

Another year elapsed—yes, and four months of the fourth year—but, so far as we can find,

NOTHING WAS DONE.

For all this time the Minister had known that the carriages and limbers for these guns were unserviceable; he had known that the Indians might rise at any moment, yet he had not remedied the defects, and in the end he sent our gallant volunteers into action with these unserviceable carriages, creating these serious results, with all the more serious possibilities which you can perceive. On his head I place the consequences which did ensue, and the danger of the infinitely more disastrous consequences which might have ensued from one of the clearest cases of administrative incapacity and neglect it has ever been my lot to notice. That Minister is Sir John Macdonald. (Loud and prolonged cheers.) And, mark you, this is but a sample. I could proceed from one topic to another; I could take the North-West Militia management; the Indian management; the Half-breed management, in divers flagrant instances; the white settlers' management. I could go from branch to branch, from department to department, and cull instances of glaring neglect, productive of great evils. (Cheers.)