

"Louisa!" growled her father, now really angry. "I insist upon your treating my esteemed guest with proper respect." Louisa answered nothing, but walked pouting to the window, and stood there fanning herself with her handkerchief. Suddenly she turned and addressed me.

"Are you a good pistol shot?"

"It is some years since I practised," I replied, wondering what on earth was coming next.

"Come with me to my gallery; we will shoot a match."

"But, Louisa," interposed the counsellor, "let our guest rest himself to-day; to-morrow, or the day after, you can shoot as much as you like."

"You are not tired, are you?" said Louisa to me. What could I say but that I was perfectly fresh, and quite at her orders? I added that I should certainly have no chance of equalling her shooting. "Never mind that," was her reply, and she carried off her victim. I had not fired a pistol for five years; she handled the weapons with a practised dexterity that made me look very clumsy. As I had foreseen, I had not the slightest chance with the expert marksman. I considered myself very fortunate when I hit the target, which was as big as a plate; whereas she put the bullet in the bull's eye at almost every shot. She soon got tired of that, and fired at birds, and at fruit upon the trees. At last she produced an ace of hearts, and bade me hold it out at arm's length. I inquired her object. She would shoot the ace out, she said. I expostulated; she was firm. "Attention!" she cried, "I fire." I threw the accursed card away.

"This is tempting Providence," I said. "I have not the least doubt of your skill. On the contrary—"

Louisa stood before me, with her pistol cocked, like a destroying angel.

"Will you instantly pick up that card, or I send a bullet through your hair."

This was worse than scalping. I tried to smile, and turn it off as a joke. "I do not take," I calmly replied the terrible Louisa, and took a steady aim at my head. I thought I should have fainted. Mechanically I stooped, picked up the card, and held it by the extreme edge, as far from my body as possible. I felt that my hand trembled, but I preferred a shot in the arm to one in the head. The pistol went off and Louisa hurried up to me. The bullet had cut out the ace. My patience was at an end.

"Madame," said I very seriously, and rather angrily, "I must inform you that I do not relish jests of this kind."

"All one to me," was her laughing reply. "I do. But you are only a Philistine," she added in university phrase, looking down upon me as a student of five years' standing might upon some pusillanimous freshman. And away she tripped, discourteously leaving me by myself. I thought little of the discourtesy, and was glad to be rid of her at any price.

"A real blessing would such a wife be," thought I to myself. And I made up my mind that my stay at Wiesenthal should be of very short duration. Passing through the garden, I met old Frager, who doubtless noticed discomposure on my countenance.

"I fear," he said, "that Nimrod has played you some fresh trick."

"The young lady," I replied, "is undoubtedly an excellent shot; but I am no lover of such military exercises."

"You really have nothing to fear."

"The devil I haven't!" thought I to myself. "No one," I added aloud, "can always answer where a bullet shall strike. A quicker throb of the pulse, the sudden sting of an insect, may alter the direction of the weapon."

The doating father seemed struck by the truth of this; but he said nothing, and turned the conversation. Strolling together through the garden, we stopped to look at a gigantic sunflower, which I thought was the largest I had ever seen. As we stood admiring the enormous flower, a gun was fired close at hand; the bullet passed less than two feet before us, and went right through the sunflower, severing it from its stem. This was too much for Frager's endurance. "By heavens!" he exclaimed, "you are right; the girl is intolerable!" and, turning to Louisa, whose lovely laughing countenance appeared through the branches of a rose-laural, he ordered her, in an angry tone, to take the gun into the house, and not to touch it for four-and-twenty-hours. Nimrod forthwith disappeared.

"I hope," said the counsellor, apologetically, as we walked back to the house, "that my Emily will efface the bad impression her sister's pranks have made upon you. If Louisa, with her rage for shooting, risks inflicting wounds, Emily, on the other hand, is always ready to heal them."

In the dining-room the table was spread for five. A servant asked if he should bring in dinner.

"Are Emily and Ernestine at home?" asked Frager.

"Not yet returned."

"And Louisa?"

"Miss Louisa has just ridden out again."

