiety and restlessness at my prolonged absence, could not overcome a new desire which had been created in him for roaming broad—doubtless in the hope of meeting his truant master. On my arrival I was made acquainted with this change in his habits; but so far from his now absenting himself, I could scarcely induce him to leave the place. One day as I prepared to go into the town, I called to him to follow, but he merely accompanied me to the gate conducting outside of the grounds, and then returned to the house slowly, and without any seeming attention to my whistling. Conceiving this to be obstinacy, I punished the dog rather severely. The poor creature seemed to reproach me with unnecessary cruelty, and from that moment I observed that he was gradually sinking. He ate but little food, wore an expression of mingled pain and sorrow in his large, soft, and beautiful dark eye, and seldom wandered a hundred yards from the door. My feelings were deeply interested. I saw the dog was in pain from some cause which I could not fathom, and bitterly did I reproach myself for the flogging I had given him. I at length suspected he was poisoned by some of the scoundrels with whom Brockville abounds, and whom the dog had been principally instrumental in keeping off the grounds. In this belief I was soon confirmed, for at a later hour the same day, the poor suffering creature trailed himself through the door-way to the snow, on which he rolled himself incessantly, uttering a low howl, as if under the influence of extreme internal torture. Towards the evening he seemed to be more at ease, but he was so reduced that, whenever he attempted to move, the rattling of the claws of his powerless feet, which he had not strength to raise, was painfully audible. During the greater part of the time he fixed his eyes upon my face with an expression full of melancholy, and indicative of the pain he suffered, while frequently, as he thus gazed, he placed (not without effort) his large paw in my hand, and continued it there as if desirous of proving to me his deep attachment. I confess I was as much grieved at the condition of the noble animal, and the too probable loss that awaited me, as though some dear and intimate friend lay dying at my side. Previous to my retiring to rest I had, in strong apprehension of his death during the night, caused a thick layer of straw to be placed in the hermetically closed porch, which had been raised before the hall door, and to this I conducted the suffering creature, who seemingly thankful that his bed had been placed in a situation which afforded coolness, amid the fire which seemed to consume him, again tendered me his paw on parting. That night he died.

I had thought it impossible that my sensibilities could have been awakened in the powerful manner they were, but I confess that I shed more tears on that occasion than I ever previously had at the death of any human being. Few people will understand this, because there are few people who take the trouble to draw out the affections of animals, or to unfold in them that intelligence which they possess, and which requires but the hand and voice of kindness to elicit. I am fully convinced that there are certain animals, in what is called the brute creation, who with the exception of the gift of speech alone, possess a reason, feelings, perceptions, prepossessions and recollections, which far exceed those attributes in the merely animal portion of the human family.

On the following morning, I sent for a person to remove his beautiful skin, and to discover the immediate cause of his death. The body was accordingly opened, and in the stomach, the coats of which were corroded and black, were found particles of *nux vomica* which had not yet been dissolved. This, at once, clearly accounted for all the protracted suffering of the poor creature. How should I have acted had the brute, who had perpetrated this inhuman deed, lain writhing at my feet in all the agony he occasioned my faithful friend and companion, I can scarcely trust myself to say. I do not really think, in the mood of mind I then experienced, that if the movement of a hand, or a word of mine could have saved the wretch from dying the lingering death of that dog, I would have stirred to save him. My first care was to have the remains of the poor animal nailed up in a case in which a bed of snow had been placed, and buried under a locust tree adjoining the ice house, where a turf-covered mound was erected over him in the spring. His splendid skin, a white ground with large dark spots interspersed, was also sent to be dressed, and is now suspended before my writing table, conveying the strongest reminiscence of the noble creature who loved me so well. I offered a reward of fifty dollars for the discovery of the murderer, but without effect.

In the early part of the month of June, the canal from New York being open, the person whose services I had engaged to superintend the mechanical arrangements of the paper arrived, bringing with him the necessary materials for the "New Era,"—a name that had been selected in consequence of the important political changes which had taken place in the country, and the new principle of government then being followed up, on the recommendation of Lord Durham, by Mr. Poulett Thomson. The paper was necessarily not large, but its contents, and principally

its political articles, all of which were from my own pen, were written in a tone which, if I am to believe my fellow laborers in the same vineyard, rendered them as unexceptionable in spirit, as they were of use to the government.

It occupying me merely an hour or two each day to prepare my leaders and other matter necessary for the "New Era," which, like most papers in the smaller towns of Canada, was published weekly, I amused myself principally with fishing and shooting. But the latter sport was not to be had in the abundance in which it is offered in the beautiful West. Partridges are very scarce, woodcock almost unknown, and the snipe to be found only during a few days in the spring and "fall," as the autumn is invariably and figuratively called in Canada. My great amusement therefore was in my boat, which offered the advantage of anchoring at some distance from the shore, and making use of the rod and line, or of trolling for the fishes (chiefly the pike) which bury themselves in the dense weeds with which this part of the St. Lawrence abounds. Often too, during the season most devoted to trolling, a third means of amusement was afforded in the occasional surprise of a flock of wild ducks, when it was only necessary to drop the oars, and take up the loaded double-barrelled Manton, which reposed against the bow of the boat, to secure my game.

