

—now when he knew she was lost to him for ever—the full force of the burning passion with which he loved her. Why should his brother stand between him and Marie? Had he rescued her from death? Had he borne her through the storm? And Marie herself. Why had she deceived him; why had she given him a false name? And when he had spoken of Ernst, why had she not told him all? Even the ring of betrothal, he had never seen; had she even laid that aside to deceive him? If she had but told him all, when she found out who he was, he would have conquered his feelings whilst they were yet undeveloped; at any rate, they would not have reached their present height; and, had he found that he could not contemplate his brother's union with her with composure, at least he would have returned to Rome—could have made some excuse. But now every one had been a witness to his madness, and his crime was known to all. On he fled! Day broke, and night came, and day broke again, and still he fled—onward, onward.

At last, exhausted nature could bear no more; and one day he awoke, weak and trembling, like a child, and found himself in a small but poorly furnished room—the best bedroom of the small inn of a little town, scarcely better than a village. He was told that he had been picked up on the road, apparently dead, and had been brought in. He had been there ten days; he had been delirious, and had had frightful dreams. He tried to rise up in the bed on which he lay; but he fell back on the pillow. Recollection returned to him. Was it a continuation of the horrid nightmare of his delirium, or was it a reality? The whole truth soon re-entered his mind; but he no longer raved when he remembered all; he was too weak. He would write to Ernst; he would tell him how involuntary his fault was, and how deeply he repented it.

And Marie, she who had been a pure and holy ideal to him so long—a form to place in heavenly visions—she, a worthless vain heartless woman, who cared not who suffered ruin, if she could only win admiration. Ah! why did he not leave her to the wolves that night? Better that Ernst should have wept for his bride, than to have been betrayed by her. Why had he not perished in the storm? Better that Ernst should have wept for him, than have been betrayed by his brother, who owed him everything. Then the thought flashed across his mind, might she not be innocent? Yes, she was innocent, pure as an angel. She knew he was Ernst's brother; it was as a sister that she had answered his looks of love; as a sister she had allowed his lips to rest on her forehead, her head to lean upon his heart. And then, had he not saved her from a cruel death? Gratitude alone would impel her to show affection to him, greater even than could have been granted to the brother of her betrothed. O, he alone was the criminal; and he alone would bear the punishment. Let Ernst and Marie be happy.

And so he wandered on—no longer flying but listless, despairing—he scarcely knew where. He had some faint recollection of selling a ring of some value, which he found on his hand; and then of modelling a dog—a wolf hound—and selling that for very little money, for his wants were few.

At length, one day, he found himself in Rome, walking up the street where he had lodgings, in what had once been a palace. Entering the door, a pretty young woman dropped him a curtsey, and led the way up a broad staircase. She unlocked a door; he entered. It was his room. There was the unfinished picture which he had left, to obey Ernst's summons to Kronenthal, where his presence had turned that happiness into sorrow.

He sank upon a chair and hid his face in his hands. "Is the signor tired?" asked the pretty young woman in her soft language. "Can I bring him some wine? Will he not take something?"

Eric looked up. He made sign to her that he wanted nothing. "Is this the signor's beautiful dog?" she inquired, pointing to a large wolf hound that lay beside his chair, panting. "Poor hound, he is tired; he seems quite footsore. I will fetch him some water." And the young woman went out.

Eric stooped down to look at the dog. It was Schwartz who lay there; Schwartz, who had traced him out on that fatal night; who had followed him all through his wanderings. Unconsciously Eric had fed him; unconsciously patted and stroked him; unconsciously modelled him and sold the model one day, to pay for his night's lodging. Her dog! Marie's dog! Why had it clung to him? Why followed him? At first he felt tempted to chase him from his sight; but Schwartz got up, put his large paws on Eric's knees, and looked into his eyes. Eric looked at him. It was his own dog, the dog he reared himself, the dog he had taken out for his first hunt, the last time he had been at Kronenthal. Ernst had given him to Marie; but the dog preferred his old master. How was it that he had not recognised him before?

"Poor fellow, you are more faithful than I have been. I am not worthy to have you as my friend; but remain with me, Schwartz."

He found several letters waiting for him. Two or three bore the post mark of Stettin. Those he flung into a drawer, and locking it, threw the key out of the window. "Nothing shall tempt me," he said, "to read those letters. Who knows if I might be able to resist their entreaties to return?" And then he wandered out, day and night, in the first days of the young spring. The faithful Schwartz followed him everywhere; and when he sat down on some venerable old ruin or green moss bank covered with purple violets, the dog would crouch beside him, and look up into his face.

