

[FOR THE WEEK.]

TO JAMES B. UNIACKE, ESQ., M. P.

"Verbis non minus, quam factis, fit injuria."
 "Injury may be given by words no less than by actual deeds."

Sir,—Having observed in the newspapers, your opposition to, and epithets on, the people of this community, for their application to Government on account of the Scotch trap at Arisaig; and also, your unmanly and ungentlemanly attack on the venerable individual who represented them in the house of Assembly on that occasion; and who so faithfully, ably, and zealously, had realized the anticipations of his constituents, both in promoting the welfare of the Province in general, and of theirs in particular, since he entered that House in the number of its members. I cannot, sir, from this observation, refrain from addressing you, in order to force self conviction on your mind, and bring you to a just knowledge of your conceit and bigotry.

When a weak minded man is confuted in an argument, when his inaccuracies are made glaringly apparent from his own statements—he flies to the dernier resort, and by personalities, attempts to bring him under abuse and invective.

Whatever reason you had sir—whatever motive induced you, to pour in such a bombastical blast of vituperative language, the thunderbolt of your abusive ire, on Mr. Young, you had not the least shadow of right to tax the legal and necessitous solicitation of a body of respectable men, with "trapping the Provincial money." We indulged in the fond hope, that your shallow-pated eyes, would ere now be opened to a better sense of your own interest—that by contemplating the chasm some of your relatives had so near approached before, by their illiberal taunts, and unprovoked epithets on Highlanders, you would have been prevented from indulging in a similar display of the spleen, and from exposing yourself to the scoff and ridicule which your late conduct has excited.

Yes sir, we indulged in this vain hope—but, "quos Deus vult perdere, prius dementat"—And you sir, not satisfied with insulting the large and respectable body of the Scotch nation generally, with a base and degrading attribution, but also our Representative, with the vilest and most scurrilous abuse. Now three causes induce me to notice your impudent attack on us, and 1st, that resentment which self-honoured confidence when abused, inspires, 2dly, the duty we owe to our venerable and learned Representative—or 3dly, the impotent feelings of the individual who has so unwarrantably assailed us. Sir, from a person naturally vindictive and irritable, whose irritation has been increased, by the prevailing argument of his opponent—from a mind, warped by the most bigoted prejudices; and writhing under the tortures of disappointed revenge—from a head incapable of "dignified reflections"—and from a heart, that throbs not with one generous, or manly feeling, as your conduct and behaviour towards the aged member who opposed you on the above occasion, testifies—from such a combination, I ask the public, what could have been expected, but a total want of every thing like solid argument, or sound reasoning, and an abundant accumulation of personalities and abuse? But thanks be to Providence, in an enlightened community like this, men are not to be guided, deluded, or abused, by the frothy vituperation of a beardless, proud, conceited boy: conviction must be enforced by argument, not by abuse and beggarly slander;

"Slander, that worst of poisons, ever finds
 An easy entrance to ignoble minds."

With politics, I never have, nor do I wish to interfere; and had you confined yourself to the language of politicians, without particularising or traducing a certain portion of your fellow subjects, who profess equal rights with yourself, and who, if I am not mistaken, before the next election is over, will cause you to experience their consistency, and sense of your parliamentary conduct, I would leave you undisturbed, in the possession of your self-esteemed celebrity—would leave the owl hatching over the eagle's eggs!

But to come to the point, what motive instigated you, when you dared with such unparalleled effrontery to stigmatise with the d—rty effluvia of your slippant tongue, a nation which for intelligence, valour, good morals, and steadiness of character, stands pre-eminently conspicuous on the map of the world? A nation which gave birth to individuals who immortalized their country and their names, both by their wisdom and eloquence in the Cabinet, heroic actions and valour in the field? "Si mons non laeva fuisset," if your mind had not been infatuated—blinded by bigotry and prejudice, and hurried on by the overflowing antipathy of revenge, you would not have acted as you did on that occasion—if your eyes had

not been totally overshadowed by the brazen veil of deep rooted resentment, you would not indulge in such effusions, when a great number of that very nation whom you vilify, stigmatise, and abuse, forms the bulk of your own constituents. Can you have the boldness to ask the suffrages of these men, whose national honour you have so foolishly attempted to stain? I hardly believe you will! It is in reality too bad, to raise a man from insignificance and obscurity, to the eminent station of a County Representative, and be scoffed at in return, by this very person, who should defend them to the best of his abilities, were they assailed—pessimus.