The mode of trolling in Canada is worthy of a passing description. A strong line, about ten fathoms in length, is fastened to the leg of the rower (for one person only usually occupies the boat), and to the opposite end of the line is attached a hook, affixed to a piece of brass, resembling as much as possible in form, the bowl of a large spoon. This being always brightly polished, and revolving on a piece of stiff and strong wire, securing it to the line, presents a brilliant appearance which seldom fails to attract the attention of the black bass or pike that may be secreted in the weeds over which he passes. The proper motion is given to the boat by a quick jerk of the oars, and if the bait is taken, that fact is soon known by the strong pull upon the leg made by the captured fish. The oars are immediately dropped, the line pulled in, hand over hand, and occasionally the eye of the fisherman is delighted at seeing the flash of a tail upon the surface of the water, indicating the approach, as a prisoner, of a voracious pike of more than ordinary size, and his vain struggles to free himself from the strong and unyielding hook. Then what a dash he gives as he is raised from the water into the boat. Indignant at the treachery which has decoyed him to his ruin, he throws every obstacle in the way to prevent his captor from releasing the hook from his jaws, and practising the same deceptive art upon other unsuspecting fishes. Even when this is effected he flounders about from stem to stern, occasionally striking the leg with his sharp, strong back fins, or splashing the whole person with the mingled slime and water with which he, and those of his companions who may have preceded him, have carried into the boat. The pike is a fierce fish, and extremely tenacious of life.

Such were my trolling excursions in the "Fanny Elsler," a light row boat, prettily built, and wholly adapted for oars, although there was a place for setting the tiny mast I had procured with her, whenever a light and favorable wind might render it desirable to hoist one. My trolling ground generally extended to three miles above my own place, and nothing in the world can be more beautiful or picturesque than this route, threading as it does the bottom of the group of the Thousand Islands. The channel through which I passed, was moreover an inner one—not the usual and practicable course of navigation, but one marked by swift and seemingly boiling currents, amid which it was not without exertion I forced my boat.

The intrusion of fishermen into my own waters—that is to say, into the bay designed for a fish-pond—I found to be a great nuisance; but annoying as this was, there was still a greater bore. Immediately beyond the line of demarcation of my grounds, and not twenty yards from the point where a small arm of the St. Lawrence, entering between high and jutting masses of rock, contributed to form the natural fish-pond, there is a point frequented by all the fishermen of the *locale*, young and old, and known as the "Devil's Rock," which significant name has been given to it from the fact of his Satanic Majesty's foot-print having been left there, on taking his flight from it, after a bath in the deep waters beneath. Had fishing from this been the only occupation of those who frequented it, there could have been little cause for complaint; even notwithstanding the incessant hooting and yelling that proceeded from the fellows of all descriptions who were in the habit of assembling there. But unfortunately there were too many of them who were close imitators of his Satanic Majesty, and as prone to nothing from the rock. Whether the Devil himself had been in the habit of shouting and whooping, whenever he indulged in his ablutions, the imperfect tradition of the Brockvillians does not inform us; but it cannot be denied that, if such had been his practice, they were not behind him in the vigorous exercise of their lungs. At all hours of the day did these scoundrels, heedless of the delicacy which the brute creation would scarcely have lost sight of, throw off every covering, and shrieking to attract the attention of my female servants, exhibit themselves in all the hideousness of their vulgar nakedness, even going so far as to call them (the servants) by name, and to offend their ears with the most disgusting language. Never could the patience of man have been put to a greater trial than mine was on these occasions, and it was often

with difficulty that, when my servants came to me with complaints of the insolence of the wretches, I could restrain myself from discharging my double-barrelled Manton, loaded with shot, into the midst of them. But the fate of poor Captain Moir of the 37th Regiment always occurred to, and deterred me. As it was, I often startled them by firing at some object near, yet sufficiently far not to touch them, and the rattling of the shot generally had the effect of making them gather up their clothes and retreat to some point where they could not be seen. To apply to the magistrates was vain, for they either could not, or would not interfere with effect, and I had already had other and sufficient evidence of the laxity of the morals of the people, not to feel assured that any failure on my part would only increase the abominable evil of which I had to complain.

The disgusting exhibition of these bathers was not confined to the "Devil's Rock," but to portions nearer to the town. On the left of my house, as it fronted the river—the "Devil's Rock" being on the right, and somewhat to the rear—was an elevated crag, forming the extreme end of my property in that direction, and this the shameless scoundrels would almost daily ascend, to plunge themselves headlong into the river, frequently coming opposite my own door, and calling out to attract the attention of those within. This display was ever more remarkable on Sunday than on any other occasion; and as several families, residing out of the town, were in the habit of going to church in their boats during the summer, their eyes were ever offended by several of these people thus infamously displaying themselves. There was, what was called, a corporation in the town, but of what use I never could learn.

As I shall not, possibly, recur to the subject of the immoral condition of the people of Upper Canada—a condition which is the result of the imperfectness of the system of education which prevails in it—this extremely modified description of the social state in Brockville, must be taken as applying, although in a less marked degree, to all the smaller towns in that section of the Province, where the stringent prohibitions of active and effective corporations do not extend. In Toronto and Kingston, vice, though sufficiently enough exercising her baneful influence on the easily corrupted of both sexes, has at least the modesty to avoid that publicity and exposure which are so openly exhibited and so seldom discountenanced in the small town of Brockville, where certain of the magistrates themselves have been slow in setting an example calculated to produce in the people over whom they preside a sense of decency and decorum.

While on this subject, I may as well remark that the troops stationed in the country do much to increase the evil complained of. In almost every town in which they are quartered, the utmost difficulty exists in the management of female servants, who caught, as well as their mistresses, by the glittering bait of a scarlet coat, fall victims to their seducers, and neglect their duties for the pleasures of criminal indulgence. I have heard it stated by several heads of families in Toronto, that while the 93rd Regiment were quartered there, the impression created by their sinewy and killed limbs, when in full dress, and the graceful bonnet surmounting their stalwart frames, was such that there was not a single servant maid or woman who had not been debauched by them. As far as my own experience and observation enabled me to judge, this systematic ruin of servants is one of the most abominable nuisances in Canada.

