

in the present disturbed state of North America, when England is strengthening her hold on this colony, in view of the grave complications which are arising, when in fact the din of arms and booming of cannon is heard in the distance, who will believe that deserting the only fortress she possesses, she will locate the seat of her power, the public archives the Great Seal of the Province, in a remote spot, inaccessible to her fleets and within reach of that grasping giant whose "manifest destiny" according to Secretary Seward, it is to overrun the whole of the continent, resting with one aim on the Atlantic and with the other on the Pacific. If imperial interference alone has stayed the works in the new Capital, if the intercolonial railroad, now a necessity for the maintenance of British dominion on this side of the Atlantic is soon to be the cementing link between the future confederated British Provinces, who ever can bring himself to believe that the forest city is to be the political centre of the new combination? Without wishing to question the wisdom of the Imperial award formerly arrived at on this point, a decision given in times of profound peace and on a very different state of things from the present, one may naturally infer that the agitation which reigns around us will cause the English Government to reflect, and devise on the seat of Government and on every other political question, a policy suited to the times. We are still, it is true, at peace with our neighbors, but there is a smell of gunpowder in the