

even your bold front quailed before him. I saw you, Sir, and never will the recollections of that day be obliterated from my memory—never shall I forget that countenance, the faithful index of the mind within—the wandering eye seeking for sympathy in those around—the quivering lip—the pallid cheek.—By Heaven, had you been one atom less a public criminal than you are—had you not been the bitterest foe that my country and countrymen ever knew—had you not been the unceasing calumniator of Britain and Britain's Sons,—even I could have pitied you. It was lamentable to behold a human being thus degraded—pitiable to see a fellow creature thus striking a fatal blow at the poor remains of reputation left him. You asked, Sir, for *approval*, and in reply you were told that His Excellency *allowed* the choice of the Assembly. Where were the customary forms?—where the reliance upon your talent, zeal and integrity?—where the anticipation of your faithful discharge of the duties confided to you? All—all were omitted. Your election was confirmed without further ceremony or courtesy—the usual privileges accorded to you in the briefest language—and thus ended a ceremony without parallel in the records of the Colony.

You now, Sir, entered upon the more immediate duties of your office, hitherto the presence of your superiors in birth, talent, and station, had somewhat restrained you, but once more among kindred minds, surrounded by your own satellites, you soon proved to us that we had correctly anticipated the result of your return to the Hall, where the sittings of the Assembly are held. It was no new thing to us to see, that the Speaker who ought by virtue of this office to be the *Moderator* in the popular branch, was the most violent partizan in it, that the dignity of his office was never for a moment consulted when party