the imports of the Island, will not suffer a sum of that magnitude to be abstracted from it annually—for so it must be, if the notes are called in and destroyed; and, as has been before hinted, all the surplus produce that has been disposed of for cash in one Foreign market, must be replaced by that same cash in another, for the purpose of paying our debts.

Trusting that the importance of the subject will prove an apology for the length of this communication,

I am, Sir,
your obedient servant,
TRITICEUS.

STEAM COMMUNICATION.

To the Editor of the Colonial Herald.

Sir; In your paper of Saturday last, I observed that the House of Assembly required to know from His Excellency, whether any contract had been entered into for the conveyance of the Mails between Pictou, Charlottetown and Miramichi, and that they were informed that no such contract had been entered into; but that an offer had been made by the owners of the *Pocahontas*, steamer, to run her between this port and Pictou, two or three times a week. To this point I would beg leave to call the attention of the public, and ask, would it not be a waste of public money to hire such a boat as the *Pocahontas*, commonly called the "Pack-of-nonsense!" This Boat may do well enough to carry the Mails during the Summer months; but how should we be situated in the Fall? The owners talk of making *two* or *three* trips a week; but I am persuaded she would not then make *one* regular trip a week! But take it for granted that this Steamer is, in every respect, capable to ply between this Port and Pictou. I consider it of little importance merely to carry the Mails, for I am confident the Mails would come far more regular by the same route they are now sent—viz., Cape Tormentine—than they would if conveyed by the *Pocahontas* from Pictou, and at one half the expense. Again, a steam communication with Pictou would be of little advantage to this place; but a communication with Miramichi is of vast importance to the Island in general. Take into consideration the hundreds—yes, thousands—of Pounds in cash brought into this Island from Miramichi, in payment for our produce, Horses, Cattle, Sheep, &c. Are we indebted to Pictou for any of this? No. Should we be so unfortunate as to be without a Steamer between this place and Miramichi next Summer, it will be a serious loss to the country. Ask the farmer what enhances the value of his produce—or the butcher why he gets such a high price for his meat—or even the person who has only a few dozen of eggs to sell, why they are so much higher than formerly—and they will all tell you it is in consequence of a Steam communication with Miramichi! Surely this must be of great benefit to the Island; and if the opinion of all the inhabitants could be known on this subject, nine-tenths would say, that the public money could not be better appropriated than to support steam communication with Miramichi. It may be said, we had better have the little *Pocahontas* than none at all. The enterprising owners of the steamer *Cape Breton* have sent her to Scotland, to undergo a thorough repair, and no doubt her power will be much increased. I am informed that this vessel is expected out on the opening of the navigation; and although she has not cleared herself for the last two years, yet I am inclined to think, that the proprietors would be induced to risk it again, were a sufficient sum granted for that purpose, anticipating, as they naturally would, a greater number of passengers, in consequence of such frequent communication with the mother country. I lately noticed an extract from an English paper, saying that the Steam-lion—meaning Mr. Cunard—is now in London, negotiating with the Government to transmit the Mails weekly to Halifax, and that he had ordered two more Steamers to be built immediately. Should Mr. Cunard's design be carried into effect, it will, no doubt, operate as another inducement for him to enter into a contract with the Government here, to put the *Cape Breton* on the former route; and I hope that a majority of our House of Assembly are aware of the great importance to this Island of a steam communication with Miramichi, and that they will take the necessary steps to carry this object into effect.

I am, Sir,
your obedient servant,
A Friend to Steam.

SAILING PACKETS.

To the Editor of the Colonial Herald.

Sir; Can you inform me what progress our two sailing packets have made during the past year, under the Legislative grant? or if their efficiency with experienced masters, and a due regard to the hours of sailing, were such as to insure the approbation of the public? Without those essentials are enforced, Mr. Editor, we shall be reflected upon as wasting our public funds, and, withal, putting the lives of Her Majesty's subjects in jeopardy. I am of opinion that the one on the Georgetown station should be left to competition, under the idea of her some time or other carrying Her Majesty's Mail.

