

pour out their deluge upon our fields and cities, at the first shifting of the wind to the northward; in which hour the cry of the land will be for those prompt measures of defence, which can never be improvised, on the spur of momentary necessity.

If we should be called to fight for our existence against the aggressions of a warlike democracy, for what shall we fight? Will either section of Canada fight for "the Union as it is?" Is there that hearty attachment to our present constitution, that strong sentiment of pride in its excellencies, that undoubting belief in its perpetuity, which can inspire the spirit of self-sacrifice, into our tax-payers and our armed men—into the youth and the proprietary of the land?

It is not too much to say that our present constitution, with all its merits, excites no popular enthusiasm. It was in its origin, no creation of ours. It was the offspring of Imperial policy, imposed by Imperial power. It may have been a very much better frame of government than Upper and Lower Canada could have devised for themselves, a quarter of a century ago, but better or worse, it was not a government of our own making, and large classes of people destined to live under it have never heartily acknowledged all its advantages. We have, indeed, in consequence of the Union, been enabled to borrow by millions, instead of thousands, but there is a deep-seated conviction, at the same time, that the United government has sanctioned an extravagance in expenditure, which neither of the former Provinces, had they continued to keep distinct accounts, would have tolerated. The twofold division of our judicial and administrative establishments, also, keeps alive the feeling, that the existing constitution is provisional; that it is rather a league than a Union; and in this way deprives it of that undoubting confidence and unconditional attachment, which men give only to institutions which they believe destined to outlive themselves, and to become a precious inheritance to their posterity. We feel, in consequence, towards our present system, neither the constitutional enthusiasm of the Americans, nor of the British; we look on it neither with the pride of parentage, nor as the hope of our posterity; prospectively and retrospectively it excites no intense patriotic passion in our hearts, and its fall would not be lamented, as an universal calamity, either above or below Coteau Landing.

What men love best they defend best; what they truly believe in, for that they will bravely die. Enthusiasm is to war, as the stream to the mill-wheel, or the steam to the steam-engine. Whoever or whatever excites this irresistible spirit, whether for a creed or a constitution, an idea or a chief, brings into the field a living power, sufficient to combat the most serious disparities, and to overflow the most formidable obstacles. Where enthusiasm for the cause is wanting, men fight