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**BARKER'S**  
CANADIAN  
MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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*“Fovendo doctrina viget.”*

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VOLUME I.

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KINGSTON.—EDWARD JOHN BARKER, M. D.  
MONTREAL.—R. & C. CHALMERS.

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1847.

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# BARKER'S

## CANADIAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. I.

KINGSTON, JUNE, 1846.

No. 2.

### LEAVES FROM THE JOURNAL OF A LIFE.

#### LEAF THE FIRST.

"Thus the heart will do, which not forsakes—  
Living 'n shattered guise—and still, and cold,  
And bloodless, with its sleepless sorrow aches."

*Byron.*

For many years I had been acquainted with Mrs. B. She was a woman somewhat past thirty, and a widow, with one son—a handsome, hard-working boy of seventeen years. The neatness and fashion of her dress, though the material was very coarse—her language, above her station—an air of calm resignation, and the relics of past beauty—conjoined, made her the object of much interest to me, and that of much curiosity to others.

But my interest awakened no response in her; and the curiosity of the little world about her was also foiled, from the absence of materials to gratify it. There she dwelt, in a small log house, with her boy, the owner of thirty acres of land, and there she had dwelt for the thirteen previous years, in the same humble way, with the same air of resignation, only that a cloud, as of sorrow, which at first hung heavy over her, had during that period glided slowly into an unobtrusive melancholy. At this point my little tale opens. I observed her son had been some time away: this I knew not from her own words, which were indeed few and far between, but implied it from each recurring Sabbath, seeing the seat he ever occupied beside his mother empty. This was more than unusual—it was passing strange. They lived so much together, so entirely in and for each other, that no common cause had brought about the separation, I felt assured; yet this separation, like all they did, was as much apart as any act of their lives from counsel and companionship with the outer world.

One evening, however, Mrs. B. called, requesting me to visit her son, whom she feared, she said, to be seriously indisposed. There was a slight tremor in her tone, and a stealthy

tear in her large blue eye, that were eloquent of sorrow. I walked out with her, and asked whither he had been? She said, working for Mr. Laird, (a large farmer in a neighboring township,) and that the heat of the harvest weather, with the long days' labor, had, she feared, brought on a serious fever. "Sir," continued she, "you know us!—we had not parted but for substantial reasons; yet I regret they swayed us now. My poor boy wanders somewhat. He has walked twenty-seven miles to-day, and this day has been one of the warmest of the summer. His coming, but a few minutes since, surprised me greatly; but his first words, poor fellow, still more. They were—'Mother, I feel very, very ill, and I think I shall not soon grow better either; and here I am, sick, sick and weary, indeed, but at home. Ah! I could hardly die away from you!' he continued, with a faint smile," she added.

"Think not on those words, my dear madam," I rejoined; "mere sickness of heart from bodily disease."

"I know it, sir," she replied—"I know it well; but loneliness has given me gloomy views, and I am, but for him, in this wide world a very exile."

"It is very true," was my answer. "You have dwelt too much by your own hearth-stone; perhaps concentrated the feelings over-highly. It is neither well nor healthful at any time, and when the occasion is sorrowful, much to be regretted."

"Now, Mr. Williams," said she, mournfully, "I feel it. Should I be called to bear the burden of his loss, I think I feel I have deepened the trial by avoiding society. But, sir, I have suffered by over-confidence, and have judged the many by the one. It is hard to forget! But here we are."

As she concluded she quietly raised the latch, and we stood beneath her humble roof. There lay her boy: he had cast himself upon the floor, a pillow beneath his head, and dropped into a deep but uneasy slumber. His jacket, boots, and vest, were thrown aside. His neck, unbuttoned, showed fair beside his brown and fevered face. The hair, black, thick, and tangled, lay like a cloud upon the pillow; while large drops were gathering upon his forehead, and dampening the mass into wavy curls. He moved, and some words broke from him. Mother and home were in his thoughts, I doubt not, for a smile wavered along the lip.

I sank silently into a chair. The room was faultlessly clean: not a speck upon the boards—not a hue of dust upon the little furniture. The broad chimney had its ornaments of boughs, and the mantle its broken pots with flowers. A clock was fixed to the partition which divided the mother's room from the one in which we were, and its monotonous click, click, was alone heard. The gothic spirit of destruction had spared (heaven only knows how,) a large maple. It stood without,

a few feet from the door; and the declining sun flung its broad shadow across the roof, and far into the little garden beyond. Faithful to the instincts of her own land, there were flowers, too—a rose, and a dahlia, with two or three deep purple blossoms; and, beneath the maple, and in its shadow, an oleander shook its fragrance on the wings of the light air which now and then wandered by.

One glance took in all this; and then my eye turned again toward the youth, and then upon his mother. She interpreted my look, "Shall I rouse my son?"—her eye spoke as plainly as if her lips had uttered the words; but I motioned her to sit, and whisperingly desired he might not be disturbed. But not long were we to wait. The slant beams of the still sinking sun at last stole through the open window, and rested on the boy. He turned uneasily—his mother was by his side—and opening his eyes, he gazed doubtfully a moment upon her, then upon each well known object, until the whole appeared to meet him as a pleasant dream, for he closed his eyes again and again, as if he were not well assured; and, with a half smile, rising at last to kiss his mother's lips, he muttered—"So, then, I am in truth at home. And forgive me, Mr. Williams," he exclaimed, as he saw me for the first time; "then I am sick, too. Yes, I am sure that is no dream. I would, at least, it were so, for your sake, mother."

I now advanced, and making the usual examination, found my young friend, in very truth, the subject of remittent fever. My duties performed, I left them until the morrow. But many a morrow came and went, while yet the mother watched her child. Not a tear was on her cheek—not a complaint fell from her lips. Silent and unsubdued, resisting, with the energy of a woman and a mother, the calls of worn-out nature, she was ever nigh, to smooth the pillow, to change the position of the sufferer. The cool drink came from no other hand—none other might sponge his burning temples. By night as by day, it mattered not; hope supplied all—food, rest. Commands, entreaties were vain. Only by sharing the office of a nurse, could I win her to snatch a morsel of food, or brokenly slumber a few minutes by her child. But this was to pass—it could not always be. That hope, the staff on which she rested, was waning fast. Her son was hourly growing worse: wandering became wild delirium—that, at last, a monotonous muttering. I felt the struggle was nigh over, and gently as I could I broke it to her.

"My dear Mrs. B.," I said, taking her by the hand, "I fear our labor will have been in vain—the poor boy is to be taken from us."

"I thank you, sir," she replied, mournfully but quickly. "I, too, have seen this was to be so. Your words only remove the last weak doubt. You have done your duty—I must en-

deavor to do mine, too. Father of mercy!" she continued, in almost a whisper, "spare him! spare him!" and clasping her hands upon her brow, as if she feared its bursting, she sank upon a settle by the bedside, and sobbed audibly. Oh! there he lay, the beautiful, the good, of a few days since, worn by disease to the shadow of humanity—the eyes half closed, dim, and unspeculating—the lips apart, thin, cracked, and bloody—the teeth stained with sordid matter—in all scarce distinguishable from the festering things of the grave itself, save by the uncertain heaving of the chest, and the sigh-like breathing. Sorrow, as every other passion, must be allowed its moment of mastery; so for awhile I spoke not. I listened (how my heart-ached) to the mutterings of that parent, whose broken spirit was murmuring orisons to Him who alone might turn back the slayer. At length she grew more calm. I then addressed her:—"Mrs. B., we must not even now decline all means. Let me have some wine—I spend the night with you."

She sprang up. "Wine—wine—ah, yes! I have some. We have had it years. No, nothing must be spared, nothing forgotten. He may yet live. Doctor, doctor, say so—say he may yet live!"

I was now standing by his bed. Did I dream?—was it real?—I thought my hand felt something like moisture on his brow. Again, I was not deceived. I turned to her, and said solemnly—"I do say so—he may yet live."

She literally drank up my words, as they had been the awful breathings of some oracle of old days. "This is almost too much, and—" I stopped her. "The wine, madam, the wine!" She was gone, and in another moment she brought it to me.

How shall I describe that long, long night. Hour by hour we hung over him, without a word; we communicated by a look, a gesture, electrically, as the soul ever does, when roused in truth. All without was hot as a furnace. A thousand voices of the night were chaunting the dreamy melodies of darkness. The cricket and the catydid, the rustling leaf, even the owl's rude hoot, blent well together. We heard them, indeed, and felt that it was good—no more. The time was out of joint; our hearts strained, and striving with their own fulness. At last, toward morning, the atmosphere became so oppressive, that I walked to the open door, to breathe, if possible, somewhat more freely. The heavens were studded with stars, palpably hung in ether. You could see far into the deep blue, below, above, beyond them. And all these, I thought, are worlds, as ours; as full of beauty, truth, life, happiness, perchance of sorrow. And man doubts, for what unaccountable ages have they rolled on; what millions of spirits, restless as our own, have trod them. Is death amid them, and change? I turned, after two or three steps, to the



East. A gust of cold wind from that quarter spoke of an approaching storm. A change had taken place in my patient. A heavy fall of rain, cooling the hot earth, would greatly assist in his recovery. And there, there, in the East, were dark masses piling themselves up against the blue, and blotting star after star from sight.

I re-entered, and turning to Mrs. B., desired she would retire. "Happily," I continued, "you may do so in hope, in strong hope. A change has come over your son's disease; I may say that it is retiring before the earnest vitality of youth. Say not a word—go to your rest. The fatigue of the past, and the revulsion of the present, without rest, will prove too much. Besides, remember I must leave you to-morrow for a time, and to no one but you, in his state—a pendulum betwixt life and death—would I willingly leave him. For his sake, then, if not for your own, seek that rest which you so much need."

She clasped my hand thankfully, and without a word withdrew. It was not long before the voice of the distant thunder came down the wind. Every peal grew louder, and the flashes of the lightning nigh incessant. At last the desired rain came, too. First a few large drops struck the roof; then they fell more thickly; and then a hurricane of water. The languid sleeper felt the change. I saw it. He looked around; he spoke a few hoarse words. I caught but one—"mother." "She sleeps—she is well. Speak no more now." Yes, there was indeed hope. I listened to the howl of the wind, and the noise of the rushing rain, and felt it pleasant music.

Morning broke. A clear, cloudless sky was above, and the freshened earth and the forest looked green and beautiful with the spangling drops. A scent of flowers was on the air. The cattle in the fields, and the birds upon the wing—the former steaming as they grazed, and the latter carolling as they swept by—appeared equally to enjoy with inanimate nature, the shower of the night. My young patient lay awake, calm, collected, and refreshed also. I ministered to his wants from time to time, and he thanked me with a placid smile. But there was sometimes a more earnest enquiry—"She still sleeps." And long and deeply did she, that tortured mother, sleep. Time so rolled by; it was almost high noon; and then I heard the light footstep, and next her placid voice. She passed to the bed-side. No need was there to say how he fared. He knew her now—she saw it—and quietly sinking by his bed-side, silently poured a heartfelt thanksgiving for that mercy.

Why need I describe how from day to day he convalesced? It is enough, he prospered daily. My visits were distantly continued, and had soon ceased altogether, when Mrs. B. desired me to make one the following evening, as she had

something of importance to communicate. I came at the appointed hour, filled with no little wonder. After a few words of common-place, she began:—

“It has pleased God to make you, sir, the restorer of my child. You have done, I well believe, no more than your sense of duty prompted—than you had done to any other; but I have been so long severed from the charities of life, that this sudden renewal of their existence is almost startling. For the sake of my poor boy, it has also become necessary that I should choose a depository of the secret I have so long kept; and if you will permit me to make you its keeper, I shall feel assured, whatever may betide me, his interests will not be neglected.” I bowed, and she continued:—“My name is not B——, but Julia Manners. I was the only daughter of a gentleman of some property, in Devonshire, among whose beautiful hills I first saw the light. I have a very faint recollection of my mother. She died before I had reached my fifth year. The vision of a pale and delicate woman sometimes passes before me, always the same, but yet too indefinite for description; and this is the only memory I retain of that parent. In my fifteenth year I was doomed to lose my kind father also. Some disease of the heart was the sudden and fatal cause. To me the loss was terrible. I had been his idol; still his kindness was not undistinguishing. He could rebuke when it became needful; but his heart loved to pour itself in praise—in my praise. He had, up to the period of his decease, given me the best education the time afforded; and let me say, I had profited by its aid greatly. The executors of his will considered it best for my interests, that the estate should be leased for a term of years, and that I should reside alternately with them, until I attained my majority, or married. An heiress, and I was no mean one, rarely wants suitors. They said in my youth I was good looking: certainly I was young—the young and the rich are always handsome. Among the competitors for my favor was Mr. Manners.” She paused. “Twenty years ago, this very day, we were married. I can say but little more. In due time I became a mother.” Perchance I looked doubtfully towards her son, who, I saw, was as deeply interested as myself in the narrative. “No!—no!—no!” she almost shrieked, as if the forced calm in which she had hitherto spoken, had been suddenly shivered by an overpoweringly bitter memory. “There is another—my beautiful, my first born. Ah! Richard, you have a brother! I feel that he yet lives; although for sixteen years, both him and your father I have never seen. At that time but few among women had been happier. Beloved—yes! I was beloved! Passion cannot be truly feigned; at least, it will not impose upon the passionate, and my very soul clung to my husband. I say, I will not believe he feigned: but he fell. The year

previous to our separation, we hired a villa in the neighborhood of Torbay. Our nearest neighbor was the widow of an officer who had fallen in the West Indies. She lived retired, with her mother, in circumstances the reverse of affluent. It is bitter for me to tell the tale of my own shame and misery, and before my own child, too. But why should I say shame? Mine are wrongs, not crimes. Well, we grew, I know not how, acquainted. She was, it is but truth to say it, handsome, elegant, and accomplished, and I soon loved her with the warmth of a sister. There was a fatal error: anxious in my situation for a companion, and attached to Mrs. Morton, I pressed her, when the season closed, to accompany us home. After some natural hesitation, she consented; and joyfully I for the last time returned to the house of my fathers. My father, by his will, had given me only a life interest in the estates. In the event of marriage, they fell to its issue on my decease, or, in default of any, to a distant relative. Mr. Manners presented to our eldest boy, on his first birth-day, a trust deed, securing to him, on his majority, ten thousand pounds, with its accumulated interest. Not to be outdone in generosity, and confiding in his affection, a few days after, I conveyed to Mr. M. the interest I before spoke of. 'Julia,' said he, as he took it from my hand, and kissed my cheek, 'I accept your gift. Few women would trust their husbands with all. I take it, not as a proof of your affection—I needed none—but because its refusal would imply a doubt of my own constancy.' Soon after our return, I became the mother of your late patient. The attentions of my husband and Mrs. Morton were most assiduous and most kind. I had not a care, not a doubt. The past, the present, and the future, seemed alike bright. Yet I was treading on the edge of an abyss.

"One morning, at breakfast, the attendant handed several letters—there was one for me. It was in a firm, bold, male hand. Wondering who my new correspondent might be, I broke the seal. It was short:—

"MRS. MANNERS.—They who trust all, trust too much. Mrs. Morton is young, handsome, and—profligate! I know her. Mr. Manners is young and rich. Beware!"

This was the entire contents: there was neither date nor signature. It came through the London Post Office. I was a mother—I was a wife—I was a woman! For a moment, as I looked upon the two so named together, I felt a throe of agony—a life of pain. But it passed. I could not, however, trust myself to speak, but handed it to Mr. Manners. While he read, his face crimsoned deeply. I thought that I had been unjust; that heightened color was not the hue of shame, but the surprise of truth. I sprang to him. 'Richard,' I exclaimed,

'I have no doubts!' He tried to turn away. Oh, God! how could I be mistaken! He strove, with averted face, to unclasp my hand from his arm, while I heaped word on word. I know not what I said. I only felt—I felt the very act of handing the lines to him had been a wrong. At last he turned towards me. In his look there was something strange: a deadly pallor had chased that heightened color. He held me from him at arms' length, firmly, but not unkindly. A tear stole slowly down his cheek, as he gazed fixedly into my face; then stooping forward, he slightly touched my brow, and left the room hastily. All this passed before the astonished servants, and the equally astonished Mrs. Morton, in a mere minute's space. I flew after him. He was in his room, his head between his hands. I cannot say I ever well knew precisely what passed between us—what were the explanations, or what the reasonings. I retain but the result. It was agreed I should break the subject to Mrs. Morton, whose sense of propriety would save me the ungenerous task which that letter I felt imposed. Although Mr. Manners had urgently resisted, I insisted upon his accompanying her to the next post town.

"I returned to the breakfast table. Sending away the servants, I gave Mrs. Morton the letter. Never was innocence better counterfeited—never was deception more complete. We mingled our tears together; and determined, since the necessity of separation existed, this day, our last together, at least should be devoted to pleasure, as she was to depart early on the morrow. I bade my adieus that night. My husband was to take our eldest boy, and return the next day; so we should be separated one night only. He left me as proposed. His parting was as affectionate as usual; indeed, I thought more so. He seemed relieved of a weight. A servant tapped at the door. He brought our son, to say good bye, and to tell us Mrs. Morton waited. I kissed my child, and shook my husband by the hand. He said, playfully, I should not wear the willow long. But since that hour we have never met!"

At this point of her tale, Mrs. B., (or, as I must henceforth call her, Mrs. Manners,) was so completely overpowered by its recital, that I begged she would adjourn the sequel to a calmer moment. Fortunately, too, I remembered that a friend at New York had written me respecting a consumptive patient, who was to visit our neighborhood, in whose behalf he was so much interested, as to bespeak not only the most earnest medical attention from me, but likewise the little stewardcy of providing accommodations. I, being a bachelor, had to seek without; and as a day or two only would intervene, the execution of that commission, I pleaded to Mrs. Manners, as an additional reason for delay, although her earnest melancholy, and severe mental suffering, was the true one.

“To-morrow, then, sir,” she said, “to-morrow be it. I am not accustomed to be thus mastered by my feelings; but a review of those days—the fall from affection and fortune that followed—does, indeed, almost replace their first bitterness.”

“My dear lady,” I replied, “I can sympathise with you, at least. Possibly I may assist you also in those future plans to which, I doubt not, this confidence has reference. But enough now; to-morrow we will resume.”

Having made the necessary arrangements for my visitors very readily, I had ample leisure, and early in the afternoon was once more listening to Mrs. Manners. I must continue the story in her own words:—

“The hour of Mr. Manners’ expected return at last arrived. I was anxiously preparing for his coming, listening to the sounds without, commenting mentally on the malevolence of the world, when his servant dashed up the sweep alone. How my heart beat!—he brought a letter. I cannot trust myself to read it, even now; take it, sir,” and she handed it to me. I took the letter. Its very look wore tale of grief. How often had it been blotted with tears!—there were some yet warm upon it! It ran:—

“DEAREST, DEAREST JULIA,—Why did you insist upon my going this journey? What has it not cost? I am mad! Do not curse me—forget me—you cannot forgive me. I dare not think! I cannot part with our boy; at least, not now. Some day he shall see you. Farewell!—I must say farewell! No, do not forget me, gentle, confiding, adored women! Bless the baby—kiss him—kiss him a thousand times; but never let him know his father lives! I am miserable—I must forever be so. Farewell!—farewell!

“RICHARD MANNERS.”

I returned the letter without a word. With an effort, she continued:—

“I read it to the end, and fainted. Then comes a blank: for weeks I was delirious; but life was spared, and I awoke to all its bitterness. I then learned that Mr. Manners was at Florence, residing with Mrs. Morton. He had not written, although information of my perilous state had been conveyed to him. I was forgotten. He refused, too, to surrender the child. I learned, likewise, he was about taking legal measures to possess himself of my last. I knew not what to do. My friends advised a resort to the law; but to this I would not listen. While hesitating what path to choose, I was waited upon by a middle aged man, who stated himself to be the business clerk of Messrs. ———, agents for Mr. Turnpenny. Having purchased my life interest from Mr. Manners, Mr. T. was desirous of possession. I requested the gentleman to be seated, and immediately despatched a servant to Mr. Steady, who, for many years, had managed the affairs of my father. Fortunately he was at home. He hastened to me; and the papers were put into his hands. I observed, as he read his

countenance fell. He returned them to the clerk, without remark; then turning to me, with tears, admitted the whole was correct and formal. I had grown hardened now. To a question put by the clerk to Mr. Steady, regarding possession, I answered firmly, it should be given to-morrow. 'Madam,' he said, very mildly and kindly, 'there is no need for haste. A few days, or a month if you require it, will be most readily granted.' I interrupted him, saying, I would no longer than the morrow remain as a guest where I had hitherto been a mistress. He replied, it was in truth very sad, but he could do no more. He then bowed, and withdrew.

"Left alone with Mr. Steady, I soon arranged every thing. The servants were called in, and paid off; they left me with tears. Mr. S. agreed to arrange the sale of the furniture, and in the meanwhile handed me his check for a thousand pounds. To him I communicated my fears and my intentions. I proposed to cross the Atlantic, under an assumed name; and, through the house to which he should recommend me, still to preserve constant communication with him. Before the next night fell I was on my lonely road, and in two days more on that of the open ocean. I did not sink—I did not waver: my child supported me through all. I only thirsted for rest and safety; but they came slowly. I found myself, when I arrived, the possessor of about eight thousand dollars; but I was wedded to calamity. The very next packet brought the news of Mr. Steady's death. With him every tie was severed that held me to home. It is true, I could have written to others; but I had lost confidence in the world, and feared betrayal. Through a New York house I purchased this little spot; and leaving the balance in their hands at interest, determined for some years to educate my boy alone. The instruction of my early days fitted me for the task. Although a girl, the only child of a fond father, much of a merely masculine character had been mingled with a woman's lighter studies. I hoped, too, to strengthen and develop, by regular but not severe labor, his frame, which in childhood appeared feeble. I have continued steady to my task; this year was to be the last of our exile. The next June we were to return home; alas the house at New York failed, and with it almost our subsistence—the rewards of my child's labor became now even necessary until letters should reach us from England, in reply to those I despatched instantly, and I am now in hourly expectation of their receipt. Should death overtake me here, I am prepared, in advance, with every necessary proof of my own and my child's identity. But then he would need a friend. The kindness of your heart has become known to me: I feel I may trust him with you."

I promised faithfully to perform the important duty she imposed, should it ever become necessary. Mrs. M. then

informed me that every detail had been long since committed to writing, and would be found in her desk. We then parted. Returning home, I was met by a messenger, who informed me my New York guests had arrived. The carriage was at the door, but they were within. A young man rose as I entered the room, and apologised for having so unceremoniously taken possession. "Fatigue had so far overcome his father," he said, "that a brief rest was absolutely necessary to enable him to continue his journey; and as no one exactly knew where they were to reside, he had, in my absence, requested my house-keeper to prepare a bed, that he might a while repose." It was very strange, the sound of the voice was perfectly familiar; the features, in the dim light of evening, I could not, of course, scan very closely. I desired the speaker to consider himself perfectly at home, to dismiss the carriage, for the night at least, as the distance to their temporary home was but a few hundred yards, his parent could readily be conveyed there in the morning, and I trusted they would permit me to be their host for the night, particularly as it occasioned no inconvenience whatever. He thanked me, in a few well chosen words; and again there really was a startling familiarity in those tones I could not account for.

"My dear, sir," I said, recovering myself, "my friend S., writing to me of your coming, was precise, as he always is in business, and omitted nothing but your name. How shall I address you?"

He smiled, and rejoined, "I shall indeed laugh at S. when next we meet. My name, sir, is Manners."

"God bless me!" I exclaimed, forgetting all propriety in most unfeigned astonishment.

"You know the name, then, it seems?" said my visitor, quickly.

"Only within the last few days," was my reply.

"Only within the last few days?" he repeated; then continued, solemnly, "We have been directed to you, sir, not so much to obtain the aid of art, for my father well knows his days are numbered, as to engage your services in a search for many years prosecuted in vain, but now in eager hope. Do you know Mrs. B.?"

"Are you the son of Mr. Manners, of ——?" I rejoined.

"I am—my father is beneath your roof. But go on," said he, with increasing agitation; "answer my question: I implore you, sir, do you know Mrs. B.?"

Without any hesitation I answered that I did.

"Has she a child, a boy of seventeen?"

"Yes, he has lately been my patient."

"He has been ill, then?"

"Severely ill, but is now fast recovering."

"My poor brother! And the lady, sir, my mother?"

"Has suffered greatly, not from bodily disease, indeed, but from far worse ailments—those of the mind."

"Ah! yes, most true." He then continued hurriedly, "But you spoke of a Mrs. Manners, also?" There was a pause.

"The Mrs. Manners of whom I spoke, for thirteen years was known to me as Mrs. B."

"Say no more, sir!" (this he said in a broken voice.) "I thank God that my poor father is permitted to see her on this side the grave. Were I allowed, I could recite a tale."

"Which," I interrupted him, "has been already told."

"No, sir," said he, and he traversed the room hastily, "not all; my poor mother knew not all. But can I not see her to-night, and my brother?"

I repressed this wild eagerness, bade him take rest, pointed to his father's feeble health, and directed him to consider how this discovery could be best broken to him. This last suggestion calmed him. "But," he said, "I do not fear. He has travelled with a speed far, far, beyond his failing strength; but he will bear this. One of the agents he employed to trace his wife and child, lately discovered an individual who, thirteen years before, had conveyed some property to a Mrs. B., the name we knew she assumed on leaving England. His description, both of mother and child, were too accurate to admit us to doubt they were the object of our pursuit; but thirteen years—how much might chance in thirteen years! This was his last hope. Had we failed now, my father had not borne it. Yes, he must know how close he is to the consummation of his wishes; and this night, too, he shall not suffer longer the agony of suspense—the superhuman agony he has endured; years have been crushed into minutes, and those minutes continued through years. Fear not the effect of the revulsion." He saw I was about to speak: "I know what it will be—water to the fainting man." I laid my hand upon his arm: "Gently, he stirs." I rang for lights—they were brought. The son entered the room of the father; I heard a low, continuous muttering; then broken words of thanksgiving; finally, the door opened, and the son beckoned me to approach. Mr. Manners, who was seated in an easy chair, made an effort to rise as I entered the room. He shook my hand warmly; then turning to his son, said calmly, "Leave me, George. I well heard what you have said. Go, lie down. I have rested. I am refreshed in body, and, I thank God, in mind also. Tomorrow I shall need you, remember that. Good night, now."

I drew a seat nigh Mr. Manners. I must interrupt our interview, to describe him. In his youth he had been eminently handsome. Now, though the eye was sunken, and glanced with feverish vividness, that melancholy lustre seemed to deepen its jetty blackness. There, too, was the long lash, and thin lid; the high brow, pale, preternaturally pale; the



roundness of health had long past, yet it was not wrinkled, but on the contrary tightly braced, so that the sutures rose in well defined ridges along its expanse; the hair was still thick and curly, but of intermingled black and grey; the lips were indeed attenuated, but the small mouth still remained; and though the nose and chin stood sharply out, you could easily believe their prominence less, when that sunken cheek bore another hue than that deep red spot which now mantled it. It was indeed but a wreck—a ruin—but a ruin of noble proportions, where former majesty looked through its shattered remains. With a quick and uneasy glance, he looked upon me for a moment, and then said, with evident effort:—

“My son has informed me, sir, your acquaintance with Mrs. Manners has been of long standing. My interest, the interest of a husband, prompts me to make of you every, the most minute enquiry. I can judge that she has suffered much, much indeed; but I would know all, and from her lips nothing that could be painful to me would ever come,”

On this invitation, I related, with much prolixity, her first arrival; the constant loneliness in which she had lived; the quiet ways she had found to baffle curiosity; the attention bestowed upon her child; the affection that existed between them. I carried her through the scene of his son's sickness; I brought her to the hour of his recovery. He listened with entranced attention. I then detailed what Mrs. M. had unfolded to me. As I concluded, he turned towards me, and said:

“Had I needed any proof beyond Mrs. Manners' choice of you, sir, as her confidant, this history had afforded it. Accept my thanks for a while, until I can show my sense of obligation more solidly. All that you have heard is true; but if I sinned, (and most deeply I acknowledge I did,) I, too, was a victim. Let me supply that which on her side is deficient:

“On the eventful morning when I left Mrs. M., I was as innocent of crime as the child that I bore with me. If my conduct on the presentation of that letter appears suspicious, let this explain: I had myself noticed, that I felt at times in closer relation with Mrs. Morton than seemed strictly proper, and yet I could hardly name in what the impropriety consisted. It was more in the general tone of our intimacy, than ought else. I could not then, I cannot now, recall an act or a word that the most jealous interpretation could have rendered, I do not say criminal, but unguarded; and yet I felt, when that letter was before me, that its warnings were truthful all. I seemed not so much the master of myself when with her, as I was wont to be. Without the slightest proof beyond this, if proof this can be called, I felt, as I said, the charges were not untrue. I resisted, on this account, Mrs. M.'s earnest desire that I should accompany her. I dared not utter the truth; bitterly have I repented its concealment since. I consented at

last, and that fatal journey commenced. With a skill beyond words to paint, Mrs. Morton made that letter, after a while, the theme of discourse between us; and, oh! with what consummate art she contrived, even while protesting against its calumnies, to admit, as it were unknown unto herself, that I possessed a hold upon her affections. Then she painted the depth and truth of her own heart, spoke of repelled and passionate longings, until, mastered as it were by the vividness of her own thoughts, she sobbed in uncontrollable emotion. Mr. Williams, I was then twenty-five; my fair tempter was some years younger, in the very prime of womanhood, a beautiful, elegant, and impassioned being. In the madness of the moment, I clasped her to my bosom!—wife, home, children, self, all vanished, and I became the villain and the victim. There arose reflection: still I had not even the manhood to fly. The letter you read ill portrays the misery I underwent. A blighting sorrow from that hour has haunted me.

“We journeyed on, I scarce knew where or whither. At last I was in Italy. I plunged into dissipation, and sought in the excitement of wine and the gaming table, to stifle the reproaches of my own heart. It was in vain. There was a spectrum ever before me—my wife—my child; not in the eye of thought merely: the features of every gentle woman grew into her likeness, and every passing infant took the aspect of my own child. I wrote repeatedly, but my letters remained without reply. Yet I could not harden myself. I knew I was abused, and merited the contempt all meted to me. My companion sought to console me. I could not curse her, but her sight grew hateful. Remonstrance, reproach, tears, bitter words, filled our hours. Suddenly she became calm; she soothed me; she forbore to reply. But I, a hypocrite now, suspected others. To my child alone was I myself. I drove round with him for hours, that we might talk of home together; and while he agonized me with his artlessness, I grew in love with misery.