One day he approached his unfinished picture; he wiped the dust off. His eyes rested on it for some time; then he took up a pencil, made some alterations in it, looked for his palette, put fresh colors on it, and was soon absorbed in his painting. Day after day he sat at his long-neglected easel. Peace came gradually back to his soul, and a calm look to his eye.

"Why should I lose my youth," he thought, "lamenting a fault I have not the power to undo? Time will conquer these feelings, and, then, perhaps, I may be able some day to return to Kronenthal to my mother, and look upon Ernst—yes, even upon Marie—his wife—removed." Then he thought he would look at the letters he had shut up in the drawer when he first came home; but the drawer was locked, and the key nowhere to be found. During his researches after it, the letter which he had received from Ernst, asking him to come up to his marriage, fell under his hand. He opened it; it was full of joyous affection and buoyant happiness. Eric's heart throbbled with sympathetic affection, even as it throbbled when he had first read the letter. It ran thus:

"Northernmost ho! Eric, my soul's beloved brother; your presence is necessary to complete my happiness. I have wooed and won a pearl of surprising beauty. Come and be a witness to our union. Pardon me, dear Eric, if I have not told you of this before, but I was loth to trouble your brotherly heart with all my hopes and fears. The sun has at length broken through the clouds, and when you are here it will beam in full splendor on our marriage. Come as soon as you receive this; as soon as you arrive it will take place. Our mother is well; she hopes soon to have the joy of seeing you again. She counts the hours till you come as impatiently as I do. Do not refuse to come; without you our joy will be clouded with sorrow.

"Your loving brother,

ERNST.

"P. S. I do not tell you the name of my bride. I want to surprise you. She is an old friend of yours, though you have not seen her for years. Perhaps curiosity will speed you on your way."

There was the fatal mistake! Why not have told him

who she was? Why not have described her? Why not have lingered with a lover's fondness over every feature? He would have recognised her at once; and at least he would have been innocent. For he felt it now; he knew that he had loved her from the very day in which he had first seen her in the Sistine Chapel. But his heart was so calm, he was self-possessed, even until the very moment in which he came to her rescue, that it would not have been difficult to repress all beyond.

The reading of this letter of Ernst's, and the painful thoughts it renewed, threw Eric back in the progress he had made towards recovering his peace of mind. He resolved to make no attempt to open the drawer, and to leave the other letters where they were. On the arrival of another letter, with the same post-mark, he put that away, resolved to do nothing which could renew thoughts that he knew would only be a source of pain to him. His better feelings at last triumphed. His picture advanced. It was nearly finished. It was the Temptation in the Wilderness. And, whilst Eric put the last finishing touches to the white angels appearing in the foreground, he felt as if angels were ministering to him too.

He had triumphed; he had conquered the material life; he had regained the spiritual; and he thanked Heaven, and was happy.

One bright early summer day, who should stand beside him but Carl? Carl, his own dear friend! Schwartz bounded up joyously, and leaped upon him. "Carl, dear Carl!" cried Eric; and Carl could not speak for amazement.

"Sit down, Carl, I will tell you all. And Eric began from the night in which he made the fatal discovery that he loved his brother's bride. He hid nothing.

"It was only afterwards," said Carl, "whilst wandering in search of you, that I began to understand what discovery could alone have impelled you to such a flight. I have traced you from town to town, dear Eric. I recognised this ring of yours," producing it, and placing it in Eric's hand, "I also knew the model you made of Schwartz. His being with you helped me a good deal. I had some difficulty in persuading the possessor to let me have that model; but I have it safe. He thought a good deal of it, and the strange young man who sold it to him. I lost your track for some time when you passed through the Tyrol. It was not until a week ago that I heard from Ernst you had returned to Rome; and then I came here as fast as I could."

"And Ernst? Have you heard from Ernst lately? Is he married?"

"He is married. On his receiving your letter telling him you were at Rome, his marriage took place. It is now about three months ago. It was at your mother's desire that it was done. Ernst wanted to see you first." But Carl did not tell Eric that the marriage was solemnized when all thought his mother was dying. He reserved that for another time.

