

of great pleasure I saw the past and present Ministers of Marine, like two tall admirals, nail their colours to the mast, and hoist the signal for action.

"As they drifted on their path,
There was silence deep as death
And the boldest held his breath
For a time."

Like the soldiers of Xenophon we cried, Thelatta, as we heard the murmur of the sad sea waves and felt the fresh sea breeze fanning our heated brows. It was a contest of leviathans, a combat of marine monsters, which a great painter would have liked to depict. Mr. Green tells us in his history of the English people how the great Armada sailed in slow and stately and Spanish fashion to the conquest of our English land, and so the late Minister sailed in stately manner to the conquest of the present occupant of the Treasury Benches, but the hardy Islander, only waited for the word to spring upon his foe. We all know the result of that contest, which need not be repeated. We of the rank and file on both sides of the House, smelt the battle from afar, and like the Norman and Breton fishermen, waited quietly for the waifs and strays which might come to the shore, without caring for any nice questions of flatsam or jetsam which might arise. I think I have proved that the late Minister of Marine has deserved well of his country—has brought five millions of American dollars into the Treasury of the Dominion. He has founded a piscatorial aristocracy. He has conferred on us a genuine intellectual pleasure, and I now proceed to show how he secured for us a social recognition. A few years ago Canada was a *terra incognita*, a land of outside barbarians in which, socially speaking, there was much weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth. To the average Englishman it was like that heath on which the weird sisters bailed the Thaul of Cawdor, it was a "blawsted country." It was a country in which many Englishmen had made investments in a great railway likely to be of a permanent character. It was a land of magnificent distances, of great forests, rushing rivers, great inland seas, and inhabited by a people that never calculated odds, and fancied they could hold their own against all-comers, as their fathers did in 1812. It was a land inhabited by people of

diverse nationalities, by many Frenchmen, who preserved the ancient faith, gentle courtesy, and chivalrous gallantry of their Norman and Breton ancestors; by many Englishmen, Irishmen and Scotchmen, who had made for themselves fair homes in the wilderness, and were animated by devoted love to their Queen and undying love for the old lands beyond the sea. It was a land on which the people looked on toadies and flunkys much as the free Northmen looked on the creeping and crouching and crawling things which abased themselves before the Byzantine Emperors. It was a land without a literature of its own, but where the people were satisfied with the Bible, the Shakespeare, the Milton, the Bunyan, of their fathers. It was, with some drawbacks, a beautiful land waiting, like the statue made by Pygmalion, to be warmed into life by the caresses of its Creator. It was in this benighted land a new day was about to dawn, in which a new social evangel was about to be preached. The late hon. Minister of Marine had secured for us a great store of treasure, and founded a piscatorial aristocracy. He determined to procure for us social recognition. Accordingly, he despatched an eminent official, who combined the graces of a Chesterfield with the diplomatic talents of a Tallyrand, as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the older civilizations. At first the Canadian Chesterfield was not as successful as we had a right to anticipate. An eminent statesman, who occupies a high place in the estimation of his countrymen, was at that time in England. Any compliment paid to him would have been regarded as a compliment paid to the Canadian people. It is true that we may mourn his peculiar proclivities, and regret that we are not able to fathom the mystery of his mystical minorities. We might regret his roaring speech at Aurora, and his unhappy allusion to the inhospitality of British Columbia; but for all that, he is a statesman of which any country might be proud. In the plenitude of his power, the Envoy Extraordinary determined to launch the bark of the statesman on the social sea; but man proposes and the Department disposes. In this country—in Canada—it is the man we consider, and

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