

SUFFERINGS OF HAYLOCK'S SOLDIERS—HORRORS OF THE WAR.

The following particulars from the camp of General Havelock are taken from private letters, dated Aug. 9, 1857, at which date, General Havelock's camp was at Marrugurwar, a village about eight miles from Cawnpore, and on the left bank of the Ganges:—"The enemy are so numerous that they surround us, and we have to fight front, rear, and flank. In the engagement of the morning of the 5th inst., Capt. Galwey, of the Fusiliers, commanded the rear guard, consisting of about 50 Europeans, and this gallant little band of heroes kept at bay at least 1,000 infantry and 1,000 cavalry of the enemy for about two hours, when two guns came up to their assistance from the front. The gallant leader of this handful of men had to send two messengers for the guns, but when they came and opened upon the enemy the latter fled in every direction—nathwithstanding that they held their ground against such odds for two full hours, only four men were wounded out of this small party, and, fortunately, none killed. By their brave and determined resistance, they saved the baggage from falling into the hands of the enemy, and by this act of service they have contributed to the preservation of the lives of the whole force, for had as it is our condition, it would have been infinitely worse had we been deprived of the few necessities of which the baggage was composed. That same afternoon we marched all the way back to Marrugurwar, and it is now decided that we are to recross the river Ganges, and to remain at Cawnpore until we can get together a respectable force capable of coping with the Oudites. It was awful passing through the village on our return after the fight, to see the dead bodies of the enemy, dreadfully mutilated and lying about in every direction. Some cut in two with their bowels all scattered about—some without heads, arms, or legs, and legs and heads scattered about in a promiscuous heap. They lay on the road as they fell, no one removed them, and consequently the wheels of carts and waggon wheels went over them and smashed them. We never bury the dead of the enemy—we leave them for the prey of the vulture and the jackal, &c. This is horrible, but we are so accustomed to these sights that we do not mind them. We hang rebels and mutineers and blow them from guns; we leave the fragments where they fall, and think nothing about it."

THE HAND TO HAND FIGHT AT HATRASS.

At Agras all was quiet up to the 27th of August. On the 21st a force, consisting of about 150 of the 34 Europeans, under Capt. Storer, three guns, under Lieut. Griffin, and 30 mounted militia—the whole under the command of Major G. J. Montgomery, brigadier major, left the fort, with the view of making a demonstration against the insurgents in the neighbourhood of Hatrass. The force entered that place without opposition, but intelligence having been received that a large party of the insurgents from Allahgar was moving down to attack him, Major Montgomery promptly resolved to anticipate them, and accordingly marched out to meet the rebels, who retired into a garden, where they were protected by a wall, and sheltered among the trees. An ineffectual fire was opened on them, to which they smartly replied, when the fanatics had the audacity to rush from under cover right upon the 34 Europeans, then in skirmishing order, and endeavoured to cut them down with their swords. A series of hand-to-hand combats then took place, which ended in the enemy being driven away, leaving 300 dead behind. The remainder fled, pursued by the militia cavalry, and mowed down by the artillery. In this affair, which occurred on the 24th of August, Mr. J. O'Brien Tandy, late manager of the North-Western Bank in Calcutta, and Ensign Marsh, of the 16th Grenadiers, who accompanied the force as volunteers, were killed, and Lieut. Longueville Clarke, late of the Gwalior contingent, was severely wounded. The total loss on our side was 5 killed and 25 wounded. After the action Major Montgomery, although pressed to follow up his successes, fell back upon Hatrass.

TREASON AND ALARM AT NEEMUCH.

Affairs have begun to assume a most serious aspect at Neemuch, and the men of the 21 Light Cavalry can hardly be galled upon; for, independently of private hushed-up rumours, which ascribe to them the darkest treason, the numerous desertions that have taken place, combined with the overt mutiny of one squadron of this corps, justify the presumption that they will, en masse, avail themselves of the first favourable opportunity to join the rebels. This opportunity may not be far distant, for large parties of men, under a person said to be a son of the King of Delhi, who has lately joined and concentrated them, have established themselves in the neighbourhood of Neemuch.

TERRIBLE SUFFERING OF A LADY.

