

much and constantly the practice of our neighbors to magnify the most ordinary circumstances, and to make the leaders among their fathers, who were engaged in the rebellion, and the subsequent invasions of our country, into heroes, that their history reads like a romance. Some of their writers are so hyperbolic that it is quite easy to imagine scenes where "one chased a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight;" and nothing is now wanted but a second Homer to construct a grand epic, in which the immortal Yankee empire shall be shown, rising from the bloody battle fields of independence, through the heroic labours of their God-like statesmen and warriors; men, such as the world has *never* seen.*

When the war first threatened, young White was in a mercantile house in New York, where, by his surroundings, his previous education, and sympathies, he was a royalist of the Tory party. But he, like many others, thought the Quebec Act a monstrous injustice to the Protestant colonies. He heard the subject talked about and discussed everywhere, and even from the pulpits violent tirades were uttered against all concessions to Popery. Personally, White cared nothing for the religious element, considered as such, but he possessed an unconquerable aversion to the French colonists in Canada, and no sooner were volunteers called for, than with a few others, stimulated by various considerations, but principally a love of adventure, he started for Boston and joined the army under Benedict Arnold, who by the way of the Kennebec river, sailed up to Moose Head Lake in Maine, and from there marched through the vast forests stretching away to the St. Lawrence, by way of the Sugar Loaf Mountains. The army went through very severe hardships, not simply from fatigue but scarcity of food; but it was in this campaign that young White acquired that love for adventure that strongly marked his subsequent career. Were it not that we have already been compelled to introduce so much episodic narrative, we should be tempted to give some of the adventures of this campaign, from their journey north of Moose Head Lake, their repulse and final defeat, their terrible sufferings and privations, together with the scourge from that fatal malady small-pox; and finally Arnold's retreat from Montreal to Crown Point, in the middle of June, 1776. Many of these adventures would afford material for interesting narratives, but as they have no connection with the subject of our history we cannot introduce them. It was getting on towards autumn before young White, in company with a number of militia, returned home.

*If our cousins of the United States are satisfied that even the half is true which has been said of their public institutions and men, they need not be impatient and angry if we fail to see matters in the same light as themselves, and beg to differ from their opinion. Such sensitiveness on the one hand and turgid boasting on the other, imply a secret consciousness that the foundation is unsound. "What is the use of raking up old grievances and opening up old sores?"—is the ready remonstrance if we attempt to expose the fallacious statements of republican history, as found in their school books, their newspapers, and in the magazine and general literature of the United States. Can impudence be cooler? Can arrogance be more overweening? Can selfishness be more consummate? Must we quietly permit the most unfounded statements to pass uncontradicted? Must we tolerate the trash and fastian of many of their writers and permit such untruth to circulate among us and to pass unchallenged? Fifteen years ago their books were in public use among us, and to a certain extent are still so. And we very properly answer, "It is quite necessary for our children and people to know the truth about our national differences and history; and not receive without question the distorted views commonly presented for ignorant gullibility. Canada is growing rapidly into a great nation; and her sons and daughters must be trained to self-reliance in physical and mental powers unsurpassed on this continent, to say the least.—Ed.