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# THE WEEKLY EXPOSITOR,

AUDI ALTER AM PARTEM.

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

Vol. 1.]

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1846.

[No. 12.]

## 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 "LECARTE," &c.

DE CANIUM 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 resuming 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.

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

(CHAPTER VI. CONTINUED.)

Nor was this owing to any undue severity in the discipline, or to any particular dislike of their commanding officers. On the contrary, in the case of the 43rd, where the desertions were so numerous, the colonel was beloved by his men, and yet the strange and seemingly irresistible infatuation continued, as though some unseen power urged them to the commission of an act which, as will be seen presently, brands them with infamy even among the most unprincipled of those with whom they seek refuge. Neither in the 14th was there any of that severity of duty or martinetism which frequently prompts men to attempt an amelioration of their condition. But I now arrive at the important part of the subject.

One might be induced, from the frequency of occurrence of the crime, to suppose that the man who is guilty of desertion, leaves his post and forfeits the solemn obligation he has entered into with his Sovereign, in the assurance that he exchanges a service of tyranny and oppression for the enjoyment of unbounded liberty, and the respect of those among whom he re-casts his destiny—that, as a British soldier, his services when made available in the armies of his newly adopted country, entitle him, from his greater experience, to take rank before his comrades, and to command their esteem; or that whenever he exercises the trade or profession which he may have originally been taught, he is entitled to all the civil privileges and immunities from wrong of the American citizen.

Let the soldier who anticipates such advantages thoroughly disabuse himself. The very contrary is the fact, and they who coolly meditate desertion will do well, before leaping the chasm from which there is no honorable return, to look at the real, and not the artificial, side of the picture which is presented to their view. God has set his seal upon the perjurer as well as upon the murderer, and man is made the instrument of his will, in marking his hatred and contempt of the crime. It is on this immutable principle that although we may love the treason, the traitor can never command our respect, and even among the depraved, those who deliberately violate the sanctity of an oath are looked upon as being even more depraved than themselves. So it is especially with the British deserter. Instead of enjoying that liberty for which he has periled his eternal peace, he finds his condition even worse than that of a slave. If he works for hire, and honestly earns his wages, he is dependent solely on the caprice of him who has engaged his services, for, by legal process, he cannot recover a shilling. And thus, rendered abject and base by the inequality of position he finds to exist between himself and his new associates, he loses sight of the last sentiments of dignity common to man, or, if he descends not deeply and rapidly in the scale of infamy, sighs in vain for the recall of those days when, in the pride of a soldier's chivalrous profession, he walked erect upon the earth, and in the first and noblest land of freedom—England—an honest member of the human family.

Nor is the man who depends upon the exercise of his trade in a more enviable condition than the mere laborer. True, for a brief

season his mechanical dexterity and address may command countenance and support, and, if his transactions be of a ready-money kind, he may contrive to secure a bare existence; but ready-money transactions are neither usual nor profitable, and if with a view to extend his business, he adopt the system of giving credit, he must trust wholly to the good faith of those to whom he accords it, or be prepared to lose sight of that privilege which is not denied the honest American citizen—the power of compelling restitution. If he threaten an appeal to the courts of justice, insult will be added to injury. The person threatened will laugh in his face, and ask him whether he is not a British deserter, and if so, how he can presume to expect that his oath will have any weight, after having perjured himself to his Sovereign. Be even among the mechanics, the proportion of good workmen is comparatively small, and therefore they who devote themselves to it are few in number.

A number of these deluded men enlist in the American army, where security for their fidelity is given in the utter impossibility of their ever returning home, but they are not treated with any consideration, and scarcely ever attain to the rank of a non-commissioned officer. Even while there is assurance that they cannot desert, they are looked upon with a distrustful eye. They are sensible of this, and may be distinguished by a sullen and desponding expression of countenance. They are, it is true, a little better paid and fed than the English soldier, but the system of discipline is much more rigid, and the punishments more severe, and more frequently administered. During the Florida wars, they were invariably sent to encounter pestilence and hardship in every shape, and thousands of these unhappy men have left their bones amid the swamps and fastnesses of that inhospitable region.\*

On one occasion, a gentleman connected with one of the public departments in Kingston, visited French Creek, in the vicinity of the Thousand Islands, and the great rendezvous of deserters. During his short stay there he saw about eighty of these unfortunate men working in a ditch nearly mid-waist in mud, and their bodies covered with pustules and ulcers. He described the sight as being in the highest degree disgusting. He was personally known to most of the men, several of whom approached, and told him that they were so heartily tired of the miserable change in their position, that they would cheerfully undergo any punishment that might be inflicted, provided they should be suffered to return. They stated to him, what was the universal complaint, that although they toiled like slave, they could not obtain remuneration for their work, for their task-masters invariably taunted them, when pressed for a settlement, with the assertion that their oath would be without weight in a court of justice.

And what food for reflection is here afforded! When I first entered the service the soldier was looked upon as the hardy veteran, and not in the light in which he is now regarded. There was the same attention to his comfort, but not to his luxurious ease—there was the same *esprit de corps*, but it was one of rivalry in the field: nor was there ever such an absurdity dreamt of as the soldiers of one corps giving a "sumptuous and distinguished entertainment" to the soldiers of another corps, and drinking over wines of the "choicest kind" the health of the Queen—Prince Albert—The Army and Navy—the Duke of Wellington—their respective Colonels—the Ladies, followed by the farce of publication, in the newspapers of the locale, of their misplaced orgies, as if the public could feel any other sentiment than ridicule for these "high-life-below-stairs" proceedings. A rasher of pork—a basin of pea-soup, with bread, and a moderate portion of spirit, were the substantial of the men of those days, and in these the officers often partook with a gusto equal to any that is now derived from an indulgence in these "luxurious viands." Their minds had not been subjected to the influence of a mistaken refinement. As long as a soldier got his food regularly, and his pay—when he could, he thought only of being in the presence of his enemy, and desertion from his colors was, at that period, almost wholly unknown. He knew no greater happiness than to embark in scenes of enterprize, whatever the incidental privations attending them, because he was aware that his officer would share equally in whatever hardships it should be his lot to encounter. The same rude bivouac contained them; their bodies reposed on the same sward or in the same forest; their heads were often pillowed on the

\* No doubt many of these men swell the American ranks in Mexico.

same rude log; the same fire warmed their feet; and the same laugh was provoked from them by the quaint and characteristic tales of those who passed the midnight hours in stirring the embers of the dying fire, and relating what they felt would afford amusement to their officers. Here was a fellowship—a companionship, which, without one moment losing sight of the relative positions of the parties, blended all in concord, and left with the soldier not the most distant desire for change. He knew his duties, and he performed them; and when these were faithfully discharged, he enjoyed the intervening hours in a spirit which could leave no cause for lament that he had chosen the noble profession of a soldier. How such a man would have indulged in his rude witticisms, could he have anticipated that a time would arrive when a new "dynasty" of military men should arise, whose chief object it should be, not to seek laurels for themselves, but to compliment each other on the gallant deeds performed by their regiments long before they were born, or, at least, out of leading-strings, and to assume a credit for these deeds to themselves.

These were the good old days of simplicity in the character and bearing of a soldier. But war and peace necessarily render that character dissimilar. In the former state, too much vigor is infused into the physical and moral man, by a constant series of exciting scenes, in which he finds himself an important actor, to admit of his entertaining any more predominating feeling than that of proud identification with the glorious results achieved by the common valor. He feels that he is looked upon as one of the connecting-links in the great chain which binds the glorious destinies of his country—that he is respected in proportion to the service he is enabled to render to her—however humble the mode—and it is his pride to know that, when a nation's praise goes forth in thanks for an important victory, he is one of those to whom that homage is paid. With such inducements for adhesion to the standard of his country—such means afforded him to vary the scene of his dangers and of his service, to indulge in that desire for change which is natural to man in every condition of life, and yet to know that, if there be any perceptible or lengthened diminution of his comfort, it is because it is beyond the control of his officer to prevent that which is equally inflicted upon himself. With such inducements, I repeat, to be true to the flag of his country, the soldier feels that it would be a blindness of infatuation to forsake the manifold advantages he enjoys, for the purpose of following an *ignis fatuus*, which may lead to his utter destruction, and certainly cannot better his condition. Hence it is that in war, when the mind and the body are actively employed, desertions are of far less frequent occurrence than when no such state of honorable excitement exists.

