

hands of trusty agents, carefully selected for the purpose, were soon covered with a goodly numerical array of names, (the very printer's devils having been called upon to sign,) while he himself undertook to obtain the signatures of those of the inhabitants who usually take the initiative in these matters. Many of the leading men positively refused, it is true, to affix their names to the parchment submitted to them; but there was a sufficient number of the same class who, incapable of resisting the eloquent pleading of the Queen's Thinker, and yielding rather to his entreaty, than to a proper sense of what was due to a Governor of Lord Cathcart's merit, lent the necessary colouring of form to the proceeding, and a deputation was procured to present the address.

That address and the reply have been before the public in all due form, and there can be no doubt that when gravely presented for consideration at the Horse Guards and Colonial Office, it will be the means of procuring for the protege of the Queen's Thinker a new Commandership of the Forces from the one, and an important Governor Generalship from the other.

"What great events from trifling causes flow."

It becomes a fair subject of logical and philosophical inquiry, whether this was the work of the phantom—the "shooting star," or of the Queen's Thinker, and whether the latter was a mere agent of a superior and irresistible power, or, as there is reason to believe, the originator and promoter of one of the highest compliments and marks of esteem that have ever been offered to the Governor of an important Province.

We learn, moreover, that in addition to this tribute of respect paid to Lord Cathcart, on the very eve of his departure, another address strongly expressive of the deep regret experienced by all branches of the military service in Canada at his loss, was numerously signed, and presented to his Lordship by a deputation of Ensigns.

"Quis talia fando," &c.

## Parliamentary Proceedings.

### WEEKLY SUMMARY.

*Wednesday, June 3.*—The opening of the House, immediately after the delivery of His Excellency's Speech, which we gave in our first number, was remarkable for the great tact and talent displayed by the very few members on the ministerial benches. In a speech of great eloquence and force, the Secretary of the Province explained away a misapprehension which had arisen in regard to a question touching the transformation of the grave Speaker of the

House into a merry soldier—of a black gown and scull cap—into a red coat and Prince Albert's *abortion*.—Confounded by his logic, not less than by his great fluency of language, the opposition had but little to say; and were frankly compelled to admit the incorrectness of the view they had taken, on hearing the lucid exposition contained in the assurance of the Inspector General—who by the way came almost needlessly to the aid of his talented friend—that the very fact of the Speaker being then *in his chair*, was proof incontrovertible that he was not then *out of his chair*. After this there was no more to be said, and the House having for mere form's sake, called for the production of a few specimens of the Secretary's penmanship, adjourned until Friday. The *disjointed judge-member* for London, and lately the *two-faced head* of these *bodies*, seemed to derive no slight gratification from the brilliant manner in which his late colleagues and pupils vindicated themselves from blame, and escaped from a difficulty which it was at one time feared might overthrow the administration. He evidently deeply rejoiced that they could so well manage without him. Not the slightest indication was there of a desire that they should make it manifest to the opposition and the world that his aid was at all necessary to them.

*Friday, June 4.*—The subject of the Speaker's ship having been this day resumed, the Provincial Secretary laid his papers on the table, his elbows upon the arms of his chair, and his forefingers and thumbs upon his chin; in which interesting attitude he evinced his usual promptitude in replying to the questions that were put to him. Such was his volubility—his extreme rapidity of utterance, that the shortest word we could distinguish was "stipulations." How he had contrived to string so very few syllables together, as those composing this word, without *discomposing* the thread of his brilliant discourse, is truly marvellous, yet nothing could be less confused than his manner.—He had not occasion, more than five or six times, to turn his head and enquire of his colleagues what he should say. Neither, indeed, was there the slightest desire on the part of any of the Government to withhold information of whatsoever kind, touching the matter in question, from the House. One Honble. Gentleman, whose nose and chin were kindly separated by the sharp points of a collar some three or four inches in height, was especially anxious that no means of arriving at the truth should be withheld—an honest and impartial course of conduct that met with the warmest commendation from the *high spirited member* for Quebec. All went on with great unanimity; and actuated by the sole desire to find and drag truth naked from the well in which she had been so long hidden from their view, the members on both sides of the house vied with each other in their endeavors—the one party to make it out a *Daly* virtue, the other a *Knightly* one. Truth having been with some difficulty drawn out, it was thought expedient "to leave the well alone," and both parties "pledged" themselves that night to leave her on its brink where she yet lay exhausted, and to hear what she had further