wagon, or a vehicle filled with convalescent soldiers rejoining the corps. But they are everywhere treated kindly and courteously. The Berlin correspondent of the *Times* says: Last week a man was hung at Trautenau, for cutting out the eyes of some Prussian wounded, while being helpless on the battle-field. I think I have already mentioned that after the battle of Koniggratz, a place was discovered in the woods where Austrian wounded had been attended to by their surgeons while the battle was raging in front. When the flight became general, the medical staff likewise decamped, leaving the sufferers, who were not discovered till two days after their cruel abandonment. They were 1135 in number, of whom the greater part were dead when found by the Prussians. Almost as heartless a case is now officially reported from Leitomischl. There 130 wounded had been left in an hospital without medical or other attendance by the retreating Austrians. It was not till three days after their desertion that the Prussians reached the place, and were able to afford them surgical aid.

A STORY OF THE WAR.

The Vienna correspondent of the Herald relates the following touching episode connected with the recent hostilities in Bohemia: An old woman in humble life had, by the early death of her daughter and son-in-law, been left the care of three young grand-children. The poor creature accepted the heavy charge, and by unremitting toil and industry, brought up the youngsters in humble comfort. The conscription, that terrible scourge of the Continent, took from her recently the eldest boy, and he was drafted into the Deutschmeister Regiment. The old woman was overwhelmed with sorrow when this war broke out, and her thoughts were ever with her soldier grandson. When the commencement of the fighting was first announced last week, she dreamed that night her boy was wounded in a battle, and that she met him at the railway, and saw the blood oozing from the white bandages. She could no longer sleep, and awaking with a scream, she put on her clothes and went, long before day, to the railway station. She remained there for hours and hours, and people to whom she spoke almost laughed at her perseverance, for no wounded were as yet coming down at all. Very weary, the old woman went home at nightfall, and next morning again she dreamed the same dream. There was the youngster in his soiled white tunic, and with his white bandages, and the blood still forcing its way through. It was horrible. She dressed herself again, and because yesterday she saw her people look half slightingly on her humble working attire, she arranged and put on her little remnant of finery, not from pride, but thinking it would gain her more respect, and therefore more considerate answers to her inquiries for the idol of her heart. Poor old creature! It only made her ten times more ridiculous to show herself in the strangely-shaped bonnet and faded robe of a long-past day. But she bravely took her post. On that day the wounded began to arrive, but no tidings of the grandson. The hours seemed interminable, but it was only when she met a neighboring lad and gave him a few kreutzers on his solemn promise to watch through the night, that she was induced to go home. It would be strange, but for the hold we know the anxious imagination has over the mind even in sleep, that this third night the old woman dreamed her dream once again, and thought she saw before her, at the railway terminus, the young soldier with his soiled uniform, his bloody bandages, and his ghastly pale handsome face. Once more at daybreak, in the faded dress, the worn-out grandmother took her determined post. Omnibuses and wagons, laden with wounded men, passed out through the great iron gateways hour after hour. At last, at last, there is a scream, a young soldier jumps from a wagon, he clasps a fainting old woman in his arms, he shouts for water, he drops warm tears on her withered face, and then he laughs wildly, for she has opened her eyes and looks upon him, and kisses again and again his bandaged head and his shattered right hand; the exertion of the moment has disarranged the bandages, and the blood is oozing out. There was not a dry eye in the whole crowd, and the bronzed soldiers around, who had faced the battle and thought but little of their own wounds, now wept like children. "My child, my child, are you much injured?" Will you live? Will they let you home to me to nurse you?" "My wounds are but light, grandmother, and in three or four weeks I hope to be with the Deutschmeisters again to pay back those Prussians the reckoning I owe them." Poor Deutschmeisters! I believe they are annihilated to a man, a matter of great tribulation here, for the regiment was altogether recruited from Vienna.

ROUGH TREATMENT OF AN IMPORTUNATE SUITOR—A WARNING TO LOVERS.

[From the Chicago Post.]