“One evening at the Opera, whither I had gone alone, I found myself unexpectedly in the presence of a near and valued friend. I hastened towards him; he turned away. Not thus, however, would I be denied. I almost insisted he should retire with me to a neighboring hotel. To avoid a scene in such a place, he coldly consented. We walked out side by side, and being shown into a private room, I threw myself into a vacant seat; my friend remained standing. Finding I did not speak, he opened the conversation, by requesting, in a constrained voice, to know why I sought this interview. ‘Why have not my letters been answered?’ I exclaimed. ‘I know what I am: you may safely write me villain; you may speak it, too, and I will not start. But, Creighton, I have found no Lethe. Man!’ and I grasped his

arm tightly. 'speak to me of Julia, speak to me of my wife.' 'Be it so,' he said, 'but quit my coat. When you fled with the abandoned woman you had chosen, we condemned, we deplored, and we sometimes pitied; but when the urgent letters of your friends remained without reply, though they painted the supposed death-bed of your wife—when you rejected all counsel, and, as it was reported, were about to withdraw from the custody of its mother her remaining child, we threw you off, sir. But it was reserved for your crowning act, to raise the finger of every honest man in scorn, when you sold the heritage of your wife, to squander it on your paramour. Did you believe that might be forgotten, nor know what you became? Your wife has fled—I would that I knew where. And now farewell, Mr. Manners. I granted this interview—it must be our last.' He drew towards the door. I had not interrupted him; I was stunned by the extent of his charges, and the calamitous conclusion. His hand was already upon the lock, when I grasped him fiercely: 'Hold, sir!' I exclaimed, 'hold! By all that men deem sacred, by our former friendship, I am at least innocent of this you bring against me. I have sought in vain to open a correspondence with my family—to oppress them, never!' There is something in the energy of real passion that compels respect. Creighton returned, and this time he sat down. He entered into those details with which you are already familiar. I solemnly declared my innocence of all imputed to me, beyond the first fatal step. I saw myself entangled in the meshes of some dark intrigue; but determined instantly to return to England, and unravel the whole, which I doubted not to accomplish. My wife and child flying, and from me, was too much. The connection with Mrs. Morton, which had grown up so strangely, continued in so much guilt, and gave birth to so much misery. I was firmly resolved to sunder. Turning to Creighton, I expressed this determination, and requested his assistance. 'Manners,' said he, 'is it possible you do not know this base woman? Unfortunate man, learn, then, for what a wretched being you have exchanged a virtuous wife and happy home. She was the mistress of an officer in the service, and discarded by him for—' 'Come, Creighton,' I interrupted him, 'come with me now, and bear witness to my steadiness of purpose.' 'Now?' 'Yes, now. This very night I must return. I will be on the road by day-dawn.' Creighton agreed to my request, and we hastened to the house I occupied. There, on our arrival, I found all consternation. Mrs. Morton had left for Pisa, in a travelling carriage, not an hour before, with a Courier who had entered my service at Paris. Creighton was thunderstruck. I hastened to my desk—it was open—its contents had been secured. For the moment I was penniless. To-morrow it would be easy enough to obtain friends; but

pursuit must be made to-night. Light, light, was upon me now—the light of noon! I had been the tool, the fool, of an intriguing woman. From her I felt there was much to learn regarding the past. Creighton had said, 'Let her go—the loss of money is nothing.' 'All that is true,' I replied; 'but she can explain, and that is much. Of course my hand has been forged, my letters suppressed. I have been watched, how closely, the events of this night show. Rely upon it, we were seen to meet. There were three thousand pounds in that desk: she shall have it, but she shall earn it, too. How vile and despicable I have been! Julia! Julia!'

"Suffice it to say, we obtained passports, and by the aid of Creighton, who now really wished to see my strangeness unveiled and explained, I was dashing along the road as fast as four horses could drag our calèche. Whatever diligence had been used by the fugitives, ours was greater in pursuit. We literally flew. They were overtaken at last in the open road. I will not go over the *eclaircissement*. Mrs. Morton admitted her double infamy. By her connection with Antoine, she had been enabled to watch every movement that I made. Not only had the contents of my desk been procured, but the balance in the hands of my bankers had been withdrawn. It was Antoine who had forged and presented the drafts, and the power of Attorney also, by which the interest of Mrs. Manners had been sold. I found in their possession about thirty-seven thousand pounds. This obtained, their confessions had to be reduced to form, and legally attested. When all had been done, I turned to the affrighted criminals: I spoke not of the enormity of their offences, as I felt I had been too deeply a participator. I handed to Mrs. Morton the pocket-book she had abstracted from my desk, and bade her farewell. Since that time I have heard little of her life, but that little has deepened the gloom that dwelt around me.

"Hitherto I never doubted I could soon recover Mrs. Manners and my child, and I hoped—yes, sometimes I dared hope—that there was even for me days of happiness. I returned the monies, with interest, paid on the fraudulent sale of the estate. Mr. Turnpenny hesitated; but I think his legal friends considered that to be the best mode of closing the affair, for the morning after my Attorney had visited him, while consulting with me on the steps to be pursued, a letter was received from the agent, assenting to our proposals. On learning the death of Mr. Steady, to whom I wrote immediately on my arrival in London, and who I never doubted was in the confidence of Mrs. Manners, I hastened down. My friends received me kindly. They appeared desirous not only to forget the past, but to have it forgotten by me also. The papers of Mr. Steady were closely searched, but no memorandum could be found that indicated the course taken

by my unfortunate wife and child. The most exact and arduous search was instituted. France, Italy, Germany, were traversed by my agents, but in vain—no trace of them could be discovered.

“Year after year rolled away thus. The anxieties of my mind had stricken down my health; it was evident the seeds of that disease under which I am now sinking, had been sown by a depressed and over-burdened spirit. I knew all was to be over soon; and utterly hopeless of ever discovering the fate of those whom I had so dearly loved and deeply wronged, I calmly awaited the fatal moment. Life was, and had long been, to me a perfect desert. My boy, George, was the only thing to which I clung. The instinct of existence had grown dull—but no, it only slept. A letter from New York had been accidentally found, in sorting the papers of Mr. Steady, which, treating principally on various business matters, among other items of information noticed the safe arrival of Mrs. B. and child. The time and the persons strangely tallied; it might, yes! it might be them. Despite of every argument that could be urged, I resolved myself to undertake the voyage. All had been so long darkness, this faint ray appeared the noon-day blaze. We sailed—we landed—the ocean had been safely traversed. But here were new difficulties. The house to which we had been directed had lately failed; the principals were in the South arranging their affairs; the subordinates could afford no clue. In this state of anxiety I was not long to remain. Accident brought to my notice an individual once extensively engaged in land speculations, by which means he discovered the purchase and conveyance to Mrs. Manners of her present abode. I know not, but from the exact and detailed character of the information he furnished, I felt now I should know their fate. Applying to Mr. S., to whom I had letters, and whose kindness has been throughout of much service, he replied, ‘I have an old friend residing in that very township.’ I will only say, he gave me a description of you, (which I then thought highly colored, but now know to be less than the truth,) and promised to interest you in my favor.”

Here he concluded. This recital had carried us deep into the night; and as Mr. Manners was much exhausted, I proposed he should once more lie down, and that on the morrow I would disclose his state and wishes gradually to Mrs. M., and arrange every thing. I desired to remain with him. He said, “No, the services of my son will be sufficient. But, Mr. Williams, ‘coming events cast their shadows before.’ The sands of life in me are running low; and you cannot impose on me. A few days since, and in my eyes years were valueless; now minutes are beyond price. For this meeting I have come far; for this meeting I have wrestled with sickness and sorrow, long, very long. I would see the wife of my youth once again, before the grave receives me, so might she

pardon my follies, and mine ears catch the sound of her forgiveness. You, sir, are now all in all in this matter. Look on me and say if we are to meet—is it not time?" He then took my hand, and pressed it between his own. I retired, and waking his son from an uneasy sleep, threw my wearied body on a settee, there to await the morning.

But my rest was not to be of any length. I was awakened by Mr. M.'s son, who requested my immediate attendance on his father. I followed hastily. As I surmised, the mental and physical exertion had been too much for his shattered frame. Anxiety had brought on a feverish restlessness, and this induced frequent fits of coughing. During one of these he had brought up much blood, which still continued to flow rapidly, requiring constant expectoration. I proposed some remedies. "I will take them, sir," said he, "to oblige you, but, believe me, they will be of no use. I am dying; go, go for them; let me see her; I shall then have lived long enough." Ministering what I deemed appropriate, and leaving directions to the mournful group, of which my aroused housekeeper now formed one, I departed, the broken "God bless you," of the dying man stimulating my eager footsteps. It is impossible, in adequate language, to convey the grief, horror, and astonishment of Mrs. Manners, when my message was communicated. There was in her "We will go," as I awaited her reply, that in its depth of grief mocked tears. Half an hour had sufficed for my rapid explanation; in another half hour I was closing the door of my own house behind me.

Now it was I trembled. I felt the weight of Mrs. Manners growing each moment heavier; her heart throbbled with such violence as to shake her frail body; she gasped convulsively, "water." Before I could reply, or obtain it, the quick ear of the expectant husband and father caught the sound; he rose upright in the pillowed chair, in which, since my absence, he had caused himself to be placed, and in piercing tones, though they were of joy, exclaimed, "They are come!" I saw there could be no delay. "Rouse, rouse yourself, Mrs. Manners," I entreated, "he must not see you thus." "Nor shall he," she replied; "a moment, and it will be over." I had now the water; she drank hastily; then pressing my arm tightly, said slowly and distinctly, "Lead me to him." I obeyed—they were before each other!

"Julia! Julia!" he almost shrieked, as her figure darkened the door-way, rising at the same moment, as if weakness and death had been for a time spurned aside by the fiery yearnings of the heart. "Julia, my loved, my lost, my wife, come, come to me, that I may hear thee bless me before I die."

"Oh! Richard, and do I find thee thus! Forgive thee, my husband, my beloved? Yes, if there is aught to forgive, and may God forgive those who wrought us so many years of evil."

And then she bowed her head upon the wreck of him she had so loved, and wept aloud; and whose eyes had not moistened? I saw Mr. Manners could not bear this long, and pressed him to be re-seated. He obeyed, as a child, taking his wife's hand in both his own; then raising it to his lips, he suffered it at last to rest quietly in one, while with the other he put back the braided hair from her brow, and gazed intently into her face; then speaking, brokenly and low, half to himself and half to her his recovered one, he said, "And is it possible, so changed? Sorrow, and wrong, and time, oh! well, they can do this, indeed, I know that. Julia, I knew thy voice; its small, silvery tinkle—that was home again! But thou art deeply changed; there," putting his hand into his bosom, and he drew forth a miniature, "it was thus," and his eye rested upon it for a moment, "we parted, and thus hast thou been ever before me, or still and cold, as I soon shall be. Nay, do not weep, it makes me very sad; now I, too, would live."

"Oh, Richard!" she responded, "talk not thus. He who hath permitted the past, who tempereth the wind to the shorn lamb, will have mercy."

"True, Julia," said he calmly, while he drew her towards him, as if he feared she might yet escape once more; "true, he will have mercy; he hath had mercy. For this hour I prayed; for this I wrestled; I could not die without it. Now my life's purpose is accomplished, and we must part. Let me see my children together."

I brought them to him: both gazed eagerly upon the long absent. He put their hands together, then placed them in those of their mother; his own were lifted upwards, and his parted lips murmured a wordless prayer. He was now sinking fast. At last he bowed his head upon his hands, and after breathing for a few minutes with much difficulty, the discharge of blood was renewed. I proposed again he should lie down. "No," he said, "it is better thus. My children, stand beside me. My sight is growing dim; and, Julia, let me rest on you—that is well. My boy can tell you all I have forgotten. How cold." I was by his side; I made a sign to Mrs. M.; there was a pause. Again he rallied for a moment, and said, interruptedly, "No, no, I will not go—why do you press me?" and then, "I tell you Creighton, it is false!" He then repeated, "I am very cold," and then "Julia." These words were his last. A faint shudder passed over him, his limbs relaxed—his pilgrimage was done.

There he lay, the late possessor of thousands, the current of whose entire life had been changed by one error. Well, indeed, I thought, as I led Mrs. M. from the scene of death, well, indeed, before we seek our pillow at night, or the walks of the busy world by day, may we ask, in spirit and in hope, that He "*lead us not into temptation.*"

T. H.

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 PUBLIC MEN OF UPPER CANADA.
 

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BY CINNA.

NO. II.

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 CHRISTOPHER ALEXANDER HAGERMAN,

 PUISNE JUDGE OF THE QUEEN'S BENCH.
 

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MR. JUSTICE HAGERMAN was born in the Township of Adolphustown, on the shore of the Bay of Quinté, some five or six years before the close of the last century. His father was of German extraction, and being a U. E. Loyalist, had removed from the United States into the Province at the close of the struggle between the two countries.

The subject of our sketch had not many advantages of education at his outset in life, save what he obtained from his father, who had become a practitioner of the Law, and in whose office his early years were passed. Nothing can tell more than this fact in favor of the character of Mr. Hagerman's mind, and he has a peculiar right to indulge in reflections of self-gratulation on the many difficulties he has had to encounter in consequence, and which he has overcome with signal triumph to himself. Let all the young men of Canada look to him for an example of what industry, energy, and unconquerable independence of character, can do for them, when they enter upon the struggles, and are doomed to encounter the reverses of an active or public life. Universities and Colleges, and nurseries of learning, and what not, concerning which we are now all endeavoring to work ourselves into a vast fever of excitement, are very common place affairs after all; and one of secondary importance to another description of mind-training, which one's children are capable of receiving beneath the paternal roof-tree, and in the homely though holy circles surrounding the domestic hearth. We confess to be heterodox in our opinions upon all University questions, and were we honored with a seat in the Legislative Halls, we somewhat doubt whether we would not treat all such moot points with the silence of our most sovereign and supreme disapprobation. This is peculiarly the age of *caut*, and our children are like to reap the consequences of the present generation's infatuation and folly. We are getting so mighty in all respects, that each one of us must have a Locke or a Porson within our own circle, to console us with the learning of all manner of Universities, in our old age. What exalted and world-renowned fathers of so many highly-educated and glorified children, we shall all have the pleasure of being! Alas! this is but an



inconvenient land for the sustenance of a tribe of scholars. Unfortunately, the most of us have to grub the ground, with muscles all at work—or ply the weary axe, from morn till set of sun—or spread the canvass to the breeze over our wide and stormy lakes—or swing the blacksmith's echoing hammer—or guage the height of steam—or tread the busy marts of merchants—or trench our lengthened roads—or shout the team afieid—and we have no time at present to lounge away our seven years at the University which is to be. In view of this state of the question, we respectfully move, that the Committee do sit again on the matter, this day *one hundred years*—and we fancy we hear the joyous and exuberant jubilate of whole hosts and myriads of graceless and bird-nesting young varlets, responding to the call which shall free them at once from their impending doom of idleness, poverty and sorrow, through all time to come.

