

were deposited within the walls of this Fort, which was named Fort St. George."

A complimentary sentiment in honor of the memory of our illustrious *Pater Patriæ*, Samuel Champlain, was given at the celebration, and worthily responded by the President of the Executive Council of Canada.

(Re-printed.)

The Old French Canadian Gentleman.

And so I am strong to love this noble France,
This poet of the nations, who dreams on
And wails on (while the household goes to wreck,)
For ever after some idle good.

Mrs. Browning.

IT is not very many years ago when, to hate the French, was considered as a moral duty incumbent upon British youth. This feeling has happily died away. Another feeling, not so wicked, but at least as foolish, is still prevalent in many quarters. I mean the absurd prejudice with which ignorant men of British origin regard the French population of Lower Canada. I say *ignorant* men, because such sentiments are never found among those who have been acquainted with them.

I remember that, on my first arrival in Canada, I was told by a gentleman on board the steamer that French Canadians were a nuisance to the colony. That they were an inferior race, a tolerably harmless, old foggy kind of citizens, very ignorant, very much behind the age, a drag on all energy and enterprise, a sort of expiring nationality which would soon cease to exist. On arriving I found that many of this inferior race filled high offices in the State, and that, by the united testimony of all nationalities, they conducted themselves with remarkable ability. I found the Chief Justice a Canadian, titled by his Queen, and respected by all except the eccentric Sir Francis Head; the Premier a Canadian, the Chief of the Lower Canada Opposition Canadian. I never heard the most violent party spirit deny the ability of both. The Speaker a Canadian, the Superintendent of Education a Canadian, and a man of literary attainments, and last, not least, an indefatigable French Police Magistrate, whose exertions for the relief