This morning, a young man giving his name as Alfred Mellon, appeared before Justice Cathbertson, to prefer a charge of assault against two young Amazons, named Kate Ellis and Ellen Matheson, both of whom, he asserted, had treated him in a most unlady-like and outrageous manner. The facts of the case, as appeared both from his own statements and that of the defendants, were as follows:—

Miss Ellis keeps house for a brother upon the North Side, and he, having had to be absent from the city for a few weeks, her cousin, Miss Matheson, came to the house to keep her company till his return. The amorous Alfred had been an occasional visitor when Mr. Ellis was at home, and had spent the evening there previous to his departure. He called the next day at noon, no one being in the house at the time save the young ladies. They received him with civility, though neither desired his company, and even allowed him to remain till dinner. He took his departure for a short time, but returned again in the evening, and seemed desirous of making himself far more at home than was agreeable. Next day he returned, and this time he was politely informed that his visits were not agreeable in the absence of the lady's brother, and that he must discontinue them until his return.

This hint he treated as a joke, and instead of leaving the house, ensconsed himself on the sofa, and without seeming to notice the indignation which his conduct excited, kept on talking gaily for over a couple of hours. Next day he again presented himself. Miss Ellis was, at the time, dressing for the purpose of going out, and she was partially *en dishabille* when she opened the door. She told him peremptorily that he must not come in. He laughingly told her that he must. She remonstrated with vehemence. He thought the joke was excellent, and forcing open the door he seized the young lady in his arms and attempted to kiss her. She disengaged herself from his grasp, and retreated to her bed-room, where a council of war was held between the two young ladies. The unwelcome visitor was sitting coolly on the sofa, when they suddenly rushed upon him. Miss Ellis was armed with a stout cane. Her companion, running to one end of the sofa, caught the young man around the neck, grasping him firmly, though not very lovingly.

He attempted to rise, but his efforts only succeeded in his rolling himself into the exact position that a school-master would have wished to have a refractory boy. The one lady held his head fast down in the corner, the other plied her cane with energy at the other end. The young man tried at first to laugh at this new phase of the joke, but somehow the laugh would not come in. The cane was plied with extraordinary vigor. He had no protection save a pair of linen pants, and they were almost as bad as nothing. The laugh became a howl, and that deepening into a bellow of rage and pain. He even blasphemed terribly, and applied dreadful epithets to his entertainers. The cane continued to descend without a moment's pause, till the young lady stopped with sheer exhaustion, when he was kindly released and allowed to depart. Without pausing to reflect, and stung with madness by the pain and ignominy of the treatment he had experienced, he flew to the justice's office and got out a warrant for their arrest. The roars of laughter which greeted him when the particulars of the case came out, seemed to make him wish that he had rather pocketed the affront and said nothing of the *a posteriori* argument which had been used for his expulsion. He left the court looking particularly small, and his tormenters were fined $1 each.

A SINGULAR STORY.

[From a recent Paris paper.]

Amid these specimens of feminine archology, grouped, as we have said, before windows of the shops, you cannot fail to remark a pale young woman of small stature, and expressing herself in English with a slight accent, which gives to her language a charm hitherto unknown. A lady of a certain age and a gentleman who accompanies her, do not cease to regard her, and, according to a popular expression, "to drink her words."

This young woman, who has borne for six months only, one of the most aristocratic names of the three kingdoms, was called but a short time ago Tookoolita. Three years ago she inhabited with the Esquimaux, her countrymen, the Bay of Ookavler, called by the English Grinnell's Bay, and which is situated about the sixtieth degree of north latitude. In the place of the elegant costume which she now wears with such ease and grace, her attire in her native land consisted of a vest of seal-skin, embroidered on the seams with red and white worsted in arabesque; a pantaloon made of the same thick material confined her small waist and descended to the knee, leaving to be seen, in all their exquisite proportions, her legs and diminutive feet, cased in boots of pliant red leather. Finally, her abundant head of hair of a jet black, was tied at the top of the head by a broad blue band, made of the skin of the isatis, and colored by the unctuous juice of a certain kind of lichen.

An adopted orphan of one of the women of her tribe, she passed the short summer under a tufu, or tent, made of the skin of the rein-deer, and nine months of the year in an igloe, that is to say, in a house built of clods of snow, soldered together by the cold, and capped by a dome of the same material. In the centre of the strange dwelling, a stone lamp, supplied with the fat of a seal, burned uninterruptedly during nine months of the year—a long and dreary night.

