

furnished no return to the royal exchequer, no soldier to the royal host, no colonial merchandise to the home trader." Brave Canadian officers were slighted and displaced to make room for the indigent yet supercilious favourites of the home authorities ; and we read that the appointment of the Marquis de Vaudreuil, as Governor of Montreal, was conceded with much hesitation, because his countess was a native Canadian. Coming down to more modern times, we can appease our hunger for criticism and satisfy our thirst for notice, to the fullest extent, from books of travel, as well as from the periodical press. Dr. John Howison, a Scotch traveller, tells the world of a people (meaning ourselves) "who are the untutored incorrigible beings that they were when, the ruffian remnant of a disbanded regiment or outlawed refuse of some European nation, they sought refuge in the wilds of Upper Canada, aware that they would neither find the means of sustenance, nor be countenanced in any civilized country." Sir Charles Dilke, in his "Greater Britain," pronounces Canadian loyalty to be mere hatred to the United States, and sees no reason why the Mother Country should spend blood and treasure in protecting Canadians against the consequences of their hate. The *Edinburgh Review* described us as "retainers who will neither give nor accept notice to quit." The Fenian raids evoked some plain language from a portion of the English press. One journal, the *Army and Navy Gazette*, said :—"There are upwards of 3,000,000 sturdy colonial Britons there, all told, and they are so dreadfully afraid of the approach of the raw, ragged Fenians that may succeed in forcing the United States *cordon*, as to be incessantly calling on the mother country for military aid. Every newspaper in the colony is filled with the same doleful