

# The St. Andrews Standard.

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*Veritas sumendum est optimum.*—Cic.

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## PROROGATION OF THE ASSEMBLY.

From the *Head Quarters Extra*, we take the following description of the closing scenes enacted in the House of Assembly, by the Radicals. The people of Fredericton were justly indignant, and so would witness such disgraceful proceedings. We hope our readers will give the Report their attention:

To-day one of the most disgraceful scenes took place in the House of Assembly that was ever witnessed in a British Colony. The Opposition who had so long taunted the Government with "If you cannot carry your measures, why don't you advise His Excellency to dissolve the House?" now, when the reality had come to them, showed wonderful reluctance to go back and appeal to the people whether they approved of their conduct in opposing every measure indiscriminately introduced for the benefit of the Country,—in turning the House of Assembly into a Debating Club for six weeks, where the only real question at issue was whether the minority could, or should, oust the majority and seize their offices—in leaving the country without a School Law, and declaring that, without any regard to the public interests, or justice of the recommendations, they would oppose the budget item by item. To return to their constituents and "face the music" after such shameful and selfish conduct, was no part of their policy.—It was a thing to *hush* of, not to *practise*, and as some of the bolder spirits were disposed to hold possession, and pay no attention to the commands of the Governor, or to the summons of His Excellency to the Black Rod. In fact, New Brunswick was threatened with a "Long Parliament," and it seemed that nothing but another Napoleon, and a *coup d'état* could clear the Province Hall. We will now state a few facts, ascertained chiefly from personal observation, and the remainder from indisputable authority.

Immediately after the Journals were read the Attorney General rose and stated, that in consequence of the determination announced by the members of the Opposition that they would oppose the Government in every thing until they compelled them either to resign or dissolve; and after the opinion expressed by a large majority of the House that a dissolution was the only remedy for the present state of things, the Executive Council, after mature consideration, believing the Opposition had retarded, and would so retard the business of the Legislature that it could not be carried on with advantage to the public interest, particularly as the rival parties in the House were so equally balanced; and it having been announced that the Opposition were a compact body acting in combination for the above purpose, had advised His Excellency to prorogue the House, with a view to an immediate dissolution; that in doing so the Council, as the constitutional advisers of the Crown, held themselves responsible to the country, that they had given this advice with a full knowledge of their responsibility, and in discharge of their duty to the people, upon whose decision they were prepared to stand or fall. He concluded by expressing a hope, that any aspersions that might have arisen during the session would be forgotten, and that they would meet elsewhere as gentlemen should meet with each other, although they might differ in politics.

Mr. Harding then moved an Address to His Excellency, relative to the payment of certain claims on the Disputed Territory Fund, which, after some discussion, was withdrawn.

Mr. Smith then rose and moved the following Resolution:—

"Whereas the Members of the Executive Council in this House have declared their inability to carry on the business of the Country; therefore

*Resolved*, That in the opinion of this House, they should immediately resign."

Mr. Street made a few remarks upon this most extraordinary Resolution, and was followed on the same side by Mr. Lawrence, who spoke at some length. After listening to his remarks for some considerable time, Mr. Johnson rose and contended that Mr. Lawrence was out of order, having no right to occupy so much time! Mr. Lawrence insisted that he was in order—that he had a perfect right to speak to the Resolution, and having the floor, he was not bound to time, and that he had authorities which he wished to cite, to show that the course taken by the Opposition was unconstitutional.

The Speaker, on being appealed to, decided that Mr. Lawrence was not out of order—that he or any other member had a right to speak to the Resolution as long as they thought proper, and he (the Speaker) had no right to stop them. The members of the Opposition generally then became very *dis* orderly in contending on a point of

"order." They treated the Speaker and his decision with contempt, crying out at the top of their voices "question! question!" "order, order! order!" "Mr. Speaker, I rise to order! Mr. Speaker, I rise to order!" resounded from the radical corner, (near "Solomon's Porch") as one after another sprung on his feet, until half-a-dozen were on their feet at once, endeavouring to cry down Mr. Lawrence. The Speaker's call of "order" could not be heard except at rare intervals. Mr. Lawrence had the advantage of a shrill clear voice, which was frequently heard distinctly above Mr. Sutton's growl, Mr. Smith's bellow, Mr. Johnson's cracked fiddle, and Mr. Harding's deep guttural, like "a double demisemiquaver down below." Sometimes, however, the din became general, and not a word could be distinctly heard. At last the graphic pencil of a Hogarth was not then present, to sketch Mr. Johnson, with coat sleeves turned up, his left hand uplifted in the act of denouncing Mr. Lawrence, while the latter appeared in the very act of throwing a book—the volume he was prevented from citing—at Mr. Johnson's head,—the Radical friends of the latter gathering around him to shield from impending danger that head which is already crammed too full of DeLolme, Blackstone, Coke, and Macaulay.

