

column passed a large party of the enemy on the left. Lieutenant Crook and some others observed fires on the left, which were the watches of the enemy, but it was supposed they proceeded from villagers engaged in some festival or agricultural pursuit. The enemy remained quite still, and made off towards the west as soon as it was morning. As daylight broke, the flankers and videttes were thrown well out. The villagers generally ran away as we approached, and large herds of cattle were visible in the distance, which the proprietors drove from the line of our march as fast as they could. The old men left in the villages professed entire ignorance of the existence of the enemy. About seven o'clock, however, when the force had got within a few miles of Bankee, a white clump was observed by our videttes at the base of a thick top of trees. It wavered to and fro, extended, and broke, resolving itself into a strong picket of sows, who rode away towards our right front. They were the enemy. Lord Clyde was right. The whole column was at once pressed forward towards Poochee, a hamlet on the right and in the rear of Bankee, close to the edge of a broad belt of an oblong strip of the tert. About eight o'clock the enemy, mostly cavalry, were visible in our front; as we approached, it was ascertained that a long deep swamp lay in the front, which was covered on each flank by a small village. Behind them and on their left, as far as the eye could reach, extended the jungle, a dense high wall of green, apparently of immense thickness. The Commander-in-Chief, who now mounted on an elephant, attended by Colonel Metcalf, reconnoitred their position. General Mansfield was entrusted with the general direction of the attack. A very few moments sufficed for the dispositions. The Cavalry formed in line, a part of the Punjab Horse on the right, the Carabineers, under Colonel Bickerstaff, next; then the six guns; next the 7th Hussars in columns of squadrons, and on their left the rest of the Punjabees, the infantry dismounted being on the left rear. On our left front there was a top occupied by the enemy, behind which the line of the jungle, parallel with their rear, formed a right angle with the jungle on our right flank. The 7th Hussars at once went to the left, round the swamp, and advanced rapidly towards the top, while the Carabineers and Punjabees proceeded towards the right. The enemy were already retreating rapidly and in confusion, having only just received warning from their picket of our approach. The bulk of their infantry seemed to go off towards their right, making for the jungle; those who were in the top fled towards the right. The Hussars slipped after the infantry towards our left, the guns, Carabineers, and Punjabees on the right were received by the fire of three guns—one in the top, and two from the village, near the angle of the two lines of jungle. They pushed on, the shot flying over their heads, the enemy flying into the jungle, and in a few moments the three guns were ours. Cavalry and horse artillery can do much, but they cannot charge jungle. The infantry were far behind. The moment the enemy's infantry got within the jungle they fired round and opened a sharp musketry fire on the cavalry and guns, while two guns, quite concealed from you, served by steady gunners with shot, shell, grape, canister, and shrapnel, opened on our men. Fraser's guns in vain tried to search out the jungle and to silence the enemy's fire. The Rifles were advancing at the double, and as it was quite useless to expose men to a fire, already very heavy, which a few seconds might render fatal, the artillery were retired by alternate guns, firing as they fell back, and covered by the cavalry. The Rifles advanced splendidly, and as their Enfields began to whistle through the trees the enemy's guns shut up and the infantry disappeared. The advance again was ordered. In the plain appeared the enemy, flying in two disorderly bodies one towards the left, where the jungle ceased, the other towards a village on our right. Detaching a squadron of the 7th Hussars to the left, Sir William Russell led the remainder of his regiment and the Punjabees towards the large mass of the fugitives on the right. As they dashed onwards their course was unfortunately interrupted by a deep nullah filled with water, which stopped Fraser's guns and detained the cavalry in their pursuit. The moment they were faced from this obstacle they charged on to the right, but the enemy had got a good start and were close to the village, which was situated on a ford of the river Raptee. Here they rushed across in wild confusion. But the Hussars pressed close upon them. The Punjabees captured a gun on the brink of the river. Suddenly a battery of six guns from the other side of the river opened on our cavalry, covering the ford, and plunging up the opposite bank. The Hussars had been sent