

ence: behold the end of all your glorious anticipations of liberty, equality, and fraternity, transferred to the new world, amidst the riches of an unlimited and fertile country, with abundance and to spare for more than fifty generations of sober and industrious colonists. Three generations, however, have not passed away, the length of one long-lived man's life has not yet elapsed, and behold the successors of Washington and Franklin are reduced to the unconstitutional rutilianism of Lincoln and Seward and their compeers. Cannot a like fate be warded off from the existing colonies of Great Britain? and what are the means to secure such an end? These are questions which all English and colonial statesmen should take to heart, should search after, and endeavour as far as they may practically to answer. But what politician troubles himself on these questions except so far as to arrange a count-out in the Commons, or to avoid an unpleasant discussion in the Lords? A colonial war, either with the mother country or amongst themselves, may now turn up almost at any moment. Already the Canadas are in a state of political confusion. Jealousies of various kinds are even now cropping up all round the world; and ere long the question must be decided whether or not our colonies are to be separated from the mother country.

But there is no tribunal before which any such questions, partly home and partly colonial, can be publicly discussed or ventilated. A hasty interview to be sure, with a careless dilettante Minister, generally occupying at most an hour or so of talk in a private room, is now as it were the only buffer to ward off what might easily become open rebellion—a conflict which a few angry or foolish colonial politicians might almost at any hour thoughtlessly inaugurate. The wildest notions at the same time are afloat about England's interest and readiness to cut the bonds that bind the colonies to the mother country. Yankees, and even English emigrants to Yankee-land, actually think or profess to think that the session of the Ionian Islands to Greece is an excellent precedent for the session of all our North American colonies to the new Yankee republic, so that the great civil war may end by producing a kind of salve to Yankee self-esteem wounded by the failure to conquer the South. "Nunky must pay for all" is now the Yankee doctrine; that is to say, Yankee-edom must have the Canadas to compensate for Virginia and her sister rebels—as if the inability to conquer the South unbacked by England argued an ability to conquer the Canadas with England in the bargain. Yankees, however, are as unpopular at Quebec and Montreal as they are at Richmond and New Orleans. But apart from such follies, the difficulties of coming to some wise arrangement with our colonies on many inevitable questions are rapidly looming up in the distance. It is, we hope, clearer now than it ever was before, that independence of England is neither desirable for our colonists nor for ourselves. During the last thirty years England has been twenty times on the eve of war with the United States—a war which, if it had taken place, might have probably prolonged for a couple of generations the life of the constitutional handy-work of Jefferson and Hamilton. The fact is manifest that independence is not only injurious to the colonies themselves, but dangerous to the mother country. Without the stability of home civilization, the social system of our colonies rapidly degenerates into what—for want of a better word—we may call Yankee-edom, the practical life of vain and ignorant rovdvism. If the Canadas were made independent, three generations would leave them, both socially and politically, a mere beggarly copy of New England; and we honest folk at home would have to live in the same state of chronic hot water with the Canadas, in which for some fifty years past we have lived with the United States. Some high judicial tribunal is clearly required to inquire into and to have power to decide all intercolonial and quasi-international questions, a tribunal in which the most able of our English statesmen should be fully and fairly represented. But our present limits are passed, and we must at some future time return to these most important and most interesting questions.

JOHN THOMAS.

If your plate and glass are beautiful bright, your bell quickly answered, and Thomas ready, neat, and good-humoured, you are not to expect absolute truth from him. The very obscurity and perfection of his service prevents truth. He may be ever so unwell in mind or body, and he must go through his service—hand the shining plate, replenish the spotted glass, lay the glittering fork—never laugh when you yourself or your guests joke—he profoundly attentive, and yet look utterly impassive—exchanging a few hurried curses at the door with that unseen slavey who ministers without, and with you as perfectly calm and polite if you are ill, he will come twenty times in an hour to your bell; or leave the girl of his heart—his mother, who is going to America—his dearest friend, who has come to say farewell his lunch, and his glass of beer just freshly poured out—any or all of these, if the door bell rings, or the master calls out "Thomas" from the hall. Do you suppose you can expect absolute candor from a man who you may order to powder his hair? As between the Rev. Henry Holyshade and his pupil the idea of entire unreserve is utter loath, so the truth as between you and James or Thomas, or Mary the housemaid or Betty the cook, is relative, and not to be demanded on one or the other. Why, respectful civility is itself a lie, which poor James often has to utter or perform to many a swaggering vulgarian, who should black James's boots, did James wear them and not shoes. There is your little Tom, just ten, ordering the great, large, quiet, orderly young man about—striking calls for