The light, among other things, served in lieu of a fire-place for drying her clothes, penetrated by the humid atmosphere, and for warming her hands, benumbed by sewing in the cold twenty degrees below zero, with needles made of bone, and thread composed of sinews of animals.

The Esquimaux have no other means of combatting the rigors of a winter, compared to which ours is but summer.

The debris cast upon our shores by the too frequent shipwrecks of European vessels, are never burned by the natives for the purpose of warming themselves, but are employed by them in making sleighs. In fact, they leave unmolested the numerous heaps of coal which Lady Franklin has caused to be placed at different points, in the hope that they may be of service to her husband, whom she believed lost and wandering in these frozen regions.

Three years ago, Lord Frederick Fitz—— made, as ensign, one of the crew of the George Henry, sent in search of Sir John Franklin. The ship was built expressly for this voyage, and was constructed after the manner of the whale ships; for a ship with high sides cannot navigate these seas without great danger.

On the approach of winter, the George Henry was suddenly frozen up in the ice. This misfortune produced the most serious inquietude, the more so as the stores of the ship were getting short, being now reduced to tainted salt meat and the uncertain chances of the chase.

One day, or rather one night, for in the winter the night reigns for nine months in the Bay of Ookavlear—a young girl, in a sleigh drawn by twelve dogs, came on the ice alongside the George Henry, climbed with uncommon agility to the deck of the ship, and commenced examining with the greatest curiosity, "the great wooden house of the strangers." After having visited every corner, she perceived Sir Frederick stretched upon the Captain's bed. Tears came to her eyes at the sight of the poor young man about to die without the hope of relief. She immediately proposed by gestures to take the young man with her, and to nurse him at her own house. The officers eagerly accepted this chance of relief for their companion, improbable as his cure seemed to be, aiding Tookoolita (this was her name) to remove Frederick to the sleigh of the kind-hearted girl.

She gave the signal for starting to the dogs by a peculiar slapping of the tongue against the roof of the mouth, and drove rapidly away with the ensign. Having arrived at her home after a two hour's ride, she entered a few minutes after with a wooden vase filled with the blood of the sea-calf. To her great surprise, Frederick refused this singular drink. However, he soon overcame his repugnance, and "found it excellent." This is his own expression in the volume he has published of his voyage. He partook every day, not only without distaste, but even with avidity, of this medicament, and he felt his strength return so fast, that in three months after, dressed in the costume of the natives, he rivalled them in daring address, in driving a sleigh, chasing the sea-calves, scaling the rocks, and carrying away bird's nests across shoals and broken ice, not to mention that he managed in the most intrepid manner, with a single oar, his long narrow bark made of skins, called a Kiss. Tookoolita accompanied him in all these excursions, and did not quit him for a moment.

Endowed with the marvellous facility of the people of the north in acquiring foreign languages, she not only spoke English purely, but, thanks to the lessons of Frederick, she read and wrote it. About the month of April following, the George Henry was disengaged from the ice which environed her, and began to prepare for weighing anchor and returning to England. When Tookoolita learned this news, she retired to her tent of rein-deer skins on the shore. Frederick came to her and found her bathed in tears. "Sister," said he, for he called her habitually by that name, "Sister, my mother expects you in England—come."

Tookoolita dried her tears, gave him her hand, and accompanied him without hesitation on board, arriving in England some three months after.

Some time after that, Lady Fitz——, who did not quit the young stranger for a moment, still prettier in the European than in her native costume, presented her to Queen Victoria as her future daughter-in-law.

The Queen declared that she would sign with her own hands the marriage contract between the officer of Marines and Tookoolita. "As this name is a little strange, I ask of my young friend to renounce it and take the name of Victoria."

Tookoolita, now Lady Fitz——, may be seen promenading in the Palais Royal, offering the singular spectacle of an Esquimaux becoming an English lady of distinction.

THE POWER OF INTEMPERANCE.