"Well," said the patient counsellor, without a word of disapproval, "then we shall dine alone. I cannot imagine," he continued, when we had sat ourselves down, "what is to come of the girl. I never saw her so unruly and reckless as to-day."

For my part I did not at all regret Nimrod's absence. Had she been there, I do not believe I could have swallowed a mouthful. I made no doubt that like the pirate captains of the Spanish Main, she dined with a brace of pistols beside her plate. Notwithstanding the fright she had given me, I was very hungry; the counsellor's cook was good, and I was passing nearly the first pleasant moments I had had since my arrival at Wiesenthal, when the door opened and the dark-browed Emily entered. The portrait had told the truth. She was, if possible, still handsomer than Louisa. Quite dazzled by her beauty, I rose and bowed. Like her sister she heeded me not, but hurried to her father, and embraced him.

"A most successful operation," she cried; "poor Arnold is saved. It was high time to amputate, however. See, here, the state the hand is in."

And as she spoke, she unfolded a linen cloth, and displayed the shattered hand with its raw stump. I have always had the greatest horror of operations, and aversion for everything savouring of the dissecting-room; and the sight of this dead hand made me quite sick. It was all up with my appetite for that day.

"But, girl!" the counsellor exclaimed, "we are at dinner; how can you bring us such disgusting objects?"

"Naturalia non sunt turpia," replied the female surgeon; "what care art and science about your appetite?"

"If you do not consider me," continued Frager, "you might my guest. This is Mr. Frank Steinman, the nephew of my old friend, of whom I have often spoken to you."

Dieffenbach regarded me, as I thought with no friendly expression.

"Had I known," she said, speaking coldly and contemptuously, "that the gentleman spatters at blood, and cannot behold an amputated limb, I would certainly have spared him the sight of the result of our operation. I thought he had been a scientifically educated man."

(To be continued.)

Correspondence.

Mr. Editor;

I have been surprised and pained at perceiving, within the past few days, that that pestilent and poisonous book, known by the name of *Maria Monk's Awful Disclosures*, has found its way into this quiet locality through the mischievous agency of an itinerant book-vender. There is no part of the Colony where Protestants and Catholics live on more friendly and social terms than they do in this and the surrounding settlements; every one freely enjoys his religious opinions, and those of opposite sects are rather mutually respected than otherwise for the fidelity with which they adhere to their peculiar tenets. But how long can this be the case if incendiary and hideously false, publications, like the one referred to, be permitted to circulate freely? Well-meaning and worthy Protestants may be imposed upon by its gross libels—their minds may be embittered and poisoned against their Catholic neighbours, and distrust and animosity spring up between them. As we have no law to suppress the circulation of such books as *Maria Monk's vile slanders*—which it has been long since proved, is destitute of the smallest particle of truth, and which, in enlightened communities, educated Protestants have no less strongly condemned than Catholics—an honest public opinion must be aroused to check or guard against the mental infection it is calculated to produce amongst the uninformed and credulous, and to shame from his vile trade the mercenary hawk who would, for the sake of a few shillings, pander to the worst passions of our nature, by retailing such horrible trash. I observe from late Canadian papers that the book has been recently reprinted in that Province—I need not inform you that

Maria Monk's slanders were originally concocted there—but its appearance has been hailed by a shout of indignation from the enlightened Protestant press of Canada. *The Streetsville Review* of the 8th December, edited by a well-known clergyman of the Church of England, thus warns its readers against this immoral and disgusting publication:—

"A CAVEAT.—We warn our clients not to throw away their lace in purchasing the 'Awful Disclosures of Maria Monk,' which some unprincipled booksellers have just reprinted. Compiled by a thief and strumpet, the work was clearly proved to be an imposition when it first appeared, and it soon sunk into merited oblivion."