Mrs. Leeson, the wife of Mr. Leeson, deputy collector, made her escape from Delhi, on the morning of the 19th. Poor creature, she was almost reduced to a skeleton, as she was kept in a sort of dungeon while in Delhi. Two Chupprassas, who, it appears, have all along been faithful to her, attended her in making her attempt to escape. They passed through the Ajmere-gate, but not wholly unobserved by the mutineer's sentries, as one of the Chupprassas was shot by one of them. It being dark at the time, she hid herself among the long web grass until the dawn of day, when she sent the Chupprassas to reconnoitre, and as luck would have it, he came across the European picket stations at Subzi Mundie. So soon as he could discover who they were, he went and brought the lady into the picket-house amongst the soldiers, who did all they could to procure her safety. As soon as she arrived inside the square she fell down upon her knees, and offered up a prayer to heaven for her safe deliverance. All she had round her body was a dirty piece of cloth, and another piece folded round her head. She was in a terrible condition, but I feel assured that there was not a single European who shed tears of pity when they heard the tale of woe that she related. After being interrogated by the officers for a short time, Captain Bailey provided a doocle for her, and sent her on for escort safe to camp, where she has been provided with a staff-tent, and everything that she requires.

General Havelock, whose name is now on every Englishman's tongue, is a member of the Baptist body, and is known to be very firmly attached to his denominational principles. He is married to the daughter of the late Rev. Dr. Marshman, the eminent Serampore Baptist missionary.

UNITED STATES.

AWFUL DEATH BY RAILWAY ACCIDENT.—As the 10 30 passenger train on the Chicago, Fond-du-Lac and Saint Paul Railway was about to leave the station in Chicago, a man named Shuette, an emigrant ticket agent, was standing on the station platform, when the train started rather suddenly, and in attempting to jump upon the train he fell on the track. The wheels of three carriages passed over him; his legs were cut off, one near the body and the other just below the knee. He was alive when taken up, but no hopes were entertained of his recovery.

Dr. Hawley gives a detailed account of the case of the boy at Ithaca, N. Y., named Northrop, upon whose diseased limb a flower is growing! The lad is from 13 to 14 years old, and has been subject to tenderness and disease of the hip-joint, which, at two years of age, resulted in extensive tumefaction; three years later an abscess was formed, and finally the disease caused the dislocation of the hip-joint. For four months the patient has been unable to move an inch in bed; abscesses have formed in the abdomen, through which the fecal contents of his intestines were discharged; and his nervous sensitiveness has been such that he careless walking across the floor has caused him to cry out with pain. The prolongation of his life was regarded as a miracle. On the 4th inst., there was projected from the right limb, which for a long time had been greatly swollen, a stem, on the inner side, at the edge of the gastrocnemius muscle, rising at right angles with it, more than seven inches in height, a flower squarely set upon it, resembling the Passion Flower, or the China Aster. On Wednesday the boy felt an oozing from what had been expected to be an abscess, and expressed great relief. He did not permit an examination until Saturday afternoon, when a stem was seen arising at right angles with the limb, at about the height of three inches, crowned with pure white buds, resembling the white buds of the orange! On being exposed to the light, the flowers expanded, and assumed the colour of a beautiful greyish purple. — Rochester Democrat.

An American paper says that a lady and her husband, and their thirty-two children, stopped at the Madison House, Covington, Ky., recently;—and that the lady, about sixty years of age, appeared young and hearty. The circumstance was curiously worthy of note.

TERRIBLE—IF TRUE.—The Wakulla (Florida) Times of the 14th inst., says that a gentleman residing at Atsupulga, Ga., recently received a large sum of money. He was soon afterwards obliged to leave home on business, and on the evening of his departure, two negroes came to the house and demanded of his wife to be shown where the money was, under penalty of death. She complied, and they then demanded some supper, which the lady furnished them, putting, however, a quantity of strychnine into their coffee. In a few minutes they were both dead, when it was ascertained that they were white men, and near neighbours, in disguise, who had been aware of her husband having received the money as before stated.

FINANCIAL AFFAIRS AT NEW YORK.—Oct. 28.—The money market is rather dull, the announcement of the Paris having put a stop to operations. The stock market at opening was rather active but irregular. Foreign exchanges have improved; in domestic there is no alteration of moment. Specie continues dull of sale, the rates ranging from 1/2 to 1 per cent. The exchanges at the Clearing House were inside of \$9,000,000, and the specie balances paid upward of \$735,000.