A sad example of the power of the appetite for intoxicating drinks was brought to our notice, a few days since in this place. In 1861, a young man recently married, in a fit of *mania a potu* killed his father for refusing him liquor. He was tried and sentenced to a severe term of years in the State prison. His young wife and his mother petitioned the authorities to obtain his pardon, on the ground that he was insane. The Judge, the jury which convicted him, the Attorney General and the Governor, were all by turns entreated by the wife, who rarely forsakes her husband, and the mother who never forsakes her son. These two untiring supplicants were discouraged by no refusal or repulse; but persisted for a year in their entreaties. In the meanwhile the convict awakening to a sense of his guilt in the seclusion of the Penitentiary to which he was doomed for the flower of his life, showed signs of penitency and applied himself so faithfully and industriously to his tasks, that he was the favorite of the keeper.—Finally the case was brought before Governor Brownlow. Nearly six years had already been spent in prison by him whose pardon was asked for by the wife and mother. After careful examination the Governor released the prisoner on condition that he was to abstain from all intoxicating drinks, with the warning that if he should break his pledge he should be taken back to prison. The man kept his promise, and remained sober for six weeks, and then taken up by the police in a state of intoxication. The Governor hearing of his relapse, in order to prevent the miserable man from taking the life of another member of his family, immediately remanded him to prison.

What a striking example have we here of the strength of appetite for strong drink, which neither the memory of a great crime, nor six years abstinence in prison, nor the untiring devotion of a wife and mother, nor kindness of the State authorities, nor the fear of a return to fourteen years additional imprisonment in the penitentiary could destroy.

Sweeney's plan for the next Fenian raid is thus given in the Montreal *Gazette* of the 14th ult.:—

"We have it from reliable authority that, on Friday last, Sweeney and a number of other persons were holding a conversation at St. Albans—Governor Smith of Vermont was present—when Sweeney remarked that if influence could be brought to bear on President Johnson so that the arms and ammunition seized by the U. S. Government should be given up to the Fenian organization, and if no further arrests were made, they would take Canada before the cold weather arrived. Sweeney also went on to say, that if they did not succeed with President Johnson, there would be no raid this Fall, but they knew the Republican party were all in their favour—that the first raid was only a feint to try what force the Canadian Government could bring against them. It is so far successful as it showed that the available force of men on the Canadian side was below what was stated. The arms which had been seized had all been moved forward near the frontier, and if given up would be in a convenient position for use. Such is reported to be the general's opinion, and the modest way he interlards the whole is worthy of remark. We are further informed that a Canadian, lately returned from haying at Fairfield, reported that he had seen three guns in a barn, which were placed in the mow, but were removed into the open part of the barn when the hay was put in. He was also assured by different people that there were guns in three other barns in that vicinity. They were described as 'nice pieces.'"

FROM EUROPE.

Arrival of the "Asia."

The R. M. Steamship *Asia* arrived at Halifax on the 29th from Liverpool *via* Queenstown. Dates are to 18th inst. The news has been anticipated by the cable despatches. We glean the following summary:—

THE ROMAN QUESTION.

The Roman question again forces itself into public notice, in consequence of the approach of the period for the execution of the Convention. Although the French Government has the right to wait till the month of December, it is affirmed that, if no event arises to derange the plans agreed on, the commencement of the execution of the treaty will take place early in the ensuing month, by the withdrawal of all the French troops from Civita Vecchia. The Florence correspondent of the *Debats* contradicts the rumor that Signor Vegezzi had gone to Rome again to negotiate with the Pope.

Now that the day on which the Pope is to be thrown on his own resources is rapidly approaching, eager is the competition of "our own correspondents" to divine the resolution of his Holiness. The last story is, that he has firmly decided not to quit the capital. Here is the letter in the *Liberte*:

