

the interests of Canada were diametrically opposed to those of Nova Scotia, but he asked which of the parties to the Union, partnership had embarked most in it, or had most to fear from its failure. He asserted that Nova Scotia prejudice would be overcome ere long by the even and high-minded justice with which the Confederation would be administered—a Confederation to whose whole history no stigma could be attached, and whose single aim from the beginning had been to consolidate the extent of British America, with the utmost regard to the powers and privileges of each Province. He did not speak there as a representative of any race, or any Province, but as emphatically a Canadian, ready and bound to recognize the claims of any of his Canadian fellow subjects from east to west as those of his nearest neighbor who had proposed him at the hustings. (Applause.)

And with such sentiments on his lips, his public life in Canada was brought to a consistent end. A few minutes later, and the assassin's bullet made space enough for his spirit to escape the thrall of the flesh; and alas! by the same act, to make a blank in our Legislature by the destruction its most glorious portion in the "Mental outfit of the New Dominion." Horror and indignation walked through our thoroughfares and grief found congenial articulation in the language of passion. "The fir tree howl'd, for the cedar had fallen." The press groaned with sorrow while on its teeming pages, passages bright with tears, bore eloquent testimony to the merits of the dead. The Government of the Dominion, the Legislatures of the Provinces, and the Corporations of Cities, seemed to vie with one another in the amount of the rewards which should be paid for the discovery of the murderer. In the meanwhile, the pavement where that pool of human blood lay was sacredly enclosed, no foot was allowed to cross it. It was left, some said, to cry to heaven for vengeance; and others said that like the blood of a sacrifice, it was as an offering of peace to the wicked passions of men.

We shall insert what is without doubt a very imperfect report, extracted from a local newspaper, of what followed later in the day.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

OTTAWA, April 7th, 1868.

The SPEAKER took the chair at ten minutes past three.

The galleries were densely crowded.

Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD rose amidst the breathless silence of the House and manifesting feelings of the most profound emotion, which for some time almost stopped his utterance, said:—Mr. Speaker, it is with pain amounting to anguish that I rise to address you. He who last night, nay this morning, was with