

directed, we telegraphed to Mr. Brown, at New York, the next day, asking him, in substance, what we hoped the Governor would have answered. Yesterday Mr. Brown replied as follows:—

WALL STREET, NEW YORK,

August 12th, 1864.

M. Cartier did wish me to have codfish. I have no reason to think that the Governor was in the least pleased with him. I would have resigned only for the Governor requesting me not to do so.

(Signed) G—E—B—N.

We have now placed the whole matter before our ten thousand readers—at some expense and trouble—and we trust they will be edified.

Coal Embargo.

"We are gratified to be able to say to the citizens of Toronto that our efforts to induce the American Government to remove the embargo laid upon the exportation of Anthracite coal in Canada has been successful," &c., &c.—*Vide Advertisement.*

As the public generally are not aware of the circumstances which led to the abolition by the United States Government of the embargo on Anthracite coal, we deem it only just to that able diplomatist, Mr. H. J. Morse, to narrate the interview he had with the President, and owing to which the obnoxious edict was rescinded. This we are fortunately able to do, as thanks to our ubiquitous character and invisibility, we are everywhere at the same time, and having on this occasion donned our Fortunatus' cloak were present, unseen, at the interview in question.

SCENE—THE WHITE HOUSE.

President Lincoln solus; whittling, spitting and speculating on what Grant would not do next. Enter a distinguished looking individual attired in a Lehigh hat, Briar Hill coat, Chippawa waist-coat, Mineral Ridge inexpressibles, Jackawanna boots and Maple tie, who addresses the President as follows:—

"I am deputed by myself and in my own interest to address you, Mr. President, on the subject of an act of yours which has been attended with the greatest pecuniary loss and inconvenience to myself. I allude to the embargo on Anthracite coal, and I feel certain from the known liberality of your views, that when I have fully stated my case you will see the propriety of at once abrogating the present law and again allow 'the exportation of that mineral to the Canadian shores. My name is Morse, Sir, of the great firm of H. J. Morse & Co., of Toronto, of whom you have doubtless heard.

PRESIDENT.—Damned if I ever did. I suppose then, Mr. Morse, you are retained, as the lawyers say, in re-Morse & Co.

Mr. Morse.—Hal hal hal! very good, indeed. Well, I may venture to say I am, and I entertain no feelings of remorse in taking up a case which I feel I can do such justice to. The fact is, Mr. President, this edict of yours has had the effect of injuring our trade very materially. We are quite out of the article alluded to, and is, you must admit, very galling to a sensitive firm like ours to see a rival in the same trade constantly alluding through the press to the "few tons of lump Lehigh" he has for sale, totally regardless of the feeling of those who have none to dispose of.

P.—Well, Mr. Morse, I didn't see what that's got to do with me. The fact is you Canuckers have been supplying that cursed Alabama and other British pirates with that coal, at least Seward tells me so, and therefore I don't see why Uncle Sam should let you have fuel for the purpose of roasting him.

Mr. M.—You talk like a book, Mr. President. The circumstance to which you refer was the act of a party who had no thoughts for his country's honor or of the mutual obligations which exist between the two countries. *Wy-att* the time it occurred there was, I assure you, the greatest indignation manifested (by those who hadn't had the same chance,) but you must not class me amongst these mercenary Canadians. No Sir-ree, I was born a free and independent citizen of the United States, and had the honor of serving under Governor Buckingham for more than a year, and I can pledge you my word as a coal merchant; and as a member of that glorious Republic which can whip all creation (except the South), that if you will only let me have a load or two of Scranton (I can sell it for Lehigh), I will not supply any of it to the blockade-runners. (Aside)—Wish I had the chance.

P.—Waal, as the "Kearsarge" has wiped out that bloody Alabama, there may not be much harm in trying you once more, particularly as our Government has agreed to prohibit its exportation from Canada. But are there many coal merchants in Toronto, Mr. Morse?

Mr. M.—Too many altogether, Mr. President, and that is an additional reason for my waiting on you now, as I can (should you agree to remove the embargo,) draw up a nice little sensational advertisement, which will have the effect of shaving the Beards, turn coffee into chickory, reduce Myles to furloughs, cabbage Taylor and gin me all the trade of the place. I shall allude to the exertions I have made with your Government and the success which has attended them, the grateful inhabitants of Toronto will as a matter of course rush in with orders, eager to reward such disinterested conduct on my part. My coffers will be filled to repletion, and I shall have the two-fold gratification of benefitting myself and serving my fellow-creatures. Ahem!

P.—I'm rather dubious about the amount of gratification you will derive from the latter act; but you're a smart chap, Mr. Morse, and as I've already agreed to take off the prohibition I don't see why you shouldn't make as much capital out of it as you can; so, as I think you've checked enough for anything, you may take credit to yourself for having obtained the concession, and try and make the Torontonians believe it. And now let's go and licker.

Exeunt ambo.

St. George's Society.

Those wishing to enjoy a pleasant day away from the cares and troubles of business, would do well to patronize the St. George's Society picnic, which will be the most excellent one of the season, and the low price at which tickets have been placed leaves it in the reach of everybody.

Miscegenation.

Knock the fetters from the slave, we say, and trample them in the dust forever, but do not betray the colored man or woman into a bondage more galling than they had previously suffered. Do not keep the sons and daughters of Ham trembling within the threshold of white society, well knowing that for generations to come they cannot, in this colony, commingle with us on terms of equality. On this head Christian theories go for nothing—on this head the pulpit is a transparent fraud! What minister of any religious sect who preaches weekly the claims of the colored man, has ever been known to give a mixed dinner party at his house where blacks and whites were invited indiscriminately; and after which a colored gentleman was asked to see a fair daughter of the opposite tint to her home? What pale-faced abolitionist amongst us has ever thrown his pew door open on Sunday and invited a respectably dressed Sambo, who was in search of a seat, to sit amongst his daughters or read from the same prayer book with one of them? Answer us this, and then we shall see how the case stands, and admit that Dr. Ryerson was correct when he permitted a poor colored girl to enter the Model School, and, amongst a whole host of scholars who reject her society, take up her lonely seat or one of the benches of the Second Division. This is a bold step of the Doctor, and one that he will have to retrace. He cannot override the prejudices of a whole community with such extraordinary ease; and, to him, inexpensive philanthropy. Let us not be misunderstood. If the colored population is to be one with us, we hail the circumstance as one of simple justice towards a down-trodden and injured portion of the great human brotherhood to which we belong; but this must be a work for society generally and not for one individual, who would make broad his phylactery at the expense of the many. When we see the urbane Doctor inviting this well behaved and decent young woman to tea—when we see her commingling with his family or placed, if even in possession of great worldly riches, within reach of a marriage, with his consent, to his son, then we shall believe in his sincerity; but not till then. True, he may use the hackneyed argument, that there are many white people with whom neither he nor any of his family would associate; but we meet him here by inquiring whether there are any colored people that he would become allied with under any circumstance whatever. Here's where we have him. And however he may, through the instrumentality of his pen or his tongue, seek to dispel the unjust prejudices which exist, unfortunately, against this much injured race, it was a daring and presumptuous, as well as a blind and cruel act of him to place himself, as Head Superintendent of Education, for Upper Canada, in direct antagonism to almost the whole population of this city; while it was equally mischievous of him, to subject a poor, innocent girl to the daily trials that she must undergo in the new sphere to which he has thought proper to transplant her. Clear-headed and far-seeing as the Doctor confessedly is, he cannot badger society