

breath of rebellion a hundred thousand swords will leap from their scabbards, and rally round a Governor General who, by acceding to the constitutional and temperate desires of the people, will have won for himself and his sovereign, their confidence and love.

Confident in his desire to act for the welfare of the people and the integrity of the empire, we hope he will not be misguided.

To warn him against insidious attempts to prejudice his ear—to bid him act and think for himself at this momentous crisis, we have raised our warning voice. We hope it will not be unheard or unheeded.

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THE TAR.

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When the winds of the deep  
 Burst the bonds that restrain,  
 And rush with a sweep  
 O'er the width of the main;  
 'Tis mine then to stand  
 To my plank on the sea,  
 While the soldier on land  
 From his danger can flee.

That his labors are great,  
 Yet the soldier doth say,  
 When he drives through the heat  
 And the dust of the day—  
 And he trumpets all o'er  
 Of the perils he tried,  
 But he sleeps on the shore.  
 When I'm tossed on the tide.

And perhaps, by and bye,  
 In dividing the bays,  
 For himself he will try  
 To reserve all the praise—  
 To the tar he may grudge  
 What he wins on the wave,  
 Where his sod is the surge,  
 And his walls are a stare.