up and Melundie Hoeseen was doing his best for his friends. Our guns were not up. The enemy on the right had got over, and were collecting on the other side of the rapid river under cover of their guns. Meanwhile the squadron under Fraser on the left, having a greater space to go over, had not got so close to the river at the point where the jungle joined its course. The enemy, headed by the Rifles through the jungle and cut off on the right, were all crowding in dismay towards the narrow point where there was a ford on the left. The Hussars and Punjabees on the right were at once wheeled round, and, running the gauntlet of the enemy's guns all along the banks of the river, galloped as hard as they could to assist the squadron on the left. As Fraser's men saw they were gaining on the enemy, and that a river ran before them, they gave one ringing cheer, sat down in their saddles, and rushed along as fast, fierce, and strong as the Raptee itself. "Steady men, steady!"—it is in vain, the thunder of horses' hoofs, the lightning of battle, roll and flash along. Sir William Russell, galloping as hard as he can, tries to come up on their right; but even his long-legged horse cannot catch the troopers up. The Raptee, now at its lowest, is a very clear, rapid, mountain river, with low banks, between which are beds of sands deposited by the torrents which descend from the hills during the rains. Its course is exceedingly tortuous, and we know little or nothing of its direction, or of the fords. The pace quickens as we close upon the enemy, but the sows are well mounted, and ride well. The mass of the enemy dash over the bank, over the sands and boulders, and right into the current. In a cascade of white the sows precipitate themselves into the waters of the Raptee. At the sight our Hussars give one more wild cry and in an instant they are engaged with them in the river. Not a man could be held, each went straight at an enemy. Their horses floundered amid the rocks, but the Hussars hold their own. They cut down the sows as they are struggling in the whirling stream, and charge them in the ford. It was one of those wonderful spectacles only to be seen in actual war, and of which peace has no counterpart—here men and horses swimming for their lives, their fierce hand to hand conflicts between sows and Hussars in the foaming water; but the river was our most formidable foe. Poor Major Horne, a most kind-hearted, excellent old soldier, overturned with his horse in the river, was rolled over, except away, and drowned. Captain Ststed, carried away by the stream, was only saved by the activity and presence of mind of Major Fraser, his comrade, who pulled off his coat and plunged into the river just in time to carry his friend, with a spark of life unextinguished, to the bank. The river was full of struggling men and horses, and some 40 or 50 of the enemy were swimming for their lives, but the rest were beneath the waters, or were riding across the other bank. Our men had ridden 30 miles. They were exhausted, and so were the horses; and so at 1 o'clock the cavalry fell back, marched through the jungle, and joining the rest of the expedition, found their tents pitched and baggage up at Bankee in their rear at 3 o'clock on the 31st. The body of Major Horne was brought into camp by some natives, who, stimulated by the promise of a reward, searched the river, and discovered the corpse in a pool submerged in a quicksand below the ford. It was reported that he held in his death grip a sow in each hand, and that the bodies, one of which bore the marks of a desperate wound, were found beside him; but there are some doubts as to the truth of the story, as no European saw the dead sows. The gallant and lamented officer was buried in front of the camp, under a lone tree, whereon a plate, with an inscription stating his name, rank, and the manner and date of his death, is affixed. It was an affecting ceremonial, decorously conducted. As the procession, preceded by the band of the Rifle Brigade, passed out of the camp, and the sad and noble strains of "The Death March" swelled through the air, the native camp followers thronged to gaze on the spectacle, and one or two saluted as the lamented major's war horse passed them. Sir William Russell, in the absence of any clergyman, read the funeral service. In the gloom of a murky evening, with one rift in the clouds, through which poured a broad thin sheet of orange light from the setting sun, the deep grave, surrounded by the countrymen and comrades of the soldier, reminded us how far we were from our home, how near we might be to that final resting-place which is everywhere. Before the service was closed in darkness the yells of the jackals in the distance made us look to see the grave was deep. Long may it be before English eyes again rest on the spot where the soldier was laid so solemnly in his shroud.