But, during a period of profound peace, when there is nothing to animate the mind or to excite interest—when no vista of glory is dimly seen in the distance—when a soldier's life is consumed in an unceasing round of drills, parades, and guard-mountings—when the same unvarying roster of duty is presented to him, likening his toil in a great degree to that of the slave—and when, if change of scene be offered, he finds it unaccompanied by any of those strong excitements which are inseparable from a condition of war, it is the less surprising that a morbid feeling, inducing listlessness and apathy, and even loathing of his condition, should eventually take possession of his mind, until recourse is finally had to that step which he thinks will lead to his relief, but which, experience satisfies him, not only makes real that suffering which is fancied, but shuts him out from every prospect of a return to the enjoyment of those actual benefits he has so thoughtlessly and so guiltily relinquished.

Another superinducing cause of the frequency of desertion in the British army at the present day is, in my opinion, the institution of libraries (by no means, in many instances, select) in the several corps, and the direction of the minds of the men to subjects utterly unsuited to their position. These, in expanding his intellect, tend to give to the soldier—especially if he be a young man—an unduly exalted opinion of himself, and to induce a contempt for the position he occupies. Gradually he is led to infer that his education and talents are far beyond his present limited sphere, and looking on the uniform he wears as a badge of servitude, determines on seizing the first favorable opportunity to rid himself of it for ever. Nor is this desire in any way diminished by the practice to which I have, in strong deprecation, alluded, of giving dinners to each other, and indulging in sentimental toasts and opinions which are, I maintain, unsuited to a soldier's condition.

I may offer, in illustration of this view of the subject, a circumstance that occurred in the 23rd Regiment, not long previous to their embarkation for the West Indies. Two corporals' guards were in the habit of mounting daily in Kingston—one at the hospital, the other at the ordnance, and a plan was laid by both non-commissioned officers on duty on one particular day to desert with the whole of their command. However, the men, who had necessarily been tampered with, disclosed the intention, and it was defeated. The corporals were confined, tried by a court-martial, convicted, and sent to the penitentiary. And here it is to be remarked that they were both young, good-looking and intelligent, had received a tolerable education, and were not only able penmen, but possessed of that shrewdness and sagacity which so often obtains for a clever soldier the soubriquet of "Lawyer." Their guilt, therefore was, in all probability, the result of that desire to better a condition which the estimate they had formed of their own capabilities had led them to be-

lieve was not what it ought to be. It was fortunate that the men, not acknowledging the same refined influence, conceived it to be a duty incumbent on them to regard their oath.

I have stated on the authority of Sir John Colborne, that the number of deserters, between 1815 and 1838 inclusive, was at least 5,000. Correct statistics of desertion since that period I have not been able to obtain, but they cannot be much less than 500, for at Kingston alone, I know the number up to the 20th of September 1844, to have been 215. This mania has, as I have already remarked, been carried to a greater pitch in Kingston than in any other part of Upper Canada, inasmuch as every person owning a coat of whatsoever description, was at one time compelled to adopt the utmost precaution to prevent it from falling into the hands of deserters.

That there could be no other cause for desertion, to the enormous extent we have seen, than the mere caprice of men tired of the monotony of their position, and eager for change, is obvious from the fact that Sir Richard Armstrong, the commander of the troops in the Western section of the Province, had from the first moment of his assumption of the charge in 1841, directed his earnest attention to the subject, and caused every measure to be adopted which could possibly have the effect of lessening the evil: and courts martial, which had heretofore taken place to a very great extent, were only resorted to on urgent occasions, while the means taken to remove all ground for this tribunal were many and efficacious. The most scrupulous regard was moreover had to the comfort of those who, long experience had taught the gallant General, might occasionally be subject to the petulance of their Officers, or to the much more decided severity of the non-commissioned ranks; and at his periodical inspections, the men have at all times been enjoined to make known the slightest ground of complaint.

It was not therefore owing to oppression, or injustice, or any neglect of their comfort that these men cast themselves upon their adventurous course, but simply with a view to the indulgence of that wayward love of change—that vain and unseasonable desire of bettering their condition, which the near proximity of the United States—the land of presumed liberty—seemed most calculated to gratify.

Two other motives are assigned by Sir Richard, who seems deeply to have studied the subject, for the extreme prevalence of an evil, which, it seems, no caution can anticipate or prevent. The first of these, is the addiction to drunkenness which prevades almost all classes of people, and is the besetting sin of the country; and which naturally extends itself to the soldiers who are invited to spend their money in that manner. The second, is the persevering efforts of American citizens, having constant communication with the Canadian shore, and with whom it seems to be a pride and a duty to seduce as many men as they can, from their allegiance to a country they conceive to be hostile to their own. Nor this with any view to avail themselves of their services, for as has been seen, no sooner is the treason accomplished, than the traitor is held up to ignominy, and made to undergo all the humiliation consequent on his credulity. In the moment of his intoxication, he greedily clutches the false hopes held out to him by the artful deluder—compromises himself by a pledge, and then, without energy to disenthral himself, and at once ashamed and afraid of the intention being discovered, even if it be not put in execution, blindly yields himself to the infatuation, and takes the step that leads to his ruin.

In supposing that they are precluded from returning to the country, as the majority of deserters do, they labor under a misconception. Very many have returned—subjected themselves to the penalties imposed by a Court Martial, and then returned to their duty. But the most inconceivable thing of all is the conduct of those who with the experience of all the obloquy which attaches even to a first dereliction of duty, have the hardihood not only to repeat the offence, but even a third time to pursue the same course. A second desertion should, in my opinion, seldom be pardoned—a third never, for the ranks of a Regiment are only disgraced by the restoration to them of men whose villainy is of the most hardened kind, and whose unblushing example cannot fail to operate unfavorably on those who, although now untainted, may at some future period, indulge in the same propensity, with the same prospect of impunity.

It has ever appeared to me (and I confess my surprise that no officer of the British army, serving in Canada, should have promulgated the same opinion,) that it would be good policy to issue a proclamation of pardon to all those soldiers who have deserted once, but that wherever a second case occurred, the party should be condemned to the Penitentiary for a certain number of years, and if taken a third time, he should, after having been tried and convicted by a Court Martial, be shot. The punishment of the Penitentiary, for a few years, has nothing appalling in it, to the outward eye, but surround a man with the imposing ceremonies of a military execution, and the lesson will go far to check the evil. Even for a first offence, committed under aggravated circumstances, a deserter should be made to suffer death.

The proclamation I suggest, being an act of oblivion of the offence, would have the effect of removing that stigma which now

attaches to the deserter voluntarily surrendering himself, and the dread of encountering which is one great objection to his return among his comrades from whom he may expect taunts little dissimilar from those which he had found to attach to him in the land for which he had incurred all the odium. Moreover, the cost of these deserters to the Government, independently of the humiliation they bring upon the service, is so enormous that an attempt *honestly* to reclaim the erring soldier becomes almost a feature in political economy. No man can well be enlisted, clothed, fed, and moved from clime to clime, at less than an average cost of £20 to the country. Therefore, if we add five hundred deserters to the number stated by Sir John Colborne as having gone off between 1815 and 1838, there is a dead loss of upwards of £110,000.

The following anecdote, for which I am indebted to the Town Major of Kingston—Captain Bouchier—is certainly most cool and unique. During the former service of the 71st in this country, a man had been seduced by an American farmer of some wealth to desert, and take up his residence with him for five years in the capacity of a laborer, the stipulation being that he was to receive certain wages, food, clothing, &c. He served his engagement, but during the whole time, although well fed and otherwise provided for, he could get no money. At length he became urgent for a settlement, and, notwithstanding many evasions, succeeded in bringing his employer to a consideration of his claim.