When there was a little lull in the Babel at Radical corner, the Speaker desired to know what question of order they were contending for? Mr. Johnson replied, that he, having called Mr. Lawrence to order, had a right to the floor, the question of order taking precedence of all others. The Speaker then decided that Mr. Lawrence was not out of order, and that the Resolution moved by Mr. Smith was decidedly out of order—that such a resolution was never moved in the House of Commons, and *never would be*,—that the Parliamentary course was this, whenever a Ministry was defeated, or supported by a very small majority, and announced officially in the House of Commons that on a certain day Her Majesty, acting upon their advice, would dissolve the House or prorogue it with a view to a dissolution, that put an end to further party struggles until the new House met. That this course had been pursued here by the Government, the declaration made that morning by the Attorney General being explicit, and therefore the Resolution offered by Mr. Smith was clearly unconstitutional, inasmuch as it called for the unconditional dismissal of the Ministry, which implied that there was no alternative, whereas His Excellency could at any time, by virtue of his prerogative, dissolve the House and appeal to the people.

The Speaker had scarcely delivered his decision ere Mr. Johnson muttered something about a "partizan Speaker." The words could not be very distinctly heard, as the uproar had recommenced, and was maintained with renewed vigour. As soon as the Speaker could again obtain a hearing, he announced that the standing order was moved, and ordered the Sergeant-at-Arms to clear the galleries. But the people—surprised and indignant to see such disgraceful scenes enacted inside the hall—were unwilling to move, and the officer returned to the Speaker and informed him that he could not enforce the order. Mr. Johnson then asked why the standing order was moved, and was informed by the Speaker that it was because he (Mr. Johnson) had called him a *partizan Speaker*. Mr. Johnson denied that he had done so directly, but admitted that he had said "If things are allowed to proceed in this way, we shall soon have a partizan Speaker," or words to that effect. The Speaker said he would not sit there and suffer himself to be accused of being biased in his decisions by partizan feelings, and again requested the galleries to be cleared. As soon as the people knew that it was the Speaker's wish that they should leave, they began to move out; respect for the man, and for the high office he fills, effecting what could not have been very well effected by force. The galleries were soon cleared without any difficulty; but Mr. Smith, in his zeal for "order," could not wait, as others did, for the necessarily slow movement of a crowd, and pointing to a man of years and respectability, who had for many years been a member of the Assembly, said to the Sergeant-at-Arms "Put him out!" The gentleman thus wantonly insulted where he was debarring the privilege of retiring, turned round and hissed the portly man who thus abused the privilege of his "little brief authority."

With this single exception the large crowd of spectators retired in the most quiet and orderly manner. But Mr. Smith, furious and boiling over with courage where there was nothing to fight, sprang on his feet, and roared, and spluttered, and threw his arms aloft, and asked if it had come to this, that the representatives of the people were to be assailed and intimidated by the

people in the galleries,—if he, and others, were to be insulted by a Fredericton mob! If this was to be the case, it was another strong argument in favour of moving the seat of Government to St. John. This sentiment was loudly cheered by the greater part of the Radicals.

The galleries and lobbies having been cleared, Mr. Smith immediately moved a Resolution that the seat of Government be moved from Fredericton to St. John; but the Speaker ruled it to be out of order at this stage of the debate, and nothing further was done upon it.

The sound of martial instruments now reached the Hall of Assembly—an hour before many of the Radicals expected to hear it—and the Guard of Honour turned out to receive his Excellency soon made its appearance, and took up their position in front of the Province Building. The Opposition members now became more violent than before. All sense of propriety, and of shame, seemed to have been forgotten by most of them. Some cried "Order!" and some "Question!" Some cheered; some bellowed and foamed, and distorted their bodies with rage; some stamped on the floor; one hissed at the troops; and one turned up the cuffs of his coat and put himself in a fighting attitude; and a scene of disorder ensued which would have been a disgrace to the lowest grogery in the Province. The public heard and saw all this through the windows, and a person who once had the misfortune to be an inmate of a lunatic asylum was heard to say that he had been an inmate of a mad-house ten years, and never had he witnessed such a scene of confusion.

The Speaker sat in his chair throughout the din unmoved. Mr. Lawrence still kept the floor and continued speaking, although scarcely a word could be heard; while the Government members kept their seats, and encouraged Mr. L. to "go on."

The scene was at length interrupted by the entrance of the Usher of the Black Rod, with a Message from the Lieutenant Governor, commanding the attendance of the members in the Council Chamber. The Officers, members of the Government, and their supporters obeyed the command; when His Excellency gave his assent to the Bills that had passed the Legislature, and prorogued the House.

