

*Sn.*—True, and though last not least of them—should that Railway go on.

*Ed.*—Stop a little. No general ever got a coronet for losing a battle. Mr. Howe's greatness hangs trembling in the scale, I hope the right side will go down.

*Sn.*—Well this is one distinctive department which we will not press any further. Let us pass on—your edifice is really a more substantial affair than I thought of.

*Ed.*—Biographical sketches are always interesting—there is another subject which we ought to be better acquainted with than we are—the Cities of British North America, might be made the subject of some fine Articles. Who would not read with interest the fall and rise of Quebec—the heroism of Wolf, the patriotism of Montcalm. How much, and how much of deepest interest might be said in a few pages, in throwing out as it were the more prominent features—in the history of these Atlantic Cities. The rapid growth of Toronto—the settling and subsequent history of Halifax—afford materials for vivid portraiture which any Colonist and perhaps some who are not Colonists would read with pleasure.

*Sn.*—Upon my word, Mr. Editor, I have a mind to lend you a helping hand myself. You cater subjects splendidly—can you turn out the artists—that is difficulty the third—for my part I don't know six people who can write three sentences of grammar or common sense—in these parts.

*Ed.*—And one of these no doubt is Mr. Snaffle—and another Mr. Snaffle's wife, who the rest may be I will not presume to say, but we must make the best use of the material we have; and notwithstanding your sneer, Snaffle, we have the sterling ore—not in great abundance, but we have it.

*Sn.*—I am glad to hear it, my dear fellow, but are you going to fill up the Magazine with biography and topography—let us have the whole *tout ensemble* at once.

*Ed.*—Not at all—there is material in our woods and forests we mean to use. The Red Man is there, the savage beast and the mighty river will minister to our wishes—the sea has treasures and the earth resources.

*Sn.*—I must confess I have no great faith in the nonsense and jargon we read and hear of the Red Man—let him alone; he must disappear with his own forests, and it is better that he should. What after all is the value of the absurd and ridiculous traditions of their savage contests,—there is a most tedious sameness in all their enterprises—scalping the beginning—the 'middle and the end.

*Ed.*—Snaffle, I beg your pardon, but you are an ass, without having the heart of one. Is there not a grandeur in the character of the proud and solitary savage, who has felt nothing of civilization but its evils, who still loves the chase and still prefers his wigwam—whom the white man has never yet bribed or bought to perform a servile action. You say truly that