A summary of the failures and suspensions in the United States, since the first of August is given in the Philadelphia Bulletin as follows:—Whole number 952, of which 448 were in New York, 85 in Pennsylvania, 120 in Massachusetts, 40 in Ohio, 7 in Kentucky, 3 in Indiana, 6 in Maryland, 21 in Iowa, 23 in New Jersey, 5 in Rhode Island, 24 in Wisconsin, and 58 in other States,—with total liabilities estimated at ninety millions of dollars.

NEW BRUNSWICK.

Rumours of highway robberies, arson, murders, &c., are now quite rife. On Sunday it was currently reported that a Doctor had been robbed of his watch and a gold piece near the Suspension Bridge on Saturday night; and that near the Valley Church a Bank President prevented an attack by pretending to draw a pistol.

THE BEAVER LAKE TRAGEDY.—It is said that the trunk of one of the children of McKenzie has been found under a Franklin, supposed to have fallen on it at the time of the fire.

To make the story still more shocking, it is now said that the two younger children were thrown into the fire alive.

The prisoner, Breen, is quite satisfied that he must die, and wishes to show where a great part of the property is hid. His description has not enabled the police to find it. Application will be made, it is said, to the proper authority, to permit his removal in custody, for the purpose of showing it.

A quantity of his clothing, and a shirt of McKenzie's, were found at a house which Breen was in the habit of frequenting. A pair of drawers found on Breen is supposed to have belonged to McKenzie. On old Slavin was a trowsers of the same cloth as the coat and waistcoat found at Heagerty's, and as the piece sworn to as resembling that purchased by McKenzie.

The prisoners have been thoroughly washed and cleansed, and supplied with clean clothing.

They seem to have no feeling or sense or idea whatever of religion. Old Slavin when asked if he did not wish to see a clergyman, said he did not know of what use they could be. The boy when questioned, said he had been to school for some time, but could learn little. He knew little of religious subjects. He said he had learned the Lord's prayer; but when asked to repeat it, mumbled something almost wholly unintelligible, and it was painfully evident that of prayer in its proper sense he has not the slightest conception. — Weekly Freeman, Nov. 6.

Yesterday morning on the assembling of the Court at 10 o'clock, the prisoners on the McKenzie case were brought up to plead to the charges against them. Breen, on being asked what he had to say to the indictment, replied resolutely "guilty," and on being warned by the Judge that if he persisted in this it would be recorded against him, and his sentence of punishment be the same as if tried and convicted; he still kept to the same plea. The elder Slavin on being asked, "guilty or not guilty," replied, "I cannot clear myself of it," and persisting in this form of speech, the Judge in accordance with the law, ordered the plea of not guilty to be recorded. The rule under which his Honor acted in this is the eighth section, chapter 159, Revised Statutes, which says that, "If any person arraigned on any indictment shall stand mute of malice, or shall not answer directly, the Court shall direct the proper officer to enter the plea of 'not guilty' on his behalf."

The younger Slavin pled distinctly "not guilty." On the Judge asking if they were ready for their trials, the elder Slavin replied "I guess so," and on his further asking if they were provided with professional advice, or if they wished the Court to assign them such, the elder Slavin declined any legal aid, and the younger replied affirmatively. — St. John Courier, Nov. 7.

FIRES.—Toronto, Oct. 31. A destructive fire occurred at Whitty, C. W., to-day, but as the telegraph office was destroyed, we have been unable to learn the particulars. Reed's Rectifying establishment at Belleville was burned this morning. Loss \$4000.

Correspondence.

LIKE DOCTOR LIKE PATIENTS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EXAMINER.

Sir,—Under the head of "Like Writer like Printer," the Monitor, of the 8th inst., publishes a letter from St. Peter's Bay, containing strictures on an article which appeared in the Examiner, of the 14th September, headed, "Thoughts in spare minutes," and signed "An Episcopalian." As I am put down as being that Episcopalian, and have met with no small amount of abuse on that account, I shall, whether wise or otherwise, endeavor to reply to the offended correspondent of the Monitor. I should have done so ere this, had I seen the paper sooner; but I did not see it until yesterday, and only then after having sent nearly five miles for it—there being but two copies of the Monitor coming this way, that I am aware of.

