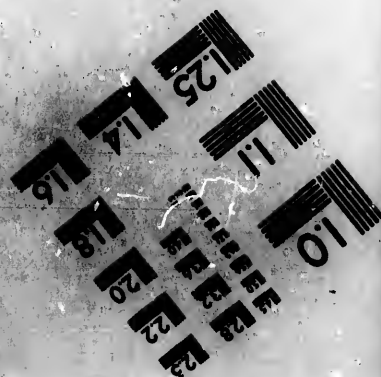
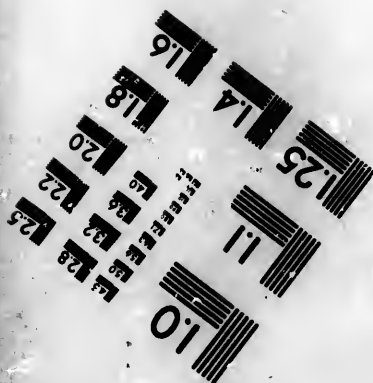
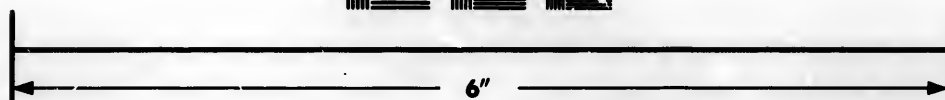
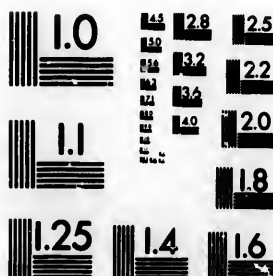


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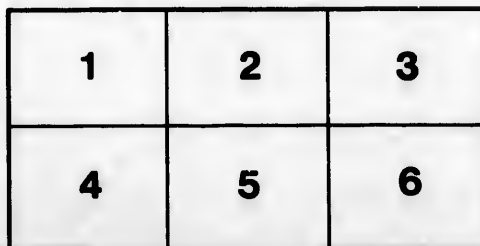
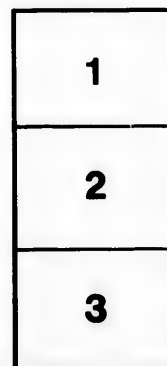
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LETTERS

ON THE RECENT RAILWAY RIOTS, THEIR CAUSES AND RESULTS—
AND THE POLITICAL POSITION OF THE "YOUNG IRELAND"
BRIGADE.*

BY THE HON. JOSEPH HOWE.

No. I.

RAILWAY RIOTS AND CATHOLIC COMMENTATORS.

SIR:—

The last No. of the *Halifax Catholic*, contains two articles, of which somebody, with a little common sense, should take some notice. One is a communication, signed "A Lover of Fair Play," in which the public are gravely told that the reason why the railway rioters were bailed, and acquitted, was because Mr. Howe denounced the outrage committed, in his speech at Temperance Hall. The writer says:

"It can be truly said in this instance 'good has resulted from evil,' as had not Mr Howe made this affair a subject of notice for his speech, in all probability the poor men would have been confined for six months in jail previous to their trial, and now very likely be in the Penitentiary. Mr. Howe's conduct saved these poor men this ignominy, and was the means of arousing a sympathy in their behalf, which secured for them eminent counsel and friends who were determined that they should have a fair trial."

If this writer's production stood by itself it would be a curiosity in its way. —The logical result of it is, that every scoundrel, who commits burglary, arson or murder, should be bailed, have subscriptions made, and eminent counsel employed for him; and should be acquitted, if anybody dares, at a public meeting, or in the newspapers, to express his horror at the crime. When the Saladin prisoners were brought to Halifax, every man woman and child, expressed their horror, publicly and privately, at the crimes committed upon the high seas. The names, the facts, the feelings of our common humanity, were upon the tongues and pens of every body at that period. Two or three of these people were Englishmen. Now, what would have been thought of their countrymen in Halifax, had they taken these wretches under their patronage, bailed them if that were possible, brought evidence to prove that they had never been on board the Saladin at all; and, when that resource failed, rendered trial a mockery by carrying their feeling into the Jury box, and make a conviction

* These Letters which appeared originally in the "*Halifax Morning Chronicle*," contain an able exposition of the danger to the civil liberties of the people of Nova Scotia, from the political position assumed by the Roman Catholic Church under the leadership of the Young Ireland Brigade of Halifax, and are now republished in this shape, for the benefit and information of the friends of civil and religious liberty, of all denominations.

hopeless. The Englishman who did this would sink himself in the estimation of this country, as low as some persons will find that they have sunk, before this transaction is forgotten.

