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Poetry.

THE MUSIC OF NATURE.

Hark! hear the hurricane's hoarse roar,
The thunder's awful muttering o'er—
Niagara's rushing—deafening roar,
Like million ponderous wheels' anecho.

The mighty storm of rushing power,
The changeless, ceaseless, solemn roar
Of Ocean's voice—from shore to shore,
The mountain rill of tinkling pour,
The rude boreas' boisterous roar.

The hissing vapors' steaming sound;
The earthquake's rumbling north the ground;
Volcano's boiling roars around;
The dead tornado's whirling round.

Aurora's bright electric lights,
Like images of ghostly sprites,
Whose noise, when heard by simple wights,
With an unearthly sound affrights.

The bright plumed songsters of the spring,
Ten thousand notes delight to sing,
And every croon of things—
With ever changing varying.

The rustling sound of waving grain,
The sea-gull's voice upon the main,
The pattering sound of falling rain,
The bleating—neighing on the plain.

The creaking rush of waving trees,
The soft low voice of zephyr breeze,
The busy sound of humming bees,
And cattle lowing on the leas.

And childhood's voices of mirthful glee,
Unleashed by maddened capricious,
All join in Nature's music free,
Antheims of praise to Deity.

Select Tale.

THE VALENTINE.

BY REV. HENRY BACON.

A cheerful group were gathered about a centre table, where the bright solar lamp diffused its brilliance and the ample grate its warmth. The windows were curtained, the doors closed, and no impediment was in the way of the enjoyment of a happy evening. In those "fresque enjoyments and intimate delights" that Cover celebrates as belonging peculiarly to winter. The storm pelted at the windows only to increase the sense of security, which was only modified by the remembrance of the many who were exposed to the wild severity of the season.

It was February in leap year, and the conversation turned on valentines, and many a story was told to illustrate the maxim, "Many a true word is spoken in jest." This prompted the composition, in which these friends mutually celebrated each other's charms; and it was remarked that last year must have some peculiar gift for the ladies, because they excelled so greatly in their efforts at evening, and it was rather feared that the triumph of the "woman's rights" movement might take away the glory of the year, when chivalry is reversed, and the woman is the gallant.

"Come, Maga," said Herbert, one of the company, "try your hand at something more serious. You are just in the humor for it. Your rhymes ring as pleasantly as sleigh-bells, and they run as smoothly as Mrs. Nichol's ice cream. Come, be serious, and see what will come of it."

"What can I do that's serious?" cried Maga, with one of her little hysterical laughs.

"Nothing of course, but in the way of making poetry good" was the reply; "I didn't mean anything more."

"Didn't you? But who shall I write to? I must have somebody in my mind—"

"Heart you mean?"

"There now," said Maga, "you are serious."

"Yes, a little bit. Write to the only one who ever proved what a garden of roses can bloom in winter on your cheeks. You remember the introduction, don't you?"

"Don't mention it!" cried Maga, with both hands uplifted and laid on her crimsoning face.

"What in nature makes me blush so? There was no reason for it, and I was heartily ashamed of it."

"The heart doesn't always have a reason for the roses it makes; but come, you are now in the best mood for a good effort. You'll get off a sparkling thing I know; every line will flash wit, and every idea may be poetry."

Maga took her pencil again, it flew over the paper. The lines multiplied, and the deep blush that lately overspread her face sent its warmth to the imagination; and though she did not dream he would ever know it, yet it was some comfort to think he would have a better specimen of her ability than was given when she received him at the introduction with such confusion.

The poem was soon finished. It was a rare effort, and it was read to the group to the delight of all. A young minister was its hero, and capably it hit off the perplexities of such an official in a marriageable condition, and the anxieties of the mamma who had daughters admirably fitted to divide the duties of the parish with him.

"Copy and send it!" was the general response when the reading was finished, not one supposing the rhyme would outlive St. Valentine's day.

The missive was sent, mailed in a city where it was not written, and with the mirth of the season the incident which occasioned it was forgotten.

Another quiet evening was granted to nearly all the same group, in the same cheerful room. Books, maps, periodicals, writing and sewing materials, told how diversified were the intentions of the group gathered about the light on the round table. But as a jest or a story will sometimes enliven a whole circle of friends, and cause work to be laid aside for play, so on this occasion a fountain was opened, where Hager-like, they thought there was none. The lively conversation ran all sorts of rounds, till at length the subject of valentines was introduced, and each one had stories to tell of the late season.

