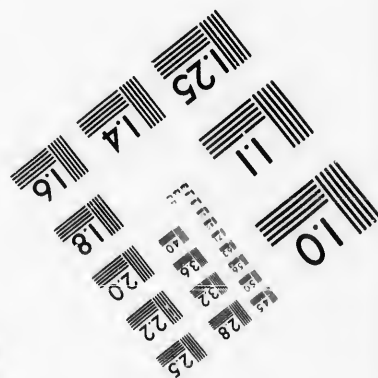
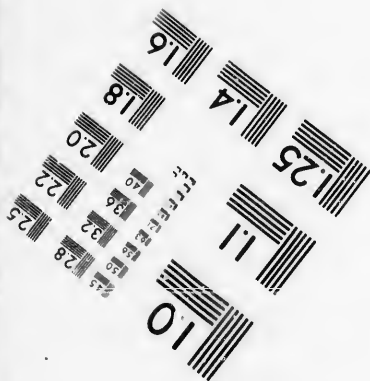
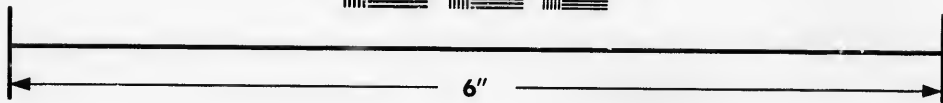
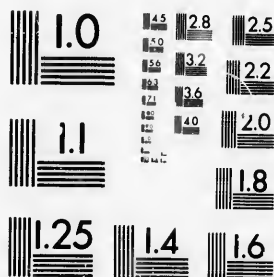


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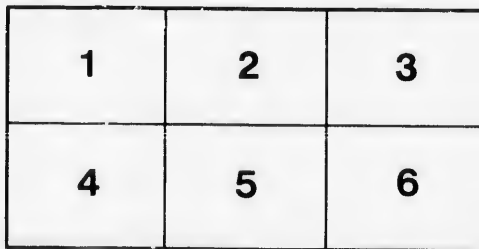
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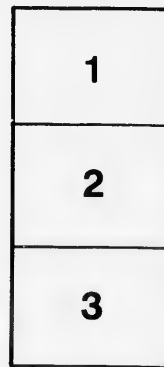
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REPORT

OF

MR. BULL'S JURY, EX-OFFICIO,

ON THE

LATE CONDUCT OF HIS SERVANTS,

IN A CERTAIN

PUBLIC ESTABLISHMENT.

—000—

SECOND EDITION.

—000—

PRINTED FOR MESSRS. LEFAX AND RURUS, BY PARTI-
CULAR DESIRE OF MR. PUBLIC OPINION,
MR. COMMON SENSE, AND
OTHERS.

1829.

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Report of Mr. Bull's Jury, &c.

WHEREAS, Mr. Bull, a descendant of the celebrated John Bull, in conjunction with some valued friends from continental Europe, having crossed the Atlantic, and commenced a happy and flourishing establishment in that part of North America called Nova-Scotia—found it necessary, after the example of his venerated Father, to choose a number of confidential servants to whom he might entrust the management of his extending and improving concerns. Said servants being chosen, Mr. Bull provided them with a sumptuous building in which they might transact his business with respectability and comfort to themselves, also attached liberal salaries to the situation of such servants, considering the short time that they would be employed at his business, said business not necessarily engaging 20 days annually, but for which Mr. Bull allots 42 days, paying his Butler nearly £5 for each day, and his other servants at the rate of £1 per day. Notwithstanding this kindness and care, Mr. Bull has been lately much offended by these servants, he has been insulted in his own house, his business allowed to run into confusion, while humbug transactions were attended to, and one servant for whom (the rest knew that) Mr Bull had a partiality, being maltreated and driven from the post which Mr Bull allotted him. After thus acting, and of course pocketing their salaries, those servants have separated and scattered to every point of the compass: and as Mr. Bull wishes to call them to some account of their conduct, This is to give notice that all well wishers of the establishment are requested to aid and assist in bringing said servants to a tribunal which Mr. Bull has appointed in his capital, there to answer such questions as his real representatives may put to them. Their names and description

follow, and may lead to the detection. As no doubt there will be an attempt made to disguise and hush up the matter ; he gives a list of the whole, leaving to the inquest which he will appoint, to discriminate and pronounce on the merits and demerits of each.

Butler.—Mr. Squeaker.

Fishermen, Law-clerks, Plough-boys, and servants of all work, as follows :—

- Messrs. Billy-button
- Dish-up
- Rude-elf
- Ox-like
- Hammock
- Union-jack
- For-no-man
- Jill
- Peck-man
- Broach
- Chapel
- Kicks-on
- Hard-horn
- Raven
- Nick's-cannon
- Thwart-on
- Fry-pan
- Hilly's
- Farce

- Messrs. Stew-hard
- Spare-shanks
- J. The-wolf
- B. The-wolf
- White-smith
- Black-smith
- Struggles
- Wrong
- Barrier
- Virgil
- Starchy-bold
- Poo-le
- Chick-map
- Burdock
- Stare
- Horse
- Whey
- Jerry Paws-on
- Fear-it

Whippers in.

- Messrs. Read-on
- Scratch-away
- Void

- Messrs. Fair-rooster
- Trips

The majority of the aforementioned servants may be known, not from size or looks, they being of every grade, and some of them making no appearance at all, but by placing them in different situations : for instance, when placed on an erection called a Hustings, they bow and scrape to Mr. Bull, call him gentleman, and promise every thing ; if placed in a large room on red sofas, they immediately look big and lordly, turn up their nose

1875

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at Mr. Bull, and seem to think him made for them, not
they for him: on a handful of money being thrown a-
mong them, their dignity evaporates, and they begin
scrambling, calling names, and tearing one another, like
so many Billingsgate fisherwomen. These signs being
attended to, said characters will be easily detected.

The dissipated servants of Mr. Bull being collected,
the inquest of enquiry took their seats and answered to
their names.

The Jury which Mr. Bull has chosen to try the fore-
mentioned servants, are—

Foreman—Mr. Public Opinion.

*Jurymen, being the collective sense of Mr. Bull's
Establishment.*

Messrs. Seeing	Messrs. Lefax
Hearing	Rurus
Feeling	Oceani
Common Sense	Nova
Honour	Oldham.
Pocket	

—ooo—

Mr. Public Opinion in the chair.

Mr. Squeaker was called to the bar.

Mr. Public Opinion. What post did you fill in Mr.
Bull's household?

Mr. Squeaker. I was butler, or steward, or head
servant, one who was to preserve order and regularity
in his house.

Mr. Public Opinion. What did Mr. Bull pay you for
your trouble?

Mr. Squeaker. Some £5 a day—a mere trifle, con-
sidering my respectability and services.

Mr. Seeing, (one of the jurymen) would ask Mr.
Squeaker what were his *real* services, what in fact *did*
he do for his money? and he wished him to be particu-
lar and careful in his answer, as he (Mr. Seeing) had a
few personal opportunities of knowing for himself.

Mr. Spueaker, (pausing)—My services were numerous.

Mr. Seeing. State them sir.

Mr. Squeaker, (still pausing)—I—sat in an easy chair, behind a little table, wore a long wig, and a white pinafore, collected ayes and no's, and called order and made a fuss when it pleased myself.

Mr. Common Sense, (one of the jurymen.) Why

Mr. Squeaker I do not think these such important services; as for sitting in the easy chair, supporting the wig and the pinafore, it is what a scare crow can do; as for the other services, he had seen simple machines which in all would not cost £5 do as much; but if Mr. Bull wished to add to his own respectability by paying his Butler so much, for so little, it is no particular business of the jury, provided Mr. Squeaker has done his business properly, it is this that they had to decide on.

Mr. Pocket thought the sentiments of the last jurymen very polite and gentlemanly; but really he thought that pounds, shillings and pence should be attended to; for want of such attention, he (Mr. Pocket) had been much subject to griping and to various ills attendant on emptiness, or a flatulent plenum; he often feared death by squeezing from the late servants; if a scare crow, or a cast iron Squeaker which could be got for a trifle would do, he would rather prefer such, to the mode lately pursued.

Mr. Feeling, would ask the Butler whether he had not often turned his master's children out of their own apartment, thereby obliging them to leave their own house, or to continue on cold lobbies and staircases, in depth of winter, to their evident inconvenience and annoyance, and to the probable risk of health?

Mr. Squeaker, admitted that he had done so; but that it was only an exercise of power which was vested in him.

Mr. Feeling, thought it a very ungracious exercise, and one which was often felt very keenly. He would ask, was there a necessity of such exercise, and had the servants any honourable business to transact which their master should not know of?

Mr. Squeaker. Many situations occurred in which

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the servants would not wish to have their masters as spectators.

His Honour the Chairman, wished to know why Mr. Squeaker was so zealous in removing a certain useful Barrier from their house.

Mr. Squeaker. Said Barrier was often found an annoyance, when gentlemen found a gap through which they could pass very smoothly, this great Barrier would come chock in, and so block up the thoroughfare. When gentlemen were going head foremost through a favourite measure, this Barrier often met them full in the face, and hurt them severely; so that all were glad of a favourable opportunity of removing a bar which they could not get over, and would not stoop under.

Mr. Chairman. What opportunity presented itself of such removal?

Mr. Squeaker. This Barrier galled some would-be-militarys, who wanted to get up and ride. He also charged one of his fellow servants indirectly, with cheating his master, and with having connexion with what were called doubtful and turbulent characters.

Mr. Chairman. Did Barrier support his indirect charge?

Mr. Squeaker. He was not allowed. We immediately shoved him out of the way when he gave us the open, by this construed breach of our rules.

Mr. Common Sense, felt indignant at this manner of proceeding. Punish a man unheard! not listen to a serious charge made against a servant in an important and trusty situation! he would think they consulted their own dignity, and the character of each party most, by enquiring fully, or by passing the shade of an offence over altogether.

Mr. Squeaker. It was a breach of privilege, and the books had it (here the gentleman was about quoting some latin trash.)

Mr. Common Sense, did not wish from his remarks to elicit any nonsense or legal quibbles: if Mr. Squeaker could answer like a man, let him do so, but "an' he speak in *blank* verse and black letter, peace be wi' him." But he would ask in plain English, and would wish an

answer in the same language, not in lawyer's jargon, what did the servants consider their business in the house?

Mr. Squeaker. To transact Mr. Bull's affairs.

Mr. Common Sense. Were his affairs forwarded by removing the Barrier which he has erected himself?

Mr. Squeaker. His own dignity was consulted in the dignity of his servants, and by removing one who had insulted the other retainers.

Mr. Common Sense. Mr. Public Opinion agreed with him, and, indeed all his brother jury-men coincided with him, that no insult was at all proved when said Barrier was first removed, that if there was, explanation should be allowed, especially if there was any ground for the charge so indirectly and vaguely made. But he would ask, if they were so careful of Mr. Bull's dignity and respectability, why they did not listen to his prayers from Shelburne? why in fact did they treat these prayers with contempt, and with a peremptory No! why did they so often kick him out of his own house, and grossly insult him while there, and make any attempt at pleasing him, at popularity (that is at doing what was thought of public utility,) one of the blackest crimes in the political calendar? It was too bad to hang flowery festoons round the neck of the ox, beat him an hour after, and when he bellowed, kicked, and ploughed the ground with his horns, to tell him that he was very brutal, that his own respectability and importance was the object in view, and that he ought to take his torment patiently: this might be true, but he would enquire, was it not hard logic?

Mr. Squeaker. Privilege, law, and logic are different things, and perhaps not to be understood by Mr. Common Sense.

Mr. Pocket, wished to know whether Mr Squeaker instead of commiserating his (Mr. P.'s) squalid appearance, was willing not only to hasten his consumption, to complete his exhaustion, but actually to run him in debt, to mortgage his estate, and to beggar his heirs. Mr. Hearing told him such was the case, and Mr. Seeing declared he saw it in black and white. Would Mr. Squeaker now answer the question himself?

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Mr. Squeaker, did not deny giving his acquiescence to
liberality and debt.

Mr. Pocket. Prodigious!

Mr. Honour, would enquire, was Mr. Squeaker insult-
ed, and personally maltreated on a late occasion by Mr.
Bull's partisans?

Mr. Squeaker. Grossly.

Mr. Honour regretted it very much: two blacks
never made a good white.

Mr. Chairman, for himself and the jury expressed his
sorrow for such effervescence; but he would advise a
recurrence to causes, before effects were too loudly an-
athemised; for his part, though he detested brutality
in servants or masters, he must state his preference to
seeing the lake buoyant and volatile, and sensitive,
though it should foam under a breeze; than to find it
metamorphosed into a puddle, lethargic and stupid and
unmoved under a tempest; and he would greatly prefer
that the ferment should be prevented, not by throwing
red coals into the waters, or Xerxes like, lashing the
billows, but by pouring oil over the surface; acts which
all lamented could not now be undone, but we must be
dull as "the fat weed on Collins' wharf," if we would
not profit by such loud and unlooked for lessons.

Mr. Feeling. Mr. Squeaker, please state where you
have laid Mr. Bull's Barrier after its removal.

Mr. Squeaker. We have laid it by in a secure place.

Mr. Feeling, would ask was it for the safety of the
Barrier; to serve Mr. Bull; or to gratify pique that
the Barrier was secured?

Mr. Squeaker. It was for a breach that this Bar was
secured.

Mr. Feeling. This answer is indefinite; perhaps
Mr. Squeaker considers the question a delicate one;
I will put another which may elicit the wished for in-
telligence, *Where is that Barrier secured?*

Mr. Squeaker. In a strong house, in an airy situation.

Mr. Feeling. Had the house any designation—what
was it called?

Mr. Squeaker. Gentlemen might be satisfied with
his description; it was not Province building, nor Co-

vernment House, nor Admiral's building, nor Jerry Paws-on's *Snug*, in Hollis street.

Mr. Feeling. What house is it?

Mr. Squeaker. It is one adapted for security and retirement: Barrier cannot fall through the windows, bars prevent that; exposure to cold and fatigue is prevented by keeping the doors locked. A fine view of the bay, its island, and the majestic Atlantic beyond, is obtained from its attics. Gentlemen may depend on Barrier's security and safe keeping.

Mr. Feeling. How is the house called?

Mr. Squeaker. It is called the red house, Fielding's brig &c.

Mr. Feeling wanted no slang, or law terms—what is its proper title?

Mr. Squeaker, (warmly.) The Common Jail.

Mr. Feeling. Prodigious!

Mr. Squeaker was now allowed to retire for the present, to be called up for dismissal or reprimand, at a future period of the Jury's sittings.

Mr. Stew-hard called to the bar. On the gentleman making his bow—

Mr. Seeing, requested that the person at the bar would take his hands out of his pockets, it was un-orator looking and unseemly; he wondered at the practice of certain gentlemen whose first movement previous to making a palaver was to get on their feet, their next to shuffle their hands into their inexpressible pockets, and thus to proceed in so unsenatorial and undignified a manner.

Mr. Pocket, wished, that gentlemen in keeping their hands out of their own pockets, would not thrust them into his. Of two evils he would choose the least; did not wish to disturb gentlemen's hands when placed as complained of, lest they might find more annoying situations for them.

Mr. Stew-hard did not think himself accountable for how his hands were placed; denied such authority as was now attempted to be exercised.

Mr. Public Opinion, requested the gentleman to be

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cool, he certainly was a giant in his own eyes, but other people might think him of the size approaching mediocrity; advised him not to be so fond of stilts, such strut-
ing was liable to sore falls.

Mr. Common Sense, certainly did not see why the hands should be in the pockets when any business was to be done, but excuses might be formed, gentlemen of certain professions were said to be so conversant with dirty work that their hands were not fit for public observation. He would ask of what profession was the gentleman?

Mr. Stew-hard. A lawyer.

Mr. Common Sense. A liar! I hope none will be so impious as to profess themselves so in public.

Mr. Hearing, said his brother was in a mistake, the gentleman said lawyer, not liar.

Mr. Common Sense, begged pardon for his mistake, it might be easily made, the difference was not much. A liar was one who departed from truth, from simple rectitude in word and deed; what was a lawyer?

Mr. Stew-hard—(pausing)—was in no mood for splitting hairs, and such niceties, just now.

Mr. Common Sense. As a lawyer then, would he for the sake of argument, allow himself to be supposed a Judge for a few moments?

Mr. Stew-hard, (smiling) had no objection to such supposition.

Mr. Common Sense, hoped he did not intrude or offend by such an idea, hoped that this was not splitting hairs.

Mr. Stew-hard. By no means, such supposition was quite within the range of possibility.

Mr. Common Sense. As a judge then, if one of the officers of justice, one who had much to do in the dispensing of the laws, was charged with a high misdemeanor, and infraction of these laws, would he turn the person impeaching out of court, while the impeached sat there?

Mr. Stew-hard. Certainly not, as a judge.

Mr. Common Sense. He would not send the proposed prosecutor to jail, instead of giving him a patient hearing?

Mr. Stew-hard. Most certainly not.

Mr. Common Sense. Why look you now, what you would make of Mr. Bull; you would not act this way in a judicial, in a private character, but in a grand meeting of the establishment, in a most select assembly, where each is one out of ten thousand, and expected to be altogether lovely, you exclude a brother for exculpating the character of the absent, and when irritated and injured, he throws down the glove, challenges investigation, and boldly charges the servant with injuring his master's property, you do--what? send him to a common jail! Is not this playing on Mr. Bull from his lowest note to the top of his compass? think you it will be borne? think you he is inured to contumely? 'sdeath! though you play on him for a while, you cannot break him, he is rough and ready as ever, and hates quibble and tyranny as he does hell.

Mr. Feeling, agreed with what (he would not style him his learned or honourable brother, but) with what his *sensible* brother had said; still he would not follow the example of other bodies in severe recrimination; and as this gentleman represented a portion of Mr. Bull's establishment, he would be inclined to respect him, both for the situation which he filled, and for those whom he represented in that situation.

Mr. Common Sense, would give honour to whom honour is due, willingly; it was only when he thought that Mr. Bull's servant's forgot their own situation, and what was due to their master, that he felt inclined to be severe; acting properly they were a glory, and a tower of strength to Mr. Bull, acting improperly they seemed the more culpable from what was naturally expected from them. None delighted more than he did in witnessing full cordiality between Mr. Bull and his household, particularly this part of it; but none sooner than he would put down finesse and oppression any where.

Mr. Stew-hard allowed to retire, to be brought up on a future day for judgment.

Mr. Jill being placed at the bar, Mr. Public Opinion wished to know was Mr Jill active in removing Mr

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Bull's Barrier, contrary to Mr. Bull's wish respecting the erection and continuance of said Barrier.

Mr. Jill. That there Barrier was a great annoyance in this here house or any other house of the kind; this here head of mine has got several hard knocks from that there Big Barrier.

Mr. Common Sense, wished Mr. Jack or Jill, or however he was designated, to answer the question proposed. He was getting extraneous; examination in this manner would involve much time.

Mr. Seeing, would request the gentleman to recollect that he was in Terra-Firma, he was not swimming except it might be "in a sea of glory," therefore his hands need not be making such paddle, or flail like evolutions; his head too, seemed as if not belonging exclusively to Mr. Jill: the chairman was put in evident fear and jeopardy, by the seeming attempts at flinging same head at him.

Mr. Jill, thought they might as well try to make a lawyer of him at once, as to get him to understand that there Mr. Common Sense, or to please this here Mr. Seeing. The first gentleman said that I was designated, and was getting extraneous, and that, that there time was involved. I leave it to them there gentlemen with big wigs to understand all these here big words. But gentlemen I'm not designated, whatever that there gentleman means by it. I'm not getting extraneous nor any thing else, only botheration by this business. And as to that there ould Time being involved, its very well if he is the only gentleman that will get into a scrape about this here business. That there Mr. Seeing said I was in Terra-Firma—I deny it, I was never since I was born in them there outlandish countries. I suppose he means Yankey town by talking about them there revelations immediately after. Mr. Speaker—Mr. Chairman I mean, need not fear my head, its not as heavy or as thick as other people's; I'd be very sorry to throw it at that there gentleman or any other, let them let it alone, and it will be quiet enough. These here hands are found fault with too, if one member's—gentleman's I mean, tongue is to be tied, and another

gentleman, myself I mean, is to have his hands tied, you may as well send us all to that there darn'd jail at once.

Mr. Public Opinion, would make allowance for Mr. Jill's hands and head, requested him to answer the question, was he active in removing Mr. Bull's Barrier?

Mr. Jill, wished that there Barrier to be left out of this here question altogether. There was neither peace nor ease since they began breaking it down.

Mr. Public Opinion. Were you active in removing this Barrier; which although unseen, seems still to haunt your dreams?

Mr. Jill. If gentlemen will have that there question answered, he (Mr. Jill) did help to shove the Barrier out of the way; he acted like other smooth clever gentlemen for the sake of honey-minity.

Mr. Public Opinion. Can Mr. Jill state what right they had to force Mr. Bull's Barrier into confinement in a common jail?

Mr. Jill, did not like the sound of them there jails at all, common or uncommon. As to right, upon my word gentlemen you may as well ask me to bring this here Province building in my waggon to Windsor, as to answer such a question.

Mr. Hearing, wished that Mr. Jill might be allowed to retire.

Mr. Rurus, supported this, would not be hard on Mr. Jill. He was one of what was called the homespun of the house; if the homespun was rotten, blame the spinners and weavers, the movers of the machinery.

Mr. Jill, allowed to retire to be brought up on a future day.

Mr. Spare-shanks called to the bar.

Mr. Chairman. Is Mr. Spare-shanks acquainted with any deep cut being inflicted on the country.

Mr. Spare-shanks. The only cut of consequence appeared to him to be the canal cut. He could explain all about the cut direct, and indirect, in that quarter if gentlemen wished.

Mr. Le-fax, thought that they had heard too much, and paid too much, and received too little on that sub-

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ject already. It was a favourite subject with him, (Mr. Le-fax) giving importance, comfort and power to the city, without injuring the country; the gentleman at the bar deserved thanks for his assiduity in forwarding that object, was sorry to see talents warped, and minds which really had a grasp, prostrated to idols of iron or gold.

Mr. Rurns, did not think the cut mentioned, a scar on the face of the country; if completed, it would carry animation, comfort and prosperity through the wilderness. He regretted with his brother that the learned gentleman, whose penetration and talent were undoubted, should so demean himself as to be called to their bar for admonition.

Mr. Chairman. Gentlemen had interrupted the progress of his enquiry. Did the hollowhubble Gentleman at the bar know of any other deep cut, or extensive scheme beside the canal business? was he bombardier of a hoity-toitee of Swiveleges, which fired on the garrison instead of on the enemy?

Mr. Spare-shanks, was not obliged to understand such allusions.

Mr. Chairman. Would he think it fair to turn a client's attorney out of court on an assumed offence—deny the client any other proxy, and still go on with his business. Would this be according to law, or equity, or justice?

Mr. Spare-shanks. Law, power, and equity are so often at variance, that I decline giving an opinion.

Mr. Chairman. After hurrying said attorney from court unheard, would it be true or false to say that he was heard patiently, and with a wish to conciliate?

Mr. Spare-shanks. There might be a colour for such assertion.

Mr. Chairman. If said attorney charged a brother attorney with corruption, and declared that those who said that he was heard, when he was not allowed to speak, told a falsity, would it be a proper answer to such attorney to send him to a common Jail?

Mr. Spare-shanks. The dignity of the other attorneys should be preserved.

Mr. Chairman. Would he state where such attorneys received their right of imprisoning King George's subjects ?

Mr. Spare-shanks, was not obliged to move heaven and earth to answer unanswerable questions to the jury.

Mr. Chairman. Why was a certain *Watch* and *Ward* persecuted and brought to a certain bar as punishment ?

Mr. Spare-shanks. For sheltering the obnoxious attorney.

Mr. Chairman. Were not these some of the preservers of Mr. Bull's rights, the principal organs of speech which he possessed—his eyes, his hands, the very soul of his establishment ; and were these to be brow-beaten and threatened and shackled by his servants ?

Mr. Spare-shanks. What is done, is done.

Mr. Chairman. The brow-beating and threatening is done ; the shackling, thank heaven, remains to be tried. You may retire, and expect the indignation which follows, when clearness and strength of intellect, talent, and learning, are found in public offenders.

Mr. Dam-muck called to the bar.

Mr. Public Opinion. What has Mr. Dam-muck been doing for Mr. Bull, during the last meeting of the establishment ?

Mr. Dam-muck, had been endeavouring to cure or stop *nuisances*, to the best of his ability. He was no great speaker, but if all his Noes were put together, they would make a good appendix to Haliburton's History, or perhaps a third volume.

Mr. Seeing, gave the gentleman credit for his negations ; he seemed as pleased and as active in crushing prayers, as an urchin would be killing flies or black beetles.

Mr. Pocket, took this opportunity of returning his acknowledgment to Mr. Dam-muck ; not a Cossack or Tartar, or wild Indian, or quack doctor, could cross the floor of the establishment to make an inroad in his (Mr. Pocket's) settlements, without Mr. Dam-muck having a shot at them.

Mr. Dam-muck, felt proud of such acknowledgment

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of his exertions, (the gentleman here making a most graceful bow, and looking with an angelic expression of countenance,) hoped always to have a, NO, at Mr. Bull's service.

Mr. Chairman. How did he act in the late Barrier or boundary question ?

Mr. Dam-muck, was so habituated to crushing and kicking out, that he could not avoid the opportunity which that presented, of having a kick at such a huge personification of petition and prayer as Barrier was ; he was always driving Shelburne at them like a battering ram ; could not run after him in all his exertion, and was very glad when himself and his petitions were made scarce.

Mr. Chairman. Do you think a jail the best receptacle for said Barrier ?

Mr. Dam-muck, would vote *against* the continuance of this enquiry, moved that it might be now dismissed. (Allowed to retire.)

Mr. Chapel called to the bar.

Mr. Common Sense, would ask Mr. Chapel what part he took in the late riot, in which a Barrier of Mr. Bull's was endeavoured to be broken, and that being found impossible, was set aside, thus leaving a breach through which a thousand trespasses might occur.

Mr. Chapel. He opposed the rioters, put his shoulder to the Barrier for support, and called on Jove for help, but all in vain ; the giants for the time were too many, and the gods had to give back.

Mr. Seeing. Who did he perceive active in the late riot ?

Mr. Chapel, might name many, but thought such questions an infringement of his independence and liberty, and he would see the jury hanged before he'd answer, except he wished to do so, and thought it of use to Mr. Bull ; beside he considered the Butler and most of the other servants insane, from their conduct to himself, and did not care about meddling with such characters.

Mr. Hearing. Why did he then oppose a proposed amelioration of Barrier's sentence ?

Mr. Chapel. Because he thought such amelioration derogatory to the Barrier. Barrier was of polished steel, he did not wish it to be sullied by improper conditions, wanted it to come brilliant from the encounter—not to be tarnished by handling and tampering with its temper.

Mr. Pocket, had to thank Mr. Chapel for the frequency of his support in the establishment. Mr. Seeing informed him that he often perceived Mr. Chapel stalking across the floor alone, like Abdiel from the rebel legions, amid the sneers and taunts of the fallen angels, when questions of economy were on the carpet merely to be trampled under foot.

Mr. Chapel, was glad at having pleased any of Mr. Bull's friends, and at being thought like an angel: he did not expect so much from his own appearance; but he wished to be honest, and to do all the good he could for Mr. Bull's establishment: certainly an angel could do no more than his best.

Mr. Hearing, wished to hear testimony to Mr. Chapel's independent and indefatigable voice, and to the persecution 't subjected him to, from the Butler and other servants, who rather hear their own tongues going, than the music of Orpheus himself.

Mr. Chapel. Certainly when he did stand up to support Mr. Bull's interest, Squeaker and others endeavoured to annoy him much; but he hoped with the blessing of his country and his king, to make them all squeak before another meeting of the establishment.

Mr. Common Sense. Did Mr. Chapel consider Barrier's offence of consequence, and worthy of the notice it received.

Mr. Chapel, did think that some old thorough-pacers, thick and thin men, "whole hog" men, had become very delicate chickens lately—very modest indeed and maidenly: the rude winds should not kiss them too roughly; although winds from heaven and hell were courted to fill their sails before now.

Mr. Nova, as one particularly interested in Mr. Bull's estate of Nova-Scotia, he would ask Mr. Chapel's advice as to what were the best measures to be taken now?

