

The long monotonous and mechanical drill of official routine had disabled them from meeting the emergencies of the Crimea like living men. There was food and clothing for a hungry and naked army, but see how often a loop of red tape held it away from them, and left them to suffer. The preferences, evidently awarded to aristocratic and family connexions have exercised a discouraging and disastrous influence on the efficiency of the expedition. Nepotism and selfishness in high places have amounted to virtual treason against the country, and against humanity. These things are sins, and the nation that practises or permits them stands guilty. Here we see ground for humiliation, and let us hope that the penitence and reparation will be speedy and complete.

“A sound of battle is in the land, and of great destruction.” But the sound comes from a distance — from beyond the Atlantic. On the shores of the Euxine there is war, and all the horrors of war. On the banks of the St. Lawrence we have peace, and all the blessings of peace. The effects of the war, as felt by us, under all the circumstances, need hardly be named. And there is prosperity here as well as peace. I waive account now of any temporary depression. There is a peace which is merely a stagnation, but ours is not such a peace. Unless general report and general appearance greatly deceive us, there has rarely been a time when this country of ours (native country to some, adopted country to others,) gave fairer tokens of promise and progress. Certainly the movements now on foot to develop its resources are far beyond anything attempted before. And it can be no unreasonable supposition to say, that the general advancement of Canada will receive an impulse therefrom beyond any-