"Maga," said Herbert, "what do you think became of yours?"

She started at the recollection of the poem she had written, and the idea that she might possibly be detected was a real distress. She seemed to doubt for a moment whether Herbert had sent it as she directed, and she breathed more freely when he seriously assured her that he had done all her commands.

Then came up the discussion concerning the ways in which the origin of such a missive might be traced out, but Maga's heart was stout against them all.

"It isn't possible!" she exclaimed. "I should go into a fit, if I thought I should be discovered."

"O, don't!" exclaimed Frank; "I never saw a lady improve her looks by a fit—except it was a capital one, like that cap-a-pie of yours, Maga."

"Be still, Frank; you're always running ahead, and will never be in danger of catching a heart," replied Maga.

"I shall catch one when the fit is right, your's is too little," said Frank.

"O dear! it seems large enough the way it beats now. What shall I do if I am found out? I wish I had never written a rhyme in my life. I wish I had that ugly thing safe back again."

"What's the matter?" said Herbert; "I thought you were at rest about that affair being discovered. It isn't possible, you said; and as for its being ugly, you know better than that."

"Well, well, let us forget it."

"Forget it!—forget the best thing you ever did in that line? But Maga, where did you copy that valentine?"

"Where? why, to be sure, it was in your study," she answered.

Herbert gave a clear, shrill whistle, that made more than Maga start up in surprise.

"My study!" he exclaimed, as though talking to himself, "and at my small desk, too, I suppose?" he asked.

"Yes; and what do you mean?"

"Mean!" said Herbert, "why, I mean that the hero of your valentine was here last week, and was entertained in my study."

"Well, did the study tell him anything about me?"

"I don't know. I'll go up and ask it if you wish. But when he was there, he took up a sheet of ornamental paper out of a portfolio at my desk, and while I was hunting up some facts for him on a subject he was studying, he asked me if I had any more such. I told him I didn't know I had, as I thought I had used it all up long ago."

"I'd give," he said, "a good deal to know who wrote me a poem on a sheet like that, some weeks ago."

"What! I replied, do you have poems written to you?"

"Yes," he answered, "and some good ones too. Last Valentine's day I had one on a sheet like that—green, witty and beautiful. It puzzles me. Did you ever give away any paper like that?" I told him no. Have you the poem with you?" I asked him, and he promised to send it, and I gave him the sheet of paper."

"It's all out now!" exclaimed Maga, as soon as Herbert had ended. During his story she had changed color as many times as could be desired to show emotion. "Well, he'll know it's only a joke, but I hope I shall never meet him again, for I shall die in agony if I do."

"You are not to be killed so easily," said Frank.

"I've known ladies to survive quite a number of such catastrophes."

The poor girl's trouble soon increased by discovering that the picture around the initial letter, on the sheet, was the representation of a lady offering a heart to a gentleman, for it happened that Herbert had written a valentine to his sister on one of the sheets of the fatal paper, and she had brought it from a secretary drawer to the table.

"What shall I do?" she cried, with no little earnestness.

"Do why, I think you've done enough," said Frank.

"Now, don't go into a fit. He'll only think it was a joke."

"I doubt that," answered Herbert, "for there was too much heart in the poetry; and it wasn't all a jest."

"Come, Herbert, that's too bad," said Maga, reproachfully. "Do you think I was serious?"

"Yes, I told you to be so," he replied.

"Yes, so you did about the poetry."

"And that's done the work. Serious poetry is very affecting."

Maga could abide this bantering no longer. She took her sewing and attempted to excel in silence; she dropped that, and took up a book; she laid that down, and began to talk about a visit she made down East; but the engrossing subject spoke from the laughing eyes of the group, however, she attempted to turn the current of their thoughts. The evening ended with the declared resolution that she would keep out of the way of him who seemed destined to bring her into confusion.

Herbert could not let her go at that, but called after her as she left the room. "Not into confusion, Maga, but into holy orders."

Blossoming spring bloomed into summer, and Maga was accompanying a number of lady friends on a picnic in a beautiful grove. The day was delightful. The aroma from the new-mown meadows floated in and mingled with the odor of the noble pines, so that the woods were redolent of fragrance. The slanting rays of the sun as he was journeying to the west, shot in amid the trees and lighted up their beauty, as when the lights of the altar send their brilliance up amid the gothic arches of the cathedral, and make the elaborate sculpturing stand out in bold relief. Suddenly when there was no escape, the hero of her valentine appeared, and to the great delight of several of the company with whom Maga was strolling, but to her great distress.

A moment, and the distress was gone. A strange serenity took possession of her feelings, and she felt the most of a stranger, the young clergyman felt obliged to pay her the most attention.

A walk in the woods strangely separates companions into couples, the paths being so many and so divergent; and Maga and her Valentine (not the poem) were walking by themselves, and she was seen picking a rose to pieces, which was always so careful to preserve every flower so plucked. As she had done the writing, she evidently seemed to think it right for him to do the talking, and she certainly was a very attentive listener. She heard his question and she answered it, and the cupids running round the border of that valentine sheet now seemed to float out before them as angels, weaving a rosy garland to encircle them as one.

They were now one in the holiest relations and duties of life; and on the evening when the marriage was solemnized, the feeling was very general among the bridal group, that when a young lady is unconsciously eloquent in penning a valentine, she means more than a jest, and is serious, or she must be more careful than Maga was in the choice of her paper and place of writing.

PROVINCIAL LEGISLATURE.

April 9th, 1861.

The SOLICITOR GENERAL, MR. WATERS said that he had at first scarcely expected to speak on this matter; but having been honored with some personal remarks from his hon. colleague, Mr. Tibbitts, and from the Attorney General, he felt it necessary to address the committee for a few minutes, but should confine himself entirely to the members of whom he had spoken. His hon. colleague had treated the committee to a rambling, straggling speech. The hon. member evidently felt that a epoch in his life had arrived, and that he was riding upon and directing the storm. It was a happy thing that the country had at such a time as this such a man as his hon. colleague; but he could not help thinking what a pity it was that his hon. colleague had remained for so many years, in that House in a state of lethargy, and had never before displayed those extraordinary talents which the House had admired and wondered at this session. But his hon. colleague had not been able to get through with so much labour as he had devoted to this land investigation without doing some injustice; and he was very sorry to see him turn aside from the path of rectitude, to enter with a malicious intent the cabin of a poor man, and endeavor to uproot his very hearthstone. He certainly, knowing what his hon. colleague was, saw him sitting on the tribunal which had been erected in the other end of this building, with some misgivings. For three years his hon. colleague had supported this government. During all that time he worshipped at the feet of this idol. (Mr. Tibbitts—'I never did.') What! had his hon. colleague not felt in his heart what he had expressed in his actions?—Were all those outward tokens, those appearances of fervent devotion, the bended knees, the outspread hands, the uplifted eyes—a sham after all? (Laughter.) Was the hon. member after all, no more than a hypocrite before the shrine. (Laughter.) He (Sol. Gen.) would not stamp upon his hon. colleague that seal of infamy. But he was sorry to see him intrude himself with evil intent into the cabin of the poor man. He (Sol. Gen.) had been called into that court over which the hon. member had presided, that Star Chamber which for more than half the session had made the heart of every man quail with terror. (Laughter.) Hon. members would recollect what dismay was spread through all who stood in the presence of that dreadful tribunal, over which his hon. colleague presided as Chief Justice; how the deeds of those who were so unfortunate as to hold any lands in this country, struggled to rush out of their pockets; (Laughter.) How every man seemed to cry, "Oh, for one moment of darkness, that I might fly away and bury my grants and my deeds in some spot where the eye of man can never reach them!" (great laughter.) The first question with which a man was saluted wherever he turned his footsteps, was, whether he owned any land. Yes; when he (Sol. Gen.) went into the presence of that dreadful tribunal—that fearful inquisition,—he felt like a malefactor; (laughter.) and he saw that his hon. colleague the Chief Justice, was covering himself with immortal glory; that he was elevating himself to fame not second to that of Judge Jeffreys himself; striking terror into hearts of all evil doers, from the Provincial Secretary downwards, and covering the galleys with his victims. (great laughter.) But through it all, he (Sol. Gen.) thought he could see an endeavor on the part of the Chief Justice to give the inquiry a one-sided course, and to draw forth from the witnesses themselves one-sided statements and references. Still as the great inquisition sat on, the terror continued to exist, and fearful consternation was spread abroad. (laughter.) The proceedings of that very House were suspended; the members crowded into the committee room; and he remembers that the only man who sat quiet and unmoved in his seat was the hon. member from Kent (Mr. McPhelim) who was protected alike from accusation and from fear by the sternness of his virtue. (Mr. McPhelim—Thank you.) At last he (Solicitor Gen.) himself received a summons to attend the tribunal. And from whom did that summons come? Not from his hon. colleague, who presided over the inquiry, but from another member of the committee, the hon. member from St. John (Mr. Wilmot). He hastened at once into the chamber, where the tribunal sat; and what did he find there? He found his hon. colleague investigating the claim of a poor man to his farm and his home—without any notice given of his intention, endeavoring to draw, by prepared written questions, from a willing witness, statements which jeopardized the claims of a poor, but honest man, to the land which for twenty years he had owned and cultivated, and from which he had supported his wife and his family. Had he (Sol. Gen.) not been sent for, his hon. colleague would have sent forth to the world one-sided statements, injurious to the claims of a man who was as honestly entitled to his land as any man in New Brunswick. The case of which he spoke, hon. members would understand, was that of John Hart, of Madawaska. He should state to the committee the facts of this case. His hon. colleague put in evidence the Report of John Emerson which states not from his personal knowledge, but from information received from Indians, among other things, that John Hart leased from Lewis Burnard, an Indian, an acre of ground in 1842, the very year of the Ashburton Treaty. But what did Mr. Hart say in his petition. (Here Mr. Waters read the petition of Mr. Hart, which we published last week, in connection with Mr. Tibbitts' Speech.)

