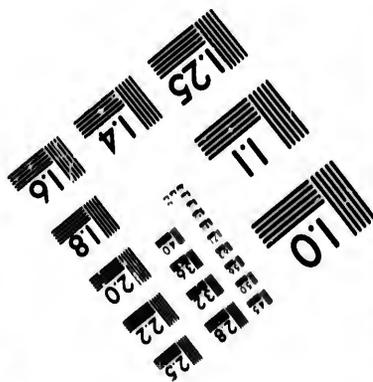
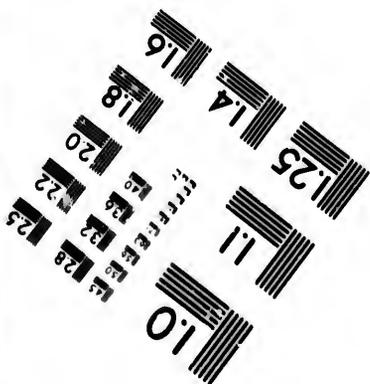
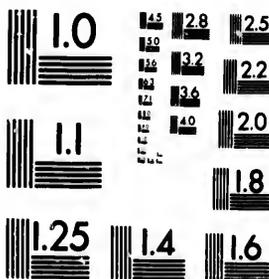


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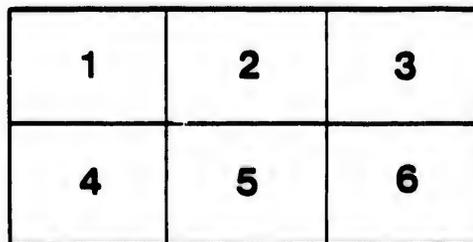
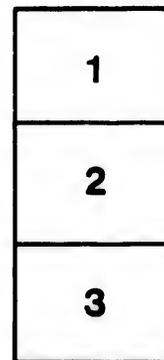
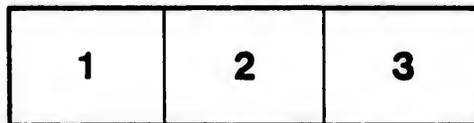
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SPEECH OF THE HON. L. S. HUNTINGTON, Q.C.

M.P. for the COUNTY of SHEFFORD,

*At the Dinner, given in his honour by his Constituents, at Waterloo,
 on the 25th January, 1871.*

At the Dinner given by his Constituents to the Hon. L. S. Huntington, on the 25th January, 1871, after the preliminary proceedings, the Chairman, Mr. W. B. Heath, proposed the health of the guest of the evening.

In reply, the Hon. L. S. HUNTINGTON, who, on rising, was received with loud and prolonged cheers, said:—

Mr. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN.—I rise to thank you for the honour you do me to-night with no idle compliments and no exaggerated expressions of gratitude. As my constituents, you have often paid me the highest honours a citizen may receive from his countrymen, and your confidence has been all the more disinterested and flattering, because you know I did not wield patronage nor court unduly the temporary triumphs of political power. You voluntarily isolated from your fortunes those nois, patriots whose political activities are stimulated by the immediate rewards which the patronage of the State may bestow. Such men are quick to scent the personal advantage of clinging always to the strong side, and it is their wont to sneer at your independent and disinterested views. I think it is fair that we, who have so often despised them, should laugh with the poet who caricatures them so cleverly—

As when "dog's meat" re-echoes through
 the street,
 Rush symbiotic dogs from their retreat;
 Beam with bright blaze their supplicating
 eyes,
 Sink their hind legs, ascend their joyful
 cries;
 Then wild with hope or maddening to pre-
 "at!
 Points the quick ear and wags the expect-
 ant tail!"

I accept this delightful manifestation of your kindness as a proof that in some sense my constituents approve of my public conduct, and that at least you regard my mo-

tives as honorable, though my services may have been small. It has perhaps fallen to my lot too frequently to express opinions which, if not new, have been startling to my countrymen, and I have paid, without repining, the penalties of hostile criticism. But my opponents, though fierce in invective, and ingenious in the imputation of motives, have forgotten to point out the personal benefits to accrue from the statement of unpopular opinions and alliance to the fortunes of a minority. They have left it for you to show the world an example of the rewards which the people have in store for the honest and fearless discussion of public questions; and I confess to you that there is no reputation which, as a public man, I should more highly prize than that of daring to speak out, in advance of public opinion, when needful, and in defiance of temporary clamour; and no recognition of such a service could be more grateful to me than your kind welcome to-night. I do not propose to go over the same ground as when last I had the honour of addressing you. It was my duty then to call your attention to the political signs of the times, and to warn you to be setting your house in order for great possible and probable changes. I gave you my reasons for believing that Canada was passing through a state of political transition, and on the eve of great constitutional changes. I claimed nothing absolutely more than that the subject was ripe for discussion, and that our plain duty was to consider it candidly. My own views were distinctly stated, but subordinate to the voice of my countrymen, and in line with the policy of the empire. I said then, that England was embarrassed by her relations to her dependencies here, and that Canada was crippled by the restrictions of the connection. I told you that a spirit of national patriotism was indispensable to our growth

in enterprise and self-reliance, and that the day might come when our noble and wide-spread sentiments of loyalty to the Crown might be merged and intensified into loyalty to the Dominion. I showed how this important change was only a second and necessary step in the drama of Confederation; and how happily it would solve for us great commercial and political problems. I spoke to you then, as I always speak and feel, in a spirit of warm attachment to England, and admiration for her noble institutions. I argued that, drifting as we were in the dangerous currents of uncertain speculation, we were ripening every day, for the already overgrown territories of our neighbours; and that Independence, if it could be successfully negotiated with proper trade relations and the cordial good will of England and America, would multiply the chances of our peaceful and autonomous future. I showed that we were following the lead of the most eminent publicists and statesmen of England in opening a discussion so important; and I declared we did so, only as citizens of the Empire, having loyal regard for its best interests, and that if it could be shown that England deprecated the change, or was averse to our Independence, our lips would be sealed, and we should seek only such changes and ameliorations as could be found within the power and jurisdiction of the realm. Then, I discussed other possible changes, the proposed Colonial Council, the reorganization of the Empire, with Colonial representation in the Imperial Parliament, perhaps in a doubting, but certainly in no hostile spirit,—and from it all I deduced this conclusion, that the Colonial state is one of tutelage merely,—that it must sooner or later give way to the exercise of ampler powers,—and that he who would perpetuate the connection, must devise a system to obviate all conflicts of interests, political or commercial—must make the Colonial subject in his political relations to the Empire, the equal of the Imperial Islander, and must provide that no permanent commercial disabilities grow out of the system he maintains. I stated further that my political friends were in no way responsible for my views. So much it was my duty to say, for some of my dearest friends were uneasy listeners to my plain speaking. But all this I told you in a speculative mood—I was an orator and an essayist, but not a politician. I sought to promote discussion, but not agitation; to excite thought and diffuse intelligence; and, moreover, I wanted to establish in the face of the world that no party disability