According to him his place should always be at home; he has defended the Papacy there by all the means in his power; he has protested against all the encroachments—all the acts of violence committed against the church; he has made an appeal to all the bishops of the Catholic world to obtain assistance. Nothing that has tended to diminish the authority of the church can be laid at his door. "I am resolved to die," he adds, "at the foot of St. Peter's chair, in which Providence has placed me, were it even the will of Heaven that I should be without force, without authority, and almost in the hands of Victor Emanuel. The Pope will therefore remain at Rome, and thence will turn his eyes towards France, his only support, in the events by which he believes himself threatened. His relations with the French Government have already been perceptibly modified. Pius IX. was often in the habit of speaking bitterly amongst his intimate friends of the Emperor of the French; he used very frequently to indulge in sharp language on the subject of French policy. He now corrects all this; his expressions are becoming kindly; he pities more than he condemns. He shows himself, above all, satisfied with the autograph letter of the French Emperor, which reached him last week, and which he has communicated to his Ministers. In that communication the Emperor makes an appeal to the heart of the Holy Father; his Majesty implores Pius IX. to march in concert with him, and come to his aid to surmount the immense difficulties with which both himself and the Papacy are encompassed. The terms of this letter, a certain impress of melancholy to be noticed in it, and the demand of support made by so powerful a monarch as the French Emperor to an old and disarmed man, have made a lively impression on the Pope. "The Emperor," said his Holiness to his Council, "is in presence of events which he cannot control; his intentions are good; our support ought not to be wanting to him. We shall pray that it may be efficacious; we shall pray also for him, for France, and for the Church." The relations between the Papacy and the Court of Tuileries, are therefore assuming an intimacy which they never had before.

FOREIGN SUMMARY.

Russia pursues with energy her attacks on the Polish nationality. In a letter from Warsaw it is stated that the Government of Poland is now actively destroying the last traces of national institutions which remained in the Congress Kingdom after the insurrection; even the Polish language is prohibited, and has been everywhere replaced by the Russian.

The King of Prussia has received a letter of a very friendly tenor from the Emperor of Russia, who assures the former that he is favorable to the new organization of Germany. Everything betokens that Prussia will be allowed to strengthen her position in Germany, and that she will become a potent and dominant Power in Europe, to which even France may become secondary.

The King of Prussia, accompanied by his son, the Crown Prince, and by Prince Frederick Charles, and attended by Count Bismark and most of his Generals who won his late battles, was, as might be expected, received with wild enthusiasm by the people of Berlin, who were waiting in tens of thousands at the station, to give cordial reception to the victorious monarch who has made Berlin the capital of Germany; the scene is described as the delirium of delight. Even Bismark, girt with sword, though his fighting as far as the world has heard, has been confined to dragooning the Prussian House of Commons, was cheered to the echo by the populace which but eight weeks ago, was ready to tear him in pieces, but now pardons his insolent despotism at home in consideration of the success that has attended his aggression in Germany, by which Prussia is magnified into a Power greater even than France.

The convention for the armistice concluded between the Italian and Austrian Governments, has been published. Though the Archduke Albert refused to sanction certain conditions affecting the inhabitants of the Trent, which had been submitted to the Austrian commissioners by Gen. Petetti, an understanding was arrived at, that each party would act indulgently towards the other, and Austria would not levy any forced loan or taxes. The armistice, which commenced on the 13th inst., will last till the 9th of September. Ten days' notice of the intention to resume hostilities, must be given by either side. The provisioning of Venice will be free. It is announced in the Austrian *Gazette* that the negotiations for a definite peace between Austria and Italy will not take place at Prague, but that the treaty will be discussed between the Italian and Austrian plenipotentiaries at Paris with the participation of France as a mediating power.

In the negotiations of Austria and Italy, it is stated that the former insists on holding certain possessions, which will protect the Tyrol from Italian attacks.

The Vienna correspondent of the *Times* says that Italy will not obtain possession of the fortresses in Venetia until she has consented to pay an "adequate" part of the national debt. As Austria, with a population of 34,700,000 souls, has a debt of 2,530,000,000 florins, the sum which falls to the share of Venetia, which has 2,450,000 inhabitants, is somewhat more than 178,000,000 florins. In addition to this, there is a separate debt of 65,000,000 florins, for the payment of which the so-called "Lombardo-Venetian Kingdom" is responsible. Should the Italian Cabinet insist on its inability to pay the interest of such large sums as those last mentioned, the Austrian Government will not fail to demand full pecuniary idemnification for the fortresses. This claim cannot well be set aside, but if an attempt should be made to do so, peace will hardly be soon concluded between Austria and Italy. Rather than let the Italians have the fortresses for nothing, or for a "mere song," the Austrians would reduce them to heaps of shapeless ruins.