"I'll tell you what it is now," said the farmer, in his nasal twang, "money is out of the case: I've got none; but I guess I'll give you so many acres of land, and what is more I'll help you to build a house upon it, and then you may fix it the best way you can."

The proposal was accepted, a log hut was built, a clearing was effected, and the deserter remained in occupancy during the space of four years. But there was neither deed nor title of the slightest description given to him. At the expiration of the term just named, the farmer died, and the son, his heir, who must, of course, have been fully aware of the whole transaction, called shortly afterwards on the tenant of the log hut and demanded rent.

"Rent! for what?"

"Why for this ere land you have located for the last four years. I guess the rent isn't paid."

"Of course not: I owe no rent: this land was given to me and this house put upon it by your father, for whom I worked five years."

"Don't know nothing of that," retorted the son. "If you ha'n't got the deed, I guess you must clear out, and I claim four years' rent of you." And turned out he was, forthwith.

This was his well-merited reward for deserting, and placing himself in a position of which men scrupled not to take every unworthy advantage. He had perjured himself to his God and to his country. He had toiled five years with the sweat of his brow for him who had seduced him from the path of honor, and in addition had assisted in building a house, and had cleared and cultivated a considerable portion of land. For all this he had been allowed barely the means of subsistence, and was withal called upon to pay four years rent for that which was in fact his own. This surely should be a lesson to all soldiers cursed with the spirit of desertion.

But the most amusing part of the story remains yet to be told. Annoyed and disgusted with the treatment he had received, the dupe hearing of the return of his regiment to Canada, conceived the design of honoring it with his presence. He accordingly recrossed the lines, gave himself up as a deserter, and demanded to be taken to his regiment. The application was forwarded to Colonel Grey, then commanding the 71st, but that officer very properly refused to have anything to do with him, desiring, on the contrary, that his immediate discharge be made out. The refusal to receive him was regarded by the deserter as very extraordinary, and his ideas had become so expanded during his long residence in the States that he absolutely considered himself to be a very ill-used individual.

One of the most singular cases of desertion, however, occurred in the 15th Regiment, while quartered on the Lower Canada frontier, and this so completely upsets all one's preconceived notions as to the influencing causes of desertion that it merits a record. A servant of one of the officers had been sent on one occasion to Montreal with some valuable property belonging to one of the ladies of the family, and having executed his trust with the utmost fidelity, returned to the Isle-aux-Noix, where his master was quartered. During his absence, or shortly subsequent to his return, his fellow-servant, the groom, had deserted taking with him his master's horse. A sergeant of the regiment was immediately despatched in pursuit, and with him went the servant, already mentioned, for the purpose of identifying the animal. They crossed over into the States, found the horse, which had been left in pledge by the deserter at a tavern, and, after paying the charges of the landlord, recrossed the lines and returned with the recovered animal to the British post. Two days afterwards, the same servant—who had only a few days previously been entrusted with a parcel of some value, and with which he might easily

have absconded, who had moreover since that been in the States, where no power but his own will could have withdrawn him—deserted also, and has never since been heard of on this side of the line.

It might be inferred, from the uniform steadiness of the Artillery, and the superior mental attainments which soldiers of this arm usually possess, that desertions from this body are comparatively unknown. I confess it was with the deepest surprise that I learnt, from an authority which could leave no doubt on the subject, that the crime of desertion exists with them to an extent (taking into consideration their fowness of number) not exceeded by the average of regiments of Infantry. Nor was I less amazed, when, from the same source, I was informed that the 93rd Highlanders have not been an exception to the general delinquency. The strong feeling of nationality which pervades this extremely fine corps, the personal and remarkable pride of appearance of the men, who bear themselves as if conscious of the classic garb they wear, added to the fact of their general good and steady conduct, one would have imagined to have been such guarantees of their fidelity that no temptation could shake it; but the infatuation has been too powerful even for them, and if they have yielded to it, who shall say on what desertion of troops to rely?

A most singular—nay inexplicable fact in the chronicle of desertion, and one which almost overthrows all reasoning from causes is, according to the same authority, evinced in the case of the Incorporated Battalions, raised during the rebellion, and only recently discontinued. One would have imagined that, if any corps could be exempt from all inducements to desertion, they would have been those, the very limited term of whose enlistment ought to have caused the service to be one rather of pastime than of toil. The men composing them were, moreover, not only not newly arrived in the country, and therefore likely to be hurried away with a false estimate of the advantages awaiting them on the other side of the line, but were principally old soldiers, or young men, either born or long resident in the country, who were no strangers to the American shore, and for whom the mere novelty of change could offer no attraction sufficiently powerful to counterbalance the infamy of violation of the oath which they had taken. And yet, strange to say, although the men serving in these corps had every reasonable expectation of receiving a fresh bounty at the expiration of the two years for which they were engaged, or, if they should prefer it, of leaving the service altogether, desertions were with them even more frequent, and on a more extended scale, in comparison with their strength, than with the regiments of the line. In proof of this, the returns of desertion from the Kingston garrison, from January 1838 to September 1844, exhibit, as I have before stated, a total of 215 men; and of this number, from January 1839 to August 1841, (five years back) there were, of the Incorporated Battalions, no fewer than 121. This immense disproportion is the more manifest when it is taken into consideration, that in Kingston, there are usually stationed one entire regiment, and the wing of another, independently of a strong force of Artillery.

The only way in which Captain Bouchier could account for this most glaring absence of principle, and indeed even of common sense, was by attributing the evil to the improper selection of men. The allowance usual on these occasions was not paid to the recruiting officer, before his quota of men had been completed, and as in most instances they (the officers) were not in a position to make heavy outlays, or of long standing, it necessarily became an object with them to fill up their numbers as rapidly as possible, and consequently without the exercise of that nice discrimination which might have been kept in view by them had this difficulty not interposed. True, there is no good excuse for this, but it nevertheless in some degree explains a fact which were otherwise utterly incomprehensible. Incorporated Battalions properly selected, and officered by men who understand the art of infusing a becoming pride into the soldier, while zealously alive to his wants, would be most efficient troops for the frontier—Kingston only excepted, which, as the Head Quarters of the Army in Upper Canada, should of course be garrisoned by the regular forces. Their removal from so important a position, would imply a dishonoring want of confidence which, would not much tend to the diminution of the will, if it did of the power, to desert; and, therefore, the evil here is almost irremediable, or at least not susceptible of any other modification than that which has been carefully suggested for the comfort and well being of the soldier, by Sir Richard Armstrong.

In the selection for the Canadian Rifles, now stationed along the Western frontier, of men of not less than fifteen years service, the Government have acted judiciously. If any men will remain true to their colors, they must be found among the number of those who have the reputation of past years to support, and who, from their long association with military life, are almost disqualified for any other employment. This is almost the only guarantee, but it is a powerful one, of their fidelity. Men who have numbered fifteen years of service in the army, and passed through a long and trying ordeal, with unblemished conduct, are not likely to forego the proud recollection, unless it be in a moment of inebriety to which the soldier is so unhappily led in this country, not more from inclination than example.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

## RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF SPAIN.

## "CABRERA."

The advance guard of Espartero's army, in Lower Arragon, at the close of the civil war, in 1840, was commanded by General Leon. It consisted of ten battalions of the Royal, and ten battalions of the Provincial Guards, three squadrons of the Royal Guards, a squadron of English Lancers, a regiment of Dragoons, and some batteries of Horse Artillery. This division occupied the advance posts of the army, and was opposed at that time to the celebrated "Carlist Chiefstain Cabrera," surnamed by the Spaniards "El Tigré" (the tiger). How far he merited the cognomen, will be seen in the sequel.