hung over the discussion of these great constitutional changes. I am a Liberal “dyed in the wool”—but I thought the platform of my party was wide enough to hold me, alongside of my more cautious and Conservative colleagues. In England the Liberal party embraces and tolerates all the differences between Gladstone and Bright, and I thought, in this country, it might embrace the more Conservative reformers, and, at the same time, tolerate one of Bright’s humble admirers. This question of Independence is not a party question, but it is common to all parties. Sir Alexander Galt is a Conservative leader, and the most brilliant man on his side of the House. The *Toronto Guardian*, the *Quebec Chronicle* and the *London Free Press* all lean towards Independence, and they are all Conservative journals. In Parliament last session an attempt was made to ostracise those holding these opinions, but the success of those who undertook the task is not likely to encourage repetitions. I have seen no cause to regret the discussion I humbly promoted. My Zollverein resolutions in Parliament would have commanded over thirty votes in a House which was said to be unanimously against us, and in the British Parliament when the subject came up in the debate on Mr. Torrens’ motion, though Lord Bury and Sir Charles Dilke flippantly disposed of us as Annexationists, taking their cue from the absurd falsehoods of our Tory press, there were found men to defend us, and quoting from the speech I made to you to prove the loyalty and reasonableness of our views. As to our independent future and concomitant free intercourse, the almost universal voice of the American press was friendly and satisfied, and it is not too much to say that in President Grant’s message of last year his friendly disposition towards an independent nationality here was broadly stated.

But my purpose to-night is not to address you upon speculative, but on pressing and practical questions, and respect for some of my friends, who are your guests, and who do not share my views, would have induced me to keep silence on this subject, but that I know you would wish to hear that my opinions are unchanged, and that they would kindly pardon this summary statement. At any rate, passing events are so full of significance that our speculations may be outstripped and our destiny hastened by forces which we have not foreseen and are powerless to control. I think it was John Bright who, in one of his great orations, noticed the difficulty of choosing

topics on occasions like this, with such teeming material for speeches. In these times, steam and electricity have annihilated time and space, and the newspapers place us as it were upon the top of an exceeding high mountain, from which we behold all the kingdoms of the earth and the glory of them. And what a spectacle the vast amphitheatre presents. Nature is tranquil, and her domain abounds with lessons of the love of God. Even the brutes, enjoying plenty, dwell in peace. Men alone, professing love, revel in hatred—

“Easily set together by the ears,
And full of causeless jealousies and fears.”

It is only a few short months since the pompous and powerful Emperor of the French, almost giving law to Europe, treated the diplomatic representatives of the world to constant assurances that the Empire was peace. In an aggressive spirit, he went forth to battle, the hope and the idol of the French nation, to be defeated, humiliated and dethroned. There was one man brave enough to rebuke his aspirations, but his voice was lost amidst the passions and the tumults of the multitude. Poor France, crushed, desperate and perhaps penitent, reaps to-day the bitter fruit of clamorous antipathies. And Germany, more prosperous in the field, is scarcely less a sufferer. Blood and carnage, desolated homes, sufferings which no language can describe, are the lot of these two powerful Christian nations, who drifted into war with all its ghastly concomitants of horrors, having been taught for years on years to fear, distrust and hate each other. The spirit of imitation is contagious. When a man flew from the steeple years ago, all the silly boys were flying from the sign posts. The noise of battle hath a strange charm. Russia is arming, Austria, Turkey, Italy are on the alert, and England is preparing for a great contest; and the danger lies, not so much in the levying of the men and means as in the gradual debauching of the peaceful Christian sentiments of the world. The Gladstone Cabinet has sought a peaceful solution of their foreign broils, and thus far found it, but there is a latent pugilism in the popular mind which, when excited, brooks no control and dreads no foe. His is an awful sin who lets the war dogs loose upon the world. They rouse the devil in the human heart, and predispose mankind to tolerate the sum of human villainies. Even war, with all its horrors, is less dreadful than a national disgrace, but how often both might be averted by timely foresight and

judicious mediation. “A soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger.” And the people will not listen when the national anger is roused. Every body admits now that the Crimean war was a blunder—with its hecatombs of French and English dead and seas of treasure—but Mr. Bright, like Thiers, because he denounced war, was sneered and hissed, as

A steady patriot of the world alone,
The friend of every country but his own.

Great events, actual and foreshadowed, are domesticating British politics here. We are growing to have a deep interest in the Foreign policy of the Empire; and reading now in each morning paper summaries of the London leaders of yesterday, and of last night's debates in the British House of Commons, we become imperceptibly participants in the current Imperial discussion, and the Colonial mind glows in reflected sympathy with the warmth of party dissensions “at home.” We have seen the great Liberal party of England, powerful beyond all precedent in intellect, and in the confidence of Parliament and the country, striving in power to give administrative effect to the traditions and the theories of her great thinkers. Economy—retrenchment—those words dear to the people who pay the taxes—and hateful to those who feed at the Government crib—have at last been vitalized by a powerful and dominant party, or as one of its own orators recently defined it, “the great, intelligent Liberal party of the three kingdoms.” But the great question with which this Liberal Government had to deal was that of the state of Ireland—to remove as far as might be a bitter and world-wide national reproach—and there can be no doubt that—though looking to the wrongs of the past, the old times blunders and cruelties of the Conqueror—Ireland may still remain the avenging Nemesis of England—though discontent may still abound—and though looking to repeal as their only hope, multitudes of Irishmen should remain dissatisfied and disloyal—this noble and unprecedented effort of the great Liberal leaders of England, beset with difficulties and apprehensions, and almost overwhelmed by the prejudices and responsibilities they encountered, to deal justly by Ireland in a great measure of relief—is fraught with hope for the future, as just in itself and as an instalment of what may follow—and will gradually touch the hearts of the great masses of the Roman Catholic population of Ireland. No doubt, there is room for sympathy with the loyal Protestant population, their

