

inal.) However, to pursue my narrative, the court came, and Hsi Lordship, the presiding judge, opened Her Majesty's court with all the honours and with all the dignity that any court could assume, pent up in a little narrow school room with highly-coloured prints of Joseph and his brethren, and the prodigal son looking down upon him, and a few gaping and astonished rustics listening to him; I have no doubt they were greatly interested in his Lordship's lucid explanations of the very important changes which had recently been introduced into the laws relating to limited liability. However, to do his Lordship justice, he had nothing whatever to say, no grand jury to address, and not the infinitesimal fraction of business to do, yet he made a most able and eloquent address, if my constituents could only have understood it; but eloquent and able as this judge was, he never in my opinion came up to the high type of judicial eloquence. I once heard from another most able judge under nearly similar circumstances: it was in an address to a grand jury at a distant out station in the same colony. First his lordship discanted ably upon himself, then he referred in moving terms to the disinterested character of the barristers, who left their homes in the metropolis to assist in the administration of justice in those distant settlements; and lastly, fixing his eye upon the constable of the village, a very old bow-legged individual, who had a magnificent salary of ten pounds a year, and part of whose ragged shirt showed through a pair of tattered breeks, as he held up his constables' staff, "gentlemen," said his lordship, with an eloquent glance of his eye towards the jury, and a magnificent wave of his hand towards the constable, "gentlemen of the jury, you see before you that exalted functionary, the executive minister of justice, holding forth his symbol of authority, clothed in all the dignity of office, rejoicing in the confidence of his sovereign, and holding his patent of precedence direct from the fountain of honour." I do not remember whether I said before that I was a politician. Well, in a very small way, I was an embryo statesman. I had a very small political hatchet to grind; there were, however, so many larger politicians than myself grinding their hatchets, I never got near enough even to give my little tomahawk one turn. Politics in our important Colony ran high, but the questions that divided political parties were not always the most important as regards the interests of mankind in general; we had great constitutional battles over the contingencies of each branch of the legislature; we gave and took a fair share of personal abuse to each other; perhaps we were not quite up to the standard of the Lords and Commons of Great Britain, but in proportion to our revenue and our population, we rose immeasurably superior to those time-honoured and antiquated assemblies. It might be true that our House of Commons was a little mixed in its composition, that some of the colonial members took a more lively interest in the contingencies, and picking up of odd government jobs, than was quite consistent with their dignity, but the halo that surrounded them as the chosen of the people, the reflected glory of the intelligent public opinion that they represented covered all defects of education or character in the individual man; latterly, too, some critics might think that our