

Correspondence.

TO THE HIGHLANDERS OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

MY COUNTRYMEN.—My attention has been called, by some of ourselves, to an editorial that appeared in the Protector newspaper of the 10th of May last, on the death of the Rev. Murdoch Sutherland, of Pictou, in which the Highlanders and the Gaelic come in for their share of the abuse which must, it seems, pollute the weekly pages of that weak and contemptible journal, to make it acceptable to a certain class of readers.

For myself, I esteem and respect the clergy, while their conduct is consistent with the sacredness of their calling;—indeed some of my best friends are of their number. But when I see the language of my fathers—a language characterized by its flexibility and its fine poetic softness—the language around which cluster and entwine all the fond associations of childhood—the language in which I first learned the endearing names of father and mother—the language in which I was first taught to lip my morning and evening prayers, offered up from the guileless heart of infancy to that God, who, I was taught to believe, heard the prayer of sincerity, whether expressed in English or Gaelic—were I to allow the language of my country to be vilified and disparaged by one of her degenerate sons, and be deterred by the illusive halo of sanctity that attaches to his name as Minister of the Gospel from chastising the pious renegade, I would deserve to be branded as the most contemptible of characters—a moral coward.

The writer of the respectable article is the Rev. G. Sutherland, minister of the Free Church in Charlottetown. After having attributed the death of his reverend brother to the weight and extent of his religious labours, the writer proceeds thus:—"Part of this toil might have been spared, and would have been spared, and no doubt the life of this devoted young minister prolonged, but for the unreasonable and unchristian demands of a few Gaelic people, who must have a service in a language they are pleased to call their own."

It is high time that Presbyterians, and especially the Free Church, who have most to do with Gaelic people, should discontinue universally the use of the Gaelic language in the public service of God, &c. The italics are my own. It is almost needless for me to expatiate to you, my countrymen, upon the monstrous injustice that is embodied in this extract. You all feel it. The writer's desire, as he has expressed it here, is indeed nothing less than the entire exclusion of the Highlanders from all the privileges attending on, or resulting from the preaching of the gospel; for he makes no provision for those who have no other language than the Gaelic. This would be considered unpardonable coming from an avowed infidel; what can we say of it then coming from a Minister of the Gospel? The Highlander that will support either the writer of this article or the paper that published it, till such time as they retract their words, and make a public acknowledgment of their error, is equally culpable with them. Does the writer really call himself the servant of him who commanded his disciples to "teach all nations," and to "preach the gospel to every creature?" I wonder if the rev. gentleman has ever read the 14th chapter of St. Paul's Epistle to the Corinthians. Shall the time and talents of some of our dearest men be employed for years in acquiring a knowledge of barbarous languages, without either written characters or a literature, in order to facilitate their labours in the conversion of the heathen, and shall we totally neglect the ancient language of Scotland's bards and heroes—the language in which Dr. McDonald of Ferrintosh, ("Domhnaillach mor na Toisich") preached and Ossian sang? Shall we send missionaries abroad, to preach in their own languages to ignorant savages, whose capacity even for receiving moral or intellectual instruction, or for making good and useful members of society, is often as low as their social condition is degraded, and shall we withhold the same privilege from the brave, loyal, intellectual, and God-fearing Highlander, who is at all times the friend of order, the constant prop of the Government and the laws; but whose services are most invaluable when most needed, in the hour of peril and the day of battle?

Alas! my brave countrymen—ye justly renowned "Forty-second"—was it for this that the bones of many of you were left bleaching upon the parched and arid deserts of Egypt, where, instead of the friendly cornucopia of your country and the flap of the vulture's wing, the rush of the simoon, or the dismal howl of the fierce and lonely hyena, was heard over your solitary graves? Was it for this that you distinguished yourselves in the glorious struggle of the Peninsula? Was it for this that the broken though still undaunted remnant of your veteran band rushed so fearlessly upon death in the last decisive conflict at Waterloo? Was it for this that you encountered and routed the barbarous hordes of Russia, even against the disadvantage of hunger and privation, and being exposed almost unprotected to the rude inclemency of a Russian winter? Was it for this that you, with your heroic countrymen of the 93rd, fought so gallantly in defence of the lives of our countrymen and countrywomen beneath the sultry sun of India; that after you had lost many of your brave comrades and esteemed officers, through the incapacity of your Saxon commander, and had shed the tear of manly regret over their graves, you still clamoured wildly to be led back to revenge their death upon the common enemy of humanity? Is this the reward that the gratitude of your country would make you for your many hard-fought battles in her defence, to forbid the use of the language that conveys to you the traditional fame of your fathers, which supplies the tide of many pride and chivalrous daring that inspires your damsel's breasts—the language which is inseparably intertwined with the wild mountain music that animates you on the eve of battle? If our indignation swelled against the Duke of Cumberland for his attempts to deprive us of the characteristic dress of our country, what must our feelings be towards our own faithless countrymen that would deprive us of this last vestige of our glorious nationality?