Gloomy thoughts did not remain long with Eric now; he had only to put them from him, and the cloud passed away. Carl and he worked together and walked together as of old, and their life was as happy as before. Carl cut a beautiful group of Schwartz struggling with the wolf, in pure white marble, for Katrine, as he had promised her; and the two friends packed it and sent it to Kronenthal with a loving letter from Eric and friendly greetings from Carl. Carl told him by degrees of his mother's illness. He did not know much about it; he only knew that she had been very ill. Ernst's letters were very short, and he had only spoken of it in two—one at the first, when he had given it as a reason for not being able to leave her and go in search of Eric, and one in which he had told Carl under what circumstances his marriage was to take place. Eric's heart bled within him.

"I will go to them soon," he said. "I will go to my poor mother!"

(To be concluded.)

Gleanings from late Papers.

NAPLES.

REPLY OF THE KING TO FRANCE AND ENGLAND.—A correspondent in the Cologne Gazette gives the following as an analysis, if not the text itself, of the answer of the King of Naples, which the *Moniteur* described as "negative and offensive in form."

"King Ferdinand formally declines to suffer any interference of the Western Powers in the affairs of his kingdom. He repudiates interference as being contrary to all the rules of international right, and derogatory to the independence and dignity of his crown. Relying upon the principles of eternal justice, which prescribes that you should not do unto others what you would not have others do unto you, he asks—What would Lord Palmerston say if the Neapolitan Government were to presume to sit in judgment on the administrative acts of the British Cabinet, or, for instance, the adoption of more liberal measures towards unhappy Ireland, and more humane ones in regard to its subjects in the East Indies? What would be his answer to any power that should thus dare to intermeddle with the Queen's Government? He would reply as the Court of Naples now does, that he acknowledged no right and no power in any one to dictate rules of conduct to him, or to indulge in offensive remonstrances. Or rather, not so. Lord Palmerston would not even have taken the trouble to answer, but he would at once have sent passports to the representative of the power that would have so acted. Has not the King of Naples a right to show himself jealous of his own honor and careful of that of his people? He may, indeed, by way of showing the neighborly respect and good feeling with which he is animated, listen to overtures made with the object of consolidating public order in Europe. But even these should be laid before him with all the delicacy and reserve which is due to a free sovereign. And, in any event, he alone must be the judge of the efficacy of the measures which he may be recommended to adopt; and, above all, he must be left absolutely free to choose the moment which may seem best to himself for their application. The King is better able than any one else to appreciate the exigencies of his position, and the necessities resulting from it. It is alleged that this situation requires certain modifications, certain reforms. It is argued that the revolution no longer attacks the Government of the Two Sicilies by physical force. This is *prima facie* evidence that the system opposed to them, and which is the object of such violent attacks, is not so useless or so baneful as some persons wish it to be believed. But, it is added, the necessity for such a system no longer exists. The King is not of this opinion, and his will cannot be opposed unless the exercise of superior force can be asserted as a right. But what will then become of the principle of royal authority, and what value will be attached to the acts of a government which emanated under the pressure of a foreign power? Under such circumstances any concession, however justifiable, would lose all effect. His Majesty King Ferdinand, therefore, regards himself as perfectly justified in maintaining his prerogative, and of notifying his intention to decide himself alone upon what ought to be done, and the proper time for doing it. He ardently desires that that time may speedily be at hand; but it cannot be denied that the violent and systematic attempts of the English press, and the demands thundered forth in the English parliament, are of a nature to adjourn that time for the present. Is it supposed that such means are calculated to calm the evil passions in a country still a prey to the revolutionary doctrines of 1848? It cannot surely have been already forgotten that the central committee of Italy only recently established the principle "that political assassination was not a crime, especially when its object was to get rid of a powerful enemy," and that this same committee put a price upon the head of the King of Naples, and promised a reward of 100,000 ducats "to the man who would rid Italy of this monster." Considering such recent facts, it is not only the right, but it is the duty of the King of the Two Sicilies to act with the greatest caution, and not to relinquish carelessly a system of government which he thought fit to adopt, as much for the good of his subjects as for his own safety.

"It is insinuated, and attempted to be proved, that the constitution of 1848, under the empire of which the horrible

principles above mentioned were openly propagated, is the law of the land in the kingdom of Naples. But it is forgotten that when the constitution was proposed to the rebel Sicilians, they contemptuously rejected it, and called for that of 1812. The only effect of the concessions which Ferdinand II. then made, was to stimulate the demands of the revolutionists over Italy; and the movements which broke out in Naples and Palermo were the signal for insurrections in Sardinia, Rome, Lombardy, &c. It is desired in mere wantonness to see a repetition of this bloody cycle of crimes and catastrophes in which unhappy Italy was before precipitated? The constitution of 1848 would be marvellously adapted to bring about such a result.