Mr. Tibbitts—Who wrote the petition? The Solicitor General said that he took it down from Hart's own mouth. From this petition it appeared that Hart had purchased the land and erected buildings upon it in 1840, the year before the Indians told Emerson, who told the Government, that he came there. This petition was referred by the Council to the Provincial Secretary, Surveyor General and himself for a report. Meanwhile there was a change in the Government, and a dissolution. In 1857, the former Government returned to power, and the petition of Hart was again referred to the same man. He (the Sol. Gen.) applied to Mr. Inches on the subject, and Mr. Inches gave him information which showed that Hart was badly treated. The matter was not a new one in the office. There was no denial that the statements of Hart were correct. He turned his attention to the Ash-

burton Treaty and the Acts of Assembly, as bearing upon the case. He should read from his own evidence before the Committee, from page 108.

Early in 1856, the time the application was made by John Hart, for a grant of a lot of land on which he resides, in Madawaska, I took his statement, and drew his Petition for him; he informed me that he had settled upon that land in 1810, and that he had purchased it, from an old Indian by name Louis Bernier; who he said was represented to be in possession of it for a very great number of years; he stated that he had paid this Indian from time to time sums of money, amounting to about £125; and he produced receipts from the Indian to that effect, witnessed by Wm. McLaughlin; I think, for the whole amount. I went to the Crown Land Office with the Petition to get some information about it. Mr. Inches gave me all the information I received there; and he told me that he could never understand why Hart had been treated differently from other persons, who had obtained them under the Treaty; he stated that he considered Mr. Hart, although he bought from an Indian; should be treated like the rest who had got land, I was glad to hear that. He stated that the man had been harshly treated by the suit instituted against him by the Crown. Arbitrators had been appointed in the matter, and I recollect him, Mr. Inches, showing me a sketch of this particular lot, or a portion of it, parcelled off in small pieces, and the names of Mr. Emerson and others placed upon each of them; this Mr. Inches thought cruel treatment to the man, parcelled off his land that way. I understood that they had not only arbitrated, but had parcelled off the land among themselves; the arbitration was held in Emerson's store.

I brought the petition before the Council, and urged the reasons given me by Mr. Inches, in favor of the grant issuing; the Council referred the petition to Mr. Brown, Mr. Tilley and myself. The change of Government then occurred, and I had nothing more to do with it, until I came into the Government in 1857.

Hart kept writing to me, requesting some action taken on it; and I again brought it before Council; Mr. Brown and myself undertook to look into it; referred again to Mr. Inches, and he concurred in what he had said before.

I asked Mr. Inches to come into Mr. Brown's room and explain it to him, he did so, and explained it in the same way to Mr. Brown, and Mr. Brown then concurred with him; before I made up my Report I referred to the law.

I considered that the whole of that country being in dispute between the Americans and ourselves, this Government had no authority to appropriate any part of that Territory to any particular purpose, whether for Indian Reserves, or anything else; and that John Hart, a settler on this land before the Ashburton Treaty, was not entitled to any consideration as any settler there, notwithstanding he came into possession under an Indian. In the Revised Statutes, Vol. 1, page 215, Section 9, I find the following:—

"In selling, leasing, or disposing of the Indian lands, or portions thereof, regard shall be had to the improvements made by the person in possession, whether on sale or lease from the Indians, or otherwise, so as to secure to him a just remuneration for such improvements; showing that our law recognized the rights of persons purchasing from Indians in this Province. I also refer to Chapter 30 page 88, Vol. 1, Revised Statutes as follows:—

"The Governor in Council, when satisfied that any person has occupied the 7th day of April 1852, bona fide before or improved lands which have by an Act of Imperial Parliament become part and portion of this Province, and are situated in the Counties of Restigouche or Victoria, may grant the same to such occupiers or improvers; their heirs or assigns, on such condition as the Governor may deem fair, without any sale by auction." Considering that Hart had been in possession of this land before the Treaty, claiming under a person who had been there for many years before the Treaty, and looking to the effect of these two Statutes, and supported by the opinion of the Surveyor General and Mr. Inches, I felt satisfied Hart was entitled to a grant of his lot, and I drew up a report accordingly, which was signed by the Surveyor General and myself; this was approved of by the Council, and the grant ordered to issue.

The Attorney General declined expressing any opinion in this matter, as he had been engaged for Hart in the Crown suit.

Expecting the grant would issue, I heard no more about it until the sitting of the House last season; during all this time the Messrs. Hastings, St. John, had a claim filed in the Surveyor General's Office against this land.—The grant did not issue for some time, in consequence of this claim being there. The Hastings were anxious that the grant would issue, as it would improve their security. I telegraphed to Inches to let the matter rest until I came to Fredericton. It so continued until the House met last year; the only objection to the grant issuing, being Hastings' claim remaining there, which I then had the authority to remove."

Had hon. members ever seen such a tempest in a teapot, as was his hon. colleagues conduct in this matter? No man would treat a poor man so; his colleague's conduct could not be defended honorably. Had not his hon. colleague himself been appealed to by Mr. Hart? Yes, and he had solemnly promised to do all he could for him. The next movement in the case was a notice of motion made last Session by his colleague. He would read again from his (Solicitor General's) own evidence, on page 100.

"The next thing was a notice of a motion moved by Mr. Tibbitts for all the papers connected with this grant. I remonstrated with Mr. Tibbitts about interfering with the man's grant. I appealed to him, that he knew the man ought to have his land, he said he would not consent to the grant issuing to Hart unless Herbert was put upon the same footing. I stated that Herbert's claim should not interfere with Hart, and I recollect saying to Mr. Tibbitts, that he knew Hart should have the land; he said I told Hart he should have the land, but said, unless I consented to let Herbert have his land also, he would oppose it. I told him to put in his petition for Herbert, and I would assist him in getting what I could. He assented to that, and did not move any further with his motion. The grant then issued. In corroboration of what I have said,

I will read extracts from letters from Hart to Hon. Mr. Rice and myself, as follows:—

Extract from John Hart's letter to C. Waters, dated 22nd March 1858:—

"Tibbitts, previous to his last election, promised to use his influence in having my claim arranged; you know best whether to trouble him or not: he stated that to his own knowledge I was settled here for some years before the Treaty, and all those persons settled at the time of the Treaty got their grants, unless myself; he held out that I was entitled to mine without having to pay the Government anything whatever."

Extract from a letter from John Hart to Hon. Mr. Rice, dated 24th March 1858:—

"I wrote to Mr. Waters on the subject by last mail, he has so much to attend to, I trust you will see that he takes some action in the matter. Mr. Tibbitts promised me, when last at my place, that he would do all in his power to procure me my grant under the same head that those persons living on these lands, at the time of the Treaty, received theirs."