vested rights and their temporary disarrangements; but I doubt not the Church in Ireland, suffering perhaps from no fault of her own, but chiefly because, after the lapse of years and opportunities, she has failed as a religious and political propagandist among a conquered and resentful people—I doubt not, strong in her trust in God and her love for the great work, she has many and proud triumphs before her—another illustration in the long annals of reform that the removal of abuses, and the vindication of justice strengthen and dignify, but never destroy. The Tories had indeed derided the Irish policy of the Government, but with little force and no heart, for the people of the three Kingdoms had supported it by overwhelming majorities at the polls, and had declared it the great and pressing question of the times. Only the other day, Mr. Gladstone wrote the Mayor of Dublin as to the remedial measures proposed by the Imperial Parliament in favour of Ireland, that “they have swelled the numbers and strengthened the hands of the great body of men of all parties and creeds in Ireland, on the side of loyalty and order.”

But the foreign policy of the Gladstone Cabinet, the policy of peace and not of war has been the cause of wide spread animadversions. It is said they are trailing the martial renown of England in the dust, because they have not been quick to push into every causeless European quarrel. The old spirit which Fox denounced in Pitt is widely invoked and glorified. Pitt's system of defence was described by his great rival “as wicked and absurd, that every country which appeared, from whatever cause, to be growing great, should be attacked,” and in our days there is an abounding school of philosophers, who teach that England's *prestige* is declining, because she has grown to prefer trade and industry, the heavenly arts of peace to the waste and slaughter of aggressive warfare. There is a dangerous irritability in the popular mind, and though we all hope for peace, no man can tell how soon the curse of wars alarms may be inflicted on us. But the events of history have not taught me that Europe is more free or Britain more powerful for our successive interventions in past Continental wars. I know they have inflicted upon the people the enormous burden of £80,000,000, and that the sad record abounds in tales of suffering, crime and death—vast and incalculable as the mysteries of illimitable space. Hence all my sympathies are with the peaceful policy of the British Government;

and while I would accept the dire calamity of war to avert or wipe out a great national humiliation—a tribute to freedom—a great sacrifice for a noble end—I believe the most ghastly and unpardonable crime against humanity is aggressive and unnecessary war. It is not strange, perhaps, where party spirit runs high, as in England, that the Tory Standard should seek in the interests of its friends to inflame the popular passions against the Government. They desire, not unnaturally, to ride into power. I can understand, too, the sneer of foreign countries, jealous of the prestige of England. But what has pained and puzzled me most in this discussion has been the tone of the press and public men of my own country. Only a day or two since I noticed in the special newspaper organ of the Premier of the Dominion, a bitter attack upon the pacific disposition of the British Government, and warm congratulations upon the retirement of Mr. Blight, who is supposed to have inspired their policy. What great interest has Canada in pressing the British Government into war? Without allies in Europe, with vast colonial interests to defend, with a commerce that covers every sea with her sails, and industrial multitudes at home dependent for their daily bread upon regular and uninterrupted communication with every centre of trade and production—who can calculate the risks and calamities of war? Surely our position on this continent would not be improved by entanglements which might tax to their extreme limits the vast powers of the Empire. And from our point of view there can be neither policy nor patriotism in this almost universal wail of those who profess to be the exponents of our Colonial opinion, because the British Government is not disposed to be bellicose and quarrelsome.

But leaving out of the question the Conservatives of Canada, what excuse have Canadian Liberals for joining the Tory howl, against their great co-labourers in England? I confess with shame that the condemnation of Mr. Gladstone's Government has been quite as severe, though, I hope not so general, in the Liberal ranks as among the Tories of this country. To me it appears an offence against the principles and traditions of our party, when I cannot palliate, and the motives for which I do not comprehend. No wonder that Baron Lisgar, our excellent Governor-General, found it necessary on a recent memorable occasion to rebuke this carping and unreasonable spirit. Certain, I am, that the English Liberals are the only reliable promoters of Imperial and Colonial

reform. Sometimes they are the administrators, and sometimes they force unwilling concessions from the Tory opponents in power—but at all times the ameliorations of reform and the progress of the freedom and prosperity of the nation, Imperial or Colonial, have their origin, their vindication and consummation at the hands of the great Liberal party of England. Perhaps their Colonial policy, which I believe to be wise, and unmistakably in accordance with the best interests of the whole Empire, may account for wounded pride and temporary aberration among our people. We may indeed regret the removal of the troops, but what have we to complain of; we never paid, nor had the right to control them. In such difficulties as we have yet encountered, we are amply able to defend ourselves, and in serious war they were too few to be useful. They were pleasant companions, ornaments to society, and in a social sense, are an irreparable loss; but for any purpose of military defence, they were only a menace and a temptation to our enemies. But, Sir, the air is full of complications, and no man can tell how soon disasters may overtake the Liberal government in England. We have little to hope from their successors; and I do not envy the Liberal here, whose assaults may have contributed to their overthrow. The Tories who would succeed them, would be warlike and arrogant. Their great organ, the *London Standard*, has already amply discussed their policy of restricting our colonial powers, as the only logical means of bringing us into harmony with the interest of the empire.