The aforesaid despotic and intolerant scribbler of the Monitor—whom I shall address as "The Doctor"—begins his silly effusion thus:—"It is well known that the writer's mother" (meaning Parker's, of course) "is a Roman Catholic, and his father, what he calls himself—that he has attended both Church and Chapel." &c. You are correct, Doctor. The writer's mother was a Roman Catholic while she lived, and you dare to insinuate that that is any disgrace to her son? You forgot to state, Doctor, that I have the additional honor of having been baptized by a Roman Catholic Bishop—the late Bishop MacEachern. You are equally correct in saying that my father is what I style myself—an Episcopalian. He is also a man who has too much integrity and honor in him to have betrayed a constituency for thirty pounds, as you did; he would die first. But you are not quite right in saying that I attend both Church and Chapel. All who know me know that "both" of yours to smack of deliberate falsehood. That's like the untruths you wrote about the letter Mr. John MacEwen received, in mistake, from Mr. Aldous, relative to the land affair. \* \* \* \* \* You suggest that I should have sent a letter to the clerical gentlemen privately, if I "wished to do them good." Conscience and the Crimea! Do you mean that I should have written a letter to every preacher in the Island who comes within the sphere of the strictures of an "Episcopalian"? What? To write a sermon for every one of them? Truly I should have had considerable of writing on my hands! You also state that "one of the clergy was attacked behind his back, and when he could not defend himself—he being absent from the Island." &c. We all know whom you mean, and I defy you to point out where he is attacked. The article, "Thoughts in spare minutes," would have been written if Mr. C— had been home a thousand times over. Its having been written while he happened to be in Nova Scotia, was owing to the accident of my hearing Mr. Barker at that

time, and not to any advantage I might wish to take of Mr. C—, as I owe him, personally, no ill-will.

The Doctor labours hard to make it appear that the printing of "Thoughts," &c., was an insult to the people of Saint Peter's Bay. Re-read that article, Doctor, and you will not see a word in it, from beginning to end, against the people of St. Peter's Bay. Many of the people of St. Peter's Bay have told me, that had the Episcopalian written out their own thoughts on the subject, he could not have given a truer transcript of them than what that article contained. This does not look as if they were insulted. But a person with half an eye can see through the Doctor's drift, in his impotent attempt to bring censure on the Printer for publishing the heretical communication. Sir, "there's a good time coming." There is to be an Election next summer, and the Doctor is coming forward as a candidate, and, therefore, catches at every straw with a view to influence the people of this District against Mr. Whelan. But he will not succeed. The people know the Doctor too well to trust him again. He has no more chance of going into the House of Assembly again than he has of going into the moon. What? Does he think the people have forgotten his treachery when he last represented them? Does he expect Catholics to vote for him at the coming Election, after his betraying them and his other friends for the paltry sum of thirty pounds? No! he has no more chance to a seat in the Assembly than that "black boy" he saw in England. By-the-by, Doctor, was it in England you saw that young "colored gem-man?" Perhaps 'twas in "So-o-land," as you call it. Well, Doctor, I can tell you that all the pretence lotions of your laboratory, eye, and all the waters of the Morell to boot, will not be sufficient to wipe from the minds of your late constituents the remembrance of your dastardly, treacherous and turn-coat act when you were last in the House of Assembly. But I must have done. I feel "sick," Doctor, trying to follow you through your rignarole of a letter. You tell us in conclusion that the "writer and the printer deserve to be kicked." Try it, Doctor; meet them with your own weapons; administer to them some of your usual medicinal prescriptions, and they'll soon kick the bucket!

In conclusion, let me tell you that the quieter you keep in future the better. I know a little of your conduct in Church matters in the Rev. Mr. Douglas's time. I know a few other things which, perhaps, had better not "be wafted on the wings of the press." \* \* \* \* \*

I am, &c., JOHN PARKER.  
Head Saint Peter's Bay, October 24, 1857.

P. S.—Doctor, when you next write, date your letter from your real place of residence, and not from Saint Peter's Bay, with a view to divert readers from placing suspicion on yourself as the writer. To write a communication at one place, and then to date it as if written at another, implies a falsehood. You did the same when you wrote respecting Mr. J. MacEwen's land affair. Thus have you heaped insult upon insult. J. P.

ERRATA.—In Mr. Josiah McLeod's letter published in the last Examiner, for "Their adeptness at slander and falsehood are such," read "Their adeptness, &c., is such;" and for "Catholics entertain a different belief," &c. read "Catholic entertains," &c. Nov. 10, 1857.