The *Leader*, another protestant journal of considerable influence, published at Toronto, contains the following remarks in reference to the same subject:—

"It is now some 20 years since the world was taken by surprise, by the publication of the awful disclosures of Maria Monk, and there was so much circumstantial narrative about the book, that people at a distance gave ready credence to the statements it contained. It affected to set forth the economy of the Roman Catholic establishments at Montreal, and related scenes of debauchery and crime, in a graphic, imaginative way, as typical of convent life. By the evidence of the work, murder was a matter of common event, and those whose lips were marked by religious asceticism and retirement only assumed the mask of piety to conceal sensuality. The author was excessively minute. She gave dates and names, with the plan of the *Hotel Dieu*, and appealed to known individuals in support of her assertions. A committee was formed to examine into the allegations. It consisted with one exception of Protestants. Their duty was to examine into the auxiliary facts, the topography of Monk's adventures. Not even a resemblance existed between the plan furnished and the buildings as they stood; and, it was said at the time, that if the statements were true, the nuns of Canada yet retained the power of working miracles in masonry. The search was continued, through all the private apartments declared to be the scenes of such villainy. Books were searched, registers looked into, and every examination made that a rigid enquiry could suggest. Each step, however, showed the absurdity of the accusation. It only remains for us to say what was the fate of the book in Montreal, the scene of the assumed crimes, and where there would be the fittest jury to judge if they were proven. There was but one feeling in the community. The easy Churchman, the strict Methodist, the stern Presbyterian, pronounced the work a huge lie—and the bundles which contained the volumes to be distributed in Canada, were returned to the bookseller who had sent them. We regret very much to say that we find this book again among us. Booksellers announce it for sale in large bills, calling attention to the work. We have dealt hitherto with its authenticity. We believe that it is never pretended to have been written by Monk; on this ground we would not cavil. If the facts were as they represented them, it is of but secondary importance, whether or no, she applied to some other person, to put her narrative in good English. Our remark applies only to the facts. But we have a more serious charge against the work. To our mind, it is not simply the effusion of bigotry and intolerance. Were it so, there would be something worthy of respect even in its violence. It would be only another item in the chapter of history recording how the many true creeds have been propagated by fire and the sword; by falsehoods and misrepresentation. But we regard this work as 'a mere bookseller's speculation. It is just such a book that the young and unthinking would buy; full of strong situations and delicate positions—one that would excite their imagination and bewilder their reason. This is its character; and under the plea of examining into what is faulty in a system, and of advocating truth, we have before us highly wrought scenes to tempt the purchaser. For our part we know no greater infamy than this to pervert young minds. There is but one worse than him who sells such a book—it is he who writes it. Unfortunately it is in secret that the manuscript is perfected, so the law cannot touch the hand which wounds good morals. The name of the writer never passes out of the ledger of the publisher whose hack he is. But the publishers should be held responsible. If they systematically give forth such works, let them have their share in the infamy. Prudence never benefited any creed, or aided any party. The advocates of the Roman Catholic faith need ask no greater aid than is given them in the publication of such miserable libels, as the one we are considering. The falsehood of them, can be easily proved. Even if true, there is no need for disclosures, which outrage delicacy. In the meantime, we hope every respectable bookseller will banish this new edition from his counter, and we would recommend to any father or husband, should it come within his grasp, unhesitatingly to commit it to the flames."

Trusting that these extracts, and the few remarks I have ventured to offer in connection with them, may have a tendency to restrain the circulation of the slanders foisted on a credulous people "by a thief and strumpet," I remain, Mr. Editor, Your obedient servant,

A LOVER OF TRUTH AND TOLERATION.
St. Peter's Bay, January 26, 1856.

THE EXAMINER.

CHARLOTTETOWN, FEBRUARY 4, 1856.

THE REVENUE.

NOTWITHSTANDING the gloomy anticipations of many persons, that the revenue for the financial year just ended would be a very small one, owing to the decline of the ship-building trade last Spring, and the consequently meagre importations from Great Britain in the beginning of the season, we are happy to announce that the receipts for the past year amount to Forty-two thousand pounds—a larger sum than ever the revenue attained to, previous to that of the year 1854. Indeed the revenue for 1855 would be considerably larger than that of 1854, had it not been that all descriptions of West India Produce and American Spirits commanded an exceedingly high price, and could only with great difficulty be obtained. Our merchants were obliged to limit themselves to the smallest supplies of these articles, barely enough to meet the ordinary demands of their customers through the winter; while amongst the importations of the Spring before last West India Produce and Spirits were very important items, and really gave our merchants more of these articles than they could sell throughout the year. This will fully account for the deficiency in the amount of revenue. All other branches of trade have been in not only a healthy, but highly prosperous condition.