We much question whether Mr. Hagerman would not have lost much more than he would have gained, had he been sent at an early age to acquire knowledge within the walls of any of the great Universities. Many of our early political men, such as the Hon. L. P. Sherwood, Sir James Stuart, the late Hon. Charles Jones, and the late Andrew Stuart, were sent to the United States to complete their educations at Yale College, or Harvard University—institutions of long established respectability; and yet they do not seem to have possessed any great advantages in consequence, over their contemporaries, in the race of popularity and honor. That self-culture, induced by a knowledge of the disadvantages of our position, when compared with other parts of the Empire, and that aspiring ambition, nurtured by the success with which formidable obstacles have been overcome, have beyond doubt been of signal advantage to the majority of our leading public characters in their different careers towards the prize set before them; and in no case can the unaided efforts of the *self-relying man* more clearly be pointed out as the certain forerunner of success, than in the early career of Mr. Hagerman. Without extensive family connections capable of advancing him—without the aid of wealth—isolated in a thinly settled Township—the difficulties he had to encounter were many and disheartening; but he soon rose above them. His competitors at the bar of the Midland District were few in numbers, but they were men of good practical talents, generally, and some of them possessed shining abilities as advocates. It is said to have been an amusing scene in the old Court House in Adolphustown, whenever the young advocate found himself pitted in some suit against his own father, as was often the case, and not unseldom against his brother also, who was his senior at the bar. The subject of our sketch is said on those occasions to have held out stoutly for his clients—to have laid about him in good

style, much to the trepidation of the unfortunate suitor on the opposite side, and very often to the complete discomfiture of the adverse Counsel.

At a later period, the Uncle of Mr. Hagerman, the late Alexander Fisher, Esquire, presided as Judge of the Midland District Court, with whom he was wont to have many disputations on the subject of what was good, and what was bad law. The Judge, not being a Lawyer, was sometimes inextricably posed by the subtle distinctions of the advocate, though no doubt the common sense of himself and the Jury found a ready way of unloosing the Gordian-knot, by applying to it the sword of right and justice, even should the books read all the other way.

We have spoken of Mr. Hagerman's industry in his early years, though that expression must be taken in a restricted sense. He was not by nature capable of untiring and indefatigable labor. His habits were far from those of the strict office man, poring over his volumes and his papers from morning until night; and yet the every-day-dullard of the office found him wanting, very seldom, in that description of knowledge which it had taken hours for himself to acquire. He possessed a comprehensive grasp of mind that could trace out the gist of the question with but very little application of his time. The subject was taken in at one glance of his penetrating eye, that was probably all that could have been done had he pored over it till crack of doom. "Ready, aye Ready"—was as much his motto, as it was that of Brian Tunstall. His was the industry of thought, and it has stood him in good stead throughout his life. Possibly you might have got more actual labor out of him had you tied him down to a chair, and fed him on bread and water, which Sir Walter Scott proposed to do with Coleridge; but you would not have obtained aught worth prizing. You could not have drawn all the Hagerman into open daylight, in that way.

At the time the war broke out in 1812, Mr. Hagerman took lodgings in Kingston, and in time became attached to the Militia Service of the Province. He was present at the unfortunate rencontre at Goose Creek, on the American shore, whither the British gun boats had pursued the American flotilla, and where the Americans, after landing and placing their guns in battery, and skirting the Creek with their riflemen, managed to give our troops a precious good peppering, with little cost to themselves. Many of our men suffered, and among the rest a young English officer, by the name of Metz, who had but lately come out as aide-de-camp to the Commander-in-Chief, and who, in passing through Kingston, had heard of the expedition, and joined it. He was struck in the head by a rifle bullet, and lingered a few days before death closed his career. Mr. Hagerman bestowed every attention upon the youthful stranger

during his sufferings, and after his death, was taken into notice by Sir George Prevost, and made, we believe, his Aide-de-camp. This was the commencement of his rise in life. He continued in service during the war, and at its close, he remained in Kingston, and soon afterwards commenced the practice of his profession. His aim was high in the commencement, and he never lost heart for one moment, while steadily pursuing his career towards the bench, the object of his ambition, notwithstanding the many difficulties and annoyances, which other men would have deemed discouragements, that incumbered his path. He boldly encountered and scowled down poverty, and all its train of harrowing embarrassments, from the beginning, until from a concatenation of favorable circumstances, less the result of chance, than the consequence of the steady application of more than ordinary ability to the business of his profession, he finally arose above the impediments in his way, to reap a well won reward both of wealth and fame.

Mr. Hagerman early became conspicuous as a *Nisi Prius* Lawyer. He moved Juries as with a magic wand. His person was muscular and graceful—his voice clear, powerful and of fascinating tone—his action was unaffected and appropriate—his countenance animated and attractive—his eye keen, and when he was excited, amazingly lighted up—his command of language was great—his sentences were often abrupt and telling, but more frequently long drawn out, interwoven, and admirably rounded, and in this particular his elocution is more extraordinary than that of any of his contemporaries. Public speaking is his natural *forte*, and has ever been so. He never was known to boggle for words to express his ideas, nor did his natural impetuosity of manner ever hurry him into vagueness or incoherency, or carry him beyond that self-control so necessary to the nice balancing of his language, and the due arrangement of his discourse. His speeches were never conspicuous for their logic and argument, beyond those of other men, though in these respects they had generally many strong points to recommend them. But we do say, so far as our humble judgment goes, that he has never been approached in the Province, either at the bar, or in the halls of Legislation, as the orator of the passions. His natural, generous and *bon-homme* disposition was easily aroused into the display of strong feeling; though it was quite as readily allayed; but when excited, he made himself felt, and that too, to some purpose. His declamation was lofty and soul-stirring, and his invective came home to its object with remorseless power. You could say of him in the language of the Poet:—

"And where his frown of vengeance darkly fell,  
Hope withering fled, and mercy sighed farewell."

In those respects he displayed the strength and majesty of the true Orator. Scarcely any man can be found, of moderate abilities, properly cultivated, and who has had opportunities of practice in public speaking, who cannot weave you a very tolerable speech on topics familiar to him, well and logically knit together, and interlarded with telling points; but this we conceive is something less than oratory. He may have a talent for speaking; but not the genius for a master of the art.—There seems something wanting of what is called the *mens divinior*, to enable him to reach the required object. One man in an age may be endowed with it, but when we reflect that there has been but one Demosthenes, and one William Pitt, in the world, we are led to suppose that it is not quite so common as our Republican neighbors, whose senses seem wrapped up in the flood of words flowing from their two Houses of Congress, would have us believe. Having heard the acknowledged best public speakers of the present age, we plead guilty to a slight feeling of fastidiousness in our opinions on the subject, and yet we have no doubts as to the rank held by Mr. Hagerman in the category. He is in the first rank, according to our view of what oratory consists in, and is made up of, reluctant as we might have been to acknowledge the same, in the former political struggles of Upper Canada, when he acted as the leader of a party in the House of Assembly.

Possessed of such advantages, Mr. Hagerman arose rapidly at the bar, and in due time he became Collector of Customs at Kingston. This office brought him in large emoluments, but it retarded his success in his profession. Dr. Adam Clark was opposed to the adage about a person having too many irons in the fire at once, and was in favor of having shovel, poker, tongs, all thrust in at once, but the English Themis will not permit of a "divided duty." There must be no half-way measures here. The service must be strictly yielded, and according to the Indenture—if not in early youth, yet at a later period of life, when the mind is less buoyant, and the energy grown cold; and this, it is said, Mr. Justice Hagerman has fully proved in his experience.

As a protector of the Revenues he was vigilant and active, though engaged against men of great cunning and resolution. Aaron Connors, a tall, determined green mountaineer, who had lately come in from the land of the not-any-more-free-and-enlightened-than-other-people, and who had a nose as large as your fist, and a fist harder than a blacksmith's sledge, and who was possessed of a very natural desire of making as much money as was in his power, and who became a smuggler on a large scale—this master Aaron gave Mr. Hagerman a deal of annoyance, coming into Kingston with his long, fast-sailing Durham boat, at all hours of the night, rattling the heavy blocks of his enormous mainsail in front of the Custom House

Wharf, in derision, landing his cargo some where along shore, and vanishing, before the dawn, for another load of goods at Sackett's Harbor. Many snares were laid for Aaron, but his eyes were either too piercing, his nose too sensitive to danger, or his force too strong and bellicose, to render the attempts upon him of any avail whatsoever.

Aaron had, however, been caught, in the winter time, with a load of considerable value, through the instrumentality of a spy on the American shore, and this excited his excessive indignation, on account of its having tarnished his reputation with some of his regular customers, and touched his pocket lightly; an unconstitutional interference this last, which Aaron swore he would not brook, or in any way stand up under in any particular manner or shape, and this he would let the whole Bay of Quinté know, ere long. Accordingly he started across the ice on another adventure—scented out the spy, and reserving his punishment for a future day, took good care to take him into his confidence, and open his designs to him.—His next load was to be of great value to make up his former losses, and he was going over about midnight, if all turned up well. Of course Mr. Hagerman knew of this at once, and expecting resistance, he persuaded a party of gentlemen to go with him for a little sport, and among others a tall, broad-shouldered Doctor, who could belt any common man off his legs in regular Mendoza style, as soon as take his breakfast.—The party approached Wolfe Island in great spirits, and at the hour mentioned, sure enough, Aaron came along, driving a spanking span of mares, and making direct for Kingston. He was headed, and brought up at once, while the gentle enquiry was made of what he had been pleased to bring over to them that time? Aaron pretended to be thunderstruck—attempted to plead off, asseverating most stoutly that he was driving for the Custom House, “straight forward” and “right off,” and intended to enter and pay duties “according to law.”

“Yes—but you know that won't do,” said the Collector, “and we accordingly go according to law, and beg to drive your team in ourselves.”

“Well! if you must do it,” said Aaron, fastening his lines tight to the sleigh, “I may as well show you my cargo. Clubs out, and do your duty!” shouted he, drawing the buffalo skins off some half dozen of his men, who obeyed the order, and leaping on the ice, disturbed the digestion of each member of the pleasure party in a way which made them immoderately anxious for the future to keep out of the reach of Aaron Conners. The Doctor held out to the last, giving some of them something to smell until the next morning at least, but he was finally routed, “horse, foot and dragoons,” and villainously trampled upon by numerous heavy heels.—a way they have of doing business in Lancashire and Yankeeshire. We crave

pardon for refurbishing this old standing joke of Kingston, and, to make amends, give another anecdote relative to Mr. Attorney Hagerman's zeal in the performance of his duties as Collector.

A large quantity of tobacco had been landed on Wolfe Island from the American shore. The Collector got wind of this, and rallied his forces to make a seizure. This also got wind, however, and the sixty or seventy kegs were taken to Carleton Island, in the United States territory. Mr. Hagerman would not in this way be put off, notwithstanding, and the forfeited property was accordingly seized at that spot, and brought away to Kingston in triumph. Suits at law ensued between the owner and the Collector, the result of which was that the tobacco was ordered to be restored. All the Carters in Kingston were employed, and formed a triumphal procession in carrying it away from the Custom House, and after it had been put in a place of security, the enquiry arose as to who was to pay the duties? The owner thanked the Collector for smuggling his property for him, but whether the Inspector General called the Collector to an account for this breach of the Revenue Laws, cannot be precisely stated.

Mr. Hagerman was first elected to the Parliament of Upper Canada for the Town of Kingston, in the year 1820. There was then very little, if any, opposition to the measures of the Government in the House of Assembly, and he had no opportunity of distinguishing himself, in his capacity as a politician, until some years afterwards. At the general election in 1824, he again came forward for Kingston, but was outrun in the race of popularity by the late Mr. Cummings, who was elected in his place. There were several candidates for the suffrages of the electors at that time, and among others, the late Mr. Dalton, who established the *Patriot*. Mr. Dalton was very enthusiastic in his canvass, as he was in every thing else he undertook, and was particularly determined that Mr. Hagerman should not succeed, even if he himself should be obliged to retire, and throw his support to some other candidate. His friends finally found that there was not much use in his remaining in the field, and therefore advised him to open a negotiation with Mr. Cummings. This he accordingly did, in his usual characteristic manner. Going to Mr. Cummings with a few of his friends, he at once broached the subject by saying, that it was necessary some one should retire in order to defeat Mr. Hagerman, and enquired of Mr. Cummings if he had any objection to withdraw, and engage his friends in his (Mr. Dalton's) cause? This proposition, of course, not a little astonished Mr. Cummings, inasmuch as Mr. Dalton, being somewhat Radical in his politics, was probably the last man in Kingston whom he would like to retire in favor of, or support. He intimated as much to Mr. Dalton and the deputation, and

declared his intention of holding on to the last. With a quiet smile in the corner of his eye, Mr. D. expressed his regret at the failure of his mission, and to show that he could be more magnanimous, at once said that he would retire in favor of Mr. Cummings, and give him all his support; which he accordingly did—and getting thoroughly into the harness, by means of squibs and handbills, and the exercise of that personal influence ever wielded by a man of his singleness of purpose and energetic nature, he aided very materially in bringing about the consummation he desired. Mr. Hagerman was defeated, and did not again re-enter Parliament until 1830.

In 1828, a difficulty arose, at Toronto, between Mr. Justice Willis, then recently appointed to the Bench from the Chancery Bar in England, and Mr. Justice Sherwood, consequent upon the absence of the Chief Justice, (Campbell,) who had left on leave. Mr. Willis contended, that by the Constitutional Act no Term of the King's Bench could be holden unless the three Judges were present, and so refused to sit. He was suspended from his office by the Lieutenant Governor, Sir Peregrine Maitland, and Mr. Hagerman was temporarily appointed in his place. He removed from Kingston to Toronto to assume the duties of his new office; but in the course of the year, for some reason which has not hitherto met the public ear, his appointment was not confirmed, and Mr. Macaulay was made the Judge. Chief Justice Campbell had retired, however, and upon Mr. Attorney General Robinson being made Chief Justice, and Mr. Solicitor General Boulton receiving his situation, Mr. Hagerman was made Solicitor General. From that date the stirring era of his political life commenced.

The decease of George the Fourth occurring in 1830, the Parliament was thereby dissolved, and a new election was called. Mr. Hagerman came down to his favorite old Kingston again, to offer himself for the Legislature, and although he was opposed by one of his own politics, Mr. Bethune, who had been the former member, his success was certain from the commencement. He rode from street to street among the electors, and by the mere force of his ardent appeals to old associations, his unbounded good nature, and playful mode of silencing opposition, his reception was every thing that he could desire. His speech at the hustings was a most effective effort, in his peculiar style—exuberant in plausibility, touching, forcible, imaginative, unstudied—the true emanation of the heart, whose effusions alone constitute oratory. He was elected by a considerable majority, and took his seat in the House at the next session, where he had abundant opportunities of distinguishing himself, in opposition to the Reform party, which for the first time he had now the advantage of confronting. He met many able men there, practised in politics, and most formidable as debaters and party leaders.

and there can be no doubt at all, that while he continued in the Assembly, he was by far the most distinguished of their opponents.

