

der plant, until its stem has acquired strength sufficient to bear up against the blast, previous to yielding its golden fruit.

In noticing the jealousy between the various races which inhabit Canadian soil, it is far from our intention to draw between those races an invidious comparison; were it a noble jealousy, or rather an enlightened rivalry in the great race of progress, it would be a very different thing, but it is a mere petty sentiment of hatred or envy: the spark is latent, and it would be well to annihilate it completely before it has assumed a malignant form.

If parties desire to live within themselves, let them cease to dream of greatness, empire, arts, literature, &c.; these are plants, which like the olive branch, symbolize peace, and require the fertile soil of union to flourish in: distrust and envy kill these plants, like the north wind. If we live disunited, our noblest aim will be to invent ingenious and cunning devices to upset rivals, and our best activity will be frittered away to effectuate purposes of ruin.

Let us remember that we who are now living hold the future of Canada in our hands, and that if we fail to consolidate and amalgamate the races into one, we leave room for discord and violence in years to come. By transmitting to our successors a nationality, we shall produce an identity of interests among all classes, and raise an effectual barrier against future discord; we shall lay the foundation of a good and solid government, embracing in its fold as one, the sons of all countries, of all creeds, and to all alike meting out the most impartial justice.

On some Singular Customs of the Middle Ages.

“LE DROIT DE GRENOUILLAGE.”

“Et le dit Sieur, en sa qualité de gentilhomme a déclaré ne savoir signer.”

IN this eminently progressive age of railroads, telegraphs and balloons, when the subjugation of time and space so loudly proclaims the royalty of man, the sovereignty of mind over matter, few will dare to revert, except for the sake of contrast, to those times which, with so much self-complacency, we style the dark ages; and still this is precisely what we intend to do, less however to show that this condemnatory expression is misapplied—in fact a misnomer,—less to disturb the verdict of posterity and demand a new trial, than in the spirit of