

novel that would please the hospitable Yankees, he perhaps little thought of the solace he was preparing for us of the northern zone. It is a pleasure after listening to the din made by some of our ranting, roaring patriots on all possible public occasions about :

" In days of yore the hero Wolfe
Britain's glory did maintain,"

to turn to the pages of *The Virginians* and receive a new introduction to "that tallow-faced Put with the carrot hair," who "could not afford to lose," and therefore did not bet ; who knew much about Colonel Washington and "knew the names of all our rivers, only he called the Potowmac, Potamac at which we had a good laugh at him !" Thank goodness for that small imperfection. There is an attractiveness about this gawky, plain-featured, hard-working, honest gentleman, this indomitable soldier who liked fair fighting and would fight spite of rheumatism, gravel, fever and falling in love. His last great victory was but the crown to his virtues. Let us be glad that he received that crown in Canada. Whatever changes may occur to us in time's whirligig, Wolfe is one of our Canadian possessions. Perhaps he is honored as much by the

French Canadians as by the United Empire Loyalists. For my part I do not admire these latter gentlemen so much as they admire themselves or admit that they possess a monopoly of right sentiment. Not long ago there was a reception tendered to a Great British Novelist (an Irishman from the Isle of Man, and a fine Piccadilly brogue at him). The dinner, (they say Englishman would organize a public dinner to discuss an earthquake), was held on a Friday evening, a circumstance highly conducive to edifying reflection between courses of white meats. "Britain's glory was maintained" when the speeches came on. Being racially Irish to the last drop, there was an exclusiveness about certain of the gratulations that I could not quite enjoy. Judging by tradition and sympathy I would be probably considered of "good rebel stock." You, doubtless, are not, madam, and I hasten to assure you and Colonel Denison that we, who were Irish, have the same high sense of devotion to Canada which you and he possess. Were Confederation "smashed into its 'original' fragments" or otherwise maltreated, we should still go on admiring Wolfe, even as the people he defeated now admire him.

