

British North America. There is, there must be, a lingering fragment of shame about the man after all. It is a redeeming feature in Kossuth's character that he lacked assurance to preach to a free people, like the subjects of Queen Victoria, about freedom, after coming from the land of bondage, redolent with the foul kisses of the tyrant, and gorged with money earned by the toil of the slave."

This Solomon, under another guise, edited the *Anglo-American Magazine*, a valuable periodical published for several years in Toronto by Mr. Maclear. One conspicuous feature of this monthly was a department in which, after the pattern of *Blackwood's* of old, a group of friends discuss matters in a free and familiar manner. The personage who figures as the editor in these "Sederunts," as they are called, is "Culpepper Crabtree, Esq.," major in the militia, at whose shanty events and books are made to pass under review; the other interlocutors are the Doctor, the Laird, the Squireen, and Mrs. Grundy. The shanty itself is on the banks of the Humber. It is thus spoken of: "On a gentle slope, some four miles to the westward of the 'Muddy clearing,' as Solomon of Streetsville delighteth to call our city, *i.e.*, Toronto, may be seen one of those primitive fabrics, yeleft in Cannuckian vernacular a 'shanty.'" It is further described. The conversation then proceeds in a natural, chatty way, with a plentiful intermixture of anecdote and humour. Thus in the year of the Duke of Wellington's death (1852), we have:—

“LAIRD.—Ha'e ye read, Crabtree, the vidimus which the *Times* gives of the great Duke's life and character?

MAJOR.—I have, and with unmixed enjoyment. It is one of the most masterly essays which has graced the periodical press for many a long day, far surpassing, in my humble opinion, the highest flights of that showy but intensely superficial writer, Thomas Babington Macaulay.

LAIRD.—You are a thocht too hard on Tummus, Major. His sangs o' auld Rome rouse my blood like the blast o' a border trumpet.

MAJOR.—By your leave, Laird, you are creating a man of straw for the mere purpose of demolishing your handicraft. I said nothing against Macaulay as a poet, but merely demurred to his pretensions as a historian.

DOCTOR.—The less a fossil such as you are, Crabtree, says respecting a Whig historian, the better. You know that I, as a Whig, can