The hour of sailing of the Packets being now left to the discretion of the contractors, is not likely to work well; but, on the contrary, may be the cause of loss and disappointment to passengers. It would be far better, if this system is any longer to be continued, that the liberal grant from the funds of the country should be otherwise disposed of. The probability is, however, that some inquiry may be made into the matter.

I am, Sir,
your obedient servant,
PEEPO.

St. Peter's, February 6, 1841.

THEATRES.

To the Editor of the Colonial Herald.

Sir; Being one of those who are under "the impression that Plays are apt to mislead the young, and to produce immorality among the youthful members of a community," and being well assured that such amusements (however agreeable they may be) are not "harmless," but, on the contrary, are calculated to produce many evil and pernicious effects, particularly among those youths who figure on the stage, I have been induced thus to claim a space in the columns of your widely-circulated paper, from reading a paragraph in the *Gazette* of Tuesday last, wherein the writer observes, that those persons who entertain the idea that Plays have an evil tendency, are "under an erroneous impression." Now, Sir, this sage writer—whether he be Young, or advanced in years—has learned a lesson that I have not been taught. Without referring to the sacred Scriptures—which we should ever adopt as our rule and unerring guide—both reason and experience have proved that theatrical performances and amusements are, and have ever been, attended with evil consequences. The most learned and pious Divines, and, indeed, good men of all ages, have thus expressed their sentiments on this subject. But probably we may be told, that we live in an age of Reform, and that, in order to obtain a "perfect knowledge of manners, and of human nature," we must, at this late day, visit "Mr. Cantelo's Buildings." Alas! Sir, each day of our lives we have afforded to us numberless opportunities of acquiring this knowledge—the human character is ever before our eyes, and we need not travel beyond the precincts of Charlottetown to obtain a correct knowledge of human nature, and of all its attendant frailties.

I would ask, Sir, in what quarter of the Globe has the *learned* writer of the Communication alluded to imbibed his sentiments? or where has he been taught his useful lesson? Surely not in the land of our forefathers—he must have been tasting of some *puddled stream*.

Yours, &c.,
Aliquis.

To the Editor of the Colonial Herald.

Sir; In order to prevent any further misrepresentation of the occurrence which took place at the Wood Islands, in the year 1838—to which I am compelled to advert, in consequence of the ridiculous version which has recently been given of it, in the Postscript of a letter addressed to you, by some anonymous correspondent, under the signature of "Plain Common Sense"—I have drawn up the following statement, in order to place the matter in its true light. Had it not been the *second* attempt to turn the whole matter into burlesque, at the expense of the parties concerned, I should have passed it over in silence.

That Plain Common Sense has shewn an evident want of "sense," must be obvious to all; for, after "questioning whether the gentlemen to whom the story relates will be much elated at its revival," as it "made a great laugh at the time," so humourously had it been treated by the Independent Settler (?)—we find this would-be Solon (perhaps fearing the recoil) apologizing, in your very next paper, for the *unintentional* pain he has inflicted by *a new version*, which has so *opportunely* come to hand in the year 1841!—by which the affair is rendered even still more insultingly ludicrous than before; at the same time, he modestly confesses, that he cannot vouch for its authenticity!

Admitting, however, that it was not the intention of the writer "to wound the feelings or impugn the veracity of the gentlemen alluded to," I cannot refrain from expressing my indignation at the unwarrantable liberty he has taken; and when next he prepares a farce for the amusement of the public, I would suggest, with all imaginable deference to the good taste of Plain Common Sense, the propriety of excluding from his "Dramatis Personæ" the *Minister of Religion*.

