

for the reasons we have mentioned, is not exactly the person from whom such remarks come with efficacy or good grace :

‘ Every Englishman, from a Member of Parliament, that addresses you by letter Halifax, Nova Scotia, Upper Canada, and a Governor that has nothin’ to do now but sign his name to papers and talk of his measures, who has no measure but what he left at his tailor’s in London, down to Jack Tar, says, ‘ *our Colonies*,’ and thinks he is part owner of these possessions, and looks down on the poor outlandish provincials with a condescendin’ air of superiority.

Well, the Colonists look upon all these wiseacres with the same feelings of pity as men, who are not only thick-headed but wrong-headed, but simple people who don’t know what they are talking about. *Such folks with such feelins aint likely to benefit each other.* The organization is wrong. They are two people but not one. *It should’nt be England and her Colonies*, but they should be *integral parts of one great whole*—all counties of Great Britain. There should be no taxes on Colonial produce, and the Colonies should not be allowed to tax British manufactures. All should pass free, as from one town to another in England, the whole of it one vast home market from Hong Kong to Labrador.

They should be represented in Parliament, help to pass English laws, and shew them what laws they wanted themselves. All distinctions should be blotted out forever. It should be no more a bar to a man’s promotion, as it is now, that he lived beyond the seas, than livin’ the other side of the channel : it should be our navy, our army, our nation. That’s a great word, but the English keep it to themselves, and Colonists have no nationality, they are like our free niggers ; they are emancipated, but they haint the same social position as the whites. The fetters are off, but the caste, as they call it, to India, still remains. *Colonists are the pariahs of the Empire.* They have no place, no station, no rank. Honours don’t reach them. Coronations are blank days to them. No brevets go across the water, except to the English officers who are on *foreign service in our Colonies*. No knighthood is known there, no stars, no aristocracy, no nobility. They are a mixed race ; they have no blood, &c.’

It is but natural that this feeling will be manifested by Englishmen, when Colonists like Judge Halliburton acknowledge the *pariah* brand, and forget that a birthplace and a home in one of *our Colonies* is equal to paternity and position in the mother country. Before the learned judge distinguishes himself again at dinners and other public places in England, we would counsel him to reperuse his own wise saws, and teach us by example as well as by precept.

There is one admirable hit at the Yankees in the chapter we have just quoted from. A sailor is conversing with Mr. Slick on his travels and experiences, and mentions the ship Bellerophon, pronounced by him ‘ Billyruffian,’ which, he says, ‘ was christened Billy after King William—God bless him ! who was a sailor to the back bone, and a ruffian to frighten the Frenchmen and Yankees.’

‘ Easily scared the Yankees, aint they ? sais I.’

‘ Well sir, said I, they fight well, but they are like the Irish.’