

mourn over the folly of his advisers. Then he was the honored Governor of all Nova Scotia—opposition, if strong enough for watchfulness, was powerless to obstruct; and no man, or body of men, trammelled his freedom of action, or could extract the humiliating confession that he could not fill up his Council, or carry out the policy to which he was pledged. Who then heard of public offices left open for many months—two sessions passed without a single measure—seats in Council going begging for a year—propositions to go back to the old Council of 12, to buy up the leaders of the opposition, and grave despatches and speeches founded upon a pasquinade? Sir, when I look back upon the past, and address myself to the labors of this day, in self-defence, I would gladly blot out this disgraceful page from our Provincial history.

I confess I know not how to meet this singular attack with becoming gravity. Horne Tooke commences one of his letters with "Tragedy, Comedy, and Farce; Wilkes, Foote, and Junius, all on one poor Parson, are fearful odds." And surely I may say, a Governor, an Attorney General, and all their adherents, upon one poor Printer, are fearful odds—but as Tooke was a match for his foes, I hope I will be able to give a good account of mine. I trust I shall be able to show, that I bore with exemplary patience much undeserved provocation—that while I was for months only intent on serving and extricating Lord Falkland from his embarrassments, a very different spirit was active on the other side; and that when, for the defence of my principles, and my friends, I took up my pen on the 6th of May, it was not till the officers of his Government, and his intimate associates, had showered lampoons and libels on me for more than four months. If I can prove all this; say more, if I can prove that each several passage of which Lord Falkland complains, subsequent to the 6th of May, was called forth by some gross slander, or irritating squib, published at the time in a paper owned and edited by the Queen's Printer, then, whatever may be the judgment of this Assembly, where power and patronage may secure a small majority, I know what must be the ultimate decision of my countrymen, and of Her Majesty's Government.

After serving Lord Falkland faithfully for three years and a half, during all which time his administration was successful, and supported by powerful majorities in this House, my friends and myself retired, simply because we could not defend what we believed to be an impolitic, and knew would be an unpopular, appointment to the Executive Council. We had no theoretical disputes about general principles—no personal complaints to charge upon his Lordship: we parted as gentlemen should part,—we disposed to remember only what had been pleasant in our intercourse, and his Lordship assuring us "that he would take care that our motives were not misrepresented." This was in December. Hardly had we retired, when his Lordship addressed a Letter to us, and published it in the Newspapers, in which he more than insinuated that we, who had served him faithfully, retired courteously, on a single fact, had forced party Government on him, when we had all consented to remain in a Coalition; and had attempted to wrest the Prerogative out of his hands, when we had ever admitted and defended its firm and independent exercise. Nothing could be more unjust than those two implied accusations—nothing could have been more impolitic than their publication. His Lordship himself thus sounded the key note of defamation, and others were not slow to swell the strain. Every old Tory Merchant or Official, with one foot in the grave, was suddenly galvanised by this shock from the Executive Battery—every aspirant to office, whose claims a just Government might have overlooked, knibbed his pen, and dashed into the Press; and his Lordship's own personal attendants and dependants were the first to aim deadly blows at the characters of men, as loyal, and as observant of the just boundaries of the Constitution, as any scion of his line.

I defy the Attorney General to put his hand upon an article, written by me against Lord Falkland, earlier than the 6th of May. But who gave ample provocation four months before? As early as the 28th of December, a person who had long been a sort of upper servant about Government House, commenced the war in a New York paper, under the signature of Senator. This person, well known as a friend and confidant of the Governor, has often given the people of New York the benefit of state secrets that ought to have been known only to the Governor and his sworn Councillors, before they were revealed in the Province which they most concerned. Let us take up the December letter, evidently written for circulation in Canada, that it might meet the Governor General's eye, and filled with misrepresentation of our conduct and positions. As a specimen of the historical accuracy of this household scribbler, let me take one or two passages. On the arrival of Lord Falkland, he says, "negotiations were opened with Mr. Howe and other leading Reformers, and with the Heads of the Conservative party; and at length, by the exercise of commendable forbearance, and by mutual concessions, a Provincial Administration was formed of the leading gentlemen of both parties in about equal numbers." The drift of all this is to show that great skill was displayed by his Lordship, in forming the Council which carried him through from 1840 to 1843, when it was formed for him by Lord Sydenham; and, as far as I was concerned, he brought out the Queen's command in his pocket to place me in the Council. So far from the numbers being about equal, Scrutator suppresses the fact, that the Liberals, though forming a majority in the House, never had more than three seats in Council out of 10, from the time they entered, till they were driven forth by a reckless attempt to increase and perpetuate the disproportion. Again, the Governor's Physician, wishing to throw the blame of all the differences between Members of Council upon me, attributes to me a series of letters, under the signature of "A Constitutionalist," and states that, in one of these, a reference was made to the debt due for publishing the Christian Messenger, which was the origin of all the troubles. There is not one word of truth in this—no such reference occurs in those letters; and whatever appears in them, Lord Falkland and his Agents should be the last to complain. But I come now, to a passage so meanly false, yet so defamatory, that, coming from such a quarter, would, under all the circumstances, have justified prompt and unsparing retaliation. After referring to the sale of the Nova Scotian by me, and to the pecuniary interest which I still had in the Establishment, Scrutator says:—

"It appears that the Novascotian lost much by this change, and its character and circulation fell off when the public missed the clever articles which were wont to fill its columns. Under these circumstances the ardent editor bethought him—I think in an evil hour—of trying to restore its prosperity, and to hit hard his political enemies at the same time, by infusing some of the former spirit and pungency into the pages of the journal; and, sooth to say, no measured portion of bitterness also. This was done by the insertion of a series of letters, under the signature of 'A Constitutionalist;' which, although never acknowledged by Mr Howe, left no doubt of their authorship in the minds of those acquainted with his style."

The Committee will observe that here is the Governor's peculiar scribe—his confidant—the man, when in June, sends to New York revelations of State policy, only given to us in July, charging upon me the authorship of those Letters—attributing their preparation to mean, mercenary motives—and to me the crime of having destroyed a Government in an attempt to renovate a declining Newspaper. Sir, I bore this foul, and most ungrateful accusation, for months, before I wrote one line in retaliation—I have borne it twelve months, while Lord Falkland and his agents have been defaming me here and in England. I