

must now, however, avail myself of the usual Parliamentary permission, and show to this House what was the real origin of "a Constitutionalist's Letters." Whether I did, or did not write them, is beside the question. When Scrutator and his friends throw aside their disguises, it will be time enough to confess my sins—but what was the origin of these Letters? From 1840, when Lord Falkland arrived in this Country, to the summer of 1842, the exclusively loyal people, who are now his very particular friends, had attacked himself, his family, and his Administration. His Lady was coarsely assailed—he was accused of sending his servants to a concert to insult the society of Halifax, and his secretary was faulted with robbing a Pawnbroker's shop to replenish his wardrobe. I regret that I have not the worst of these papers at hand. An extract or two will serve as specimens of the whole—Lord Falkland is described "as a Whig deputy of Lord John Russell, whom a Conservative Colonial Minister is most unaccountably permitting to endanger the very existence of the affection of the Conservatives of Nova Scotia, to the Government of the Queen." "The most respectable portion of the society of this Colony are required by a Whig Governor to submit to every species of annoyance and degradation." "Surely Sir Robert Peel and Lord Stanley cannot think it wise to allow a Whig Governor to destroy the peace, and ultimately stifle the loyalty of this once happy Colony." This was written by the no party men, of a Coalition, in which the Liberals had but a faint representation. His Lordship is styled "a Whig Taskmaster," and those who boast of the Addresses he received last summer, will find great comfort in the following passage—"As to the Addresses to Lord Falkland, they must be viewed as a mere matter of moonshine, since there are lunatics and responsables enough in every village to get up an address to Old Scratch himself." A Correspondent in the same paper says, "such conduct on the part of Her Majesty's Representative has ceased to excite surprise here, as it is quite notorious that his Lordship has determined to blot the sword of truth and the scales of justice from the escutcheon of his government, and to be guided solely by party feeling and prejudice." Thus wrote the party now in power, of the man they are sustaining in a vain attempt to crush an enemy for a political lamp—this was the style of remonstrance against an Administration, that, sustained by a liberal majority, had but three Liberals in the Council. But, hear what was said of the Count de Barruel, the Governor's Secretary, a gentleman of classical attainments, polished manners, and guarded circumspection:

"I have seen the Count since his return from his tour to the West. You would not know him if he goes your way, by my former description of his habiliments. His late visit to the clothes shop has changed his outward man altogether entirely, as Pat says; but you will still recognise him by the swagger which I endeavoured to describe on a former occasion."

All these passages are from a single paper. I could pile up as many, breathing the same spirit, and evincing the same delicacy, as would weigh down a fifty six. Thus it was that the loyal men, who are my denouncers, spoke of a Nobleman, around whose brow the royal halo was as plainly distinguished in 1842 as it is in '45. So fierce and incessant had been this storm of invective, for twenty months prior to the preparation of the 'Constitutionalist's Letters,' that the Conservatives boasted that the Government was written down; and Lord Falkland deemed it proper to call the attention of the Council to the state of the Opposition Press, and to urge that some of the Members should enter the arena, and defend him and themselves. On one or two occasions, he called upon the Hon. and learned Speaker, then the youngest Member of the Council, to take up his pen and defend the Government. The Speaker, I believe, declined; but out of the feeling displayed by the Lieutenant Governor, arose the letters of "A Constitution-

alist," which were written, not for the mercenary and mean motive attributed, but to abate the nuisance of which his Lordship complained. How must I have felt, then, shortly after the retirements from the Council, to find myself openly charged with the composition of these letters, by a hanger-on about Government House, and mean, mercenary motives, attributed to the writer? Sir, if feelings have been aroused, and arrows pointed, those from the Government quiver, sent with deadly aim, were first discharged. Scrutator, in this very letter, attributes all the difficulties to my "ambition"—"I could bear no rival near the throne," yet I went to the aid of the throne under most trying circumstances, and faithfully discharged my duty until driven forth by manifest injustice. One truth Scrutator tells—"between the families of the Councillors and his Lordship's, a cordial friendship had subsisted," but he forgets to tell how that was severed by rudeness, which no gentleman can defend.

The Attorney General complained the other day, that the Halifax newspapers commented on the negotiations of July,—Why should they not, when the whole policy of the Government was disclosed by Lord Falkland's friend on the 24th of June? But, Sir, I have wasted time enough with this scribbler, having shown that he commenced the war with violating confidence—telling gross falsehoods—preferring mean charges, and misrepresenting my public conduct. They began the system of which they now complain—one which, if serious notice is to be taken in grave despatches, will ultimately result in trying a Government, not by a good measure, but by a good article—not by the wisdom of its appointments, but by the pungency of a joke. As Scrutator sometimes says a good word of me, I will not dismiss him without bearing testimony to his merits. In an ancient city, where a funeral oration was regarded as a decent ceremony on the burial of the dead, a body lay for a while above ground, because nobody could remember any good of the deceased. At last the Barber was got to bear testimony "that he had a very easy beard to shave." Of Scrutator, I may say, that I believe, whatever his demerits may be, he is a very good fisherman, but I have one piece of advice to temper the praise, let him hereafter attend to his professional duties, and not be so fond of fishing in troubled waters.

In passing along, I may notice, that although it is now said that I stand in the way of a fair adjustment, in the Christian Messenger, the Attorney General's organ, it was proclaimed, just after the retirements, "that the breach was irreparable." It was not so then—it is so now, but those who thus prophesied, have done their best to verify the prediction.

I have said that Lord Falkland's own letter, insinuating that we had attempted to force Party Government, and wrest the prerogative from him, was a breach of his own pledge to us when we retired—that it sounded the key-note of defamation. I have shown how instantaneously one of his suite followed up that authoritative assault upon our characters, by gross perversions of fact, and the ascription of unworthy motives—that the Attorney General's organ did the same. You will bear in mind, that all this took place in December and January,—the retaliation," of which I am accused, not having commenced till the following May. I have referred to the effect which Lord Falkland's insinuations had upon our enemies in the Capital,—every man whose path I had crossed in a life of public labor—every man who envied the talents and independence of my learned friend from Cape Breton, or felt rebuked by the unobtrusive virtues of my hon. friend for Halifax, caught up the cry thus raised at Government House, and saw, with true Tory tint, that his Lordship had furnished excellent materials for a row. We all know what followed—they dared not call a public meeting, but they got up a private one at the Hotel, and a jolly time they had of it, glorifying each other, and passing addresses and resolutions. At this meeting appeared almost all the old