

toxication, and an enthusiasm of political as well as religious MILLERISM; and there is as much danger of the world coming to an end in 1844, as there is of the Responsible Government coming to an end unless perpetrated by the Toronto Association.

I have hitherto been a silent but deeply attentive spectator of passing events. I accorded with the general measures of the late administration. I entertained for some members of it the esteem and regard of personal friendship. Their resignation introduced questions which I had not investigated in the pages of history, I viewed it with regret and concern. From their explicit and earnest explanations I believed they were right. I felt that on the question placed by them before the House of Assembly, it came to the only constitutional decision. I believed Sir Charles Metcalfe had mistaken his way or been advised into error; yet the peculiar character of his written statement, and the conscious integrity it evinced, excited a belief that something still remained unexplained, and my curiosity was awakened. Statements of certain members of the Assembly, who voted with the majority and whom I saw after the prorogation satisfied me that all had not been told. I at length observed in Mr. Sullivan's explanatory speech—evidently written out by himself, and first published in the Montreal press, statements omitted by Mr. Baldwin, and equivalent to what the Governor General had asserted as the *real* ground of difference between him and his Council. I subsequently saw a more explicit statement to the same effect by Mr. Hincks. I was convinced that the fundamental question at issue between the Governor General and his late Councillors had not been brought before the House; that he was a misrepresented and an injured man. But I supposed the ordinary means of public discussion would elicit the truth; and I trusted that a mutual understanding and reconciliation would follow. I was at one time inclined to suggest that remedy, and what appeared to me an honourable and feasible means of applying it. I desired to remain on terms of amity with both parties. The organization of the Toronto Association by one of the parties concerned, damped my hopes of such a consummation; its subsequent proceedings have extinguished them; its last address has put neutrality out of the question. While God gives me a heart to feel, a head to think, and a pen to write, I will not passively see honorable integrity murdered by grasping faction, and spotless character and generous humanity hewn down by party combination. I would not do so in 1838, when an attempt was made to degrade and proscribe and drive out of the country all naturalized subjects from the United States, and to stigmatise all reformers with the brand of rebellion,—as much as I have always disliked the peculiar institutions of the United States, and as much as I had then been recently maligned by many Reformers,—although there were then no Messrs. Baldwin and Hincks who could or dare speak for them, and no Mr. Sullivan

who *would* speak for them. I relieved the name of an injured James S. Howard from the obloquy, that hung over it, and rescued the character and rights of exiled Bidwell from ruthless invasion, and the still further effort to cover him with perpetual infamy by expelling him from the Law Society. In behalf of these classes and individuals, every member of the Toronto Association was as silent as the grave and as powerless as he was silent. I will not see—to say the least—an equally noble character in the person of Sir Charles Metcalfe branded with all that is base and infamous by a kindred combination. His exalted station does not strip him of the rights of justice; nor his being the representative of royalty deprive him of the allegiance of humanity. I have surveyed every step of the ground involved. I have weighed every argument and examined every fact. I know the country whom I address, I know the men with whom I have to do; and formidable though they be, I fear them not. Justice has more power over the human conscience than party combinations; and one smooth pebble of truth possesses more virtue than a thousand Goliath spears of political Philistinism.

I was about entering upon the peaceful work—a work extensive and varied beyond the powers of the most untiring and vigorous intellect—a work down to this time almost entirely neglected—of devising and constructing (by the concurrence of the people, through their District Councils) a fabric of Provincial Common School Education—of endeavouring to stud the land with appropriate school-houses—of supplying them with appropriate books and teachers—of raising a wretched employment to an honourable profession—of giving uniformity, simplicity and efficiency to a general system of elementary educational instruction—of bringing appropriate books for the improvement of his profession within the reach of every schoolmaster, and increased facilities for the attainment of his stipulated remuneration—of establishing a library in every district, and extending branches of it into every township—of striving to develop, by writing and discourses in towns, villages and neighbourhoods, the latent intellect, the most precious golden wealth of the country—and of leaving no effort unemployed within the limited range of my humble abilities, to make Western Canada what she is capable of being made, the brightest gem in the crown of her Britannic Majesty. Such was the work about to be assigned to me; and such was the work I was resolving, in humble dependence upon the divine aid, to undertake; and no heart bounds more than mine with desire, and hope, and joy, at the prospect of seeing, at no distant day, every child of my native land in the school going way—and every intellect provided with the appropriate elements of sustenance and enjoyment—and of witnessing one comprehensive and unique system of education, from the A. B. C. of the child up to the matriculation of youth into the Provincial University, which like the vaulted arch of heaven would exhibit an identity of

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