

of his Irish fellow-citizens during the late flood will not be forgotten for many a long day.

Then there is another notion prevalent, that the Canadian is effeminate, and deficient in manliness, courage and fortitude. Good authorities are of a different opinion. Wolfe thought otherwise. Washington thought otherwise, and they both knew something of the characteristics of bravery. The race which produces the French voyageurs and lumbermen can hardly be called effeminate. That little band who followed the gallant DeSalaberry were not exactly cowards.

By the way, my dear *Spirit*, how is it that through the length and breadth of Canada we have not sufficient patriotism to raise a monument in honor of the hero of Chateauguay? Brock has his monument; an obelisk at Quebec is raised to the joint memory of Wolfe and Montcalm, but not a stone reminds us of the existence of the Frenchhero.

With this long digression let us return to our subject.

He is a gentleman, every inch of him—mild, genial and courteous in manner. His deportment toward the fair sex is almost chivalrous. On the hottest day in summer he wears a black suit of clothes of rather an antique cut. The trousers are low over the boot, and an old and very large seal hangs to his watch-ribbon.

The old gentleman wears a brown wig which fits rather awkwardly, and in winter has a fur cap of prodigious size, resembling a small tower, and a tippet of the finest mink.

The old man's politics are revolutionary in theory, and highly conservative in practice. His three great heroes of history are Napoleon I., Papineau, and Pius IX. When excited he is apt to jumble these three worthies together rather strangely. If asked what is the greatest calamity that has lately befallen Canada, he will answer, without the slightest hesitation, "The Grand Trunk Railway." He hates railways; he always did. He never travelled by one, and never will. It is impossible to convince him that the recent flood was not in some way caused by the Victoria Bridge. But this is the way of the present generation. He remembers the time when the city was lighted with oil. Well! it was good enough for our forefathers, and why not for us? But now we must have gas, and water-works, and drainage, and railways, and all this sort of thing. We shall soon be ruined by taxes if that goes on. "Ah! les Anglais!—les Anglais!"

Let us not suppose that the old man has any evil intentions towards the British; far from it. He relieves himself of a little loose spleen now and then, but never lets anybody abuse the British but himself.