Gleanings from late Papers.

THE BEST MEMBERS.—The Westmorland Times observes with much truth that—The most useful members of the House are those who talk the least. This may seem like an anomaly, but we believe it to be a fact nevertheless; and were it not that we might be considered as making invidious distinctions, we could point to the names of some of the best men on the floor of the House as an illustration of the fact; while on the other hand it will generally be found that those whose voices are continually heard mixing in every frivolous debate and conversation, and thus occupying the time of the country unnecessarily and extending the length of the session to the most useless dimensions, are those who receive as they deserve, the least attention and regard of the members generally. The public are now getting to understand these things; and as people have no great relish for paying their representatives merely to hear them talk, it is quite as well that the members of the House should understand the estimation in which they are held.

GIANT TIMBER.—Our attention has been called to an importation of three cargoes of mast-pieces of timber now discharging in the Commercial Docks, Rotherhithe. The sizes both in length and square are so unexampled as to be worthy of record. One vessel, indeed, the Bostonian, of 1000 tons, has spars of a magnitude that we believe were never before made timber of commerce; they run from 90 to 140 feet in length, and from 26 to 40 inches square. One mast contains 28 loads, weighing about 33 tons, and is (as are most of them) nearly as straight as a ruler, and without a knot; being 139½ feet long and 39½ inches square. When felled, it measured 316 feet to the branching top, and for 150 feet was without any branch at all. It was squared to 41 inches, but was of necessity reduced to 31½ inches to admit of its entering the ship's bowport. The quantity of timber in this enormous tree is worthy of notice; call it 300 feet by 41 inches square, it would contain 3,502 cubic feet, or 70 loads 2 feet square, or 116 loads as round timber. It would saw 2,050 boards 41 inches wide, half an inch thick, and 12 feet long. If laid out quite close it would cover 73,000 square yards, or 1 acre, 1 rood, 2 chains, 6 poles, 10 yards; or allowing for unavoidable interstices, about 24 acres. It is difficult to imagine a tree half as high again as the Monument before it branches out. These masts are worth from £12 to £14 per load, and we understand are secured for the British navy; and it is said that the longest may perhaps be raised as a flag-staff at Windsor. We are indebted for these particulars to Mr. N. Gould, F. S. A.—The Builder.

VALUE OF SALT.—If too little salt be taken in the food, instinct forces every animal to supply deficiency by eating it separately. The wild buffalo frequents the salt lakes of Northwestern America; the wild animals in the central parts of Southern Africa are the sure prey of the hunter, who conceals himself at a salt spring; and domestic cattle run peacefully to the hand that offers them a taste of its luxury. From time immemorial it has been known that without salt men would miserably perish; and among horrible punishments, entailing certain death, that of feeding culprits on saltless food is said to have prevailed in barbarous times. When Cook and Foster landed in Otaheite they astonished the natives who were then eating "white powder" with every morsel of meat; and every one remembers Man Friday's expressive repudiation of salt. But the savages who ate no "powder," ate fish, and cooked their flesh in sea water, rich in salt. In several parts of Africa men are sold for salt; and on the gold coast it is the most precious of all commodities. On the gold coast of Sierra Leone a man will sell his sister, or his wife, or his child, for salt, not having learned the art of distilling it from the sea.

ANIMAL CURIOSITIES.—The tongue of a cat is a singular instrument. It is her curry comb. For this purpose it is rough, as you will find it, if you feel it. When she cleans herself so industriously, she gets off the dirt, and smooths her coat, just as the outer cleans and smooths the horse's coat with the curry comb. Her head she cannot get at with her tongue, and so she has to make her fore paws answer the purpose instead.

There is one bird that answers chiefly to oysters. It has a bill therefore, with which it opens an oyster as skillfully as an oysterman can with his oyster knife.

Some birds can sew very well with their bills and feet. There is one bird that sews so well that it is called the tailor bird. Its nest is hid in leaves which it sews together. It does this with a thread which it makes itself. It gets cotton from the cotton plants, and with its long, delicate bill, spins it into a fine thread. It then pierces the holes through the leaves, and sews them together. We believe that in getting the thread through the holes, it uses both its bill and its feet.

FIGHT BETWEEN ELEVEN HUNDRED HORSES.—Southey, in his History of the Peninsular War, relates the following:—"Two of the Spanish regiments which had been quartered in Fuen were cavalry, mounted on five, black long-tailed Andalusian horses—about 1100 in number—and Komano was not a man who could order them to be destroyed; he was fond of horses himself, and he knew that every man was attached to his beat, which had carried him so far and so faithfully. Their bridles were therefore taken off, and they were turned loose upon the beach. A scene ensued such as was never before witnessed. They became sensible that they were no longer under the restraint of any human power. A general conflict ensued, in which, retaining the discipline they had learned, they charged each other in squadrons of ten or twelve together, then closely engaged, striking with their fore feet, and biting and tearing each other with the most ferocious rage, and trampling over those who were beaten down, till the shore, in the course of an hour, was strewn with the dead and disabled. Part of them had been set free on rising ground at a distance. They no sooner heard the roar of battle than they came thundering down over the intermediate hedges, and catching the contagious madness, plunged into the fight with equal fury. Sublime as the scene was, it was too horrible to be contemplated, and Komano, in mercy, gave the orders to destroy them. But it was found too dangerous to attempt this, and after the last boat had quitted the beach, the few horses that remained were still engaged in the dreadful work of mutual destruction."