The commencement of the sanguinary contest, which deluged Spain for seven long years with the blood of her own sons! found Cabrera in the cloisters of a convent. An incident occurred, however, which brought this young man out to take a most prominent and tragical part in the drama then being enacted in his unfortunate country.

Mina (who has not read of this name in the already blood-stained annals of Spain) was the representative of his sovereign (Isabel II.), as "virey" (viceroys), in the principality of Catalonia, at the time when political opinions began to divide men, generally, throughout the peninsula, as to the rights and merits of the two claimants to the vacant throne of the deceased Ferdinand.

With the truly impassioned character of the Spaniard, these opinions speedily caused a general breach in the social system of this unhappy kingdom. Former friendships and the closest ties were immediately severed; the bosom-friend became the most inveterate enemy. The father's dagger was oftentimes raised against the favorite son of other and happier days; and, alas! brother contended against brother in the deadly struggle. In no other province, perhaps, had this feature of anarchy and demoralization exhibited itself to so fearful an extent. The measures adopted by the viceroy were in keeping with the times, and presented a reign of terror, similar to the fearful days of the Revolution in France.

It was enough to be suspected, and then led to a military execution: there was no safeguard. Neither age nor sex could save the unfortunate victims; amongst the latter (alas! unhappy day for Spain), was the mother of the cloistered monk, the future renowned Carlist leader, the scourge of the party opposed to him. The young monk received the sad tidings of his parent's death with tearless eye but quivering lip. One second, one shock, had totally changed the man. Cabrera was a monk no more,—Cabrera had vowed revenge. And fearfully, most fearfully, did he carry into execution his firm resolve. From that moment he left his quiet and holy calling, to head a "partida" (small party), in favour of Don Carlos. He was successful. In every encounter he proved a skillful and undaunted leader. At last he became renowned, and feared—the terror of his enemies. At the time mentioned in the commencement of this sketch, he was Commander-in-Chief of the Carlist Army in Arragon and Catalonia.

I was in the division of the Queen's army, already mentioned, when it entered the province of Lower Arragon—the stronghold of this captain. Every town and every village was dispersed by his troops; but the overwhelming force brought against them generally decided, and, in

a very short time, these encounters in our favour. It was on a fine winter's night, the moon shining brilliantly, and the atmosphere clear and cold, that we received orders, and left our bivouacs, to surprise a somewhat important town a few hours' march from us. This place was a favourite haunt of the Carlist chiefstain, and as it was reported that he, or some of his party, were in the then occupation of it, Leon had determined to push on, and take them by surprise, if possible. It was about one o'clock in the morning when we approached the town. Everything appeared quiet and in apparent security, and the usual precaution of advance picquets had been neglected. We halted about four or five acres from it, on the high road, leading, apparently, to the main gate. The neighbourhood was well covered with the olive and the vine, and, in the night, difficult to manœuvre on, as it proved, for without a knowledge of the locality, it required a great deal of time to take up the necessary positions, to cut off the garrison in case of a sally. After all had been reported ready, Leon, with a battalion and some artillery, advanced to the main gate, which, to our astonishment, was open; and, after receiving a shot from a solitary sentry, who bolted off, we entered without firing, and the whole division eventually took up its quarters in the neat, but dilapidated and open town. The garrison, having been apprized of our advance, had, after having quietly supped and shaken hands with their friends, betaken themselves to the opposite side of a small but deep river that ran on one side of it, leaving us in the quiet possession of good beds and plenty of good wine. I took up my quarters in the house of a very strange-looking old fellow, a blunt Arragonese (characteristic of his province), being a man far past the meridian of life, short, square-shouldered, long-armed, and bow-legged, but by no means deformed, and exhibiting extraordinary strength in his nether man. He was wrapped up, or rather swaddled like a mummy, in the everlasting large cloak commonly worn by all Spaniards, of dirty brown-coloured cloth, exhibiting evident proofs of the cleanliness of its wearer. From the top of this peeped a pair of black eyes very close together, and apparently prevented from uniting by the intervention of a very thin and red member, very like the well-cut comb of a cock, and commonly veiled the nose in other folk. Under this dangled an immense black moustache, that formed, together with the beard on the chin, a sort of coarse black circle, the centre of which was a volcano, emitting perpetual smoke: the whole surmounted by a black mop, frizzled and twisted as nature and negligence had left it. "Mi patron" (mine host) welcomed me, with the "*bien venido*" (welcome) in a very gruff voice, and with a visible inclination to growl out something else with the same intonation. And having disengaged one arm, motioned me to a chair near a fire-place that, from appearances, explained the reasons for the use of the cloak. I certainly felt very cold, wretched, and uncomfortable. But the arrival of my servant, soon put an end to my miseries; and whom, by the bye, I must take the liberty of introducing to the reader; for his eccentricities were numerous, and he was a well-known character in the division.

Nanouzi had been produced in the warm and sunny regions of Italy; had been a small "negociante" [merchant] in the town of Modena; his speculative genius and propensities barely dragging him out of the class of Lazzaroni. He was a free thinker and actor, and had, in his more palmy days, been a conspicuous member of

the secret political association, well known as the Carbonari in Europe. It had many adherents all over the continent, and numbered among its members many well-known and distinguished names. In no country had its effects been so severely felt as in the land of Dante and Nanonzi. Reader, like many a better man, after having run the gauntlet through bankruptcy, politics, and macaroni—poor Nanouzi had been compelled to leave his country for his country's good, and a short interval found him in Spain, fighting in the ranks of liberty and the Queen. This is the outline of his history, and a better creature never lived. Devoted to my interests and attached to my person, he had become my factotum. On his entrance into the room where I was seated, looking the picture of misery and wretchedness, he glanced his quick eyes round the scantily furnished and gloomy apartment, with a disdainful and disappointed air, and with a most quizzical face, narrowly examined our comical-looking "patron" [host]. I could scarcely keep my gravity. His salutation, however, completely upset me, and I enjoyed the scene, and laughed most heartily. "Hollo," quoth Nanonzi, "Signor Patron, if your nose does not tell mentiras [lies], we are in a good wine country, and you must have an excellent cellar. Madre de Dios," continued he, "mi capitan I see is freezing under your open roof, and your chimney looks like a half-finished cigarillo that you are reserving for another day. Come, come, stir yourself, or else I will call in la compania [the troop], and I warrant you will very soon see more fire than you have ever been rationed with since you were a niño [child]. Signor Capitan, I will go down into this Caballero's cellar, and see what quantity and quality of wine he has, and if he has more than he ought to have, why, Signor, to da la compania [the whole troop] are very cold, and it will soon warm them." "Santa Virgin," rejoined the patron, "Signor Capitan, que demonio es este? [Holy Virgin, Sir Captain, who the devil is this?] Order por dios [all you like] toda la casa esta a su disposition [the whole house is at your disposal], fire, wood, wine, ay, and comestibles [eatables]. Pero, por la mor de Dios, no deja V. M. entrar toda la compania" [but for God's sake don't let the whole troop enter].

