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which is now half closed to me by nearly prohibitory duties."

The British Government could break down these homities at once, by equalizing them. The mother country owes it to her Northern Provinces to try the experiment, if they cannot be removed by negotiation. But suppose she does not; suppose, that having done my best to draw attention to the claims of those I have the honour to represent, I return to them without hope, how long will high-spirited men endure a position in which their loyalty subjects their means to monopoly—their fisheries to unnatural competition—and in which cold indifference to public improvement, or national security, is the only response they meet, when they make to the Imperial authorities a proposition calculated to keep alive their national enthusiasm, while developing their internal resources?

The idea of a great inter-colonial Railroad to unite the British American Provinces, originated with Lord Durham. In the confident belief that this work was to be regarded as one of national importance, Nova Scotia paid towards the survey of the line nearly £8000. The anticipation that the completion of this great work, in connection with a scheme of colonization, would redress many of the evils and inequalities under which the Provinces labour, for some time buoyed up the spirits of the people, and the disappointment is keenly felt in proportion as hopes were sanguine. If then the British Government has abandoned the policy to which, perhaps too hastily, we assumed that it was pledged; if the Empire will make no roads through its territories (and the legions of Britain might be worse employed); surely it cannot be less than madness to permit foreigners to make them; and it must be sound statesmanship to aid the Colonial Governments, whenever they will assume the responsibility of constructing and controlling the great highways no less necessary for internal improvement than for national defence.

If the road across Nova Scotia is commenced, the spirits of the colonists will revive. If extended first to Portland, it will "prepare the way," to employ your Lordship's own language, "for the execution of the line to Quebec; and it will contribute to the same end, namely, that of rendering Halifax the great port of communication between the two continents of Europe and America."

I have said that the Railroad across Nova Scotia, will be the common trunk for the Quebec and Portland lines, whenever these are made. The former cannot be constructed by the colonists, unless the British Government make liberal contributions. The line to Portland will be made either with British or American capital. If by the latter, then, my Lord, it is worth while to inquire in what position the British Government will stand, should they ever attempt to realize Lord Durham's magnificent conception, and find that the first link in the great chain of inter-colonial communication is already in possession of their enemies?

The Americans at this moment are putting forth their utmost skill to compete with our ocean steamers. When the Railroad is constructed across Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, their boats must start from and return to Halifax, or the competition will be at an end. A rivalry, honourable to both nations, may still continue; but, however the odds may turn, at least we shall have the satisfaction to reflect, that the inevitable result of that competition is to build up a noble maritime city within Her Majesty's dominions.

The British Government now pays, for the conveyance of the North American mails between England and New York, £145,000, sterling per annum. By this arrangement, 1107 miles of sea are traversed more than are necessary. The correspondence of all Europe with all America is delayed fifty-six hours beyond the time which will be actually required for its

conveyance, when the Railroads across Ireland and Nova Scotia are completed.

One set of these British mail steamers pass by our own Provinces, and to the mortification of their inhabitants, carry their letters, and even the public despatches of their Government, to the United States, to be sent back some 800 miles, if they come by land; at least 500, if sent by sea.

While the nearest land to Europe is British territory,—while a harbour, almost matchless for security and capacity, invites Englishmen to build up within the Empire a fitting rival to the great commercial cities which are rising beyond it, your Lordship will readily comprehend the depth and earnestness of our impatience to be rescued from a position which wounds our pride as British subjects, and is calculated rapidly to generate the belief, that the commanding position of our country is either not understood, or our interests but lightly valued.

My Lord, I do not touch the question of Emigration and Colonization, because I have already trespassed largely upon your Lordship's patience, and because I do not wish to encumber the subject. There is another reason, my Lord. I do not desire to enter incidentally upon a field which has yielded so many crops of fallacies, but which, properly cultivated, may yet bear noble fruit. I wish to examine what may have been recently said and written in England, on this important subject, before expressing my opinion. This only I may say, that if the British Islands have surplus labour, there is room for it all in the North American Provinces; and that the honour and the interests of England are deeply concerned in planting that labour in the right place.

I am aware, my Lord, that it is the fashion, in certain quarters, to speak of the fraternal feelings which, henceforward, are to mutually animate the population of Great Britain and of the United States. I wish I could credit the reality of their existence; but I must believe the evidence of my own senses.

A few years ago I spent the 4th of July at Albany. The ceremonies of the day were imposing. In one of the largest public halls of the city, an immense body of persons were assembled. English, Irish and Scotch faces were neither few nor far between. In the presence of that breathless audience, the old bill of indictment against England, the Declaration of Independence, was read; and at every clause each young American knit his brows, and every Briton hung his head with shame. Then followed the oration of the day, in which every nation, eminent for arts, or arms, or civilization, received its meed of praise, but England. She was held up as the universal oppressor and scourge of the whole earth,—whose passage down the stream of time was marked by blood and usurpation,—whose certain wreck, amidst the troubled waves was but the inevitable retribution attendant on a course so ruthless. As the orator closed, the young Americans knit their brows again; and the recent emigrants, I fear, carried away by the spirit of the scene, cast aside their allegiance to the land of their fathers.

Had this scene, my Lord, occurred in a single town, it would have made but a slight impression; but, on that very day, it was acted, with more or less of skill and exaggeration, in every town and village of the Republic. It has been repeated on every 4th of July since. It will be repeated every year to the end of time. And so long as that ceremony turns upon England, every twelve months, the concentrated hatred of Republican America, it cannot be a question of indifference, whether the emigrants who desire to leave the mother-country, should settle within or beyond the boundaries of the empire.

There is, my Lord, another view of this question, that is pregnant with materials for reflection, and that should task the statesmanship of England, independently of it, though deserving to be glanced at in

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