INDIAN JUGGLERS.—One of the tricks consisted in wrapping a boy in a net so tightly that he could neither move his feet nor his arms, which were folded across his chest. The net was then tied by a firm knot behind. The boy thus bound, was placed in a basket only just large enough to hold him, and the basket, which lay on the ground, was covered with a cloth. After some ceremonies, the magician assured us that the boy had gone to the bazaar, to prove which he called him, and was answered by a childish voice far in the distance. Whether this was affected by ventriloquism or a confederate, I do not know. He then approached the basket, and to further prove that it was empty, thrust a spear through it in all directions. This part of the performance was quite incomprehensible, as the basket was so small that the boy could hardly be crammed in it in the first place; and it, as well as the spear, was submitted for our inspection, to show that there were no false bottoms, or other similar devices employed by European stage jugglers. A few more ceremonies recalled the boy, who jumped out of the basket, unembarrassed by the net, which was rolled up and held in his hand.

FRENCH MANNERS.—The ascendant obtained by French manners has perhaps prepared foreigners to believe them invincible. There is but one method of resisting this influence, and that consists in very decided national habits and character. From the moment that men seek to resemble the French, they must yield the advantage to them in everything.—Madame Le Stael's Germany.

THE TURKISH CRESCENT.—The Crescent was the ancient symbol of Byzantium, now Constantinople. Philip, the father of Alexander the Great, in besieging that city, sent his workmen to undermine the walls by night, that his troops

might take it by surprise; but the moon suddenly appearing, discovered the design to the besieged, who succeeded in frustrating it. Grateful for their deliverance, the Byzantines erected a statue to Diana—the moon—and took the crescent for the symbol.

REASONABLE CURIOSITY IN A DYING MAN.—It was a bright thought, that of Smithson, the founder of the Smithsonian Institution, when he was dying of an unknown complaint. Smithson had had five doctors, and they had been unable to discover what his disease was. At length they told the patient he must die. Calling them all around him, he said: "My friends, after I die make a post mortem examination and find out what ails me; for really I have heard such long and learned discussions on the subject, that I am dying to know what the disease is myself."

The oldest piece of furniture is the multiplication table. It was constructed more than two thousand years ago, and is yet as good as new.

UNITED STATES.

A MURDER AT WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, February 27, 1859.—This forenoon Dan. Sickles, member of Congress for the city of New York, shot Philip Barton Key, Attorney General for the District of Columbia, and son of the author of the "Star Spangled Banner." Mr. Key lived but a short time. The affray took place in the vicinity of the President's house, in which neighbourhood the parties reside. The reported cause of this sad tragedy is female infidelity. Mrs. Sickles is very like Madlle Piccolomini in personal appearance, and report says has been a much indulged and petted wife.

According to report, Mr. Sickles becoming convinced of the truth of certain scandalous rumors involving his wife, resolved to redress his wrongs.

At about 2 o'clock this afternoon, proceeding from his residence, near the President's house, to the south east corner of Lafayette Square, in the same neighborhood, where Mr. Key was engaged in conversation with Mr. Butterworth of New York, he charged Mr. Key with having dishonored him and destroyed his domestic peace, and shot him with a revolver. One of the balls entered the left side of the body, and passed through to the corresponding point on the opposite side, lodging under the skin.

Another shot took effect in the right thigh, near the main artery, when Mr. Key fell, imploring Mr. Sickles not to kill him. The third shot was in the right side, but glanced from the body, inflicting only a bruise. Death ensued in a few moments. The body was taken into the National Club House, when a jury of inquest was held, who after an examination into the circumstances, of some hours' length, returned a verdict, merely stating that the death of Mr. Key was from the effects of pistol shots, as above stated, fired by Sickles.

The premises of the Club House were crowded with people anxiously enquiring all the circumstances of the event.

After Mr. Sickles had killed Mr. Key, he repaired to the residence of Attorney General Black, where he was advised to deliver himself into the hands of the officers, who subsequently conveyed him to jail, to which he was committed for further examination to-morrow. The facts which led to the tragedy will then probably judicially transpire. The inquisition of the Coroner was merely with reference to the causes which produced death.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 28.—For more than a year there have been floating rumors of improper intimacy between Mr. Key and Mrs. Sickles. They have from time to time attended parties to the opera, and rode out together. Mr. Sickles has heard of these reports, but would never credit them until Thursday evening last. On that evening, just as a party was about breaking up at his house, Mr. Sickles received among his papers an anonymous letter, which informed him of the infidelity of his wife, of her intimacy with Mr. Key, stating all the details of the manner of their meetings, and naming the place of rendezvous. The letter was so plausible in its statements, and gave such precise directions for the detection of the parties in their clandestine meetings, that Sickles decided to investigate the facts. Accordingly he placed the letter in the hands of his most intimate friends, who last evening possessed themselves of the evidence satisfactory to Mr. Sickles that Mr. Key had rented a house of a negro in 15th street, which he used as a place of rendezvous with Mrs. Sickles.