Let us contrast the present state of the western Isles of Scotland with their condition about 40 or 50 years ago, and judge what the Gaelic has done for them. These Islands, about the year 1800, were the stronghold of crime, ignorance, and superstition, but the promise that "in the wilderness shall waters break out as streams in the desert," has had a glorious spiritual fulfilment there. Many of yourselves have seen the rise and progress of this reformation. You have often seen a plain or hill-side covered with hundreds, nay sometimes thousands, of attentive listeners who had flocked from a circuit of 20 or 40 miles, to hear the glad tidings of salvation. You have seen many of these sirs, with melting heart and benevolence, listening to the sound of the gospel, who but a few years ago would have flung together with equal ardour to commemorate the death of a friend or relative with feasting, drunkenness, revel and often bloodshed! Now, how was this moral renovation effected among them? Was it through preaching to them in a strange tongue? In what language did Donald Munro, "the blind Miller"—that mighty herald of salvation whose name is familiar to all of you—and his voice like a mighty trumpet-blast over the length and breadth of the country? In what language did Dr. McDonald, of Ferrintosh, address his countrymen, when, by the power of his sweet and mighty eloquence, he carried away with him as by a storm their passions and affections—when

"He now with terror froze the cowering blood,
And now dissolved the heart in tenderness,"

according as his theme varied from the "deep and awful organ-pipe" of Jehovah's law to the "still small voice" of the gospel promises and the love of a dying Saviour? Ah, great and gifted Dr. McDonald! Thou art passed away to thy rest, but not the rest of oblivion. Long and gratefully will thy memory be cherished amid the Highlands of Scotland. Thy manly, erect form, thine eye beaming with universal love and benevolence, are but imperfectly engraven upon the tablet of my memory. One solemn scene, however, in which thou wert the chief actor, neither the wear and tear of time, nor the rudest shocks of fortune can ever obliterate from my mind. I yet remember the sound of thy deep, sonorous voice administering the baptismal vows to my father, while I regarded the performance with unalloyed wonder and awe, but darkly comprehending the import of the impressive rite of which I was the object. I remember thy hands out-stretched over my head, and thy venerable face, instinct with devotion, upraised towards heaven, while earnestly imploring its future

blessings upon the youthful heir of immortality. And those vows were spoken, and that prayer uttered in Gaelic. The few short years that have passed since have to me been fruitful in the strangest vicissitudes of fortune. I have at times enjoyed the calm of domestic peace and obscurity, and God has at other times spoken to me out of the whirlwind of affliction; but when driven almost to madness and despair by the constantly accumulating load of injury and misfortune, the remembrance of that Gaelic prayer has, ever and anon, thrown a mild, benignant ray athwart the storm and the gloom. How very few of you, my Protestant countrymen, but can call to remembrance some scene equally interesting, which attaches you to your native language? No wonder then you would feel indignant, as you all certainly do, at the arrogant little limb of theology that would dare trample upon associations so sacred.

Some of you may entertain the belief, that I have been too severe and indiscriminate in my censure of all the editors of the Protector—that the immediate writer of the article alone deserves blame. Such an opinion, however, must result from a mistaken apprehension as to the manner in which that paper is conducted. As every editorial article is submitted to the judgment of the whole editorial committee, it is clear that they, by approving of it, and consenting to its publication, endorse the sentiments of the writer, and make themselves equally responsible for them.

I intended at first to address this letter to you in Gaelic; for I am proud and happy to own that I have spent some years in acquiring a good knowledge of the language, at the very fountain-head of Gaelic literature. Judging, however, on second reflection, that many might feel an interest in this subject that could not read the language, I changed my resolution. I remain, Highlanders,
Your countryman and friend,
JOSIAH McLEOD.

New Glasgow, July 26, 1858.

