

the whole line of a thousand miles has constantly to be guarded at an enormous expense,—guarded, that is, in time of peace, against the citizens of a friendly power, whose government doesn't interfere with their drilling for years, and accumulating arms with the avowed intention of attacking Canada; doesn't interfere with their being conveyed to the line; doesn't interfere with their crossing in force; but after they have been driven back in disorder, arrests their "generals" to protect them from being lynched by their men, and then releases them on bail, supplies rations to the hungry heroes, and instead of horsewhipping them, and letting them "foot it" home as better people have to do, sends them back at the public expense or by public subscription. And this is done again and again! A Fenian "invasion" must mean, to many an idle apprentice, a cheap way of taking an excursion to the frontier! And then this same government blusters, even in Presidential messages, about the *Alabama*, a single vessel built secretly, and escaping unarmed by the skin of its teeth out of a British port! Verily, it's a great thing to bounce. And the British Government is so humble that it is never weary of expressing its gratitude, and the *Saturday Review* is indignant at the "imbecility" of the Canadian farmers for not letting the Fenians advance some leagues into their country to burn, and harry, and murder, on the mere chance of thereafter getting a better shot at them and killing a few more than they did. It is no wonder that the Canadians feel sore at the whole affair, and most of all at such cold-blooded criticism.

In this last "swarming," two attacks were made on Canadian soil, one from the North of Vermont State, and another from the North of New York State; and in neither was a single Canadian killed or wounded. The first attack—made by two or three hundred Fenians—was driven back in an hour by eighty farmers of the vicinity organized into a Home Guard, and well posted on a craggy, wooded post called Eccles Hill. Two Fenians were captured, four were killed, and over a dozen wounded. In their second advance, they entrenched themselves two miles inside of the line in a good position, one wing resting on Trout River, and the other on a wood; but a body of Regulars and Volunteers advancing, and showing a most murderous intention of surrounding them, they fled pell-mell over the border with a loss of three or four of their number. In both cases, nothing but their convenient nearness to the United States—their city of refuge—prevented their being properly punished. In fairness, it ought to be mentioned that one U. S. official did something. At the first of the two "battles," District Marshall Foster hung about the rear in his private carriage, and whipped off "General" O'Neill to jail, the "General" having gone to the rear for refreshments, while his men advanced on "the enemy."

The whole thing would read like a big joke were it not for the score of poor blockheads who have been killed or maimed, and for the great expense that Canada is put to periodically for no crime whatever, but that of being a British Colony. One good result, however, is, that the feeling of nationality is thus being developed in the Dominion, and that our Volunteers are being trained to take the field at an hour's notice. Loyalty to the throne and to British institutions is universal all over the Upper Provinces, with the exception of a few of the *rouge* party, and perhaps some of the Montreal merchants in spring-time when trade is dull, or when they are specially afflicted by French mis-rule. They are ready then to jump from the frying-pan into the fire; to sell country and ancestry, the past and the future, for a mess of pottage. Fortunately, they have not got the selling of us; and the more they avow their willingness to sell, the less likely is it that the country will ever give them the chance. Indeed, when their spleen passes away or trade revives, they themselves are most rejoiced that they weren't taken at their words.

June 1st.—To-day the Synod of Ontario and Quebec was opened, the Moderator, Dr. Jenkins, preaching an appropriate sermon from Acts xx. 28,