On Sunday morning, being in great agony of mind, Mr. Sickles, in the presence of two witnesses, charged his wife of having had illicit intercourse with Mr. Key. At first Mrs. Sickles declared her innocence. Mr. Sickles then paraded before her the evidence of her guilt. She became overwhelmed with the sudden arraignment, fainted, and finally confessed her guilt. Mr. Sickles was not satisfied with this verbal confession, but desired Mrs. Sickles to make confession in writing. She complied. She also informed him how often Mr. Key had been in the habit of seeing her, and his mode of telegraphing to her by a wave of his handkerchief when he wanted her to come out.

Mr. Sickles' residence is No 7 President's square, in view of Jackson's Statue, which is opposite the White House. In full view of Mr. Sickles' residence, on the other side of the square, in 15½ street, is the Washington Club House, where Mr. Key frequented, and from the windows of which Mrs. Sickles says he was in the habit of telegraphing her with his white handkerchief. If Mr. Sickles was absent, she was in the habit of returning the signal.

About two o'clock Sunday Mr. Sickles saw Mr. Key come out of the Club House and go round the square and walk past his (Sickles') house two or three times. He made the signal for Mrs. Sickles once or twice, when Mr. Sickles armed himself with a five-bore six-inch revolver and two single barrel Derringers, which carry each a ball double the size of the revolvers; went out of his house and walked down past the Presidents', and met Mr. Key. The latter greeted the former, and was about offering him his hand, when Mr. Sickles, refusing to take Mr. Key's hand, said: "Sir, you have dishonored me—prepare to die!"

Mr. Key started back a few feet, exclaiming: "What for? what for? don't! don't!" and made a movement as if seeking for a weapon in his left breast, but which proved to be an opera glass, which he threw at Sickles.

Mr. Sickles then drew one of his Derringers and shot Mr. Key, who staggered some. Mr. Sickles shot at Mr. Key again, with his second Derringer, which sent Key reeling against a tree. He cried out "murder," when Mr. Sickles fired a third time, from his revolver, and Mr. Key fell. Mr. Sickles, believing him dying, desisted, and did not fire again.

Mr. Samuel F. Butterworth, Superintendent of the Assay Office, New York, was conversing with Mr. Key, when Mr. Sickles came up, and witnessed the affair, and then went with Mr. Sickles to the office of United States Attorney General Black. He expressed a desire to surrender himself, and accordingly sent for the Mayor, the Marshal of the District being absent, and, in company with that magistrate, rode in his carriage to the District Jail.

THE GISBORNE CABLE TELEGRAPH.—The Boston (American) papers give particulars respecting a submarine cable invented by Mr. Gisborne (son of Mr. H. P. Gisborne, Manchester), and which, it appears, is likely to be laid down, under the sanction of the Legislature, between Cape Ann and Nova Scotia. Respecting the cable the Boston Courier says: "It is light, flexible, enduring, and strong. The wires are

admirably and effectually insulated. It has three No. 10 copper wires, in close contact with each other, and these are coated by three successive layers of gutta percha. This coating is entirely covered again by hemp twine running lengthwise, or parallel, with the wires, and thoroughly saturated with a composition that is impervious to water and indissoluble. An outside cord, similarly saturated, surrounds these last, transversely wound around them, and making a solid rope. The hemp twine extending lengthwise of the wires secures ample strength without impairing the flexibility of the wires.—Examiner & Times.

Letters have been received from authentic sources in England, to the effect, that a wealthy manufacturer there has undertaken to lay a cable across the Atlantic at his own risk and cost so soon as a company, now partially organized, is prepared to accept and pay for the same when handed over to them in perfect working order. This Cable will probably connect Blanc Sablon, in the Straits of Belle Isle with Ireland.

The members of the Illinois Legislature are allowed two dollars per diem for forty days of their annual sessions. If they extend the session beyond that time, they receive but one dollar per day. It is presumed that the adjournment will take place during the present year.

