

sacred Majesty, her cause, her disasters, or her humiliations ; and perhaps that I have even, to some slight extent, succeeded in this meritorious object. Therefore, while the Atlantic rolls she can never pardon me.

" And besides all this, her Majesty's ministers know well (for I enjoy the privilege of their distinguished attention) that I am one of those who in America look forward with enthusiastic pleasure to some attempt of the British Government to coerce, bully or molest the Republic of the United States, in order that we may unfurl the banner of the stars and stripes on Irish ground, and try whether it will not again, as it has done before, sweep the blood red Cross before it into the sea. Ministers, I say, are aware of this, and, therefore, know that to me the offer of a "pardon" would be an insult, and would by me be answered by another insult. Such a reply would, I admit, be rude, ungracious, repugnant to my natural politeness ; but then it would be a public duty."

Now Scotsians, I think, will consider the person who could avow such sentiments and designs as these, anything but a reputable correspondent for a loyal man while war was raging. I do not believe that there is an Irishman with any common sense who will suppose that officers of the Provincial Government can be permitted to carry on such correspondence. In the same paper from which I have taken the above extract this editorial article appears:

"BRAVO HALIFAX.

" It is with no ordinary feeling of pleasure we refer to a preceding page in this week's *Citizen*, for a report of proceedings which took place at Halifax, N. S., on the occasion of presenting Mr. Crampton with an address. *Such open disaffection and liberty of speech in a British Province, and such evident sympathy with America and her institutions*, are truly refreshing. We cannot too much admire the spirit and pluck of one of the speakers and writers—*Mr. William Condon, who although holding a government situation, beards the old toothless British lion in the person of one of his cubs, Sir Joseph Howe, who confesses he came on a skulking, kidnapping, dirty mission to the United States, in the year 1855. The exposure of his plans by a telegraphic despatch sent to the "Citizen" by Mr. Condon, was mainly instrumental in defeating the scheme.*"

Yet this person holds, to this hour, a lucrative appointment under those who represent, in this country, the majesty of the Empire—who authorized that mission—whose secrets were thus betrayed. Really we are driven to the belief that the British lion has not only lost his teeth, but his mane and tail too, in the keeping of those who permit the honor of England to be thus compromised at home and scoffed at in foreign countries.

Yours, truly,

JOSEPH HOWE.

No. IV.

SIR:—

Mr. William Condon honored me with a very scurrilous and abusive letter in June last, to which I did not reply. I was favored with another, written in the same style, some weeks ago, which I also left unanswered. I was under the impression that he would, bye and bye, be ashamed of both epistles ; and that, in the meantime, our relative positions could not be very much changed in this community, or in this country, by any thing that, in violation of good manners, we could say of each other.