

The Patriots, though engaged in a conflict almost void of hope, fought bravely, gloriously. The whole country was roused. Beacon fires blazed on every hill-top, and the green valleys teemed with strong hearts ready for martyrdom. They baptized many a battle-field with their blood, and caused thousands of the British soldiery to bite the dust. Weak, undisciplined, unorganized, without provisions, arms, or ammunition, they yet proved themselves no contemptible foe. Had they possessed but the ordinary means for such a contest, British dominion would long since have ceased in North America. No towering monument perpetuates the glory of their achievements, and none is needed. The heart of every friend of liberty enshrines their memory.

*The end is not yet.* The fire, once kindled, never expires. It may smoulder beneath the surface, unperceived by human eye, but it will break out again with added power. With the people of Canada, it is now a settled opinion that they shall sooner or later be independent. They are beginning to feel their strength. The British government is itself conscious that its hold is fast relaxing. Its legislation indicates an intention to *procrastinate*, rather than totally to avoid, the result. The union of the two Provinces in one, which was insolently termed a measure of pacification, is a failure. It robs the French of Lower Canada of their proportionate influence, and thus keeps them in a state of irritation. The honest truth is, the home government cannot legislate successfully for the Provinces; and if they do not themselves sever the chain the people will do it for them.

"REVOLUTIONS NEVER GO BACKWARD." It is a trite but emphatic truth, demonstrated a thousand times in the history of the past, and will be a thousand times in the history of the future. A revolution once started on its course, its termination is as certain as the pathway of the sun. Like that glorious luminary, it may be veiled in cloud, but it will still travel on behind the cloud. It moves on when no mortal eye can see it; it moves on when the calm of deathlike quiet seems to pervade the whole land. Wake but the dormant principle of *liberty* in the bosom, and all the gilded opiates of tyranny cannot hush it to sleep again. How many times did the American revolution appear to be at an end, with its purpose unaccomplished! Traitors and mutineers in our own camp; a broken currency; a starved and unpaid militia; a hundred adverse influences, conspired to crush the enterprise. But the people had *wrongs* to redress; wrongs that burned at the heart's core; wrongs that made them oblivious of suffering; and they *conquered*. The same