

pleased with the sententious exposition of policy conveyed in the refrain of the sweet singer of Uncle Sam :

" If I was legislator of these 'ere United States,  
I'd settle the fish-question accordin'—  
Give the Yankees all the meat,  
And the British all the bones,  
And put the boundary t'other side of Jordan."

At last, under the reign of King Cashbalance, England withdrew her troops, sold her guns and shot to Yankee contractors, and shipped home—perhaps for tropical service in her black empire—her snow-shoes and sentry-boxes, apparently considering Canada incapable of being helped, and unlikely to help herself, having turned out her own Government on the Militia Bill.

Those who blame England must bear in mind that the last Canadian Parliament endorsed the last Treaty of Washington, and asked the Imperial Government to withdraw their gift of armament and transfer the guaranteed loan of £1,000,000, sterling, from forts, to swell the Pacific scandal, the net result being that we have, as yet, neither forts, guns, nor railroad; and as for British help, who "in Heaven above, or in the earth beneath," helps those who will not help themselves?

I cannot suppose that any unwise words of a soldier, asking the solution of a few simple questions on which rests the apparent possibility of war, could be productive of serious results, except to himself, who, if he thinks it a duty to speak, must endure the unpleasantness of saying things some folks don't want to hear.

The soldier who has seen war and yet desires it, for personal ends, must be a fool or a ruffian—probably both.

The cultivated classes in the United States are a truly noble people, generously disposed towards Canada, and not