EXPRESS BETWEEN PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND AND THE UNITED STATES.

We take the following paragraph from a late No. of the *Halifax Colonist*. It will be seen that it refers to the Express between New Brunswick and the United States, under the direction, for several years past, of Colonel Favor, one of the most persevering and energetic of American citizens we have ever known. The people of New Brunswick, and particularly the commercial class of St. John, have derived important advantages from Col. Favor's undertaking; and we are happy to learn that this Colony, as well as the sister one of Nova Scotia, will shortly participate in its benefits. Col. Favor has been in Charlottetown during the past week, and his proposals were promptly and favourably entertained by the Government—the Colonel having agreed, for a most moderate consideration, to embrace Prince Edward Island in his Express arrangements, so that we will hereafter, as soon as at least as the navigation be opened, receive our letters from the United States two or three days sooner than they could come by the ordinary mail route. In addition to the zeal and activity which Col. Favor brings to the discharge of the arduous duties he has chosen for himself,

he is distinguished for an integrity of purpose never for a moment doubted by either the Governments or the peoples with whom and on whose behalf he has hitherto transacted business.

EXPRESS MAILS, &c.—For a number of years back, there has been nothing in which we have felt more disposed to envy our New Brunswick contemporaries than the facilities which they have enjoyed for obtaining late intelligence from the United States by means of certain "express" arrangements, which throughout the summer, as we learnt from frequent notices in their columns, kept them regularly supplied with the latest news long in advance of that which was received by ordinary mail conveyance. And without knowing much about this express business, or how it was made to remunerate those engaged in it, we could not help regretting occasionally, that some of those parties did not consider it advisable to extend their arrangements to this province. Well, at length, we understand, the attempt is to be made. Colonel Favor, whose name, in connection with expresses and steamboats, and the rapid conveyance of mails and packages, is familiar to most of our readers—we are told is now in the city endeavouring to effect a contract with the government for the tri-weekly conveyance of mails to St. John, Boston and Canada, from this place. What we understand he asks of the government is, that they contract for expresses to convey the mails to Windsor to meet the boats, and to convey the return mails to Halifax—and then Colonel Favor goes to work to put his system into operation all over this province; and Picton, Prince Edward Island and other places, east and west, will be enabled to come into the arrangement. We hope that there will be sufficient liberality in the proper quarters to give the project a trial at least.

"TRIFLES LIGHT AS AIR."

No. 3.

The new firm of Bearney & Maclean have at length commenced business. They have favoured us with their cards, through their solicitors, Edward and Charles Palmer; and as the cards themselves are interesting things, we beg to present them to our readers, hoping, at the same time, their publicity, through our journal, may promote, if not the popularity, the notoriety of the new co-partnership. Next June, probably, if we be all alive and well, we shall have something further to say about the new firm of Bearney & Maclean:—

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, QUEEN'S COUNTY.—Victoria, by the Grace of God of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Queen, [L.S.] Defender of the Faith.

To the Sheriff of Queen's County, greeting:

We command you that you take Edward Whelan, if he shall be found in your bailiwick, and him safely keep, so that you have his body before us in our Supreme Court of Judicature, to be held at Charlottetown on the twenty-fourth day of January, instant, to answer Patrick Bearney in a plea whereof with force and arms he broke the close of the said Patrick Bearney at Charlottetown, and other wrongs to him did, to the great damage of the said Patrick Bearney and against our peace, and have you then there this Writ.

Witness Robert Hodgson, Esquire, at Charlottetown, the fourteenth day of January, in the nineteenth year of our reign.
(Signed) D. HODGSON, C.C.
E. Palmer, Plaintiff's Attorney. 15th January, 1856.

EDWARD WHELAN, Esq.

Sir,—You are served with this Process to the intent that you may by your Attorney appear in Her Majesty's Supreme Court of Judicature at Charlottetown at the return thereof, being the twenty-fourth day of January, 1856, in order to your defence in this action.

