

cast his eye over his dependancies, " who can like me put his thumb on a whole continent at once? What potentate so colossal that in bestriding his empire, he can cool one toe upon the north pole, while he warms the other at the southernmost cape in Florida? These are the true limits of my dominions; yes, I am to *have Canada*, or Felix Grundy is no prophet, and William Widgery is an unprincipled deceiver. Take Canada, say they, before the ice breaks up, and as for the rest it may be taken at any time for the ice never breaks up. Plant but a standard in Canada and the subjects of oppression will rush by thousands to receive the oath of allegiance, and to become incorporated with the great nation of the Gulls. A few weeks more and my myrmidons shall be scouring the wilderness and beating the bushes, from Kingston to lake Winnipeg. No need of more recruits, for the renegadoes of the fur trade, the scape-goats of British oppression, shall come over in swarms to join the invincible