

Attributed to W. H. Kerr, 26
March

THE ADDRESS

OF

THE HON. JOHN THORN.

John Rose

SCENE.—A study, book cases round the room, tin deed boxes on tops of bookcases on one of which are painted the words "The Splashville Ocean Steamship Co." on another the "B. Seigniorship" table, chairs, &c.

John Thorn seated near table, pens, ink and paper within reach, reclining in arm chair with fore-finger of right hand laid on the side of his nose, *loquitur*.

My position is excessively embarrassing, I must admit that I am puzzled. I really don't know what to do. I had hoped at one time that this perpetual struggle to please all parties was drawing to a close, and that as Governor of Owhyhee or Otaheite I should find the repose so congenial to any taste and talents, but that cup was dashed from my lips and I was forced to solace myself with the idea that as one of the Chief Justices of Skitzland I should enjoy the *otium cum dignitate* so sweet to all worn out politicians, but that vision passed away also and I am now frightfully bothered with the realities of my position. One party pulls me one way, the other the other. A manufacturing friend inveighs against Free Trade as destructive to the native industry of the Province. A Free Trade supporter pours into my ears a diatribe against protection as ruinous to the commerce of the country. To be, or, not to be, is a question of quite as much importance to me as ever it was to Hamlet. What shall I be? a Free Trader or a Protectionist, which shall I take to my bosom? Oh how happy could I be with either, were t'other dear charmer away. Hitherto I have managed pretty well. I've always gone with the current trusting to the eddy to bring me up. With the manufacturers I am in the habit of deploring the non-encouragement of native industry, with the Free