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THE RECENT EXHIBITION, AND TRUE RIVALRY WITH THE UNITED STATES.

A DESCRIPTION of the Plate (TORONTO) has been so recently given, that it is unnecessary again to return to the subject, and we embrace the opportunity afforded us of making a few brief reflections on the legitimate spirit of emulation which is being developed between Canada and the United States, and between both these countries and their common parent—Great Britain.

We hail most cordially this spirit of amicable competition, and, even at the risk of being in some things surpassed by our busy and indefatigable brethren on the other side of the water, we would foster such a competition by all the means in our power. Its existence, we conceive, is the best guarantee we can have against the outbreak of those wrathful passions which wrong-headed people, or those who are incendiaries by profession, in both countries, are too ready to inflame. Exhibitions in our cities, such as we had the other day, if not so exciting, stand at least a good deal higher in the scale of humanity and common sense, than the flaming cities, the desolated hearths, and the naval battles of the campaign of 1813 in Canada, "glorious as it was, on the whole, both to the arms of Britain and to the inhabitants of her noble American Colonies."

The desire to press upon, and if possible

outstrip, the British Isles and their Colonies in the race of discovery, invention, and improvement, is, at this moment, and has been for years, the ruling passion with the inhabitants of the United States. It is their grand topic of conversation, and the main object, it would seem, of their national existence.

The emigrant to the United States, hundreds of miles from the coast of America, not only in the stately vessels which he meets, bearing the flag of that Republic, but in the very pilot-boat which is sent out to conduct him to port, sees the characteristic determination of the people with whom he is about to mingle, to beat England if they can.

It was the last day but one of the month of ———, in the year ———, when, on our return from a refreshing visit to the dear shores of Old England in one of the admirable New York packet-ships, we found ourselves about two hundred miles from the Jersey coast. The weather was magnificent—one of those unrivalled autumnal days which are felt to be very beautiful, even by persons who have been pampered all their lives long with their loveliness. To us, who retained at the time a lively remembrance of recent sufferings in the way of semi-suffocation, from the dubious atmosphere of London, such a day brought with it rich enjoyment. The indescribable adulteration of a certain amount of pure air, with smoke and gas forming the medium of respiration, which it is the peculiar privilege of