

friends, had under his thumb several newspapers to which he was in the habit of giving information, and finally that by publishing the pamphlet I should displease your Excellency. I replied that I did not care about Mr. Bourinot's power to injure me ; that I had a duty to Canada to perform ; that the matter was of vital importance to her best interests ; and that, as regarded your Excellency—to incur whose disfavour I should regard as a misfortune—I knew the manliness of your character too well to believe that you could wish to shield literary pretension from condign chastisement.

Finally it was said to me that Mr. Bourinot's pamphlet was an offering on the shrine of Canada, and that we should not look too closely at its faults. I replied I was commenting not on the pamphleteer, who was of no consequence, but on the Honorary Secretary of the Royal Society, and that the sacrifice seemed to me to be of about the same value as that which Diogenes of Sinope made to Diana. The philosopher found his sacrifice without going farther afield than his own person, which he kept in philosophical superiority to soap and water. I never heard that the goddess was particularly pleased with the votary, or the blood which stained her altar, and Canada can dispense with gifts which are calculated to degrade her in the eyes of the world.

I am, My Lord,

Your Excellency's obed't humble servant,

NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN