

of Europe, be condemned for ever to teach music, or fencing, or dancing, for a livelihood, when honourable service is offered to them in the professions to which they were bred—when their rank as officers, and the social distinctions to which they have been accustomed, are again within their reach? Shall these gentlemen not be free to go into Nova Scotia, if so disposed? And if they do, and many of them have gone, who can prevent their countrymen, who have fought under their banners, and have confidence in their leaderships, from following their example?

“Surely, surely, it has not come to this—that the United States are to be converted into a great eel-pot, that lets every body in but nobody out. That a ring fence is to be made round Uncle Sam’s farm, so contrived that though all the produce of the farm can go abroad, the labourers cannot. All this is too ridiculous to be supposed possible, and yet some people are sanguine enough to hope that it will turn out to be true.

“I do not believe it; I have too high an opinion of the intelligence and common-sense of the American people—too much reliance upon the free spirit which pervades their institutions, to believe this possible. Let the question be fairly stated in any drawing-room in Boston, New York, or Philadelphia, and every American lady would say—‘Let them go!’ State it fairly to the Democracy of any large city of the Union, in their wildest moment of excitement, and the people would say, ‘Let them go.’ Put the question to any gallant regiment of riflemen in Kentucky or Tennessee, and I much mistake the characters of the men if the answer would not be—‘Let them go!’”

Along the frontier line of the British Provinces, where there are convenient barracks and arsenals, depots may be formed, towards which the more adventurous spirits to be found in this British and foreign population, may be steadily drawn, by good management, without any infraction of the neutrality laws of the United States. A transport arrived at Portsmouth the other day with 350 men for the British garrison, most of them old Soldiers, well officered and ready to take the field. There are more now at Halifax, ready to embark, and I learn that “Sir George [?] has all the troops in that garrison under canvas, killing their own meat and baking their own bread,” employments quite as indispensable, by the way, as the eternal parade movements, in full dress, to the sound of martial music.

Here, then, are the materials for a regiment collected in a few months, in spite of clamour, ignorance, and Russian spies, and devilish agencies of all sorts. What is to prevent us from collecting a fine regiment every few months? Can we not at least supply the garrisons of British America and of the West Indies from this source, without sending men at an enormous cost across the sea? But may we not, if this war goes on, draw men enough in this way through, if not from British America, to turn perhaps the scale in some bloody encounter with the herdes to which our army is now opposed? This is a question of some importance, involving rights of some value. Trusting that I have stated it fairly, I have the honour to be your obedient servant,

JOSEPH HOWE,

London, 31 Aug. 1855.

I have written this in London 31st Aug. 1855.