

moment's warning to defend her to the last, and then, if need be, destroy her rather than that her cargo should fall into the hands of the enemy. There are rumors of Indian risings in various parts of the Northwest. At Fort Qu'Appelle the neighborhood is in a ferment; and the troops stationed there are continually on the *qui vive*. It is said that a further call is to be made for additional troops, and at the present moment no man can foresee the end. There is one thing that must be strongly kept in view by those who deplore the present state of things, and that is, that the rebellion *must* be put down. That, although treasure may be wasted, blood poured out, and hearts broken, the country *must* be saved. It can only be saved by the triumph of constituted authority. If we could for a moment foresee any other result, we might in the same moment prepare ourselves for the total dismemberment of the Dominion and a return to our provincial status before Confederation.

MAJORITY.

" He steps the viewless bound'ry o'er,
Eager of foot and strong of hand :
He bids farewell forevermore
To the bright days of boyhood's land."

This is the fate which has befallen the hero of our sketch, Mr. Walter Massey. He has received repeated warnings that, if he kept on in the course he was pursuing, nothing could save him from becoming a man. His mother especially, as mothers will, put forth strong efforts to hold him within the enchanted circle of boyhood. She continually reminded him that it was only a few days since she held him in her arms a baby, and that it was absurd of him to act as if it were twenty-one years ago. Deaf to all entreaty, however, he kept right on. He took into his counsels a hoary-headed old sinner called Time, who has often been suspected of this sort of thing before, and between them they arranged the catastrophe for the 4th of last April. His friends, finding him so determined, were at last reluctantly obliged to accept the situation, and resolved to show him that, despite the obstinate manner in which he had disregarded all their warnings and entreaties, they were still disposed to look upon him with charitable feelings. On the evening of the 4th, therefore, the following ladies and gentlemen, in addition to the members of his own family, assembled in the large drawing-room of the paternal mansion

on Jarvis street, viz. : Mr. Geo. E. Vincent, of New Haven, Conn. ; Mr. Thompson Smith and sister Miss Manie, of Cheboygan, Mich. ; Miss Susie M. Denton, of Boston, Mass. ; Miss Mina Miller, of Akron, Ohio, and Miss Eliza Powell, of Cobourg, together with a numerous company of city friends. As a sort of forlorn hope, it was resolved to make one more effort to bring home to him the preposterous character of the step he was about to take. With this end in view, the lights were turned low in the room, the family and friends arranged themselves in positions expressive at once of remonstrance and expecstulation, and awaited in silence the coming of the Irreclaimable, who was quite in ignorance of the preparations being made to astonish him. A step is heard ; he comes ! The door is thrown open,—he advances through the gloom. There is a sudden movement, the room is filled with light, and in a moment there is revealed to his astonished gaze, sisters, brothers, friends and schoolmates, all with pleading eyes fixed upon him. Did the vision melt his stubborn heart ? Did he falter forth through his tears that he "wished he was again a che-ild ! No, he incontinently turned tail and ran away ! Being traced to his room shortly afterwards, he was found with a man's dress coat on, and came down in a brazen and defiant manner. No further attempt was made to prevent the consummation, and old Time laughed in his sleeve as he scored one more victory.

It was noticed that no sooner had the hands of the clock pointed to a certain hour (the hour in which twenty-one years ago our hero had honored the world by his advent) than his form began to dilate visibly. His manhood had already begun to assert itself, a severe expression settled on his countenance and he received the congratulations of his friends with a dignity truly appalling. An ordinary ten by fourteen address had been prepared by the members of the "13" Club, of which he was at one time, when young, the president. Intimations having reached them, however, that anything so commonplace would be received with silent scorn, a committee was hastily appointed to prepare a Manifesto more in keeping with the solemnity of the occasion. The result was worthy of the world-wide reputation which has been achieved by this club in the world of literature, science and art—particularly art.

The address was, indeed, an artistic triumph, worthy to be hung on the walls of the proudest mansion in the land. Twenty-four feet long—