His politics were uncompromising Tory ; in fact, we do not know, at the present day, whether he recognizes the word Conservative. Tory was good enough for him, and he gleried in being an out-and-outer. He did not care about Reform nor Reformers, and avowed as much when occasion required. His opponents were equally candid in the expression of their views ; and although they might not much admire his extreme ardor in a cause which, in the days of old, would undoubtedly have been that of the Stuarts, of right-divine and ship-money memory, yet they could not do otherwise than highly appreciate his candor and ingenuousness, in discovering what his principles really were. They were well met, for there was abundance of open-heartedness on their side also ; and on the fine field afforded by the House of Assembly, and with a people much given to political discussion as their audience, they had all that could be sought after by men ambitious of only a moderate fame, and a popularity confined to some few of the Colonies.

The majority in the House of Assembly, between the years 1830 and 1834, was favorable to the policy of the Executive, and therefore Mr. Hagerman's opportunities for distinguishing himself as the leader of a party, were not so great as during the succeeding Parliament. All the questions of the day, however, relating to the Clergy Reserves, King's College, Intestate Estates, vote by Ballot, Township Officers, Elective Councils, &c., were generally brought up, and fully discussed. The majority in favor of the Government was too large, and it, in consequence, became ungovernable, and somewhat overbearing. Mr. Hagerman was none of your non-committal politicians, and did not look to consequences when choosing his course. His feelings dictated to him for the time being ; and where such was the case, it is not singular that many of his proceedings led himself and friends into difficulties, which might have been avoided had his zeal been tempered with more discretion.

Both himself and Mr. Attorney General Boulton got at loggerheads, in some way, with the Colonial Minister, in 1833, and they were both summarily dismissed from the service of the Crown. Mr. Hagerman did not sit down calmly under the deprivation, but repairing to England, he soon procured his re-installment in his former situation, at the hands of Lord Stanley.

A general election occurring in the year 1834, he was again returned to Parliament for Kingston ; but on the House being organized, he found it composed of far different material from the former. If he was sincere and impetuous on his part in behalf of those principles which he had ever maintained.



he found a majority of the members quite as conscientious and unyielding in favor of a policy directly the opposite of his. The war commenced the first day, and continued until Sir F. B. Head assumed the responsibility of enforcing peace, by the hazardous experiment of a dissolution. It was really quite amusing and exciting, a field-day in the House of Assembly during the continuance of that Parliament. The routine business being over, a motion was made on some of the standing topics of discussion, when the flame at once burst forth. There was no conciliation, no parleying, no glossing over the thing, no surrender, on either side; and no quarter was obtained, because none was asked. Some of the speeches of that era are well worthy of a perusal, even at the present day, for their display of reasoning, their practical bearing, and their energetic and pointed style. It is notorious that the reports on various subjects, made during the two sessions of 1835 and 1836, have furnished food for half the Bills and measures which have since been introduced, and have become useful and popular as laws. Mr. Hagerman was never more in his element than during these years. He was the acknowledged leader of His Majesty's Opposition, and his services were great in behalf of his party. These were appreciated generally throughout the Province; though there were persons high in office in Toronto, who, imitating the low, vagabond policy of our Republican neighbors, in carping incessantly at their public men, no matter how meritorious their conduct may be, saw something in the course pursued by Mr. Hagerman, which was injurious to the cause he was advocating, and to the interests of the Executive. Injurious! and what would they have done without him? They would have sunk, paralyzed at once, as they have since done repeatedly, for the want of a bold and powerful leader like him.

In 1837 Mr. Hagerman was made Attorney General; and in 1839 he was placed on the shelf, by being made a Judge. He arrived at the zenith of what he mistook to be fame; but his fame was obtained in another sphere—in the midst of tumultuous Assemblies, and in concourses of people, where the reason was to be taken by storm, the head to be convinced, and the fiery heart moved, by the potent tongue of man. There it was that he displayed the gift that was in him, although as a Judge he is industrious and able; and were it not for a certain degree of restlessness and impatience, which sometimes get the better of his usually cordial demeanor, by which you can perceive the habits of the old politician and debater slyly showing themselves, you could not distinguish one who is decidedly the most eloquent man which Canada has yet produced, from any ordinary Judge, smothering himself over dusty parchments, or listening to the high piping notes of the gentlemen in black.

## THE REMONSTRANCE.

Ye will not, then, receive the hand  
 We proffer to your hold ;  
 Ye bid us bare again the brand ;  
 Again our flag unfold,  
 And put on warlike panoply  
 To fight the question out ;  
 Your cry is nought but victory :  
 Can ye not spare—one *doubt* ?

Bethink ye yet, the battle field,  
 The current of the fight,  
 May not this happy harvest yield,  
 And will not touch the *right* ;  
 And what, if in that trial hour,  
 Through chance or skill, ye meet,  
 Instead of rainbow dreams of power,  
 The torment of *defeat* !

Ah ! ponder well ! Spare further vaunt :  
 How would the wide world cry,  
 And fling back every former taunt,  
 To sting your agony !  
 Forbear ! that chance may reach us all ;  
 Thine arm is not too strong,  
 But if ye fail, beware—that fall  
 Adds *shame* to thwarted *wrong* !

Then pause ! Forget, for once, the past,  
 Its heritage of hate ;  
 Shall that all other thoughts outblast,  
 And make itself a fate ?  
 Let us those older bonds renew,  
 Ere strife between us spread,  
 And with their ashes, bury, too,  
 The anger of the dead.

We fear ye not ! But ye are sprung  
 Of the same giant race :  
 With what we are, the world hath rung !  
 We need not claim our place !  
 We yield much to the pride of youth,  
 Much to the thirst of fame ;  
 But nothing that can touch our truth,  
 Or raise the blush of shame.

T—.

## THE BEAUTIFUL.

Who called us here, our Maker and our God,  
 Hath filled our road, beyond imagining,  
 With many a glorious form and lovely thing ;  
 Hath hung the forest trees, and flecked the sod,  
 Checkered the mountain's side, the desert's sand,  
 With blossoms and with hues that mock at art ;  
 Bidden the fountain into being start,  
 And as it rose obedient to command,  
 Veiled it in light, and gave it minstrelsy ;  
 And flung a thousand worlds upon their way,  
 And gemmed the brow of *Night* with their array ;  
 And called the wind to rock the sleeping sea ;  
 And last, he added Love to bless our path,  
 And *Woman* smiles and lightens up our hearth.

T—:

## COLONIAL REPRESENTATION.

IN an article which appeared in our May number, on "*Our Commercial and Constitutional Relations*," we referred to a Petition, circulated so long ago as December, 1843, in which Her Majesty was prayed to abrogate and abolish both Houses of Legislature in this Province. We now proceed to examine the question of Representative Government as applied to the Colonies, and enquire whether it could be safely abrogated, and also whether Representation in the Imperial Parliament would answer the purposes of Colonial Legislation.

The great object of England, in her system of colonization, appears to have been the extension of those principles of freedom upon which her own greatness has been based, and so moulding the form of civil government in her Colonies, as that they who might migrate thereto should find themselves placed in exactly the same position, with regard to local government, as they had been in respect to the Imperial authority at home. The same machinery was in motion; there was no sudden change from one state of political existence to another; in fact, whatever slight change there might be, was in direct favor of the emigrant. Pure constitutional liberty was the great object sought to be established; and the dangers and difficulties under which the old French and Spanish Colonies labored, were strictly avoided. They fell beneath a system of delegated tyranny, while the British Colonies have prospered under a delegation of justice and equity. The laws, which in England limit the authority of the Crown, had the same limiting power with regard to its Colonial representatives; and the inhabitants of Western Canada or of New South Wales enjoyed, equally with the yeomanry of any County in England, the privileges and immunities guaranteed to British subjects by the several Charters of Rights. Throughout her vast possessions, the Sovereign of England is the monarch of a free people. Colonial serfism is unknown, and as far as is consistent with their state as Colonies, they enjoy all the advantages of a mixed form of government. Indeed, if we examine the case, we shall feel justified in asserting, that in this respect the Colonists are the gainers. Not only have they their own peculiar Constitutions, but they possess also the double safe-guard of appeal to the British Crown and Parliament.

The very nature of the Saxon race appears to be an intuitive love of Constitutional liberty, and its advancement has followed their migrations. The attempts of other people to procure what they sought for under that name have failed, or worse, have sunk them deeper in the toils of tyranny. England is at this moment the only nation which enjoys, in full vigor, a representative form of government. In no other nation is the

principle so well understood, or so fully acted upon. Others have the form without the essence. They have deliberative assemblies, but they have either become the mere followers of mob dictation, or the tools of Imperial power: late debates in the House of Representatives of the United States have shewn pretty plainly an instance of the former; while for examples of the latter, we need only turn our attention to the Continental Kingdoms of Europe.

The system of Colonial legislation is based on the true principle of liberty. Crown Colonies may, from their nature, be more intimately united with the Parent State, but the ties which unite them are more liable to violent disruption. The constraining power is more directly felt, and causes of complaint and jealousy more apt to arise, than in those, the management of whose local affairs is left to persons delegated by those who have the most direct and lively interest in the welfare of the country. Another difficulty in regard to Crown Colonies is to be found in the constant changes which, under a representative form of government, take place in the administration of Colonial affairs, the impossibility of justice being done in all cases, or of any Colonial Secretary possessing that amount of information necessary for directing the affairs of Colonies so extensive and so distant as those of England. Of this latter objection some interesting proofs were given during the late debates in the House of Commons. We need not refer to the speech of Mr. Hope, who holds a high official situation, in which he evinced the grossest ignorance of passing events in Canada; but go to one who prides himself on the facilities he had of obtaining information, and who, it is not unlikely, may yet be called on to fill the office of Colonial Secretary—Mr. Charles Buller. That gentleman, in the debate on the timber duties, asserted that “no timber of any consequence was made in Upper Canada, if we except a very small supply from the right bank of the Ottawa!”

The advocates for the abrogation of Colonial legislation ground their arguments chiefly on the belief, that the management of our affairs could be more safely trusted to a Governor in Council than to a House of Assembly. Fortunately we are not without some experience in such a method of governing, and that, too, under the most favorable circumstances. The Governor was a man very generally respected—and the time, a period when a section of this Province was in a state of rebellion, and when men were glad to see any form of government established. The Constitution of the Lower Province had been abrogated, and the Special Council was invested with full Parliamentary functions; but it was peculiarly class legislation, and its acts were calculated, not to allay feelings of irritation, but to strengthen the hands of a particular party in the State. Under the circumstances of the

case, this was correct; but could such a state of things have continued? Could a Council chosen from the minority, and obedient to the Governor General for the time being, have long satisfied the people, or would not the attempt to prolong its existence have been met with the most decided opposition, and might it not have been productive of the greatest evil? One of the most serious difficulties Colonists have to contend against, is the change which frequently takes place in the policy of the Colonial Office, which, though most decidedly distinct from, is still made to depend upon that of the Mother Country, and party terms and party principles are transferred to us, like second-hand garments or worn out fashions. We fear that in the case of a Governor in Council, these evils would be more sensibly felt, and more injurious in their tendency. The evil we labor under is chiefly the production of the above mentioned transfer of political partizanship; for it has not yet escaped the memory of many, that not very long ago this Colony was totally free from such strife; that elections were conducted and contested solely on the ground of the fitness of the candidate for the office which he sought; that men were then seen supporting each other, who would now deem it of very questionable propriety to belong to the same political parties; and that the only feeling was one of intense gratitude to, and respect for the Mother Country. At the present day it is "*tot capitum tot sententiarum.*" Every man having the least claim to political influence seems only anxious to create a party of his own; and amid these contending parties the country is torn into adverse factions, and the real good of all lost sight of. Speculative systems take the place of sound principles, and Constitutions are remodelled to suit particular exigencies or particular parties.

Since the adoption of the doctrine of Responsible Government and the carrying of the Union Bill, a new principle of legislation has been adopted. It has become the duty and the object of the chief adviser of the Executive, to secure for himself, at all hazards, a majority in the Legislative Assembly; and, unfortunately, there always are to be found persons anxious to pander to such principles, and to lend their aid in carrying them out, irrespective of their influence on the community; totally forgetful, "that those politicians who plead the necessity of securing, at any rate, a majority in Parliament to vote implicitly for whatever the Minister proposes, do miserably betray the true interest and peace of their Sovereign, (or his Representative;) for this fixes upon the King and his Ministers (as in arbitrary Governments) the blame and ignominy of every determination that happens to be wrong, which would otherwise have been over-ruled by the free Council of the nation, or else must have been equally imputed to the people themselves; and yet this wretched policy has alter-

nately been adopted by both parties, notwithstanding that it is founded (like many of Machiavel's doctrines) on that abominable and anti-Christian principle of mere worldly-minded men—'Let us do evil that good may follow.'

It is to this principle that Canada owes all its difficulties and all its troubles. The enumeration of instances would be long and invidious, and it is our desire rather to allay than to irritate, to advise for the future than to carp at the past. The evils already accomplished cannot now be undone: but they may be remedied, and set as warning beacons for future politicians.

In England, where parties are well defined, the leaders well known, and all questions fully understood, the doctrine of voting with "your party" is not liable to the same objections as in a Colony, where no one of the three conditions exist. The Parliament of Upper Canada which sanctioned the Union Bill, was elected on principles totally adverse—the majority of the constituencies had declared themselves hostile to it—and had it not been for the introduction, by Lord Sydenham, of the new doctrine of responsibility, the measure never could have been carried. Under these circumstances, and the state of affairs immediately consequent thereon, it is not to be wondered at, that public attention was directed to the feasibility of governing these Colonies by a Governor in Council. The advocates of this plan never could have harbored the idea of abandoning representation altogether. The people of Canada prize too highly this privilege, quietly to allow it to be taken from them; and notwithstanding some jarring in the system, it has in general worked well, and every day is testing its utility more and more. The people require to have some voice in the management of their affairs; and depriving them of a Parliament, as the means of declaring their opinions, you must provide them with some efficient substitute therefor.

Municipal Councils are suggested as that substitute. Dividing the Province into a number of petty States, each with its own Parliament, would not obviate the difficulties, but rather increase them. Each District assuming the entire control of its own internal affairs, effecting isolated improvements, and contracting debts, federalization would soon become necessary, or the power of sanctioning their acts vested in the Governor General, with a Council having no claim upon public confidence, and who, totally independent of the people, could feel no disinclination to give the weight of their influence to the Crown in all matters of dispute, to the engendering of worse feeling.

We cannot omit quoting a few extracts explanatory of the civil and political condition of Canada, previous to its conquest by British arms, at a period when its affairs were administered by a Governor in Council:—"The essence of the French Law,

as practiced and formerly enforced in this Province, was well understood to be contained in these significant monosyllables: *si veut le Roi, si veut la Loi*—i. e. that which the King wills, the Law ordains. If it were His Majesty's pleasure that a man obnoxious to him should be imprisoned in a particular castle, or fortress, or monastery, for any length of time, he had nothing to do but sign his letter *de cachet* for that purpose, and away went the unfortunate individual to the place of his confinement, by a cornet of horse, with a proper number of troopers to support him. No body ever thought of applying to the courts of justice to procure his release, nor did he himself ever venture to bring an action of false imprisonment against the persons who executed the letter *de cachet* against him, or against those who detained him in confinement. In latter times, however, (1663—4.) a great Sovereign Council, similar in its constitution to the Parliament of Paris, with subordinate tribunals and jurisdictions, was instituted. But the Sovereignty of France, not being yet able, if inclined, to divest itself of those despotic attributes, almost indisputably enjoyed for centuries, all those courts of justice necessarily partook of the policy which is unavoidable to all nations that have made slender advances in refinement, such as the Northern Conquerors, as well as the more early Greeks and Romans: in all of them were united the civil jurisdiction with the military power. To use the expressive words of Charlevoix:—'*Telles ont été les attentions de feu Roy, pour procurer a ses sujets de la Nouvelle France une justice prompte et facile, et c'est sur le modèle du conseil supérieur de Québec, qu'on a dépris établi ceux de la Martinique, de Saint Dominique, et de la Louisiane. Les ces conseils d'épée,*'—they were tribunals of the sword."

