

declamation, for it could be called by no higher name, was furious, personal, and vindictive. Guided by no real principle he was a member of two or three administrations, but managed to do considerable mischief in all by quarrelling with the leaders in turn, while his attacks while in opposition had the effect of paralysing the efforts of the administration, and more than once placed England in great peril. Unhappily the period was characterized by a total lack of statesmen—the adherents of the King's party numbered no orators or demagogues in their ranks, and those who occupied the first place were men of no tenacity of purpose. Too indolent and good natured to retort on the opposition with their own weapons, although they had two men who could run a tilt with the Whig trio, as far as bad language, violence, and abuse could go—Thurlow, Attorney General, and Wedderham, Solicitor General. In fact, the only man with tenacity of purpose was the Monarch himself, and as a statesman he was far away above any of his contemporaries in either Whig or Tory parties. If his advice had been followed the Thirteen Colonies would have remained British dependencies to this day, and the creation of new nationalities would have been indefinitely postponed.

If, as some writers hold, the Colonists had been outraged by the attempt of the British Parliament to tax them without their consent it shewed that Lord Chatham, whose administration had reached the climax of absurdity and extravagance, could find no other solution of the financial embarrassment under which the public exchequer was laboring than the celebrated tax on tea. And it was held as sound constitutional law that the American Colonies were as much a part and parcel of Great Britain as England, Scotland, and Wales, therefore the right to tax them for the benefit of the whole was clear and indisputable. Their own representative bodies being mercifully granted for the regulation of municipal affairs, and only possessed that power within their own Colonies, and as a consequence the first Congress had incurred the penalties of treason for usurping executive power to which it had no claim. The second added to covert treason open and undisguised rebellion. On the Colonial schemers, Hancock, Samuel Adams, and Franklin, the guilt of resistance to legal authority and the consequent bloodshed rests; but it is only fair to say that it is shared by the great Whig leaders, Chatham, Burke, and Fox, in an equal, if not a greater, degree. It is to the villainous policy they pursued in negotiating the peace of 1782 that Canada has been deprived of a proper Eastern frontier line, and that the people of the United States shut her out of Lake Michigan. The limits of the Thirteen Colonies at the peace of Paris, 1763, were bounded on the east by the St. Croix River, on the north by the Adirondack range to the head waters of the Mohawk, and on the

west by the Monongahela and Ohio Rivers to the Mississippi. Lord Shelburne and Mr. Fox vied with each other as to which of them should load the rebels with favors at the expence of Great Britain; and the former's *special ambassador*, Mr. Oswald, whom he describes as "a pacifical man," and whom it is presumed, was a Quaker, brought from the wily Boston printer, Franklin, a modest request that England would make a present to the United States of Canada, which the same learned doctor failed to gain in 1777 by force or fraud, and out of which the veterans of Montcalm's gallant army hunted himself and his Yankee robbers like well whipped hounds. Indeed, so severe was the lesson taught that it required thirty-five years to forget it, and a repetition of it has kept the peace for the last fifty years.

Lord Shelburne was quite willing to gratify Dr. Franklin and the rebels, but the administration would not dare to face the country with such a proposition. Mr. Oswald was in the hands of the astute Yankee a fit and proper instrument for his purpose—false, treacherous, vindictive and hypocritical, he impressed the mind of that simple man, whose natural abilities or education only fitted him for the counting house, as a man of great genius, wide philanthropy, perfectly honest and disinterested. If anything could add to the humiliating position in which the Whigs had placed Great Britain it was the fact that they brought their personal ambition into the Cabinet, and so wretchedly had they organised the departments of the Government that the two Secretaries of State were at issue as to whose department the negotiations should properly belong, and Chas. J. Fox, not to be outdone or overshadowed by Lord Shelburne, despatched his own ambassador to Paris to open negotiations with the Count Vergennes. It argues great exhaustion in the means of the rebellious Colonies, the French, Spanish and Dutch to find them treating with a power represented by a party, so utterly devoid of all ideas of national honor, decency, and common sense, and we now know what might easily have been understood then, that another campaign would have enabled England to dictate her own terms, re-established her authority, and left her the simple task of conciliating a people whom she had never treated cruelly, and who were so foully misled by their leaders.

#### THE RED MAN.

The New York *World* says:—

"One of the most surprising things about the Red River imbroglio is that the Canadian Indians have been the steadfast adherents of the Dominion government. So warm in fact, has been their friendship that it has been with some little difficulty they have been restrained from swooping down upon the contumacious opposers of British sovereignty in Manitobah. It is to be observed that these red men are not of a different race from those on our Western border, but to the full as savage—numbering, indeed,

as chief among them, the fierce confederacy of the Six Nations, which formerly, under the leadership of the Mohawks, held their headquarters in this state. To this day they still roam wild in the woods, and are as much given to paint and feathers, and scalping knives and tomahawks as ever; but, under the wise Indian policy of the Dominion, they wear their paint and war weapons for show only, living in peace and amity with the white man. Why then, when the Englishman can maintain such friendship with the desolate Mohawk, is it that we of the United States must be perpetually engaged in that sickening barbarism known as war on the plains? The Canadian policy leads to no wars, no slaughters, no disturbed borders, no costly and frequent expeditions, but, in addition to perfect peace, procures the constant keeping on foot of a wild but attached and serviceable light militia that will turn out any day and fight and die for the Dominion. Our side the picture is too black to talk about; and mortifying as is the confession, it must be admitted that there at least our neighbours excel us as far in humanity as in statecraft.

Manitobah Lake, which has given a title to the Province formed out of the Red River region, derives its name from a small island from which, in the stillness of night, issues a "mysterious voice," though there is no real "mystery" about it. On no account will the Objibways approach or land upon this island, supposing it to be the home of the Manitobah—"the speaking God." The cause of this curious sound is the beating of the waves on the "shingle," or large pebbles lining the shores. Along the northern coast of the island there is a long low cliff of fine grained compact limestone, which, under the stroke of the hammer, clicks like steel. The waves beating on the shore at the foot of the cliff cause the fallen fragments to rub against each other, and to give out a sound resembling the chiming of distant church bells. This phenomenon occurs when the gales blow from the north, and then, as the winds subside, low, wailing sounds, like whispering voices are heard in the air. English travellers assert that the effect is very impressive, and have been awakened at night under the impression that they were listening to church bells.

The Royal Canadian Rifles paraded in full strength at the Tete du Pont Barracks at 10:30 on Friday morning, in marching order to witness the presentation of a silver medal with an annuity of £15 pounds a year from the 18th February last to Quartermaster Sergeant Charles Conroy. The *News* says: the regiment having formed a square, Lieutenant and Adjutant Givens then read the order from the Deputy Adjutant General, Montreal, for the presentation to be made in the presence of the regiment, after which Col. Hibbert complimented Quartermaster Sergeant Conroy on his good luck at the end of his service, in having such an honorable distinction bestowed on him, and he knew there was not a man in the regiment more deserving of it. He had witnessed the formation of the regiment and now he saw the disbanding of it. Col. Hibbert then shook hands with the Quartermaster Sergeant, and wishing him many years to live and enjoy his reward. Quartermaster Sergeant Conroy has served nearly 26 years, 21 of which have been as a non-commissioned officer, and he never had a report against him during his whole period of service.