Original Poetry.

(FOR THE EXAMINER.)

TO MY COMPANION.

Dear J—, companion of bright days departed—  
Bright days that shied lustre on life's sluggish stream—  
When no shade of darkness or gloom ever thwarted  
The sunny effulgence of life's morning dream,—  
Alone, from a far foreign land and in sadness  
I send you a fervently heartfelt adieu,—  
Oft shall the springtime return in its gladness  
Ere I shall visit my country and you.

Bright were the days that we squandered together,  
With sunbeams of bliss and sweet flow'rets of joy;  
Thy affection, I know, was the love of a brother,  
And mine—neither distance nor time can destroy.  
Quickly our friendship did spread forth its blossoms—  
The mutual love-knot of kindred souls—  
Its bloom shall not fade, and its sweets in our bosoms  
Shall live and shall gladden while life's torrent rolls.

How oft 'mong the rocks that reply to the billow  
We wandered alone, through the long summer day;  
How oft has the green grassy holm been our pillow  
While eve's dying glories fled faintly away.  
While night and her darkness stole slowly around us,  
And star followed star through the deep fields of heaven;  
How oft have we lain, as some spell there had bound us,  
Grieving the hour when the chain should be riven.

For dearer to us were the breeze' many voices,  
The whispers of men, the sounds of the sea,  
The glory of night which so deeply rejoices  
The soul, that, O Nature! can commune with thee,  
Than all the forced joys of the circles of pleasure,  
Which play—but which pall—in the dwellings of pride,—  
O dearer together to squander our leisure  
With Nature, than mingle with Fashion's cold tide.

But now we are parted—I hope not forever,—  
Though years on Time's pinions of fleetness shall flee,  
And Ocean's wild wastes shall continue to sever  
My faithful and fondest associate and me;  
And I shall still wander—but I cannot wither—  
I feel a wild freedom inspiring my breast,  
An influence restless impelling me hither—  
My spirit finds all things enjoyment—but rest.

Dear comrade farewell!—when among the sweet flowers  
Of beauty that cheered our hearts, wayward and young,  
You stray as of old—in those bright sunny bowers  
Where Love and where Friendship spontaneously sprung—  
You will not forget, then, the kindred spirit  
That was wont to be there in the days that are gone,—  
Long may you that sunshine of beauty inherit  
Though I, in the distance, must wander alone.  
Upper Freetown, 10th Nov., 1857. SYLVANUS.

(FOR THE EXAMINER.)

THE HAPPY PAST.

When joy shone bright on all around,  
And all we look'd on smiled,  
And sorrow seem'd for ever flown,  
And love the hours beguiled;  
Oh say doth memory ever cast  
A lingering wish behind,  
To view again that happy past—  
That bright and happy time.

But fate hath will'd that we must part,  
And bid those scenes farewell,  
And feel that anguish of the heart  
Which words would fail to tell,  
And though we breathe our hopes anew  
In dark and sadder clime,  
Yet memory sighs again to view  
That bygone happy time.

But though fond memory often strays  
To those dear scenes of youth,  
When joy shed forth her sunny rays  
Of innocence and truth,  
Yet all those joys we loved and prized,  
We loved alas in vain;  
For like earth's summer flowers they die,  
And know no second spring.

October 20, 1857. JOHN BAILEY.

The Examiner.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I., NOVEMBER 16, 1857.

THE PISCATORIAL PARSON'S LAST CAST.

A VERY stupid "Constant Reader" of the Protector, not having the fear of violated grammar and outraged common sense before his eyes—has constituted himself the Merry Andrew to the Punch of the Protector; and, as a specimen of literary composition and sound reasoning, his effusion in the last No. of the Sanctified is a fitting prelude to the one immediately following it, from the pen of the piscatorial parson, Sutherland. The stupidity of the first of these worthies would justify his assumption of his *nom de plume*, for we will defy any one who is a "constant reader" of the Protector not to imbibe some tinge of the stupidity and folly characteristic of that eminently Christian sheet, which has to resort for a protraction of its existence to slandering and vilifying its cotemporaries, and shrinks not from bearing false witness against its neighbours. We pass by the cur whose bark we but notice, that we may show how thoroughly we despise it; and leaving him to "bay the moon," come to our friend the Reverend George, who stands confessed "the big dog in the tan-yard" of the Protector's editorial corps.

