

Major, Adjutant, and some officers, shewed efficiency, but more training is required,—“much steady drill yet wanted.” &c., &c. Now, if we really mean to do all we can in our own defence, no expense should be spared to afford our militia every possible facility for becoming as efficient as possible. “More training required,” is the burden of the Field Officers’ Reports;—are we sure that at the present moment we are doing all in our power to give that extra training to our militia—not only in Halifax, but throughout the entire Province? If we are not, it is mere folly to assert loyal anxiety about defence against possible aggression. Public opinion in this Province regarding America is, we presume, just now oscillating between those extreme views advocated by the parties for and against an Union with Canada. For our part, we think that British America is on the eve of a very important crisis. America may or may not covet British and French possessions in the west, but be that as it may, the question of defending these Provinces rests with the colonists themselves rather than with the Imperial Government. Whether British connexion be worth what it may possibly cost, is a matter to be determined upon this side of the Atlantic. The people of the several Provinces will, to our thinking, soon be called upon to decide one way or the other, and England is far less interested in our decision than we are ourselves. Already has a morning paper (perhaps the most widely circulated journal published in this Province) implied that we might, perchance, be richer and more prosperous under an American than under a British form of Government. Already has New Brunswick implied that, having little or no trade with Canada, a connexion with that country would be an unmitigated evil. Prince Edward Island, though hardly ripe to take its place among the nations of the world, yet declares itself averse to change and ready to stand or fall upon its own special merits. And Canada—her ablest statesmen are even now on their way to try and patch up the rents of their constitution by the help of British capital. Truly, the present position of B. N. America is not calculated to inspire confidence in the ultimate consolidation of British Empire in the West. Meanwhile, our leading men are wrangling about opinions formerly entertained instead of trying to set their house in order. Again we put the question:—are we as secure against aggression as we might be—setting Imperial aid aside. It would appear so, for party wrangles seem to be the order of the day. Well, let us see how it will all end. England is merely a looker on; our destinies are in our own hands. If we are not on the verge of a somewhat important crisis, why—we are mistaken.

#### THE SURRENDER.

It has fallen at last, the fatal, the long-avered blow! The shouts of the conquerors are ringing in our ears. Up from unnumbered bar-rooms rises the wild pæan of a people’s joy, resounding and re-echoing through the length and breadth of the land. It is heard at every hearth-stone, it is roared from every house top, it is welcomed where there is sorrow and death and destitution, it is louder than the harmless broadsides which shake the land from brave old Sumner on the anniversary of its terrible defiance. “The people all over the Northern States are wild with joy over the capture of Lee and his army.” Yes ‘wild with joy’ are the valiant people for this, that, at the end of a struggle which has astonished the world, four millions of people have surrendered to twenty *Vae Victis!* Exult! shout on! brave, seatless New York. The world has forgotten how, barely nine months ago, when the armies of the enemy had invaded the North and were threatening the destruction of the Capital of the Country, the frequent proclamations hurled at you from Albany, each more urgent than the last, entreating, conjuring, commanding you to arm, were openly and

publicly derided. The world is made of men, and in great rejoicings men’s memories sleep; so all the sins of young New York are washed away in the abundant deluge of the nation’s joy. And if indeed, as old men tell us *dulce et decorum est pro patria mori*, surely more credit is due to the heroic men who have lived so devotedly in its honor. If death for their country were sweetness to some, a “liquor” to their memories is sweeter to others. Some there may be amongst the “wild rejoicers” whose chargers never neighed uproariously “to join the dreadful revelry” which is over now; who, unmoved by proclamation and untempted by bounties, have never swerved an instant from the easy paths of peace. But this is no day of recrimination. It becomes us at least to be silent, and look on in reverence and respect at the glorious litanion which the “people all over the Northern States” are pouring forth so copiously to the honor of the victors, and to the memory of the victims, gathered from all nations, and swept from Castle Garden to feed the mighty Hydra of war, and keep the all-devouring monster from their gates. Be patient and forbearing; for, though they seemed but yesterday, these much-consuming heroes, to appraise their heads too highly, to-day—in the abundance of their patriotism, in the “wildness of their joy,” they are content at all events that they should *ache* illimitably for their country’s glory. If the consequence of the sacrifice be not a “settler” for their enemies, it will at least be a “seltzer” for themselves. Rejoice then ‘wildly’ ye people of the North—“liquor” and be glad!

So then it is over. After four years of fratricide, through all the changing fortunes of war, the end has come at last. The end—for we take no note of the minor struggles, the slow crushing out, the man-stalking, the guerilla-hunting which yet remains and which sinks into sad insignificance after the wondrous spectacle we have witnessed. The tragedy is over—we care not for what follows. The hard fact is on record that the grand army, in which the faith and hopes and aspirations of a young country concentrated with all the constancy and confidence of youth, has lowered its laurelled standards on a quiet Sunday morning and has wasted away like a shadow. Yes, already has the fatal message gone forth to the world. Whither will it not reach, and whom will it not in some measure affect?

There will be those, of course, loudest among the commentators, who “told us so all along,” who never wavered in their faith that numbers and resources must make themselves felt and that might would come right in the end; who, though often reminded that the battle was not always for the strong, adhered to their own conviction that it was seldom, in the long run, for the weak. These men are comforted, they have the joy with which some men hail, at whatever cost, the realization of their own opinions. Then there are those, (God strengthen them—they are not men) who sit afar off, clothed in mourning nursing great sorrows within their souls, weeping for their strength that has departed, for their pride that is buried, for the ‘jewels’ of which war has deprived them. These are they that mourn, and shall not they be comforted? There are those again—their steps are feeble and their head bowed—men of the strong heart and the iron hope—HAMILCARS, who have consecrated their HAMBALS to the cause of their country, whose faith has followed from the first the glorious legions of ‘STONEWALL’ and LEE, whose hopes were pinned in good report and evil report to the gay little ‘bonny blue flag.’ It will be sad news to them, poor fellows, to carry down with them to the grave. But even for these there will be some consolation; for such as they are find it in the contemplation of valor that has availed not, of courage that has been overcome, of patriotism long-parrying prostrate at last. But alas! what cold, what ghastly consolation! All this youth, all this bravery, all this love, all these quick-sent

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