

As no good ever came yet of returning railing for railing, I determined not to retaliate, further than by the following "retort courteous" in return for the bitterly inimical sentiments which were called up on the occasion in the over-sensitive Lower Canadian bosom, both against my fatherland and humble self:—

TRI-NATIONAL CENTENNIAL IN PROSPECT.—"We are glad to find that the suggestion we lately threw out, of the propriety of holding a centenarian celebration of the Battle of Quebec, 99 years ago, has been taken up, both in Canada and America. The Plains of Abraham became, after the 13th day of September, 1759, for ever sacred; for *there* was shed the life-blood of two of the most heroic spirits that ever inhabited human clay. Honour, never-dying honour, to the memory of Wolfe and Montcalm! When the deputed representatives of the three nations meet, as we trust they will, let the bleak battle-field of other days, now smiling under cultivation, be further consecrated by interchanging pledges of abiding amity between the men of the three nations who now worthily occupy one Continent of America, and who shall yet, if they do not virtually already, guide the destinies of the other.

"We confidently hope that the proposed celebration will not miscarry, through national or sectional jealousies between the living men of the two races, the descendants of those who gained, and of those who lost the day. We hope that *Jean Baptiste* is like *John Bull*, a respecter of a worthy foe, even when obliged to succumb. We will not wrong our Gallic fellow-subjects of this great and expanding Colony—the nucleus of an empire—by supposing that a majority of them bear any feeling but those of good-will and cordial emulation for their neighbours of British blood. We would fain believe, at least, that the petty self-dishonouring retorted taunts, occasionally appearing in the discourses, written and spoken, of partisan journals and orators, such as allusions to "*les races supérieures et inférieures*," (*proh pudor!*) are manifestive of surviving rabid inimity in the breasts of the few only. Yet has it been a cause of pain to the writer of the present sentences to note such things during his short experience here as a journalist, as fearing that, to use Lord Bacon's illustration of the occasional import of things infinitesimal, 'such as a straw, a light matter in itself, yea contemptible, it may yet serve to show what way the wind blows.'

"It is a common belief in Britain, well or ill founded, that Canada, as a Colony, is the petted, nay *spoiled*, child of the mother country. Without quite admitting this, we would, with all deference to Franco-Canadian opinions in that regard, ask them to concede this much to us That British domination has, in a general way, sat lightly upon the