How then after all this could they put any faith in his hon. colleague, who had attempted to destroy the peace of an unoffending and prosperous family? And he would just remark here that he had answered the questions of his hon. colleague, although he thought many of them were most impertinent. A more outrageous attack upon an unoffending settler was never made than this of his colleague upon Mr. Hart. His hon. colleague had talked about tit-bits; but his name ought to have been "Tibbitts"—not "Tibbitts," as there was nothing he was so fond of as tit-bits. (Laughter.) And talking about tit-bits, there was one occurrence in the life of his colleague which he should always remember. In 1856 the country was thrown in confusion by a dissolution of the House; and the Government were prevented from doing many things and perhaps from doing something for his colleague himself. In the election which followed, while he was engaged in the canvass in Madawaska, there came down a placard from Quebec, the production of his hon. colleague himself, and which exceeded far anything which he (Sol. Gen.) could have said with respect to the dissolution and the Gray Government. It combined the impetuosity of France with the weight of England. He denounced the Government as the tools of Downing Street. He (Sol. Gen.) thought when he saw this placard that the work was done. He said to himself "Canada is the country of patriotism and independence." He and his colleague were elected and they came to Fredericton to attend the Session; there was a warm debate upon the question of supporting the Government, and approving the course pursued in the dissolution. When it came to a vote he looked around for his colleague and could not find him.—You going into the street to find him sitting on a chair shaking as though he had the fever and ague. He said to him, "Come, the vote is about to be taken; remember the placard, and come in and assist us." All that he could get out of his hon. colleague was, that he could not do it. All his patriotism had oozed out at his fingers end, and he would not vote, and did not vote. And why? Because there was something in the budget for him. There was a tit-bit there, (great laughter) which he thought he might lose if he voted against the Government. He regretted to have to reflect upon his colleague, but he had brought it upon himself, by the course he had chosen to adopt. Now, a word for the Attorney General. He had always thought highly of that gentleman, and had wished him a safe and speedy deliverance from the difficulty, in which he had been recently involved. He knew that the Attorney General had some peculiarities of character, and that he had the reputation of not being very straightforward. But in spite of all he knew of him, he was rather astonished at the course which he had chosen to pursue. That course was not calculated to raise him in the estimation, either of that House or the country. The Attorney General had made a great speech; but when he referred to the two lots which he (Sol. Gen.) had got, and said that his (Sol. General's) case was worse than his own, he thought he was entirely mistaken. He did not apply for the land, and he gave no directions to the Deputy who sold it. The lots were applied for by him on behalf of Mr. Hartley, former local Deputy of the country. He telegraphed to a Merchant at Grand Falls to buy those two lots for him. He held that a member of the Government had a perfect right to do that. After telegraphing, he went on the Northern Circuit, and was not aware until about a month after that the lots had been knocked down to him. As soon as he was informed of it he sent a check for the amount of the purchase money. That was the whole of the matter. The Attorney General's case was entirely different. He was the highest law officer of the Crown, and helped to make certain regulations for the disposal of Crown Lands. The Attorney General, as proved by Inches, wished to get some of the lands south of the Annamancee, and at his request Mr. Inches entered up applications under fictitious names, Inches jeweled him out of those lands, but in the subsequent part of the evidence Mr. Inches says:—

"In the Parish of Moncton north of the Railroad I purchased five lots for the Attorney General at his request and by his desire in five different names, the names returned are C. Stiles, J. M. Stiles, Charles McSully, John Thibideau, for 100 acres each, and John Sirois for 75 acres. These people, through me, paid the first instalment out of money received from the Attorney General. I wrote out transfers from these parties leaving the name blank, so that at anytime to enable the Attorney General to fill in the names he required to get the grants. I gave these transfers to the Attorney General, and he no doubt he has them yet; this sale took place on the 4th May 1858, only one instalment has been paid, the other payments should have followed in annual succession, according to regulations, but they are not often adhered to."

Now this was a clear position and undeniable violation of the regulations, which declared that not more than 100 acres could be held by any one person under the instalment system. He (Sol. Gen.) did not apply for the two lots referred to at all, and had nothing to do with the Deputy, but instructed a stranger to buy for him, and as soon as he learned that the land had been knocked down to him, he sent the purchase money. Whether the Deputy

assumed the responsibility of payment he did not know, but if he had applied to the person who bought in the land for him, he could have got the amount at once. But they found that the Attorney General had got applications made for him in 1858 and paid one instalment. The second instalment should have been paid in 1859; and the third in 1860; but nothing but the first instalment had been paid. In fact there was not the slightest analogy between his case and that of the Attorney General. He was never more astonished than when he heard of the system of using fictitious names.