P. S. The editors of the Protector disown the Gaelic; they have long since shown their want of acquaintance with the English; we know that they are perfect masters of Latin, Greek and Hebrew, but these are dead languages. Query, What is the language spoken by the editors of the Protector? J. McL.

TO THE REVEREND DR. JOHN KNOX, &c. &c.

REVEREND SIR,—Being aware that you are an uncompromising advocate of civil and religious liberty, I the more confidently solicit your advice in reference to the outcry raised against me for exercising my birth-right as a free-born British subject; and, sir, did that outcry emanate from the worst members of society, I would have treated it with silent and merited contempt; but coming from persons laying claim to some enlightenment, and especially members of the same Church and community as myself, I am at loss to know how I can consistently acknowledge in the bonds of christian brotherhood persons who, to say the least, forfeit all claim to consideration and respect. Probably you will say that I only give a one-sided statement of the affair; but, sir, let the whole matter be brought to the light, and I shall come off unscathed and unhurt, notwithstanding the treacherous attacks I may receive in the dark; and although tedious to you, I shall submit a statement of the many charges preferred against me personally, to each of which I shall briefly reply, and which I am able and prepared to confute before the Church or any other tribunal.

The first charge by one of our Deacons is, "that I was keeping bad company," merely because the majority of the Irish electors in this locality happened to vote on the same side as I did. Now, sir, any person possessed of an ordinary share of common sense will perceive the absurdity of this charge, as I do not think that either of the candidates were so immaculate as to refuse a vote from any elector, let his country or character be what it might. But, sir, to return: I would beg leave to state that I never favoured bad company, either at home or abroad. Should all the families in the community be as choice of their company as myself and my family, so many humiliating transactions would not so frequently be transpiring around us. I am aware, sir, that I differ materially from many in this community as to the measure of respect that is due from one human being to another; and should I take a higher stand on this matter, I should be more entitled to sympathy than resentment.

My next crime is, that I advised my own countrymen not to make blackguards of themselves by pursuing their retreating foes any further. If the term was so offensive, and at variance with my position as a peace officer, the law was open to them for redress, which would have been a more honorable course than to fall upon an old gray-headed man with their cudgels. I am just now informed by one of our own champions, that he caught the hand of one of our church members aiming at my head from behind me, which, if not foiled in his design, might possibly have sent me to eternity, and sent himself to the gallows; and conscious I am, sir, that if I had voted on their side, I might call them, blackguards as often as I wished without giving the least offence. And, sir, if they could not appropriate the term blackguard for repelling their enemies, they surely manifested their adaptation in offence to myself. Had I stooped so low as to abuse even an Indian as they have abused me, I would consider myself a blackguard of the darkest dye; but, sir, I am conscious that I have done my duty as a peace officer to quell that disturbance. Had I acted differently, I would consider myself a perjurer. If I erred, it was, perhaps, in too far pleading mercy towards the vanquished, fearing that murder might be committed, which would be forever a stain upon the community. The charge by a person who knew the reverse, is, that D. Munroe, Esq., and myself, were accessory to the tumult, by keeping the poll open too late. But, sir, I consider myself as clear of blame on that score as the child unborn; and for my life I cannot see wherein Mr. Munro was to blame—the poll having been closed as soon as the different representatives were unanimous in demanding its termination, which was done at half past 4 o'clock, p. m., two and a half hours before the time prescribed by law. It is also known to many of the electors, that in the morning I suggested to the Returning Officer the propriety of appointing a number of Special Constables, to act in the event of an emergency; and at his request furnished him with a list of suitable persons; but unfortunately it was neglected.

I am further charged with endeavoring to induce persons who had promised to vote for Mr. Owen to violate their word; but, sir, I am prepared to declare, even upon oath, if such would be necessary, that I did not directly or indirectly try to induce any person or persons to break faith with Mr. Owen. On the contrary, I advised every person who gave me to understand that he promised to vote for Mr. Owen, to be sure to fulfil his promise; and so far was I from injuring Mr. Owen, that, on the nomination day, I publicly confuted and repelled a false charge with which he was accused. It is far from my intention, sir, to render evil for evil, or railing for railing; or to accuse any party, except in so far as my own character is concerned; but this I am confident of, that should all the electors vote as peaceably and independently as I have done, there would not be so much animosity and bad feeling among the people. But, sir, I have too much of the spirit of my forefathers to submit to either civil or Ecclesiastical despotism.