But I pass from these topics, full of interest, as they are, to some hurried discussion of more domestic and immediate concern. We are not a nation. We have no immediate treaty making power, and diplomatically speaking, we have no foreign relations. But we have intimate commercial, and, I might say, political complications with our neighbours on the south of us, and our relations with them have become delicate and embarrassing in the extreme. Our best markets are within their borders, and our readiest access to the ocean, and we ought to enjoy the most unrestricted intercourse and a perfect reciprocity of trade. I am sorry to add, that we are not two friendly peoples, and that we have drifted into mutual recriminations and ill will. Still, the fact remains, that we are descended from the same stock, speak the same language, and profess the same faith, and I believe from my soul, that we

are mutually to be blamed for the popular antipathies which have been created. It should be the office of statesmanship on both sides to retrace our false steps till we reach a common ground of mutual good understanding. To do this requires candour and plain speaking. Between nations, as between individuals, there is nothing more conducive to good will than the exercise of courtesy and forbearance. The first duty of an aggressor is to acknowledge himself in the wrong, and this is often a painful duty. Our discussion to-night has tended to show the danger of unfriendly and irritable relations. Popular clamour never reasons, and is always fraught with dangers. You remember the clamour in France the other day, and how M. Thiers was hooted, because he ventured to gainsay it. You remember how Mr. Bright has, at times, been hooted for his unpopular views, and yet how often his predictions have proved true, and his awakened countrymen have come to confess it. We do not always judge wisely in the fervour of political excitement, and international controversies furnish the strongest temptation to bitterness and intolerance.

There are two cardinal mistakes which have latterly misled both ourselves and our neighbours. Many of them believe repression, coercion, non-intercourse, the agencies for winning the hearts of our people; while among us it has been thought by some that the safety of the State lies in persistent and malignant misrepresentation of our neighbours. From this state of things, not unnaturally, mutual recriminations and charges of unfriendliness arise. To some extent our relations with England subject us to the animosities of Americans; and to a like extent, perhaps, our antipathies are stimulated by our sympathy with the controversies of our Mother Land. Perhaps, too, in all the future, as in all the past, the competitions of trade, the numberless conflicts of commercial interests, will multiply the causes of estrangement between great rival Powers. Nearly twenty years ago when England engaged in the Crimean war, that great exponent of the national opinion, the American press, assailed her with bitter acrimony, in striking contrast to its gentle dealings, with her great ally in the field. Later on, when great perils threatened to crush and shatter the Republic, the British press seized the moment for reprisals, and did its utmost to rouse the lasting hatred of the American people. The effect soon became apparent on the ruling classes of England. Even friends of

the Republic began to damn her with faint praise when they witnessed her varying fortunes. Half doubting, they asked if all this turmoil and bloodshed, this frightful strain and stain upon her institutions were the natural outgrowth of her doctrines of freedom and equality. Their doubts grew and their faith flickered. France was pushing her diplomatic nose wherever she could scent an advantage. She pictured to England the dangerous growth of the young Republic—her tonnage, her trade and manufactures, and her capabilities of colossal expansion. And in the phrenzy of the hour there were multitudes who believed it the policy and the duty of England to join her cunning ally, and secure the disruption, to destroy the power of a great rival state. I am reciting facts without stating my own opinions, but I cannot forbear to thank God that the British Government were above the temptation.

Then again there was the proclamation which acknowledged the belligerency of the South, and proclaimed the neutrality of England. It was no doubt necessary and just, and was urged by the best friends of America in England; but it fell upon an irritated American mind, and the fact remains, that probably through accidental circumstances it was issued in a manner which appeared unfriendly. Mr. Adams, the newly accredited Minister from the United States, arrived in England on the 13th of May, and on the 14th that proclamation was issued, without even a semblance of consultation with the American Minister. Friendly representations to Mr Adams might have justified the act to his mind, and established its necessity. Thus a great national irritation might have been saved, for it is undoubted that of all the acts of the British Government during the war, nothing so much excited American animosities as this reasonable proclamation of neutrality. Then occurred another event which is familiar to all the world, but to which I allude for the purpose of my argument,—the seizing of the Southern Commissioners on a British steamer by a United States man of war. You will all remember how we, in this country were puzzled as to the proper interpretation of international law. But we wisely waited a month for the opinion of the British law officers of the Crown, and they said it was an infraction of the law,—and though the affair had created some Congressional jubilation, the American authorities said likewise. Such was the pressure of excited public opinion upon the British Government, however, that it is

said, but for the firmness of the Queen, war would have been peremptorily declared. In such times trifles are magnified and thrill the heart of a nation as of one man. England was electrified by a clever representation in Punch,—while all the world was anxiously waiting the response of the United States Government. Britannia, a noble female form with appropriate surroundings, was looking sternly and sadly across the ocean towards America, and there followed a beautiful poem descriptive of the fine scene, commencing:—

“Britannia waits an answer,”

No part of the British Empire was at that time more ready to stand by her fortunes than Canada; and this loyal old County of Shefford, was among the first to tender the service of her quota to the Government—many within the hearing of my voice, including myself, having enlisted as privates for the service. But I have often thought since, that there was no very pressing danger while the United States were torn and distracted by their terrible conflict; and that England and the Empire would have been safe, had Britannia really waited for an answer, instead of hurrying the flower of her army through the frozen dangers of a Northern Winter. And while still believing in the justice of England's cause, I have asked myself, whether all that haste and impetuosity were rendered necessary by the foe or from the excited English opinion against him. And now that all these things are historical, one cannot help recalling that years ago, when Cotton was king, British vessels sailed into a Southern port, and were boarded by Southern officials, and British subjects were dragged forth and cast into prison in obedience to Southern laws. There were mild remonstrances from the British Government; the slave holding powers of the Federal Government disavowed responsibility for State laws or something of that kind, and the matter was allowed to drop. But those were the days of chivalry—the prisoners were only black Englishmen, and Cotton was King.

Let no man suppose that in reciting these facts I am advocating the American view of these questions. I am tracing the causes which alienated from us the sympathies of kindred, and I believe as most Englishmen believe to-day that, while Britain was not technically wrong and while she has encountered a great deal of unjust censure from the Americans, her offence was, that she did not understand the American question, and allowed herself to be misled by untrustworthy teachers; and thus unsuccess-

sarily embittered what were, perhaps, in any case unavoidable estrangements. But the North triumphed, and slavery was no more, and, I believe, England has performed few nobler acts towards any nation, than her subsequent voluntary acknowledgements of unconscious wrong, her anxiety to make every reparation consistent with her honour and her efforts, carried, some have said, almost to the verge of humiliation, to soothe and pacify the irritations of her kinsmen. In this noble work there has been no distinction of party. The late Lord Derby took the occasion on the accession of his party to power to make a conciliatory and affectionate speech to the Americans. Mr. Gladstone has done likewise, and has publicly declared that during the war he did not understand American questions. The British press has nobly undertaken the brotherly work of reconciliation. Mr. Laird no longer boasts that he was the builder of the "Alabama." The great working classes were always in deep sympathy with their brethren on this side of the water; and the whole British nation, mindful of their kinship, and awakened to their duties, in spite of threats and petulance and reproaches, have lately sought by all means to tender to America the olive branch of peace and good will.

