

minded subject of the Crown, both in Scotland and in Nova Scotia. The adage is as old as the days of the Romans—'Quod Deus vult perdere prius dementat.' And if anything was wanting to fill up that cup of popular indignation which the present administration have of late brewed for their own drinking, it is just this answer—an answer, given at a crisis when revolutionary emotions are rankling in the breasts of millions in the United Kingdom, which demonstrates an amount of injustice in the official advisers of the Sovereign in regard to matters of regal covenant, privy council decree, and parliamentary statute, which is exceeded alone by its imbecility. Supporting, as I have ever done, Conservative principles—abhorring, as I do, the degrading policy of that Power-loom School, which would barter the whole dependencies of this great maritime empire for such a mess of pottage as the practical development of that new rule in ethics, 'Buy in the cheapest—sell in the dearest market,' is certain to entail—nevertheless I was one of those who hailed Earl Grey's advent to Colonial Office rule with satisfaction, fancying that he was a statesman of such a calibre as would in some measure have redeemed that department from being the sink of administrative inutility and corruption into which it has fallen. But the combination of great opportunities which recent events have produced for making his term of official life glorious to himself, and memorable in the social annals of the monarchy, have all been perverted, abused, and rendered nugatory. And now it is manifest that a mind more inane, more shallow, and opaque, in all main questions of international concernment, never darkened the councils of the cabinet, nor ministered to the well-affected of the subject, whether at home or abroad, more poignant grounds for merited reprobation. This man, be it remembered, stands in the place of him in the counsels of the Sovereign, and in the administration of the general affairs of the realm, who pre-eminently has the power, were the volition also present, to do for this age and people services higher and more enduring than those which Nelson achieved on the quarter-deck, or Wellington in the field. And what hitherto have been the sum-alls and the do-alls of this Colonial Office chief? What, with millions of oppressed and suffering fellow-creatures in the united isles, willing to emigrate—what, with millions of vacant acres of fertile soil, only eight days' distance from our shores, seeking to be brought under the dominion of the plough—what, with the ability to create, and put into colonial circulation, millions of such currency as that by which Pennsylvania was planted, has been the upshot of Earl Grey's colonial career? A continuance simply of that 'Dog in the Manger' policy, which will neither occupy aright this vast field of national aggrandisement, nor suffer others, even those men who are its legitimate owners, to occupy it! True it is, Earl Grey, since his accession, has thrown overboard that Jonah of Colonial Office thimble-rigging and defaults which had raised against that department a just storm of *sæva indignatio* in every colony and dependency of the British Crown. But what avails the exchange from a stool in the bureau to a chair in the Privy Council, so long as every nook and corner of the Colonial Office is filled with the haze of an impure atmosphere, through which for centuries there has never permeated one noble thought—one bright wish—or one effective volition in favour of that command first breathed as a blessing over our race in paradise; but disobedience to which, within the British isles, has filled our workhouses with idleness, our gaols with crime, and our cottages with penury? The *Times* has lately remarked, that 'a great statesman long ere this would have planned, encouraged, adorned, and ennobled emigration.' But what minister has ever yet held the Colonial keys of whom it may not truly be remarked that by so doing 'he unlaced his reputation,' if he ever had such, and 'spent his rich opinion.' Colonization! the word, as an expression, is to be found within the leaves of our dictionaries, but, as a 'great fact,' as a living reality, it has no existence in any portion of world-wide Britain. 'Amid the spoils of every clime,' says a native authority, 'Britain nowhere sees the likeness of herself. A true child of the majestic mother is nowhere to be found. We have stocked plantations with slaves; we have occupied rocks with soldiers; and peopled solitudes with crime. We have increased the nominal rent-roll of the empire by almost any compliance and at any expense. Yet the Englishman who once embarks from these shores will never again see happy England till he returns!' On the same theme a foreign writer pours out upon us this burning reproach, 'You seem to have made a choice diametrically opposite to that of Solomon. He chose wisdom. You have chosen the world. But do you hold it? The British empire is indeed a grand world! But what is an empire? A harmony of nations. You have, I know well, your triplicity of powers—agricultural, industrial, and naval