I will now proceed to my story. The Rector of Charlottetown (the Rev. L. C. Jenkins) was under an engagement to baptize several children in the neighbourhood of Cherry Valley, at the house of Mr. Cavendish Willock; and as I had not visited that part of the Island, I considered it a good opportunity to do so, and undertook to drive him there on the occasion; and it was arranged that we should extend our excursion as far as the Wood Islands. With these objects in view, we left Town on the morning of the 24th January, 1838, accompanied by our friends, Mr. Charles Stewart and Mr. Grossard, and my eldest son—*a boy of about 12 years of age*. We called upon Mr. Willock, on our way, and arranged to be at his house in the course of the following day, when the children were to be assembled. We proceeded that same evening to the house of a Mr. Munn, who resided within about 2½ miles of the Wood Islands Settlement. We put up there for the night, intending, on the following morning, to proceed to the Settlement sufficiently early to enable us to return in time to fulfil our engagement at Mr. Willock's. Shortly after our arrival, Mr. Grossard took his key-bugle, and played several airs, '*pour passer le temps*'—and the attention of the neighbourhood was attracted by the novelty of the circumstance, and a few persons came up to inquire into the matter. They were soon made acquainted with the nature of our visit, and the *names of the visiters*, and left, shortly after, apparently satisfied with the information they had received. The person at whose house we took up our quarters, exhibited, notwithstanding, some uneasiness, and upon our asking the cause, we were given to understand, that the neighbourhood was in a very excited state, in consequence of a letter which had been industriously circulated among the settlers—a copy of which was exhibited to our view. This afforded a topic of conversation for the remainder of the evening, and after fully discussing the merits of it, we retired to rest. On the following morning, we sallied forth, *on foot*, for the district in question, accompanied by Mr. Munn, as our guide, leaving our horses and sleigh, *bugle, &c. at the house*. We proceeded to the spot, across a few of the intervening farms, and on our way entered into conversation with some of the settlers. We arrived at length at the Wood Islands Settlement, and after remaining there for a short time, we commenced our return by the road. It was at this moment that our attention was drawn by our guide to the blowing of conchs, and the occasional firing of guns, which, he confessed, alarmed him; and he then told us that he feared we should meet with molestation on our way. We had no alternative but to proceed; and without appearing to notice the altered aspect of affairs, we advanced towards the Cross-roads by which our route lay. Mr. Jenkins and Mr. Grossard were in advance, and the rest of the party followed at a distance. [It may be as well to state here, that we had not a weapon of any description wherewith to defend ourselves—the crowd, on the contrary, were armed with pitchforks, guns, stakes, &c.] They had not proceeded far, when three persons suddenly crossed their path, a few paces in advance, one of whom took up a stick, and after breaking it in half, handed one half to his companion, and then remarked, that 'there were only two of them,' and they could soon 'down house with them,' &c. Regardless of these threats, they continued to advance, and we to follow at increased speed, in order to come up with them, and when within a few yards of the concourse assembled at the Cross-roads, a gun was fired over our heads, evidently for the purpose of intimidating us. Still we continued to advance, and Mr. Jenkins and Mr. Grossard soon reached the assemblage, consisting, I should imagine, of not less than fifty persons—not many of whom could understand English. Mr. J. remonstrated with them, and endeavoured, by every possible means, to make known the object of our visit, but in vain. We soon after joined them, and it was then that an old settler, of the name of Maclellan, recognized Mr. Jenkins, and with considerable difficulty convinced them of their mistake; and nothing can remove from our minds the impression, that, but for this providential recognition, the most serious consequences would have ensued. They evidently took us for Sheriff's Officers, and suspected that the object of our visit was to distrain for rent; and this they were prepared to resist at the hazard of their lives. Had any of our party exhibited the slightest sign of hostility, or had we in our possession arms of any description, so as to have given colour to the impression they entertained, the result might and probably would have proved fatal to some of us. We were then allowed to proceed without further interruption, but met several persons on their way to join the main body, after we had retired.

We arrived in town that night, and on the following morning, under a sense of duty, proceeded to Government House, to inform His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor of the disturbed state of that portion of the Island, and took the opportunity to relate to His Excellency the circumstances above referred to.

A variety of ridiculous reports were soon in circulation, and we then determined upon publishing a full account of the affair, with our signatures attached; but as I did not wish to take His Excellency by surprise, I acquainted His Excellency of our intention; and upon his expressing a wish that it should not be published, we withheld it accordingly. This will sufficiently account for its not appearing before the public at that time.

