

STEWART'S QUARTERLY.

GEORGE STEWART, Jr.,

EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

VOL. V.

SAINT JOHN, N. B., APRIL, 1871.

No. 1:

HOW I BECAME MEMBER FOR MARSHBORO'.

BY THE HON. P**** W***

THE District of Marshboro' and Musselcove, which I once had the honour to represent in the Parliament of an ancient British Colony, is a very extensive District, and my constituents were amongst the most intelligent and independent of the colonial freeholders, need I say that I thought so when they elected me as their member; perhaps my readers after the perusal of this sketch may not agree with me, but however that may be there can be no possible question about the extent of the District; I proudly claimed the honour of being the largest territorial representative in the Colonial Assembly. In the map of Marshboro' drawn by my own hands and which my friends jocularly declared I had drawn out to no end of a length, Marshboro' appeared to be a long extensive line of coast extending nearly one hundred miles in front, whilst in the rear it extended just as far as I liked to draw it, if you chose to draw upon your imagination, no white man had ever travelled beyond a few miles from the coast, consequently any map of it would have been purely fictitious. The electors, at the time I refer to, were not numerous, but they had been less so; an old gentleman called Billy Barlow, a primitive inhabitant of the District, used to tell me of the time when his and Jim Stakes's family were, as he termed it, "the only liviers on the shore"—need I say that my constituents had no advanced views in political matters, there had never been a contest in the District, very few of the Marshburghers had ever seen a live member in the flesh, and still fewer knew where he came from, where he went to, or what his business was. The country town, Marshboro', where the elections were held, boasted of a church, a minister, a merchants' establishment, the returning officer's house, and one other house not belonging to the said mercantile establishment, but on this latter point I am not quite clear; when the election time came round, the J. P. walked proudly out in front of his porch at the legal hour, and read the proclamation; the head cooper and the master carpenter proposed and seconded the member, and then all three had a glass of grog; at four o'clock the member was declared duly elected, and then they had one or more glasses of grog in honour of the great