Nanouzi had gained his point, and a few seconds more saw him and our worthy host up to their elbows in wood and fire, pots and pans, flaggons of wine, and the comestibles (eatables). As the blazing fire ascended up the chimney, crackling and emitting a thousand joyous-looking little sparks, my feelings began to melt, and I felt more kindly towards our host, notwithstanding his cold reception of me; for, after all the sufferings these poor people had to undergo, being compelled to receive alternately both parties under their roofs, "malgré leur volonté," it is not strange that he received me with coldness and mistrust. Having assured my "patron" how gratefully I felt for his hospitality and generosity (thanks to Nanouzi, thought I to myself), he in turn actually began to exhibit more amiability and affability. He took a seat near me, unwilling that so good a fire should be monopolized by "un extranjero" (stranger), and his servant, busy-ing himself in preparing a rather late "cena" (supper) for his master. He began by the usual mode of approaching intimacy, by producing a small bundle of paper cigars, "cigarillos," and presenting one end, added "V. M. gusta?" (Would you like some?) I shocked him by taking at least a dozen, never having the patience to smoke one of these little, tiny tobacco enve-

lopes alone, and sticking three into my mouth began to blow away. Nanouzi was busily engaged making some mulled wine, and the treatment the "vino" was getting rather astonished mine host, while I ejaculated to myself "May be you will be more astonished when you taste it!" I explained to him the way it was made, and what a good thing it was, particularly on a cold night. "Pero" (but), said he, "escalent6" [It is hot]. "Yes," said I, "it is very hot, and if that same does not warm your old, dried-up Arragonese heart, and alter your opinions most materially before the night is out, why I will give you up as a determined old cross one." In a short time we had a smoking board, all hot, and making my friend sit by me, we satisfied the cravings of hunger, which in campaign, gentle reader, let me tell you is perpetual, and the opportunities to gratify, few, very few, and far between. Mine host seemed to enjoy the cuisine of the estrangero, and oh the "vino calliente" was "absolutamente delicioso." We sat near the blazing embers before us, puffing out our cigarillos and enjoying the vino calliente. Don Mariano began gradually to relax his cold and stiff manners, and the wine was making a capital companion of him. We talked of the war, its causes, its consequences, and probable results. I found him intelligent and communicative, and the reverse of what I had taken him for. "Pues, amigo." [Well, my friend,] said he, "this war is surely a curse sent from Heaven to punish the nation for its former iniquities. Time was when Spain was the first among the great of the earth, her sons the most intelligent and most valiant, and the word of an Hidalgo had never been doubted. But, alas! behold her now! Spain and Spaniard have become a byword, a mere mockery of greatness, and the wreck of her former self, like a huge vessel, driven before the stormy sea of trouble and political regeneration, without a helm, she has stranded, and the waves of misfortune beat over her. "Paciencia" [patience]. We who inhabit her must only bear up, as best we can, against the immutable decrees of fate. Amigo, in this province for the last five years we have seen little else than the fire and the sword. Our rich men have become impoverished, our houses have been emptied, our sons are no more, having perished in the war, and, alas! dishonour has stalked into almost every family, with the demon of war in the unbridled and licentious soldiery. Oh, it makes every honest Spaniard blush for his people, and repent having been born one of them. At the commencement of this war, this town [Caldanda] was staunch to the cause of the young Queen, as has been her senior sister, Zaragoza, in Upper Arragon. But, alas! it has paid dearly for its fidelity. The inhabitants at that time were wealthy, and contributed freely their quota to the expenses of the war. Millions of reals were forwarded, from time to time, to the military chest, con voluntad [with good will], but at last came palos and la bayoneta [the rod and the bayonet] to enforce similar exactions, when the exhausted bolsas [purses] of the impoverished inhabitants could yield no more. Think you 'tis strange that this town became lukewarm, and that its population became disgusted and disaffected? Yet, notwithstanding all this, its citizens and hidalgos made a brave and ineffectual resistance against an attack of the party opposed. This could hardly have been expected, but true it is. Ah! well do I recollect that dreadful and horrible sight. I was then un consejo de la villa [one of the town council]. It is now about two years since that we had first

heard of Don Ramon Cabrera. Victory after victory over our dispirited soldiery, had gathered round his standard a very strong and well-organized force. His cruelties, in all these actions, had given him a notorious celebrity, and his name was now a terror wherever he appeared. Hitherto he had confined himself to the province above mentioned; but he rapidly overran the adjoining districts. At last we heard, with fear and trembling, that a recent victory gained over the Queen's troops had opened the whole province to him, and that he was but a few days' march from this unhappy town. The inhabitants, hitherto dispirited and lukewarm from the exactions and cruelties practised upon them by the Queen's troops, began to open their eyes to a greater evil; and every preparation was then made that could be done by a feeble garrison, assisted by the inhabitants. The dread of falling into the hands of Cabrera and his troops was thought a greater hardship than the exactions and contributions imposed upon us by the Queen's partisans. Hitherto we had only suffered in pocket, but now everything that man holds dear was endangered. Such of the citizens as could yet afford it, sent their families to the rear, in every direction, but principally to Zaragoza. At last the evil hour approached: the columns of Don Ramon were reported to be within a few leagues of us, and we expected hourly to be attacked. One dark night,—it was midnight,—I happened to be at the Consejo, and when we least expected it, the roar of ten or twelve pieces of Artillery rent the air, like a sudden peal of thunder. Everything vibrated in the town;—peals of musquetry could be heard at one end of the place, and the shouts of the men and the screams of the women, told that the awful work of death had commenced. It was a dismal night. I flew to my house, to shake my only son, perhaps for the last time, by the hand. I met him at the door—he was dressed in the garb of the National Guard, and he was leaning on his musket—tears had evidently trickled down his manly cheeks. "Padre" [father], said he, "we may not meet again; but do not expose yourself," continued he, with his voice half choked. "Your Antonio will do his duty for himself and you!" I had not power to answer the noble youth, but caught him in my arms and gave him a last embrace. We parted; it was to meet no more." Here poor Don Mariano covered his face with his hands, and I felt inclined to join him in his emotions. At length composing himself, he continued, "All that courage, patience, and determination could effect was done; but it was of no avail. All our young men were sacrificed, and the enemy stormed and took the town. It was then, oh Dios mio, that I fancied that I had died, and that my spirit had taken its departure to the nether regions. The frightful picture will never be effaced from my memory. The town was given up to the soldiery, to pillage and to rapine. I flew to the Town-Hall in hopes of finding the Alcalde [Mayor]. He was there, but the place was crowded with the councillors and their families, together with others, seeking protection from the general violation. Alas, poor people! I inwardly thanked God that I had no wife nor daughter. A great noise at the Hall door now drew the attention of all to that part of the building, and a general shudder pervaded the room as an officer in the Carlist uniform presented himself. He was a young man of athletic make, and appeared flushed and excited with the scenes just then enacting. He stood at the door with his back towards us, and evidently giving some orders outside in the most

vehement manner. A very short time explained the reasons for his appearance. A few moments more and Cabrera entered, accompanied by a numerous staff. He was dressed in a Zamara [fur jacket] and with the white cap of the Carlists. His staff were nearly all dressed in a similar manner. His shirt-collar was open, displaying a sinewy and sunburnt neck. He walked up in a careless, but ferocious manner to the centre of the hall, eyeing the unfortunate females, that were here and there sobbing most vehemently and crossing themselves from time to time. There was no doubt left in my mind as to the nature of his visit, with his staff. The latter seemed to watch the movements of their master, like so many jackals waiting till the lion had taken his prey, to help themselves afterwards. At last his disgusting eye fell on a beautiful girl, who was still clinging to her aged father. It was the daughter of the Alcalde. This poor girl had been previously requested by her aged father to leave him, and seek shelter with an aged relation in Zaragoza; but refused, declaring that she would share his fate, whatever it was. Poor Dolores! she was a noble girl. An aide-de-camp to whom Cabrera had been speaking, a short time after approached the Alcalde and his daughter. I watched the group. Dolores told the tale most eloquently. From the crouching position she had assumed when the Carlists entered, one would not have supposed that the timid and gentle looking girl would at once have assumed the majesty of a queen. Her eyes flashed fire, her colour, before a deadly pale, assumed a flushed appearance. Fear had disappeared. Not so with the Alcalde. His figure was bowed down, and a tear now and then dropped from his dim and aged eye. Cabrera sent again and again, but apparently with the same success. At last, striding up and down the Hall with impatient step, and frowning brow, he advanced towards the father and daughter, and addressed the former thus: "Your daughter, old man, methinks is overcome in these excited times. The chance that brought me into this spacious room, she ought to think most propitious, for a second longer had perhaps consigned her to the arms of some trompeta [trumpeter], instead of mating with The Cabrera." Ramon Cabrera, said the noble girl boldly, and answering for her trembling parent, "the dove mates not with the devouring kite, nor the sparrow with the disgusting vulture. I am an hija d'España [Spanish maiden], and una hija d'un hidalgo Arragones [the daughter of an Arragonese hidalgo]. You know my firm resolve: enough! begone! Cabrera glared like a demon, and with a hoarse and half-smothered laugh whispered something in her ear. Dolores turned deadly pale, but instantly recovering, and eyeing him with the mostly overwhelming contempt, added, "I defy you, demon. There exists not a man in your whole army that would not blush at so cowardly and base an action!" A few seconds elapsed, and a sign from Cabrera brought two or three assassin-looking ruffians near the noble maiden. My breath became short and thick, my tongue hung to the roof of my mouth, I would have screamed, but in vain. The Alcalde was roused to desperation, his eyes started out of their sockets. The ruffians now held her two arms and bared her bosom: one piercing shriek, and she fell senseless into the arms of her frenzied parent, the blood spouting torrents from the beautiful bosom they had mutilated. I fell on the floor, and when I recovered I found myself alone in the now silent hall. Oh, that night! alas, poor Dolores! and oh! Antonio! Antonio!