A few months after this, the well-known letters in reply to Mr. G. R. Young, appeared, under the signature of An Independent Settler, and among these was one—(so much resembling the style of the Postscript annexed to the letter of Plain Common Sense, that I recognize in our new friend the same "independent" gentleman)—which indulged in such misstatements, as to call for the correcting hand of One of the Party on that occasion.*

Occasional hits have been made at us, from time to time, since that period—all of which we have thought beneath our notice; and I trust that this simple narration of facts will effectually refute the erroneous impression occasioned by the gratuitous fictions of An Independent Settler and Plain Common Sense, and that the latter will in future *mind his P's and Q's* better.

I would merely add, in conclusion, that as three years have elapsed since these events occurred, I had long forgotten any unfavourable opinion that may have been entertained at the time; and am perfectly satisfied that the inhabitants of that much-talked-of settlement are now as well disposed to exercise genuine hospitality towards us as those of any other portion of the Island.

I beg leave, Sir, to subscribe myself,
Your obedient servant,
John Myrie Holl.

Kenwith, 15th February, 1841.

* The letter alluded to is as follows:—

To the Editor of the Colonial Herald.

Sir; I observed with regret Mr. Young's exaggerated account of the hostile reception we experienced last winter, on our visit to the Wood Islands. It was never asserted by any one of our party that we *were fired at*, but merely that guns were several times discharged, with a view, as we supposed, to intimidate, in the direction in which we were walking. Notwithstanding the evident desire of your correspondent to fritter away the facts of the case, and make it appear that the misguided people who opposed us were a mob of harmless women, congregated without any intelligible object in view, yet I must beg leave to repeat the fact, that the crowd was composed chiefly of able-bodied men, armed with bludgeons, pitchforks and guns, and to all appearance bent on mischief. Had we been Sheriff's Officers—as had been ridiculously reported—and made any attempt to distrain upon their property, I am convinced that they would not have been content with exhibiting their weapons, but have given us practical proof of their use, since they expressed themselves determined to oppose the execution of any process for the recovery of rent at the risk of their lives. I am sorry to be obliged to advert to this unpleasant occurrence, as I am told the poor people in question are returning to a sense of their duty; but the high colouring in which Mr. Young has invested the affair, and the perverted view your anonymous correspondent has taken of it, compel me, however reluctantly, to place the matter in its true light.

I am, &c.
One of the Party.

June 21, 1838.

To the Editor of the Colonial Herald.

Sir; I observe that my letters published in the *Royal Gazette*, the one addressed to the Hon. Charles Young, in answer to some public animadversions of his, on the landed Proprietors of this Island, and the other to the Editor of that paper, on the same subject, have been reviewed in your paper of the 6th instant, by an anonymous writer, under the signature of Plain Common Sense. The sole and avowed object of this writer is, to justify the measure of His Excellency the Lieut. Governor, in having appointed Mr. Young to a seat in the Legislative Council; and from all that is displayed in his letter, I freely confess, His Excellency appears to have a warm friend, combined with a learned and most able vindicator, and I a most superior opponent. Upon referring to my letters, I do not perceive in their subject matter, any expression of opinion, on my part, on the impolicy or impropriety of the Lieutenant Governor, in making this appointment. Your correspondent has nevertheless chosen to rank me among the many who have; and has dealt with me, no less than with them, in no very measured terms. I have, however, before now, and during the administration of our present Governor, successfully resented a most dishonourable and malevolent attempt to displace me from a, not altogether unenviable, situation of trust and "emolument," obtained and held by the confidence which others had in my principles and ability; and as that attempt was matured in secrecy, and through the machinations of a person precisely of such standing and acquirements as I have attributed to your correspondent, I need not, perhaps, dread, that the artful comments now made by the writer, sheltered by an anonymous signature, on my origin, education and abilities, will be of any serious consequence to me, whether *his* letter has been manufactured *either* for "home consumption or exportation;" but lest it should be considered that the source from whence it emanated could affect that independence of mind, which I fancy I entertain, I hesitate not to stand before the bellowing of its portentous author.

Who the "Great Unknown" may be, I deem, is quite immaterial. For what avails it to me, Sir, when he has once placed himself on even ground with me, though not in equal light, whether he be the son of a king or a son of a grog-retailer; whether he be a "proprietor," an "agent," or what is termed here an "escheater"; whether a dependent or "independent settler;" whether he possesses opinions of his own, or is merely a *collector* of the opinions of others, such as I have designated; whether a good man or a bad man, I shall answer as I think the nature of the communication to which he has subscribed Plain Common Sense, so far as regards myself, is deserving of.

He says "every one who knows me will pronounce me no conjuror." I must acknowledge I *cannot* return him *that* compliment; having witnessed the Indian Jugglers perform their dexterous underhand tricks, as far as I may judge of the comparative merits of each, I yield decidedly the palm to the delusion and dissimulation of my antagonist, notwithstanding he may subscribe himself Plain Common Sense.

He further says, if truth be told, "I keep a familiar at my beck." What his interpretation of the slang may be, I know not; but this I beg leave to remind him of, that I stand "familiar" myself to no man; that while I am conscious of yielding, at all times, respect to whom respect is due, I watch not with my servility for the "beck" of any man, however exalted he may be; nor do I cringe, or fawn, before the meanness of a spaniel, to receive it.

Amidst all the ornamental and very learned quotations of this "Great Unknown," I cannot discern that he has given you a sufficient, or any, reason at all for commenting with such acrimony on *my letters*, or what furtherance it gives to the object of his.

My first letter, he admits, "*is well enough*," excepting what *he pleases* to call a wilful misstatement of Ryan's case. Though am I not at liberty to judge that he approves of all else it contains, and that Mr. Young, in his opinion, is the man have described him to be? If any thing were wanting to convince me that he fully believes Mr. Young to have deserved all the contempt and odium which it is alleged that ter brought on him, I would surely need no more, when observe Plain Common Sense selecting from my second letter, and bringing again under the eye of the public, with such excellent sarcasm, those particular parts of it which are most calculated to ridicule Mr. Young; and how modestly has he given us his opinion, that that gentleman was incapable himself of expressing simply his own reasons for accepting his appointment; that he, in fact, ought have submitted his letter to a "familiar," before he ventured to let it go to the public. Now, really, Mr. Editor, if Plain Common Sense can bring no greater accusation against me than that I am a man of no education, that is, in his own meaning of the word, and yet possessing "honesty, industry and perseverance," his object in making this liberal admission will not be attained. But I thank him for his magnanimity—perhaps his generous mind consulted the feelings of some one else, when he deduced my origin; and he thought it no worse for *foes*, but far better for *friends* not to inquire beyond the present generation.

In conclusion, Mr. Editor, if I have not succeeded in raising the curtain, let the slanderer come forth from behind his mask, and bring with him his "anonymous" big and "little fry," and meet me face to face, or signature to signature, and I will, for his own "head," if occasion (edification yet "*wield my borrowed weapon*," at the risk even of my own I have never courted favours, neither do I fear frowns, nor as little have I ever been found to "act the snake in the grass;" neither will I be tinctured with its subtle poison, nor allow those whom I represent to be deceived by its wiles. For the present, Sir, I bid adieu to that imaginative personage, Plain Common Sense, and remain

Your most obedient servant,
William Douse.

Charlottetown, February 12th, 1841.

To the Editor of the Colonial Herald.

Sir; I must again solicit a space in your columns. It seems I have aroused the slumbers of Plain Common Sense for a disinterested, but not *interested* author, under that nature, has condescended to notice my correspondent, owing, I am sure, to his fit of good humour, while so much amused, as he tells he is, at the sensation created by Mr. Young's appointment to the Legislative Council. He will come off very well, if I do not, in some measure, shew, by I conclude, that, in using the signature of Plain Common Sense, he is a little out of his element. This gentleman we find, considers that His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor has been arraigned in his public conduct, and has barked in a crusade to vindicate it, and to proclaim him a friend still more ready and obedient than the faithful Strato proved to Brutus, in the most trying hour of his eventful life.