"No, while my body any breath retains,
Or Scottish blood does circulate in my veins."

My next crime is, that I, in company with another elector, subscribed Mr. Hensley's protest against the election. But if that gentleman considered himself aggrieved, he had as much right to protest against the election as Messrs. Beer and McNeil had; and I, as a free and independent elector, and Mr. Hensley's friend, had an unquestionable right to subscribe such protest; and if Mr. Owen has been lawfully returned, he shall lose nothing by an investigation. So this charge as well as the preceding ones, I repel with due contempt.

But, sir, the gravest of all my crimes is, that I embezzle the public money. This charge is so gross, false, and malicious, and in such perfect keeping with the spirit and conduct of its author, that I do not consider it worth a reply.

Permit me, sir, in passing, to address a few words of admonition to our politicians of the black cloth. Gentlemen, for God's sake, (whose heralds you endeavour to make us believe you are,) refrain from your interferences in the political strife of the day, and from scattering the seeds of strife and contention among people and neighbours who have hitherto lived in peace and harmony, before you will set the whole country in a political blaze, which, if a merciful and kind Providence will not intervene, will result in anarchy and bloodshed. I would, therefore, beg of Catholics as well as Protestants to attend to the spiritual edification of your flocks,

and leave politics to those to whom they more properly belong. I do, sir, consider myself in duty bound to respect all clergymen, whether Protestant or Catholic, while they move and act within their own sphere; but when they step beyond that they feel the regard and respect of all lovers of peace and Christian charity. I do not, Reverend Gentlemen, make a general charge. There are many exemplary exceptions amongst you, of which I trust, Rev. Sir, you are one, and also the worthy Rector of Georgetown, and many others whom I cannot enumerate. I trust no one will appropriate to himself particularly my remarks; but such of you to whom they apply—to such I say, if you cannot cultivate and cherish that spirit and disinterested love and good-will to all men which inspired the blessed Apostles on entering on the sacred mission, it would be far more honorable in you and more beneficial to the public, were you to adopt and pursue more congenial and appropriate vocations. No doubt, Gentlemen, you will deem it presumptuous in me to dictate to you; but when the peace and public weal are at stake, it is the duty of every person who has any regard for the happiness of his country to denounce everything that encourages lawlessness and discord.

In conclusion, I would beg to offer a few remarks on the Bible question. The Bible, Sir, is the precious boon of heaven to man—fraught with the glad tidings of a Saviour's love to a lost and perishing world—breathing peace and good-will to men—and a legacy bequeathed to us by our venerable forefathers. And, sir, are we to allow either Protestants or Catholics to legislate on that blessed Book, and make it a reversible or two-sided political engine, for party purposes, to suit the different religious inclinations of their dupes?

No, Sir; State interference with religion is and ever has been the curse of the Church and the world. To our Legislature, with due deference, I would say, refrain from political interference with that blessed Volume, and it will work its way, until every modification and compound of despotism, superstition and error, will explode and vanish before the benign influence and effulgent light of the glorious Gospel of Christ.

I am, Rev. and dear Sir, with due respect,
Your obedient servant,
CHARLES STEWART.

Roseneath, July 20, 1858.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EXAMINER.

SIR,—As you have at all times manifested your willingness to promote the public weal, and have ardently striven, with success, to contradict these palpably false and pernicious statements shadowed forth in the columns of the Examiner, in reference to the doings of our present Government, you cannot but give space to a few statements in reply to an article which appeared in the last No. of that paper, over the signature of "Alexander McEachern." Since that individual has had the audacity to vilify Mr. Warburton's political character, he thinks he may, with equal grace, continue to be a Caspian correspondent for that journal, especially in these troublous times.

To refute the charges in detail preferred against Mr. Warburton, would be an unnecessary undertaking, as every sane individual in Prince County, having the slightest acquaintance with the gentleman in question, not only knows such assertions to be grossly false. Suffice it, then, to say, that A. McEachern, through his zeal for the Bible as a class-book in our public schools, would fain reproach the character of Mr. Warburton and his colleague at the small cost of his own reputation. But thanks to the better informed of our community, who, by returning men to power who will protect our civil and religious liberty, will always secure freedom and keep the like of the Examiner's correspondent, together with his old tutor, Mr. Currie, in whose wake he literally keeps, there to vociferate and cry aloud, justice in this case is unfair. Those private meetings with barred doors, &c., to which McEachern alludes, as being held among the French by Mr. Warburton, must certainly be quite imaginary on his part. No such assemblages took place at the time referred to; but admitting such private meetings to have been held, it cannot be possible that so small a number as attended could have so far influenced the majority of electors as to enable them to return two Liberal members for the first District of Prince County. It is not the case, Mr. Editor, the people here, with few exceptions, think and act for themselves; and where the great pleasure lies, the great majority of them think and act aright, in politics at least. With reference to the use of spirituous liquors to which the Examiner's correspondent refers, little can be said; but much is, however, known, that A. McEachern would not object to become a little stimulated himself, in order to brighten his faculties to take notes of the doings of Mr. Warburton. The comment on Mr. Gaudet's education and ability is too notoriously false to be worthy of notice.

