

implored her mediation, and imperilled Belgium eagerly accepted her guarantee. Her strength, so far from having declined, is at this moment greater than ever. But the strength of her rivals has increased, and she is no longer, as at the close of the Napoleonic war, sole mistress of the seas. She is threatened by the jealousy of European powers, by Russian aggression, by American rancour, and burdened with the exigencies and anxieties of that vast and multifarious empire, of which, after all, the North American Colonies are but a part. This is a state of things calling on her side for frankness,

and on our side for deliberation. But let us not degrade Canada in the eyes of the world by joining with the enemies of the empire in calumnious disparagement of a mother country, of which, on the whole, we have good reason to be proud, and our kindly relations with which will always be valuable to us, even in a material point of view, and as the source of our best immigration, whatever our political destiny may be. It is possible that the hour of Canadian nationality may be drawing near. If so, let us prepare to found the nation, not in ingratitude, but in truth and honour.

TRANSLATIONS AND SELECTIONS.

THE SWORD POINT.

(Translated for THE CANADIAN MONTHLY, from the German of *Liebetreu*.)

YOU need not be surprised, old friend ; with all your Greek and Latin, you will never captivate a lady's heart. If you do not wish to be overlooked in society and kept constantly in dread of throwing down, with your elbow, the tea-service from the sideboard ; or if you do not choose to remain in danger of repeating again all the little blunders you have lately perpetrated in company, you must have recourse to the only way of escape, that is, you must learn fencing and dancing.

This moral lecture I received from one of my friends many years ago, after I had confessed the awkwardness of which I had been guilty—to the delight of some ladies on a previous evening, at the party of Professor R——h. But my friend did more for me than this. He gave me the address of a certain French refugee, who called himself Monsieur Fernand ; and certainly there appeared to be nothing better for me than to pay a visit to this Doctor of Politeness. I

soon found his lodgings. His servant showed me into his apartments, announced me, and Monsieur Fernand soon made his appearance : a military figure, with wavy hair, and a kind smile on his face.

"Good day, Sir,—Do you speak French?"

"*Un peu, Monsieur.*"

"*Eh bien,*" and now we continued the conversation in his language. "How can I serve you, Sir?"

"My friend, Mr. B——g, was so kind as to give me your address, assuring me that you would be able to add to my education the accomplishments of dancing and fencing."

"Well, very well. When do you wish to begin?"

"Immediately, if it is convenient to you."

"Very well, I am at your service."

"But," said I, delaying, "we must arrange about the conditions."

"Conditions?"