

ble faction, disposed to go the whole length with the Hon. Member from Pictou—to move the state coach back to the old road—to undo what the constitutional party has accomplished, and to make the name of the present Administration, and the principles upon which it is founded, disliked by the people of Nova-Scotia. I appeal to those who have hitherto acted with me, both here and elsewhere—to those who have been the tried friends of the Constitution and the Country, and ask, will they, upon any small pretext, for any trifling difference of opinion among themselves, play the enemy's game, and put it in their power to grope back to the old and exploded system? The constituency of Nova-Scotia will never consent to that. You might as soon persuade them to adopt the costume of their great grandfathers, or dress their wives in the hooped petticoats their grandmothers wore. Those Political Rip Van Wrinkles have been slumbering so long in the sleepy hollows of ultraism, that they seem scarcely conscious of what has been passing around them of late years, and fancy that they can get the people back to the old principles. If they do, it will be without the aid of any of those who are in the present Administration, and who are determined to move steadily on, upon the beaten paths of the Constitution, and to keep clear of the old slough of despond. Between the small faction, who wish to retrograde, and the present Government, there is a gulf, wide as the poles asunder. They cannot take my hon. and learned friend from Cape Breton, or myself, or any of the men who surround Lord Falkland, back, or prevent us from paying to the Assembly that deference and respect which the Representatives of the People have a right to claim from those who compose the Executive Council. These worthies put me in mind of the old woman in Edinburgh, who lived in one of the highest flats of one of the oldest mansions, and was, to her dying day, a zealous adherent of the Pretender. She mourned over the elevation of the House of Brunswick, and, after two or three of the line had sat on the Throne of the United Kingdom, she still toddled on, with pattens on feet, and a little dog by her side, denouncing the new principles,—and sighing for the good old times. She and the Stuarts have gone to their final account, but some of her lineal descendants must have emigrated to this Province, and mourn here, as she did at home, over improvements they cannot retard. There was an American projector, during the last war, who invented a machine, called a torpedo, which was to swim under water, and blow up the British Navy. It raised great expectations, but something always went wrong, and, except when the inventor blew himself up occasionally, no other mischief was done. A similar result generally attends the schemes of the small party to whom I refer—they plot below, and sometimes make a ripple on the surface, but rarely do any harm, except to themselves. They often remind me of an old verse of a nursery song, to the tune of Yankee Doodle :

Silas took a maple log, and filled it full of powder,
It made a crack like Father's gun, only little louder.