Redpath, the swindler, now on his trial for fraud, figures by name in every European journal. His crime is denounced—his habits are described. Punch makes fun of him. Notwithstanding all this, English counsel will defend him boldly—an English Judge and Jury will try him fairly. But who will abet his crimes? Who will become *accomplices after the fact*? Who, if escape were possible, would give as a reason why he was rescued from the jail and Penitentiary, that some public man had mentioned his name in a speech, while illustrating the frauds of the day?

Mr. Howe mentioned no man's name. He did not pretend to say, who was or who was not guilty. He referred to the crime as perpetrated by Irishmen, and denounced it as unparalleled in the history of the country. He said, just what every citizen had a right to say—what the Judge said, with the scales of justice trembling in his hands—what every Irishman in Halifax would say, if the Protestants of Preston were to break into the country seat of the Hon. Mr. Tobin, destroy the furniture, terrify the inmates, and leave that gentleman lying in a pool of blood at his door. Mr. Howe said in June what every right thinking man in the community felt; and he says now, that an outrage never paralleled in Nova Scotia, has been followed by a mockery of justice, which demands from Nova Scotians, of every origin and Creed, not merely contempt and scorn, but thoughtful practical remedies such as Nova Sectionians know how to provide.

I have, thus far, written as though the letter, which I have shown to be simply absurd, was all that the Catholic contained. But it does contain something else. It contains an Editorial, headed "Railway Rioting," which certainly should be read in every section of the Province, as it has been read with indignation by every Protestant in the capital. *The real secret of the railway riot is out at last.* The Editor of the Catholic gives us, not the clue to the matter, but this open "confession," which certainly ought to be "good for our souls."

"And now that we suppose it is all over, we cannot refrain from offering a remark or two on the causes and provocation which led to this unhappy event. If Irishmen and Catholics believe in the real presence of the Redeemer in the Holy Sacrament of the Eucharist, they surely have a right to celebrate any feast in honour of that mystery which their Church has established. They had a right to assist at Mass on the feast of Corpus Christi, and their Protestant fellow-workmen had no right to jeer or taunt them for so doing. Knowing how sensitive the Irish people are to every thing which affects their religion or the character of their clergy, Protestants of any nation who are brought in contact with them, would show better their respect for the precepts of the Bible if they abstained from those taunts and provocations in which they are too prone to indulge.

So then, a mob of Irishmen, armed with sticks, march simultaneously from different points of a public work, break into a Nova Scotian's house—attack and attempt to burn it—destroy its contents, and leave it as the Judge well said, more like a "Slaughter House" than the house of a Christian; and the reason given is because some Protestants laughed at the Real Presence, which no Protestant believes; and which every Protestant in every free country has a right to laugh at if he likes, as much as every Catholic has to ridicule doctrines that he disbelieves, or to laugh at the simple ceremonies which a Protestant deems sufficient.

Who can doubt, now, with this avowal before him, that this diabolical outrage was deliberately planned—that it was perpetrated in the name of religion—that it was a Catholic foray in the midst of a Protestant country—that something worse than bad rum was at the bottom of it, and nothing worse, or better, than that infernal spirit of religious intolerance and persecution which

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has borne its bitter fruits wherever it has appeared. *These ruffians thought that they could trample out freedom of religion in the woods and solitary places of Nova Scotia.* Those who aid and abet them think that by proclaiming to all the world that it is dangerous for Nova Scotians to laugh at what they do not believe, they can silence and intimidate those whom they cannot convince.

