

of dialect which dishonoured both head, heart, and country. Spirit of Burns ! I muttered to myself, rise and confront this confounder.---“Soon, my friends,” said he, “an invincible navy, the pride, glory, and bulwark of our country, will remove the stain and dishonor confer’d on it by these haughty tyrants, which they, my friends, not having the fear of *visitation* before their eyes, have presumed to call and designate---a *Musquito Fleet* !” Thus, without cause or reason assigned, they are continually at work in opprobrious dirt---

“I do not like you, Doctor Fell,  
The reason why, I cannot tell ;  
But this I know quite full well,  
I do not like you, Doctor Fell.”

The parade next demanded a visit ; the commanding officer I found a *tailor* (General Mapes) and I perceived a great want of discipline and subordination---a *mere botch*, if I may use the gallant General’s phrase. The *segar*, with the officers and in the ranks, seemed an inseparable companion in this “*cream coloured* collection of narrow-shouldered warriors.”---Honor and education are component materials in the British Officer, and these qualities create a stimulus of unshaken fortitude and undaunted courage ; the reason is obvious, as they are gentlemen of rank and family, generally speaking ; a suspi-