In the course of the summer I planted an orchard, consisting of various kinds of fruit trees—the best apple, with plum and cherry—and furthermore inserted, in the rich shallow surface of soil which covered a large flat sloping rock much exposed to the rays of the sun, some grape vines, which I was informed produced the most delicious fruit. On the same description of ground I moreover planted water-melons which, nourished by the sun's heat, also promised fruit of a superior quality. Nor were my grounds wanting in other productions, the seeds of which had been planted there by the hand of nature alone. The wild strawberry, the gooseberry, the raspberry, and the huckleberry, grew in abundance, on those parts of the grounds which had never been broken by the plough, and in small copses adjoining the higher rocks in the rear, and overlooking the house and river, filberts or hazle nuts, and butter nuts, grew in uncultivated profusion. The place was susceptible of being made a little paradise, and yet to me it yielded neither pleasure, profit, nor satisfaction.

One beautiful and calm day, in the early part of the same summer (1841), the vacant place of my faithful Hecor was supplied by a new introduction into my family. I had returned from church, and while lounging carelessly on the wild lawn that sloped gradually to the water, my attention was attracted by the appearance of a dark object moving through the water, and evidently making for my own rocks. At first I took it for a large loon skimming the surface of the river, and went for my Manton, which, as the wild-ducks came in the early morning to the very shore, and almost within pistol-shot of the house, I always kept loaded. But when I returned I distinctly saw two projections from the head, that satisfied me the swimming stranger was a young deer, which seemingly near exhausted with the long trajet across the St. Lawrence, was, reckless of consequences, intent only on gaining the nearest land. At once determining to seize and make him captive, the moment he should touch the bank, I made my arrangements, summoning

and placing the servants in such a position that they could not fail to grapple with him as he landed. The creature advanced boldly enough, until he found himself seized and dragged up the rocks, when he made violent efforts to free himself. After some difficulty we succeeded in throwing him on his side, and then securing his feet in cords that had been provided for the purpose, raised and placed in a wheelbarrow that was in readiness to receive him, although not without a struggle, in which the deer received one or two important wounds from the sharp pointed rocks. He was then held tightly down, and wheeled into the stable, where, with a strap placed round his neck, he was duly fastened in a stall spread over with a bed of straw, and the thongs being loosened, he was left to make acquaintance with the ponies, who regarded him with a good deal of curiosity and surprise, but manifested no disposition to injure him.

In the course of a short time he was tethered, during the day, on the lawn in front of the house, and there suffered to nibble the clover which was provided for him. His acquaintance with the human family, as well as with the canine, then commenced; but he never evinced half the alarm on seeing a stranger that he did whenever the wheelbarrow, in which he had been first imprisoned, appeared before him. At the sight and sound of this, he was always exceedingly restive, making the most violent efforts to free himself from his confinement, and trembling in every limb until the obnoxious vehicle had passed away. He never overcame this aversion.

During the three years that he remained with us, this deer, ever treated with kindness, became very tame indeed. He would take bread from my hand, insert his nose into my shooting jacket for food which I had purposely placed there, and which he was ever impatient to reach, and unceremoniously entered the table and took from the table whatever pleased him most. His partiality was for bread, for although he ate oats, potatoes, green vegetables, &c., the former he evidently considered a luxury, devouring it with eagerness. Nor was he by any means of an unsocial disposition. He tolerated the larger dogs, and formed such an intimacy with a very small but intelligent cur I had, that they used to lie down together and lick each other for hours. It was often amusing enough to see the dog, in imitation of the servant, who frequently led the deer from spot to spot where the verbage most abounded, take the rope between his teeth, and pull with all his force to urge his companion to follow him. But although he was thus quiet and even familiar with my own dogs, he could not endure the presence of others. Any strange dog coming into the place always excited the fury of the animal, who curved his neck in defiance, stamped furiously with his feet, and throwing back his ears altogether evinced the strongest desire to get him within his reach. On more than one occasion he has, without hurting them, terrified strangers who approached too near to him by chasing them against the wall of the stable or some other out house, and there "pinning" them by the thigh, until the cries of the frightened prisoner has drawn the attention of the servant accustomed to feed him, and whom he ever obeyed, to the ridiculous position of the party, and procured his release.

His attachment to his feeder was very marked. He would follow her through the streets without the slightest difficulty, and without her being compelled to strain upon the rope by which she led him. I have known him on one occasion to follow thus for a mile, and over a bridge one-fourth of that distance, and this regardless of the curs which ran yelping at his heels, and could not be prevented from barking at him. When later, I removed to Kingston, he made his first trip in a steamer, but was so frightened at the strange noise of the machinery, that he manifested extreme impatience, and struggled so violently that his horns prematurely fell off. Those he had the ensuing year now form the handles of a carving knife and fork, which serve as a memento of my Canadian "deer taking." He was later sent to Montreal secured in one of the open crates used for crockery, and on the deck of one of the small steamers descended the whole of the boiling rapids—the distance being nearly two hundred miles, without accident of any kind whatever.

It may seem surprising that I should, aware as I was of my strong claims upon the existing Government, have so long neglected to have laid them, backed as they were by the written acknowledgments of the Earl of Durham, before his successor, Mr. Poulett Thompson. But I had several reasons for this. In the first instance, I could not endure the thought of running to seek favor from a new Governor, so immediately after the departure of him who had favored me with his confidence, and promised me his future support. Some there were not quite so fastidious on this point, but I confess I felt all the grossness of the very unenviable position in which they had placed themselves. I had seen them dancing attendance, with endless rolls of paper in their hands, on Lord Durham, and I had seen the same gentlemen, not one week after Mr. Poulett Thompson's arrival in the country, wending their way with the same, or similar, rolls of paper, to Government House. I confess I am not made of such pliable matter. Moreover, it seemed to me impossible that Lord Durham, for whom I had made the serious sacrifice of an engagement of much pecuniary importance,

should have failed to communicate to the statesman, who was following out the views of policy entertained and recommended by himself, my very strong claims upon a Government which, as admitted by the London leading journals themselves, I had so materially aided with my pen.

But delay was now a folly, and a few weeks before the discontinuance of my publication, I enclosed to Lord Sydenham several of Lord Durham's letters to myself, showing the nature of the sacrifices I had made in furtherance of the system of government which was now being established in the country; intimating at the same time that, in the course of a few days, I should do myself the honor of waiting on his Lordship to receive his reply. The following week I repaired to Kingston, and on presenting myself at Alvington House was introduced into his study. This was my first interview with Lord Sydenham, although he had been upwards of nine months in the country, yet he received me with a good deal of seeming cordiality. After some cursory remarks on the politics of the day, he took from the table, and handed to me, the small packet of letters I had enclosed to him, observing emphatically as he did so, "I have read these letters, ———, with a great deal of interest. Nothing can reflect more honorably on you than the position of confidence you enjoyed with Lord Durham, and you may rest assured that when the new appointments which are contemplated are filled up, you shall not be forgotten." This was said with a sincerity of manner that left me no doubt of the good faith of His Lordship, and I took my leave in the fullest expectation that my name would appear, as nominated to some public appointment, in the Gazette which was expected shortly to be published. But alas!

"'Twas ever thus, from childhood's hour,
I have seen my dearest hopes decay:
I never loved a tree or flower,
But 'twas the first to fade away:
I never nurs'd a dear gazelle,
To soothe me with its soft, black eye,
But when it came to know me well,
And love me, it was sure to die."

Not one week from the date of this interview with Lord Sydenham, the accident occurred which cost him his life, and for the second time I was deprived, by death, of the only Governor General of Canada whom I could reasonably expect to entertain the slightest desire to advance my interests in the country. Still I could not but believe that Lord Sydenham had expressed his views in my favor to some one of his Executive, either verbally or in writing, and I fully expected that, whatever the result of the new infliction under which Lord Sydenham was now laboring, the Ministry had been duly instructed on the subject, and would take action accordingly.

The news of the serious accident which had occurred to the Governor General, was everywhere received with painful interest. It came like a sudden blow upon the people, and the minds of men were imbued with the gloom of apprehension. Learning that His Lordship suffered much from fever, and well knowing, from experience, how grateful to the parched palate is the flavor of cool and refreshing fruit, I sent his Excellency what I conceived to be the most acceptable gift I could offer. This was no other than a beautiful water melon, weighing upwards of seventeen pounds, and grown from the seed I had planted early in the season among my rocks. I ordered a case, perforated with holes to admit the air, to be instantly made for the reception of this leviathan of my own culture, and transmitted it, packed in sweet hay, with a note for His Lordship's Private Secretary, Mr. Gray. A few weeks after Lord Sydenham's death, I met this gentleman, with one of the Aides-de-Camp, Mr. Baring, on board the steamer which was conveying them down the St. Lawrence, on their way home, and the former, in alluding to His Lordship's sufferings and death, assured me that the palate of the invalid had been most gratified by the luscious coolness of the melon—almost the only food he had tasted. The fruit, though large, was it seems perfectly ripe, and from Mr. Gray's statement of the temporary relief afforded to the sufferer, I was not sorry that I had had the *prevoyance* to think of forwarding it. I had, however, recollected the intense longing I once had for a water melon, while prostrated under the effects of yellow fever in the West Indies; and the almost eagerness with which I had devoured one that my Colonel had, with the greatest difficulty, after sending over half the island of Barbadoes, obtained for me; and having ascertained that Lord Sydenham was in a state of feverish excitement, produced from the united pain from his wound, and his old enemy the gout, which had returned upon him with redoubled violence, it had occurred to me that my offering would prove, as it did, an acceptable one.

It is a singular evidence of the fertility of the soil, that a seed, planted in the very slight covering of earth with which the rock was clothed, should have produced so fine a melon, but a rocky country seems to be so peculiarly adapted to the growth of this particular fruit, that it has been known in the same neighborhood to attain the weight of five-and-thirty—nay, even forty—pounds! The squash, however, grows to a far more prodigious size. I have seen a monster of this species, at a confectioner's in Kingston (exhibited as a curiosity), and labelled as being of the enormous weight of one hundred and fifty-seven pounds.

But what is even more remarkable in natural production, is the fact of a young grape vine being transplanted to the same quarter of my grounds, and producing the same year the most delicious grapes. True, there were not many bunches, but the few that grew, were both sweet and large.

What greatly contributed to render fatal the unfortunate accident which befel Lord Sydenham, was the free indulgence he had been in the habit of giving to his appetites. His Lordship, with all his activity and energy of mind, was a sensualist, and his sacrifices to Venus were scarcely less copious than those rendered to Bacchus. It was well known that his establishment at one time acknowledged the sway of at least one mistress, who, of course, was not visible, but with whom his Lordship found solace after the hours of labor devoted to his government. His Lordship, moreover, paid great court to several Canadian ladies, both in Toronto and Montreal.—Married as well as unmarried—French and English, in turn, evicted his homage. His attentions to Mrs. ———, of Toronto, were so very marked, that the scandalous circles rang with them, and each belle, jealous of the preference given to what she deemed to be her less deserving rival, was ready to die with vexation that the vice-regal handkerchief had not been thrown at her feet. It was said that Mademoiselle ———, of Montreal, rejecting a gallant lover who had long dangled after her, was to be elevated to the honor of being Baroness Sydenham, but there were those again who believed that the presumed attention to the young lady was only a cloak to lade his unremitting devotion to her not less fascinating married sister. These were the *ou dits* of the day. Whether true or false it is difficult to pretend to determine. Canada is, however, behind no country in the civilized world in keen love for scandal, and there was something exceedingly piquant in attributing to Governors those weaknesses which are common to our nature, and which in some degree, reduce the man of intellect and intelligence to a level with the braggart and the fool.

