

and powerful advocates in England, and is daily gaining ground, even among our best friends and staunchest supporters. They are wearied out with unfounded complaints, with restless unceasing cravings for change, and their own repeated, but ineffectual, attempts to give satisfaction. They say they see no alternative left but coercion, which they will not resort to, or "cutting the tow-rope," and casting us adrift. No true friend to his country can contemplate such an event as a dissolution of British connexion without the sincerest regret, the deepest remorse, the most painful apprehensions. The withdrawal of the army and navy from Halifax, the striking of the flag of Old England on the Citadel Hill, and the last parting salute of our old friends, as they left our shores for ever, would be the most mournful spectacle, and the severest infliction, that an avenging Providence has in store for us. It would be a day of general gloom and universal lamentation. All men of property and reputation—all persons of true British feeling—every man in a situation to do so, would leave us; and capital, credit, and character, would follow in the train. We should be inundated with needy outlaws, unprincipled speculators, loafers, sympathisers, and Lynchers, the refuse of America and Europe, and this once happy, too happy country would become an easy prey to civil dissensions, like the petty states of South America, or to the rapacity of foreign adventurers, like the Texas. That such a measure of retributive justice is in store for us, should the infectious agitation of Canada unhappily reach us, no man, who has visited Great Britain, and mingled freely and extensively with its people as I have done, can entertain a doubt. Wherever I went, and with whomsoever I conversed, the opinions constantly met me, "It would be better for us if we were separated. You never will be content to