I come now to Canada, which is regarded by President Grant as a "Semi-independent power," having delicate relations to these American complications; and in endeavouring to state her case briefly and fairly, I shall Nothing extenuate nor set down aught in malice.

I suppose if any writer or speaker among our neighbours should discuss these international questions, and should state Canada's relation to them fairly and frankly he would admit, what in this country we all believe, that our Government, of both parties, has been always anxious to fulfil to the strict letter our international obligations; but I do not believe his utterances would be as popular among his own people, as are General Butler's fierce tirades, or President Grant's charge of "unfriendliness," against us. Candid hearers would probably applaud the man who dared to pronounce unpalatable truths in defiance of popular clamour, but the great irritated masses of his countrymen would refuse to listen, or listening, would refuse to believe. But as under a free government the masses of the people are never wilfully and permanently in the wrong, it would be well that the truth should be oftener told them, and that the people of that country and of

our own should depend less for their instruction upon a partizan press and unscrupulous political leaders. I fear, Sir, that if you or I should undertake fairly to portray the attitude of the ruling classes of this country towards "our consins" for the past ten years, their sarcastic temper, their pronounced unfriendliness, while still bitter controversies are raging, and before sober second thoughts have recovered full sway; I fear that our words might fall upon unwilling ears, and that it might be easy to rouse against us, vehement and rancorous resentments.

But we must not pay such timid respect to the temper of the times as the search for momentary popularity imposes. And, the truth must be told, that altogether irrespective of the petulance and extravagances of the Americans, Canadians have contributed their full share to this bad work of creating international estrangements. I am proud to relieve from this bad pre-eminence, the great Liberal party of the Dominion. They have demanded strict justice in the interest of their own country, but they spoke words of sympathy and good fellowship to the American people in the days of their great trial. The tone of their press was reasonable and conciliating, and the friendliness of their public men was not concealed. But the Liberals have been out of power, and the country has been judged by the spirit of her ruling classes. The Tory press, almost without exception, has been malevolent and quarrelsome. Perhaps its ill nature was not always without reason, but certainly it was never without pernicious effects. Its articles were copied, and its poison took effect throughout the length and breadth of the Republic. This was largely the case in England during the war—if we except the great labouring classes who were the keenest sufferers—but, as we have seen, a better appreciation of American affairs, and a wide spread attachment to the blessings of peace, have caused a noble reaction in that country. With us there continues the same blind disregard of consequences—the same public display of ostentatious rancour. Our Government, urged on by their supporters, are pushing every issue of dangerous controversy, satisfied if they can make a case of technical right, but parading their unfriendliness and courting a war of tariffs if not an appeal to arms. When they inaugurated their retaliatory policy, we told Sir Francis Hincks amidst the defiant jeers of the Tories that he was inviting the repeal of the Bonding system. The threat has come from the American Executive. I do not think it

wise, but I think it need not have been provoked. Then again as to the fishery disputes we are technically right, but we hurried forward a dangerous dispute in bad temper which may lead to our utter humiliation. It is easier to provoke ill will than to allay it, and the men who for ten years have been sowing the seeds of discord, and bandying foul epithets with the lowest class of American politicians, are not the men to whom should be entrusted the delicate mission of adjusting our international embarrassments. They are blind to the dangers they are creating, or they are careless of the consequences to the country. Our Canadian Tories have flouted their hatred of our neighbours before the world, and they have received in turn reviling for reviling. They are hated and despised by the Americans. Perhaps some will place all this to their credit, but it does not give promise of their successful negotiations. "Do you suppose," wrote one of the best thinkers in America to me the other day, "that we are in a hurry to make concessions to Canada, which would have the effect of prolonging the life of the Tory party there. Have you forgotten how they clamoured for intervention during the war, in order to break us up, because we were growing too strong. England is the most powerful country in the world. What would they think if she were attacked by other nations solely to reduce her strength? Have you forgotten how they gloried over French usurpation in Mexico, because they saw in it a menace to us? Have you forgotten how even the Confederate Dominion was paraded as an European notion of creating here a continental balance of power against us? Do you remember the fierce and persistent attacks of the Tory press upon us for years; denouncing our institutions and impugning the morals of our men and the chastity of our women? I do not complain of the official acts of your Government, but the tone of their press was atrocious, and they cultivated and encouraged it. It is childish to expect that our people can forget all this in a moment, and their resentments are natural, though they may be sometimes petulant and unreasonable. If we had treated John Bull to the same sauce, he would have declared war against us, though he might have been fighting the whole world. We know we had friends in Canada, but your Tories were not of them. Put them aside and let us deal with our friends. You made a great row because we appointed a Fenian to a Consular post in Britain a few years ago, and your good Queen very properly re-

fused his exequator; but you expect us to deal in a friendly spirit with our bitter and malignant enemies. Away with these men! Send us friends as negotiators, and my word for it, they will find a soft-spot in the American heart." This is a bitter tone, but it portrays a wide spread American feeling. It is open to the strongest objections, but its existence is a national embarrassment. The first step for a wise people is to remove these men whose cunning intrigues have endangered our national peace; and who exultingly flaunt in our faces, that they are proud of the notoriety and careless of the consequences.

I am not turning this demonstration into a mere party triumph, nor pushing my conclusions for any mere party purpose. The party questions of the hour, whatever their importance, are lost in insignificance alongside these great international considerations. Nor do I undervalue the local controversies which agitate the domestic politics of the Dominion. I do not regret that at least in some sections there is a public opinion disposed to grapple with the abuses which underlie the administration of public affairs—to proclaim economy and promote enterprise—and wisely to accomplish the work of conciliating and consolidating the diverse interests of our nascent empire. But what I do regret is the absence of an enlightened public opinion upon still greater questions, and more still do I regret my want of power to create it.