"Such cannot be the real intention of the Cabinets of London and Paris, which must desire to maintain peace, and the so dearly bought repose of Europe. Such, above all, cannot be the intention of the French Government, which, after having displayed such energetic efforts to vanquish the revolution at home, cannot design to encourage it in Italy. That would be to act in flagrant contradiction to the wise and able policy which it has itself practised with so much success.

"France and England should remember that they engaged in the Eastern war for the express purpose of preventing a foreign power from interfering in the affairs of Turkey. Any analogous intervention in the kingdom of the Two Sicilies would be a strange and unheard-of anomaly. King Ferdinand cannot and will not believe that any such thing can be intended. He relies with entire confidence upon the fact that the Courts of Paris and London have, in the most public manner, recognised this principle, namely, that every free state, however inferior its strength may be to that of the power which pretends to offer advice to it, has the indisputable right to reject the advice when it comes in the form of a threat and an attack upon its independence.

"The King intends to abide by all that has just been said. If, which it is impossible to suppose, it shall be attempted to constrain his will, he will then, confiding in the justice of his cause, make an appeal to the national feeling, as well as to his brave and faithful army, and prepare himself to repulse force by force."

EVACUATION OF KARS BY THE RUSSIANS.—A letter, dated Erzeroum, July 29, says:—"Colonel L. Malakoff, the officer in command of the Russian forces at Kars, arrived here on Sunday last, the 27th inst., with his staff. In a few days he returns to Kars to give that place up to the Turks. Hussein Pacha is to be sent to take over the place from the Russians. The same Hussein Pacha was chief of the staff at Kars under Shruki Pacha, and was sent away for drunkenness and debauchery, and now that General Williams has left they send him back honourably."

DEATH OF THE EARL OF SHREWSBURY.—Bertram Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury and Waterford, died at Lisbon, on Sunday, the 10th ult., at the Braganza Hotel. His Lordship's disease was consumption, and ever since his arrival in the Tamar, a month ago, he has been confined to his bed-room. The last rites of the Catholic Church were administered before his death. The body was embalmed and conveyed to England. It now reposes alongside of the remains of the uncle of the deceased, in the Chapel at Alton Towers.

The Marquis of Waterford is going to erect a splendid and costly mansion at Gurrabmore. He deserves credit for staying among his own people, and spending his immense fortune at home, instead of in Paris or London.

The Queen of Oude, mother of the deposed monarch, has arrived in England for the purpose of complaining of the East India Company. There is something very remarkable in the energy of an Eastern Queen who, at the age of sixty, breaks through the prejudices of education and habit, and sets out on a journey of ten thousand miles to plead the cause of her children before a foreign power. The chivalrous—almost romantic—boldness of such a conception merits respect; and it has already won the Royal family of Oude no small degree of popular favour, which the manners of the ex-Queen herself, and the dignified bearing of two Princes, will not tend to diminish. What they claim is a free and full inquiry into the causes which have led to the annexation of their country by the late Governor General. And, without at all prejudging Lord Dalhousie's policy, it must be admitted that this annexation does not at present stand before us supported by such overwhelming reasons as to make the refusal of an investigation very easy on grounds of strict right.

THE CROPS IN IRELAND.

DUBLIN, August 20.

The wheat crop is being cut down throughout the county Meath with great activity; the weather being favourable, and the crop in many places is fit for the sickle.

The sickle has been busy throughout the county of Louth since Thursday last, and several fields of wheat, barley, and oats have since fallen before it.—*Northern Whig.*

The grain fields in the vicinity of this town are beginning to be cut down, and if the weather be favourable the harvest will next week become general. New oats were sold in the market of this town (Parsonstown) on Saturday last and brought 1s. per stone.—*King's County Chronicle.*

The harvest operations have been proceeded with during the past week, in every direction, with great vigour, and the consequence has been, that a very large proportion of the grain crops have been cut down and stacked. The agricultural prospects continue cheering, and the potato maintains its soundness, although in consequence of the prolonged drought its growth was materially impeded.—*Tipperary Free Press.*

The weather is still unsettled, though not so showery as in the early part of the past week. Labour continues to command a high price. Reapers claim and get from 2s to 2s 6d a day. Haymakers from 1s 4d to 1s 6d; women 8d. The greater portion of our disembodied militia-men have exchanged the musket and bayonet for the reaping-hook. But few complaints reach us either of the quality or quantity of the wheat crop. We have heard of some standing wheat being bought as high as 2s 4d a stone—yet wheat has sunk 10s a quarter.

