

and his adoption—the ruin with which it was menaced.

"And thus, indeed, did this man die, leaving not only to young men, but also to the whole nation, the memory of his death for an example of virtue and fortitude."

How devoted was he not to his adopted country! Within its borders he found realized and with the joy which could fill such a mind as his, that ideal of sound and rational liberty which had been the day-dream of his youth—social and civil liberty; religious liberty well understood, individual liberty in its greatest possible extent, and liberty of thought and speech such as is vainly sought for in States which boast themselves more completely free. Who was ever more the friend of Canada, her more eloquent advocate or wiser counsellor? As he was, if not wholly the founder, at least a chief architect in the founding and building up of her vigorous state, so was he the ablest defender—the strongest and most highly finished pillar of the grand and comely edifice, which his hands had so powerfully helped to raise. With what pains did he not prepare the minds of men for the contemplated union? How carefully did he not educate public opinion? What an amount of learning did he not bring to the task? But erudition was not all. Lucid arrangement of ideas and of facts—ancient as well as modern history were made tributary—the elegance and grace of language were compelled to do their part,—the fascination of style, conjoined with sterner logic, was brought to bear on his labour of love—the stupendous work of building up a state, a mighty nation—of giving to these scattered Provinces a name and a place among the peoples of the world. Nor did he shrink from toil or seek to shun danger. Two voyages across the storm tossed Atlantic, in the cause of the New Dominion, afford ample proof that he was not to be dismayed by any perils to which he could be exposed, nor deterred by difficulty or any conceivable amount of fatigue, when there was question of advancing the interests of his adopted country. What arguments did he not bring to bear against those who so pertinaciously opposed the Union and raised obstacles to the future greatness of the united Provinces! With what eloquence did he not enforce them! We have not yet had time to forget that grand and most successful effort of his oratory,—his oration in reply to the ingenious but fallacious reasonings of the Hon. Mr. Hows. His untimely fate, more even than the eloquence by which this oration is distinguished, will cause him to be held in perpetual remembrance. This remembrance no less than the memory of his death, is left as an example to our nation and its children. For ages to come it will be green, and will flourish

amongst the Canadian people. Even as the philippics of Demosthenes, and the classic orations of Cicero, after the lapse of more than 1,800 years, are earnestly studied in our schools, so will the eloquent utterances of our departed orator and statesman give lessons to unborn generations. Believe not, therefore, that they who thirsted for his blood, have put him down. They thought to lay him low—lower than the dust beneath their feet. But what have they been able to effect? Truly, too truly, alas! they have brought him to an early grave. But to humble him in reality, to lessen his renown, or silence his mighty voice was beyond their power. By a crime unheard of hitherto in the annals of our country, by a deed of darkness, and cowardice, and villainy unparalleled, perhaps in the annals of the world, they have broken prematurely his thread of life. But their deed of blood and cruelty, and reckless vengeance, has failed to bring to them the promised fruit. Instead of promoting their iniquitous purpose, the disorganization and destruction of this newly constituted state—it has blasted their vain hopes and proved the death blow to the most wretched and contemptible of all factions—the basest, and most criminal, and most irrational conspiracy of which history bears record. Their victim, meanwhile, is exalted above the ordinary lot of the children of men. His fame which was only growing while he lived, is made perfect in the grave, and so firmly established that it can never perish. His eloquence before which all sophistry quailed, and which, like the sword of justice itself, was a terror to the plotters of evil deeds, far from being silenced, is more formidable than ever, and from the ashes of his untimely urn will speak in accents that will ever be heard with reverence, and that will never cease to move to impress, to enlighten the minds of men, and of all men, not our people only, and their children, and their children's children, but also the men of all generations, and of all nations, so long as there shall be civilization and Christianity on the face of the earth. Well may this man's death be likened to that of the aged and patriotic Eleazar. His memory, like that of the heroic Martyr-Prince of Judah will survive, and like his will be chronicled in the saddest but least perishable page of history, and will be read there as an example of virtue and fortitude, not to our youth only, but also to our whole nation; and not to our nation only, but to all nations. Like Rome's first Brutus, who, sternly virtuous, preferred principle and duty to natural ties, like her undaunted Regulus and her self-sacrificing Curtius,—like the heroes of more recent times—the Tell, the Wallace, the Kosciusko, who fearlessly faced death and