EDW. PALMER, Plaintiff's Attorney.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, QUEEN'S COUNTY.—Victoria, by the Grace of God of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Queen, [L.S.] Defender of the Faith.

To the Sheriff of Queen's County, greeting:

We command you that you take Edward Whelan, if he shall be found in your bailiwick, and him safely keep, so that you have his body before us in our Supreme Court of Judicature, to be held at Charlottetown on the twenty-eighth day of January, instant, 1856, to answer Duncan Maclean in a plea whereof with force and arms he broke the close of the said Duncan Maclean at Charlottetown, and other wrongs to him did, to the great damage of the said Duncan Maclean and against our peace, and have you then there this Writ.

Witness Robert Hodgson, Esquire, at Charlottetown, the 14th day of January, in the 19th year of our reign.
(Signed) DANIEL HODGSON, C.C.
Chas. Palmer, Plaintiff's Attorney. 28th January, 1856.

HOK. EDW. WHELAN.

Sir,—You are served with this Process to the intent that you may by your Attorney appear in Her Majesty's Supreme Court of Judicature at Charlottetown at the return thereof, being the twenty-eighth day of January, 1856, in order to your defence in this action.

C. PALMER, Plaintiff's Attorney.

TO DUNCAN MACLEAN.

I have always regarded your employment by the Tories in 1851 as one of the most fortunate things that could possibly happen to the Liberal party, then in the ascendant. Your mission was, to write down the new reform government, and you had conceit enough to think you could accomplish it. You seemed to be the man born to suit the old regime, and to bring them back, if possible, the long-enjoyed and still coveted offices. Possessing within themselves no writing talent—their presses wretchedly conducted—(what could be expected from a brainless blockhead like your present publisher?)—they were glad to take up with you, as they did shortly before with the unfortunate and unscrupulous Collard, from sheer necessity; and the readiness you have always shown to hang on to the skirts of any party, and to adapt yourself to any purpose, no matter how unworthy and discreditable, pointed you out as a fit subject to be bought, and cheaply bought. About twelve years ago you professed the most violent radicalism; it was popular, as you thought, and so you traded upon it; you acknowledged, in your letter to the public, which appeared in the *Islander* of the 25th ultimo, that you rather encouraged than restrained the story about your being "a rebel," because, say you, "it did me more good than harm." Thus you acknowledge to have done twelve years ago, what I and the whole community know you to have done almost ever since, viz: traded on public credulity to serve a political end. The party then in power you regarded as your bitterest enemies, and treated them as such, not hesitating to stigmatise them as "unprincipled robbers," and even going so far as to say that some of them "would be murderers if they dared." Now you frequently besmear those men with the most fulsome flattery, attributing to them almost every virtue and excellence, because you happen to depend upon them, to some extent at least, for your daily bread.

In 1846 or '47 you quarrelled with the Liberals, or the Liberals quarrelled with you, (I forget which)—you took the sulks—kept tolerably quiet in the New London bush, and as soon as the people of the first district of Queen's County could seize the opportunity, they scornfully rejected you as their representative, thus shewing that they believed the Liberals to be right in throwing you aside. In disgrace with the people you have remained ever since—in disgrace you will most likely continue to the end of your useless life, hearing, like the fallen angel in Paradise Lost,

"On all sides, from innumerable tongues,
A dismal, universal hiss, the sound
Of public scorn."

No sooner was the shadow of your baleful influence withdrawn from the ranks of the Liberals than that party began to acquire great influence and numerical strength, until their triumph was consummated after the general election in 1851, shortly after which the Leaders of the Liberals superseded the old Tory party, (your present employers) in the Government. This change having taken place, your "envy, hatred and uncharitableness" against your former political associates, knew no bounds. I can well believe how readily you acceded to the proposition to edit the *Islander*, and I know right well the way in which you are paid for performing all the dirty work which belongs to that situation. I said it was a fortunate thing for the Liberals that you were hired to conduct the *Islander*, for your incessant abuse of them has been such as to raise in public esteem every man who has become the object of your malevolence. That you have done no good for your employers, and no injury to your opponents, is clearly proved by the whole course of events within the past five years. Many elections, general and partial, have been held within that time; and as the hustings affords the surest test of a man's popularity, one might suppose that if your influence as a public writer were worth anything, it would be exercised to the manifest injury of some Liberal candidate; but not one solitary occasion can be found within the history of the five years you served the Tories as their literary scavenger, on which your servile and depraved pen left the slightest impression.