At table Lord Sydenham is said to have indulged, and fed the gout, by which he had been so long and so painfully afflicted, with every viand the most calculated to ensure its continuance. He invariably took his turtle or mock-turtle soup; swallowed the seeds of early dissolution in the thick, fat, bottled porter, which was indispensable to his meal; and dived unhesitatingly into all the mysteries of champagne. In fact, Lord Sydenham was in every sense of the word a gourmet, so much so that a wound which, in a man of temperate habits and uncorrupted blood, would have proved superficial, created in him an irritability, aided as the latter was by the dormant gout it awakened, beyond what his weak and debilitated frame could bear, and principally tended to his demise. Had he not led the life of indulgence he had, the more accident which occurred to him never would have deprived him of life at the early age of forty-two.

In reviewing the political life of Lord Sydenham, it is impossible not to be forcibly struck by the fact that nothing in the course of his administration was new or original. Energy, quickness and pliability of mind, he possessed in all the degree necessary to the Governor of so turbulent a country, where, as he very properly remarks, (and I have stated the same thing in my notice of Lord Durham's administration,) there are nearly as many political prejudices and opinions to conciliate as persons; but these were qualities characteristic rather of the determination of the soldier, than of the sagacity and wisdom of the statesman. The way had been completely paved before him. Lord Durham's report was his text book, and it was chiefly by condescending to the little arts, (not very flattering by the way to the understandings, of the Canadian people,) to which the noble earl could not stoop, that Mr. Thompson owed his success in carrying out that which his predecessor had recommended. It was by playing with men's vanity, tampering with their interests, their passions, and their prejudices, and placing himself in a position of familiarity with those of whom he might, at once, obtain assistance and information, that he succeeded in carrying out what Lord Durham had left to some more practical person to effect. The Union was not the idea of Lord Sydenham, for, as elsewhere has been shown, this measure is recommended in the Report, although Lord Durham had been unfriendly hostile to the plan up to the very moment of his departure from Quebec. Neither was the Municipal Bill, nor the Registry Bill, nor in fact any of those measures on the passing of which the biographer of Lord Sydenham so much vaunts himself, the fruit of his own diplomatic invention, for it will be remembered, that not only these bills, but a Bill for Education, and a Feudal Tenure Bill had been in progress before Lord Durham's departure—some of them even being then in type—while as of the Municipal Bill particularly, the disallowance of the clauses for which, during the discussion of the question in England, had given his Lordship so much uneasiness, this had ever been one of the leading projects of Lord Durham, in his relation of the government of the country. The whole object of the Government of Lord Sydenham, and the whole end attained was, therefore, the fulfilment of the designs and recommendations of his noble predecessor. He invented nothing new, discovered no new source of complaint; and, consequently, sought not to apply any new remedy. By the exercise of some tact and ingenuity, and a not very straight-forward mode of enlisting the personal, or sectional,

interests of those whose services could be of value to him, Lord Sydenham certainly succeeded in acquiring a very strange ascendancy in quarters where it was the least to have been anticipated. While, therefore, all due credit is due to him for his indefatigability of purpose, one cannot but lament a person, holding the distinguished position of Representative of the Sovereign, should have been found committing himself to the unworthy mystification of those with whom he was in the habit of so frequently of conversing.—For instance, when asked by a person who happened to be in the same steamer which took him to the Upper Province, where he intended to fix the Seat of Government, the not very vice-regal reply was, "that any body might tell that, with half an eye." Now this familiar answer was not only in itself ambiguous, but intended to mislead. The object was to induce a Toronto citizen to believe that Toronto was the favored place; a Kingstonian, Kingston; a Quebecer, Quebec; and a Montrealer, Montreal; and thus, to secure popularity with all parties in the Province. And yet, it is quite clear that Lord Sydenham had decided upon Kingston as the definitive Seat of Government after the Union, for independently of the fact of the desire expressed shortly before his death, to be buried in what he conceived would be preserved as the future capital of Canada, the following significant allusion to the subject is made in a private letter, written in 1840, of Canada, and published in the account of his Canadian administration.—"I shall fix the capital of the United Province in this one, of course. Kingston will most probably be the place; but there is every thing to be done there yet to provide accommodation for the meeting of the Assembly in the spring."

To one, of his Lordship's somewhat satirical play of fancy, it must however have been most amusing to hear the remarks of the flatterers who obtained admission to his presence. Paris, they have abounded since the time of Lord Dalhousie (and I have he was pestered by the greatest toady in it—one who had transferred his homage to every succeeding Governor) down to the present period. A very humorous story is told of one of these gentlemen. A certain individual who had been recently appointed to a lucrative situation in the Customs, called upon his Lordship, and after thanking him for the honor, expressed himself as being apprehensive that he was not in a sufficiently elevated position in life to merit the distinction. "Pshaw!" replied his Lordship with dry sarcasm, "as to that, there's not much difference between you. You are all pretty much alike in my opinion."

But practical and useful as were the measures of Lord Sydenham, founded on the report of his predecessor, they were marked by an injustice which would seem to shew that his Lordship's Government was purely one of expediency, and that he studied not so much the ulterior happiness of the people, as the speediest means of attaining that honor which, he could not but be sensible would be the reward of his adjustment of the difficulties of the country, even though that adjustment should prove merely a temporary one. One really might feel inclined to doubt this, were it not for the premature haste his Lordship evinced to be recalled the moment after the close of the session of the first Canadian Parliament under the Union. He evidently entertained distrust of the well-working of the machinery which he had set in motion, and was consequently anxious to leave the country before its flaws should be discovered.

