

poisonous "trail of the serpent" upon what ought to be the holiest shrines and safeguards of a conscientious people's character, the domestic circles of the land. Make your laws supreme. Banish the bowie-knife and the revolver. Purify your Judicial Bench. Reconstruct your election laws. Keep your greenbacks out of the ballot-box, and endeavor to get one honest expression of political opinion, even if it be for the first time in sixty years. Try a dose of national probity, if only as an experiment. The taste will be new, and at first perhaps nauseous. Never mind that, it will turn out all right in the end, if moral blood poisoning has not enervated your system beyond redemption. Hand us back the State of Maine, out of which we were cheated by the unscrupulous exercise of your peculiar system of diplomacy upon the too trusting pliability of Lord Ashburton. Pay back to Canada the expense which she has occurred in repelling the atrocious incursions and intended raids of your own lawless subjects. Restore to its rightful owner the balance of the \$15,000,000 paid to you as compensation for the "St. Alban's Raid," to which you have no more right than the two or three ubiquitous highwaymen who week after week "hold up" and plunder your railway trains, have a right to what they lawlessly steal and carry off. Inform and enlighten yourself about political sentiment in Canada. Your midnight ignorance concerning our country and its people is as deplorable as it is monstrously and inconceivably incorrect. Pay no attention to the subsidized ravings of a few insignificant tramp demagogues. They represent nothing but the amount for which they have been bought. No matter how little they cost, the price paid for them was exorbitant. They are clever romancers.—Butterworth, Erastus Wiman and Adirondack Murray, never mind them: yellow-covered literature is cheap; its stories are as true as theirs, and much more interesting. Put no trust, Brother Jonathan, in the classical ravings of Professor Goldwin Smith, that self-imagined political juggernaut, whose influence in Canada is as infinitesimal as his erudition is profound. His career hitherto has stamped him aameleon-hued theoretical weathercock, ever seeking after a new mystery, and never long satisfied with the result of his discoveries. He knows the difference between loyalty and treason, and yet he is called an advocate of annexation. He is hard to make out. Perhaps "much learning has made him mad." He professes to be a patriot. Quintus Curtius plunged into the gap in the Roman Forum for his country's sake. Lake Ontario is accessible. What will he do? "We pause for a reply." The learned professor has never achieved a lasting success of any kind except as an able and classical exponent of the English language. He had better constitute himself the apostle of a more practicable mission than that of preaching annexation. The people of Canada, if not the citizens of the United States, are wise enough to see through the gossamer cobwebs of casuistical sophistry with which he invests his distasteful and unwelcome theme. He seems to be here to-day and away to-morrow. "With the talents of an angel a man may be a fool."