

of flour, to one-half that of New York, the richest and most commercial city of the Union; and, while we in no wise deny our own difficulties, despite the croaking boards of trade, and would-be political sages, we have not yet found freight higher than 5s. 9d. sterling, per barrel, to Liverpool!!!

There is no capacity so slender as not to read, almost at a glance, the consequences which a determined repression of Colonial Representation involves. Ambition denied appropriate roads to power,—talent, a field of fitting enterprise,—mercantile interest, a weight and bearing,—improvements of immense results, an advocate, crush back loyalty, and mould an individuality, a compulsive, national, individuality. We, under no conceivable circumstances, could turn aside from the altars of our youth; but of the masses, it is not and can never be thus—their affections and their interests are brought into fearful opposition by the present system,—not only therefore is its continuance unwise—it is fatal. It is not by words that men are ruled,—power may awhile compel obedience, but even power cannot watch for ever, and if it sleep though but for an hour, it must die. We are not called to look beyond our own hearths. The necessity of the changes we advocate may be elsewhere more or less urgent, but the right exists in every dependence of Great Britain—it is the portion of our birth and none can truly maintain, that the miserable mess of potage bestowed upon us, divests us of that proud inheritance. We tread indeed, apparently, in calm and pleasant ways; apparently, say we, that is on the face, but rend aside the mask, delve below, the earth is mined beneath us,—we sleep on the surface of a volcano—its throes are not yet, may their hour never come; but, oh! how much lies beneath that fearful but,—a single incendiary voice, a single miscalculated step, and the elements of disorder leap into life, and the links that bind us rend like rotten tow. Present this phase of being to a statesman, prove to him its existence, and, startled by that knowledge, if he deserve the name, he will bend every energy to its removal. There is a tide in the affairs of nations, as of men, by which their future is determined,—there is a moment when their destiny vibrates at the will of an individual, it is a moment, only they halt thus, in the next the course is determined, and the fate of unborn millions pushed beyond human reach. He then, who now holds the reins of power in Great Britain, is responsible for us,—now may we be knitted in bonds so strong to our parent land, that the chafing of coming years will only brighten and cannot wear them; or—we cannot paint so sad a picture as the reverse imposes, in which every touch of the pencil must “be wedded to calamity.”

But, neither may we slumber, rights impose duties—one of the chiefest laid on us, is to open the truth to our rulers, to