

Thus, the direct line of intercourse between New Westminster on the Fraser River, in British Columbia, and Victoria in Vancouver Island is hampered and crippled to the very verge of uselessness. The injury done is grievous beyond measure, still, it is not irreparable. There is little help for it beyond self help, but this sturdy auxiliary will not be wanting, and it will be hard if Canada cannot find a way for herself, yet, through this tangled skein of complexities and complications.

And now, let us hope, that we have seen the last of these unilateral conventions—that the eagle, filled to repletion, has folded, for aye, its predatory wing,—and that the British lion and the Canadian lamb, may ever henceforth slumber together, side by side, undisturbed by suggestive odors of mint sauce;—but, should these aspirations fail, should the need for other negotiations ever arise, we trust that they may be transferred to a more hopeful arena. The three last Treaties have been manipulated at Washington. We dislike the diplomatic atmosphere of this cis-Atlantic Capua, where the self-sufficient foreigner, piquing himself on his *savoir faire*—

Who knows whats what, and thats as high
As metaphysic wit can fly.

is bewildered by the most delicate attentions; where the voice is the voice of Jacob, but the hand is that of Esau; where the women are charming, the men hearty and hospitable, and the frolic withal, irreproachable, if not paid for at our expense. We doubt not the honor of our negotiators, but we distrust their good nature. The very sea voyage disturbs and demoralizes the British organism. Our people are apt to vaunt somewhat ostentatiously the trite Horatian axiom "*cælum non animum mutant*," &c., but, here it should