

Drake and Frobisher, but will any sensible man pretend to say, that England, to-day, could gain a battle with ships constructed upon the same principles, as were those that gained the glorious victory over the Armada. So, too, we can look back and admire the departed statesmen of this country, men who were useful (in their day) in developing the resources, and fighting the battle of constitutional freedom for "Young Canada." But we do enter our strong protest against the continual harping upon the questions of the

past. And running the great risk of having the material progress of our country seriously retarded, by instilling into the minds of the present generation, the bitter partizanship of their grandfathers, and a constant dwelling upon the political grievances of nearly half a century gone. This warping of the younger minds into political bigots, will keep us at a stand still for at least another generation. We, as Canadians, (whether by choice, or native and to the manor born).

(To be continued.)

EDITORIAL ITEMS GLEANED FROM THE WEST.

When on a recent visit to the United States, we had an introduction to the largest man in the whole world, the Honorable Judge Baldwin, of Council Bluffs, in the State of Iowa. This gentleman weighs 450 pounds, and is a ponderous judge.

At Winterset, Iowa, the other day, we were introduced to a young gentleman named John McThibbon, 22 years of age, in height 24 inches, in weight 33 pounds. Mr. McThibbon's head would just reach Mr. Thomas Thumb's shoulders. He is well formed and handsome, refused several thousand dollars from Barnum, because he did not want to make a show of himself. He is quite intelligent and voted at the last general election. He is, we are sure, quite a favorite among the ladies of Winterset.

In Winterset we saw a Quack Doctor, with a large advertisement—He stays at an Irish Tavern, whose keeper has an elegant papist name, although he says he was born in Kentucky. This we under-

stand is denied by his wife, who avers he is a genuine Irishman. For our own part, we have no hesitation in saying that he looks like a *gentleman* right from the green Isle. He is a baptist he says—so we have been told, water, holy water is very good sometimes.

At Winterset, also, we attended Court a few minutes. The Judge wore a black coat and black necktie. Four men were giving some sort of sign, with hands up over the shoulders a little—we heard no murmuring sound, except from the mouth of a GENTLEMAN Lawyer, of sallow complexion and black beard, who was squirting his tobacco juice all around the Bar, thus showing great respect for himself and the honorable court. His mouth seemed really full of the flagrant weed, and when chewing his beard moved just like that of a goat eating oats. It is very possible that the gentleman is a negro worshipper.

Somewhere near Omaha, Nebraska, an appointment was recently