In England the great question of the hour is: How shall we accommodate our differences with America, so as to avert the dangers of prolonged and increasing irritation? Only now the news comes to us across the water of a newly organized association, which already embraces some of the best men in England—the Anglo-American Society—which is to be aided by sister Societies in the United States, with the object of fostering good will—or, in the words of the prospectus, "to obtain the best possible securities for the continuance of peace and amity between England and the United States." At first it was intended by the promoters to invite Canada, as an interested third party, to join in the good work; but it was feared we might prefer remaining in the back ground, such has been the impression created in England by the childish petulance which the organs of Colonial opinion have displayed here touching the Imperial policy towards us, and its possible, if not probable, consequences. I think it is much to be regretted that we are not par-

ticipators in a work so noble—whose success would be fraught with consequences so important to ourselves and to the Empire; and I wish we might still hope that Canada would extend to the Anglo-American Society of England and the United States the cordial right hand of fellowship. She might thus become a powerful pacificator between her parent and her brethren—between two powerful and kindred countries, whose interests and whose duties to constitutional freedom, of which they are at the same time the exemplars and the champions, lie always in the cultivation of the closest and most friendly alliance. How far nobler would she appear in such a character—the apostle of peace and conciliation—than as a contriver of complications, and a promoter of ill-will. It may be fairly hoped that this Anglo-American Society will wield a wide and wholesome influence over the public opinion of the two countries. The chairman, Mr. Thomas Hughes, M. P., is a man of world-wide reputation, who, in addition to his high character and great influence in his own country, is second only, perhaps, to Mr. Bright, the English statesman best known and most popular with all classes in America. During his late visit to the United States, his fair and statesmanlike views upon the Alabama claims, pronounced in Boston, and published throughout America, produced a favourable and tranquillizing effect upon the popular mind of that country. They would not have listened to Mr. Roebuck, who was unfriendly to them during the war, as was his undoubted right, but who had denounced them as the "scum of the earth" during the debate on his motion for recognition of the South. There is, no doubt, the friends of Mr. Hughes, in England, who advised his visit to this Continent on a mission of peace, understood the advantage of approaching the American heart through a friend who had stood by them in their trials. Mr. Hughes, who is a leading supporter of the administration in the House of Commons, paid also a brief visit to Canada, and he is becoming a close student of the Canadian questions. He belongs to a party in England, whose views, sooner or later, prevail, and I am sure you will forgive the digression, if I read an extract from a letter written by him to a valued friend of my own in Montreal, under date of 27th December last:—

"I do not mean," he says, "for a moment to deny that it is a considerable wrench for an Englishman to accept the position (of Canadian Independence), but have no doubt

at all that what we have to do in our own interest, as well as in yours, is to face the music, and make whatever sacrifices and arrangements are necessary to help the Dominion in setting up for herself as an independent nation at the earliest possible time. We can and ought to do it, and the sooner your statesmen and newspapers make up their minds to it the better. I am only anxious to further the interests of both countries, and not the least to do anything by way of making political capital for any party here or on your side. The ordinary party distinctions are perfectly insignificant when these issues are to be tried. There is no time for delay, and if we allow the present crisis to drift on without action, the result will be disastrous to all three countries." These are words of an Imperial statesman of great repute and ability, whose honesty and loyalty no slanderer dare impeach. This man comprehends that the great duty of the hour is to soften the asperities and unravel the complications between England and America, and he believes a necessary incident of the great work is to establish an independent nationality here.

But let that pass. Whether he is right or wrong we have grave complications before us. They have to be dealt with by the British or Canadian authorities or both, and they involve interest, of such magnitude and are pressed upon us by such agencies, that the speediest relief is the best. We have no responsibility for Imperial action, except as we inspire it, but let us see with what tools of our own we are undertaking the work. The Government of Canada at this moment is controlled by Sir John A. MacDonald, Sir George E. Cartier and Sir Francis Hincks. Not to speak as a partizan, I have always admired Sir John, though I never supported him. His long political career has been distinguished by remarkable ability. I could point out defects in his character and his policy which to my mind have justified me in opposing him. I believe he has reigned in virtue of the corruption which Sir Francis Hincks inaugurated and that he has done much to poison public opinion and political morality of the country. But I have always admired his tact, his industry and his great ability, and I have not been altogether proof against that mysterious personal charm which has so long linked his faithful followers to his fortunes. His recent prostration excited all our sympathies and mellowed them into something like affection for the man, against whom some of us have struggled for years;

and if his generous friends provide now a competence for his declining years, strongly as from conviction I must condemn the manner of the offering, I will cheerfully bid them God speed. It is said, and I regret to hear it, that his health is only partially restored, and that the active duty of leader of the House is to devolve on one of his colleagues. One does not like to speak unpleasant truths of such a man at such a crisis, and I merely remark that he has done a great deal to irritate the American mind against this country, and only last Session he had the extreme bad taste in his responsible position to advocate the "retaliatory" policy and denounce my Zollverein Resolutions, because the one would cripple and the other would cultivate the trade of a "foreign and unfriendly people."

Sir George E. Cartier may be described as the military head of the Government. A late writer in Blackwood's regards him as "a poor debater and of very ordinary abilities." I do not deny his talents as a statesman. He has shown no great prowess as a military chief, though his adventures date back to the fading glories of 1857, when his estimated value to the British Government was five hundred pounds of sterling money. But it is as a party drill sergeant that Sir George has achieved his remarkable success. Perhaps, like most great captains, he owes something to favourable circumstances and conditions. His Parliamentary troops have been thorough regulars. It has been fashionable to pay high court to strict military discipline, and it has been said that the true soldier never thinks but always obeys. Such has been for many years the character of Sir George Cartier's Lower Canada contingent. Their chivalrous commander has been always careful to distribute among them a generous supply of pay and rations. But he has never taxed their intellects, or given them the trouble to think for themselves. They learned the tactics and they obeyed the discipline. They were always ready for a Balaklava charge at the cry of "forward from their leader." Among them was no controversy, because there was no thought. They had enlisted to support Sir George, and they did it, honestly, stupidly and without wavering. Such soldiers made an Emperor of Napoleon, and they have made a baronet of Sir George. Perhaps diversity of opinion, interchange of thought, freedom of discussion, would best have suited an intelligent political life, but these might have weakened their battalions and estranged them, so they chose the better and safer

course of displaying for Sir George a stolid, stubborn and mechanical attachment. It might have been more noble if the soldier's arm had been nerved by the soldier's conviction, and perhaps it may yet be found that the new Prussian system has taught us the use of those greater and better qualities of the soldier who strikes, not merely in obedience to command, but under the inspiration of an honest love for fatherland and individual devotion to patriotic sentiments. When that day comes there will be new men at the helm, and Sir George Cartier and his cohorts will have been superseded. But Sir George, notwithstanding the indiscretions of his youth, is a great enemy of democracy—a fierce admirer of the aristocratic system of the Old World, within whose charmed circle he considers himself to have entered. He loves to denounce the country which afforded him an asylum during the political perils of his early life, and in an individual, if not an official sense, by his words and his influence, he has contriouted largely to the feeling of national irritation which prevails.

