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For the Chronicle.

TO THE INHABITANTS OF UPPER CANADA.

My Fellow Countrymen-The period has arrived, when it becomes the imperative daty of trigue of men to rob you of your birth-right. every well wisher to your personal and political prosperity, to offer you that advice of which many of you are rendered destitute by the exercise of an arbitrary influence over your passions by persons pretending to be your friends, but whom upon reflection you will find have no other object in view beyond the indulgence of their own groundless and splenetic tempers. It would be impossible from the smallness of the number of such agitators to accomplish their purposes, unless aided and assisted by your co-operation; and in order to secure that, they have left no stratugem unattained to persuade you that you are misgoverned, oppressed, aggrieved, and presented for your signatures petitions to the Home Government, containing the most palpable falsehoods, and abounding with the most abusive epithets upon the conduct of the present Execu-

I ask you, therefore, in the spirit of candour, of what do you complain? How do you feel oppressed or aggrieved? Are you loaded with taxes, are you labouring under excessive burthens of rent or tythes? Are you called upon to support a ministry of which you are not members? Are the laws partially or corruptly administered? Are your roads neglected? or your produce when brought to market deteriorated in value by tolls or customs? No! my friends, you will answer me with the same open frankness with which I apply these questions, and you will conscientiously say, that none of these evils (necessary in the constitution of oth- And next, came forward a lovely maid; er countries) have reached you. Of what then are you unged to complain? In what point are you supposed to be injured? your soil is productive, your markets are steady, your religion is tolerated, your children are educated, the commodities of life are given to you at a price little above the English markets; why, then, comply with the wishes of a self interested faction? Who is the leader of it? A worthless demagague; who possesses only as much prudence as can preserve him from the vengeance of those laws that he is every hour indirectly violating. Can you for a moment suppose that the individual whose press is proverbial for every violation of virtuous and dignified principle, could be listened to at home for one moment? Can he so far infatuate you with the boasted exhibitions of his abilities to represent imaginary grievances in England, as to lead you to suppose that for one moment the colonial office would be open to him? No, my friends. Twice, to the eternal disgrace of the county of York, he has been elected as the representative of the people, and was twice expelled the House of Assembly. Do you suppose, or can he persuade you, that if he once crosses the Atlantic, he will ever return to Canada. No ! his plot is developed; his press will be sealed; his ill-acquired stock disposed of; and the impression of his footstep will never pollute the soil of that country whose prospects he would (ere he leaves it) blight by the contaminating in-

By whom is he supported? Is it by those whose fathers or grandfathers were Canadians; whose ancestors settled here by legitimate inheritance; whose principles or whose practices could stand the glare of noon-day light? No! he is supported by half a dozen whom he has deluded pathize. But he who knows the exquisite miseinto the snare, and who were happy to make ry of a temperament, whose very nature almost him the instrument by which republican principles shuts him out from human sympathy, while it to every thing that was offered me, and eating could be introducted. These men never can, never will areat their minds of the imaginary blessings of that form of government, and his. press was the only one which could be found to echo their convictions. He calls on you to raise your voice against the Executive of the province; but he will call in vain.

fluence of his ignorant pen.

My friends ! read the Christian Guardian, but read it with caution. See the object of the Rev. Editor. Does he confine himself to the circulation of those principles of faith and practice which belong to his profession? Does he not, under the mask of Religion, do his utmost to render repugnant to his readers, the Governor of the Province; in every paragraph to cast a slur upon the policy that cannot be identified question. I pass by, too, my trepidation at the She regarded my grimaces, of the cause of which with republican usage? I ask you, is this the everlasting peal which the bell responded to my I believe she was ignorant, with an expression Religion of our common Redeemer, who preached "peace on earth, good will towards men?" Are Religion and Politics to be thus blended? Are you not aware of the deception? If not, awake now, and in future mark the insidiousness with which political and religious feelings are exposed. See the sums, the immense sums of money that have been expended by the British Government to render you accessible to the remotest end of the provinces. Have you felt the burthens of the Welland or the Rideau Canals? Have you not realized the benefit of the former, while the latter is now ready to transport your produce without experiencing those dangers hi- own, had we met them elsewhere. therto unavoidable. Consider how our country has progressed; how emigration is encouraged; how the arts are beginning to evince their influence. Consider and reflect, before you are du-. ped to give your signature to any document, how far your conscience can justify the deed. Consider who it is that demands that signature. Weigh well his motives, his allegiance, his legitimate claim to interference, his hereditary history. his subsequent conduct; and then say, as in honor and justice you are bound to say, "We cn-

which Canada forms a solitary instance of possessing, under a just government and a fair representation;" and then defy the malice or in-

I have written in plain language to you. It is intelligible to all of you. Read and meditate upon what I say. I am one of yourselves; belong to no party; unpaid by Government; living by my industry; but still

> Your sincere well-wisher, HIBERNICUS.