The great, and manifest, and irreparable evil of which he was guilty, was the formation of an Executive Council who were, under himself, to preside over the destinies of a people in whose bosoms still rankled the bitter recollection of the undue lenity which had been extended to the guilty participators in the rebellion so recently crushed by them. Common justice demanded that they who had borne arms against the Government, or indirectly connived at the troubles of that period, never should have been permitted to insult the good and loyal of the land by their monstrous elevation to offices so important as those of Executive Councilors. The introduction of the principle of Responsible Government did not require so manifestly injurious a course of action. It was easy enough to have said, and no one in the country could have impugned the correctness of the principle, "People of Canada, Her Majesty, yielding to the desire you have expressed, consents that the boon of Responsible Government shall be conferred upon you; but, just as she is gracious, she cannot admit to domination over the great mass of her Canadian subjects men who have been suspected if not absolutely attainted with treason—whose principles have been decidedly hostile to British connection, and whose actions have had a direct tendency to sever it. It is admitted that there may have been abuses in the administration of this country, which it is essential should be rectified by the application of this new system of Government, but the means of correcting those evils lie wholly within yourselves; and the preponderance of party must be governed by events. They who have continued loyal to their Sovereign will now receive the reward of their fidelity, by being placed in a position to remove existing abuses; and if they fail to do this to the satisfaction of the people, it will remain for the voice of that people to displace them."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE
WEEKLY EXPOSITOR.

THURSDAY, JAN. 7, 1847.

THE SUBSCRIBERS TO THE
EXPOSITOR.

While our cotemporaries are felicitating themselves and the public on the very high and flattering estimation in which their respective papers are held, and the flourishing state of their finances; we have, at least, the merit of being singular, and announcing that, so far from (this being the case with us, the *Expositor*) after a lingering illness, accompanied with a good deal of irritation consequent on the peculiar nature of its disease, it has nearly breathed its last with the past year, it has, however, managed to rally and to bid those who have ever enjoyed the slightest interest in its health and prosperity, farewell! Like all things remarkable for extraordinary precocity, it has been doomed to an early death; but whether, phoenix-like, it may rise from its ashes in a new form, and with greater brilliancy or not, it is at present difficult for us to say. At present we have to deal with its remains.

It is by no means a source of uneasiness or concern to ourselves, that the *Expositor* should have met with the little encouragement it has from the community at large. It establishes and confirms our opinion of the serious tone of morals which exists in the country. We gave the suicidal blow to the *Expositor* when we ventured to lay bare the conduct of Justice (so called) in Lower Canada, and when we touched upon the conduct of Peedy, the Teller of the British North American Bank, which we did simply with a view to expose the shameful culpability of those who are sworn to do justice between man and man—between the criminal and the innocent—we raised up a host of enemies, who, though we are well assured, been assiduous in their endeavors to crush the publication. The best evidence of this is the fact that many of those parties who were induced, principally by the example of one of a truly liberal spirit, to put their names down as contributors to the establishment of the paper, have studiously avoided sending their advertisements to the *Expositor*; and without these, it is well known that no paper can enjoy a more than ephemeral existence. Do we regret this, as far as regards ourselves? Most certainly not; for we have no desire to continue a task to which the professed supporters of the paper lend no aid.

Placed at the extremely low rate it was, the *Expositor* could only depend upon numbers for its success, and it was naturally assumed that, where the speculation in railways engrossed so considerable a share of the public attention, a journal devoting a portion of its columns to that subject, and forming a direct medium of communication with the railway interest in England, as the *Expositor* confessedly has, through the *London Railway Record*, the small sum charged for it would have commanded a subscriber in every individual who had an interest in the speculation. But so far from this being the case, we clearly enough perceived, after the publication of the fourth number, that the *Expositor* would not live longer than six months, unless some extraordinary interest could be created in it. Hence our commencement of the publication of the "Eight Years in Canada," which promising as it did to embrace Reviews of the several Administrations which had prevailed in Canada since the Rebellion, we certainly thought would on that account alone have given extended circulation to the paper.

Weeks passed on, yet without any addition of moment to the names on our list; however, as we had taken the precaution to cause a certain number of copies of the *Eight Years* to be put up in book form, after having been carefully revised and purged of its numerous typographical errors, as well as errors of carelessness of our own, we were in some degree consoled for the annoyance we experienced at what we knew would be the fate of the paper, by the power that precautionary measure had given us of making some slight return to the few of those original contributors, who really desired the success of the publication, and were sufficiently interested in the "Eight Years" to desire its continuation.

The following is that arrangement:—To those who contributed the larger amount, two copies of the work, when completed, as it must be by ourselves, as a volume, will be reserved; to those who have given the smaller, one copy; while each mere subscriber will be furnished with it at 2s 6d, which, compared with the price at which, as will be seen below, the volume is intended to be sold, will be a virtual return of the half year's subscription. It had been hoped that the paper would have at least lasted six months, and there is money enough strictly due to the office to have effected this, but our Printers have come upon us, like Shylock for his bond. They will not wait, and have refused to publish until settled with. It is in vain that we have called upon all parties who have received the paper up to this hour, and whom it is necessary we should place on a perfect equality with those who have paid. Not even an answer to the remonstrances which we have, from time to time, made have been received, until, in the end, we are perfectly sick and disgusted with asking.

We are really ashamed to confess the smallness of the number of those whom we may consider as actual subscribers to the *Expositor*. It must be sufficient here to state, that the whole of the annual subscriptions, both of those who have paid and those who are ever likely to pay, have not been enough to defray the expenses of half that has been incurred with the printers of the *Expositor* alone. What was contributed for an office has supplied the rest. Under these circumstances it would have been madness to have persevered in that which could not have been effected with the most remote prospect of success.

We deem it necessary here to add that, after paying to the printers upwards of a hundred and twenty pounds, for seventeen numbers of the *Expositor*, they refused to print any further numbers until the two last were paid for. This was the letter of their bond, and they certainly had a right to do so—but we ourselves consider that it would have better served their own interests, as well as those of the public, if they had extended a little time—particularly as we assured them there was sufficient money due to the *Expositor* to enable it to be continued to the end of the half year, and furthermore promising that, putting aside the two numbers in question, those which were to succeed should be settled for without fail, whether the subscribers paid or not. But no: they were inexorable, and could not be prevailed upon.