The Philadelphia Journeymen Shoemakers are still on a strike. The Ledger says that 100 of the men left for the West last week, and that 250 will leave this week if their demands are not met. The number now out of work is about 400, and 1,000 have obtained work at the prices asked, and they subscribe 50 cents a week for the purpose of sustaining those who are still unemployed.

CANADA.

MILITARY.—We understand that, consequent on the recent augmentation of that branch of the service, the strength of the Royal Artillery will be doubled at this station on the opening of the navigation. Quebec will, it is said, be constituted the head quarters of a division of which two companies instead of one will be stationed at Halifax, N. S.—Quebec Mercury.

It will be seen from the telegraphic message received last night from Toronto, that O'Leary and Fleming were hanged at Toronto on the 4th inst. The unfortunate young man Fleming, conducted himself to the last with marked propriety, and met death in a calm and resigned manner. An immense crowd collected to witness the execution; more than 20,000 persons are said to have been present.

THE NEW GOVERNOR OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.—Capt. George Dundas, late member of Parliament for Louthgowshire, has been appointed to succeed Sir Dominick Daly in the government of Prince Edward Island, and is expected to reach Charlottetown at the end of April or early in May next. Capt. Dundas was formerly in the Rifle Brigade, and was some time stationed at Halifax; he also served at Bermuda, and in the Mediterranean. He retired from the army in 1844, and in 1847 was returned for Louthgowshire, without opposition, and has since represented that Shire in Parliament. He is eldest son of James Dundas, Esq., of Dundas, by the daughter of the celebrated Admiral, the first Viscount Duncan. His father is chief of the Dundas family, whose ancient castle and lands have descended in the male line since the 12th century. Capt. Dundas is in politics a Conservative; he opposed the admission of Jews into Parliament, but was in favor of "an extended system of national education." He was born in 1819, and consequently is now in his 40th year—is upwards of six feet in height, and a bachelor, with ample means. During his residence in Halifax, Capt. Dundas became acquainted with Colonial life and the field sports of these Provinces, which may perhaps have induced him to resign his seat in Parliament for a Colonial Governorship.—Newbrunswick.

Correspondence.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EXAMINER.

DEAR SIR,—In your paper of this week you give me far more credit respecting the affray in Pownal-street, than is my due. I was not at the commencement, but when there I assisted the efforts of others to the best of my abilities and powers; but the persons I saw most active, and who interfered at great personal risk, were the Rev. Mr. Phelan, the High Sheriff, Messrs. Stephen and Arthur Swabey, Monk, Alley, Lockhart, McKenzie, and subsequently, Mr. Hales, J.P., and Pope Welsh; and it is most likely that in such a crowd there were several others (besides the Police) who did not come under my observation, and whose names I do not omit intentionally; but I write this to disclaim the right of so prominent a mention where there were so many others better entitled to a public recognition of their exertions.

I am, however, of opinion that when such unhappy occurrences break out, no one, far less a Justice of the Peace or corporate officer, should decline to use his best efforts to preserve the peace.

I am, dear sir,
Your obedient servant,

WILLIAM SWABEY.

March 21, 1859.

TO THE HONORABLE JAMES WARBURTON, LATE REPRESENTATIVE OF THE FIRST DISTRICT OF PRINCE COUNTY.

HONORABLE AND DEAR SIR—

We, the inhabitants of Tignish, beg leave to present to you the following address expressive of the high esteem and gratitude we entertain towards you.

We take this opportunity on your leaving the service of this district, to express both our regret and satisfaction—our regret, because the intimacy hitherto existing between you and the inhabitants of this District shall not be so immediately reciprocated—and satisfaction as it proves your indefatigable exertions to check the influence of Toryism and that of the Proprietors, in opposing, in the Second District, one of their Agents. Your success there is highly interesting to us; and let us assure you, sir, were you to offer here again as a candidate, no man could secure a more extended support than yourself.

The perseverance and success with which your political career has been accompanied for the last twelve years to secure to the inhabitants of this Island true liberty, very plainly shows the sincerity of your Political principles.

It is quite unnecessary here to enumerate the numerous and very liberal measures that, under Responsible Government—which you have generously given the most strenuous assistance to secure in this colony—have been established, many of which are unsurpassed in any of the British Colonies.

We feel ourselves bound to return you, Mrs. Warburton, and other members of your family, an expression of the most unfeigned gratitude for the hospitable reception with which travellers are accommodated at your dwelling.

In conclusion, we beg to tender you our earnest acknowledgements for the interest you always have shown to improve the condition of the inhabitants of this Island; and our best wishes for the welfare of yourself and amiable family, and that in any other situation Providence may place you here-