But in truth, when I consider, when I call back my remembering faculties, to the object who thus taxes us with such apopropos rouge, I cannot but commiserate the man! I cannot but sympathise in his natural debilities and mental derangement—I cannot likewise, but look behind me with the most sovereign scorn on the barking cur—"Canes nubila latrant," and you sir madly anticipated, that you would be able to stain a national character, by the effusions of an unvenomed heart, and of an overheated brain;—

"Certain he's mad, and like a baited bear,
 If he had strength enough, his den, would tear."

Now sir, I will leave you with the impression, that never idiotism was so blundered by so pitiable infatuation as you had evinced yourself to be, in the late debate on the Arisaig Pier;—but before I conclude, I feel it incumbent on me for the satisfaction of the public, to draw a contrast of its real utility and necessity, with your description of it. You sir, denominated it a "Highland trap got up by the Scotch, in order to catch the Provincial money—that the inhabitants manifested no solicitude about it,—all they wished was a grant of money to be expended on what never had, or never would be of any benefit whatever."

Now let me answer those assertions of yours, although a person should think that I would shudder at the very thought of contradicting such a Leviathan.

The fallacy of your trapping idea, is self evident, and in as few words as possible, I shall show your others to be equally so. From Merigomish Harbour, a haven dangerous and difficult of access, there is not a single cove, creek, or any other place of refuge, to resort to, along this dangerous and perilous shore, even to Antigonish, except this "trap" alone; and I could name several crafts which this very Pier had been instrumental under the hands of Providence, in rescuing from a watery grave, with their crews and cargoes, American as well as British,—persons who, with grateful recollections of the "benefit" they had experienced in saving their lives, and properties by this "trap," and the hospitality and help they had met with "from the Scotch there," would prove this assertion to be true, were it to meet their eyes.

Do your own constituents, the people of Cape Breton reap any advantage from this trap? Do they from P. E. Island? Tell me a single place where a loaded boat could tarry a night free from being at the mercy of the winds and waves, from Cape Breton shore to Merigomish, except at the Pier alone? I could assert without fear of contradiction, that our Eastern and Northern Island neighbours, reap more advantage in regard to personal safety from this Pier, than its own immediately surrounding inhabitants.—How often would a person take courage to leave Pictou, Cape Breton, or Prince Edward Island, at a late hour, when such a shelter was before him to resort to for security and preservation, who, otherwise would not run the hazard of the baro shore.

Now, sir, was your language in the debate on this Pier, consistent with truth? I say it was an intentional misrepresentation, and deliberate falsehood, an honest man would detest falsehood in every shape it would assume: the utmost indignation of Science is too mild a punishment for intentional misrepresentation. Perhaps there is no human propensity, no brutal passion, against which Christianity has opposed such barriers, as against misrepresentation! And yet I am confident the shuffling prevarication with which the cyderent Uniacke has attempted to ram this down the public throat, instead of unmasked truth, with such foolish duplicity and effrontery, can be discerned by every unbiased reader of the debate. Vain and violent Uniacke! Beware in future from exposing your antipathetical principles to the scoff and ridicule of every man of sense, by a repetition of such conduct. Think not that a fox like you, shall meddle or play with our "trap," with impurity, or stigmatise this community, much less than a nation, without a severe, yet just chastisement—"Nunquam amplius, noli me tangere"—As for me, although I have shown you, your folly on this occasion, (believe me) those that could do it with effect, only by their silent contempt, answer your despicable jargon.

I am, Sir,

A HIGHLANDER.

Arisaig, May 2d, 1836.

[FOR THE WEEK.]