I could easily extend the sketch of your public career in this Island, but it is not necessary for me to do so now. You promise to give me a better opportunity for going this time, that I shall take full advantage of that opportunity. And it is really possible that a man of your character—of your antecedents—can seriously think of going before a jury of your country, in the character of an innocent, injured man, to ask for damages against an opposition journalist whom you have libelled and slandered, in the foulest manner, at least a thousand times? You evidently seem to think that you have, or ought to have, a peculiar right and privilege to carry on an odious system of detraction against your opponents, and to drag any or every one of them into a court of justice, when anything unpleasant happens to be said against yourself; but I trust we shall see whether any twelve men, even should they be packed to suit your purposes, will dare to justify your arrogant pretensions, and give a verdict for libel in favour of one of the foulest libellers that ever polluted God's earth. Look at the columns of the *Islander* for the last five years—there are one political article there, from your pen, which does not reek with slander, "falsehood, vulgarity and personal impertinence"? Have you forgotten how you have pursued, with a malice and ferocity which a fiend from the infernal regions might envy, a political opponent, guilty of no other sin than that of honestly adhering to his opinions, without answering the attacks made upon him, and persisting in retaining an office which his calumniator once hoped to get for himself? Have you forgotten how, for many weeks in succession, you libelled another opponent as a murderer, saying, on one occasion, that all the waters in the Hillsborough could never wash from his soul the stain of innocent blood? and do you not remember that another, and another, and another, were accused of the same horrible crime by your false and unscrupulous pen? and can you forget that others, again, have been paraded by you before the public as perjurers and robbers—you not daring to offer a title of evidence in support of your charges—because the objects of your hate have had the good fortune to enjoy the public confidence, which gave them a passport to public employment? But why need I adduce individual instances of detraction on your part? The whole of your political contributions to the *Islander* are a series of the most malignant libels against myself and the party to which I belong, embellished and ornamented in their admissions to us by such polite terms as "misapprehensions," "corrupt rasicals," "traitors to the people," "ignorant pretensions," and other choice specimens of the slang in which you appear to have wallowed all your life, and which even the veriest scold in a drunken brawl would almost blush to utter. You may probably ask, if your accusations were untrue why did we not prosecute you for defamation? Because we knew the public regarded you as a confirmed slanderer and notorious liar, and never placed any reliance on your word. Such being the popular estimate of your amiable character, you must admit that it would have been difficult for us to prove that we had sustained any damage from your attacks.

I have only a few words to offer in reply to the foetus addressed "to the public" in the *Islander* of the 25th ult. Your Canadian reminiscences possess no point of interest for me, and I doubt whether they will very much edify and entertain the Jury for whom they were fabricated. You give us a bit of your autobiography, and you modestly inform us it is a collection of facts, but if I can prove, as I shall do, that there is one huge falsehood at the very commencement of your narrative, the credibility of all the rest will be very seriously shaken. I quote the following passage from your letter:—

"When the late Mr. Collard edited the *Islander*, Whelan, unable to reply to him, and perhaps unable to divest himself of the vices acquired in his normal education, insinuated almost weekly that he had been guilty of a capital offence in a neighbouring Province. Collard treated these insinuations with contempt, but the consequence was that when he died the public mind was unquiet."

