

A LOST LETTER FOUND AGAIN.

MISTER EDDITUR—

Goin cross the Market Skware on Munday last, I saw a yong man runing verry faste and a grete bundel of papir droped out of his Poket, I caled out to him butt he wold not stopp, so I tuck upp the Papir wich I tried to rede, butt from the blotts & the croses I cold not maik it outt, & I send it to You to divertyse it for the oner, or tel the Publick wot it menes.

Yors to comand,

JONNY RAW.

Sept the 20.

London, September 3, 1847.

DEAR W—M—

As you will be anxious to learn something of our real prospects and movements in London, I take advantage of two or three hours' leisure to communicate to you some information, such as you will be unable to gather from the letters addressed by Mr. P—r and myself to our political friends in Charlottetown. I do this, you will remember, with the utmost confidence and secrecy, for it would be injudicious to acquaint our friends as to the exact position in which we stand. Being only a few days in London, it cannot be expected that much has been done, but those few days have enabled me to form a judgment as to what is likely to be done.

I am afraid—indeed I am sure—the step we have taken will turn out to be an ill-judged and inexpedient one, for every person of any note with whom we have communicated, regards the object of our Mission with the most undisguised suspicion. Earl Grey is not in England, as you will learn from the public journals. He forms one of Her Majesty's suite in her tour through Scotland, and will not return for about three weeks from this. Yesterday, however, P—r and myself had an interview with Mr. Stephens—one of the clerks in the Colonial Office. Previous to our seeing him, he had learned something of our visit, from what source he did not at first inform us; but we afterwards found that a Despatch had been received at the Colonial Office from the G—r about our proceedings, by means of which, evidently, the most ruinous impression has been made upon the minds of all parties connected with the Colonial Office. Stephens, at the very commencement of our conversation, took the liberty to question the prudence of our Mission; but not until we had told him, in answer to a question which he put—a question, indeed, which he should not have asked, for he appeared to be in possession of the answer—that we were not delegated by any recognized authority on the Island. We represented to him the wealth, and respectability, and talent, and influence of our friends, P—ke, P—e, McG—ll, McK—e, T—e, Y—s, C—y, L—h, &c. &c. He, however, protested he knew nothing at all about them—had never heard their names spoken. When he asked, if S—r H—y had suspended any of the public officers who had signed the Petition, and answered in the negative, he replied: "Well, I think Earl Grey will feel himself bound to order their suspension." To argue with him was a useless thing—he was armed on all sides with arguments against us. "He wondered," he said, "that any sensible men, and especially those who are in the service of Government, would put their names to the numerous charges contained in the Petition, for some of them," he continued, "are charges of the most serious and improbable description." When we told him, they were in many cases precisely the same charges as were preferred by the House of Assembly in 1846, he answered: "Yes, but they had all been fully and fairly met by the G—r, and completely to the satisfaction of Her Majesty's Government." at the same moment he intimated his opinion that the new matter, touching the Belfast Riots, would occasion us, personally, some trouble. When requested to inform us in what manner, he hinted that we might be required to prove the allegations, and until we should do so, be compelled to provide securities to a very heavy amount each. This intimation, you may readily guess, astonished and embarrassed us, and has ever since filled my mind with the most painful forebodings. The interview was by no means such as I was prepared to receive, and has given me a very unfavorable impression of Stephens's character. We ourselves are, however, to blame; we sought the interview, and ill-favour and impertinence are all we got for our trouble.

After leaving Stephens we called upon John McGregor, accompanied by Mr. D—n. We were cordially and politely received; but we soon found that McGregor had been prepossessed, by some unaccountable means, in favour of S—r H—y. Almost his first remark to us was: "I can place no reliance in the justice of any political movement in your Island in which the Family Compact are concerned, for I know a great deal of them from experience, and something from report." I stated that I knew not what was meant by the 'Family Compact'—that the words were very common, it was true, in the mouths of the Escheators and Agitators, but that there was no real political party on the Island known by that name. He stared at me with the most manifest astonishment, evidently disbelieving the bold assertion by which I thought to entrap him, and I was for a moment afraid that he would bow the three of us out of the room. Mr. D—n then remarked that those who are called the 'Family Compact' were all respectable office