For the Chronicle. THE CURE.-A VISION.

"A cure! a cure!" was the general cry, As it ran through each crowded place, And brightened many a sunken eye, As the great discoverer passed by, Whilst they join the general chase.

"A reward! a reward! we will make thee great If the secret thou wilt reveal," Said a sickly and haughty man of state, Who had been fading for years of late, "Do but the remedy tell!"

The discov'rer paus'd, all gather'd him round The young and the aged too; And the silence was awful as 'twas profound, In that throng was not heard a single sound, And the number was far from few.

"Canst thou Consumption cure, oh say?" Said a youth with a hollow'd cheek, Which show'd he was hastening fast away, That Death had singled him out for prey, And his voice was low and weak.

But 'twould seem on her cheek the rose Had already commenc'd to wither and fade, "I am dying!" in accents low she said, "Oh give my mind repose."

Then stepp'd forth a distinguish'd rake, "Cure me," he bitterly cried, "If so, thee of men I will richest make, All that I have thou canst freely take And believe me, I have not lied."

And all who consumptive to him then came, The rich as also the poor, He healed, and men extoll'd his name; "A god!" they cried: so great his fame So wonderful thought his cure.

Oh 'twas a glorious sight to see, The great destroyer of men O'ercome by the simple remedy, A branch pluck'd off from a wither'd tree Could restore the life again.

But is it so? Why write the reply, When is drawn the heavy breath, And the faded cheek and the sunken eye Which seem to utter, "Prepare to die!" 'Tis too true a sign of Death.

Earth's fairest forms have been hurried away, Too soon from here to Heaven, And numbers have yet to pass away, The young and the lovely, the great and gay, Ere a certain cure is given. SALADIN.

THE BASHFUL MAN.

Let him who has never suffered from the horrors of bashfulness, pass by this article. He will here find nothing with which he can symopens upon him, the follishices of laughter and with most devoted application, till in an evil ridicule, he should only read, for he only cas understand this chapter of my sufferings. To all and her own, at length began a conversation, by others it will be only a sealed fountain.

As my object is but to give a specimen of the numerous conter-temps that incessantly beset me the moment I appear in ladies' society, I shall merely speak of those that befell me at the only I hastily thrust it in, intending to swallow it as dinner in Paris to which I was invited. Though hastily. Heavens! it was hot as burning lava. laden with introductory letters, I never delivered | What could I do? The lady's eyes were fixed,

could muster sufficient resolution to deliver to sel hither and thither, rocking my head from side Madame O. the one that was procured for mc, to side, while my eyes, which involuntary I fixand a friend who came with me, to the dinner in ed on her, were straining from their sockets. timid touch. Scarcely could I distinguish the of amazement and surprise, at which I can laugh my dilemma. I had been sitting upon the fated ployed a handkerchief as a cord, and the obli-Parlez au Suisse, over the porter's lodge, where probably Swiss never stood since its creation. I pass by, too, several minor blunders; such as asking the porter to direct us to "la chambre de no more. My mouth was flayed with intoleramadame," meaning her drawing room. Suffice it to say, that my less nervous companion, boldly led the way; that having traversed a goodly number of courts and stairs, we at length arrived safely at an ante-room, where stood a servant before a pair of folding doors, which he threw wide open, and announced us by a pair of names that we never should have recognized as our

Already agitated, and perspiring with nervous trepidation, this ostentatious mode of entrance. so different from the simplicity to which I was accustomed, was a formidable trial to me, my cheeks tingled, my knees trembled, and my heart beat violently. I slunk silently behind my unabashed companion, and endeavored to gather sufficient courage to conceal the tremor that shook me like an ague-fit. Madame O. rose to receive us; and as we approached her, it became necessary that I should get from behind my joy many blessings; we are exempt from many friend. But in so doing, I did not notice a large dangers; we know what we possess; but we pet dog, who, comfortably stretched on a red

soon as possible, and then to ensconce myself in I verily too it to be the French for custard pudsome remote comer, where,