TO JAMES B. UNIACKE, ESQ. REPRESENTATIVE OF CAPE BRETON, &c.

Sir,—

Having attentively perused two letters addressed to you by John Young Esquire, in the Nova Scotian of March 30th, candour—unbigoted to either party—obliges me to say a few words upon the subject; and which words, I am sorry to say, can scarcely be expected by any unprejudiced individual to attempt any extenuation of your conduct upon the occasion alluded to in these communications of Mr. Young. Nothing more effectually destroys the freedom of public discussion, nor renders any public body of Legislators more contemptible in the estimation of a discerning democracy, than the unruly bursts of violent debate, especially when couched in such language as ought never to gain admittance into any Assembly, and most especially into one purposely congregated to advise measures fraught with the deepest and most intense interest to their country and to their King. It is a pity, and a most unpleasant reflection, that, in these enlightened times, where learning has tramped under foot the darkness and the bigotry of the days of our ancestors, a repetition of the scenes of the Rump Parliament of notorious memory, should be attempted to be renewed within the walls of the St. James of Nova Scotia. Such it seems is actually the case. Your unmerited provocation in attacking Mr. Young without the smallest shadow of justice—your torrent of obloquy so undeservedly heaped upon that gentleman, with the venomous shafts of youthful, or rather, unthinking and vigorous rancour; and the candid and manly manner in which he retaliates, defending himself with the consummate skill of experienced generalship, the stigma which your prostituted talents—yea, meanly prostituted to the ungentlemanly grade of insulting the grey hairs of unoffending age, altogether form a picture, from the dark side of which the mind gladly turns away, though not without heaving a sigh at the malignancy and the inglorious debasement of the talents of a gifted man. From the first appearance of Mr. Young in the Assembly of the Legislators of his adopted country, I have always been a warm though self-disinterested admirer of his strenuous efforts for its prosperity—bent upon its best interests—and careful of its scanty and impoverished revenues—watching with paternal care its progress towards the vigorous steps of manhood—and fulfilling the arduous duties of his situation with honor to himself and benefit to his constituents—nay, even depriving himself of that ease and retirement to which his declining years justly entitle him, is it then a matter of wonder that my Scottish feelings are roused to retaliation, when I see his mind harrowed by the unthinking levity and folly of one whose principal merit consists in his well-rounded periods; and who bids fair, if he will follow his perverted course, to perish Phoenix-like amid the blaze of the fires of his own jaundiced imagination.

We in this quarter are no strangers to the primary cause of your enmity to the Pier or "Scotch trap" of Arisaig; as, some years since, a certain member of your family was severely taken to task upon the same subject by the Highlanders of that place, and he, convinced no doubt that retaliation was worse than needless when clear reasoning proved superior to his flowery rhetoric, acted the part of an honest man, in allowing the subject to rest in peace. Probably, however the feelings of offended family pride, in this case, long but with difficulty concealed, have, in the unthinking moments of a heated debate, overcome your studied command of temper, and caused this ebullition of your angry passions upon the head of Mr. Young. Or, since we are now aloft upon the wide ocean of wordy war, suppose we carry a little more press of sail, and enter into another and probably more correct view of the subject, in adverting to the enmity and rancorous feelings which follow upon the steps of a toughly contested Election. Upon mature consideration, however, it occurs to me that this could never have been the cause, especially with you who have studied among the Academic groves of Windsor, and imbibed the principles of the Christian Church, for this would be exactly reversing one of the great commands, and contrary to all and every precept and example, actually visiting the sins of the children upon the fathers, a dereliction of moral duty, of which, with all your swinging faults, you could surely never be guilty. Shall we then impute it to the base idea of worldly interest in a patriot like you? Surely we cannot! Could he whose alarm notes are the loudest in the senate of his native Land—whose bursts of eloquence vibrate upon the ear like the death peals of a war-drum—who far exceeds the boldest of the bold, in straining every nerve to impoverish the already bankrupt finances of this Province, for the purpose of aggrandizing our already glutted pensioners and placemen, and feathering a nest in which himself may yet