

spicuous for his popular principles, and strove in the scenes of our past history for the privileges of the people. In passing without further comment from the animated observations of my learned friend, I have to only add that the opinions attributed to the distinguished individual have been so long forgotten by himself that the public cannot remember them."

Doyle's reply to Dodd's speech was sharp and incisive: his retort of the fair pensionary spinsters who got on the list by Dodd's advocacy was not much relished by that gentleman. Nor was his description of Dodd's usurping the prerogative of the crown. When, he said, he uprose in the house crying havoc and declared war against the state of Maine the auditors in the gallery cheered in sympathy, while we, the representatives of the people, catching the military infection, vociferated for a leader until the powder exploding from the curls of the Speaker's wig, the very timber on the Aroostook trembled and Maine shrunk back in affright.

Doyle twitted Lewis M. Wilkins, whose speeches on all public occasions were brimful of classical quotations. The stately Wilkins had been a member of the Legislative Council. Doyle described him as descending from the dormitory of genius in the other hall—having hung his colonial coronet on some vacant peg to rust or rot, and, doffing the robes of a provincial peer, come down once more to battle as a burgess for popular privileges.

Journalism, in the days of the battle for responsible government, did not display the amenities that have been observed in a calmer and more recent period of its history. Appeals to the law courts were more frequent than they are today, and conflicts with the pen sometimes led to personal encounters on the streets of the town. The law, too often, got its iron heel on the editor's neck, but, like a well-trained pugilist, he never failed to send his enemy "groggy" to the corner whenever he ventured to attack him in the open arena.