

INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE.

THE DESPATCHES.

Mr. Doyle's Speech.

[The following Speech was delivered by Mr. L. O'C. Doyle, in the House of Assembly, on the 14th Feb. 1845:]

Mr. Doyle said, Mr. Chairman—As no “Arbiter Ele-gantiarum”—as one not fashioned to deliver *D’Orsay* dis-cussions upon drawing rooms—or adjust the standard by which manners are to be softened into ease, or polished into elegance—I, sir, like the learned gentleman from Hants, have not had the recent opportunity of glassing my form in the classic waters of the Avon—nor of wandering in *Æolus* Academi, thro’ the sequestered shades of Windsor to breathe in the inspiration of its scenery;—from one confined within the artificial and unanimating dullness of the city, this Committee must not expect any of those ad-mirandæ, and elaborate displays of rhetoric which have for this last hour tingled in their ears; nor can I promise them the raciness or the richness of those tirades—those vol-umes of sounding invective from which the echoes of this chamber have scarcely yet recovered. No—the less ambitious task of dealing with this dull debate as its un-derlying details offer themselves, will be my office—my dis-position and my duty; and following in the footsteps of my hon. and learned friend (the late Solicitor General) I shall generally in their order address myself to the matters, per-tinently, under discussion, as the exigencies of my argu-ment, and my hopes of usefulness to the cause shall prompt and suggest—not omitting to bestow such transitory regards upon the learned gentleman who has preceded me as the nature of his comments—as the point and piquancy of their aim on this side of the House, may elicit and chal-lenge.

My hon. and learned friend, Mr. Uniacke, has rested with great effect and eloquence, (in his rapid review of our transition from the torpor of the old regime, to the anima-tion of our present state) on the value of those blessings which if unobstructed in their enjoyment, are yet in store for these Colonies; he has told us in periods impressive and emphatic, of the struggles that are past, when, not then as now he stood in the opposite ranks—a change of position which has attracted the factitious notice of the hon. member from Picton, who has been liberal in borrowing his com-parisons from the quarrels of his own race, with whom, probably, he will yet find it were well if he *had left them*.

For me no mortuary pyre has been accumulated out of rotten old papers, as for my colleague—I, sir, have not been subjected to death by secret wounds, as has been the case with my hon. and learned friend from Cape Breton—no tirade, no dire denunciations have been directed against me, as against the hon. and learned Speaker, and against the hon. member for the County of Halifax (Mr Howe) The task, an easy one, of self defence, I leave to those hon. members, and in doing so, I can well apply the classic definition of the learned gentleman from Windsor who has preceded me—

“Non tibi aurelio, non defensoribus istis.”

To the unaided hands of those old friends and associates,

I commit the hon. and learned gentleman, and he, I shrewdly suspect, will have no reason to exult in the man-ner of the just retribution they may demand—that hon. and learned gentleman (Mr Wilkins) has divided his address into two sections—passion and pathos; in the passages of his passion he selected my colleague as his object—in his peroration of pathos, he has delivered some sharp though gracefully aimed thrusts at the learned Speaker. I have already said I must leave him to their mercies—*tender tho’* they may not be—expressing my regret, sincere and un-feigned, at the personal complexion, imparted to this de-bate, and shall pass to the more grave subject of our notice, as offered to us, and disclosed in the papers on the Table. Those papers, extraordinary as they are in a few of their details—inaccurate, as I believe, in some, and at variance with the intentions of this House, in many—we must meet them as we have them, and in so doing I shall have to apologise for the trespass it may be necessary to commit on your patience.

Now, Mr Chairman to the matter of the Despatch in my hand, after a few words upon the manner in which the al-luded confidence of this House has been treated by the ad-visers of His Excellency. That Resolution expresses a confidence in the present half of a Council—yet the Government, without a word to authorize the attempt, recommended a Council and a half—an extension of our Colonial Cabinet to 12. Why, sir, in the Metropolis of the mighty Empire, of which we are a mere dependency, no greater number than 15 were ever in the Cabinet of the Sovereign; and a high authority, the Marquis Wellesley, one in Britain the highest in such matters, when consulted in 1811 upon that head, has pronounced any greater num-ber than 11 to be inconvenient. Now, sir, we have the old number of 6, (all but one resident in Halifax)—and tho’ I cannot object to the number itself any more than to that of 9, unless the latter being the number of the Muses, it is more likely to be productive of harmony; while 6 is not associated with any historic reminiscence, sacred or profane—it is neither the number of the Graces, nor of the Muses, and only half that of the Apostles. Why, Mr Chairman, did they not take to their Body the Hon. Collector of Excise? And then should we not have in effect the Seven Sages of old? The number would find a support in our classic memo-ries at least. But let us for an instant pass from this topic, and see what we have to meet in the diplomacy of last winter, touching the overtures to the Ex Councillors.

Really sir, it would seem as if the members of the pre-sent Ministry had sworn their *political lives* against their former *fellows in office*, and required that they should be *bound over to keep the peace*, before the *coalition* should re-commence—what a presage of harmony is derived from this state of *bodily fear* in which these stipulations declare the members of the Colonial Cabinet to be, and what a laugh-