

the noble Catharines. I had the honor that season to be
 the gift of the President of the St. Andrew's Society, of
 this great which my late lamented friend, Francis Hall, Esq.,
 (then chief engineer on the Welland Canal) was
 president. On the occasion of Her Majesty's
 accession to the throne being formally proclaimed,
 the Sheriff of the County was entertained at a
 public dinner, at which both Mr. Hall and I
 attended. After the toast of the Queen, Major
 McGraw, of the Lancers, sang the national anthem,
 a copy of which he had cut from an English paper.

The second stanza struck me as being highly
 objectionable.* The solemn invocation which it
 involved seemed very much misplaced beside the
 coarse doggerel that followed. Mr. Hall being
 similarly impressed, and as the festival of St.
 Andrew was just at hand, it was agreed that after

*O Lord our God arise,
 Scatter her enemies;
 Confound their politics,
 And all their knavish tricks,
 God save the Queen.