

HON. MR. HOWE'S SPEECH ON DR. TUPPER'S RAILWAY RESOLUTION.

HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY.

Monday, 9th April, 1860.

The Hon Provincial Secretary spoke as follows:—It was said, Mr Speaker, of the great orator Sheridan, by the great poet Moore, that

His wit, in the combat, as gentle as bright,
Never carried a heart stain away on its blade.

I regret that the same cannot be said of the hon member for Cumberland, who addressed this house on Saturday evening; for, judging from my experience, he never draws his dissection knife, but some victim is made to writhe beneath its gashes; nor does he appear content unless he can plunge his hand into the bowels of his subject, and exhibit the clots of a ruined reputation sticking to his fingers.

Let me take, in illustration of the hon member's peculiar style and turn of mind, the assault he made on a poor Scotchman, Mr. Moir, who, bred to mechanical engineering, prosecuted his calling, in the mother country, 21 years, and who, in Nova Scotia, for five or six, has acted, with credit to himself and benefit to his employers—and who seeks, by the exercise of his skill, with integrity and honesty, to support a wife and children who are dependant on him for their maintenance. Behind him, in Scotland, he may have left some aged father and grey haired mother, to whom the character and reputation of their son is as dear as the apples of their eyes—and who, descending to their graves in green old age, look anxiously for the news of that son's well being from the far off land, to which, in a spirit of honorable emulation, he has been attracted.

Imagine their agony of heart, if, without knowing the circumstances—the speech of the member for Cumberland were to meet their eyes. How did he treat that Scotch mechanic? I discard from my mind all that he has said of myself, all he asserted with respect to the hon Chairman of the Railway Board, all his attacks on other public men, his equals in ability and position, and with chances and advantages to cope with him in debate. I take the single case of this poor man Moir, who, not being in a position to defend himself, is entitled to the protection of this house and country, and I give the assault on him in proof of the rancour and bitterness—the spleen and venom, characteristic of the hon gentleman's speeches.

The member for Cumberland may construct rhetorical sentences, and I may "build the lofty rhyme," but Moir can construct the locomotive; a skilled mechanic, with his

humble, unrheterical intellect, he wields a power of which neither the member for Cumberland nor myself can boast. Now, what does Moir say for himself? That, harassed to weariness by one of the late Commissioners, whose sole object seemed to be how he could supplant his principal—harrassed by Mr. Mosse, who was utterly ignorant even of the phraseology in which directions for the working of the line should be given—driven almost distracted, and wearied from day to day, he did, last May, yield to temptation.

[A voice in the gallery caused some interruption.]

Hon Provincial Secretary—I say, sir, that annoyed almost to distraction by those who assumed the position of his masters, Mr Moir last May yielded to temptation, and, it cannot be denied, took a glass too much—perhaps many too much,—and then went away and remained a fortnight from the works, in New Brunswick. What was the result? The absence of the man proved his value—conclusively evidencing that Mr Mosse and the Railway Board could not get on without him; for, after he had had time for reflection, they were glad to take him back and reinstate him in the position he formerly occupied; and, from that period up to the present, the man assures me that he has not been led astray for a single hour, but has continued to be and is a strict and consistent member of the Temperance Association with which he connected himself—as strict and as consistent as any within the walls of this house or elsewhere.

If this be true, what shall be said of the cruel, unprovoked and unjust assault on that individual, made by the member for Cumberland, on Saturday? For excuse it may be alleged that Mr Moir stands in that hon gentleman's way; that he will not consent "to strike"—to hamper and embarrass the government, or to throw the works over which he has charge into confusion; and therefore it is, sir, that although for ten months he has been continued in office upon the line under the administration of which the hon Provincial Secretary was a leading member, that gentleman chooses to treat Mr Moir as a man utterly devoid of feeling, character, or reputation, and to act towards him on the principle of "kick him, for he has no friends." (Laughter.) Had I never seen Moir, or acted in friendly relations with him as his superior in office, I should have felt myself bound to support him when such a charge was preferred against him; but how much more incumbent is it on every temperance society in Nova Scotia to flout their banners in indignation at his assailant, and raise them