

Province, had conclusively proved the indignant sense of injury which his people felt. When he charged all this upon the honourable member from Cumberland, and when he (Mr. Gray) turned and looked at his honourable friend by his side, and saw him there the sole survivor of his shattered band, not a single man from his own Province with him, and when he rose and answered the honourable member from Hants with words of defiance, he (Mr. G.) could not help recalling that splendid passage in the second Aeneid, where the Prince of Troy, himself the sole survivor of his shattered band—his comrades slain—his hopes destroyed, the city of his pride in flames, in the last madness of despair exclaims:

Arma viri ferre Arma
Vocat lux ultima vocat
Reddite me Danais...
Nunquam omnes hodie moriemur inulti

And his honourable friend, on his left, was not unavenged. As he heard him answering the honourable member from Hants—charge by charge—reading from that honourable gentleman's own speeches passages of glowing power and beauty, in which he had himself described the advantages of Union. When he saw the honourable member from Hants shrinking under the infliction, and shading his brow with his hand as if to screen the vision of the past from the vision of the present, he could not help thinking there was another picture before them. Where a great man who had been the victor of a hundred fights—had at length succumbed to a power he could not control—there sat

The desolator desolate,
The victor overthrown,
The arbiter of others fate,
A suppliant for his own...

And it was with deep regret he saw it. The honourable gentleman residing on these inland waters did not understand the feeling with which the men who came from the Maritime Provinces, where the wild sea waves beat an everlasting requiem on their shores, regarded the honourable gentleman from Hants. They looked back to the struggle of his early life, when almost unaided and alone he contended in his own Province against fearful odds, for the rights and liberties we now enjoy, when the hand of power was laid with iron grasp upon the people—when the very debates of the public assemblies were held with closed doors—when exclusiveness and favoritism governed the country—and justice to the masses was unknown. Sir, they believe that to him—more than to any other now living man—they owe

[Mr. Gray (Saint John)]

the constitutional liberties of British America. But on the questions now before them, he differed with the honourable member. The honourable member had objected to that passage in the speech which referred to our "new nationality," but if there was one passage in it more than another with which he fully and cordially concurred, it was that passage. Here was the representative of the Sovereign pointing out to us, the path of greatness, of power; that we were no longer Colonists; that we must prepare ourselves to take our place amid the nations of the earth; to be the masters of our own destinies; to control and guide our own footsteps; not torn from the Motherland like the thirteen Colonies of old, with bleeding trunk and severed limb, but going forth in the full power and strength of a vigorous manhood with a parent's blessing on our head. But there was one thing that we wanted, which the people would demand, which this Parliament ought to foster and create. If the recollections of his school-boy days were right, there was a myth amid the classic legends of the past, that on one occasion a statuary formed a figure of such faultless mould that he fell in love with the work of his own hands, and poured forth his soul in adoration of his own creation, but when in the impassioned frenzy of the moment he clasped the figure to his arms, the cold marble gave back naught but an icy chill. There was no blood, there was no life, there was no heart there. And so it was with us, we had a noble constitution. Its foundations were laid broad and deep upon the common law of England—upon the broad basis of equal, civil, and religious rights. No privileged class; no wronged and trampled race marred the symmetry of its fair proportions. Every man from the highest to the lowest could stand forth in the presence of the majesty of the law upright and self-respected. Its superstructure had been reared with a due regard to all those precedents which the history of the Mother Country proved were the best guarantees for stability and freedom in the Government of a country, but still there was something wanted. We wanted a national spirit; a national pride; a national heart. We wanted that every man who belonged to this country—never mind whence he came or where his birth place, should feel that his interests, his hopes, his all, were identified with this country. That he must share in its adversities and trials as well as in its prosperity. That it was not a place to come and make a few pounds, and then go off to other lands, but that it was the first and