

clemon and rather collectively than individually, yet in a manner sufficiently to distinguish between merit and demerit. During the early part of the session, it was not at all unusual to see W. Sargent, A. S. Dewolf and Mr. Holland and others eagerly seizing an opportunity to possess the floor. Of late, however, especially as regards the former, this has not been the case to so considerable an extent. Sargent is a middle aged, middle sized man, of a pious cast of countenance, and one whose origin of veneration is seriously exposed to the criticism of the phrenologist. Sargent is the Representative of the County of Shelburne, and notwithstanding his repeated assurances, that he is friendly to reform, would, in my opinion, be a dangerous god-father to any very liberal measure.—Sargent a Reformer! and vote against the Quadrennial Parliament Bill—then the sum of the angles of a triangle are not equal to two right angles. Andrew S. Dewolf too, declares himself a Reformer, and yet—blush—and yet he asks delay in this paramount measure. John Morton also, alas! "honest John" said he had not the opinion of his constituents on the question, and unless delayed another session, he too must vote against it—What! the Representative of King's County, the very Eden of Nova Scotia—of Kentville, Wolfville, Cornwallis, Parrsborough—and yet ignorant, entirely unadvised on such a topic, and must vote against it unless delayed. Good people of Kings, notwithstanding your Baptist Academy and your three hundred yearly, the schoolmaster cannot be abroad amongst you. But to return, Sargent, whatever his political principles are, is by no means deficient in point of sagacity. He reasons with some acumen, and seizes with dexterity, the advantageous positions either neglected or evacuated by his opponent. But he introduces into some of his debates a kind of religious cant, totally unparliamentary since Oliver Cromwell's days, with the most obtuse vision, which habit itself ought momentarily to discard. Dewolf is from Kings, a fine, hale, portly looking man—the prototype of good living. His address is somewhat prepossessing, but savors a little of Sunday. His speeches are usually brief, and to the purpose, and in the same proportion that the Tories are pleased to find such men voting occasionally with them, to stifle, what they term innovations, in the same degree it must chagrin the Whigs to see themselves abandoned in an emergency, by professed reformers. And it is in vain to attempt to conceal, that the Wesleyan Methodists, on the 6th Resolution of Howe's twelve, marched rank and file to the support of a tottering Episcopal patronage. Bell, Sargent, Dewolf, Holland, four local preachers of the Wesleyan connection, all responded to the cuckoo cry—and notwithstanding the repeated clamours against the King's College and her narrow tests, notwithstanding that outrage committed on Picton Academy by a certain faction, and which has made her portals like Juggas' temple in time of peace, notwithstanding that flattering report of the loyalty of the hedge dissenters of this Colony, whispers into the royal ear by a high official functionary of this Province, when the word was given, and the main body had already closed nobly with the enemy a pusillanimous column, not merely refused to charge but actually went over to the enemies' camp, and by outnumbering overpowered the Reformers. When the muster roll was next called, the belligerents without much exception were found classed together thus—On the one side—The Churchman, the Quaker, the Methodists. On the other—the Catholics, the Baptists, the Antiburghers. Eighteen stoutly asserting an undivided Episcopal patronage: twenty five as firmly denying it.

HENRY GOUDGE is one of the Representatives for Hants. He is quite a young man, slender in person, neat in his dress, and of an open affable countenance. He frequently addresses the chair from the Speaker's right. In the early part of the session, GoUDGE was often in possession of the floor. He betrays nothing of that timidity which usually haunts young men entering the Assembly. His voice he pitches, and naturally enough, on a high key; but it never falls agreeably on my ear. It is with GoUDGE as with some others of the new members who are often in debate, and who have taken a midway course in politics, they experience as yet the forbearance of both parties. But let it be known that such men are decided for or against reform, and many an observation now passed by unheeded, or at most gently refuted would provoke such rapids as must convince the most incredulous that there are men in that House with whom sense is never mistaken for sound. My meaning here has been aptly illustrated already in the case of the Member for Cape Breton, with him of Cumberland; To whom I ask your attention for a moment. Lewis is a tall, slender gentleman, some fifty years of age, you find him now on the Speaker's right, now on his left, often at the lower end of the benches. His very mien is modesty. I have seen him rise three times in succession, and although in fact entitled to the floor by a

timely possession, as often relinquish it to another. He addresses the chair in a low tone of voice almost inaudible in the lobby; but his brief speeches are by no means destitute either of pith or originality. His politics are liberal, and he evinces a disposition to support them in the field, as well as in the closet. He is in a state of discipline; and as I have hunted elsewhere has already benefited by a session or two administered gratis. A little more energy with a *quant. suff.* of confidence would materially contribute to Lewis' usefulness.