"The world forgetting, by the world forgot,

might escape all notice or remark. As I hastened on , all glowing with confusion, and quaking with fright, just as I began to bow, I stumbled over the detested pet, and was suddenly precipitated head foremost, into the lap of Miss P.; overturing episodically a countryman of my own, who was seated next her, balancing his chair on its two hind legs. To save himself, he grasped the back of her chair; and his weight at the rear, acting at the same moment that I was hurled against her in front, decided all hesitation, and over we all rolled together, the chairs uppermost. The vilo cur, who had been at the bottom of the whole mischief, seized me by the leg, and receiving a hearty kick in return, added his howling to the chorus of dismay that now filled the apartment. Happily the female sufferer in this melce, engrossed all the sympathy and attention of the company; but I well knew that in the short minute that had clapsed since I entered the apartment, I had made three mortal enemies of a man, a dog, and a lady.

For my own part, as soon as I had extricated myself from the terrible crash, I retreated into the most obscure corner of the room, where I sought to hide myself and my overwhelming mortification, behind the guests who were lounging about there.

The call to dinner served as a relief to my embarrassment, for I hoped that that would engross every one's attention, which now, I could not help feeling must be occupied with my awkwardness. Following the company into the dining room, I saw that each plate contained a card on which was written the name of the guest who was to occupy the place thus designated. Every one seemed to find his own place by magic; but for me, four or five times did I make the circuit of the table, looking in vain for mine. Indeed I know not but I might have continued running about unnoticed among the crowd of servants, all dinner time, had not Madame O.'s eye at length detected me, as I circled round and round, with an hysterically increasing rapidity, my eyes dim with confusion, and a clammy perspiration bedewing every pore of my body; and I at length sunk into my seat, when found, fairly exhausted with mortification and shame. Here, again, I found myself embarrassed with my hat, which having observed that all retrined in their hands while in the drawing roon, I still grasped with nervous pertinacity. This I at length disposed of, as I thought at the time, with wonderful ingenuity; for I hung it at the brimbetween my knees, spreading my handkerchiefover its open cavity.

My seat was next to a young lady, whom of course I was expected to entertain. I entertain! Wofully, already, had I entertained the whole company; but I found myself infinitely better adapted to entertain a company en masse, than

The ordinary routine of a French dinner nov commenced. Soup and bouile, fish and fowl and flesh, entrements and hors d'œuvres ; while a regular series of servants at our elbows, inviting us to partake of a thousand different dishes, and as many different kinds of wine, all under strings of names which I no more understood, than I understood their composition, or than they did my gaucheries. Resolute to aspid all further opportunities for displaying my predominant trait, I sat in the most obstinate silence, saying "oui," hour, my fair neighbor, weary of my taciturnity inquiring how I was pleased with the opera-The question was put in an unlucky moment. I was just raising a large morsel of potatoe to my mouth; and in order to reply as quick as possible waiting a reply to her questions. But my mouth I pass by the various efforts I made before I was in flame. In vain I rolled the burning mor-

now when I think of it. "Monsieur est malade?" at length she gently, and in an anxious tone inquired. I could bear ble pain; so quietly abandoning the point, I opened it to its utmost, and out dropped the infernal firebrand upon my plate. Not the slightest tendency to a smile, visibly ruffled the imperturbable politeness of the lady. She soothingly condoled with me on my misfortune, then gradually led the conversation to a variety of topics; till exerting the magic influence that true politenessalways exercises, I began to forget my own blunders. Gradually my checks burned less painfully, and I could even join in the conversation without the fear that every word I uttered shared the fate of every action I attempted. even ventured to hope, nay, to congratulate myself, that the catalogue of my calamities was completed for the day.