I give my opponent much credit for the mode he has adopted—not invented, for it is an old one—in answering the letter of the 2d January, which bears my signature. "There is something here," quoth this potent reviewer to himself, "that is rather too huge to handle convenient—rather too dangerous to encounter—so I'll shut my eyes and leap over it;" and away he proceeds, to deal out to your respondents each his particular medicine, which has been concocted to suit their complaints and stifle their murmurings. He is discomfited, it appears, because, if you hit him, there's no meaning in the first letter bearing my signature; and he becomes enraged because there's too much in my last letter. The one proved to him, I rather think, a mountain in his way, in which he *felt* the strength of "palpable obscure," I fancy)—the other an iron gate, which he not only felt, but plainly saw it. And as he jumped over the one, so he thinks he can creep through the other; but I will bring him back to his work.

He, too, has found out that I am a "Mr. P." This surely cannot be "a random shot" from *so good a marksman* as he take my opponent to be. How it is that my person became so exposed, Mr. Editor, I cannot imagine; neither why it is that Plain Common Sense should not give 'O.' nor 'P.' a sparkling of his gall; for I must confess, Sir, that my letter according to the fashion of the day, and not unfrequently Dramas are produced, was the work of three individuals—'O.' the author; 'P.' the writer; and 'Q.' the publisher (I don't mean the printer or yourself, Mr. Editor).

Now, with my little brains and dull plodding manner, it is useless for me to guess at the initial letter of the name of the author of Plain Common Sense, unless, with good grace of suspicion, I could deign to use the familiar language of Falstaff, when, in addressing a certain personage, he said—

"By the Lord, I know you Hal!"

He may, too, have more than one initial letter belonging to him. There may be two—nay three; in addition to all which he may be screened by something that is not a name at all. Yes, *Sir*. Thus may my poor brains become perfectly bewildered. As little need I attempt to give an initial letter of the writer of Plain Common Sense—he also may have as much. In short, Sir, it only serves to recall a state of mind I have worked into when a school-boy—a good many years ago—while pondering and plodding for days over a most puzzling and tantalizing enigma, said to be Lord Byron's. I cannot get the most of it; but I think a couplet ran as follows:

"In the whispers of conscience 'tis sure to be found,
Nor e'en in the whirlwind of passion is drowned!"

But what has this to do with the matter, you will say, and less with the *author* of Plain Common Sense? Never mind that, Mr. Editor; I merely like to quote a little of light—cannot *polite*—literature, to allure the mind of your reader, when I have neither better "rhyme nor reason" to offer them; and as I recollect only one more couplet of the same, let me give it—

"It presides o'er his happiness, honor and health;
Is the prop of his house, and the end of his wealth."

Still more do I feel it difficult to imagine the initial letter of the publisher of Plain Common Sense. It not being the business of a publisher either to compose or write, any character in the farce may be performed by any critic or time-serving body, with as *little* brains and as *small* talent as myself; and as a person of this grade may still be a good man, in some folk's acceptation of the term, it only renders his identity more doubtful, and leaves me as much in the haze and fog as ever.

Plain Common Sense, for the purpose of bringing a hacknied quotation to his aid, puts hypothetically the case of my having used the signature of another author. Now, however, Mr. Editor, there may be found among the genus *homo* such a *lusus naturæ* as a good man without a name, as well as a good name without an equally good man; there may not have been any great criminality in, at times, taking the name of "O. P. Q., No. 1.," and certainly less so he were *mean enough to lend it* for any purpose for which he was ashamed to use it himself.

It is by no means unlikely that a good heavy purse may some be considered a test of a man's talents and principles in selecting him to fill a public office; and if my opponent was feeling for the depth of mine, when he played up the Shakespearean quotation, I need not hesitate to tell him that I have always found in it sufficient to maintain that style of living which I assume in society, and never enough to make me purse proud.

But I find, Mr. Editor, that I have been nearly led into the error of my opponent—that of attacking the motives and imaginary peculiarities of the man, when there exists a difficulty in encountering the measure. Plain Common Sense, then, has undertaken to solve the problem: he must be