Thus terminated the regular Session in the most disgraceful manner ever witnessed in a British Colonial Legislature. But as though this was not bad enough, while His Excellency was giving his assent to the Bills, and delivering his Speech, a scene, if possible more disgraceful still, was going on below. When the Usher of the Black Rod informed the House of His Excellency's command, the Radicals looked at each other, and being animated by the same spirit, not one of them moved, but they all kept their seats until the doors were locked upon them. Mr. McMonagle who had up to this time supported the Government, remained voluntarily; while a member or two on the Government side were accidentally locked in. From the latter we obtain our information, which may be relied on. The first movement was to call Mr. Gillmor to the Chair, which was modestly taken by that very temperate, if not very *discreet* gentleman. Then seeing a strange pigeon in the cot, the doves very naturally asked him what he was doing there, and why he had deserted his flock. The pigeon (Mr. McMonagle) replied that he had just discovered that he had been following the wrong flock—that this business of dissolving the House at the end of one year, when they were elected to serve four years, rather got over him—it was a business he could not understand. When he was entered to run on the King's race course, he understood that it was for the *first mile* through; but now he was sent back to run *heaven* and he did not like it. He was going back in opposition, and if he found he could not win himself, he would do his best to secure the prize for one who would oppose the present rulers of the turf, and endeavour to oust them. This declaration was received with loud cheers. A vote of want of confidence was passed, and a resolution to remove the Seat of Government to St. John; and there is no knowing what might have been accomplished had not the Speaker and other members returned and cut short their deliberations. Thus ended the Parliament of two short Sessions.

The New Brunswicker commenting on the foregoing report, says:—

"Bid as are the proceedings sketched in the above article, and disgraceful as they may seem to persons abroad, yet we have been informed by some of those present that the report does not come up to the reality;—that no language could possibly do justice to the ravings, the grotesque appearance and gestures, and the violent menaces and threats of the opposition to the supporters of the Government. At one time a general fight became so imminent among the members themselves

that we believe nothing restrained the opposition from commencing a general fight but the pressure from without. The people were disgusted with the ravings of the opposition members, who, when the die had been cast, and they were told that they should go back to their constituents, appeared perfectly frantic. They knew that they had betrayed the trust reposed in them, and that to meet the people under present circumstances would completely extinguish them as public men. Hence all the violence exhibited by these political traitors—these grovelling spirits—whose only ambition was self and pelf. But some of them, we are informed, so far repeated at the last moment that they promised to act differently if the Government would not urge a dissolution. Their cry for mercy and pardon came too late—the *fat* had gone forth, and they knew that their political doom was sealed.

The people will now breathe more freely since they have got rid of a pack of men whose only object was to retard the public business, and to give a death blow to all our great and varied interests, because they were not permitted to rule rough-shod over the Country for the next three years, and divide the spoils of office among themselves and their retainers.

The inhabitants of New Brunswick have now the whole matter in their own hands, and they will be called upon at an early day to pronounce their solemn verdict upon a great and important matter. We believe they will decide justly, and in a manner that will reflect credit upon themselves and the Country at large.

## WATCH! MOTHER.

Mother! watch the little feet,  
Climbing o'er the garden wall,  
Bounding through the busy street,  
Ranging, cellar, shed, and hall;  
Never count the moments lost;  
Never mind the time it costs;  
Little feet will go astray,  
Guide, them, mother while you may.

Mother! watch the little hand,  
Picking berries by the way,  
Making houses in the sand,  
Tossing up the fragrant hay.  
Never dare the question ask,  
"Why to me this heavy task?"  
These same little hands may prove,  
Messengers of light and love.

A PEZZLER.—The Milwaukee Sentinel having placed upon his bulletin board an announcement of the Pacific's arrival, which was written, "War in statu quo," two men from the country walked up to the board and after reading demurely—"War in Statu Quo!" said one of them, "where in thunder's that?" "I don't know," said the other; "it'll spread all over the world yet."—"Shouldn't wonder if it did," said the first.

A LUDICROUS INCIDENT.—We (*Dundee Advertiser*) have heard a good story of a journey that was performed not long ago by a very worthy farmer, who resides within twenty miles of this town. The gentleman attended a market here one day and was returning home on horseback. When he was so far on his way, by some unaccountable circumstance the saddle-girth got loose, and both rider and saddle fell to the ground.