"Let no man call himself happy before death," said Solon; and he said wisely. The ides of March were not yet over. Before us stood a dish of cauliflower, nicely done in butter. This I naturally enough took for a custard pudding which it sufficiently resembled. Unfortunately know not what a change may produce. Let us velvet cushion, lay napping beside his mistress, my vocabulary was not extensive enough to emthen be grateful and contented, and ask in God's directly in my path. On I went, anxious only brace technicalities of the table; and when my

name for such a continuation of those privileges to get through the introductory ceremonies as fair neighbir inquired if I were fond of chou fleur, ding; and, high was my panegyric of it, that my plate we bountifully laden with it. Alas! one single outhful was enough to dispel my illusion. Wuld that the chou fleur had vanished along witht. But that remained bodily; and as I gazed espondingly at the huge mass, that loomed up s large, and as burning as Vesuvius, my heart did within me. Ashamed to confess my mistake though I could almost as readily have swall wed an equal quantity of soft soap I struggled manfully on against the diabolical compound. I endeavored to sap the mountainous hap at its base; and shutting my eyes and opening my mouth, to inhume as large masses as I could without stopping to taste it. But my, stomach soon began, intelligibly enough, to intimate its intention to admit no more of this nauseous stranger beneath its roof, if not even of expelling that which had already gained unwelcon e admittance.

The seriousness of the task I had undertaken, and the resolution necessary to execute it, had given an earnestness and rapidity to my exertions, which appetite would not have inspired when my plate, having somehow got over the edge of the table, upon my leaning forward, tilted up, and down slid the disgusting mass into my lap. My handkerchief unable to bear so weighty a load, bent under it in its turn; and a great proportion of it was thus safely deposited in my hat. the plate instantly righted itself, as I raised my person; and as I glanced my eye round the table, and saw that no one had noticed my disaster, I inwardly congratulated myself that the nauseous deception was so happily disposed of. Resolving not to be detected, I instantly rolled my handherchief together with all its remaining contents and whipped it into my pocket.

The dinner table was at length deserted for the drawing-room, where coffee and liquors were served round. Meantime, I had sought out what I considered a safe hiding place for my bat, beneath a chair in the dining-room, for I dared not carry it any longer in my hand; having first thrown a morsel of paper in the crown, to hide the cauliflower from view, should any one chance in seeking for his own hat to look into

On my return to the drawing-room, I chanced to be again seated by the lady by whom I had sat next at dinner. Our conversation was naturally resumed, and we were in the midst of animated discussion, when a huge spider was seen running on her arm.

"Take it off-take it off!" she ejuculated, in a terrified tone.

I was always afraid of spiders; so to avoid touching him with my hand, I caught my handkerchief from my pocket, and clapped it at once upon the miscreant, who was already mounting over her temple with rapid strides. Gracious heavens! I had forgotten the cauliflower; which was now plastered over her face like an emolient poultice, fairly killing the spider, and blinding an eye of the lady; while little streamlets of soft-butter glided gently down her neck and bo-

"Mon Dieu! mon Dieu!" exclaimed the as-

"Mon Dieu!" was echoed from every mouth. "Have you cut your head ?" inquired onc.

"Non! non!-L'araignee-L'araignee-Monsieur vient d'ecraser L'araignee."

"Quelle quantite d'entrailles!" ejaculated an astonished Frenchman, unconsciously, to him-

Well raight he be astonished. The spray of the execrable vegetable had spattered her dress from head to foot. For myself, the moment the accident occurred, I had mechanically returned my handkerchief to my pocket; but its contents

"What a monster it must have been !" observed a young lady as she helped to relieve my victim from her cruel situation, "I declare I should think he had been living on cauliflower." At that moment, I felt some one touch me; and turning, I saw my companion who had come

"Look at your pantaloons," he whispered. Already half dead with confusion at the disaster

dress, and saw at a glance the horrible extent of | bed. Assassins might just as readily have empocket and had crushed out the liquid butter, quity of the print merely showed the direction and the soft paste-like vegetable, which had of the violence, and by no means excluded the daubed and dripped down them, till it seemed as if I were actually dissolving in my panta- M. Gendrin fully coincided in this view of the

Darting from the spot, I sprang to the place where I had left my hat; but before I could reach it, a sudden storm of wrath was heard at

last syllable being made to roll like a watchwas heard like a fierce tempest without the door. Suddenly there was a pause-a gurgling sound, as of one swallowing involuntary-and the storm of wrath again broke out with redoubled fury. seized my hat, and opened the door, and the whole matter was at once explained. We had exchanged hats, and there he stood, the soft cauliflower gushing down his cheeks, blinding his eyes, filling his mouth, hair, mustachios, cars and whiskers. Never shall I forget that spectacle. There he stood astride, like the Colossus, and forward, his eyes forcibly closed, his arms held drooping out from his body and dripping cauli-

flower and butter at every pore.

ed from the house, jumped into a carriage, arrived safely at home; heartily resolving that to my last hour, I would never again deliver a letter of introduction .- The Token.