With reference to Capt. Hubbard, whose name has been brought before the public, I will merely observe, that when the report became current, that this gentleman was about to become a candidate for legislative honors, his political principles were known, and public disapprobation was every where expressed against him; but on discovering his position among the electors of Lot 1, he took advantage to endeavour to refute at a public meeting some of the reports in circulation to his prejudice. After repeating some of the charges against himself, he assailed some of the principles of the Liberal party, as far as he could, and tried to explain his own, but though the assembled electors showed him very little favour, he nevertheless got a fair hearing. But the election day proved all, and when his defeat was known, he then poured forth threats against the poor but honest French, wondering where they would look for flour to-morrow; but on being told that the flour they got from him was always paid for, the profits on which enabled him to stand where he then was on that day, he thought it best to keep silent for a while longer. Such, indeed, was the conduct of the candidate referred to, similar as I have since learned, to that of the whole of the vanquished party; and I shall, for the present, conclude, by remarking, that A. McEachern need not expect to succeed in introducing his Tory principles, (supported by his zeal for the Bible as a class-book,) among the inhabitants of the first District of Prince County, as he will be told that his efforts in this respect will prove equally as abortive here as they did in the Baltic and Belfast, where he could sport in his mother tongue, and where his bigotry would be more favourably received.

Yours, &c., &c.
PRORENATA.

Tignish, July 30, 1858.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EXAMINER.

SIR,—The Government having changed the Postmaster General, I would respectfully direct the attention of the present occupant of that office to the necessity of establishing a Letter Carrier. The present system of delivering letters at the window is one belonging to, and part and parcel of the olden time, and is certainly anything but what we have a right to expect at the present day. Mails often arrive without the knowledge of many persons, who may, therefore, have letters lying at that office for days or even weeks, and irrespective of which it is a great nuisance, particularly in winter, to have to stand around the office shivering with cold until a countless crowd have obtained their letters. The Postmaster would find it far more to his advantage to sort out the letters for a postman than to deliver them at the window, having as often, if not oftener, to answer those who have no letters to receive as those who have. The smallest village in England has now its Letter Carrier, and surely it is quite time the capital of P. E. Island, proudly boasting of its incorporation—its Bank—Gas, and sundry other Joint Stock Companies, should have so necessary an officer as a Letter Carrier. For my own part, I would prefer him, feeling sure as I do that he would be of far more value to the citizens than one-half of the present and expensive paraphernalia of a Police Court.

I have the honor to be, Sir, your obedient servant,
WILLIAM MURPHY.

(FOR THE EXAMINER.)

TO —

When far from early scenes removed,
How sweet to light on kindred scenes—
When parted from our best beloved,
How sweet to find congenial friends.

O! Canada, thou dearest land
To me of all beneath the sun,
Where could I light on foreign strand
Would charm me half what thou hast done?

Yet having strayed into a place
Less lovely far than thou hast been,
It cheers my soul when there I trace
Some spirit of a kindred mind.

And, Annie, I aver, with truth,
A better substitute thou art
For those who had beguiled my youth
Than any other in this part.

Thou hast not merely proved a friend,
But one of a congenial mind,
By being eager to attend,
With me, Apollo's sacred shrine.

And having pined so long alone
Mid those who cared not for such things,
How sweet to meet with one who owns
A wish to soar on fancy's wings.

Then let us frequently commune
On themes of mental interest;
And that our parting be not soon
To Heaven be our joint request.

And if in diverse climes we roam,
May we each other ne'er forget;
But lighten the ennui of home,
By thoughts of scenes where erst we met.

Rollo Bay, July 8, 1858.

The Examiner.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I., AUGUST 9, 1858.

