

conviction that the county of Charlotte has set an example to the whole province, in the spirit and enterprise which have of late sprung up in that section of New Brunswick.

The worst thought that any man popping in as a stranger would be likely to entertain of this little Honorable would be, that he has a peculiar regard for "the first person, singular number, masculine gender of the first personal pronoun." It is true, grammarians say that this pronoun has no gender; but as the gender is always determined by the noun it represents, the above honorable always seems to use it in the masculine sense—hence we have assigned to it a masculine signification, even at the risk of offending the shade of Lindley Murray.

Besides these, we notice a stout, stalwart, grey haired man, and not far from him a sandy-complexioned elderly young man, both of whom seem to be old countrymen, and both appear to represent the commerce of the Province, both acquainted with commercial and local statistics, both firm and sensible: but from their manner and demeanour, a stranger, who did not know which was which, would *prima facie* say the Scotchman is the Irishman, and *vice versa*; for the one is an Ulster man, and the other a Gael by birth. There is a wee sailor-looking bodie, wi' no very muckle outside, but a good deal inside, and beside him one Steelman—but, fegs, there's mair oil than steel aboot the one, and mair steel than oil aboot the other.

DOWN STAIRS.

A fine room. The Speaker, gowned and bannet, is in his chair, around him are his generals (be it known to our readers that the debating only is done here.) The business is all done—with all the chiseling, in the committee rooms I noticed some pawky dodgers in this branch of the Legislature. Among the rest, I saw one who sits on the left hand of the Speaker, wearing a white choker most commonly, a stout, wee-built man; black hair, turning grey; very dark, small deep set and piercing eye—but speaking of eyes, he is all eyes. He has as many eyes as Argus. He seems continually on the watch—always noting and noticing. He could govern an empire. He would have made a splendid Talleyrand or Machiavelli. Had Louis Philippe been living, he would have given that man a fortune to act as his private secretary. It would seem, from the notice of a discussion I heard while in the House, that this argus-eyed M.P. is an officer of the Crown, holding some political situation, and on that account a good butt for the oppositionists. He bears hammering well; never seems to wince;

but holds on and does all his wincing in his own room or private office.

There is another curious looking man, with a bald head, his latitude and longitude just about an identical *equation*, as mathematicians would say, always on the fidgets; a fine specimen of the *perpetuum motum*. He seems as if he could speak for a month on any question, and cares not what he says. Speak he will, sense or nonsense, often speaks good nonsense too; makes others feel, but seems to feel very little himself. It would seem, from sundry hints, that Bill (for such is the name he often goes by in these parts) had on some occasion raked up in no small degree the corruption of the government, and this still sticks in their gizzards.

For York, there's a small keen-eyed little man, of whom I can make nothing; sometimes I think he is clever, at other times I begin to doubt it; sometimes he talks *religious*, at other times

There's a tall, stout, sallow man from Westmoreland, with a small black eye, of which it was once said that "it never looked man straight in the face," meaning, I suppose, that it always looked round the side of a man's head or over his shoulder.

One of the Macs or Mickies, from Buctouch or Buctoucis, seems at times to entertain the House by incidental allusions to the urbanity and kindness of manner with which Cardinal Wiseman receives M.P.'s and lumberers from the colonies, when they call at his palace in London with diplomatic or introductory letters.

Now an ex-M.P. appeared behind the benches, exclaiming—"Mr. Spaker, sure it's meself and nobody else that ought to be afther sitting over beyant, where Mither Boyd is! By the powers of war, I'll bring wid me fifty men from the borders of the Bocabec and the Digiduaguash, and will unsate the Colonel!"

Here I left the House to despatch my budget, but will hereafter furnish more ample details.

An ill humor is too great a luxury to be abandoned all an once. It is, moreover, a post of great advantage whenever any one endeavours to coax us out of it; it is like holding a fort, we endeavour to make good terms before leaving it.

One is much less sensible of cold on a bright day than on a cloudy one; thus the sunshine of cheerfulness and hope will lighten every trouble.

When is the soup likely to run out of the saucepan? When there's a leak in it.

An insolent lackey. Steam is a servant that occasionally blows up its master.