The harvest prospects are most cheering. Oats, wheat, potatoes, &c., are most abundant.—*Northern Whig.*

Although wheat has fallen twenty per cent. in price within the last fortnight, the bakers of this city have not increased the weight of the loaf.—*Limerick Chronicle.*

The reports from various parts of the county respecting the potato crop are conflicting as to the amount of injury sustained or the extent of the "blight." In the majority of cases we learn that the disease has not progressed unless in the early sowing, which have reached maturity, but that only in very exceptional cases has the blight inflicted much damage on the general crop. We have heard of various parts of the county where there has not been the slightest appearance of the blight; but we regret to say these are exceptions; the markets throughout the county are abundantly supplied with good potatoes, which sell at from 3d to 4d per stone. The oats, barley, and wheat crops are improving fast, and promise to give a much more abundant yield than was anticipated. In many localities the oats and barley are quickly falling before the sickle, and a few more days of the present genial weather will hasten the harvesting operations.—*Mayo Constitution.*

FIRST SALE OF NEW OATS.—Mr. Thomas McCormick, of Ballymacnaghy, near Newtownbreda, sold yesterday upwards of a ton of new oats to Mr. George Bell, at the rate of 8s 6d per cwt. We understand that this was the first sale in Belfast market, of this season's oat crop.—*Northern Whig.*

EXTRAORDINARY CROP OF WHEAT.—Mr. Forster, of Withycombe, near Exmouth, exhibited on Friday, in the Exeter Corn Market, a sample of wheat estimated at from fifty-five to sixty bushels per acre.

The friends of Mr. Crampton will be glad to hear that it is intended to bestow on him the rank of K. C. B., or Knight Commander of the Bath, and that the next Gazette will probably contain the announcement of that honor. Her Majesty's Government could scarcely do less than this, since they justified and defended him in the recent controversy with the United States. It is indeed a better mode of vindicating him than retaliating on Mr. Dallas, which might have led the two countries into serious difficulties—difficulties that were not warranted by the circumstances of the case, and England has moreover the honor of adopting the wise and pacific course.—*Anglo Saxon.*

THE O'CONNELL MONUMENT FOR LIMERICK.—The colossal statue in bronze of the Liberator, which is to stand in Limerick as a perpetual monument of that great man, and of the national feeling of the city of the violated treaty, is at length finished, so far as the mind-work of the artist is concerned.

CATHERINE HAYES.—Miss Catherine Hayes is about to leave London for Paris, and will probably return to America this winter. The artistic voyage round the world of this *artiste* is the most extraordinary one ever undertaken by any singer. Miss Hayes left Liverpool for New York in the Pacific, in 1851. After a tour in the United States she arrived in San Francisco in November, 1852. At the close of a brilliant career in California—£230 being paid in one instance for the first choice of a seat—Miss Hayes departed for South America. After visiting the principal cities, she embarked for the golden cities of the great Australian ocean. She gave concerts in the Sandwich Islands, and arrived at Sydney in January, 1854. From Sydney Miss Hayes went to Melbourne and Adelaide, and from thence to India, giving concerts in Calcutta and Singapore, one of which was in aid of the Patriotic Fund. From Singapore Miss Hayes travelled to Batavia, and in the capital of Java the "Swan of Erin" created an immense sensation. From Batavia, Port Philip Bay was the next locality. After re-visiting Melbourne and Sydney, Miss Hayes paid a visit to the Bendigo gold fields, where she gave four concerts. Tasmania was the next voyage, singing in Hobart Town and Launceston, the chief cities. From Melbourne Miss Hayes embarked for Liverpool, and arrived after an absence of five years.

