

of gentlemen all around me who know that what I say is true. Will not the hon. and learned member for Annapolis give me a dozen young men out of his county if I want them?

Now, sir, I feel that I have gone pretty well through the remarks of the hon. gentleman. One small matter still remains. He complained that we voted £100 for reporting the decisions of the Supreme Court. Surely if we did, that very act should protect us from charges of undue political bias. The young gentleman who earns that £100 is not a friend of ours; his sympathies, so far as I am informed, have always been on the other side. His circumstances are not affluent. He is no partizan of mine. I believe at any time for the last three years, he would have strengthened the hands of the late administration; I believe at this moment he would overturn the present. But what then? I think the service he performs is a just and necessary one, and so I defended that appropriation against the opposition of those upon whom he had stronger claims. But do not say, after this, that everybody is to be sacrificed who does not sympathize with us.

It was said of a great man, that "nothing in life became him like the leaving of it." The same may be said of the learned member for Cumberland's speech. The close was the best of it. The speech was nothing to the peroration; but then, unfortunately, the peroration was not new. We were told, in rather grandiloquent style, that his speech was only the prelude to something terrific that was to come after. Oh! wait until the law shall have operated, said he; then I will move a vote of want of confidence; then you will see what you shall see. I am content to wait in silent expectation; but does it never occur to him, that the sword of justice is two edged—that if heads are to be sliced off they will drop on both sides. I am content to wait the operation of the law, and when all the wigs are on the green, we shall see who is best able to keep the field. Should the law leave him master of the field, what is to become of our poor friend? How fearful were the menaces. Jonathan McCully, said he, stand off. (Great Laughter.) The flaggellation of to-day is nothing to what I intend. "I will impeach" for all sorts of crimes, and then followed a bit of rhetorical bunkum, which might terrify us a great deal more if it had not been borrowed for the occasion.

The learned gentleman is most chary of his own thunder; we can hardly make a speech or introduce a measure, without being told that we are plundering the late government either of its thoughts or of its policy. Let me now show the house that his peroration was stolen from Burke. I hold in my hand Macaulay's Essay, and in page 497 I read from an article on the Trial of Warren Hastings:

"The charges and the answers of Hastings were first read. This ceremony occupied two

whole days, and was rendered less tedious than it would otherwise have been, by the silver voice and just emphasis of Cowper, the clerk of the Court, a near relation of the amiable poet. On the third day Burke rose. Four sittings of the court was occupied by his opening speech, which was intended to be a general introduction to all the charges. — With an exuberance of thought and splendor of diction which much more than satisfied the highly raised expectation of the audience, he described the character and institutions of the natives of India; recounted the circumstances in which the Asiatic empire of Britain had originated, and set forth the constitution of the Company and of the English Presidencies. Having thus attempted to communicate to his hearers an idea of Eastern society, as vivid as that which existed in his own mind, he proceeded to arraign the administration of Hastings, as systematically conducted in defiance of morality and public law. The energy and pathos of the great orator extorted expressions of admiration from even the stern and hostile Chancellor, and for a moment seemed to pierce the resolute heart of the defendant.

"The ladies in the galleries, unaccustomed to such displays of eloquence, excited by the solemnity of the occasion, and perhaps not unwilling to display their taste and sensibility, were in a state of uncontrollable emotion. — Handkerchiefs were pulled out; smelling bottles were handed round, hysterical sobs and screams were heard, and Mrs. Sheridan was carried out in a fit. At length the orator concluded. Raising his voice till the old arches of Irish oak resounded, — 'Therefore,' said he, 'hath it with all confidence been ordered by the Commons of Great Britain, that I impeach Warren Hastings of high crimes and misdemeanors. I impeach him in the name of the Commons House of Parliament, whose trust he has betrayed. I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose rights he has trodden under foot, and whose country he has turned into a desert. Lastly, in the name of human nature itself, in the name of both sexes, in the name of every age, in the name of every rank, I impeach the common enemy and oppressor of all.'"

Here we have the Doctor's peroration. (Great laughter.) Overhead we had some ladies; but the counterfeit oratory did not produce the same effect as the true. None of them appeared to exhibit any very "uncontrollable emotion." We saw no "handkerchiefs or smelling bottles handed round" — no "hysterical sobs or screams were heard;" and strange to say, however high the admiration of the learned gentleman by his fair devotees, not one of them could be got to feign what she did not feel, or consent "to be carried out in a fit." (Great laughter.)

Mr Howe closed by apologising to the house for the time he had occupied.