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Twenty-five years ago the confederation of the provinces of British North America was ushered into existence with what seemed to be a general fraternization of political parties. Union orators and editors, in the exuberance of their enthusiasm over the birth of a new nation, hailed the event as the dawn of a millenium in colonial affairs. Drawing upon their fervid imaginations, they pictured the Tory lion and the Reform lamb lying down together in the blissful tranquility of brotherly love. The dead past would be left to bury its dead, and for the acrimonious turmoil, the fruitless wranglings of former parties would be substituted what Dr. Tupper, with that felicity of phraseology for which he has always been famous, described as "the great Party of Union and Progress." It was a time of general rejoicing, of hand-shakings, of mutual congratulations, and when a cynical observer remarked that, as usual, when the lion and the lamb lay down together, the lamb was inside the lion, he was silenced by an universal shout of derision. Whether the event justified the imputation must be left to the decision of the candid student of Canadian history.

On the whole, the people were well disposed towards the change. They had grown weary of faction fights, which always ended in a draw, leaving their tangible grievances untouched and unredressed. Aspirations for a broader sphere and for higher ideals had begun to stir in the breasts of the rising generation. Parties at that time were led by men whose instincts were wholly controlled by their old country associations. So callow and grotesque to some among them appeared the idea of young Canada asserting itself, that they openly expressed their contempt for it, little dreaming that the Confederacy would not be ten years older before that idea, wrested somewhat from its original meaning, would dominate the struggle of parties and give