And last, though by no means least, let me introduce to you the man who presides over this House of Commons, I mean their Speaker, the Attorney General of the Province, S. G. W. ARCHIBALD. Under the new division of the Counties he claims his seat as Representative for Colchester. His political opponents had flattered themselves that the Attorney General had forfeited all claim to the suffrages of his constituents, and that a new election would convince him of the truth of their repeated, but disregarded prophecies—But the result of the contest proved that the Speaker has a firm hold on the feelings of the friends of his youth; in fact an almost unqualified control over Colchester County. He was returned by a majority unprecedented in the history of Colonial Elections; and it argues well for him that a man of Logan's respectability and standing in that County, should, in the political struggle, risk but so respectful, so humble an approach. The Speaker cannot lack much of his three score years and ten. I should judge him at least to be 66. Something above the middle stature, of good proportions, stout withal, yet coming under Cicero's description of the *vastus*, the Speaker is courteous, affable, and possesses a countenance bland, and highly indicative of the accomplished statesman. For a number of years he has been at the head of the House, and his dignity has never been sullied in his hands. As a member the Speaker is not forward in debate. And it is only on great occasions that an opportunity is afforded, to mete the man. More than once I have witnessed his *puttings forth* in the House of Assembly. His gestures are graceful, his address prepossessing. His command of the passions there remains without any parallel. The features of his audience become at once and insensibly mirrors of his own. He sports with his subject, your attention is won, he smiles and you cannot but smile—He curls his lip in scorn, you involuntarily imitate him, he lets fly a wincing shaft and the agony of his adversary responds to the twang of his bow. He becomes grave—his countenance is sombre thoughtful—the dark Brutus. The atmosphere overcast—the confounded hum of private conversation is suspended—occasionally a member whispers and you hear it in the lobby—the very ticking of your watch at intervals is distinctly audible—The storm approaches in the distance—He thunders—you cannot repress your indignation, and the wreck of some reputation lies in fragments around him—Poor Barry! I never think of him without some feeling of pity and yet a thrill of pleasure—of pleasure, because he provoked his own overthrow: of pity, because the parties were so unequal. As was said of a nobler combat, it reminded one of Ulysses falling Ius—when the hero

"Checked his might: yet rising to the stroke
His jawbone dashed, the crashing jawbone broke,
Down dropped he stupid from the stunning wound."

The Speaker's politics are doubtless of a Conservative character—indeed, as Attorney General of the Province, one could not expect they would be otherwise. They cannot however be of a very ultra nature or he must have been found throwing his powerful influence against some of those liberal measures that have been under discussion this session. He appears carefully to have avoided expressing his opinion on any momentous question. The loungers who loiter in the lobby have entertained some, perhaps not ill founded expectations, of witnessing, this Session, an encounter between the Speaker and John Young. So hopeful were the indications a few days since, that the lovers of fun were all a tip-toe and in waiting. The heaven's themselves were murky, and the parties too appeared to be "gathering their brows like gathering storms." Verily there was a rumbling in the fell afar—but rible might cast her dark mantle over the matter, and like the Judiciary, it was again adjourned. If I may be allowed to hazard a conjecture, this meeting is not one much envied by either party. The Speaker knows the ability of his adversary, and he knows he has 1 toed at many a tournament. He knows too what an advantage a little preparation gives John Young, and that for this engagement he is in a panoply cap-a-pie. He might silence him it is true, and all would expect that he should; but possibly he might not, and an attempt and failure would constitute a signal defeat. On the other hand, Young has bid him defiance: and yet his highest hopes can be but to wals and the shock nor "yield one inch by heavens." May I be

so fortunate as to be present when the sword makes the horrid circles! If any solicit my acquaintance, my name is

NORVAL.

Grampian Hills, April, 1837.

From the Acadian Recorder.

THE LEGISLATURE.

Our columns were so crowded last week, that we had to confine our observations upon the past session merely to the ceremonies of its prorogation.

It is natural that the public at a distance should expect some comments on the general character of the Assembly. At present we cannot venture with confidence upon any extensive analysis of the multiplied matters before the Legislature. Premising that his Majesty's Council which sat throughout "in its coat of darkness" baffles us a little in our investigations, we proceed cursorily to notice the principal events of the last three months.

We cannot pretend to estimate the actual amount of supposititious party expended in denouncing the first act of the session—the *Chaplaincy*. Numberless lamentations were chanted over the desolate spirit of Legislation. The true import of the question is this, as we apprehend: Not that the House did not recognize fully and to the utmost the wholesome influence of prayer in soliciting the benign guidance of Him from whom all good comes,—but amidst the miscellany of creeds which the people of this Province profess, a studious and hitherto unvaried selection of a minister from the Church of England not essential to the validity of a law in Nova Scotia. We are aware that this matter was abundantly made use of to disparage its authors, but the good sense of the public now thoroughly appreciates the spirit of the resolution and it is understood.

The next subject for our notice is that relative to the Resolutions. They have since reappeared in the *vehicle* of an address, and though its *would-be-Destructives* manifest an apparent content at its general spirit, they now and then a thrust at the principal passage.

Another event apparently unheeded by the Province, yet deeply—momentously importing the future interests of this colony has occurred: the recent *Speakership*. No one, unless—as we are told—one within the *penetralia* of the building, can depict to himself the busy, active anxieties of that morning. A wish was expressed among the advocates of H. M. Council to suspend for a while all thoughts of political differences and to supply the unoccupied chair with one who was the object of their personal attachment. We say it, and have grounds for saying it, that not a few members, and they the utter thorough-paced Reformers, felt a disturbed heart in rejecting claims (they would have cherished) from a deference to a sense of duty. In fact, the late selection was an Exponent of political feeling, decidedly so—*"That no opponent of the spirit abroad in this Province should be the First Commoner of Nova Scotia."* Such was our construction of the late step—such was the meaning of the House.

The Quadrennial Bill, which was carried by certain members of the Assembly, did not seem to retain sufficient vitality when it reached the Council to breathe at all. One or two explanatory missions from the House have failed, as we hear, in announcing any thing satisfactory as to its fate. We doubt not that our Provincial Peers can chuckle at the idea of not even vouchsafing conference with the People's representatives, as to their reasons for the suppression of a Bill peculiarly the People's own. Such a course was no doubt *wondrously dignified*—but of this hereafter.