

Canada has no more loyal citizen, none whose welfare is more entirely bound up with hers, who is more ready on all occasions to uphold her rights and honour. In whatever I have done or written, however great my errors may have been, I have, at least, had no end in view but the good of the Canadian people. Truer service cannot be rendered them than by upholding the freedom of their Press. There is no disloyalty or treason in my heart, and nobody who has done me the honour to be present this evening need fear that his character as a patriotic citizen will receive a stain.* Gentlemen,

* I have added these words. Let me further say that if any one who, in contravention of a dictatorial edict, dared to show his kind feeling towards a brother journalist, should ever be reproached with breach of his duty as a citizen for having done so, I am ready to furnish such an account of the origin of these charges, and of the proceedings of their authors,

this kind expression of your sympathy will waft me over with happy feelings to the old land, and will make me look forward with pleasure to the day of my return.

as I believe will satisfy my friends and all to whom they may think it necessary to explain their conduct. The main motive throughout has not been political, but commercial. The object has been to drive from the Press an independent journalist, and one who, it was feared, might become the founder of an independent journal. In truth, political antagonism, when genuine and arising from principle, though it may vent itself in language unjustifiably strong, seldom descends to the use of poisoned weapons. If my name has been brought, to an unseemly extent, before the public in connection with political questions, the fault is not mine; it is theirs who have thought fit to treat me as out of the pale of literary courtesy and systematically to violate in my case the rule which protects the writer of unsigned articles from personal attack.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

THEN AND NOW.

TO M. E. M., LOUISBURG, PA.

LADY, in the Land of Fairie,
In those regions light and airy,
Legends tell us there are many
Beauteous creatures, fair as any
Hour that the Moslems bend to;
Those who bravely put an end to
Their existence in the battle
'Gainst the Gaiour, amid the rattle
And roar of musketry and guns;
And that sometimes elfin creatures
Borrow mortal forms and features.
Now a glorious damsel seeming,
Now a young Apollo dreaming,
Or, perchance, in childlike guise,
Looking wierd from infant eyes,
Causing mothers oft to wonder,
Oft to gaze, and pause and ponder
What hath changed their little ones.
Have I seen this Land of Fairie,
Have I trod those castles airy,
Upbuilded by fair Fancy's fingers
In the Elf Land far away?
Where the sloping sunbeam lingers
Out beyond the dying day—
Have I seen it? You shall say.

From the Northland, I, a dreamer,
Lured by Fancy, subtle schemer,
Like some wight of ages olden,
Tranced, enraptured by the golden
Harmonies of Circe's Isle
Southward sped by lake, o'er river,
Past the teeming fields that ever
In their harvest plenty smile;
Through the sombre mountain gorge
By the valleys, by the forges,
Out beyond the Alleghany,
In the vale of Susquehanna.
There awhile entranced I stayed me,
Tell me, Lady, what delayed me;
Elfin Sprite or Nature smiling,
Thought and purpose still beguiling,
Smiling from the tasseled corn,
Smiling from the hills unshorn,
In the storied river smiling,
Luring back to days of yore,
Hinting much of Gertrude whiling
For her playmate by the shore,
Deftly linking Fact and Fancy
In a net of rare romance,—a
Tissue wrought of quaint devices
That ever dreamy youth entices.
Methought I gazed upon a scene
Of beauty, like an Angel's dream,
And first the primal forest stood
And laved its boughs within the flood