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Mr. Chapel, would advise that some of the servants be measured for strait jackets, to restrain their riotous propensities, others for gloves to hide certain stains, and not a few for masks that their own mothers should not know them any longer; but as he thought them too proud to submit to this metamorphose, he would advise Mr. Bull's chief *Organ* to play a certain march, and dismiss the servants in toto; in so doing giving Mr. Bull a fair opportunity of choosing others who might endeavour to do his business without insulting him to his face. If this measure failed then he would advise that Mr. Bull's father be applied to. He (Mr. Chapel,) wished for a personal interview with the old Gentleman, and if the jury would make him their delegate, he would endeavour to do justice to their cause, and if he looked like an angel in the factory, he would endeavour to look like an archangel in the head-office. He would make his best bow before George Bull's elbow chair, and lay his own and their complaint at his feet, backed by all the eloquence and good sense which they admired so much in him elsewhere.

Mr. Nova, thanked Mr. Chapel for his judicial advice; the jury would take it into consideration. He took this opportunity of regretting that the late riotous conduct of the servants should induce some of his too zealous friends to a similar excess, in which they forgot their own character, hurried into high misdemeanour, and injured his (Mr. Nova's) former quiet and irreprouchable name to a great extent.

Mr. Chapel, also regretted these riots; as a prevention to their recurrence, he would strongly advise in the event of another *Selection*, for the Jury one and all to offer themselves as candidates for situations in Mr. Bull's house, particularly Mr. Common Sense, Mr. Honour and Mr. Feeling. He thought such a change would make a happy revolution in Mr. Bull's affairs.

Mr. Public Opinion, thanked him for his good opinion and advice, would not detain Mr. Chapel any longer, but would request his re-appearance with the other servants on a future day.

Mr. Chapel, would attend Mr. Bull's call with ala-

crity; hoped that the company in which he should be obliged to appear would not be thought any disparagement to his own character; he would willingly undertake their reformation, did he not think it a forlorn hope in which he might gain nothing and lose himself; he feared it was like teaching an old dog tricks. (Bowed gracefully and retired.)

Mr. Starchy-bold called to the bar.

Mr. Pocket, asked did he think himself worth a pound a day to Mr. Bull?

Mr. Starchy-bold. He did not do Mr. Bull much harm, if he had done little good. If his place was empty a worse might be in.

Mr. Seeing. True, but was he not on the Hoity-toitee of Swiveleges?

Mr. Starchy-bold. So was Mr. Whey, and he thought himself as good a shot as he was.

Mr. Seeing. Might not mischief be done by bad shots?

Mr. Starchy-bold. He thought not, when they merely acted as powder-monkeys, allowing the "whole hog" men to level and fire.

Mr. Hearing, gave Mr. Starchy-bold credit for his modesty, thought that he might be allowed to retire for the present.

Mr. Public Opinion, coincided, but would say by way of parting advice, that for his own sake, as well as for Mr. Bull's, the gentleman might tarry in *Pleasant street* until his beard was grown. (Retire^d.)

Mr. For-no-man, called to the bar.

Mr. Chairman, wished to know how long the gentleman was in Mr. Bull's employ?

Mr. For-no-man. Nearly two months.

Mr. Chairman. How long did he wish to continue?

Mr. For-no-man. During life if possible.

Mr. Chairman. Then he would strongly advise him to mind his p's and q's better.

Mr. Common Sense. What "tricks" did Mr. For-no-man play, during his "brief authority"?

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Mr. For-no-man. He had not learned many tricks yet.
Mr. Common Sense. Did he ever play at what the
boys call "follow the leader"?

Mr. For-no-man, wished to demur to that question.

Mr. Hearing. Of what profession is the gentleman?

Mr. For-no-man. A lawyer.

Mr. Hearing, thought so, from his *demuring*.

Mr. Common Sense. What in the name of reason
can mr. Bull want of so many law-clerks? He wished
very much that his brother juryman mr. Honour would
go through mr. Bull's estate, and see on what kind of
food so many locusts battered. If on the dregs, and of-
fal, and tares, they were of use, if on the grain and milk
and honey they ought to be lessened.

Mr Rurus. What part did he take in the Barrier question?

Mr For-no-man, helped the strongest party to set it aside.

Mr. Rurus, supposed that it was for the sake of honey-
munity, like others of his profession; they seldom want
an excuse. Should take care of being shoved aside
themselves at a future day, by those who cared little
for privilege and fuss, but who dearly loved justice.

Mr. Nova, the gentleman being a young servant,
thought it would be praiseworthy of the jury, to give
him a little advice. If this was agreed to, and he was
sure that the jury would do any thing that might tend to
mr. Bull's advantage, he would propose that their ad-
vice should be given in the order in which their names
stood on the list, beginning with their respected Chair-
man. Mr. Public Opinion, had no objection.

ADVICE TO A RAW LAW MAKER.

Mr. Chairman. He would merely remark, that in
despite of would-be-wits, popularity was generally
the test of utility. The majority of a country were
mostly in the right in their opinions, the good sense of
the community leading the multitude, who, no matter
how they might err individually, generally judged well
in the aggregate. A conviction of this has induced
some, who perhaps were as good reasoners as Billy-
button, to say that "the voice of the people is the
voice of the deity."

Mr. Seeing, advised that his hands should not be a

necessary appendage to his inexpressible pockets ; that they should not fling about like the wings of a windmill, that his head should not move like that of a Chinese image, as if it was too light to have any centre of gravity ; that he should be the last to laugh at his own jokes, and the first to go to the right of the chair in a good cause.

Mr. Hearing, hoped he would make no speeches of one hour's length, the *mere sense* of which might be given in five minutes. If he found his oratory deficient, he ought to study, take lessons in elocution, or be satisfied with an honest "Yes" or "No," which when properly delivered, were eloquent of themselves ; they were indeed, the pith of legislative eloquence.

Mr. Feeling, strongly recommended that Mr. Bull's complaint, be treated with sympathy, his remonstrances with respect—that the poor should not be oppressed, nor the rich (for mere pastime) insulted ; but that every thing to the best of his abilities be done *decently* and in order.

Mr. Common Sense, advised him to beware of wit ; he was a sly urchin who played hide and seek with his admirers ; they spent more time in the search for him generally, than he was worth when caught. It was an ignis fatuus which smirked and danced very brilliantly, but often led its gaping followers amid mire and marshes. He would tell him that if he had real wit, it would appear unsought, and would sparkle and cheer like genuine Champagne ; if he had not, attempting it was like hunting fire flies, which when brought to the light were disgusting and worth nothing. He would remind him, although it might risk his adviser to the charge of egotism, that "an ounce of Common Sense is worth a pound of wit."

Mr. Honour, thought that if the gentleman wished to be really useful, honey-minity, interest, and personal ease, should often be given up for independence, and public spirit ; he should be stern in his duty, not following a multitude to do evil, nor from a false pride, espousing the minority out of opposition. He should not endeavour to make large presents with *other people's* money when the doors were locked, nor lessen his own

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character by enjoining secrecy, when the very stones of the street should cry out. If he could develop the resources and value of the country, let him respect and endeavour to support what he had developed.

Mr. Pocket, requested that he should often look at his state of health, and when he saw a poor dumb creature as he (mr. P) generally was, nearly ridden to death, that he would be a mouth for him, and address the obstinate Balaams in his behalf. He ought to recollect how much taller a man stands who feels money in both pockets ; and not wheddle, and scold, and force the cop-pers unnecessarily from mr. Bull's poor children, which they wanted for their own families. At the same time mr. P. was always willing to contribute to the deserving and destitute, and did not thank those who saved his cash, to the detriment of his character.

Mr. Lefax, warned mr. For-no-man of the absurdity which many fell into, who thought that any thing gained from the town was an advantage to the country ; such narrow feelings could not be too much deprecated—the country received honour from the prosperity of the town, the town received plenty from the prosperity of the country : they were like man and wife, those who would attempt to loosen their bonds were despicable as well as guilty.

Mr. Rurus, agreed with his brother mr. Lefax, and hoped that not only town and country should not be set in opposition, but that one part of the country should not infringe on the rights of another. Gentlemen's motives should be—the country, and the whole country.

Mr. Oceani, hoped that in attending to the busy towns and happy groves of Acadia, that the green plains of cepture would not be neglected. He ought to recollect the brave and industrious myriads who have that great high way of nature for their fortune, they should be cherished and encouraged like valuable children, who, struggling with many difficulties and dangers, eatly enriched their country by supplies from another ement, while they earned a hardly won subsistence for themselves.

Mr. Nova, urged Mr. For-no-man to inspect the es-

tate of which Mr. Bull had made him one of the overseers. It was extensive and populous; distress] was but little known within its borders, its daughters were as fair, and its sons as brave as were those of any other portion of the green earth. Illiberality was driven as a fiend from its shores, and the hand of friendship extended to the wanderers of every clime who touched on its free strand. Party spirit was but little known, and political animosities almost unheard of. On the retired and placid stream of this commonwealth, literature was launching her useful and ornamental barks, while numerous docks were erecting along its flowery borders for those who already panted after usefulness and fame. These were peculiarities which he would have guarded as the apple of his eye, and wished that the most sedulous care should be taken to preserve and improve such blessings.

