

be dun then, Your Hexcellent? Ven making up ministry on old ground is showed not to vork, the honly thing left is to see vot new ground vill do. Ven the Hon. Villum Sykes looks around, he sees as vonderful changes is made, Hingland a takin away hall protecshun, and Canerdey left like a hinfant vidout legs to its feet. Consequence is as peepel is gettin halarmed, and dont no vot to be arter, vile the Ministry is a smokin cegars, and a loungeing away in the countrey. Now this here is a question of wittles, Your Hexcellent, vich has got to be settled at vunce. Trade or no trade is vot we has got to decide, and measures must be taken haccording. And haint this a more rational question for partees than 'sponsible Government, vich is honly a splittin hof straws? In the vun case, there's summit as hevery vun sees, vich is lots of good flour and pork; vilst in tuther, there's nuffin but ritin, and fitin, and gettin nocked on the ed.

Vot the Hon. Villum Sykes thinks, then, Your Hexcellent, is as Lord Eljin's got a werry good chance to succeed, and that there's a vide field for his talents, vidout stirring hup the ould squabbles hof parties. And the Hon. Villum opes as he vill succeed, and that them as calls emselves friends hof the country vont stand in his vay ven he tries. For it is quite time there vos a hend to disputes, and that hinsted hof turnin hevery thing hinto perlitercal capital, the hacts hof the Government vos directed to prac-