The real power of the administration, however, is wielded by Sir Francis Hicks, the Finance Minister. He has no following in the House, but he is clever, unscrupulous and intriguing. Writing of him almost twenty years ago, poor Lord Metcalfe's biographer admitted his abilities, but denounced him as a "vehement and unscrupulous partizan, with a tongue that cut like a sword, and no discretion to keep it in order." This man, who from a raging democrat was raised to high official position by Sir Charles Bagot, after years of service, has won distinction and espoused Toryism. His life has been a succession of storms and quarrels. Lord Metcalfe described him in early political life as anti-British and Republican, but a little later on he was the embodiment of loyalty, administering inexorable justice to the rebellious Tories who had burned the Parliament House, and had proclaimed a desire for annexation. From '44 to '49 he was the chief spirit of the struggle to make Responsible Government Party Government. He won, and since, the country has been governed by a party, through a party, and for a party. But he returns to us now to prate of coalitions and of no-party government. He was a Free Trader, but he comes to fix upon us a National policy, a retaliatory policy—to stimulate a war of tariffs. Why did he come back at all? The country had forgotten him. Good or bad, his politics had passed into the domain of history—

"And should have slumbered with forgotten things,
The peasants' ashes and the dust of kings."

He had accepted Imperial service and reaped its honours. It is true that his path was thorny. He quarrelled with his officials, and his gubernatorial broils followed him to England. It is the policy of the British Government to sustain its servants, and, after long delay, Sir Francis Hincks obtained a nominal triumph. But his course was run. It was in vain that he sought future Imperial employment, and after a long dance about the ante-chambers of the Colonial Office, he left England for Canada—sour and disappointed, and, I doubt not, sworn to avenge his wrongs upon the British Cabinet. What motive had he for joining the Canadian Government? Not ambition, for his position was not improved. Not gain, for he must have relinquished his Imperial annuity as a paid officer of the Crown in this country. Was it to gain opportunity for intrigue, that he might embarrass the British administration which had slighted him? Was it as a mischief-maker that the learned knight, who professed to have visited this country to enjoy brief private intercourse with his friends, condescended to accept the inferior position of a Colonial Cabinet Minister? Do you remember the eagerness with which, in Parliament last year, he demanded the private letter of Earl Granville to the Governor-General, on the subject of the distinction to be conferred upon Sir A. Galt? Did Sir Francis hope that letter might contain something to embarrass the Colonial Secretary? Is it with the hope of stirring up international strife that Sir Francis Hincks has inaugurated a war of tariffs, so likely to lead to more serious war, and was it under his inspiration that the Dominion Government pressed the Home authorities into an unwilling attitude as to the fisheries? He is a man without convictions. His present attitude upon public questions here is in direct antagonism to his well known opinions long years ago, when he lived among us, and did noble service in the good cause of Reform. Nobody ever mistook him for a patriot who would sacrifice himself on the altar of his country. No one has ever assigned a reasonable motive for the course he is now pursuing, a course which, if not arrested by his being hurled from power, may result in dangerous international complications.

Such, I believe, are the motives, and such are the men who, by force of superior intellect control the present administration of this country. Under their

inspiration, the ministerial press, with a few honourable exceptions, has for twelve months past been pouring out the vials of its wrath upon the Liberal administration in England. To them it is a matter of no moment that Europe is convulsed and England beset with dangers, the magnitude of which no man can foresee. Their wrongs are to be avenged, and their ambitions gratified, and the antagonism of Canada, in the present state of British feeling, may be a serious blow to the Gladstone cabinet. With a party in power, whose press, all decorated with the royal arms, has been too ready to stir up the ill will of our people against everything American, with a Premier, who does not scruple, for the sake of catching a few miserable votes, to justify hostile legislation upon international subjects, upon the ground that he is dealing with a "foreign and unfriendly people," and with a cunning and unscrupulous Finance Minister, whose game is mischief, and who revels in quarrelsome controversies, the people of this Dominion, who are dealing with an irritated and irritable neighbour, are drifting rapidly towards turbulent seas. We lost reciprocal trade with the Americans chiefly through the ill will excited by intemperate controversies. The financial necessities of the Republic would doubtless have changed its terms; but friendly trade relations were lost by the spread of international animosities. I say it boldly, if the liberal party of this country had remained in power, the American enemies of free intercourse with us would have been powerless to construct that Chinese wall of prohibition which excludes our trade and keeps down the industries of our country. In 1864, while the Reformers were still in power, and the Reciprocity Treaty was about to expire, the Government of my hon. friend (Hon. Mr. Dorian) sent on an embassy to Washington, a man of high moral worth and great commercial experience, enjoying the confidence of the American people. He was able to point out to the Americans the friendly disposition of his Government, its sympathy for their trials and its desire for the largest trade and most unrestricted intercourse. He could and did point to the tone of the Liberal press during the war, and to the sympathy of Liberal statesmen. The enlightened causal policy of my honorable friend as indicated in the Royal speech during that last session of Liberal rule attracted attention especially from the Western members. Do you, sir, remember the result? The threatened notice for the abrogation was delayed for a year. In the

meantime my honourable friend's administration was beaten, but there is no doubt had he remained in power that fair commercial intercourse would have continued till this day. But instead of that we have had in power a set of men who cared less for commercial freedom and international amity, than for the support of some of their blatant and bellicose followers, and we have degenerated into international strife and retaliatory legislation. We revenge ourselves upon our neighbour who imposes heavy burdens upon his people by vexatious taxation of ourselves. We burn his barn, because we suspect him of an intent to fire ours. To judge from official acts, such is the state of feeling at this moment between Canada and the United States. Our Government justified hostile legislation because we are dealing with a foreign and unfriendly people. They have lately published an official pamphlet, through which they maintain that their measures are calculated to force a renewal of reciprocity; while President Grant does not desire reciprocal trade; proposes to repeal the bonding system, and justifies his threats of non-intercourse on the ground that we are "unfriendly."

