

amounts to this—that the Revenue this year, instead of being £37,000 less, is *only* £33,000 less than when their predecessors left the government to their management. Truly they are thankful for very small benefits!

But this is not all. They have run up a debt on interest with the Bank of Nova Scotia, of from £5000 to £6000, which not improbably will be increased this year.

We gave the people successively £25,000, £30,000, £35,000, and £27,500 for the annual Road service. Their utmost aim is to reach £20,000 to £24,000 for the same service.

All the while the Agriculture, the Commerce, the Manufactures, and the Fisheries have been receding in prosperity—more and worse than this, your population is receding.

Let the Honble. Provincial Secretary go among his constituency in this City and collect the testimony of the principal Mechanics—the Carpenters, Masons, Cabinet-Makers, Tailors, Shoemakers and others, and he will find that their best journeymen have left and are leaving them for the United States, in search of a subsistence which they cannot find here—their employers here being no longer able to give them their accustomed wages. The Provincial Secretary says they will come back. Yes! when they prefer the miserable and uncertain wages they get here to the more handsome remuneration they find for their labour there. Imagine a young Novascotian earning in the summer seven dollars a month, besides his board, and unable to find profitable employment for the winter, who, seeking to improve his condition, goes to Boston. There he immediately obtains fourteen dollars a month and his board—from twenty to thirty dollars during the mowing season, and twelve dollars in the winter. He returns to Nova Scotia. His clothing is of the best materials, and made in the best style—yet in every respect suitable to his calling. His appearance, manner, and bearing, betoken one who feels that he has secured his independence and advanced in his position in society. This is no fancy picture. It was the case of a young farmer who had been in my own service. When I conversed with him, I was proud of my countryman—yet I grieved that he and hundreds such as he were withdrawing their strength from the country of their birth to add it to the power of a foreign state. For, sir, he came not to remain, and he returned to Boston to be followed by other members of his family, altho' reluctantly did he first leave his native shores, and still more reluctant were his worthy parents that he should be separated from their care and supervision.

I ask, Mr. Chairman, what has the country gained since the advent to power of the present party; a party so profuse in promise? Loss, disappointment, shame, is all our gain, will multitudes answer, many of whom were prone to expect better things.

But has there been gain to none? Oh, yes, sir! The pseudo patriots have gained. The hon. Provincial Secretary may smile over broken promises and a deluded people—he may triumph in the thought that he fills a place from which he drove a Baronet,—and yet a nobler, a more truly liberal spirit never animated man than that same Baronet's.—

He was truly and unostentatiously what many are in profession—the poor man's friend.— Again, sir, Mr. McNab, the Receiver General, when he retires to his home from the easy duties of a divided office—divided in duty, not in emolument, can gather his family around his hearth, and complacently wonder how long his friend—the near relative of his old and intimate friend—poor Fairbanks, (as in kindness he may call him,) and his family will have a roof to shelter and a hearth to cheer them, and then he may retire to dream of wealth that Californian voyages bring to *sleeping partners*. But, sir, I repeat—what have the people gained? The answer sounds around us and about us:—when the time to give it voice shall arrive, I am greatly misled if its significance will be the subject of doubt. I cannot here refrain from a tempting passage from an author more often praised than read or understood, admirably appropriate in its description—the correctness of its prophecy it is the province of the future to unfold:—

“If the thing called Government merely drift and tumble to and fro, no-whither, on the popular vortexes, like some carcass of a drowned ass, constitutionally put “*at the top of affairs*,” popular indignation will infallibly accumulate upon it—one day the popular lightning descending forked and horrible, from the black air, will annihilate said supreme carcass, and smite it home to its native ooze again.”

Mr. Chairman, let me hasten to a close. I again repeat what cannot be too deeply impressed, that if the principles, recognitions, and changes which I urge are necessary, prudence demand that they should be adopted immediately, before the exigencies of the people drive them to require changes more organic, of doubtful policy; for believe me sir, as I have already said, if our present system be not made suitable to our condition and the wants and wishes of the people, the next step will be to the system of direct election; and failing that also, the current will, in all human probability, then set towards annexation with a power not to be checked or resisted. Hence, sir, the propriety—the necessity of these resolutions, and the course they indicate.

How far the desire for annexation may prevail in Nova Scotia, I venture not to say. I think I lately saw in a Liberal Journal, over the very significant initials “G. R. Y.,” the declaration that the sentiments of the people were strongly tending toward annexation.—The remedy proposed was the Quebec Railroad; but as this seems somewhat a distant and uncertain scheme, I apprehend we should seek a more practicable and immediate cure for the disease. The question of annexation, however, should it come to be discussed in this province, I venture to say will be generally treated on utilitarian principles. The morals of Downing Street have dissipated the *prestige* that once bound the Colony to the Parent State by sentiment apart from reasoning. I repeat, sir, *The morals of Downing Street*. Let me select a few instances without leaving the affairs of our own little Province.

Sir Rupert D. George was desired to retire from office when the present Provincial Administration came into power. He wished delay until Earl Grey should be consulted on