THE POST OFFICE AND THE GOVERNMENT.

The friends and supporters of the Opposition have not only not recovered from the panic which has spread amongst them since the removal of two or three subordinate servants of the Government, but during the latter part of the last week they allowed themselves to be worked up into a state of ferocious excitement by the unavoidable removal of one of the best, if not the very best, man the Conservative party in this Island ever reckoned in the ranks of its now broken and scattered host. Thomas Owen, Esquire, is no longer Postmaster General in this Colony, and great is the lamentation of the Charlottetown Obstructives in consequence thereof.

We shall briefly state the circumstances which rendered imperative on the part of the Executive to dispense with Mr. Owen's services. Our readers are aware that when Mr. Peter DesBrisay was dismissed for imprudently taking part in a late election, placing himself in an attitude of hostility and defiance to the Government from whom he received his appointment—a person was appointed in his place, who, as might be expected, was a stranger to the duties of the office—just as Mr. DesBrisay was himself when he first entered the service. Instead of receiving the new Assistant with some little courtesy, and giving him some advice and information with respect to the duties he would have to discharge—Mr. Owen frowned upon him, snubbed him, and endeavoured to make him feel as uncomfortable as possible in his new situation, by not only refusing to point out to him the nature of the service for which he was appointed, but positively forbidding him to interfere with any of the work that was going on in the Department. In short, the Postmaster practically nullified the act of the Government, and plainly charged Mr. DesBrisay's successor with impertinence and presumption in becoming a party to it. Mr. Kelly, knowing that he was sent to work, and not to loiter about the office with his hands in his pockets, or to sit upon the stove, as he was politely told he might—and having no particular fancy for the cowering looks and snappish ejaculations of his chief—informed the Government through the Secretary of the embarrassing position in which he was placed, and left the Office. Some days elapsed. Meanwhile a correspondence was opened between the Government and the Postmaster respecting the treatment shown to the new official. Mr. Owen appeared or professed to be sorry for the manner in which he had acted, and after a good deal of circumlocution—mistaken for the outpouring of a penitent spirit, but which was in fact put on to hide the angry feeling—Mr. Kelly went back to the Post Office by order of the Government, expecting to get on swimmingly in the acquisition of knowledge pertaining to his new vocation. But all the animosity of the irascible old gentleman suddenly burst into a blaze on again coming in contact with the corporal presence of his undesired assistant. Mr. DesBrisay was still retained in the Office. Mr. Kelly was not shown nor allowed to do any work—he was snubbed and frowned upon after the old fashion. He was told, indeed, that he might stay in the office and use his eye-sight, but nothing more. Not thinking that he was appointed for such dull employment, Mr. Kelly again represented his case to the Government, and complained of Mr. Owen's continued uncourteous treatment towards him. The Postmaster having been furnished with a copy of this letter, replied, that he could not perform the increasing duties of his office "without the assistance of one person, at least, completely conversant with all its minute details"—that Mr. Kelly could not for a long time be capable of performing the duties allotted to him—that he could not place confidence in Mr. Kelly, and teach him "to do the duties which only by a long practice can be correctly and satisfactorily performed," and he concluded by stating, that Mr. DesBrisay, as his particular friend, had kindly promised to assist him a few hours every day, &c. Thus shewing that he was determined, whether the Government was willing or not, to keep a gentleman in the Department whom the Government had removed.

Now, what course was open to the Executive in this emergency? Were they to cancel Mr. Kelly's appointment and recall Mr. DesBrisay? It would be absurd to suppose that the latter gentleman could afford to spend his time in the Post Office without remuneration. But remuneration or no remuneration, he was there without authority. He was not, as a person in his situation ought to be, the nominee or servant of the Government—but was, in fact, kept there in defiance of the Government. Were the Government to allow Mr. Owen to do as he liked with the department under his control, and to set their authority at defiance? If they had done this, they would have practically abdicated their functions; nay more, they would have clearly announced to the world that their acts in removing Mr. DesBrisay and appointing Mr. Kelly were flagrant usurpations of authority. There was no alternative but to relieve Mr. Owen from the duties of his office, and the step was taken on the 3d instant.

There is no one more ready to admit than we are, that Mr. Owen was a good and faithful officer, and in general an obliging one. He had arduous and difficult duties to perform, which he diligently performed, and he was not over and above well paid for them. We have more than elsewhere, once born testimony to his efficiency and when our vote was required to