

LETTERS.

No. I. General Remarks.—*Legion's Omissions.*

THE authorship of the letters signed "Legion, for we are many," being known and acknowledged, I place his proper name at the head of my reply to him. The name of the unscrupulous calumniator of Sir Charles Metcalfe—the sneering assailant of Mr. Viger and Mr. Parke (men whose shoe-latchets he is unworthy to unloose)—the downright falsifier of my own sentiments and words, and the truthless vituperator of my motives and character—the name of this man, against the exclusive and unjust and high-handed policy advocated by whom, in former years, I and thousands of others in Canada have long contended—ought to be known wherever his flagitious and unprincipled writings are read.

At the outset, I disclaim and deny the sentiments which he has attributed to me; I deny the statement he has made and interwoven throughout the whole of his voluminous numbers, of the question at issue between Sir Charles Metcalfe and his late Counsellors; I deny the sentiments which he has ascribed to the Governor General; I deny the correctness of his most material statements from the beginning to the end of his lucubrations; and it will be my business in this and the following papers to expose and hold up to just reprobation the most dishonest piece of political writing that was ever laid before the Canadian public. *Legion* learned of his patron, Sir F. Head, to act and to write on public affairs; and the pupil is not excelled by his master in love of justice and truth, when writing on the principles and conduct of other men. He is the very man required and the proper champion for the Toronto Association—our Canadian "*Committee of Public Safety.*" They wanted a BARBEE, and they have found one in LEGION.

He has not only assailed me throughout in all the forms of vulgar witticism and unsparring abuse, but charged me with telling "a deliberate falsehood"—"a direct and malicious falsehood." He has spoken of the "corruption of unhappy Parke and bewildered Viger." He has assailed Sir Charles Metcalfe with as little ceremony and regard to truth as he has myself, calling the government house "the gorgeous camp of the eastern satrap," and Sir Charles Metcalfe himself "a colonist despising governor," and compared him to the Roman Emperor Nero, who fiddled and danced while Rome was in flames, set on fire by himself. He says—

"His Excellency looks for truth, not by the light of day, but with the dark lanterns of Gibbon Wakefield, Egerton Ryerson, and Ogle R. Gowan. A dark and underhand intrigue, the corruption of some unhappy Parke, or bewildered Viger, is more according to Indian usage; and a few addresses got up in corners, and a few *libellous answers*, are more than equivalent to a Canadian court, and do better for despatches to be laid before the Imperial Parliament than votes of confidence; for alas, votes of confidence reduce the Crown to a cipher, but a distracted country is the place for the exhibition of talent, and the exercise of the prerogative. Sir Charles