The Austrians are said to be rejoicing in hope of a quarrel between France and Prussia, so that the Prussians, whom they were unable to subdue, may receive chastisement from the hands of another adversary. Some of the Austrian journals urge France to be expeditious in the matter, and it is said that the Austrian Government, though it cannot announce another war till the first is finally settled, yet evinces a disposition so to shape the course of its internal policy as to enable it to renew hostilities should occasion offer.

A Brussels paper gives currency to a statement that there is great discontent in Vienna. It is stated that many arrests have been made, and that the Emperor, when he went into the streets, was met with cries of "Abdicate." There is little doubt that the people of Vienna are much dissatisfied with the manner in which the war has been conducted. That some difficulties exist is certain from the fact that a change of Ministers has just taken place.

Political circles in Berlin are said to be much occupied with the reported intention of Russia to bring about a European Congress for the purpose of affording help to such sovereigns as may be threatened in their possessions. It is thought that Prince Gortschakoff encourages the efforts in this direction made by the Russian agents; but Austria is not disposed in favor of such a course of action, and the *Constitutionnel* thinks that Russia will confine herself to an official intercession with the Cabinet of Berlin in favor of those princes in whose fate she is interested.

Writing from Rotterdam on Saturday, a correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* says:—"For some days past there have been curious rumors of territorial exchanges between Holland and other States. Luxemburg, it is said, will go to France; the Dutch province of Lunenburg will be transferred to Belgium; while Holland will be compensated with a part of Oldenburg and Hanover. Without attaching to these reports more credit than they deserve, this at least is certain, that our Government has to-day laid before the members of Parliament a bill asking an extraordinary credit of 1,618,000 francs for the department of war, with a view to the construction of fortifications in the neighborhood of Houten, in the province of Utrecht. Our Minister of Foreign Affairs, however, in the yesterday sitting of the second Chamber of the States General, gave the most tranquillising assurances as to our relations with foreign Powers."

Correspondence.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD.

DEAR SIR:—In your issue of the 22d inst. appears a scurrilous communication over the signature of "Emanuel McEachen," *purporting* to be a reply to a communication of mine published in the *Herald* of the 8th inst., and not the 1st, as your correspondent alleges. I observed in the same issue a few remarks of your own, respecting the correspondence now raging between the Hon. E. McEachen and myself. You wish the correspondence to cease. Now, Mr. Editor, I would ask you if I would be doing myself justice by allowing Mr. McEachen's frantic letter to pass uncontradicted. My silence on the subject might easily be construed into an acquiescence of my quondam friend's vile accusations. I appeal to your own sense of justice and fair play, if it would be right to deny me the privilege of your columns to reply to a communication which, for billings-gate scurrility and low ribaldry, has not, to my knowledge, either parallel or precedent in the annals of the newspaper correspondence of P. E. Island. Could Mr. McEachen's letter be construed or contorted into a reply to mine, the case would be entirely different; but, as it is, your *Hon.* correspondent has not even attempted to justify himself for beginning the controversy, neither has he replied to my last communication; but, on the contrary, has, through your columns, attacked me *personally* in a manner outrageous to public decency. You have given publicity to his vile accusations against me. Surely, then, from a sense of justice and fair play, you will not refuse publishing the following letters in your earliest issue, and oblige, yours respectfully,

D. McDONALD.

Souris, August 31, 1866.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD.

DEAR SIR:—In the *Herald* of the 22d inst. appears a communication over the signature of "Emanuel McEachen," which abounds in falsehoods—falsehoods the most unblushing—falsehoods which I *dare* him to substantiate. The communication in question purports to be a reply to a letter which appeared over my signature in the *Herald* of the 8th inst. Now, Mr. Editor, I would ask you and the public generally, if Mr. McEachen's *tachy* letter was a reply to mine? The answer is plain—it was not! He dared not answer it. My communication was unanswerable—he knew it—and he knew further, that his political transactions would not bear the scrutinizing gaze of the public; consequently, he fell back to his ever ready weapons—slander and abuse—to gratify the cravings of his morbid appetite; and, like Goldsmith's schoolmaster, "though vanquished, he will argue still."

