

QUEBEC, August, 1867.

*To the Honorable ALEXANDER CAMPBELL, late Commissioner of Crown Lands for the former Province of Canada, now Senator for life for the Dominion of Canada, and Postmaster General of the same.*

SIR,—

As the public has been duly informed that I have been dismissed from my late office of Superintendent of Woods and Forests, and that the cause has not been made known, but, on the contrary, rather studiously kept in the dark for reasons best known to yourself, I deem it but justice to myself, to my family, and to my friends, to publish the correspondence which has taken place on the subject, and, in doing so, to add a few remarks by way of illustrating your character as a political man, and as an administrator. My observations may serve the Editor of the "Portraits of British Americans," in a future edition of his spicy work. Since you became Commissioner of Crown Lands, in March, 1863, neither the Magician's *wand* nor the Astrologer's *crystal* has been found necessary to enable observers to read distinctly the words "failure" as a politician—"found out" as an administrator.

As, by your cold-blooded and arbitrary act, I am now one of the general public, I conceive I have a right to examine your course as a politician, and your acts as an administrator.

First, as a Politician. I remember very well the day you arrived in this city, when you were heralded as the "Saviour of your country"—"the man for the emergency;" but forty-eight hours had not elapsed from your arrival, when your vacillation and unreliability became patent to all those with whom you had come in contact. I violate no confidence in stating that the late Sir E. P. Taché, during the progress of the negotiations for the formation of a new ministry, found out what little claims you had to be called a statesman, and viewed you with disgust.

As a legislator, your Fishery-Bill was so cut up and changed, in its progress through Parliament, that your bantling was no longer recognizable when it became law.