

which the House of my connexion of which the At- and a friend end y lampoon, pur- the Canadian ex- former to be a ion.—" Our for- of our principles, men who wrote I am to be pro- nations of treason, of fire, and paid It was nothing ne for me to de- Falkland that the Nova Scotia's that that a notio-

is characteristic ons, and has rean- an unhal- tive. Surely, e, who professes ribaldry," and " cannot have sued from the ril, under the d in my hand, and good man- of these pro- official servant served and sus- years, and that insurance " that then, the At- forget the four e might be s and pasqui- Press—inde- at an enemy's hood, when it e here referred on Mr. Uni- nin, and Mr ough, and the lgarity. We e kept within ers, Mr Howe e head of the countenance, ash, aimed at ine was that ntly for three o prefer grave a few paper

Mr. H. con-ated it with e fire was in- umed my old enemy. All Government had appeared. plains of the ofessa such cannot have h, and pub- ette, on the ate a line of complained of at we never negated by opinion on the

exparte case sent from this country, and he was bound to believe and sustain his own officer—to give him every fair chance to recover his position. But we had a right to complain, that a defamatory Despatch was written to Lord Stanley—refused to Parliament—his Lordship's answer also withheld—and three lines extracted from it, and published in the newspapers, conveying a censure we had never deserved, and accusing us of 'pretensions,' which, if Lord Stanley had had the whole case before him, he would have seen we had never advanced. For more than two months Messrs. Uniacke, McNab, and myself, had cherished the most friendly feelings towards Lord Falkland—had treated him with the courteous observance due to his high station: had attributed to others, and not to him, the slanders which assailed us. Before the House met, Mr. McNab had offered to withdraw his claims, to rescue His Lordship from difficulties—down to the very day on which this stab was given by his own hand, I had but one thought, how I could evert the evil I saw clouding the horizon, and rescue, by any personal sacrifice, the man whose temperance and whose advisers I knew too well, not to anticipate the mischief which we have now to contemplate with so much vain regret. The moment that extract appeared, I felt as a man might feel, on finding a friend's knife between his ribs, on whose welfare he was meditating, and for who he recently he was prepared to suffer much—the old ties were severed by a stroke; and these who advised it did more mischief to the nobleman they misled, than their lives, devoted to his service, could repair. It was followed up by another—by a personal insult—which no gentleman ought to offer, and which no gentleman very patiently receives. From this period my feelings towards Lord Falkland were changed; but though I addressed them once or twice in the Assembly, it was not till one or two months later, during all which time the system of newspaper defamation continued, that I resumed my connexion with the Press, and published some of the articles which have been drawn into this debate.

In approaching the charges which the Att'y. General has brought before this Committee, I am constrained to say, that if he does not draw up his criminal with more care than he does his political Indictments, there must be strange blundering in our Court. Will it be believed that the first three passages he read, and upon which he favored us with an attack, appeared in the Novascotian on the 29th of April, when my connexion with that paper only commenced on the 6th of May. [Mr. Howe here referred to and read the passages, having reference to Lord Falkland's "political facetiae"—his "attempting to bow every body to his will, and being constrained to bow to the will of others"—his "appointment of Mr. Dewolf to the Excise, &c."] The Parsee, said Mr. H. were constrained to attach their names to the arrows they shot; and I, during my public life, have generally done the same, though at every step I have had to meet cowardly assailants, shooting from every variety of cover. If I am to be charged, without proof, of writing what I do not acknowledge, I may gather from the Press which supports him, a goodly array of paragraphs to attribute to the Atty. General. But passing over the paper in April, let me come to the Poem of the 20th of May—to "the Lord of the Bedchamber," which I am free to acknowledge appeared in the Novascotian after I resumed the Editorial Chair. The Committee will remember that before this Pasquinade was published, I and my friends had been ridiculed and defamed in the Government Organs for nearly five months—that we had stood this fire with infinite forbearance and composure—that the Despatch had been published—that the Speaker of this House had been debarred the usual official courtesies, due to his rank, and never, for half a century, omitted; after all this had been done, and no pains spared to make the quarrel personal—is it strange that we should have determined to retaliate, to show our opponents the blunder they had committed by forcing the Queen's Representative into the

political arena—to let them see there were some wit and humour on the opposite side; and that if they monopolized political power, they were not to have a monopoly of the elegant manufacture of political pasquinade. The Lord of the Bedchamber describes the perplexities and conflicting feelings of the Governor and his Advisers, during the fourteen days debate on the Address, in the winter Session. If the writer has gone too far, let Gentlemen bear in mind the extent of the provocation. Let it not be said that Lord Falkland and his Advisers were not answerable for what appeared in the Morning Post—that paper was edited and owned by the Printer of the Gazette. The Government had the command and the direction of both. If a person kept a Bachel, and a Boarding House, under the same roof, and if the former was a nuisance to the neighbourhood, could those who frequented, and patronized, and encouraged the Proprietor, plead that they were only accountable for what was done in a single suite of apartments? I think not—and, acting on this principle, I have claimed my right to hold the Lieut. Governor personally responsible for all the defamation published by the Organs of his Government—by his paid official Servant. I may have been right or wrong, but I fearlessly avow the fact. Mr. Howe here referred to and read the Poem,* complained of

*The Lord of the Bed-Chamber.

PYTTE THE FIRST.

The Lord of the Bed-Chamber sat in his shirt,
(And D—dy the plant was there.)

And his feelings appeared to be very much hurt,
And his brow overclouded with care.

It was plain, from the flush that o'ermantled his cheek,
And the fluster and haste of his stride,
That, drows'd and bewildered, his brain had grown weak,
From the blood pump'd aloft by his pride.

'No answer!—the scoundrels, how dare they delay!
'Do they think that a man who's a Peer,
'Can thus be kept feverish, day after day,
'In the hope that their Speaker'll appear.

The Goths!—has not J——, 'my leader,' so cute,
'Stood up in his place, and declared
'That, whenever it happens my humor to suit,
'To do justice to all I'm prepared?

'How dare they delay, when a Peer of the Realm,
'And a Lord of the Bedchamber too,
'To govern them all has been placed at the helm,
'And to order them just what to do.

'Go D—dy,—go D—dy, and tell them from me,
'That like Oliver Crom. I'll come down,
'My Orderly Sergeant mace-bearer shall he,
'And kick them all out of the town.

Then D—dy the plant looked puzzled and grim,
And he made a salain with his head,
But ventured to hint, that it might not, for him,
Be quite safe to repeat, what was said.

'They've got some odd notions, the obstinate crew,
'That we are their servants—and they
'A Sergeant have got, and a stout fellow too,
'Who their orders will strictly obey.

'Besides, though the Leader and I have averred
'That justice they soon shall receive,
'Tis rather unucky, that never a word
'That we say will the fellows believe.

'Their satire and arguments freely they pour,
'In their numbers and talents they glory,
'And your Bedchamber title they'll care for no more
'Than they did for my Bedchamber story.

Then the Lord of the Bedchamber stamped and he swore,
And D—dy look'd pale as a sheet,
And was quietly edging away to the door,
In the hopes to effect his retreat.

'How now,' cries his Lordship, 'deserted' by you,
'I hope you don't mean 'to retire';
'Sit down, sir, and tell me at once what to do,
'For my blood and my brain are on fire.

Then D—dy, bewildered, slunk back to his chair,
And protested he'd fight till he died;
But he looked like a beautiful east of Despair,
With the Angel of Wrath by his side.