Such was the state of Canada when its conquest by England gave it the benefits of a free Constitution, an image and transcript of that of the Mother Country, as first set forth in the proclamation of the 7th of October, 1763.

It may be asserted that the present age and state of affairs forbid a recurrence, under any circumstances, to the old *régime* of letters *de cachet*. Granted, as far as personal wrongs or injuries are concerned: but things far more hurtful to the public good might arise. Ill chosen Governors, and ill directed councils might arrest our progress of improvement, check our rising prosperity, and render nugatory all that has already been effected. Constant complaints, jealousies, and heart-burnings would be the natural consequence, and a few years would find the people of all classes arrayed against the Government.

Abolishing the local Parliament, the powers of the Municipal Councils should be very much extended: in fact, a new set of petty Parliaments would have to be created, and the responsibility now shared by the Province at large would become vested in each particular body. Thus, in place of one Parlia-

ment we should have twenty, with triennial elections, and more constant contentions for power. Each District would have its own particular politics and parties, and elective institutions would become the order of the day. We do not deny but that very much of the matters with which the time of our Provincial Parliament is now encumbered, might safely be transferred to our local Councils, to the benefit of the Province; but we require to have some ruling legislative body, delegated by the people to supervise the general interest of the whole, who are not to be considered as the representatives of any particular section, but of the whole Province. Let us take, for instance, public assessment and public education, in both of which it is particularly necessary that a general and uniform system should prevail. Could it be possible, leaving the direction of these to local Municipal Councils, to attain that end in either case? or would it be wise to place the sole direction in a Governor and Council?

Another plan has been suggested, in a general Union of the North American Colonies, erected into a vice-royalty. This, it was intimated, would obviate many of our present difficulties, and unite us all more firmly in the cause of improvement and mutual succor and defence. This plan is recommended by Lord Durham in his famous Report, and is not unworthy of consideration; but many difficulties would present themselves to its perfection. Disputes for local preference and local advantage, the position of the capital, the immense extent of united territory, and the very great difference in the social state of the several Provinces, would have to be overcome; and when overcome, might not federalization tend to sever the very bond it was intended to strengthen? Are its *possible* advantages equivalent for its *actual* disadvantages? or would it lessen the evils of which the advocates for the abrogation of our Provincial Legislature contend? In our opinion it would not; and, moreover, we believe that the period for such a change has gone by, that any new tinkering of our political system would be accompanied by danger, and that time must be allowed to elapse before the present order of things is unsettled, and the Province thrown into a fresh state of fermentation. Frequent changes are detrimental; and only now is the Union of Upper and Lower Canada beginning to work. The wheels are just fitting themselves to each other, and the machinery attaining that ease and regularity necessary for the discharge of its functions,—each portion looking on itself as inseparably bound to the other, has thrown off its feelings of jealousy and distaste, and is settling down into that state of mutual confidence and good fellowship from which the best results may be expected.

Regarding the idea of Colonial representation in the House of Commons—we think it is far from irreconcilable with the



continued existence of Colonial Legislation. Colonial interests are altogether misrepresented; or worse, are made to change and vary with every phase of Imperial politics; and any plan which could obviate this glaring evil, is worthy of consideration, no matter how it is to be effected, or by what name the change is designated. The system of the Colonial Office is essentially bad, nor can it command either confidence or respect till a radical change is made, not only in its *régime*, but in its *personnel*. The wishes of the Colonists are totally unheeded unless they tally with the whims of Mr. Stephen, who rules paramount in Downing-street, and whose influence has ever had a ruinous effect on Colonial matters. The Chief and Under Secretaries changing with every change of Government, the direction of the affairs of the office naturally falls within his power, and the proofs of his incapacity therefor are so glaring, and have so often been brought before the public, that we have no need here to repeat them, or to do more than reiterate the sentiment—that his policy is of itself sufficient to alienate the loyalty and attachment of any Colony under the British Crown, and that nothing save a feeling of devotedness could have withstood his anti-Colonial efforts and abuses.

We think the remedy for these evils simple and easily effected. Look at the immense extent of the English Colonial possessions, and it will be yielded that the cares, and duties, and responsibilities thereof, are far too great for any one man to manage or direct—that some must be misunderstood or neglected, and others obtain an undue share of official attention; each Secretary has his favorite Colony, and the others being passed over in silence, that one, for the time, engrosses all his care, to the great detriment of the others; besides the Secretary does not fill the office in right of any particular acquaintance with Colonial subjects, but because a certain set of offices have to be filled by a certain set of individuals, and in the lottery, the Colonial Office must fall to one or other of the destined members of the embryo Cabinet. Hence we see all Colonial matters considered in the House of Commons, not affecting the Colonies themselves, but in their bearing on the party question of the day in England,—by that standard our affairs are directed—through that medium all our claims are viewed. To obviate this, one only way is left. Representation in the House of Commons could not effect it, for it would soon be found that the election of our delegates would be governed by the very same feelings which govern our election of Members of the Provincial Parliament—local jealousies and party feelings—the alternation from one party to another, and the cry of men, not measures—the great interests of the country would be overlooked.

The plan, then, we would suggest is this: The substitution of a Colonial Board for the present office of Colonial Secre-

tary,—the members to be selected, not for political influence, but for their knowledge of Colonial matters,—the Chairman to be the official organ in the House of Commons, and the powers of the Board to be as extensive as possible; in its constitution due regard might be had, that all the influential Colonies should be fully represented. This would, in our opinion, be a most desirable change; it would fully meet the wishes of those who desire more full representation of our wants and wishes in England, and would preclude the necessity of any great changes in our Colonial system.

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### A HYMN FOR THE DEAD.

A hymn for the dead!  
 A chaunt for the grave!  
 What tears have been shed  
 O'er the bright and the brave!  
 As if the vile clod,  
 From which they were shrinking,  
 Was the man, the half God,  
 On whom they were thinking.

Ho! ho! sayeth one,  
 He dreameth no more;  
 His labors are done,  
 And his sorrows are o'er!  
 And who told them this?  
 Aye! what warrant have they,  
 For his woe or his bliss,  
 Who knows nought of to-day?

He but meets them no more.  
 Great God! I have sought  
 Through that blackness to soar,  
 Until thought reeled with thought—  
 Until childhood's tears  
 Gushed anew from the eye,  
 And I shook in the fears  
 Of my past infancy.

That we are, we know:  
 That we die not, we feel;  
 But whither we go,  
 Time and earth ne'er reveal:  
 Every step we can trace,  
 But the *first* and the *last*—  
 But the *why* of our race,  
 And the *where* when 'tis past.

And this is well, too:  
 Aye! for us who know all,  
 We may learn at one view,  
 How complete is our thrall;  
 And how mighty is *He*  
 Whose zone is around us,  
 Since leaving us free,  
 With our reason he bound us.

## THE BEARERS.

BY A CANADIAN SETTLER.

ONE day, in the year 183—, when I was a jolly young Sub in the old —th, and stationed at Delhi, I was busy in my Bungalow writing "*home*," when I was interrupted by the entrance of a curious-looking little old man, with a very black face, and a very long white beard, whom I recognized as one of my palanquin bearers; and yet there was about him "an indescribable something," which, for the life of me, I could not comprehend, particularly as I was certain none of my bearers had beards. He held in his hands a curiously shaped little pipe, with a thin tube at least a yard long, of which he ever and anon took a puff. His small red eyes sparkled with malicious cunning; and he had glided two or three times round the room before I had recovered myself enough to address him. "Well, sirrah," I at length said, "what may your pleasure be?" "Why, Sahib, this is one of our holidays, and we expect something to drink." "Drink!" cried I, "you seem to have had enough of that already." All this time my friend was ambling round the room in a manner so extraordinary, that I was at a loss whether to laugh or be angry; when, suddenly, he made a few side steps towards the table, and blew some smoke right into my face, which occasioned a strange feeling of giddiness, and put me in a towering passion. I jumped up, seized my chair, and hurled it in fury at his head; but he was too nimble for me, and before I could get hold of anything else, he came close up, and gave me another puff of smoke, which tumbled me over in a second, and rendered me incapable of speaking or moving, although I could see perfectly all that was passing.

The old man, after grinning at me with much apparent delight, went to the door and clapped his hands three times, when in glided, danced, or sailed, (for I cannot describe their motion more accurately,) seven more, all exactly like the horrid old creature with the queer little pipe! I was confounded; and yet I could have almost sworn they were my own palkee bearers. When they saw me lying helpless on the floor, they set up a loud laugh, but there was something in it so wild and unearthly, that I began to feel my blood run cold, and to think my invaders must be devils! The old man, who seemed to be their chief or leader, looked at me, and said quite coolly, "He has been trying my pipe." Upon which they again laughed, and taking each other's hands, they danced round and round me, shouting, whooping, howling, singing, and laughing, until they seemed thoroughly exhausted. They then sat down on the carpet, and began to talk, not in Hindostance, but, to my utter astonishment, in English, as pure

as if every one of them had been born in Inverness! \* By this time I felt myself recovering from the effects of the smoke, and thought, "Well, my lads, if I *can* only get up, there will soon be broken heads among you." So I made an effort to rise, but the old fellow was on the alert—puff went the little pipe, and I was again as helpless as an infant. One of them got up, and commenced a search round the room, and the first thing he laid his hands on was a pair of top boots—*on they went*; and I gnashed my teeth in impotent rage. I am somewhat of the grenadier in build, and my boots reached the top of the little villain's thigh, and notwithstanding my just indignation, I was obliged to allow I had seldom come across a more comical figure. They then shouted out, "Tops in the hot winds! This is too good! Ha! ha!" and again the whole party laughed in the same horrible strain. My friend in the boots seated himself by the others, stretched out his legs, and seemed amazingly tickled with his own appearance; while his comrades clapped their hands, and exclaimed, "Wah! wah!" † and gave many other tokens of their approbation.

Another now got up, and I wondered what he would pitch upon. I was not kept long in suspense. "Ho! ho! boys, we'll have rare fun now," cried he; "this is better and better," and the scoundrel carried my writing desk into the centre of the circle they had formed, and opened it with the greatest deliberation. "D—n your impertinence!" thought I, "this is intolerable," and I made another exertion to stir, but—puff—and I was immovable in an instant, and continued to lie quiet, and see my desk ransacked of paper after paper, amid the insulting jeers and insolent remarks of my fiendish tormentors. My commissions were read in a mock heroic tone by the "gentleman in boots," and as he ended each, the whole band gave vent to their infernal laugh. "Loyalty, courage, and good conduct!—this is truly sublime! Ha! ha! ha!" Next came a Masonic diploma. "Ah!" remarked Boots, "our friend is a brother of the mystic tie!" and rising up, they advanced one by one, and made me a low and reverential salaam, and then the same abominable laugh pealed in my ears. "A Royal Arch! why this beats the top boots, out and out. Ha! ha! ha!" They now discovered some love-letters, and these they treated in a manner that made my blood boil, and I got another puff to quiet me. They swore I must be either a madman or a fool; that the dear girl who wrote them had but one eye; that one of her legs was six inches shorter

\* It is a well known fact, that the natives of this city talk purer English than the inhabitants of any town in Merry England itself. At least they themselves say so, and one could not reasonably wish for better authority.

† "Well done! well done!"

than the other: that she was on the wrong side of forty; and (oh! horror!) that she had a son in England nearly as old as myself! This was, in all conscience, bad enough; but "the most severest cut of all," was to come. Another peal of their discordant mirth burst out, but this laugh, if laugh it could be called, was ten times louder, ten times longer, and twenty times more wild and unearthly than before. "The devil!" quoth I, "what *can* they have got now?" Having somewhat composed their ugly little black faces, one of them called out, "Why, this beats the top boots hollow—the Royal Arch—loyalty, courage, and good conduct—and even the tender epistles themselves are far, far behind this!" and they produced from a secret drawer a number of manuscript songs and poems, of which I was not a little vain. "An address to Mary!" Ha! ha! ha!" roared they, "that must be the old wench with the one eye, the short leg, and *the son!*" All this well-nigh drove me frantic, and I got several "puffs" to keep me in order; and they turned over the leaves, cutting and slashing every production, not only without mercy or remorse, but evidently with great glee and gusto. "A hunting song!" said he in the top boots; "by Jove! I'll sing it for you, my boy, it is so *appropos!*" And sing it he did, but in such a burlesque manner as made it appear, even to the unfortunate writer, the most absurd farrago of nonsense that was ever penned—but it is a good song, for all that. "An address to my maiden sword,"\* was next taken to pieces; and I can easily imagine how a young author feels, when reading a severe critique on his last work. I would have given all I was worth in the world, to have got at the vile miscreants with a good stick; but the fumes of the old man's pipe held me down, as if I had been bound with iron chains. When they had finished their criticism, they set up another yell of their demon-like mirth, which was louder than any of the former; and the sound was prolonged until I thought it became like a bugle. Up I started—found it *was* a bugle—that I had been DREAMING all along, and that it was time to dress for parade.

VIRTUE.—Although virtue and happiness are admitted to be inseparable, it seems a strange anomaly in the character of mankind, that while all are anxious to be happy, the great mass are pressing forward in a career which must inevitably occasion the mind to become impregnated with a disease so insidious, that no human skill can stay its ravages, or eradicate its effects.

\* I send you a copy, and hope you will view it with more mercy than did my black acquaintances at Delhi.

A YOUNG (SCOTCH) OFFICER'S  
ADDRESS TO HIS MAIDEN SWORD.

By thee my glory must be won ;  
Together we our course must run,  
And teach the foe thy edge to shun,  
                    With one accord !  
Thou portion of a younger son,  
                    My maiden sword !

Keen be thy point, and bright thy blade,  
When to the foe thou art displayed ;  
And, oh ! no longer be a maid !  
                    But let them feel,  
Thou emblem of a soldier's trade,  
                    Thy British steel !

When in the battle's front we stand,  
I'll grasp thee firmly in my hand,  
And hope, ere death, I may command  
                    In such a field ;  
Then charge with thee, the foeman band,  
                    And make them yield !

I'll think of Bruce' sword of light,  
High flaming in the thickest fight ;  
Or Wallace, who, for Scotland's right,  
                    Gained deathless fame ;  
And Abercrombie's name so bright,  
                    And Moore and Graeme.

Like those, may I all dangers brave,  
Where fury, death, and battle rave ;  
Then, then, one boon alone I'll crave,  
                    If I must die—  
To breathe my last, and find my grave  
                    In victory !

