

the cannon's mouth, if need be in her defence. Yet we seek not war,—we seek only to cultivate the arts and graces of peace, and to emulate the nations only in learning, science, courage and industry.

To old Scotland I still cherish fond affections. Her hills and glens and many dear old places are hallowed in my memory. I have many friends there and though I may now be to them as one long since dead, I still keep their names, images and voices sacred in my heart and affections. To them I would say: Be not *shattered* nor *shel'ed* away from your country, and your home, before you have positive knowledge of the place to which you are going.

And now a word in conclusion to Mr. Shaller. The aspersions you, Sir, have cast upon my country, I have met, one by one, fairly and squarely, and refuted them as they deserved. After reading what I have written, if you are not a better and more truthful man, you will be at least a wiser one. You will have learned that there are those in Canada, emigrants from Dundee, who will not allow you to belittle and belie their country with impunity. You may now return to your own country, chewing the quid of repentance, confronted, confuted and utterly confounded.

In Dundee your word will no longer be trusted. You will only be jibed and laughed at, till even "weans haud out their fingers laughing, and peak your hips."

DAVID GARDINER.

Clarence Ontario, March 1873.