Mr. Oldham, was inspired by his brother Nova's sentiments. What Mr. Nova had described, he (Mr. Oldham had experienced. A native of the maternal country, this land was his adopted home. He did not wish to usurp the place of judge or ruler over the favoured inhabitants of the country, but would point for their example at the noble and free and disinterested institutions of the Old World; while he warned them in beseeching language to avoid what was there found pernicious and deadly as the Upas tree, but whose long standing had so extended the pernicious roots, that its demolition was almost impossible. To avoid the evils, and to follow perseveringly after the proved blessings of our predecessors and cotemporaries, was, he thought, the great end of History, and should be the great object of a legislator's view. He would wish to impress on the gentleman at the bar, the fact, that a new country, like a young child, is greatly influenced by first impressions, and that in both cases great care should be taken, to prevent the introduction of bad habits, and to foster every virtuous and praiseworthy aspiration.

Mr. For-no-man, who seemed much affected by the advice given, was now allowed to retire, when the Jurymen adjourned—Messrs. Billy-button, Wrong, Virgil, and others, remaining to be brought up on a future day.

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CONTINUATION

OF

MR. BULL'S JURY, EX-OFFICIO.

ABOUT twelve o'clock, on the Jury taking their seats, the DOORS WERE OPENED, and business was immediately resumed.

Mr. Public Opinion in the Chair.

Mr. Billy-button called to the bar.

Mr. Public Opinion. Did Mr. Billy-button think that *Privilege* was an attempt at giving great importance to little men? He alluded to Mr. Bull's servants.

Mr. Billy-button. Those who would call his hollow-bubble brothers, mr. Hillys, mr. Virgil, mr. Rude-elf, mr. Ox-like, mr. Wrong and others, *little men*, would commit a bull he thought.

Mr. Chairman. Which was it better, commit a bull or a Barrier?

Mr. Billy-button. He believed that they had been found synonymous.

Mr. Common Sense, would warn the Chairman from being led away by this gentleman's wit: he already diverted him from the original question, and had introduced a new topic.

Mr. Chairman. True, he would now repeat, what does the gentleman think of *Privilege*, so much spoken of lately?

Mr. Billy-button. He thought that it was like mr. Virgil's hemisphere, an important article attached to a grave personage—the produce of time and other things beside Digby herrings; he acknowledged one difference. *Privilege* gave power and extended action, while the latter appendage was rather a wheelbarrow impediment to graceful exercise.

Mr. Chairman, expected that one would be found a clog as well as the other before long. He would ask mr. Billy-button what he thought of the exercise of this privilege?

Mr. Billy-button. It was something like mr. Rude-elf's light on Cross Island, very brilliant to those concerned, but perhaps not exciting much public regard. He acknowledged a difference here also ; one was a star whose influence would be felt in the little bay of Lunenburgh ; the other was a meteor which flared visibly to all Nova-Scotia.

Mr. Common Sense. Is the privilege of the servants given for the security of their *freedom, dignity and importance* ? yes or no ?

Mr. Billy-button. Yes.

Mr. Common Sense. He would ask, but it required no answer ; did its late exercise add to the liberty, respectability or consequence of the servants, or of the establishment, for whose use finally they got this privilege ? if not, do the men deserve thanks who pushed this exercise through thick and thin ?

Mr. Seeing, understood that the gentleman at the bar, latterly, while getting his pound a day from mr. Bull, used a petition of his with great indignity, holding it between his fingers as if it contained the plague, and flinging it from him, as if those who sent it were poisonous reptiles, not his general constituents.

Mr. Hearing, corroborated this : the gentleman said that the document was too vile for any purpose, and ridiculed unfeelingly the names which were to it, because it opposed a measure of his.

Mr. Feeling, recollected the transaction and his own indignant sensations at the time. He felt even for Mr. Squeaker, when he saw an article pronounced so vile flung towards him ; if he (mr. F.) was in the chair, he would have repelled such general and individual indignity, indeed, by an exertion of the then dormant privilege.

Mr. Chairman. What had mr. Billy-button to say to these charges ?

Mr. Billy-button. He cared not a button for the united opinion of his constituents ; if they differed from his own views ; the manner of doing the thing was only to give it a little stage effect.

Mr. Chairman. There were other stages beside the

floor of the factory. There was the public stage; the Hustings; and one or two other stages where those whom Mr. Bull delighteth to punish, are sometimes exhibited. Would have Mr. Billy-button think of these things.

Mr. Seeing, would ask his brother Jurymen, why Mr. Billy-button was like a translator of old clothes?

Mr. Hearing. Because he was continually *tacking* scraps of Joe Miller's old velvet to his own new fustian.

Mr. Chairman, had to enforce order. Requested that gentlemen would not take the example of *others*, by talking across the house, chatting together, reading, &c. while public business was going on. Would ask the gentleman whom he meant by the *lower orders* so often mentioned in his *speeches*?

Mr. Billy-button. The people.

Mr. Chairman. Who were the servants the representatives of?

Mr. Billy-button. The people.

Mr. Chairman. Who gave them their privilege and pay?

Mr. Billy-button. The people.

Mr. Chairman. What is popularity?

Mr. Billy-button. Pleasing the people.

Mr. Chairman. What did he (Mr. B.) so often and so forcibly despise?

Mr. Billy-button. Popularity; but he wished that there might now be an end to that enquiry, these conflictory questions might be multiplied to infinity: it was like Mr. Chapel and the Squeaker, "pull miller, pull devil" to the end of the chapter.

Mr. Chairman. Did he know any other *old women* in a public line beside those whom he spoke of some time ago?

Mr. Billy-button. He could name a few, but it might be considered libelous, as they did not wear petticoats.

Mr. Chairman. Did he know of any other *Private* house, beside the one which he so indelicately described as being private very lately? His exact words and manner the jury would not quote, out of respect for public feeling and decency.

Mr. Billy-button. The Squeaker's house was not private before and during the *suppression*; neither was the large house a little below the Squeaker's.

Mr. Chairman. That is not *now* enquired of; but what house which *should* be public has been private?

Mr. Billy-button, supposed that they alluded to the fine stone building erected by the "grog drinkers." (Vide speech.)

Mr. Chairman. Would the hollow-bubble gentleman define loyalty as it is sometimes displayed?

Mr. Billy-button. Buttering plum cake, with an heated knife, on a summer day, for an overfed pet.

Mr. Common Sense. This might be a very good particular definition; he would hope that its general definition was—a steady adherence to the laws, constitution and prince, which preserve to every individual the enjoyment of their *rational* civil rights.

Mr. Billy-button, did not like the freedom of mr. Common Sense's conversation; was not much attached to him, nor indeed on intimate terms with him. A younger half sister of the gentleman's he had long courted, she was called Fine Sense; then there was a Mr. "Banter," the barrister, "Wit," the dancing master, "Finesse" the attorney, and "Humbug" the Factory member; these he was well acquainted with; they with him had often set the table and the red sofas in a roar; but mr. Common Sense was as plain as an Annapolis farmer, he declined his intimacy.

Mr. Chairman. The gentleman should know that mr. Common Sense was mr. Bull's dearest friend, he must not insult him with impunity.

Mr. Billy-button. If the doors were only locked, he would care little about mr. Bull's opinion.

Mr. Honour. Did he, in closed doors, endeavour to vote a large present out of Mr. Bull's purse?

Mr. Billy-button, hoped that the enquiry would not be pressed; on this question *mum* was the word: they might ask mr. Squeaker whether he was at liberty to answer.

Mr. Chairman. How much did the servants give *him* for a certain academy annually permanently?

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Mr. Billy-button. £150, with a kind of honorary provision for 50 more under the rose.

Mr. Chairman. What size is this academy?

Mr. Billy-button. It is indeed capable of giving a great rise, it is for the higher branches; he himself was a specimen of the utility of the *higher branches*.

Mr. Chairman. He was asked what *size* the academy was?

Mr. Billy-button. It certainly is not as large as our Factory building, gentlemen.

Mr. Chairman. Is it as large as both porches of that building?

Mr. Billy-button. Certainly, rather larger.

Mr. Chairman. A dozen embryo Factory men could be taught in it to despise mr. Bull, and laugh at mr. Common Sense?

Mr. Billy-button. Most certainly.

Mr. Chairman. What kind of feature will Barrier make in future History?

Mr. Billy-button. (chuckling,) That is not my business, but I should think a prominent one, from its size.

Mr. Chairman. What did he think of the Barrier?

Mr. Billy-button, certainly laughed at his exhibition of the would-be-militarists, who think of making a nation of soldiers, by two days' idleness and drinking; but while he and Mr. Wit used to be running races through Mr. Bull's corn fields, and laughing heartily, Barrier sometimes tripped them up; we endeavoured to retaliate with our fine pointed weapons, but Mr. Void might as well run his rapier against Mount Tom. But the day came at last, and we gave a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether, a honey-minity pull, and away went the Barrier, and we ran through like lawyers at a silk gown, or a white wig.

Mr. Chairman. Have you been happy since?

Mr. Billy-button. expected that this was like a former question from mr. Common Sense, which required no answer.

Mr. Chairman. How did he act in the Quit Rent question?

Mr. Billy-button. He defined what honesty was,

that is, a lawyer's honesty! and exemplified what loyalty was, that is, an expectant's loyalty! advised mr. Bull of Nova-Scotia, to bribe mr. Bull of England not to torture and oppress the country. The bribe certainly would be like presenting Sir Charles Ogle with an Indian paddle, but gentlemen did not see the drift, Sir Charles Ogle was never to get the paddle, and although it could be of little use in the "Hussar," it would make a fine splatter in a cock boat. It was to be a local affair, and would oblige the Scratchetary, and the Press-vent and others; the jury might stare at this, but he would be free with them, as they could see and hear for themselves; they might make his candour a matter of mitigation; they ought to take into amount also, that a bench or a council chair in perspective had a great effect on vision. Changing a sofa for a chair, even according to his own shewing, would only be changing one set of old ladies for another: and as for privacy, mr. Squeaker's chamber was almost as privy as mr. Press-vent's. And in the latter there was no empty *Grillery*. Delivering with silent doleful eloquence most galling lectures, gentlemen's eyes could not help occasionally looking to that upper region, from whence the gods looked on the giants—and what did they see there? no busy reporter, no anxious spectators, no hundred representatives of the many-headed multitude; "but solitude instead," the gloom haunted by a thousand recollections, humiliating and annoying; and only enlivened at times by their portly Fair-rooster stalking amid the desolation, like Satan through chaos.