But if with glory we live on,  
When all our fights are fought and won,  
I'll leave thee to my youngest son,  
                    Thou trusty sword !  
When to a better world I'm gone,  
                    Thou'lt be adored !

Y.

Number of Emigrants arrived at the Port of Quebec, from the opening of navigation to the 23rd May, 1846 :—

	<i>Cabin.</i>	<i>Steerage.</i>
From England .....	6	616
"    Ireland.....	8	1752
"    Scotland .....	8	200
	—	—
Previously reported.....	22	2568
	69	2734
	—	—
Total .....	91	5303
To corresponding period last year.....	—	2029
	—	—
Increase in favor of 1846 .....	—	3273

A. C. BUCHANAN, *Chief Agent.*

## THE MANUFACTORIES OF WESTERN CANADA.

NO. I.

MR. MORTON'S DISTILLERY, BREWERY, VINEGAR MANUFACTORY,  
SALERATUS FACTORY, AND HIS MINERAL WELLS.

[We have been favored with the following account of the various branches of business carried on by Mr. JAMES MORTON, near Kingston. The account is too diffuse, and perhaps too carelessly written; to suit the fastidious taste of critical readers; but as its publication may have one good effect—that of opening the eyes of Europeans as to the actual state of Canada—we trust they will excuse it. We must supply one deficiency. In his zeal to do justice to his theme—that of duly eulogising Mr. Morton's enterprise and industry—the writer has omitted to make mention who Mr. Morton is, and where his establishment is situated. Mr. James Morton is a native of Ireland, about forty years of age; and, like many of our best settlers, did not leave home on account of the goodness of his circumstances. He has resided upwards of twenty years in Canada; and commenced business on his own account, as a Distiller and Brewer, in the year 1833. His establishment, one of the largest in Canada, is situated on the shore of Lake Ontario, about one mile West of Kingston, and covers an extent of four acres.—EDITOR.]

ALTHOUGH the Editor of the *British Whig* recently furnished the public with a full description of a portion of Kingston and its environs, we have thought that the subject on which we propose to write, could be more appropriately published in the pages of the *Canadian Magazine*. The prosperity and extent of the Manufactories of Canada are clearly a theme of Provincial interest, and as such claims the attention of the Magazine which must be considered as being peculiarly its own.

Much has been both written and said about the want of energy of our townsmen. We shall now take the opportunity of proving that this want of energy does not so generally exist, as may be supposed by many not well acquainted with the locality. We will endeavor to prove, at all events, that one individual possesses, in an eminent degree, the go-ahead propensity ascribed to our neighbors on the other side of the line forty-five. With this preface, we shall at once introduce, *verbatim*, the remarks of our observant:—

At length we find our weary carcass snugly seated at Morton's mammoth establishment for manufacturing that which gives strength to the feeble, and dispenses gaiety whenever it is used in moderation; in the midst of those luxuries which are so bountifully prepared to drive dull care away, and calculated to raise the drooping spirits by pouring spirits down, as pure as the pearly drop on the verdant leaf in a bright May morning. Our first libation, you may observe, has positively tended to the poetical; but the second may probably bring us down to the stubborn and prosaic facts we intend to indite, for the honor of our City and its population.

On casting our eyes around, we find that the chaos of dirt, stone, mortar and brick, with which they were offended on a former visit, seems now to have assumed something of a *questionable shape*; and we proceed to the task of enquiring the various uses to which all are applied. In the first place, we have to notice the new Distillery—a spacious and substantial fire-proof building. The interior is fitted up with every description of machinery for grinding, mashing, fermenting, distilling, &c., in the most substantial and neat manner. The cleanly neatness of the whole is astonishing. It is propelled by a double-acting high-pressure steam engine, of thirty horse power; and if we are to be guided by the practical opinion of those better acquainted with such operations than ourselves, we may justly pronounce, as a Distilling Establishment, Mr. Morton's, of Kingston, Canada West, the model of perfection on the continent of America. In connection with it are various Rectifying Apparatus, constructed on new and improved principles. On enquiring the value, we were informed that the Distillery and Rectifiers alone, when completed, cost about £13,000. As appendages, there are extensive accommodations for storage of grain, &c.; with a new wharf, finished

last winter, of one hundred and fifty feet long, by thirty in breadth, with a depth of water ranging from twelve to thirty feet, which affords protection in any weather to the largest class of vessels, when moored alongside the pier.

We must also notice several ranges of new barns, sufficiently capacious to accommodate four hundred head of horned cattle, and situated in such a manner that the floors of each can be washed with water from different reservoirs as frequently as required. These barns are now entirely full of cattle, loaded with fat, owned by the Messrs. Braden, who, for a valuable consideration, have this season obtained their use, with the Distillery wash, for the purpose of supplying a most extensive consumption of that richest and most delicious of all meat—Distillery fed beef and mutton, (*not pork*.) A call by the epicure at their stalls, No. 1 and 2, New Market Buildings, will no doubt justify our remarks.

The Brewery, which was the original and beginning of the whole—the nucleus around which this splendid establishment has been erected—occupies its first position. But, as “it is the life of an old hat to cock it,” the building has had various alterations and improvements, to fit it for supplying a very much increased demand, arising from its enjoying this season the highest reputation for beer and ale in Kingston, or, we may add, elsewhere, within our knowledge.

The Saleratus Factory is in constant operation, the manager of which claims it to be the best arranged one with which he is acquainted, affording the necessary facilities at all times to ensure the preparation of a superior article of saleratus. Those who have made use of the article, pronounce it superior to any other they can procure—an admission which an analysis of its properties will fully demonstrate. The color is a beautifully pearly white, without the smallest speck to offend the eye, or disgust those who hesitate to use this most wholesome and necessary ingredient in home baking generally, and the many little elegancies that adorn our thrifty house-wives' tea-table.

A new Vinegar Establishment is in the course of completion, and will be in efficient operation before the first of July. A sufficient quantity of this article can be here prepared to supply the Canadian market. The quality will be warranted free from all mineral acids, which are so frequently detrimental to culinary operations, often ruffling the temper of the mistress in the parlour, from the equivocal complexion of the pickles in the kitchen. Mr. Morton, the spirited manufacturer, is entitled to the thanks of the public, for thus effectively developing the sweets in one part of his establishment from the sour in another!

Mr. Morton has in contemplation the manufacture of many liquids, staple articles in Canadian consumption, which are now imported from foreign countries; and when we look with sincere satisfaction at the already successful results of all that gentleman has as yet undertaken, we have not the least doubt but many articles he now manufactures, and is about to make an essay in, will become before long staple articles of consumption. We must always admit, that when the consumption of a country is supplied from its natural resources, the earlier will it arrive at real wealth; but when we look at the very great probability of our becoming the manufacturers of goods for foreign lands, the produce of Canadian industry, the slight gloom which appears to envelope us at present from Sir Robert Peel's very liberal policy, must be very soon dispelled.

Let our neighbors, in so far as they have the opportunity, be stimulated to exertion, and follow the example of our worthy townsman, Mr. Morton, and we shall then soon realize what has often been prophesied, “that the land of our adoption shall shortly become the brightest and most valuable gem in the Crown of Great Britain.” What satisfaction it must afford to the true patriot, to be convinced that in leaving, for a distant land, a home endeared to him by every tie, his humble exertions have aided in advancing the welfare, not only of the Colony, but the general prosperity and grandeur of that great country we are so proud of claiming as our own, and our attachment to which all the machinations of its enemies can never impair.

We can give your readers but a slight idea of this really wonderful establishment, without entering farther into its statistics, and in making them acquainted with the quantities of produce consumed annually, the moneys expended in the purchase of grain and other articles used, with that necessarily employed in the usual expenses of manufacturing. They would then be able to appreciate the great benefit similar establishments would confer upon the agriculturist, and in fact every other branch of industry, from the humble daily laborer upwards,



creating a circulation of the needful very much in accordance with the views of the shop-keeper and victualler of the city, and the farmers, whose coarse grain can reach the Kingston market at any thing like a moderate rate of transportation.

In the first place, Indian Corn, Rye, Barley, Buckwheat and Oats,  
(Indian Corn and Rye forming three-fourths of the whole quantity,) say 200,000 bushels, average value .....£35000 0 0

Four thousand cords fire-wood.....	1600	0	0
Hops .....	1000	0	0
Casks, annually .....	1500	0	0
Horned cattle for fattening.....	2000	0	0
Hay .....	500	0	0
Wages of labor .....	3000	0	0
	£14600	0	0

SALERATUS FACTORY.—Pearl Ash required annually, at only half work .....

	3000	0	0
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VINGEGAR MANUFACTORY, together with other uncalculated expenditure, will amount to about.....

	2400	0	0
	£50000	0	0

Say, without the least exaggeration, £48,000 to £50,000 expended in procuring the necessary raw materials and labor required in the different branches of manufacturing carried on within the space of four acres, and all distributed within the vicinity of Kingston, with the exception of Indian Corn, which Mr. Morton is of necessity obliged to import from the United States, as it is not yet cultivated to any great extent in Canada. This leads us to the question, why is such a valuable production excluded from the notice of the Canadian farmer? Some appear to think that Indian Corn cannot be raised as well in Western Canada, or that the soil and climate here are not as congenial to its production, as those of Jefferson and St. Lawrence Counties, in that part of the United States immediately opposite. Surely nature has not been so forgetful in the distribution of her benefits throughout this portion of the globe, as to name us Arabia, and our neighbors across the line Egypt.

We have furnished but a brief description of an establishment founded within a few years past. Although burnt to the ground in 1835, it has since been raised to its present elevated position in trade, as is well known, by the personal industry and perseverance of Mr. Morton, and at a cost, up to the present day, exceeding £20,000—affording a daily sustenance to the various operatives, their wives and children, dependant on the prosperity of this one concern, amounting to not less than two hundred individuals, all settled in the immediate vicinity of the works, whose labor is rewarded each Saturday morning, by receiving their wages in cash. Should we, by a rough calculation, bring the quantity of produce consumed yearly, as we have already named, to bear on the number of our agricultural friends who are required to cultivate it, and deliver it at the works, we may safely estimate the number this establishment finds employment for, at not less than one thousand individuals.

We may be allowed now, surely, to boast of a manufacturing establishment at Kingston, the pride of the owner, and the admiration of all who have been favored with so minute an inspection of it as the writer. The whole, we believe, is conducted on the strictest principles of justice; and in the various transactions with that numerous public whose business brings them in contact with this truly mammoth establishment of Western Canada, none will be found who can question the impartial sentiments and strictly honorable conduct of its worthy owner. We take leave of him with the most sincere wishes for the continuance of his well deserved prosperity; considering, that he who advances the interests of the community at large, in successfully prosecuting his own business, is entitled to the respectful consideration of his fellow men.

Let us have a peep at our old favorites, the Mineral Wells, dug within the same four acres on which these extraordinary manufacturing houses are built; but we confess it with some shame, we have no inclination to taste this healthful beverage, after having imbibed no small quantity of the fragrant produce of Malt and Hops, with just a small drop of the "crathur," to keep it in order. We

must remark, however, that a more healthful, pleasant, and at the same time active aperient, cannot be partaken of, by those truly afflicted with dyspepsia, rheumatism, and every disorganization of the digestive organs. We can confidently recommend their use.

From the following correct analysis of the water, professional gentlemen must form a satisfactory opinion as to the result produced by its use, in many cases almost unapproachable by medicine, and be at no loss to account for the many alleviations and radical cures it has performed:—

## ANALYSIS OF THE LOWER WELL.

Specific gravity.....	1.010
<i>In an Imperial Pint.</i>	
Chloride of Sodium.....	GRAINS. 45.64
Sulphate of Soda.....	21.36
Chloride of Calcium.....	35.09
Chloride of Magnesium.....	15.43
	117.52
GASES—Carbonic Acid Gas, and a trace of Sulphuretted Hydrogen.	

## ANALYSIS OF THE UPPER WELL.

Specific gravity.....	1.0432
<i>In an Imperial Pint.</i>	
Carbonate of Lime.....	GRAINS. 3.2631
Carbonate of Magnesia.....	11.2653
Sulphate of Lime.....	3.4716
Chloride of Sodium.....	261.3108
Sulphate of Magnesia.....	4.3092
Chloride of Calcium.....	112.8025
Chloride of Magnesium.....	60.8475
Iodine and Bromine, (traces.)	
	457.2700
GASES—Carbonic Acid Gas.	

On approaching the Hot and Cold Baths, where we have had many a soothing and exhilarating dip, we were forced to exclaim, "*O! sic transit gloria rygea!*" when perceiving the structure rapidly transforming into receptacles for the manufacturing of liquors that may be more congenial to the stomachs of perhaps some of your readers, as we blush again to acknowledge they are sometimes to our own. However, Mr. Morton leads us to hope, that at no distant period we shall see arise, close to the elegant Saloon near the top of the hill, a more commodious and splendidly fitted up suit of Baths, and dressing rooms for ladies and gentlemen—the best which he can possibly accomplish on their present site. *Nil desperandum*: we know the go-ahead propensity of the owner.

## THE AGRICULTURAL REPORT FOR MAY, 1846.

The agricultural prospects of Western Canada never looked more promising than at present. The weather, during the whole of this month, has been most propitious, and every growing thing has a most healthful appearance.

The Fall Wheat, on both new and old ground, is strong in blade, and has come up well. A few farmers speak of the frosts of the middle of the month having slightly affected the plant; but the wheat sown on cleared land has entirely escaped. Unless something very untoward happen, the crop will be one of the heaviest ever reaped. We do not deal in the slightest hyperbole in making this announcement; although it must be confessed, that our personal knowledge extends only to the vicinity of Kingston. Accounts received by letter, and gleanings from the Provincial Press, assure us that we are not exaggerating.

The Spring Wheat also looks well, but is not sufficiently up to prognosticate with equal assurance. The very favorable weather during all May, is greatly in its favor. A good deal of Club Wheat and Black Sea Wheat has been sown this spring—some so late as in the last week in May.

Other Spring Grain, such as Oats, Barley, Pease, &c., have a promising appearance. The early season enabled the farmers to get in their seed two weeks earlier than on ordinary occasions, and their fields look all the greener in consequence.

The Hay crop must be immense. The constant warm showers, falling every two or three days, have had a most beneficial effect upon the meadows; this, coupled with the very early start the grass took in April, must render the Hay harvest great. Were the meadows cut at this time, the produce would almost be as large as that of the last year.

Of Potatoes, our prognosis cannot be so favorable. The high price of the seed has prevented the usual average quantity from being planted; and the fear of the murrain damps the hopes of the planter. As far as we can judge, from present observation, it does not appear that the seed, being partially diseased, is any impediment to the growth of the plant, for some fields are up and look well, that were sown with seed unfit for food. The forthcoming autumn will solve the problem in Canada; although in Great Britain and Ireland there remains no problem to solve—all is fearful reality.

The Fruit Trees were somewhat injured by the frosts of the 17th to the 24th May, as the fruit was in full blossom; but the injury is trifling. The caterpillars are not so numerous as they were this time twelve months, but still sufficiently so to be troublesome.

Labor has been scarce and dear all this month—so high, indeed, that a strike for three shillings and nine pence a day took place a week ago, at the Government Works. The firmness of the masters resisted the improper demand, and labor remains at three shillings. The farmers, however, have suffered, who, in ordinary times, could procure laborers at half a dollar.