holders. McGregor replied: "I know it, and I know it must be a curse to any country to place all the public offices in the hands of one family—for their great aim and object must be, the one to sustain the other—to check the growing energies of the country, and to repress the honourable ambition of the less-favoured classes: and those public officers, I am informed," continued he, "are the principal complainants of the Governor—a circumstance which at once proves their unfitness for the discharge of the public service." "No, Sir," I answered firmly, "the people—the 50,000 freemen whom I have the honour to represent are the accusers of S—r H—y." "I beg leave to say, Sir," continued he, "that in this matter, at least, so far as I can understand, you do not represent the people of Prince Edward Island, for I am well informed that 9,000 of them, principally Electors, have sent to the Colonial Office a Petition, praying for S—r H—y's continuance in the Government; and to show that the office-holders are the leaders of the present movement against your Governor, I need only refer to yourself and your coadjutor, Mr. P—r, and for further proof, to a file of papers which I have received from the Island." On saying this, he brought forward three Nos. of the 'Examiner,' which, I suppose, were sent to him by that scoundrel W—n, or by that infernal devil C—s. He then directed my attention to an article signed 'Reflector,' in a paper dated 14th Aug. in which every thing we have long struggled to conceal is set forth in the most barefaced manner. I stated to McGregor that "the paper was unworthy of confidence, that it was edited and printed by an ignorant Irishman, who has been trying to stir up rebellion among the loyal inhabitants of the Island—who was sent into the House of Assembly by a pack of Radicals—a fellow who was schooled in all the vicious principles with which Joe Howe has agitated Nova Scotia, and he does not possess the confidence of the loyal and respectable part of the community." "You have a widely different notion of what gives a man a claim to be considered a loyal subject from what I have," he replied. "This paper which you state to be unworthy of confidence inculcates constitutional doctrines—and whilst it lays bare the abuses of Government, and the delinquencies of public servants, concurring at the same time in the views or policy of the Officer entrusted with the Administration—it gives the very best support to the Government which a public journal can give. In this, then, there is no disloyalty; and as to the ignorance you impute to the Editor, it is not in any respect discoverable in his paper; and his respectability is fully guaranteed by the fact of his being, as you say, a representative of the people. I will thank you to inform me," he then said, "whether the interests and opinions of the Official Party are upheld in a journal of opposite tendencies by an individual named C—, whose infamy has been the cause of his banishment from nearly all the British Provinces in America?" "I know no such person, Sir," I boldly answered. His look of astonishment convinced me that he did not believe me—indeed, my better judgment might teach me that any man who knew any thing of our mode of managing the public affairs could never rely upon my most strenuous denial of C—; yet how could I do otherwise than deny him; to preserve our reputation from sinking is as much as we can do, without dragging such a dead weight as C— after us. McGregor made no other reply to my denial than—"Then, Sir, I can hold no further communication with you;" accompanied by the most contemptuous sneer. Taking the hint, I left him, and was shortly after followed by P—r and D—n, who had very little heart to say any thing of consequence during the whole of the interview.

The game, I am afraid, is up. No persons seems disposed to encourage us with a hope of success. D—n thinks more of driving a good bargain with some of his mercantile friends than he does of driving away the Governor; and poor P—r, if he is not suffocated by the smoke, he will be fretted to death about the loss of the Councillorship, which he now considers inevitable, and indeed I consider it so myself, and did from the first. There can be no doubt but S—r H—y will remain for this year, at least, in the Government; and if we get home safely, the best course for us all to pursue will be a very quiet one, until there shall be some better prospect of a change.

It was hinted to us, before we left the Island, that S—r H—y intended to visit Canada. I hope this will not be the case, because his influence with the Governor General could not fail to be the cause of much embarrassment and trouble to us, not only as a party but as individuals. The time has arrived when every one of us must study to maintain his own interests, and if I am permitted to hold my offices, trifling as they are, I shall have far greater satisfaction than I at present enjoy. On this head, my mind has not been free from the most annoying fears.

