

true, with an eye as cold as that of the dreamer in the dark cavern of Memory, but still almost wholly unbiassed in our contemplation by the contact of those shadowy children of the past, with the preconceived opinions or prejudices of our present existence. We look on them but as skeletons of things for ever gone by; but we *feel* the actings and doings of the race of which we form a part, as we do the jostling of the crowd that journey with us along the busy thoroughfare of human life—the passage from time to eternity. Let us see, however, if it be possible for us, keenly alive as we ever feel to the existence of jarring interests and antagonist principles around us, to comment in a brief general way on our present situation, contemplating it through a quiet medium, lighted rather with the calm ray of moralizing reflection, than coloured with the false and evanescent tints of party zeal or political animadversion.

The French and Spanish races ~~are~~ politically extinct. Our fellow subjects of Lower Canada retain the language and perhaps many of the feelings of their Gallic origin; but they are now merged in the great mass of British subjects; and the grandson of the vinedresser of Gascony, the sturdy Hampshire yeoman, the Munster labourer, and the Glengarry highlander, are in the eye of the laws of their common country what their duty, and, we hope, their wishes alike would lead them to be, all true and faithful subjects of Great Britain, governed by the same institutions, and looking to the one unfailing source for justice or protection.

Let us regard ourselves as a *British Colony*, exposed to the well known difficulties, and enjoying most of the acknowledged advantages of a young and unexhausted country. Foremost in the stirring history of all modern enterprize, first in every achievement in which activity, skill, and perseverance were the ingredients of success, stands the British, or, as it is more generally termed, the Anglo-Saxon race. On the American continent, it has laid the foundations of a great society, sown the seeds of empires yet to come, and rooted out the wilderness, to make way for the development and perfection of all that is great and noble in the progress of human industry. From the icepeaks of Labrador to the Mexican Cordilleras, its settlements are struggling, not merely into existence, but into power and influence. The Coral Islands of the Pacific bear witness to its unwearying per-

severance; the *fifth* continent of Australia resounds with its voices of busy life; and the richest portion of the Golden East, beneath its stimulating influence, bends her exhaustless energies to deeper and broader efforts in the field of commercial enterprize. We speak of the vast and mighty republic on our southern shore, in these general remarks, as peopled from the same source, guided by the same pre-eminent spirit of social, intellectual, and political improvement, as any actual or integral portion of the British Empire. Strictly speaking, it is no more to us than Russia or Austria; but in the broad reflections of humanity, it must ever be to us a member of the one great family; as a scion from the one root; a fellow labourer, not a rival, in the struggle for moral supremacy. But for all practical purposes, the Canadas must look on themselves as integral parts of Great Britain, as much the inheritance and dominion of our youthful Sovereign as the fairest vale beneath the ramparts of her royal Windsor. From the distance at which we lie from the centre of her mighty empire, we cannot enjoy exactly the same political institutions as her Yorkshire and Middlesex subjects. We are compelled to have a Parliament of our own to manage our local affairs, and a Representative of her Royalty has to wield some of her authority and prerogative, the honoured medium through which the light of her sovereignty shines on her faithful lieges. But with this exception—a difference more in name than in deed—we stand on the same broad foundation of popular right and privilege as the denizens of the British Isles. No claim, no immunity, no birthright of liberty can be claimed by one of the latter to which we cannot substantially attain. No case of oppression or personal wrong can possibly occur, in which the sufferer cannot at once appeal to the same all-powerful and ever ready protectors of life, character, and property, the laws and constitution of England, with the same facility and certainty of redress that would greet the resident within the very shadow of Westminster Hall, or within hearing of the independent voices of Saint Stephen's. That great bugbear of the poor—that "raw head and bloody bones" of the timid and struggling peasant, Taxation, can but excite a smile in the careless face of the Canadian yeoman. He hears of it, but he feels it not. A national tax, for the purposes of government, is totally