The horse finding himself at liberty, then scampered off without waiting for his master. The gentleman, not knowing that the faithless Rozinante had fled immediately set about getting things put right again. Having got hold of the saddle, he placed it not on the horse's back but on a hedge at the road side, and then, supposing that all was right, he mounted. After some time, however, he found he was making very little progress, and it occurred to him that there was surely some mistake. Feeling quite convinced of this, he quitted his elevated position, and set forward to accomplish the rest of the journey on foot. We are happy to say that the gentleman and his steed both got home in perfect safety. Some persons observing the saddle dangling on the hedge next morning, and it was faithfully restored to its owner.

The fountain of content must spring up in a man's own mind; and he who has so little knowledge of human nature as to seek happiness by changing anything but his own disposition, will waste his life in fruitless efforts, and multiply the griefs which he proposes to remove.

If we would have the kindness of others, we must endure their follies. He who cannot persuade himself to withdraw from society, must be content to pay a tribute of his time to a multitude of tyrants.

Mental pleasures never clog; unlike those of the body, they are increased by repetition, approved of by reflection, and strengthened by enjoyment.

## THE TRIAL OF LIFE.

Life is not entirely made up of great evil or heavy trials; but the perpetual recurrence of petty evils and small trials is the ordinary and appointed exercise of the Christian graces. To bear with the failings of those about us, with their infirmities, their bad judgment, their ill-breeding, their perverse tempers; to endure neglect when we feel we deserve attention, and ingratitude when we expected thanks; to bear with the company of disagreeable people whom Providence has placed in our way, and whom he has perhaps provided or purposed for the trial of our virtue, these are the best exercises of patience and self-denial, and the better because not chosen by ourselves. To bear with vexation in business, with disappointment in our expectations, with interruptions of our retirement, with folly, intrusion, disturbance, in short with whatever opposes our will, contradicts our humor, this habitual acquiescence appears to be more of the essence of self-denial, than any little rigors or inflictions of our own imposing. These constant, inevitable, but inferior evils, properly improved, furnish a good moral discipline, and might, in the days of ignorance, have superseded pilgrimage and penance.—Hannah More

A gigantic enterprise is contemplated in London, namely, the adoption of Mr. Stephenson's magnificent plan to construct a railway from London to Calcutta direct—the only interruption being at the Straits of Dover and the Bosphorus. By this route, the distance will be accomplished in less than a week. It will occupy ten years in constructing. A surveyor is now making flying levels.

## OLDEST NEGRO YET.

We have at last got hold of a particularly old negro. There have been countless cases of tolerably advanced blacks, but the case below, which we copy from an exchange, is said to be perfectly authentic, and finishes the list. She ought to be shown around:—

Some time ago I sent you an account of an old negro man, who died at Charleston at the advanced age of 118 years. Since then I have seen a statement of a negro woman, in Fauquier county, Va., aged 140.—A friend, who was formerly an officer in the U. States Army, relates that when he was stationed at Pas Christian, in Louisiana, he was in the habit, with his brother officers, of visiting an aged negress who sold butter-milk. On one occasion the following conversation took place:—

"Old woman, how old are you?"  
"I dunno, Massa."  
"How long have you lived about here?"  
"O, long time, long time, massa." She then went on to relate circumstances in connection with the history of the county, which proved that she must have arrived at a very advanced age.

"Well, can't you refer to any circumstance by which you may come at your age?"  
"Well, massa, I've had nineteen children, and that gal, (pointing to an old woman), is the youngest; and I know she's ninety."

The old woman was quite active when our informant saw her last, and attended to the sale of her butter-milk herself, in preference to calling upon her "gal," whom she represented to be good for nothing."

HOW THE ENGINEER DIED AT DESJARDINS.—The engineer (brave fellow) whistled "on brakes," and, while endeavoring, if possible, to avert the catastrophe, went down with the engine. Instead of attempting to escape at the first warning, he stood until the moment when the engine was precipitated into the abyss, and was reversing the engine endeavoring to prevent the fatal result.

When the last account of heroes is made up, it will contain some other names than those of the soldiers we are wont to honour with the title. The engineer who lies under the ice at Desjardins, the boy on the Central road whose dead fingers were found clutching his brake, and hundreds of other nameless heroes on our railway, who met death rather than desert duty, are entitled to higher monuments than the stormers of Malakoff and captors of Redans.—*Hamilton (C. W.) Spectator*.

Success prompts to exertion, and habit facilitates success. Habit also gives promptness, and the soul of despatch is decision. One may write a book or paint a picture, while another is deliberating about a plant or a title-page. The more we do, the more we can do. If we go forward with spirit and confidence, we shall succeed. The best are idle half the time, and he who does nothing, renders himself incapable of doing anything, while capacity is invigorated by occasions of necessity. Our expenditure of intellectual wealth makes us rich, and we acquire ideas of imparting them.