You will, of course, have to use every precaution in making any allusions to our present proceedings here. Hopes must be held out to all our friends, and to our enemies you must assume the most triumphant tone. Our friends, particularly, must be encouraged in every possible way, because it will be impossible to get from this place without another £150. The Committee should lose no time in urging the subscribers who have not paid to come forward with their amounts. D—n will not advance a shilling; the panic in the money market, by which his ship business will be somewhat affected, has extinguished his ardour in our business. Mr. P—ke

should be therefore urged to give us the necessary power to draw.

With reference to C—d, it will not be safe to allow him to write much in a political way, for either the Islander or Gazette; he has damaged our cause too much already. His connection with us—or rather our connection with him—is the deepest and most indelible stain on all our acts. If he could be shelved, without endangering us any further, an important object would be gained; but the fellow knows too many of our secrets to cast him off too suddenly. We shall, therefore, be under the necessity of keeping him on our hands for a while longer. The Islander, having devoted itself entirely to our service, would be of little use without C—d, for I—gs is too hopeless a blockhead ever to be able to do any thing at all in the writing way. It will, however, be necessary that C— should keep himself as quiet as possible—should never pretend to any connection with us, and remain within doors as long as may be practicable, because when not seen by the public his name will not be so often used. And there is another matter upon which I before thought it necessary to advise him—viz: his shameful propensity to strong drink. He must be required to practice greater economy in the use of liquors than he has heretofore adopted, for the quantity of rum for which we have been already obliged to pay on his account, has cost more than all he has ever written would be worth at a just and fair valuation. If W—n or the Ex—r could be strangled, by any means, public opinion on the Island would not be so strong against us as I fear it is at present. Something must be done to muzzle that infernal Press, else our popularity will be ruined and all our measures thwarted.

Whatever is now to be done, our funds must be increased. This necessary matter should be borne in mind by all who wish well to our cause; and if they do not get the worth of their money, many of them are very well able to bear the loss.

Yours affectionately, dear W—m,

J—H P—E.

THE LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR NOT YET RETURNED.

"Oh, dear what can the matter be,
Johnny 's so long at the Fair."

OLD SONG.

If it were indeed legitimate to stifle all the feelings of compassion which man should feel for his brother mortal, and to give the rein to the ludicrous and absurd, where charitable feelings should alone have place, ample and rich opportunities for risibility were afforded in witnessing the anxious groups of Compact men at the end of Pownal street on any day the Mail Packet was expected to arrive, during the last fortnight; when, in many a suppressed sigh, the words of the forlorn Penelope might be heard—

"Nil mihi rescribas attineu ipse veni."

Write no despatch, but in thyself appear.

The Lieutenant Governor was expected on those occasions, or if not positively expected, he might come, and no one could anticipate, with any precision, whom he might bring with him—what sentence of condemnation he might have in his pocket—what commission of enquiry under the Governor General's seal might be locked up in his portefeuille. It would be indeed merciful if it would come at once—if we might know the worst,—whether the blow is to fall on His Excellency's self or on those who, in his person, have set at naught the Sovereign's authority;—merciful it would be on the poor looking-glasses which reflect every morning at shaving hour the elongated visages, once so smiling with official complacency;—merciful it would be to put us out of our misery—to spare many a worthy branch of the Compact tree from an anxious walk to the wharf, or a fatiguing support of a far-seeing telescope stretched out towards Point Prim. Alas, the day!

"For none his fatal purpose or his secret know,
And anxious quiet o'er many a frame has crept,
O'er many a pallid cheek which tells of crimes,
Spite of an inward struggling to conceal
The sad confessional of hidden sin."

We beg to be understood as quoting only in reference to official crimes—the times will be bad when private worth will screen public delinquency.

"Nor poppy nor mandiagara,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the East
Will e'er medicine to that sweet sleep thou
Owest yesternight."

as said Iago; no, nor will the patronising smiles of Pope—nor the blandishments of Collard, nor even the diatribes of the Islander, nor the bland pages of the cozening Gazette, however versed in weak endeavours to gull us with its mock neutrality—e'er minister a balm that will renovate the youth of those who are growing grey under this state of anxiety—a state which, if much longer continued, will have as serious an effect on the body natural as on the body politic.