

hesitatingly. I hardly suppose that any criticism of mine will have any avail, but certainly it is time that this struggle should be regarded as what it has become, History—and that the ill passions which it engendered should be allowed to sleep.

Had it been possible, it would have been agreeable to me to have prolonged my trip. Indeed, the seaboard of this continent has been the scene of so many events, that any one in the least familiar with its history can find motive after motive to wander from the direct routes. But I had to return whether I willed it or not, so, taking the afternoon cars, I found myself at daybreak crossing the Hudson. A hack in a few minutes drove me to the St. Nicholas, that palace for the traveller. To the Canadian who has travelled, New York is home. He is but eighteen hours from the Suspension Bridge, and when the Great Western Railway people choose to consult the convenience of the resident of Toronto, six hours more will bring him to his own city. One who has passed many pleasant hours in New York always treads its pavement with the best of feelings, and as I have many friends there of long standing, I felt literally that I was among my own people. Four happy days did I have here, and then I turned to my northern home.

So ends my holiday ; now for my *quart d'heure de Rabelais*.