—they had from infancy been betrothed!" Don Mariano again buried his face in his hands, overcome by the recital of his sad tale, and I started unconsciously from my chair, vowing death and vengeance on the monster Cabrera.

Two years subsequently I visited Calanda. Don Mariano had survived his misfortunes, and was in the enjoyment of excellent health. He was delighted to see me, and, reader, would you believe it! the old gentleman actually remembered the "vino caliente," (of course, not from practice), but the old identical brown cloak had sundry strange vinous stains on it, in addition to its former beauties. Dolores was still looking beautiful, and the story of her misfortunes added a charm to a lovely and pensive countenance. I felt for Dolores as an affectionate brother willing to avenge her wrongs. The Alcalde was still Alcalde of the town.

CABALLERO.

#### NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Again we have to request that the accounts due to this office may be sent in without delay. It is really painful to hear the excuses that are made to our collector for non-payment, and this for a paltry two dollars. Our larger subscribers have, with one or two exceptions, never suffered themselves to be called upon twice. We have to pay weekly heavy sums to our printer, and our subscribers should consider this.

Our subscribers in Toronto and Kingston will soon be called upon by parties deputed to that office, when we trust they will be prepared to settle with them.

THE

## WEEKLY EXPOSITOR.

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, Nov. 6, 1846.

### CLAIMS OF NATIVE CANADIANS.

The following excellent remarks we copy from a late number of the *Montreal Courier*, and heartily concur in the views of the editor which are strictly in accordance with the directions of Lord Glenelg to Sir Francis Bond Head, that, in all cases, where there are two applicants of equal ability, one a native Canadian and the other a stranger, the selection shall, in so far as possible, be made in favor of the former. In regard to ourselves, for instance, we really cannot see why as a native Canadian—one who has fought for the country, and whose relatives have died in its defence—we should not be as well qualified to fill the situation of Perpetual Assistant Secretary to a Perpetual Secretary, as a man taken from his brewing vats for that purpose, and who, moreover, had repeatedly refused to comply with the requirements of the laws of the land which offered him a shelter, when he could no longer find the means of subsistence at home. We dare say we could manage with a little care to write as good a despatch, and certainly one quite as grammatical.

We are glad the *Courier* has taken this matter in hand.—It must be followed up.—We have plenty of native Canadians in Parliament, and in the event of another election, we shall have more.—Mr. Harrison's manoeuvring for Kent notwithstanding:—

The *Transcript* of yesterday contains some strictures on an article that recently appeared in

the *Courier* relative to the rumoured formation of a so-called "Colonial Party." We do not think that the editor of the *Transcript* quite understands us, or the object which such a party would wish to accomplish. We unhesitatingly declare our adhesion to the principles which this party advocate, provided they are not carried to an extreme. We maintain now, as we have always maintained, that men born in this colony are entitled to office before men who have only been here a few years, or perhaps months; that is, provided they are equally fit to discharge the duties of the office. We believe this to be just, and know that it is in direct accordance with the instructions transmitted to this colony, for the guidance of the Governor General, by different Secretaries for the Colonies. This doctrine is no new one to the *Courier*, for we have for years past insisted on the necessity of a strict adherence to this system, and the danger of violating it.

We do not desire "to draw a distinction between the inhabitants of this colony, whether colonists by birth or adoption." We regard them all as subjects of the same empire, but, *ceteris paribus*, we conceive that there are many good reasons why men born in the colony should be entitled to hold office in it sooner than new comers. These reasons are so obvious that it appears to us quite unnecessary to recapitulate them. One, however, we give, because it is so strong that we cannot conceive it possible to answer it successfully. It is simply this—we cannot believe that any office-holder can administer his office with satisfaction to the people of this colony, unless he is acquainted with the wants of the colony, and generally informed upon all subjects connected with it. It is necessary also that he should have a considerable personal acquaintance among the inhabitants generally, so that he may readily obtain information upon any subject that may come under consideration.—We must be excused for expressing an opinion that this cannot be the case with a man who has resided here for a short time. Such a man neither has nor ought to have the same public confidence reposed in him as would necessarily be in a man who was either born here, or had resided here for many years.—We only wish for simple justice to the native colonist—this we have always advocated, and shall continue to do so. We never can and never will defend any appointment, in which a comparative stranger to Canada,—a man who has neither property, connections, or friends, is pitched into an office in prejudice of native colonists or very old settlers, particularly when plenty of gentlemen of this description, equally well qualified, can be found.

It is an unfortunate thing that statesmen never learn from past experience. The contempt with which the people of the old Thirteen Provinces were treated in this very respect, was one of the primary causes of their loss. We have no wish that Canada should be lost in a similar way, and to this end we would now press on the authorities the necessity of recognizing and acting on this principle at once. It may prevent sore consequences in after years. Had George Washington not been snubbed by the authorities in his day, he would probably never have been a successful revolutionary General.

We do not expect much support from the press—for, by a curious coincidence of circumstances, it happens that almost all the press of this country is in the hands of gentlemen who are not natives of the colony. We cannot, however, repudiate our past opinions, neither are we inclined to do so; and however unpopular it may be, we shall continue, whenever we have the opportunity, to advocate the rights of Colonists over those of comparative strangers.

### PUBLIC ABUSES.

"We ought to have noticed some time ago a new paper which has been commenced at Montreal under the editorial auspices of ———, whose literary reputation has been ably earned and well established. The paper is entitled *the Expositor*. It professes opposition to the present Administration, and of course every number makes occasion to find fault with something or other. The attractive feature of the *Expositor* is a work which ——— is publishing in its columns, entitled "Eight Years

in Canada, &c., embracing a review of the several administrations of Lords Durham and Sydenham, Sir Charles Bagot, and Lord Metcalfe." This we regard as one of the most interesting publications of the day—so far at least as the inhabitants of Canada are concerned—and we trust the able author will receive ample remuneration for the services he is rendering to his native country and its literature in an extensive circulation."

The above we copy from a late number of the *Niagara Chronicle*. We thank our contemporary for the good wishes expressed by him, at the close of the article, but have very little expectation that our "native country" will award much remuneration for our labors. Did all men judge like himself, we might entertain the expectation—*mais hélas! n'importe*.

Our chief object, in giving insertion to this paragraph, is to show how completely our contemporary is abused, if he believes that it is merely in the desire to find fault with the Administration, that the abuses of which we so often complain had their being.—Our table is absolutely crowded with complaints of this kind, and our only difficulty is to know how to avoid, with propriety, the possible imputation of being actuated by purely personal feelings.