COMMERCIAL REPORT.

RATES OF FREIGHT.

FROM CLEVELAND TO KINGSTON—400 MILES.

On Flour,  $\$$  barrel, 40 cents.—Pork,  $\$$  barrel, 60 cents—Wheat, (none.)

FROM KINGSTON TO MONTREAL, AND VICE VERSA.

Downwards.

Upwards.

	S.	D.		S.	D.
Flour, $\$$ bbl.....	2	0	Dry Goods, $\$$ cwt.....	2	0
Wheat and other Grain, $\$$ bushel,	0	7½	Sugars, Groceries, and Liquors,		
Ashes, $\$$ bbl.....	5	0	$\$$ cwt.....	1	6
Pork and Beef.....	3	0	Hardware, $\$$ cwt.....	1	6
Tobacco, $\$$ hhd. ....	10	0	Pig Iron, $\$$ cwt.....	1	0
Staves, $\$$ thous'd, to Quebec £7	0	0	Bar Iron, $\$$ cwt.....	1	3
Square Timber, $\$$ do. to do.	10	0			

STOCKS.

Commercial Bank, M. D.....	Par.
Bank of Upper Canada .....	10 $\$$ cent prm.
Bank of Montreal.....	Par.
Bank of British North America.....	Par.
Kingston Marine Railway Company .....	25 $\$$ cent dis.

COURSE OF EXCHANGE.

KINGSTON.—Drafts on London, at sixty days, 11½  $\$$  cent premium. Drafts on New York, 3  $\$$  cent premium.

CORN EXCHANGE.

LIVERPOOL, MAY 8.—Wheat.  $\$$  70 lb—Canadian Red, 8s. 4d. to 8s. 10s. Canadian White, 9s. to 9s. 7d. Flour,  $\$$  196 lb—Canadian Sweet 31s. 6d to 32s. 6d.

## PRICES CURRENT.

Kingston, 30th May, 1846.

ARTICLES.	KINGSTON.			MONTREAL.		
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
ASHES.—Pearl, & cwt.....	0	19	0	1	2	6
Pot .....	1	0	0	1	3	0
Sal Eratus, Morton's per cwt.....	1	5	0			
FLOUR.—Superfine, & bbl. 196 lb.....	1	6	3	1	9	0
Fine, do.....	1	2	9	1	7	0
Middlings, do.....	1	1	3	1	5	0
HIDES.—Cow, & 100 lb.....	1	0	0			
Calf Skins & lb.....	0	0	5½			
PRODUCE.—Wheat, & bushel. 60 lb.....	0	4	9	0	6	0
Barley, do. 48 lb.....	0	3	0			
Oats, do. 34 lb.....	0	2	2			
Pease, do.....	0	3	6	0	4	0
Beans, do.....	0	6	3			
Rye, do.....	0	3	6			
Corn, do.....	0	3	6			
Buckwheat, do.....	0	2	6			
PROVISIONS.—Beef, fresh, per 100 lb.....	1	12	0			
Beef, mess, & bbl.....	2	10	0	2	15	0
" prime mess, do.....	2	0	0	2	5	0
" prime, do.....	1	15	0	2	0	0
Mutton, & lb.....	0	0	5			
Pork, fresh, & lb.....	0	0	5			
Do. mess, & bbl.....	3	15	0	4	5	0
Do. prime mess, & bbl.....	3	5	0	3	10	0
Do. prime, & bbl.....	2	15	0	3	0	0
Potatoes, & bushel.....	0	2	6			
Turnips, do.....	0	1	9			
Butter, & lb.....	0	0	7½			
Fowls, & pair.....	0	2	0			
Eggs, & dozen.....	0	0	6			
SEEDS.—Timothy, & bushel.....	0	5	0			
Red Clover.....	0	2	0			
STAVES.—Standard.....	22	10	0	37	10	0
West India, do.....	6	10	0	11	10	0
Black Oak, W I do.....	4	10	0	8	10	0
Headings, do.....	6	0	0			
SOAP, & lb.....	0	0	2½	0	0	2
TALLOW, & lb.....	0	0	4½	0	0	5
Candles, & lb.....	0	0	6½	0	0	7½
TIMBER.—Pine, & cubic foot.....	0	1	4½	0	0	5
Oak, do.....	0	0	9			
Plank and common Boards, & thousand feet.....	2	0	0			
Cleared do. & thousand feet.....	2	10	0			
Black Walnut, per thousand feet.....	6	5	0			
WOOL, per stone of 8 lb.....	0	9	0			

## MONTREAL MARKETS—MAY 28.

ASHES.—Pots have steadily advanced in value, during the last fortnight, and good bills being rather scarce and in demand, are held firmly at 23s. or a shade over. Pearls have been quite neglected. The stock is heavy, and large parcels freely offered at 22s. 3d. to 22s. 6d. per cwt.

FLOUR.—In the early part of last week, there was some little activity in the market. About 20,000 barrels were taken at 27s. 3d. to 27s. 6d. for "fine," 27s. 9d. for "extra fine," and some 3000 of "superfine" at 29s. Since the arrival of the mail by the "Britannia," the market has been excessively dull, with no inquiry whatever from shippers. A few sales have been made at 27s. for "fine," and, to-day, one parcel, (under 500,) of "Merchants," at 26s. 9d. The best brands are freely offered at 27s., and ordinary at 26s. 9d., without finding buyers.

GRAIN.—All the parcels of really good white Upper Canada Wheat, (say about 50,000 bushels,) which were in the market, have been taken for shipment, at 6s. to 6s. 3d. per 60 lbs., ex barge. Inferior qualities have been dull of sale. Pease are worth 3s. 9d. to 4s. per minot, but we hear of no sales.

FREIGHTS.—Until yesterday freights were firm at 4s. 6d. for flour to Liverpool. To-day large engagements have been made at 4s. 3d.; and 5s. per quarter for grain. Ashes have been taken at 22s. 6d. to 27s. 6d. per ton to Liverpool, but to the Clyde higher rates have been paid—30s. @ 32s. 6d. per ton.

EXCHANGE.—A large amount has been sold for this steamer at 10½ for 90 days on London. This afternoon 10½ has been taken, and the market closes rather heavily.

STATEMENT of the principal articles of Produce received at Montreal, downwards, by the Lachine Canal and River, since the opening of the Navigation up to the 25th May, 1846:—

Flour, barrels	148,602
Beef, do	6,700
Ashes, do	2,627
Butter, do	525
Do. kegs	930
Wheat, bushels	66,764

STATEMENT of Produce, &c., shipped from Montreal homewards, since the opening of the Navigation, until the 25th May, 1846:—

## FOR LONDON:

Ashes, Pots, barrels	59
Ashes, Pearls, do	37
Boards, pieces	50
Deals, do	46
Flour, barrels	2,400
Handspikes, pieces	95
Oil Cake do	1,701
Staves do	4,377

## FOR LIVERPOOL:

Ashes, Pots, barrels	1,684
Ashes, Pearls, do	122
Ashes, not described, do	7
Butter, kegs	131
Boards, pieces	650
Deals do	555
Flour, barrels	15,564
Handspikes, pieces	108
Pease, minots	4,860
Plank, pieces	30
Pork, barrels	89
Staves, pieces	20,759
Steel Cases	61
Wheat, minots	19,743

## FOR GLASGOW.

Ashes, Pots, barrels.....	1,217
Ashes, Pearls, do.....	384
Boards, pieces.....	1,370
Beef, tierces.....	169
Deals, pieces.....	200
Flour, barrels.....	13,961
Handspikes, pieces.....	136
Oars, pieces.....	145
Pease, minots.....	27,975
Pork, barrels.....	154
Staves, pieces.....	32,735
Wheat, minots.....	14,206

FORSYTH & BELL'S PRICES CURRENT OF TIMBER, DEALS, &c.  
FOR THE FORTNIGHT ENDING TUESDAY, 26th MAY, 1846.

QUEBEC, 26th May, 1846.

	S.	D.	S.	D.
White Pine, according to average and manufacture:—				
Inferior.....	0	4½	@	0 5
Ordinary rafts.....	0	5	@	0 5½
Good do.....	0	5½	@	0 6
Superior.....	0	6	@	0 6½
In shipping order, according to average and quality.....	0	5½	@	0 7
Red Pine, in shipping order 40 feet average.....	0	13½	@	0 14
Oak, by the dram.....	1	4	@	1 5
In smaller parcels.....	1	5	@	1 6
Elm, in the raft, according to average.....	0	5¾	@	0 10
Ash.....	0	4	@	0 5
Tamarac, flatted.....	0	5	@	0 6
Staves, standard & M. fair specification.....	£37	10	@	£38 15
" All Pipe.....	£38	15	@	£40 0
" W. O. Pan. Merchantable.....	£11	10	@	£12 0
" Red Oak do.....	£	10		
" Barrel.....	£	4 0	@	£5 0
Pine Deals, floated Firsts.....	£11	& ¾ds	for	2nds.
Do Bright.....	£12	& ¾ds	for	2nds.
Do Spruce.....	£	7 15	for	firsts.
Do do.....	£	6 5	@	6 10 2nds.

Parties in England will bear in mind that Timber sold *in the raft*, subjects the purchaser to great expense in dressing, butting, and at times heavy loss from Culls—if sold in shipping order, the expense of shipping only is to be added.

## REMARKS.

In issuing our Annual Circular, last December, we stated our fears that further modifications would be made by Sir Robert Peel in the tariff, and these have, we regret to say, been realized, and must ultimately affect Red Pine and Deals, especially Spruce, when these come into full effect in 1848.

However able the Colonial producer may be to compete with the Foreigners in the Home Markets, it must be evident to all that if the latter can send his timber to England at a freight of 17s. 6d. per load, and by a short voyage, and while the former employing solely British shipping, has to pay 38s. 9d. per load and can only make two outward voyages in the year, that to meet on equal terms, the protection should be 21s. 3d. and not 14s., which it will be in 1848, when the foreigner will pay 15s. and the Colonist 3s. per load duty.

A great portion of our spring fleet has arrived sooner than it usually has done, and the rafts, notwithstanding the very unfavorable spring heretofore, have also dropped in sooner than was anticipated. Early in May, in consequence of the excessive drought, there was a very feverish anxiety about our supplies of Timber, but the abundant rains of late have dispelled much of this, although it is generally believed a good deal will remain behind.

**WHITE PINE.**—The stock wintering over being 2,000,000 feet more than the previous season, added to considerable arrivals of new Timber, with the continued depression in the Liverpool Market, have all tended to make this article a dull and declining one, and very little animation has been shown in purchasing; still the transaction have been pretty large, and our quotations have been realized. Superior rafts seldom arrive till the month of June, but some good lots of last year's timber, have been placed at 6½.—one new raft brought as high as 6¾d. but it was among the first down, and some of middling quality have been placed at 5d.

**RED PINE.**—Shows none of the depression so perceptible in White, but commands a ready sale at 13¾d. @ 14d. for 40 feet average in shipping order, while lower averages are held at 1s. @ 1s. 1d., what wintered over being principally large. The demand is good, and there are few sellers.

**ELM.**—Large sales of Elm as well as Oak, have been made to arrive, but our quotations are limited to transactions of the Timber in the Market. New Rafts have been sold at from 8¾d. to 10d. and Elm, of last year, has been extensively sold 10d. for 40 feet in shipping order.

**OAK.**—Good Lake has been sold at 17d. @ 18d., and undersized and second quality at 10d. @ 1s. 2d. The demand is tolerably fair, and a good deal is shipping.

**STAVES.**—The stock wintering over was heavy, but few new ones have been manufactured in consequence of the change in the Tariff, and parties are holding them at from £37 10s. @ £40. Large sales have been made at £37 10s. @ £38 15s. but we have heard of no transaction at £40.

**DEALS.**—Both Pine and Spruce have been in good demand; the early spring having considerably lessened the quantity of logs. Bright Pine have been sold at £12 for firsts and 2.3rds for seconds. Floated at £11 and 2.3rds, and Spruce at £7 15s. for 1sts. and £6 @ £6 10s. for seconds.

**TAMARAC.**—Flatted has been sold at from 5d. to 6d. according to quality and size. For square of good girth there is some enquiry.

FREIGHTS are by no means good, and the quotations are almost nominal.

COMPARATIVE STATEMENT of arrivals and tonnage at this Port, in the year 1845-6. up to the 28th May, inclusive, in each year:—

	Vessels.	Tons.
1845 .....	313 .....	117,616
1846 .....	317 .....	120,230
More this year.....	4	2,614

FORSYTH & BELL

TO THE CANADIAN PRESS.

The first number of this Magazine was sent only to such of our contemporaries as noticed its Prospectus. It would have been sent round to the Press generally, but the Publisher was not anxious to force it upon those who neglected so customary a courtesy. The Magazine is now, however, before the public, and should any Editor express a desire to see it, it will be forwarded.

ERRATA IN THE MAY NUMBER.

- Page 1, line 3.—For *fatigatamque* read *fatigatamque*.
- " 2, " 40.—For *synusque* read *Tyriusque*.
- " 41, " 2.—For *viget* read *viget*.

## THE EDITOR'S TABLE.

A COPY of a "*New Practical System of Stenography*," by Mr. Edward Gilman, has been laid upon our table. The great and almost insurmountable difficulty besetting all systems of short hand writing, is the extreme difficulty the learner encounters in reading his MSS. after a short interval of time. It is easy enough to write, but to read what is written is the trouble. How far Mr. Gilman has overcome this evil, we are not able to say. It is evident he has taken much pains with this little work, and his system is ingenious enough to please the most fastidious; but of its practicability, we confess incompetency to form a correct opinion. One great merit is his due—that of laborious diligence in the preparing of his book for the public. The work is printed in Kingston, by Mr. John Rowlands; and the author, unwilling to bear the excessive expense of obtaining type cast expressly for his cabalistic signs and marks, has interpolated them with the pen throughout the entire edition. This necessarily raises the price of the little book to one dollar. It is very cheap at the price; and to persons desirous of acquiring a most useful accomplishment, we heartily recommend it.

"*Yonnondio, or the Warriors of the Genesec.*"—a Tale of the seventeenth century, by W. H. C. Hosmer: D. M. Dewy, Rochester; 12 mo., pp. 240. We have been kindly favored with a copy of this new American Poem, by an American: but as it is foreign to the purpose of this Magazine to criticise any new works, except those issuing from the Canadian Press, we are compelled to forego any expression in its favor. The book is exceedingly well got up; and may be procured at Armour & Ramsay's Book Store, Kingston.

William L. Mackenzie has politely sent us his "*Life and Times of Martin Van Buren.*"—a huge compilation of letters, speeches, addresses, and public documents, having relation to the stirring times in which the ex-President lived. The work has created an immense sensation in the political world of the State of New York. The reason expressed above, prohibits any further notice. As many of our readers may be anxious to know the whereabouts of the arch-rebel, we shall add, that he is at present staying in Albany, engaged in reporting the proceedings of the State Convention for revising the Constitution of the State of New York. Mr. Mackenzie, for the last two years, has been as actively engaged in the politics of the United States, as ever he was in those of Upper Canada.

As the literature of Canada, like the Colony itself, is yet merely in its infancy, the duty of reviewing new publications will be one of easy accomplishment; but in the many brilliant indications of native talent, we can recognize the germ of future greatness.