We have entered with a minuteness into this matter, which we certainly should not have done did the disappointment merely regard ourselves. But we should be sorry to believe that our subscribers did not give us the credit of having done all that lay in our power to make such arrangements as would prove satisfactory to them, and with this view it is that we have, up to the last moment, collected what subscriptions were due to the paper from the issue of the first number, and more than will be required to

settle the arrears which yet remain unliquidated, in order that all might share alike in the advantages, if any, that may result from the sudden discontinuance of the *Expositor*.

We may add that it affords us no slight gratification to find that, all the larger contributors to the paper to whom we have spoken on this subject, and expressed our disappointment at the failure of their well-intentioned views, perfectly approve of the plan we propose, for the partial indemnification of both contributors and subscribers, and deem, with ourselves, that it would be an act of folly to continue the paper under the circumstances of discouragement which have attended it from the commencement. We should, moreover, feel ourselves wanting in proper acknowledgment, were we to fail to express our sense of the promptitude with which the whole of the contributors, with two or three exceptions only—and these we believe caused by our remarks on the Administration of Justice—have met all demands of the office upon them, and in that spirit of acknowledgment for their good wishes and their good deeds, we take our leave of them.

Should circumstances enable us to do so, we may yet bring out a number of the paper, with the remainder of our remarks on the Administration of Lord Sydenham, a portion of which is given in the present issue, and to which we call the attention of our readers. But this we shall do, if at all, only after the arrival of Lord Elgin. We believe there are few Conservatives or Moderates in the country who will not perfectly coincide with us in the view we have taken of the political Canadian career of that nobleman; and to a future Governor, arriving in the country with only the history of his Lordship's paid panegyrist for his guide, the reverse of the picture may not without advantage be displayed. His Excellency will then be enabled to judge how far the encomia passed upon Lord Sydenham were deserved, and to what extent his example should be followed with any prospect of ensuring tranquillity to the country.

MAJOR TALBOT.

We understand, and if true the whole of the Montreal community will rejoice in the fact, that, although Lord Cathcart is about to be relieved, Major Talbot, who has filled the office of Military Secretary to two successive and successive Commanders of the Forces in Canada, will yet remain. Whether as Military Secretary, or as first aid-de-camp to Sir Benjamin D'Urban, is not yet decided. We should assume, however, that, conversant as he is with the details of the Military Secretary's Office, it will be at the head of that Department. But whichever it be, the fact of Major Talbot being continued a third time on the staff of the Commander of the Forces of such an important station as this—an honor not often conferred upon an officer—is a proof of the high estimation in which he is held, and cannot, as we have already remarked, fail to afford much satisfaction to the Montreal public—certainly not a little to the frequenters of Christ Church, the orchestra of which has, under his accomplished musical taste, judgment, and untiring energy, (albeit his other manifold duties) attained a state of perfection scarcely surpassed in any of the most fashionable chapels of London.

On the 15th of February will be published,
Price 7s. 6d.

EIGHT YEARS IN CANADA;

INCLUDING

A REVIEW of the several Administrations of Lord Durham and Sydenham, Sir Charles Bagot, and Lord Metcalfe; with numerous Letters to the Author from Lord Durham, Mr. Chas. Buller, Sir John Harvey, &c. &c.

FACTA NON VERBA.

Before finally closing the columns of the Expositor, we cannot do better than confess in honesty that our critiques on the Administration, and particularly on Mr. Draper, while seemingly conducted in terms of censure, have been only intended to blind the public. Between Mr. Draper and ourselves the greatest intimacy has existed; and in his communication to us, that distinguished public functionary has ever evinced that interesting play of the fancy in which he so evidently excels, and that warmth of interest in our prosperity which could not but result from the union of kindred minds. The following letter addressed to us shortly before Lord Metcalfe took it upon himself to give us a temporary appointment, will sufficiently prove to the public that ours has only been a "sham fight."—Pylades and Orestes loved each other not so well.

"MONTREAL, April 15th, 1845.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I have, let day after day pass, from one occupation or another, without replying to your note of the 8th instant, till I am really ashamed of it; and even now I am unable to do more than express in very general terms my acquiescence in the correctness of your remarks on the past Session. The truth is, I am off on the Circuit almost immediately; and I have so much to do before I leave, that I scarcely can find time to read any thing. The rapidity with which one subject jostles another, puts my head into a state of wild confusion. Like a succession of clouds flying over an April sky they give no opportunity of remarking their shape or outline, and are principally observed by the shade they throw over the earth. The principal distinction in my case is, that I scarcely get the fulfilment of sunshine on the muddy chaos of my thoughts.

"I acknowledge in full the appeal you have made, and can assure you I shall feel no small pleasure, if it falls within my power, to show you that I desire to respond to it.

"Believe me, Yours very truly,
"WM. H. DRAPER.

"....."

* Before giving us the trifling appointment for which we were assured by Mr. Higginson that we were indebted to Lord Metcalfe alone, that distinguished and lamented Nobleman had requested us to see the Executive on the subject.

THE NAPANESE.

Our facetious cotemporary of the Kingston Argus, who has been accustomed to wade knee-deep among marshes, not to evade but to meet with a snipe, and therefore knows the difference between a running stream and a mill-pond, remarks, in the last number we have received, that a grave error occurs in the 'Eight Years in Canada,' and that instead of making Napaneo to be upon a branch of the pure River Trent, it should have been on the muddy and discolored streamlet that bears the name of the village. Most true; and how so absurd a mistake could have occurred, we really cannot understand ourselves. While apologizing for it to those who dwell on the Trent, we beg to assure our Argus-eyed friend, to whom we are much indebted for calling our attention to the matter, that when the corrected volume appears before him, the error will be found to have been remedied.

VALUABLE MILL SEAT.