I do not intend, Mr. Editor, to have recourse to the same weapons as my malignant antagonist, as I consider our "Emanuel" like his namesake, *Victor* (of Italian notoriety) to be matchless with his chosen weapons. If the old saying that "practice makes perfect" be true, then we all must admit your *Hon.* correspondent to be the champion of P. E. Island. I am candid enough to own my utter inability to cope with him, if he be permitted the use of such ungentlemanly weapons as abuse, vulgarity, and slander, as they are his favorite *forte*. If he has outraged public decency that is no reason that I should bring disgrace on my "proud" profession, by becoming guilty of the same offence. Suffice it to say, that I hurl back with scorn all his lying accusations—they have passed by me harmless; but, when hurled back at him, their effect is *telling*. I treat the most of them with that silent contempt which they and their contemptible author so richly merit. His foul slang concerning me during the time I was in Mr. Robertson's employ, is clearly contradicted by that gentleman's letter, which will be found below. After its perusal, the *Hon.* Emanuel McEachen will stand before the public in the unenviable position of a *convicted, malicious calumniator*. My character, public and private, will compare favorably with Mr. McEachen's any time. His low ribaldry will not affect me; its only effect will be to hasten his return to the cool shades of private life—by far a fitter sphere of action for his contracted measure of knowledge, than the halls of the House of Assembly.

Fortunately, the time is gone by when your correspondent could say that "he was monarch of all he surveyed." The times are changed, and with those changes disappears the Hon. gentleman's *influence*, which is daily growing smaller, and beautifully less. By the strain of his last communication I am led to believe that he is completely "played out." His intention in abusing me was, undoubtedly, to silence me. He does not like to have his political career reviewed at the present time. He fears—and has good reason to fear—it will militate against him at the coming election. If he be possessed of the least spark of independence, spirit, and manliness, let him answer my communication of the 8th inst. I dare him to do it. When he answers that letter in civility, as becomes a gentleman, I am prepared to give him a few more *facts* to digest.

I beg leave to tell your correspondent to study the orthography of the word "scullian" before he uses it again. His crazy remarks about my name are unworthy of notice. The poor old man in the "sear and yellow leaf" wishes to display his knowledge of the Gælic. In his next communication, the celebrated down-east *philologist* would confer a favor on me, and, I presume, on the public generally, by explaining the difference between the terms "Daniel," "Donald," and "*Dhoigan*." I would like to ask him, likewise, for his authority for changing the orthography of Emmanuel to "Emanuel." The only reason I can give for it is, that becoming aware of the meaning of the word, and contrasting it with his own transactions, finding he had not fulfilled his mission, he resolved to satisfy his conscience by making a change in the spelling of the word; consequently, his learned dissertation about the "rabbit" is as applicable to himself as to me.

The Hon. Mr. McEachen need never fear that his long-winded words of thundering sound, such as "hungry-looking," "lantern-jawed," and such like slang, whether properly applied or not, will neither startle my genius, nor disturb my understanding; and it is expected when he appears again before the public it will be as a penitent seeking forgiveness from his betrayed electors; as, for my part, I willingly forgive him for what I consider more of the work of his ungovernable temper than the evil tendency of his heart.

"Why, what a wasp-stung and impatient fool
Art thou, to break into this woman's mood."

I must now conclude a discussion which has taken a turn no ways interesting to me, no more than to the public; yet, "it is not in the soul of man to bear the laceration of slander." "The philosophy which could bear it we should despise." The following letter is the one above alluded to, which I received from Robert Robertson, Esq.

I remain, dear Sir,
Yours respectfully,
DANIEL McDONALD.

Souris, August 31, 1866.

P. S.—Since writing the above, I observed in the *Herald* of the 29th inst., a few lines from "The Gentleman," from Bothwell, containing some gratuitous information. "The Gentleman" doubts my appointment to the office of Secretary. If he wishes to be informed on the subject I would refer him to the Chairman of the meetings alluded to. It is very hard to please every one; notwithstanding your "gentleman's" superior experience with the pen, yet, his romantic tale of "Mysterious Murder and Shipwreck" seems to have been "incorrect." The "Laird of Bothwell" is severely "rapped on the knuckles" himself, and I think he has quite enough on his hands now without attempting, at the eleventh hour, to retrieve the fortunes of the day in favor of my antagonist. Had he 'rapped me on the knuckles' I would, in all probability, have returned the compliment. "The Gentleman" thinks my communication ungentlemanly. Now, I would like to be in possession of his opinion of his *Hon.* friend's last communication. With best respects to "The Bothwell Gentleman,"

I remain, &c.,
D. McDONALD.