It is high time for the people of the two countries to put a stop to this irritating controversy. Without a change of administration here there are, as I have indicated, insuperable difficulties in the way of pacific adjustment. We are on the brink of a precipice, and a false step may precipitate us into the yawning abyss. The war of 1812 was preceded by embargoes and the obstructions of non-intercourse. A war of tariffs is the natural forerunner of an appeal to arms. The danger arises, not from the principles and convictions, but from the unreasoning passions of the people, and the first step in the right direction is—removing all obstructions and imitating the noble example of the Government and people of England, to strive for the creation of a safer and a more Christian international feeling. The influence of Canada might have done much to remove unreasonable irritation in both countries. We might have been pacificators instead of promoters of ill-will. We have taken terrible risks, and the consequences may be disastrous if we cannot avert them. Let us act like men. Let us remove the first danger by upsetting the present Government of the Dominion. Whatever may be their local merits, they are incapacitated, as I have shown to deal with these great international questions. Then let us make a friendly ap

peal to the Americans, proving that neither are the British nor the Canadian people their enemies. We will not forego the right to criticise their public acts, but we will treat them as men and as Christians, neither fawning on their greatness, nor hissing our hatred in their ears. Pursuing such a course, we may expect and shall receive a reasonable and just consideration.

It is a shame for a nation like the Americans to cultivate distrust of their Mother Land, and to forget the ties of race and of common principles. Almost within the memory of man they owed allegiance to our Sovereign, and their fealty was as affectionate and as sentimental as our own. They quitted us in anger, but for a generation the Empire has acknowledged herself in the wrong. When they set up for themselves they did not scruple to appropriate their share of the *lars* and *penales* of the Imperial hearthstone. When to their vast and hospitable domains they invited the houseless millions of Europe, they displayed not only the attractions of their fertile fields and productive work-shops, but their institutions, guaranteeing the supremacy of liberty and law after the model of their noble Mother Land. They still spoke the tongue, and professed the faith, and worshipped at the shrines of their brethren across the water. There are those who tell us that to obey the same laws, to read the same books, and to love the same God, give no guarantee of good will if there exist conflicts of interest, of ambition, or of pride. I know all about these temporary estrangements, but they may be, and they must be removed, and we must show the world that "blood is thicker than water."

The British Empire has achieved marvellous power, and each in its turn, she has won trophies from and imposed humiliations upon all nations. But her great power and her miraculous successes have not been unattended by perils. She emerged from the great wars near the close of the eighteenth century still holding the foremost rank among European Powers, but having, nevertheless, been a loser everywhere, except in the East. She had lost the thirteen colonies, and in the Mediterranean, in the Gulf of Mexico, in Africa, and in America she had lost the fruits of her former victories, and Mascally makes it the chief glory of the administration of Hastings, that the prestige of the Empire was maintained by his successful administration in the East. And in all the pluck and triumphs of her subsequent wars, it did

not lessen the dangers, though it multiplied the glories through which she passed, that the bayonets of the world were bristling against her. She has committed faults and provoked just enmities, but her great danger has been that she held the torch light of constitutional liberty in Europe. She has been an example of freedom to the struggling continental nationalities, and in her own land, if we must except poor Ireland, for whose wrongs she is anxious to atone, England has granted liberty and encouragement to the teeming masses of her people, in just proportion, perhaps, to their capabilities of application and improvement. She is the champion and propagandist of constitutional government, and all her tendencies identify her with universal freedom. What a light would be blotted out of the firmament of nations if England could be crippled or destroyed. Yet her territories extend over all the world, and her enemies are more numerous than her possessions. God only can foresee the end of a war which might involve her in a conflict with the World in arms. Freedom would shriek if such dangers could overwhelm British power and British liberties. How the petty tyrants of the world would rejoice, and all those great powers who seek to bury freedom of speech in the deep darkness of the Middle Ages. God forbid that such a day should come, but wise men do not undervalue their enemies. The sun might hide his light, and the stars might veil their faces, but from such a ruin the way to revived constitutional freedom, to political liberty, would span weary ages of struggles to come.

What then would be the fate of the young Giant of the West, who sprang from the loins of England? I ask those who say that nations are moved only by interest, if America would have no interest in such a measureless calamity? I do not believe it, for I do not believe

the times will return that the sun of freedom must set in outer darkness. But suppose it should come—this great trial of liberty—this frightful peril to the Mother of nations, what American who loves his country and comprehends the boundless freedom she enjoys, should not forget his resentments and rush to the rescue of England? I might picture here a deadly conflict between England and America, each putting forth her vast power to destroy the one the mother, and the other the child. Well might the world stand aghast and scoffers cry out, "See how these Christians love one another." What glee would there be among the despots; what rejoicings in the infernal regions, if they would fight, if they would slaughter and pillage each other, giving Death and Destruction high holiday among their kindred sons and daughters! They might reduce each other to fifth-rate powers, and such blasphemous falsehoods to their principles, their religion and their God, would afford to their common enemies, the delights without the troubles of their destruction. But I hope and I believe better things, and that the days of our estrangements are numbered.

Let us own that we have all been at fault in disturbing the world with the noise of a family quarrel. Life is too short and friendships are too precious for the cultivation of internal animosities. Let no one sneer, as at a poetical dream, at our hopes of lasting good will between England and her children. Let us be true to our great mission as exemplars and propagandists of freedom and Christianity; and as differences must arise between two great countries, whose relations are so often affected by vast rival and conflicting interests, let us cultivate an abiding spirit of forbearance and good will, and may our young country, at all times and in her relations to both parties, enjoy the honour and fulfil the duty of a wise pacificator and a faithful friend.

