

ety for me. I shall know how, I hope, to vindicate my own honor, and to maintain in every situation my own principles. I have now no leader but my own conscience, and if ever I follow any one again, it shall be a man with a head and a heart, not a potter's vessel that may be moulded to-day into one shape by one dominant influence and to-morrow into another. The political potter knoweth his own vessel—but I know him not. (Laughter and cheers.) It is amusing to hear, as I am told people do hear the Committee, of Mr. Holton and Mr. Dorion talk of my deserting them—as if I destroyed their old platform—as if I thrust them out of office. (Laughter.) Among other slanders against me it has been again circulated that I am hostile to my fellow-subjects of French origin. There never was a more wanton falsehood. Last summer I remember I had the pleasure of pronouncing the panegyric of Samuel Champlain, before 7,000 of the children of the Puritans, at the mouth of the Kennebec. Never did I feel more pleasure in illustrating the character of Saint Patrick or King Brian, or any of the heroes of the history of my own fatherland, than I did in doing justice to the illustrious founder of Quebec, and first Governor of Canada. I know too much of the early hardihood and enterprise of the French race in these regions, long before our English tongue had sounded so far North, not to respect their descendants sufficiently, not to flatter them to their faces. (Cheers.) And now, gentlemen, come what may, out of this general election, I intend to adhere to the national policy, I have always advocated and acted upon, since I have been in public life, in this country,—the policy which embraces British Connection (Cheers.)—the assertion of the monarchical as against the democratic principle. (Cheers.)—the policy of conciliation between our different creeds and classes [cheers]—the policy of internal reform, and *parri passu* with that reform, a great series of internal improvements stretching from the frontier of New Brunswick to British Columbia. (Cheers.) It is this public works' policy which made the United States the poor man's country—it was this policy that converted shoals of day laborers into resident cultivators. Look at the interior of New York. The Erie Canal is the marrow in the backbone of its population. Thousands of men who worked at digging "DeWitt Clinton's big ditch," as it was once called, lived to freight its barges, as resident proprietors dwelling on its banks. If it is mortifying for us to hear of tens of thousands of natural born British subjects preferring that country to this, we must remember the cause,—the ready wages on public works,—and the easy terms on which they could procure a portion of the public lands. (Hear, hear.) This policy is the only true basis of Colonial defence—for it is a policy of new settlements, of increased population, of diverse employments, of a new northern nationality, subordinate to, helpful to, and helped by the Empire to which we belong. It is a policy for our old men—a policy of peace and security; it is a policy for our young men—a policy of promise and expectation—it is a policy for our merchants of more consumers—for our farmers of new markets. (Cheers.) It may be thought at this moment by some of our politi-

cians visionary and unreal; but when we enterprize, increase, extension, and development, unreal or visionary to our race on the American Continent? We are of the race that forced the icy barrier of the North West passage, after two centuries of desperate adventures—we are of the race that blasted a channel for their ships with English gun-powder, through Arctic ice. (Cheers.) Shall we not have our triumphs on the land as well as on the sea? Shall we not establish the North West passage where nature laid it, though the Vermillion Pass, and down the Valley of the Frazer to the Pacific? That way lie Japan, China, India, Australia, the countries whose trade has always enriched, whatever power knew how to grasp and handle it. That way lies the future fortune of all the Eastern British provinces, including Canada, and Canada's chief city, Montreal. I do not believe notwithstanding all that has been written in England of Colonial reform, that the mother country is tired of her colonies with their £60,000,000 sterling of annual imports of her goods, and their £50,000,000 exports to her of their produce. The maritime provinces and ourselves taken together tax her treasury just about one-fourth more than Malta, or Gibraltar, and about double the Ionian Islands. I have no fear that England will abandon one-seventh of this Continent, to save an ordinary military expenditure of half a million a year. She will place against that charge and its responsibility, the pride of empire, the proprietorship of so large a scope of the continent, and the only feasible northwest passage; the commerce of great communities, dwelling under her own flag in North America, and of the older and greater communities easiest to be reached through our territory. Under that flag of the triple cross of St. Andrew, St. Patrick, and St. George, encircled with the native maple-wreath, I desire to labor for—I have labored for making and keeping as one united people (cheers), and my name shall be remembered for these labors when all these petty intriguers are forgotten. (Cheers.) If we adopt Nelson's motto, that every man and every colony should do its duty, we may rest well assured, England will not withdraw her capital from us in peace or her armies in war. (Cheers.) But we must do our duty, our whole duty, at once and cheerfully. If Canada can bear fifty thousand men under arms, and fifty thousand reserve, England's ultimatum, Canada must provide them. If not, then forty thousand of each force; if not forty thousand, then thirty-five thousand, or thirty thousand active, and as many reserve, men. [Cheers.] It is clear, we cannot have the connection for nothing; we cannot be without it for anything; and that we must be prepared to do and to suffer for it—and I think we all are—some thing. (Cheers.)

After again returning thanks to the Returning Officer, his proposer, and seconder, and the electors, the hon. gentleman withdrew amid loud cheers.

The show of hands, after a few words from the Hon. Mr. Young, was declared in favor of Mr. McGee, and a poll was demanded on behalf of Mr. Young.