It was only two weeks ago, that we gave insertion to an article, obtained from an authority we cannot for one moment doubt, whatever be the denial, denouncing a most glaring abuse in the Crown Lands Department. The name of the offender was given, but we had charity enough not to publish it.—The very same party called upon us and denied the truth of the statement.—Now, unless he had some knowledge of the facts, how could he have stated, as he did at the time, that he knew he was the party alluded to, but that the report was unfounded. Our fire is not directed against a set of subordinate clerks, whatever their immediate agency in these matters, but against the Heads of Departments who suffer these wrongs to the public. It is for us to point out the delinquents,—for them to punish, by discharging them. This we told the young man, promising him to do all we could—which was to insert his own letter.

Even while penning this article, another charge of a most grave nature has been laid before us, with a request for us to notice it. We cannot refuse. This paper professes impartiality, and the redress of public grievances, and to deny, to authenticated expositions of these, a notice in our columns, would be to deny ourselves.—Here it is:—

A gentleman, one of the recipients of Militia scrip for Lower Canada, went recently to the Crown Lands Office for his scrip, and was asked, by the very person who delivered it to him, if he would dispose of it. The answer was "Yes," and the sum demanded £12 10s., which the gentleman had been informed was the market price. The official assured him, however, that he was mistaken in the value, and that the utmost price was £11 5s. Believing in the integrity and honesty of the party, the gentleman consented to sell at the price he had named. Since that period the victim has been offered much more for

his scrip, which it appears was bought by the person of whom he complains for a land agent and dealer in scrip, whom he has been in the habit of supplying (of course with a commission for himself) with scrip of this description. The writer, whose name is known to us, and whose information we feel assured is correct, declares that the matter is incapable of denial, for the thing took place openly, and in the presence of several parties, and, among others, clerks in the same office.

Here is unblushing effrontery truly: but we do not know either that we ought to be too severe on this person, because he may very naturally deem that if Mr. Hopkirk, whom we denounced last week for his mining speculations, has the sanction of his superiors to gamble in nearly a similar manner, and mislead the public, the same privilege should be denied to him; or that there should be one law for the Perpetual Assistant Secretary of the Perpetual Secretary, and another for the unfortunate clerks, whose smallness of salary may compel him to speculate, instead of attending strictly to the duties of his office.

We trust that our contemporary of the *Chronicle* will now perceive that it is not without reason that our columns are filled in the manner he alludes to. We only do that which no other paper has yet ventured upon. We know the Administration hate, and would do all in their power to injure us, but that shall not prevent us from acquitting ourselves of the task we have undertaken.

### MEDICAL HUBBUB.

An edifying correspondence—fiery on the one side, and most humbly apologetic on the other—appeared, on the day of the issue of the last number of this paper, in the columns of the *Montreal Gazette*. It was too late for us to notice it then, as our space was taken up with other matter, but the subject could well afford to stand over for a few days.

When we came to that part of Doctor Arnoldi's letter which calls for the author of the reflections, contained in the paper, and particularly of that portion of them where it is said:—

"We hope the Legislature will be very cautious what powers it gives to such a body. If they are extensive, they will be very liable to abuse, and, probably, be made subservient to mere fee-gathering, and giving of factitious importance to intriguing individuals."

We trembled for the editor of the *Gazette*; and when, on proceeding further, we read as follows, "my object in making this request is to ascertain whether the person is one whom I would deem worthy of being anatomized," all the horrors of the dissecting room started up in ghostly array before us, and we looked for murder on the most scientific scale—but our fears were fortunately appeased, ere we had finished the sentence.

Well might the editor of the *Gazette* seek to lull the tempest he had created, in the manner stated in his letter. We did not however know that Doctor Arnoldi had complained of errors of style for which the editor who, it ap-

pears, is a "chip of the old block," most humbly apologizes,—but of the matter which is contained in the article.

By the way, we learn that Doctor Arnoldi complains that the "Expositor" is not as much devoted to the redress of Public Abuses, as it professed. We will endeavor to rectify the omission.

The following is the correspondence:—

[Copy.]

58, Craig-street,  
29th Oct. 1846.

To R. Abraham, Esquire,

DEAR SIR.—The editorial in the *Montreal Gazette* of the 21st instant contains expressions which bear evident, or, at least, presumptive signs, of not having been written by you. It styles the great and important medical meeting, held at Three Rivers on the 14th instant, as "A meeting of certain medical practitioners," and it concludes by warning the Legislature against granting power to such a body, lest "they be made subservient to mere fee-gathering, and the giving of factitious importance to intriguing individuals."

Your general knowledge of the world, your important position in society as editor of a highly respectable journal, and, moreover, the fact of being yourself a medical man, standing alone, free and unbiassed on medical matters, not being in the vortex of medical contention in virtue of your having withdrawn from medical practice,—are considerations that lead me almost positively to infer that you did not pen the editorial to which I have reference. If you did, I am sure that, on reflection, you will do what you can, consistently with your own self-respect, to blot out the effect of such expressions. But, should they have been written by any other person, would you have any objection to his name being communicated to me? My object in making this request is to ascertain whether the person is one whom I would deem worthy of being anatomized with "a gray goose quill," or being left to enjoy our thorough contempt.

Believe me, dear Sir, most respectfully,

Your most obt. humble servt.

Frs. C. T. ARNOLDI, M.D.

[Copy.]

Montreal Gazette Office,  
Oct. 28, 1846.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of this day's date; and I beg to assure you that it is a matter of great regret to me that I have been so unfortunate as to use any language which, in your judgment, is improper for me to use, or which could by any possibility occasion an unpleasant feeling in yourself.

It is, however, a relief to be able to assure you, that the sin, such as it is, is my own, and that it is not complicated by any feelings of professional jealousy or personal animosity, as you seem to suspect. I assure you most solemnly that no human being was cognizant or suggestive of any word or idea my article contained; that I had never had any conversation with any medical man on that branch of the subject; that I had not seen any one of the profession between the publication of the report of the meeting at Three Rivers and that of my comment on the project.

When you know, therefore, that it was written by myself, and very hastily, I trust you will extend your indulgence to any errors of style it may contain, and accept my assurance that my sole object was to point out what I considered (perhaps very erroneously, but still very deliberately), the danger of erecting medical corporations with arbitrary and indefinite powers; and that, in particular, I objected—though I had not at the moment time to detail my objections, as I fully intended to do at an early period—to the constitution of the corporation proposed; and that when I spoke of the tendency of a "body," I meant the tendency which, in my judgment, would ultimately be of the body or corporation proposed to be erected, and by no means intended to reflect on the intentions or motives of yourself, and of the other highly respectable gentlemen who are associated in an open manner for the legitimate and honourable purpose of a reform in your profession, according to your own views, on which you chal-

lenge the examination of the whole public, which is interested as well as yourselves.

Allow me,

My dear Sir,

To subscribe myself,  
With the greatest personal respect,  
Yours very faithfully,

ROBERT ABRAHAM.

F. C. T. ARNOLDI, M.D.,  
&c. &c. &c.

### UNITED STATES.

From the New Orleans Picayune, Oct. 22.

#### Terrific Gale in the Gulf.

WRECK OF THE U. S. BRIG PERRY—LOSS OF THE REVENUE CUTTER MORRIS—TOTAL DESTRUCTION OF KEY WEST—FIFTY LIVES LOST—IMMENSE DESTRUCTION OF PROPERTY.

The schooner Sarah Churchman, Capt. Baymore, from Philadelphia, via Key West, for Brazos Santiago, arrived at the N. E. Pass on Wednesday morning, the 21st, and landed Com. Sloat and son from the Pacific, and Lieut. Wm. C. Pease, of the Revenue service, bearer of despatches to Washington.

They came up to town last evening on the tow-boat Jefferson. To Lieut. Pease we are indebted for the details of a terrible gale in the Gulf—of a fury unexampled, and from which we must not expect to hear all the deplorable effects in many weeks. We will begin with the gale as it was felt at Key West.

The gale commenced blowing from N. E. the morning of the 11th instant. By 1 o'clock it blew a perfect hurricane. The tide rose rapidly and the storm raged with incredible violence until near midnight, when it abated. On the 12th it blew a moderate gale and gradually subsided. Every dwelling house, save five or six at Key West was destroyed or unroofed.

