

regard me. I durst not correct them, sir, or I should have been mobbed. They soon learned this, and my authority was gone. My heart was sore—my money was melting away—my children were a sorrow instead of a comfort to me, and talked of starting for themselves. I sold off and came down to Canada. "Now, my boys," says I, "I have got you under the British flag again, and we'll have no more rebellion." So I kept my boys in hand—but we didn't get on as we used to do—and at last I determined to come back to Dalhousie. What's the world to me, sir, if my boys are to be a vexation to me? But I haven't a penny of money; and our clothing is so scanty that I am ashamed to bring them all ashore in daylight.'

The independence of behaviour produced by the doctrine of perfect individual equality shows itself sometimes in very amusing ways:—

'I was told at Boston,' says Mr. Johnston, 'of a gentleman in the neighbourhood, who, having engaged a farm-servant, found him very satisfactory in all respects, except that he invariably came into the house, and even into his master's room, with his hat on. "John," he said to him one day, "you always keep your hat on when you come into the house." "Well, sir, haven't I a right to?" "Yes, I suppose you have." "Well, if I have a right to, why shouldn't I?" This was a poser. After a moment's reflection he shrewdly asked, "Now, John, what'll you take—how much more wages will you ask—to take your hat off when you come in?" "Well, that requires consideration, I guess." "Take the thing into consideration then, and tell me to-morrow morning." The morrow comes. "Well, John, have you considered?" "Well, sir, I guess it's worth a dollar a month." "It's settled then, John, you shall have another dollar a month;" and the gentleman retained a good servant, while John's hat was always in his hand when he entered the house in future. So works democracy. The Kentucky people cast in the teeth of the Bostonians that they worship the almighty dollar. At all events, even in a democracy, the stiffest has his price, and wealth cannot be deprived of a certain amount of influence.'

'Travelling much in the stage-coaches,' says Lord Carlisle, 'I found it amusing to sit by the different coachmen, who were generally youths from the Eastern States, pushing their way in life, and full of fresh and racy talk. One of them, who probably came from New York—where they do not like to use the word *master* in speaking of their employers, but prefer an old Dutch name, *boss*—said to me, "I suppose the Queen is your boss now?"'

This Lecture is a model of what a discourse on such a subject, delivered to a popular assembly, should be. It is a series of pictures—or *etchings*—clear and compendious, of the leading men and leading places in America, and evinces at once delicacy of observation and the gentlest and kindest heart. From a production