

of a public one into the peaceful vale of privacy, neglect, and contempt? Who made me a homeless and a houseless wanderer? Let them look to it, whoever they be. And is a "private individual," however humble in station, not entitled to the same degree of justice with the public and "official" functionary, and to the humanity and protection of the King's Representative? It clearly appears to me not: and that, however inconvenient and expensive, he must have recourse to another and a higher source for justice and redress. I have the honour to be, Sir, your most obedient servant.

DAVID CHISHOLME.

S. Walcott, Esq. Civil Secretary, etc. etc. etc.

It is only necessary to add to the history of this strange affair, that, notwithstanding a further correspondence on the subject, I was unable to procure an authentic or official copy of the documents which I found were so necessary to a final redress of my unparalleled injuries, though I was informed, that I might take copies of them; but, as may be readily conceived, simple, unauthenticated copies, would not answer the purpose which I had in view. It was, at that time, my intention, as already stated, to have gone to England in pursuit of that justice and redress which had eluded my best efforts here. But it was ordained otherwise. The fees and emoluments due to my offices, by the Executive Government, were in arrear for several years, owing to the confused state of public affairs in the Province; and which had the effect of throwing my private affairs into confusion also, as well as those, I believe, of almost every other officer of the local Government. This rendered it necessary, notwithstanding the ultimate payment of those arrears, to convert the whole of my little property into ready money, with the view of paying debts, which should never have been incurred, had my allowances from Government been regularly paid, and of enabling me to proceed to England, as I intended. But it was not sufficient. For though, in the midst of the rigours of a Canadian winter, I and mine were compelled to leave a warm roof and comfortable home, in order to dispose of all that these contained, yet the amount of the produce was not enough to enable me to accomplish my ends; and, like a battered wreck upon the sea shore, I was, for a time, left alone, helpless and hopeless. But a merciful Providence intervened. My poor pen has once more af-