

and our feelings, and what are the feelings of all good and thinking Englishmen on such an occasion. (Applause.)

An honest man, the noblest work of God, fighting a good fight in the battle of life, worked his way up from the lowest to the highest position in the great American Republic, and then perished in the prime of life by the weapon of a dastardly assassin. We all watched, as it were, with our friends in America, by his bedside, during eleven long weeks of suffering, as he hovered between life and death, hoping against hope for his restoration to life and health and strength. The utmost efforts, however, of the physicians and surgeons who so assiduously attended him were fruitless. They were even unable to discover, during his life, the actual course of the fatal bullet, or to ascertain the nature of his injuries.

His lingering death, gentlemen, and his great sufferings have not been in vain. They have evoked from all sympathising and good hearts, not only in America, but also and equally on this side of the Atlantic, from our gracious Queen to the peasant in the field, the deepest and the best sentiments. There never was a time when so much good feeling existed between the two great nations, Great Britain and the United States of America. We may fairly look forward to an era of *rapprochement* and of joint action for good between the two countries. The voice of those Irish-Americans, whom you will remember as Sir Vernon Harcourt's Vipers, who preached dynamite and assassination, have been hushed, at least for a time. And the death of General Garfield has had another effect. It has drawn forth here and in America an appreciation of what is good and great, in opposition