[BY REQUEST.] TO THE SONS OF ST. PATRICK.

O come Paddies -- and celebrate the Day, Which shews

To your foes A close and firm array.

Heroes as you are,

Lay by your every jar, And keep for your enemies-the brazen front of

Let all party feeling for ever cease to be-Let it be a crime Not to chime

In joyous revelry. St. Paddy's Day, the 17th, it now is near at hand, When HE drove the snakes

From our bogs and brakes, And sanctified forever our sacred, sainted Land.

Rouse! Rouse! ye bold Hibernians, The foe is near at hand; From many a Yankee bed, The Snake peeps out his head, And wishes now to banish us from our

country's Land.

Themselves a wretched pauper crew, Canadian shores they sought, And how they got their wealth, Whether by fraud or stealth, Or, if by labour hard, They never were debarred From getting alleting could, And keeping what they got.

Poor Pauper Lodgers, they Received in Britain's door. Now they cry, "Let them die, "We will none of Britain's poor."

But ye long Yankee, We will never thank ye; For our right We will fight, And turn you out of door.

"For every Shamrock lifts its head, huzza! huzza!! huzza!!!"

THE LATE DUKE DE BOURBON.

It may be interesting at the present moment, is a medico-legal point of view, to notice some of the circumstances which attended the death of this Prince. It was an event which, had i occurred at any other time than so soon as it did after the late revolution, would have excited considerable enquiry, not only in France, but throughout Europe. Even as it was, the subjest was not unmooted by the medical jurists of the French Academie. Their memoirs were in consequence given to the profession; one by M. Marc, in the "Annales d'Hygiene et de Medecine Legale;" another by M. Dubois, of Amiena, in the "Revue Medicale;" and another by M. Gendrin, in the "Transactions Medicales;" all professing to elucidate the causes of his Royal Highness' death.

M. Mare maintained that the Prince had committed suicide; M M. Dubois and Gendrin, that he might have been murdered. Some of the reasons assigned were the following:-There were no marks of external violence upon the body, except where the noose was tred The print of this round his neck was oblique, from each side proceeded upwards and backwards without any appearance of pressure behind from which circumstance M. Marc inferred that the strangulation was not effected by the hands of others, as then the mark would be parallel, or nearly so to the lower jaw. The same physician also observed, that if the assassins had done the work, they would have used a rope or a cord, and not the old man's neckcloth. To which M. Dubois replied, that the absence of marks of violence proved nothing against the supposition of murder; there would have been no need of I had caused, I cast my eyes upon my once white violence with a feeble person of 74, lying in his supposition that it was inflicted by other hands.

It should further be observed, that M. Marc, though he denied the existence of external injury, except from the noose, admitted that there were Sac-r-r-e! bete! Sac-r-r-e, Sac-r-r-r-e!" the fore part of the right leg, bloody, uneven, about six inches in length, by two in breadth; and on man's rattle, mingled with another epithet and the left leg were other similar marks, but not name, that an angry Frenchman never spares, quite so large. These M. Marc pretended to consider as so far from corroborating the hypothesis of assassination, that they perfectly explained how the suicide was effected. In precipitating ing edge of the seat. M. Dubois thinks this a gratuitous hypothesis, for the excoriation might have been produced by the friction of any other body as well as by the edge of the chair; and even supposing that it was the chair, there was that the injury was inflicted while the Prince was being hung by assassins. The reasonings of M. I staid no longer; but, retaining his hat, I rush- reverse of M. Marc: the exceriations, in his standard writer among British men of genius.

opinion, so far from the sting the commission of suicide, are inexplicable on that hypothesis; they were most probably occasioned while the victim was dragged to the place of suspension, by the legs rubbing against some furniture in the apartment; or after he was suspended, by violently withdrawing the chair.