Mr. Chairman. What did mr. Billy-button think of the militia of the Factory?

Mr. Billy-button. When they went in squads, the red coats tamely following the blank, they were of use; but they wanted more drilling than they were worth: and Barrier played the deuce among the captains. He often laughed, thinking what a light-horseman Virgil would make; how great Jill might be as field officer; and what dignified military looking busts The-wolf, Peck-man, and Thwart-on had. Next meeting he would propose that gentlemen should sit in their pro-

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per habiliments—the Lawyers in their gowns, the Officers in their laced uniform, the Smugglers in their short jackets and white trowsers, and they country gentlemen in homespun and straw hats. Such regulation would have a picturesque effect, and might prevent awkward mistakes, for instance, who would take Kickson or Starchy-bold for barristers? who would suppose that Hillys or Whey were militarys? or could any one conceive that any of that hollow-bubble Factory were smugglers?

Mr. Chairman. What part did he take in the Press-gang question?

Mr. Billy-button. However he might have acted at first, gentlemen could see that he backed out at last.

Mr. Chairman. Might not many of his acts be assigned to this backing out practice? When he was assailed on one side, did he not wish much to have some saving clause to point at? He disloyal! look at his conduct on the Custom and Quit Rent question—he one of the Press gang! look at his advocacy of the Novascotian. The hollow-bubble gentleman did not wish to be caught on a lee shore; generally made his offering good; gave him credit for his tact; was sorry that his abilities did not take a higher position; advised him, as he was well able to do, to lose the inconsistent jester in the enlightened and patriotic statesman. Allowed to retire for the present.

Mr. Virgil called to the bar.

Mr. Hearing. Was mr. Virgil the author of the “Georgics”?

Mr. Virgil. No.

Mr. Hearing. Or of the “Æneid”?

Mr. Virgil. No.

Mr. Hearing. Nor of the Illiad?

Mr. Virgil. No indeed, gentlemen, I am the author of nothing in that line except a Fish bill, which was allowed to be useful and laughed at, as most useful things are.

Mr. Hearing. What did he think of the servants?

Mr. Virgil. He told themselves, and he shook his

stick at them at the same time, that they were a "disgrace to Nova-Scotia," that they were "voting the poor fishermen's money away for luxuries," that they were "stringing the academies together like bunches of herrings," and that their "conduct was shameful."

Mr. Hearing. Was not privilege exercised, and order called on these expressions?

Mr. Virgil. Yes, and he told Mr. Squeaker that he only meant some, not all the Factory members: this was said to be still worse; but it was after the Barrier row, and they did not wish a man of his weight to fall on them also: so the matter blew by.

Mr. Chairman. What did he think of the Barrier?

Mr. Virgil. He did think gentlemen, that Barrier might have let the officers alone—he might have let them alone gentlemen. He (Mr. Virgil) was a captain himself, and of course should feel—was a captain gentlemen, and did not like to see the way that the fish was managed; endeavoured to drill the mackerel, and herrings, and cod fish—endeavoured to drill them, and put them in some order—in some order gentlemen; but—but, the aristocracy, although they like the loaves and fishes, don't like the trouble of baking and curing; the aristocracy—yes "the aristocracy have it gentlemen,"—oh yes the ayes have it, and so the poor fishermen go to the back ground; but they vote the poor fishermen's money for high class academies gentlemen, for to teach the "sons of wealth"; the poor must pay for their masters' schooling, for the sons of wealth in academies; they want a canal too—a canal: the poor fishermen have little ground along that canal line, gentleman, but others have—others have; the "sons of wealth"—yes, the "sons of wealth" know what they are about well enough: a canal—a canal, better for them gentlemen to mind the blue deep—the blue deep where the green mackerel are, the green mackerel, and the silver trout, and the golden salmon gentlemen; yes, yes, what would they catch in the canal? cod fish ready dried, if they caught any; they would catch a tartar—a tartar; where was the "flour, and the wine and the oil" to come from in such "a poor country as No-

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va-Scotia" gentlemen, to give trade, and pay for those things—to pay for those things—yes, yes, some one is paid, but who? who? yes, when I spoke of the poor fishermen and my fish bill, there was cough, and stamp, and scrape, and cries of question, yes gentlemen, but when the "sons of wealth" wanted any thing, then there was the attention, and the long speech—the long speech and the honey-minity, and all that—all that. Shame! shame!

Mr. Chairman, would have to confine the hollow-bubble gentleman to the question.

Mr. Pocket, had a personal regard for the gentleman, hoped he would not be detained longer at their bar.

Mr. Oceani, seconded this. Mr. Virgil did not trouble himself about abstract questions, and need not be examined in them; believed although he voted with the hoity-toitee, that he would much rather remove a Barrier to the fisheries than to to the militaries: all had their hobbies, and if some in riding them did not make the best equestrian figures, we ought to recollect that all are not born to "witch the world with skilful horsemanship."

Mr. Virgil allowed to retire.

Those who have seen a duck bob at a bull-frog, and then march away careless what the world thought; may imagine the gentleman's bow and independent stride on leaving the bar.

Mr. Burdock called to the bar.

Mr. Lefax, was sorry to see one from whom he expected so much, with any shade on his propriety and independence. Would he vote for or against any measure as the majority went?

Mr. Burdock. Certainly not, his conduct often proved the reverse.

Mr. Lefax. What did he mean then by doing wrong for the sake of honey-minity, it was a shabby excuse: better acknowledge wrong at once, and go to the right about in a manly manner.

Mr. Hearing. The hollow-bubble gentleman seemed extremely sensitive about the press. Was the fac-

tory a proper place to be throwing out bile and gall against an Eastern Journal; as if a stone could not fall in the province, without it falling on *his* toes.

Mr. Chairman. Perhaps he was one of the seven-leagued gentlemen in his own eyes; was freedom of expression so galling to his legalness, that he should carp, and carp with venom, which exhibited weakness, because some hundred miles off, a paper had been baptized Patriot, and endeavoured to take the strut accordingly?

Mr. Burdock. Although he winced, he was not the galled jade himself; but some of the leaders felt hurt, and he endeavoured to rub them down, by rubbing up the poor Patriot.

Mr. Chairman. It was not a very manly act: surrounded as he felt himself in the Factory, by privilege, and power and honey-minity in such matters, it was not very manly to vilify and endeavour to injure one who had no opportunity of rebutting charges: it was like a coward striking a man whose hands were tied.

Mr. Burdock. Patriots might be licentious, and ought to be watched and prosecuted when they were so.

Mr. Seeing. After the gentleman had taken an another pinch of snuff, would he say whether he is inclined to prosecute the Printer of Mr. Bull's jury?

Mr. Chairman. He believed that the gentleman had more liberality, but it were better not press the question: as a lawyer, he might do many things he would not own to as a man.

Mr. Common Sense. Another lawyer! poor Mr. Bull! in the midst of counsellors there *may* be safety; with too many there *is* confusion.

Mr. Chairman. With some failings which the Jury would do well not to scan too closely, the hollow-bubble gentleman was certainly as honest as any law-clerk in Mr. Bull's employ; (perhaps this was not saying much) but he had often seen him on the forlorn hope, with the veteran Broach, and the uncompromising Chapel by his side.

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Mr. Seeing. In consideration of such a character, he would allow many things to pass unnoticed.

Mr. Honour, could not well get over inconsistencies, but from several redeeming points in the hollow-bubble gentleman's conduct, was satisfied to waive any further enquiry.

Mr. Lefax. If he was willing to give up general, for individual interests, none would be more pleased with the gentleman's character than he [Mr. Lefax]; on the whole he was willing that he might pass now.

Mr. Chairman. The gentleman may retire: and to prevent complaints for the future, let him choose his principle, and like the mariner with the Pole-star, keep it in view, and steer according to its light, no matter what wind blows. Let him not mind buffoon charges of popularity; but be as willing to do good with the plebians, as with the patricians. If would-be Coriolanus's "prepared their brow to frown" whenever the people were mentioned, and alluded to the grillery as a Brobdignag would to a box of Lilliputians; let him care for none of those things, except to repel them; but beware of the "itching palm" which degraded the Roman below the dog that bayed the midnight moon.

Mr. Burdock retired.

Mr. Paws-on, called to the bar.

Mr. Chairman. What did Mr. Paws-on think of the last *suppression*?

Mr. Paws-on. Instead of a *suppression*, he thought it should be called a *suffusion*. He wished to know where the money was to come from? he was like Noah before the deluge, preaching to little purpose to an obstinate generation; they were dull as adders, and he was tired charming them; *his* sermons on economy if not attended to, will be followed by a dearth, not by a flood. Some hollow-bubbles seemed to think the public chest was like a magician's box, of bottomless extent; if so, he (Mr. Paws-on) thought it was for want of a bottom, not from unlimited means; gentlemen from parade, and from the attorney's office would vote—the one as if the bullion on their epaulet came from Cow bay, not Mexi-

co, and the other, as if we were all only stuffed sheepskins ready to be turned into parchment at a moment's warning. When he heard of £500 for this, and £1000 for that, and so on, he thought it very well, very fine indeed! but where is the money to come from? would any one deny that £1000 in closed doors for a silver toy, was "paying too much for their whistle"?

