

a fire at Quebec, or in Newfoundland. What, then, is to be your answer? Go down to Winchester, or Aldershatt, and look at the fresh-coloured English boys preparing to do battle for our country—then think of the horny hands and stalwarth forms that we have left on the Ottawa, and on the St. John, who do not strike one blow in its defence. Where, when England is sore beset, are the descendants of the Loyalists, a race as loyal and as chivalrous as any within the Queen's dominions? Where are the McDonalds and McKinnons of Glengary and Sydney? Where are the McNabs of McNab, and the Frazers of Pictou? Echo answers where? And you must answer to the Emperor of the French that these men are cowards and poltroons, which you know they are not, or you must confess that there is something wrong in the organization of this Empire—fundamentally and radically wrong, and you must retract the silly and unfounded assertion that the "colonial system is all that can be reasonably desired."

Now, my answer to such a question would be simple, candid, and consistent. It would carry conviction, and vindicate the character of North America, while it accounted for the position she maintains. "May it please your Majesty, England entrusts her Colonies only with the management of their internal affairs. These are admirably managed without expense or trouble to England, except where she needlessly interferes. But she never consults us either