hot water—bullying James because the boots are not varnished enough, or ordering him to go to the stables and ask Jenkins why the deuce Tomkins hasn't brought his pony round—'and what you will. There is mama rapping the knuckles of Pinco the lady's-maid, and little miss scolding Martha, who waits up five pair of stairs in the nursery. Little miss, Tommy, papa, mamma, you all expect from Martha, from Pinco, from Jenkins, from James' observations civility and willing service. My dear good people, you can't have truth too. Suppose you ask for your newspaper, and James says, "I'm reading it, and just beg not to be disturbed?" or suppose you ask for a can of water, and he remarks, "You great, big, skulking feller, ain't you big enough to bring it hup yourself?" what would your feelings be? Now, if you made similar proposals or requests to Mr. Jones next door, that is the kind of an answer Jones would give you. You get truth habitually from equals only; so my good Mr. Holyshade, don't talk to me about the habitual candor of the young Etonian of high birth, or I have my own opinion of your candor or discernment when you do. No; Tom Bowling is the soul of honor, and has been true to Black-eyed Susan since the last time they parted at Wapping Old Stairs; but do you suppose Tom is perfectly frank, familiar, and above-board in his conversation with Admiral Nelson, K.C.B.? There are secrets, prevarications, fibs, if you will, between Tom and the Admiral—between your crew and their captain. I know I hire a worthy, clean, agreeable, and conscientious male or female hypocrite, at so many guineas a year, to do so and so for me. Where he other than hypocrite I would send him about his business; Don't let my displeasure be too fierce with him for a fib or two on his own account.

THE BALLAD OF THE EMEU.

O say have you seen at the Willows so green—

So charming and rurally frue—

A singular bird, with a manner absurd,

Which they call the Australian Emeu?

Ever seen this Australian Emeu?

It trots all around with its head on the ground,

Or creeps it quite out of your view;

And the ladies all cry, when its figure they spy,

O! what a sweet, pretty Emeu!

Just look at that lovely Emeu!

One day to this spot, when the weather was hot,

Came Matilda Hurricane Fortesque;

And beside her there came a youth of high name—

Augustus Florell Montague.

Both loved that wild, foreign Emeu.

With two loaves of bread, then, they fed it instead

Of the flesh of the white cockatoo,

Which once was its food in that wild neighbourhood,

Where ranges the sweet Kangaroo.

Is game for the famous Emeu!

Old saws and gimlets but its appetite whets,

Like the world-famous bark of Peru;

There's nothing so hard that the bird will discard,

And nothing its tastes will eschew.

Can you find that long-legged Emeu!

The time slipped away, in this innocent play,

When up jumped that bold Montague;

"Where's that specimen pin that I gaily did win

In raffle, and gave unto you, Fortesque?"

No word spoke the guilty Emeu!

"Quick! tell me his name whom thou gavest that same,

Ere these hands in thy blood I imbue!"

"Nay, dearest," she cried, as she lunged to his side,

"I'm innocent as that Emeu; " Adieu!"

He replied "Miss M. H. Fortesque!"

Down she dropped at his feet, all as white as a sheet,

As wildly he fled from her view;

He saw but her sin—for he knew not the pin

Had been gobbled up by the Emeu.

The voracity of that Emeu!

COUNT FITZ-HUM, OR THE INCOGNITO.

"Tears, such as tender fathers shed," had already on this night bedewed the cheeks of the Commissioner; but before he retired to bed he was destined to shed more and still sweeter tears; for after supper he was honored by a long private interview with the Count, in which that personage expressed his astonishment (indeed, he must say his indignation) that merit so distinguished as that of Mr. Pig should so long have remained unknown at court. "I now see more than ever," said he, "the necessity there was that I should visit my states incognito." And he then threw out pretty plain intimations that a place, and even a title would soon be conferred on his host.

Upon this Pig wept copiously; and, upon retiring, being immediately honored by an interview with Mr. Von Hoax who assured him that he was much mistaken if he thought that his Highness ever did these things

by halves, or would even he had once taken into like a child, and could

All night the wretched statesman's apartments were universally known that the statesman's. As soon their trained bands of the

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was ascended from difficulty in deserving gallant corps muster reported fit for service

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