

gray cloud of ignominious oblivion. She cannot, if she would retreat. Besides, her sons are not made of that sort of material. If therefore, the Americans stand in her way they must take the consequences.

The Americans see the issue clearly. They are preparing for the struggle. Why else are they creating a powerful navy? Why are they building ship after ship? Who is it to fight? With what other nation do they stand any chance of conflict? Let the English people look to it. They are living in a Fool's Paradise if they expect friendly consideration in their difficulties from the Americans.

It may be said that England and America are two great Christian English-speaking people, and are not to be compared with the races we have mentioned who were of different stock and different languages. That is true, but where dollars and cents are concerned family feuds are more bitter than any other. The rivalry of trade knows no religion. There are no encouraging signs that the feelings of the two people are drawing closer. It is rather the other way. They are drawing further apart. Each dislikes and sneers at the peculiarities of the other. Whenever they meet there is unpleasant conflict. They do not "get on" together. There is a certain amount of Anglo-American gush, but it has a false made-to-order ring. The truth is that England and America are rival suns in one firmament,

Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere.*

England's hour of trial is coming. The Americans intend to play their own game when that hour does come, and the Englishman who looks there for sympathy or aid will be deceived. The sooner the English people understand this fact, painful as it is, the better for them. The Canadian people have long known exactly what to expect from the Americans. It grieves and distresses them, therefore, to see Englishmen lavish praises and civilities on American visitors and accept hospitality from American sympathizers while they pass over their own kith and kin. The day is not far off when the eyes of England will be opened. Meantime let them be assured that just as the ancient Roman founded his whole policy on the maxim *delenda est Carthago*, so the modern average American in his heart of hearts looks forward to the time when England shall be no more and the Union rule from pole to equator and shore to shore. His hand may not be the one to pull England down but he will be there to share in the plunder. The Empire on which now the sun never sets, he will not put out one finger to save.

Therefore let England confide more in her faithful children—those who have clung to her and shared her troubles in some of her darkest hours. Let there be no more spurious Anglo-American compliments. Let the facts be looked at in the face and the result will be that England will know exactly on whom to depend, and above all, who her foes are. It is a dreadful thing to contemplate a struggle between two such nations, but if it has to come, as apparently it must come, it is surely far better to be forewarned in time.

Chief Justice Meredith.

IN commenting upon the report that the Ontario Parliamentary Librarian has been charged with supplying money to be used in corrupting electors of Kingston at the bye-elections there in January last, the London Advertiser makes itself rather ridiculous by objecting to Chief Justice Meredith presiding at the trial, on the grounds that Mr. Preston and the Chief are not on friendly terms. The Advertiser implies that the Librarian will not have a fair trial, owing to the "animus," which the Chief Justice is supposed to entertain for him. In the first place it is absurd to class the two men together as if there were any equality between them which there is not; and in the second place it is a reflection on the honour of the Chief Justice which the meanest in the land has never hitherto called in question. If, in the past, Mr. Preston has conducted himself so as to incur the disapproval of Hon. Mr. Meredith, we may take it for granted that the disapproval was well merited. But that this should, in any way, influence the judgment of the Chief Justice in trying the case, is not to be thought of for one moment.

* Henry IV, Act 5, sc. iv.

A Song of the Empire.

'Tis grand to be a Briton born,
And bear the Briton's name,
For side by side our sires have died
In battle's smoke and flame.
They fought for England's glory,
And with her flag unfurled,
Their hearts and hands have made our lands
The girdle of the world.

'Tis grand to be a Briton born,
And speak the British tongue,
Which loud and clear, like English cheer,
From honest hearts has sprung;
And over ocean's thunders,
Which roll since time began,
Our deathless speech the world will teach
The brotherhood of man.

'Tis grand to be a Briton born,
And read how fierce and bold,
In battles long, to right the wrong,
Our fathers fought of old;
They broke the power of tyrants,
They set the poor slave free,
And badly fared the foe that dared
Oppose their liberty.

'Tis grand to be a Briton born,
And, crowned with glories past,
With main and might, to champion right
And weld the Empire fast.
In vain the tempest thunders,
In vain the dark seas part,
The world's great flood of English blood
Beats with a single heart.

FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT.

Notes in my Library.*

OLD TIMES AND OLD FACES—THE OLD PROVINCE BUILDING AT HALIFAX—ITS HISTORIC ASSOCIATIONS—THE ASSEMBLY CHAMBER—TWO INTERESTING PORTRAITS BY THE SPEAKER'S CHAIR—JAMES WILLIAM JOHNSTON, OLD CHIEF OF THE CONSERVATIVES—HIS ABILITIES AS A LEADER, LEGISLATOR AND LAWYER—JOSEPH HOWE, PRINTER, POET AND POLITICIAN—HIS REMARKABLE CAREER—HIS ADVOCACY OF RESPONSIBLE GOVERNMENT—HIS FIGHT WITH LORD FALKLAND—HIS ACTION AT THE INCEPTION OF CONFEDERATION—DIES IN THE OLD GOVERNMENT HOUSE AT HALIFAX—A PLEA FOR A NOBLE MONUMENT.

AS I take my seat once more among my books and look over the notes I made, while spending some pleasant days on the Atlantic coast of Nova Scotia, my thoughts constantly recur to a very short visit to an old brown-stone building, well darkened by the damp, sea air and coal smoke of the dingy city of Halifax—a building which has, for three quarters of a century, been the centre of the political conflicts that have always agitated a Province, noted for the virulence of faction as well as for the eloquence and genius of the men who have administered its public affairs and spoken within its legislative halls. It was in 1811 that the Lieutenant-Governor—that Sir George Prevost, whose name will be always associated with the discreditable affairs of Sackett's harbour and Plattsburg in the war of 1812—laid the foundations of the new "Province Building," between Hollis and Granville streets, and expressed the hope that the "building would perpetuate the loyalty and liberality of the people of Nova Scotia;" a hope realized by the conduct of that people on all occasions when they have been called to prove their fidelity to the British Empire. It was not, however, until 1819 that this edifice, then justly considered the finest of its class in America, was formally opened for the purposes of public business by the Earl of Dalhousie, afterwards Governor-General of Canada, who stated in the presence of a brilliant assemblage that it would always remain "to the latest posterity a proud record of the public spirit at this early period of our history." With the growth of the British American provinces in population and wealth this old "Province Building" has been left behind, and now seems, at first sight, small and inferior in accommodation, compared with the great structures that have been raised at Toronto and Quebec; but nevertheless it has a certain grandeur of its own as

* These notes on some eminent men Dr Bourinot has known in their lifetime will include Joseph Howe, James William Johnston, "Sam Slick," Sir William Young, Sir Adams Archibald, Williams of Kars, General Hastings Doyle, Sir John Macdonald, Sir John Thompson, and others. The first instalment on Joseph Howe and James W. Johnson appears in this week's issue.—ED WEEK.