EXPLOSION, AND NARROW ESCAPE OF GEN. SIR W. EYRE.—One of the most miraculous escapes we have ever heard of occurred to Lt. Gen. Eyre and staff, and a number of pleasure seekers in the Saguenay river, lately. As usual the gun on the forward promenade deck was fired in front of Cape Eternity, to give the passengers an idea of the echo, but unfortunately, and from some unaccountable cause, the gun burst in going off and was blown to atoms, barely a fragment of the carriage remaining to view when the smoke cleared away! The majority of the passengers, including several ladies, as well as the Commander of the Forces, were congregated on the front deck admiring the stupendous rocks over head when the gun was loaded, and they merely retired a pace or two in different directions to see it fired. The man who fired it was knocked down but not hurt, and though portions of the gun flew in four different directions, not one of the company was injured. The figure head of the steamer was carried away by a side fragment, and the light bulwarks on the starboard side in front of the gun were torn off. The bulwark on the opposite side, to which the gun was fired, was also broken—it is conjectured by the carriage of the gun, which must have been driven backward through it by the concussion, and gone overboard. A small piece flew over the passengers' heads and broke the sash of one of the saloon windows, while several other parts of the wreck were seen to fall into the water about 150 yards distant on the larboard side of the steamer.—*Canadian paper.*

The Examiner.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I., SEPTEMBER 22, 1856.

THE COLOSSUS OF ROADS!

OUR readers will probably recollect that, some months since, Pat Kearney, ex-Commissioner of Highways, sought and obtained a certain degree of notoriety, though not exactly of the kind he desired, by invoking the aid of the legal tribunals, from the lowest to the highest, against ourselves. His first attempt was unsuccessful; and on his next appeal, he—with the aid of his counsel, who, we hope, made him pay a few guineas for his services—obtained a judgment in his favor for the magnificent amount of four-pence! Now this result was no very great return for the time and money spent by Kearney to gratify the malignity of his disposition and satisfy his morbid desire for notoriety. Small as it was, however, Pat determined to have it, and after having made a trip to town expressly for the purpose of obtaining the hallowed award of justice, was politely informed that he was not entitled to receive it—that the law required it to be paid into the public treasury, in partial compensation, it may be, for the public money embezzled therefrom by him. Foiled in this attempt, and being no longer in a position to rob the public, he next proceeds to bring an action against us in the Supreme Court, for damages to his immaculate character. Well, we met him there; and when we found that our offence against the parity of his untarnished reputation was the mere fact that we had exposed the rascality of a public plunderer, we met his declaration by repeating on the records of the Court what we had published, and of which he had complained, with the trifling additions of particular instances of pecculation on the part of this martyr to the delusion that his evil deeds were unknown because as yet "unwhipt of justice." That gave the oleaginous litigant his quietus. Since he and his counsel found out that we were in a position to prove the former guilty of conduct which should have consigned him to a jail, we have heard nothing more of the great action, the result of which was to cover ourselves and the party to which we belong with shame and confusion of face, and render Pat Kearney, with the damages in his breeches pocket, a welcome addition to the ranks of his new Tory friends.

As, however, we have no idea of being put to the trouble and expense of attending to the defence of any writ which may be issued by every fellow whose misdeeds our duty as a public journalist may compel us to expose, without being allowed to verify our statements before the tribunal to which he has brought us, we will let our readers know a little of the merits of the case in question, and thus enable them, and all honest men, "to pass by on the other side" when they meet Patrick Kearney, ex-Road Commissioner.

The declaration states: "For that whereas the said plaintiff now is a good! true!! honest!!! just!!!! and faithful!!!! subject of this realm, and, as such, hath always behaved and conducted himself towards Her Majesty the now Queen, and towards the Government of this Island, and also with and amongst all his neighbours and other good and worthy subjects of this realm; and whereas also the said plaintiff hath not even been guilty, or, until the time of the committing of the grievances by the said defendant, been suspected to have been guilty of fraud or embezzlement, or of fraudulently or dishonestly appropriating to his own use moneys entrusted to him by the Government of this Colony, to be laid out and expended in the public works, or for public purposes therein."

After stating that his good conduct (save the mark!) had deservedly obtained the good opinion of his fellow-men, the declaration proceeds to complain of our having asserted that he had compelled parties to work on his farm before he would grant them the certificates for their services on the roads; and also that he had certified in favor of parties who had done no work on the roads at all, but who drew the money, which Kearney pocketed for his own use. These charges we met by repeating them, and offering to prove them. We now give Kearney another chance of a law-suit against us, which we defy him to bring, by charging him with having obtained the labor of John Gormley on his farm, as a condition precedent