After discussing the material circumstances of the Prince's death, the disputants took up the moral considerations attending the act. Into these we must decline entering, for obvious reasons; the more so, as the medical jurists in question seem to be swayed by an undue political bias, and to view the facts of the case with over much of the spirit of party. With us some of the particulars recently disclosed we must confess have considerable weight; we allude to the old man winding up all his watches as usualthe knot on his handkerchief to remind him of something to be done next day-his well-known love of life, and often expressed abhorrence of suicide. The "melancholy" upon which M. Marc lays the chief stress in his moral survey, will scarcely bear him through his hypothesis.

We ought probably to have mentioned sooner, that M. Marc was, and we believe is, physician in ordinary to his Majesty Louis Philippe. - Medical Gazette.

A SEA VIEW. A sun-impurpled glow Is on the waveless sea,

And not a breeze doth blow, And not a sail I see. Like heaven's own pavement bright

Is now the placed deep, On which the farewell light Of sunset loves to sleep.

Thus beautiful in death And hevely is the wreathen, Where latest roses blush.

London Literary Gazette.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

There stands Washington Irving author of the Sketch Book. In his modest deportment easy attitude, we see all the grace and dignite of an English gentleman. Washington Irving, it is well known, is by birth an American. Fall the Americans were of the same cast of figure and appearance, we should be happy to recognise in them, what our neighbours of the Scots ! tish soil are proud to hail in their own genta Dundasses,-the fact, that every mother's son was a man " comme il faut !" Such, however, is not the case. Our friend Captain Basil Hall, has, in his celebrated travels through Yankee Land, given us a few leaves from The American Chesterfield, which does not exactly place the manners of the children of Jonathan in the most. amiable or delectable point of view. -The Jonathonian arbiter elegantiarum talks of the impropriety of smoking and chewing a quid, and spitting on the floor and carpet, and a thousand other gaucheries, which are characteristic of our Transatlantic brethren. The Yankee Chesterfield, however, might have exempted the smokers from his anathema. We flatter ourselves that we are patterns of gentility, and we patronise the best of Woodvilles; and our friends Lockhart and Sir Walter Scott are also eminent smokers, and will give us as correct a judgment on the quality of Cheroot and Havannah, as our philosophic Coleridge can on brandy or Thompson's and Fearon's Stomachic, fifty degrees above proof. Tom Campbell, however, takes no delight in a cigarro, the source of his solace existing in the impure channel of a pipe, commonby both in pot-houses for a halfpenny. We know not if Mr. Washington Irving be a smoker; but to judge by his gentlemanly appearance, he ought to be one. Smoking is, and always has been, a bealthful and fashionable English custom; there were schools and professors established here for the purpose of teaching the mystery of smoking on the first introduction of the Virginian weed, and the mode of expifflicating the smoke out of one's mouth is at present, as it were, a shibboleth demonstrative of an En-

Mr. Whington Irving came early in life ac mong us, and has made himself a welcome denizen in our realm of literature. While he was yet a fresh importation, all the town were agog after him, as though he were a gentle monster brought over for a nine days' wonder from some

"Far off island in the western main."

We had heard so much of the Virginia planters, and Backwoodsmen, and Kentuckymen, and Squatters, and other nondescript savages, that we could hardly conceive any thing in the shape of a gentlemanly biped coming from America. We were, however, agreeably surprised; and excoriations-one particularly, on the outer and | so great a favourite had Mr. Irving become, in an inconceivably short time, that his Skelek Book, and Pracebridge Hall, and Tales of a Traveller, and Knickerbocker's History, were bought up with greedy curiosity and pleasure in England, which is the true mart for talent and genius. Old men chuckled to see typified in the pages of those works the pure diction and graces himself off the chair, and during his cenvulsive of Addison, and a revived portrait of the times of struggles, he rubbed his legs against the project- Sir Roger de Coverley; young fellows laughed outright at the legends of Swampy Marsh and Dismal Hollow, and the uncouth and quaint pictures of the old Dutch settlers; and young damsels sighed and wept over the beautiful scenes of love and pathos with which the youthful and nothing to preclude the additional supposition | cloquent American knew well how to bewitch their senses. From being a nine days' wonder, therefore, Mr. Irving has very justly settled into Gendrin lead him also to a conclusion quite the the pride of Transatlantic authorship, and a