

and some of whom are, in all the attributes that qualify for public life, certainly his superiors, that he but degrades himself? There was a novelty in his splenetic and petulant harangues, which perhaps he will pardon me for saying has worn off. He is always abusing somebody, but he tells us nothing wise—he tells us nothing new, and is becoming as tiresome as that termagant lady “renowned in Padua for her scolding tongue.” A statesman he is not; but I will back him against any old woman in christendom as a scold. He often reminds me of a story my father used to tell of two old Connecticut men who had been to hear a young preacher, who was rather declamatory, uncharitable and conceited. One of them was loud in his praise, and asked the other whether he did not think he was a capital preacher. “Pretty good,” was the reply, “but I think a little mortification would not hurt him.” (Laughter.) When listening to the member for Cumberland, perhaps I sometimes think a little mortification, my young gentleman, will not hurt you. When he attacks me he tests not my powers of mind, but my good nature; and if I think of him at all, it is as of the screaming sea-gull, that dashed its brains out against the Edystone light-house, but did not put out the light.

The member for Cumberland told us the other day that our railroads are like a mill stone, around the neck of the Province. He might more appropriately have compared them to the tarsi of a royal matron, which is not only an embellishment to her charms but an emblem of her power. Admitting that these roads have cost a good deal, is there a man in the province who would do without them? Who is willing that while Canada has her thousand miles of railroad, while New Brunswick is pushing her road forward to the gulf, and the neighboring states are covered with them, Nova Scotia should not have a mile? No sir, the people of the province are proud of their public works, they are proud of what has been accomplished, and hopeful of what is to come—they feel that they have some evidence of enterprise in their country, which will enable them to look strangers in the face without being ashamed. The member for Cumberland says I bribed three counties.—Bribed three counties, did I? Why sir, when I had not a dollar in the world, the constituency of the metropolitan county took me up, and put me in the legislature, by a majority of 1000, without the election costing me a penny, and I held my seat against powerful influences for 15 years, winning four elections, and carrying with me every colleague but one, that ever stood at my side. There was no bribery there—no railroad expenditure. I did my duty as a public man, and held a position of which any gentleman might be proud. When I went to Cumberland I had no wealthy relatives and friends there—I had not the means, if I had had the will to bribe the constituency, and I carried that hitherto Tory county, by fair intellectual conflict, against the combined opposition of some of the most influential and wealthy men of the

county, with the Doctor among the number.

But, it may be said, you went with your railway policy. Of the summer election, this is true; but when I ran the winter election, my policy had been shattered by Lord Grey's Despatch. But at both elections the enemy had their Portland Company and their Railway policy, and Mr Dickey jingled a bag of sovereigns quite as large as mine.

It is true that in the election of 1855 I lost my seat; but what were the circumstances? I was away in the United States recruiting Her Majesty's army, then before Sebastopol, and I only arrived in Nova Scotia five or six days before the election. If my friends had only understood the ground, they might have secured my seat, and one besides, by a compromise which was offered. I found the whole county deluged with rum, and canvassed and organized before I got there. I had only four or five days to work. There was a strong temperance feeling in the county, and I had the previous session opposed the Maine Liquor Law. My colleague, Mr Fulton, was a strong temperance man, and it was doubtful for some time whether he would run with me or not—in fact, it was only decided the night after the nomination. That election could not be considered as a test of any body's popularity. I had every disadvantage to contend against—the combined Dickie and Stewart interest—the member for Cumberland, with his Highland Brigade at his back, and the want of time thoroughly to canvass the county. I won the county twice, and would not be afraid to try it again. The Doctor beat me once, and I am quite content that he should wear his laurels.

Before I was invited to Windsor, I had the offer of Cape Breton, and although my election was certain, I declined it—for at that time I was doubtful whether I would again re-enter parliament. The township of Windsor became vacant, and I was invited by all parties to offer, and I have been returned in a most gratifying manner—once for the township, and twice since the county has been divided into districts.

But, on the 12th of May, the railway did not help me much. On the contrary, all the influence arising from the expenditure of money was against me. I had those celebrated contractors, Johnston & Blackie, and Sutherland & Sons, carrying their navvies, drenched with rum, by dozens to the polls, and making these poor men believe that it was to their interest to put me out. Where are these contractors now, who professed then to be the friends of these navvies? Let the poor men of Nova Scotia mark what they gained: these contractors have now cleared out—left the country with thousands of pounds of the hard, honest earnings of the people of Nova Scotia in their pockets—and we have nothing to show for it. And where are these poor navvies now? No work for them to do—no money in the treasury to give them employment. All carried off by Messrs Johnston & Blackie, Dunan McDonald, and Sutherland & Sons; and the poor fools, upon