WEST RIVER, Aug. 27, 1866.

MR. DANIEL McDONALD:

Dear Sir,—My attention having been called to certain remarks of the Hon. Emanuel McEachen, published in the *Herald* of the 22d instant, prejudicial to you during the time you were in my employ, I take great pleasure in stating that during your connection with me as my clerk for nearly four years, your character was irreproachable. In justice to you, dear Sir, I avail myself of the present opportunity to counteract the effect Mr. McEachen's letter would have upon strangers. To Mr. McEachen's slanderous charges against you, whilst in my employ, I have to say that they are all false, and utterly unworthy of emanating from a man holding the proud position which he holds at present.

I remain, dear Sir,
Yours respectfully,
ROBERT ROBERTSON.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD.

SIR,—It is a well-known fact that our present Government have, since their induction into office, been guilty of a great long catalogue of political sins. In fact, their actions have always been characterized by a spirit of selfishness and favoritism. It is needless to mention any particular cases, as their ruling passion is to be traced through all their appointments, and, indeed, through all their actions. If any public office falls vacant, there is always sure to be some near friends at hand to be shoved into it. No matter whether he is qualified for the position or not, whether a more competent person could be found or not; but, if he is a subservient supporter of the Government, and one whom they can make some capital out of, no other qualifications are necessary to enable a person to aspire to office under our present model Government. I will just mention one circumstance, not because it is anything extraordinary, or out of the general course of things, but that we may, taking this as a criterion, be able to form an opinion as to their general policy. A few weeks ago the Postmaster General, from reasons best known to himself, resigned his office. Mr. DesBrisay, being assistant P. M. G., was promoted to the vacancy. Of course this was all right, as Mr. DesBrisay was entitled to that office, from the length of time which he was connected with the department. Instead of advancing a young man, who served in the office for six or eight years in the capacity of Additional Assistant, to the vacancy occasioned by Mr. DesBrisay's promotion, as they should have done, a person of the name of James Currie, an ex-excise officer, was found to take the office. Mr. Faught, during his long connection with the office, was always considered very obliging, and fully competent for his business, and he did not deserve this treatment at their hands. It is also well known that the present incumbent has had no experience, and altogether not "the right man in the right place;" and the only reason that can be assigned for his appointment is the fact that he has always been one of the Government's blind supporters, and they have done this to reward him for his exertions on their behalf. Mr Faught, as a man of spirit should do, resigned all connection with the office. I do not say this out of any ill-feeling to the parties concerned, but out of a desire to see the worthy rewarded.

Yours, &c.,
OBSERVER.

Charlottetown, Aug. 27, 1866.

PUBLIC MEETING AT BALDWIN'S ROAD.

Pursuant to notice, the Hons. A. A. McDonald and E. Thornton met their constituents at Baldwin's Road School-house, on Saturday, the 28th ult. Messrs. J. H. Fletcher and Manoah Rowe, who received an invitation, were also in attendance. The meeting was duly organized by the appointment of Mr. Manoah Rowe as Chairman, and the undersigned as Secretary.

Mr. Thornton, being the oldest member present, was first called upon to address the meeting. He responded to the call, but I am sorry to record that his remarks were but very few, and his conduct as such merited but a very small share of patronage from the people present; for when he was challenged by Mr. Henry Mooney to give an account of his conduct, in relation to a certain "Bill" passed by the Legislature during the session of 1865, he refused to do so; and, either through misconception or unwillingness, left the people in obscurity upon that point. However, he moved the following resolution, which was seconded and carried unanimously:

"*Resolved*, As the opinion of this meeting, that the Quebec scheme of Confederation of the British North American Colonies, as promulgated after the Conferences held in Quebec, 1864, is totally inapplicable to the case of Prince Edward Island, and, if adopted, would prove ruinous to our best interests."