Mr. Common Sense, gave the gentleman credit for his frequent utility; he considered his exertions often worth *ten per cent*, no matter how people might sneer.

Mr. Pocket, owed him much: when he (mr. P.) was prostrated before unreasonable men, who endeavoured to get a kick here, and a pluck there, the "silver" scattering with every assault; mr. Paws-on, would bestride him like an hero, and fight away, any odds, half a dozen lawyers, and three or four fat militarys on him at once. Recollected one good trait in his character during the late suppression: the hollow-bubbles were in full cry, and for a wonder, economy was the chorus to their song, but it was at the commencement of the business, and thereby "hung many a tale;" mr. Paws-on heard and saw and said little, knowing how things would come round soon; in the mean time a good quill lay on the Factory floor, the gentleman quietly rose from his place, rescued the poor quill from trampling, laid it on the table, and quietly returned to his seat again. This was a fine reproof, and clear illustration of character; they might talk as they would, here at least was one quill saved to mr. Bull, and it was a serious question whether many of that factory done so much *real* good during the suppression.

Mr. Feeling. He would ask was the gentleman *snug* since the Barrier question?

Mr. Paws-on. Rather be on a hoity-toitee respecting mackarel or dry cod fish any day, than on a hoity-toitee of Swiveleges. Was no gunpowder man, but agreed to a round or two when the factory was insulted.

Mr. Feeling. The factory wished all the play on their own side, and hoped that Barrier would bear the blows without striking again; from what he knew of

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the house did he think that any man in it knew what *smuggling* meant?

Mr. Paws-on. As far as a glossary to the word went, he believed that two or three could define it as well as he (Mr. P.) could define a *Michael Wallace*.

Mr. Feeling. From what he knew of one or two gentlemen, did he not think their sensibility much increased latterly, and their delicacy becoming of a very lady-like contexture.

Mr. Paws-on. He certainly did not like to see the lie direct given, Smuggler or no Smuggler.

Mr. Common Sense. Surely then the lie oblique, and the lie direct should not be thrown, if its return was so galling. He would ask, would 2 and 2 make 5.

Mr. Paws-on. Not of mackarel.

Mr. Chairman. The gentleman may retire for the present, to come up with the *school* on another day.

Mr. Kicks-on, called to the bar.

Mr. Chairman. Did Mr. Kicks-on know a gentleman called the Squeaker?

Mr. Kicks-on. Had some knowledge of him.

Mr. Chairman. Supposed that he could distinguish him from a finger post?

Mr. Kickson. Yes, yes, could vouch for so much discrimination.

Mr. Chairman. Was not a respectable prompter of use?

Mr. Kicks-on. Yes, when a player had not his part well.

Mr. Chairman. Was he not very active on the Barrier row?

Mr. Kicks-on. Puppets must move when the strings are drawn.

Mr. Chairman. Mr. Bull does not wish to pay pounds per day for puppets; could he not endeavour to make himself useful, and independent in the Factory?

Mr. Kicks-on, would be quite willing to do what he could for Mr. Bull in *Chamber* or at *Bar*, but did not care for imitating Peel's or Dan O'Connell's five hours' speeches.

Mr. Hearing. Did his ears deceive him, or is this another Lawyer?

Mr. Kicks-on. The same sir, would be happy to tender his services to the jury as the suppression is over.

Mr. Common Sense.

"Another! and another! and another!

"Mine eye is sick of such a line of Banquo's."

Mr. Chairman. As the gentleman's sneers are not worth much, and the jury sees little else in him, he may retire for the present, bearing this in mind—that not only does the jury take cognizance of this suppression, but if during the "next suppression the servants should offend, that the jury has the privilege of taking it up, as matter of punishment in the following recess.

Mr. Wrong called up.

Mr. Rurus. Why, what can bring Mr. Wrong to our bar; he thought that like Eve his innocent employment was

* * * * * "to mark how spring

Our tended plants, how blows the citron grove,
What drops the myrrh, and what the balmy reed."

But he supposed that like Eve, not satisfied with abundance, he had been trying the forbidden fruit.

Mr. Seeing, would request the hollow-bubble to use his eye glass more sparingly: it did not seem appropriate with common etiquette to be quizzed continually during a grave debate.

Mr. Public Opinion. In his mind, and he believed that he spoke the sentiments of a great proportion of Mr. Bull's establishment, it would not injure the gentleman, if instead of a glass to one eye, he had a telescope to each, and turned them full on his brother juryman Mr. Honour; he would find him in his open candid countenance and true blue honest conduct, a fine study, from which the hollow-bubble might be much benefitted.

Mr. Common Sense. Was any thing done in his line this suppression?

Mr. Wrong. Not much, except foreign onions and hops having been prohibited Mr. Bull's market.

Mr. Common Sense. Prohibited!

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Mr. Wrong. The same thing, the *rax* which is laid on amounting to a prohibition. It was laughable to see how suddenly the homespun admired honey-minity when these questions were introduced. One proposed one *rax*—another doubled it—all agreed—it was whipped through, the whole pack following—mischief take the hindermost. In vain Hard-horn stood the tide, explaining the meagre quality and quantity which could be produced at home. In vain some laughed at the visible and paltry cloven hoof of self-interest, to which every thing was sacrificed. In vain others sighed over the anticipations of unsavory pottage, and the flat taste of deteriorated, and dear brown stout. Mr. Bull and Mr. Lefax might sup their tasteless barley soup, and turn displeased from their foamless can; the homespun cared little, and the *country dance* proceeded in high spirit, until the *rax* was handed over ready cut and dry—a very pretty present truly, from the servants of Mr. Bull.—Ha! ha! ha!—ejaculated the hollow-bubble gentleman, his quizzing glass humourously ogling Mr. Lefax, and his portly countenance, jollily tremulous, half hidden in the folds of his ample vest.

Mr. Chairman. Had Mr. Wrong any other appellation?

Mr. Wrong. In his better days he was called A-Greek-O!-lo!

Mr. Chairman. What did *he* think of the Factory? From his knowledge as merchant, farmer, chemist, author, and legislator, he (Mr. Public Opinion) expected some information from his answer.

Mr. Wrong. To oblige the Jury, and serve Mr. Bull, whose establishment of Nova-Scotia he had long *disinterestedly* laboured to improve, he would state that as a merchant, though they (the servants) are not of much use for domestic purposes, he would not advise their exportation, not being of the quality which would meet demand in a foreign market; as a farmer he might lay down many rules for "checking nettles," "draining bogs," accumulation of "putrescent matter" &c, but he would forbear, and merely lamented that he could not describe the Factory as he formerly did the

tillers of the soil, as a "peaceful community; its business prosecuted without discords and animosities which disturb the harmony of society, and exhibit humbling views of human nature;" in which "there are no secrets of trade, concealments, and all that brood of passions which have so often set the world on fire." As a chemist, he would say that the Factory though seeming one body, "was often decomposed into two gases, legal and rural, and from these, one honey-minity body was again formed by passing the electric jingle through them." The number of bodies entitled to be placed among the Factory elements were about forty; they might be classed under 3 heads, *Acidifying, Inflammable* and *earthy* or *Metallic* agents."

Mr. Common Sense, requested that the gentleman would talk intelligibly; he would rather hear Mr Jill again, than such A-Greek-O!-lo! jargon. Who did he think could understand this rigmarole?

Mr. Wrong. Understand it! why gentlemen it was composed for the meanest capacities; for the rural interests; for those bereft of information, and who had "no libraries to apply to," and if understood by them, it surely should be by so respectable a body as Mr. Bull's jury.

Mr. Common Sense. "Hydrogen, azote, carbon, boron, sodicum, calcium, potassium, and fifty other ums, ending very appropriately with *silicum*, and this for the peasantry of Nova Scotia!—oh rare A-Greek-O!-lo!

Mr. Seeing. Rare indeed! putrescent matter, dung-hills and manures, filling a volume in the Ossianic style!

Mr. Feeling. Rare indeed. In the *Recorder*, just published, the Marmot is said to save hay, and convey it home by one lying on its back, the hay being piled on its belly, and two others drawing the recumbent as a car with the provender; but A-Greek-O!-lo! makes poor "Burns" a vehicle for drawing in manure! Classical, agricultural, sentimental, public spirited, *disinterested* Atlas of Nova-Scotia! What a falling off was here!

Mr. Seeing. Did he know any other passport to fame for legislators beside their enactments?

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Mr. Wrong. If they turned to his 241st page, they would find that "compost midden could preserve the prop and ornament of the Bench from the corrosive touch of oblivion!"

Mr. Common Sense. Predigious!!

Mr. Chairman. Could a man serve two masters?

Mr. Wrong. I have not finished my studies on that point yet.

Mr. Chairman. Is not generous honourable manners a reasonable return for him to make, whom a community has delighted to honour and reward, ere now?

Mr. Wrong. Honour will not mend a plough, or rear a "dung-hill;" but as his habit of body is not favourable to long standing, if the jury will dismiss him now, he will take such things into grave consideration.

Mr. Chairman. Very different from the Factory, who worried a brother and then sent him to *vegetate* in a jail, the jury would feel sorry to harass any individual; the gentleman might retire now, and Mr. Bull would be gratified if his next work should be, an essay on the mildness, benignity, and *single-heartedness* of the Christian Religion.

Mr. Wrong withdrew, gladly.

Mr. Common Sense. As time is wearing away, as Mr. Bull is in haste to hear the decision of the jury, and as *they* are not getting 20s. per diem, he would now move that the Factory members be called to the bar collectively, and after a brief address to each, be dismissed. Those who have been examined individually, were only glanced at, not scrutinized; and as Mr. Bull and his jury are forgiving and conciliating, he would now advise even the milder course of their collective appearance.