NOTICE is hereby given that the LEASE of a VALUABLE MILL SEAT situated on the South side of the Basin of the LAZARINE CANAL, above the Windmill Point, and marked on the Plan as Lot No. 12, will be disposed of by PUBLIC AUCTION, at the OFFICE of PUBLIC WORKS, on TUESDAY, the TWELFTH day of JANUARY next, at NOON; the upset price to be £107 10s cy. per annum payable half-yearly.

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

By order,
THOMAS A. BEGLY,
Secretary.

Department of Public Works,
Montreal, Dec. 15, 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 (the St. Paul), and from said Island to the North bank with right of way over 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 LEHRING,
JOHN LUND,
J. H. SMITH,
J. FROTHINGHAM,
JNO. YOUNG,
JOHN E. MILLS,
L. H. HOLTON,
D. L. MACDONALD,
BENJ. LYMAN,
R. CORSE,
DAVID TORRANCE.

- ANDREW SHAW,
JAMES GILMORE,
WM. EDMONSTONE,
MORSE HAYS,
JOSEPH MASSON,
ROBERT MACKAY,
O. BEATHLEET,
H. JUDAH,
A. LALROQUE,
B. HART,
JOSEPH BOURRET,
A. M. DELISLE,
W. ENNATINARR,
W. C. MEREDETH,
JOHN J. DAVY,
Geo. ELDER, Junr.

Montreal, September 14, 1846.

St. Lawrence & Atlantic Rail-Road.

NOTICE TO TIMBER CONTRACTORS.

TENDERS will be received at the Office of the ST. LAWRENCE AND ATLANTIC RAILROAD COMPANY, till the 9th day of JANUARY next, for the following description of TIMBER, for the superstructure of the Road from the St. Lawrence River to a point in the Township of Acton,—a distance of about 45 miles: to be delivered before the 1st October, 1847, on the line of the Road, at such points as the Engineer shall designate, namely:—

LONGITUDINAL SILLS, Sawed, 8 by 12 inches square, in lengths of 18, 27, and 36 feet, to consist of best quality merchantable Pine or Tamarac Timber. Also, Oak or Tamarac Plank for Cross Ties 2 1/2 inches thick, 6 inches wide, and 3 feet long. The whole to be good sound merchantable Timber, and Plank, free from black knots, shakes, and wanes, and in no case to be Sapling Timber.

The TIMBER to be delivered at Points not exceeding one-fourth of a mile apart, on the following Division of the Road, viz.:

- FIRST DIVISION, extending from the St. Lawrence River to the Richelleu, at Belœil.
- SECOND DIVISION, extending from the Richelleu River to the Village of St. Hyacinthe.
- THIRD DIVISION, from St. Hyacinthe to the Point above mentioned in the Township of Acton.

Persons Proposing will state—1st, The amount and kind of Timber they will furnish; 2nd, Upon which of the above Divisions they will deliver it; 3rd, The price per running foot of Sills of each kind of Timber; 4th, The price of each Cross Tie of Oak or Tamarac.

Persons offering to contract for Timber or Ties who are unknown to the Engineer or to the Directors, will be required to accompany their proposals with references as to character and ability; and in all cases where any proposal shall be accepted and a Contract entered into, the Contractor will be required to give the names of responsible persons as sureties for the faithful performance of the Contract according to the terms agreed on.

For further information, apply at the Company's Office, No. 18, Little St. James Street.

THOMAS STEERS,
SECRETARY.

Company's Office,
4th December, 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 New Stockholders are requested to PAY the FIRST INSTALLMENT of £4 lbs. Currency per Share, to the Treasurer, at the Company's Office, 18, Little St. James Street.

By order of the Board,
THOMAS STEERS,
Secretary.

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

DONEGANNA'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 years they conducted the Establishment, "RASCO'S HOTEL," begs to inform that the same is now removed into that

SPLENDID BUILDING.

in Notre Dame Street, formerly the Property of BINGHAM, Esq., and the Vice-Regal Residences of BRIDGMAN and SYDENHAM, which has been refitted and fitted with

EVERY CONVENIENCE, & ORNAMENT.

It affords the most comfortable and elegant THE SITUATION is central, and within an easy distance of the Champ-de-Mars, the Cathedral, Bishop's Church, the Bank, the Government Offices, the Court House, and other Public Buildings. The openness of the elevation upon which the Hotel stands, affords a fine view of the City, and the prospect is beautiful and extensive.

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

THE FIRST HOTEL IN BRITISH AMERICA.

Among the conveniences to be found in the ROOMS and a BILLIARD ROOM.

THE TABLE will be supplied with EVERY DELICACY of the season, and while the Proprietor will spare no exertions to give satisfaction to all who may honor him with their patronage, he begs to inform that 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 Canada and other Stage Offices. And the Proprietor spares no exertion to make his New Establishment the liberal patronage he received as

J. M. DONEGAN.

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 certain provisions of the Act 2 Wm. 4th, chapter 11, and an Act for making a Railroad from the City of Montreal to the River St. Lawrence, and particularly in relation to the 47th Section of the said Act, and to carry the said Company to extend and construct the Champlain and the St. Lawrence Railroad at a point on the present line of the same (the point commonly called La Petite Riviere de Montreal) a line as may be found practicable to any point upon the River Saint Lawrence, at which a Branch may be constructed under the authority of this 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 Bridges, thence to the City of Montreal, upon such terms and conditions as shall be fixed by Legislative enactment.

JOHN E. MIELL,
WM. B. LINDE,
Commiss.

RAIL-ROAD OFFICE,
Montreal, November 2, 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, Grease, Iron Mould, Wine Stains, &c. carefully removed. N.B.—Persons not finding it convenient to call at place, by sending a few lines will be punctually attended to.

NEW RAIL-ROAD JOURNAL.

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

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

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

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—Two Dollars per Annum in Montreal, and Two Dollars and a Half in the Country, payable in advance.
Montreal, August 11, 1846.

PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETOR, BY DONOGHUE & MANTZ, Paper'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

BIBLIOTHÈQUE NATIONALE