Such is the singular fatality which follows your panegyrics of all whom you delight to honour, that even the memory of the dead must suffer in your clumsy hands. O ghost of Collard, couldst thou revisit "the glimpses of the moon," how wouldst thou snite thy predecessor and companion in the flush for this unfortunate allusion to thy now forgotten name and character! You profess a fondness for documentary evidence. Here it is, to prove that it was not I who libelled Collard's character. He had no character when he came here. The Journal of the Legislative Council for 1847, page 66, contains the following resolution, moved by the Hon. J. M. Holl:—mark you, the late leader of your party and of the last Government:—

"On motion of Mr. Holl, the House came to the following Resolution, viz:—

"Resolved, That a Message be sent to His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor, requesting that His Excellency will cause to be laid before this House copies of any Papers in the Office of the Prothonotary of the Supreme Court, at Charlottetown, respecting a Criminal charge in the Province of Nova Scotia against one Frederick Collard."

"Ordered, That Mr. Holl and Mr. Hensley be a Committee to wait upon His Excellency with the said Message."

On page 67 I find the following report:—

"Mr. Hensley, from the Committee appointed to wait upon His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor, with the Message, requesting His Excellency to cause to be laid before this House Copies of papers in the Prothonotary's Office, respecting a criminal charge against Frederick Collard, reported that they had waited on His Excellency, who had been pleased to say, he would cause the same to be laid before the House."

Turning over the leaf of the same Journal, I find the following extraordinary order on page 69:—

"To His Excellency Sir Henry Vere Huntley, Knight, Lieutenant Governor, &c."

"MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EXCELLENCY;—

"(It appearing to the Legislative Council, from certain Documents now lodged in the Prothonotary's Office, copies of which, duly authenticated, have been laid before it, and which are hereunto annexed, that a certain person, charged with a Criminal offence, is at present in a large in this Island, having been liberated from Her Majesty's Jail in Halifax, on his personal Recognizance, and afterwards having fled from Justice; that it is well known that the said person has been for some time past harbouring in Charlottetown, and that notwithstanding the frequent and easy communication between Halifax and this place, yet no pursuit has hitherto been made for the purpose of bringing the said person to trial—his residence here being also in the opinion of the Council a great scandal to this society, and very offensive to public morals.

"We therefore pray that your Excellency will be pleased to represent to Her Majesty's Lieutenant Governor of the Province of Nova Scotia, that the said individual is at large in this Island, and request His Excellency's interference.

"And we further pray that your Excellency will be pleased to represent to Her Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for the Colonies, the great injury accruing to public morals, as well as the improper facilities afforded to criminals to defeat and obstruct the due course of Justice, which results from its being in the power of parties under Criminal prosecution to evade justice, and avoid even the forfeiture of their Recognizances, by passing from one of Her Majesty's Colonies into another."

You say I was Collard's slanderer. Here is the evidence. The view taken of that man's character by Mr. Holl was at least half that body at the time belonged to the Tory party. You are a very fit person, and very welcome from me, to entertain an affectionate regard for the memory of one who was thus unanimously declared to be "a great scandal to this society, and very offensive to public morals."

I cannot help noticing a little discrepancy between your letter and that of Mr. Chas. Palmer, published by me a short time since. The latter informed me that he incurred your blame for delaying to bring the prosecution. In your letter you say that Mr. Palmer did perfectly right in delaying the prosecution. Which of you am I to believe? Not you; for I know your false and malicious nature so well, that I am convinced you would not delay a prosecution four and twenty hours, if you thought you had the slightest chance of a verdict. You ask me to make a retraction of something published in THE EXAMINER. I tell you once for all that I thoroughly despise what you facetiously call your "offer" to stay proceedings, should I make the retraction required by you. I have said nothing regarding you but what I am ready to say over again, and I shall be glad if I can say it in more forcible and explicit language.

There is one curious passage in your letter which I had nearly overlooked, in the heap of verbiage that surrounds it. "I informed Mr. Palmer," you observe, "that with whatever damages a jury might visit the enormity of his (my) offence, I would accept of nothing but the costs, and hand the remainder over to charitable institutions." You are very generous, but does not this look very much like "counting your chickens," &c.? I have often heard of persons giving in charity the amount of a judgment actually recovered, but until I saw your letter I never knew of any one boast that he would dispose of his judgment in such a way, when he was by no means sure of getting one. I suppose, however, it is intended as a hint for the Jury, to be interpreted as follows:—

"Gentlemen, give a good stunning verdict against the defen-