The Attorney General had also got land on the Nackawick; in fact he appeared to have a systemized mode of getting lands, such as even if there were no regulations against it, would be a moral wrong in a man holding his position. When the Attorney General said that the amendment was not a motion of no confidence; he thought the people would not believe it. The Attorney General had glorified his visit to England, and told them of what he had said and done there. No doubt the Attorney General's appearance and manner produced a striking effect among the great men of England; but the question was, whether his conduct in the Government had been such as his colleagues could defend. They might have endeavored to get their friends to support him, but he believed that they could not have succeeded. The Attorney General opposed the suspension of Inches. (Attorney General—Was I the only member of the Government that did so?) No matter about that. Would they have done their duty to the country if they had not said to Inches, hold your hand, you have done damage enough. He (Sol. Gen.) thought that the Attorney General's objection to the suspension arose entirely from kindness to Mr. Inches; but the next thing they heard was, that he was an accomplice with him, which they could scarcely believe until the truth was forced upon them. Then their duty, however unpleasant, became clear; they dared not shrink from it. Mr. Inches made some statements respecting the Attorney General, from which that hon. member should have cleared himself. Mr. Inches said, page 14 of evidence:—

"I have not been advised by any person to pursue any particular course from what I had intended, unless by my brother. I was advised on one particular point by another gentleman, and also direct advice on another point. The hint was from the Attorney General in reference to my giving evidence before the Committee, under the Act of last Session. It was to this effect, that should I decline to answer, it would only result in my commitment during the sitting of the House; this occurred the day the Committee was appointed. I have had repeated conversations with him since, at my own house, at the office, and in the street; always on his part, no desire on my part; he pressed upon me that there was no necessity for me to make certain statements; I evaded him every possible way, and made no promise."

When I thought of his cool proposition after I went home I decided to make a plain breast of it let it involve who it might. I thought the nature of his propositions were so selfish that I have decided to make a clear statement of the whole matter. This Attorney General must have known that if I stated all particulars before the Committee, it would involve himself. When he first spoke to me he said he had doubts even about my being sent to goal, he begged me about frequently."

I was stung by his coolness in making the proposition that I should not come before this Committee. His last expressions to me were sympathetic. I replied that I required none. He stated that he was exerting himself with the members of the Committee. He stated that he had a conversation with Mr. McClellan and Mr. Wilmot, and also with members of the Assembly, Mr. Hanington in particular. He stated that he would speak to Mr. Wilmot, as I did not think he should be on the Committee, but did not wish it to come from me. Subsequently the Attorney General informed me that he had seen Mr. Wilmot, and thought he would be favorable. He also stated that he had a long conversation with Mr. McClellan. I stated to him that he might do as he pleased, as I did not wish Mr. Wilmot's feelings hurt by any allusion to it.

Was this the reason then, that the Attorney General wished not to suspend Mr. Inches,—[Attorney General—I contradicted that in my evidence.] No; the Attorney General did not. Mr. Inches further said on page 27: "I omitted before to say that the Attorney General was very particular in telling me not to say too much before the Committee. There was no mistaking his meaning; it was a very significant hint; and I draw attention to it to show how very much he dreaded what he knew might be mentioned." What was the evidence of the Attorney General on this point? He says (Page 47) "I aver most positively that neither directly or indirectly, by thought, word or action did I in any manner, or was it in my mind to induce Mr. Inches not to come before this committee." But the Attorney General did not deny what Mr. Inches had stated that he should not say too much before the Committee. What were the facts of the case of Lord Melville mentioned by the Attorney General? It appeared that both Lord Melville and the Secretary to the Admiralty were engaged in the transaction. There it was Lord Melville, said Mr. Trotter; here it was the Attorney General, and Mr. Inches. (Laughter.) The charge was the fraudulent appropriation of the public money. The Attorney General said that if the Executive had stood by each other in this matter they would have gone safely through it. That would have been nice for the Attorney General; but if they had done so, he could imagine a report brought in very different from that now before the Committee.

The hon. member from St. John (Mr. Wilmot) would then have had a report to his mind; and they would have heard the tongue of the hon. member from Northumberland (Mr. Kerr) ring through the House. It would have been insulting the country, had they dared to defend such conduct; and the whole government would have fallen together never again to rise, covered with the contempt of the whole country. In the Melville case, Mr. Pitt himself was charged in the debate, by Mr. Whitebread with being implicated in the transaction; that would sufficiently account for Mr. Pitt and the whole administration standing by Lord Melville. The two cases were entirely different. The Pitt ministry were all in one boat together; but here the Attorney General was the only offender. The