After some conversation this was agreed to. The magistrate and "posse commitatus" being summoned to exert a strict vigilance, repress riot, and preserve peace and order if possible, among the assembled gentlemen; but in no case except they were actually and totally routed, to resort to military aid. Veterans, who are to preserve the citizen as well as the

King, should not be galled and degraded by being brought into every boyish scuffle; and the citizens should not be insulted by the exhibition of cold steel, whenever they showed that they had warm hearts.

The gentlemen being called to the bar, and the proper measures taken to secure order, the following charge was delivered by the chairman of Mr. Bull's Jury—

MR. PUBLIC OPINION

MR. SQUEAKER.

It gives me pain to have to address one in the language of reprimand, whose talents have been so long and so ably exercised in this establishment. Taking your former examination into account, I will now merely say, that Mr. Bull is resolved to take nothing, however brilliant, in exchange for fair play. That he thinks others have privileges attached to their situations in life, as well as the Factory; and that he is resolved to uphold them, in spite of all the finesse, and threats, and assumed consequence on earth. As he is only a lion when *really* roused, he now offers the hand, not the fang, and in hopes of more friendly, more gentlemanly, more patriotic conduct in future, he allows you to retire with good wishes for your health and happiness.

MR. STEW-HARD

Will bear in mind *no doubt* a former exhortation; if he apes the God less, he will have more dignity. He would do well not to scan the grillery next suppression with such a sang froid air of superiority. It was full time now that the fumes of foolish incense which had been offered him should dissipate; let him be a man, as talented as he likes, but a *mere man* for the future.

MR. JILL

Should not be too much affected with former remarks: Mr. Bull wants *honest* men, Mr. Jill can be so if he wishes. Mr. Bull can easily pardon the head if the heart is right, and is not fastidious about the movement of hands, if they are clean.

MR. SPARE-SHANKS

Would add much to his own character, and to the peace

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of Mr. Bull, if he carefully studied how far an angry wrangler, a political tool, a privileged caller of names, and a stigmatizer of character, was removed from an enlightened, upright barrister, and a talented, patriotic senator. The latter would never think of shackling the Press for a constitutional and correct expression of sentiment; the former will find himself miserably deceived if he hopes for success in the attempt.

MR. DAM-MUCK

should be always on his pins to crush impositions; at the same time he would do well to temper his acidity with some generosity and public spirit.

MR. CHAPEL.

If the king is a tower of strength to his friends, let the *Church* be a castle from which to annoy the king's enemies.

MR. FOR-NO-MAN,

As Factory member, should be for-every-man in the country; let him refer to his former reproof, and profit by it.

MR. BILLY-BUTTON,

Needs little advice from the jury, if he only wishes to profit by his own penetration. Let him write a short *history* of his conduct, and public sentiments, on various occasions, setting the opposing clauses in parallel columns, and see what a pretty kettle-o'-fish they will make. Perhaps he would define the difference between buffoonery and eloquence; throw some light on the doubtful crime of popularity; explain *really* why he was so active on the Barrier question, and refer to the page which gave the Factory the powers and rights it assumes, he would say the *page*, as Mr. Billy-button knows mere precedent may be one of the vilest sources of oppression under heaven.

MR. VIRGIL,

Would do well to forget any former harsh remarks of the Jury—continue his usual honesty and zeal, with as great an addition of arrangement and talent as he can afford—persevere in conscientious opposition, notwithstanding the lawyer's sneers; and if he did not compose *Georgics* or *Illiads*, to give a good supplementary *Yes*

er No to measures according to their deserts, on all occasions.

MR. BURDOCK,

Should profit by the annoying opposition [which he often experienced in the Factory. Let him laugh less at his own frequently, excellently applied speeches, and be no longer ashamed of backing Mr. Bull *manfully* in every *good* measure. Let him not be deterred by the scowl of crowded ranks in the Factory, recollecting that the broad eye of the public is watchful, and can appreciate; and will in time confound dishonourable opposition, as the sun's glance does the impure flickering lamp.

MR. PAWS-ON.

His economical, useful, and often dignified course should be persevered in, cleansed from some paltry blots, which himself can easily detect.

MR. KICKS-ON,

Is said to have openly despised, and even cursed Mr. Public Opinion: if so, Mr. P. O. had some little controul over the Factory, and might kick-off Mr. Kicks-on very soon.

MR. WRONG,

Should consider his *ways*—it was not too late to wheel to the right. Let him look to the *crop* he was giving Mr. Bull, who wanted a few other things besides *squashes* in his establishment: and recollect that according to the possible utility of the unprofitable servant were the stripes given.

MR. UNION-JACK,

Might be profited by a consideration of his own name: it was emblematic of several noble energies united in one brave independent standard. Gentlemanly and dignified manners, though requisites, are not the only requisites of the public man: humility is ever attached to real dignity. With many things to condemn, and many to admire, Mr. Bull allowed him to retire now.

MR. BROACH,

Be still the untired supporter of common Education, the repeller of *high class* sneerers, and the rational encourager of polite literature.

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MR. BLACK-SMITH,

Although burthened with an academy on his back, need not throw the whole weight of his load on Barrier; it was what is vulgarly called "poor spite." Mr. Bull did not like friendly connections influencing his servants, and wanted self acting agents, not puppets in his employ. "Those who play at bowls, get rubbers," and "brazen foreheads sometimes get broken poles."

MR. FRY-PAN,

Will not be made an exemplification of the old proverb, "out of the frying pan into the fire." Hear, see, say little, write nothing, and improve by past occurrences, be they legitimate or *contraband*.

MR. J. THE-WOLF,

Should recollect that violent and hurtful animals, are not allowed to roam at large now: let him repress his snarling biting propensities, or else——

MR. RUDE-ELF,

Would do well to mind his p's and q's, his v's and w's, next snpression.

MR. HILLYS,

Was not bad, but should be a *mountain* of utility, a very *tun* of ardent animating spirit in the Factory,

MR. WHEY,

Should be less of a milk and water composition.

MR. NICK'S-CANNON,

Would want to be sponged and purified. He should get some other cognomen besides the black-gentleman's title, and endeavour to deserve it less, by making his discharges more in accordance with the *Sacred Canons*.

MR. POND,

Should recollect in what paths the hoary head must be found, if it wishes the crown of glory, which is its natural and cheering reward.

MR. BARRIER,

Should appreciate the support which he finds Mr. Bull so willing to give those whom he considers oppressed. When he again sits in the Factory, let him continue his independence; consider all Nova Scotians his general constituents, and be fearless of *opposition* in a *good* cause.

MESSRS. HARD-HORN, CHICK-MAN, STRUGGLES, PECK-MAN
AND GENTLEMEN :

I request serious attention to a few general remarks.

As an enraged lion of the desert—as the flood which bursts exultingly over a prostrate land, laughing at all opposition—is the united energy of a Nation. As the willow which is rooted up, and impelled by the tide—is the waving vacillating servant of the Public. As the brittle reed which the first indignant burst irretrievably overwhelms—is he who sneers at, and despises the distant torrent. As the reptile who spits his venom against the foam, but is ingulphed in a moment—is he who betrays a sacred trust ; who rewards with ingratitude, and injures those whom nature, reason and *pay* make it his bounden duty to serve.

As the star which blesses the twilight with its friendly lamp—is he, who watchful on his post, gives his mite uninteruptedly to his country's good. As the moon whose genial influence dispels gloom, and enlivens the midnight hour—is he, whose penetration elucidates, whose advice directs, whose purity is the cause of beauty in himself, and of general good to others. As the sun which dispels damp and fog from the landscape ; which extinguishes the pirate's false light on the beach ; which sends the wolf to his cave and the robber to his den, and goes on gloriously in the plenitude of benignant power—is he, whose talent, penetration and genius, being first rate, are unfearely exerted to crush iniquity, to encourage and illuminate and bless every praise-worthy endeavour.

As the placid azure of heaven—as the unruffled breast of the summer deep—as the firm mountain, supporting flower and pine and oak—is the display of perfect cordiality, honest, open and upright—between the different powers and departments of a State. As the arch obscured by thunder cloud, and rent by the lightning's shaft—as the ocean swept by the winter tempest—as the mountain shaken to its base, and toppling over, involving all in one common ruin—is, contention, public discord, and the striving for mastery between two powerful domestic elements.

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Before you are the opposing propositions—under your hands are the resources of a country—above you, with a watchful but a friendly eye, is the public spirit with its energies.—Go, those who have done well, to steady perseverance in propriety—those who have done evil, to reformation—those who have been inactive, to study, and honest exertion. Go, in peace for the present:—Go, but *sin no more*.

THE JURY.

Now rose : their support of the Foreman's conduct was unanimously given—they heartily concurred in all his remarks ; and dismissing the Peace Officers and Factory Members, prepared to retire themselves.

The examined gentlemen seemed as rejoiced at being liberated, as were Noah's prisoned inmates of the ark ; & like them they quickly moved off to every point of the heavens.

Before the Jury separated, Mr. Public Opinion requested that Mr. Common Sense would prepare his *Rational Dictionary* for public inspection. The confusion of terms during the late examination, was visible ; and the want of a generally known philosophical glossary for a variety of technicals, and equivocal words and phrases, was latterly much felt.

Mr. Common Sense bowed to his respected friend's opinion and advice, acquiesced in his desire, and promised to give Mr. Bull timely notice of its appearance. Jury retired, wishing peace and prosperity to Mr. Bull all over the world.

PACULET.

Halifax, May 6th, 1829.

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