The Custom House was blown down, the Marine Hospital unroofed, and it is supposed Government property de troysed to the amount of \$300,000.—Fifty wharves disappeared, and the Salt works are destroyed. The U. S. Barracks were injured, but suffered less than any other buildings. Many families were turned out homeless, but the U. S. Quartermaster came promptly to their assistance.

The loss of life is great. Many were drowned and many killed by falling buildings. Key West light-house and dwelling attached are entirely gone. The spot where they stood is covered by a white sand-beach. Fourteen souls perished in these buildings.

Sand Key light-house is gone—totally disappeared with the buildings connected with it. The occupants too have perished.

The light ship in the N. W. passage dragged her mocrings and went to sea, but she was recovered and returned to her position. The agent of the underwriters was doing everything in his power to save property. Very great danger is to be apprehended from the loss of the light houses to vessels from Europe and the North, bound to the Gulf. We must refer to the list below for the injury done to shipping, furnished to us by Lieut. Pease. The loss of the cutter Morris is described to us in a letter from an officer on board. We've the substance.

The U. S. brig Perry was in same gale or tornado, driven with resistless violence before the wind, but was finally run ashore after all hope of saving her was gone, and in all probability will be saved.

All the lives on Indian Key and Key Vacas are saved, and it is hoped all the crews of the wrecking vessels.

The captain of the cutter Morris saved the produce, the cargo of one schooner, and distributed it, through the Methodist minister, to those in need of the necessaries of life.

From the N. O. Picayune, Oct. 22.

#### TERMINATION OF THE ARMISTICE.

We learn that the new despatches for Gen. Taylor were entrusted to Major J. Graham, of the army, who left Washington on the 14th instant, arrived in this city yesterday morning and will depart this day on the Galveston for his destination.

THE LATEST FROM THE ARMY.—The steamship Jas. L. Day arrived at 1 o'clock this morning, from Port Lavacca, which place she left on the 19th instant, and reports nothing of importance from the army.

The Kentucky regiment, Colonel Marshall, took up their march on the 13th, and the Tennessee regiment, Colonel Thomas, on the 15th, for Camargo. News came to Port Lavacca on Monday, the 18th, that they had received orders to proceed to Matamoros instead of Camargo.



**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 Is. 2 1/2. 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.



**NOTICE.**

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

{ Receiver General's Office,  
Montreal, 9th October, 1846.

**THE RECEIVER GENERAL** is authorized to issue DEBENTURES; redeemable in Twenty Years, for the liquidation of those Losses, in sums not less than Twenty Five Pounds, Currency, bearing Interest at Six per Cent per Annum, as provided by the Act 9 Victoria, Cap. 65, payable Yearly on the 1st January.

It is recommended to those individuals whose claims are under the sum above specified, that they should unite so as to make up the Minimum Amount of Debentures allowed to be issued.

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

**University of McGill College,  
MONTREAL.**

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

On Classical Literature—By the Rev. W. T. LEACH, A. M., Professor.

On Mathematics and Natural Philosophy—By EDMUND A. MEREDITH, L. L. B., (F.C.S.) 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.

**NOTICE.**

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

- H. STEPHENS,
- HUGH ALLAN,
- JAMES C. PIERCE,
- D. DAVIDSON,
- WILLIAM DOW,
- JOHN LEWING,
- WM. LUNN,
- J. B. SMITH,
- J. FROTHINGHAM,
- J. J. YOUNG,
- JOHN E. MILLS,
- L. H. HOLTON,
- D. L. MACDOUGALL,
- BENJ. LYMAN,
- R. CORSE,
- DAVID TORRANCE.

- ANDREW SHAW,
- JAMES GLENDY,
- WM. EDMONSTONE,
- MORIS HAYS,
- JOSEPH MARSON,
- ROBERT MACKAY
- O. BERTHOLET,
- H. JUDAH,
- J. LAROCQUE,
- ART.
- JOSEPH BOURRET.
- A. M. DE ISLE,
- W. ERMATINGER,
- W. C. MEREDITH,
- JOHN J. DAY,
- GEO. ELDER, Junr.

Montreal, September 14, 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 Subscribers 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, } Assignees.  
JOHN G. DINNING, }  
10th 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 Lots No. 10 and 11, about 20 feet, and at Lock No. 2, 13 feet, with an ample supply of water at each for milling purposes.

By order,  
THOMAS A. BGLY,  
Secretary.

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

**CHAMPLAIN AND ST. LAWRENCE  
RAIL-ROAD.**

**NEW ARRANGEMENT.**

ON and after MONDAY next, the 31st inst., the starting of an EXTRA TRAIN from ST. JOHNS, on TUESDAYS, THURSDAYS, and SATURDAYS, will depend upon the arrival of the steamer *Prince Albert*, in time to leave at half past 4 o'clock, P. M., precisely—the low water upon the Laprairie Ferry making it imperative that the *Prince Albert* should leave Montreal in the evening much earlier than at present; at the same time the Public will observe by the following arrangement that Passengers may go from MONTREAL to ST. JOHNS and back EVERY DAY, except Sunday, by leaving Montreal at NINE o'clock, A. M., and St. Johns at ONE o'clock, P. M., viz.:

PRINCE ALBERT.		From Laprairie.	
From Montreal.		6 o'clock, A. M.	
9 o'clock, A. M. U. S.		10 do do.	
Mail & Passengers.		2 do P. M.	
12 o'clock, Noon.			
4 do P. M.			

RAIL-ROAD CARS.		From Laprairie.	
From St. Johns.		10 o'clock, A. M.	
9 o'clock, A. M.		5 do P. M.	
1 do P. M.			

ON SUNDAYS.  
TILL FURTHER NOTICE.  
Carrs by Locomotive, from St. Johns, 8 o'clock, A. M. on arrival of the Lake Champlain Boats.

N.B.—By the above arrangement the public will observe that Passengers for the Old Line of Steamers on Lake Champlain must leave Montreal at 9, A. M., instead of half-past 12, as at present.

**FARES.**

First Class Passengers, 5s. Ditto, over and back same day, 5s. (provided they state their intentions on taking their Tickets). Second Class Passengers, 2s. 6d.: Ditto, over and back same day, 3s. 9d., (provided they state their intentions on taking their Tickets).

All Freight to be paid for on delivery.  
Application for Freight or Passage from Montreal, to be made on Board the *Prince Albert*.

Rail-Road Office,  
Montreal, August 25, 1846.

**NOTICE.**

ON AND AFTER SATURDAY NEXT, next, the 10th inst. the PRINCE ALBERT will LEAVE MONTREAL at a QUARTER BEFORE NINE o'clock, instead of Nine o'clock as at present.

Rail-Road Office,  
Montreal, 6th October, 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

**SPLendid BUILDING**

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

EVERY CONVENIENCE & ORNAMENT which Comfort and Luxury can desire.

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

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

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

**THE TABLE**

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

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

**THE SUBSCRIBERS offer for SALE:—**

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

W. H. LEAYCRAFT & CO.

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

**WINES.**

**MAITLANDS, TYLEE & CO.** have

- RECENTLY LANDED:
- 100 Baskets FERRIER, JANET & Co.'s "First Quality CHAMPAGNE.
- 100 Baskets "JACQUES'S" First Quality CHAMPAGNE.
- 150 Cases "BARTON & GUESTER'S" Superior CLARET & Highheads Fine "St. GEORGE'S" B. R. GUNDY.
- 75 Cases Curacao, Maraschino, and assorted LIQUEURS.
- 19th August, 1846.

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

**NEW RAIL-ROAD JOURNAL.**

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

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

The names of communicators of flagrant abuses or injustice will not, unless they desire it, be made known. TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—Two Dollars per Annum in Montreal, and Two Dollars and a Half in the Country, payable in advance.  
Montreal, August 11, 1846.

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

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

RECU

25 JUN 1875

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