As we happen to know that the only chance of recruiting the inadequate resources which remained to the Protector was the excitement of a sectarian row, which might add a little spice to the *soup maigre* of its editorials, we do not intend to gratify the reverend editors by entering into matters which we consider unfit for our columns, and too sacred to be made the weapons wherewith to gratify the feelings of animosity with which a set of political parsons may seek to obtain the realization of their aims, and insult the feelings of their opponents.

The Reverend George appears to be much annoyed at what he designates as "personal abuse" from the Examiner, which he admits has raised the laugh against him in the community. We defy the Sanctified editor, or any of his reverend coadjutors, to point to a single sentence in this paper, in which he can discover the "abuse" complained of; whereas, if we turn to the pages of the Protector, we shall find almost every column teeming with calumnies the most foul, and abuse the most unprovoked, of a religious body in this Island who number nearly one half its population. And this kind of garbage is served out by the Protector under the hypocritical plea of glorifying God and promoting piety and good morals; but really with no other object than to relieve a few wretched bigots, who cater for the Sanctified Press, of the intolerant and acrimonious feelings with which they regard their Catholic fellow-subjects, and who have the good sense to treat their calumniators to the most cool and aggravating indifference. As to the heinous offence of provoking laughter at the expense of the Reverend George, we beg to remind his Reverence that he is entitled to all the credit due to the promoter of the healthful exercise referred to, as there could be no laughter but for the singular pranks he cuts. Although we cannot compare him to Falstaff, who was "not only witty in himself but the cause of wit in other men," we can safely say that he is often pre-eminently ridiculous, and his Reverence knows that laughter and ridicule generally go together.

We are accused of a desire to "throw a veil over the absurdities of Popery." We reply that we know of no other absurdities to veil than those which emanate from the unscrupulous pen of Mr. Sutherland and those of his reckless coadjutors; and their effusions are so very absurd that it would be an unparadiseable waste of time to notice, much less to refute them.

With respect to the error in our quotation from Scripture, to which his Reverence has directed public attention, we readily acknowledge that we incautiously used "whited sepulchre" "instead of "whited wall," and the detection of the error was, of course, more in the parson's way than ours; but the ideas suggested by "whited sepulchre" being so closely connected in our mind with the views entertained by many of our clerical cotemporary, that the slight deviation from the sacred text may well be pardoned in one who does not pretend to be so well versed in Scripture as his antagonist. His Reverence lays great stress on the fact, that, in the passage from which we made the extract, St. Paul made an "apology," and intimates the wish that we should follow his example. We have no objection to do so, if his Reverence can establish the fact, that he occupies the same position, political or religious, with reference to society, that the High Priest did to the Jews. But until we shall have been furnished with some proofs of his claims to the dignity of High Priest, we must decline to make the apology impliedly required of us.

We thankfully acknowledge Mr. Sutherland's admission, that learning, eloquence, and piety, are to be found in the communion of the Catholic Church; and congratulate the reverend editor on the discovery he has made, that piety can find a middle ground between superstition and infidelity.

Until the worthy parson shall have revived the falling fortunes of his paper, we shall not take serious notice of his compositions, but, merely "using him for our mirth when he is waspish," laugh at his absurdities; and for the present we dismiss him with another quotation from our favorite Pop, which we hope will not excite so much of his bile as our previous one:—

"Listen, ye wolves, while George to Cynthia howls,  
Making night hideous; answer him, ye owls."

THE TWO COOPERS.

THE editor of the Monitor, in the issue of that highly influential journal on Thursday last, has seen fit to indulge in sundry impertinences with reference to our reprobation of the sentiments of his namesake of Sailor's Hope, as conveyed in the communication of the latter which appeared in our columns on the 2d instant, and which we criticized on the 9th. Our great offence is, that our strictures did not appear until the lapse of seven days after the publication of their subject. We have already given our reasons for allowing it to appear without allusion in the sheet in which we gave it to our readers; and if those reasons do not satisfy the Political Alliance organ, we cannot help it. We have long since had ample experience of the difficulty of pleasing them by any thing we can say of do, as long as they are in the cold shades of opposition. But if our conduct, in holding our peace for a week, "smells rank to heaven," how is it that the Monitor let eleven days' "expressive silence" muse its censure? We are stated to have "apologized" for not having noticed the letter sooner than