Little do these rioters, or their abettors, know of the country in which they are trying these fearful experiments. *The right to discuss all questions or doctrines involving our worldly interests or our eternal salvation—to maintain what we believe to be true, and to laugh at what we believe to be absurd, is the common right of every Nova Scotian; and all the "mercurial" people that can be mustered will never trample it out of our hearts, or our homesteads.* This right the peasantry of our eastern Counties enjoy when at home. *They brought it with them upon the public surks of their country.* It was or should have been as sacred in Gourlay's shantie as in any Church or Dwelling in the Metropolis.

The Editors and Correspondents of the Catholic, have, week after week, for months, scoffed at and reviled everything that British subjects value—everything that Protestant Nova Scotians held dear. This paper has done its work, and done it most effectually. Presuming upon the political divisions which past controversies had created, its Editors supposed that Protestants would sacrifice their religious feelings to their political interest. Holding the balance as they assumed, between parties, a few short-sighted Catholics in the capital, thought that they could spit upon, use and scoff at, all Protestant sects and combinations in turn.

For months they have been doing this, and I have been looking at them with special wonder. They have written and acted as though Nova Scotians, who happen to be Protestants, had neither feelings, moral power, or political influence. Week after week, everything that our fore-fathers fought and bled for of old, everything that they brought with them, in the first emigration under Cornwallis—in the second emigration from the revolted Colonies—in the latter emigration from Great Britain—everything that we take pride in as subjects of our Sovereign—*everything that we hold sacred as freemen, and believers in one Saviour.* has been scoffed at and reviled. And now we are told, forsooth, that theology must not be discussed in the back woods—that "Scotch Protestants," must hold their tongues about Catholic Ceremonies, or there is great danger that "mercurial Irishmen" will gut their houses and break their heads. And, when they are broken, we are further told by these lovers of fair play, that Mr Howe had better hold his tongue about the matter, for fear that the "sympathy" of other Irishmen may be aroused and the violators of the law be rescued from the Penitentiary.

No Protestant would dare to publish such a paper as that to which we refer in any Catholic country. The man who attempted it in Rome, in Spain, or in Mexico, would soon find himself in "the Jail or the Penitentiary." Here it is published with perfect impunity, and *the difference between a Protestant and a Catholic country is illustrated by the very impunity which it enjoys.* Everything that Nova Scotians hold dear, sacred and national, has been made the subject of "jeers and taunts" again and again. "Abuse and derision" have been heaped upon the "faith" professed by three-fourths of our population. The oldest and most estimable clergymen in the country have been "railed at" day by day. Luther has been "pitched to Jericho," and everybody and every thing else that stood in the way of arrogant and bigotted intolerance. All this has been done, and Mr. Compton's shantie has not been disturbed—his house has not been turned into a slaughter house.

But the impunity that he enjoys in the capital, Protestants are denied here and elsewhere. The Scotchmen and Nova Scotians may "build bridges," "quarry stones," "lay sleepers," but woe betide them, if they laugh at what they do not believe, if they say a word about the real presence, purgatory or of the Pope.

Now, what I require is that Thomas Gourlay and Roderick McKay, and every Protestant in Nova Scotia—however humble in circumstances or remote or isolated in situation, shall have the same rights that Irish Priests or Editors claim, exercise and enjoy, in Halifax. If “mercurial” fanatics violate those rights they should be punished. If others band themselves together for their protection, they should be despised. If the securities of the law are abused that the guilty may escape, the law and its administration should be reformed to meet such cases. These are my opinions, and I shall be much mistaken, if they are not re-echoed from every village and hamlet in Nova Scotia; and if Nova Scotians everywhere do not unite to vindicate the sincerity of their religious convictions, and to guard the most sacred of their civil rights—the right to *argue*, and the right to *laugh*, against all the bludgeons and brickbats that can be mustered.

“Mercurial Irishmen” would do well to remember that, outside of the city of Halifax, they are but a handful in any County, east or west. Their best security is law, and order, and the preservation of the free institutions of the country. There is no part of Nova Scotia where they could not be trampled down in a day, were the people to become “mercurial” and deal out the “brotherly love and mutual forbearance” which were displayed at Gourlay’s shuntie.

In the County of Halifax, out of a population of 40,112, the Catholics of all origins number but 13,217. The right to discuss theology, and to laugh at what they cannot believe, will not be very tamely surrendered by the other 25,706, or I am much mistaken. If heads are to be broken, and houses gutted, about religion, the “mercurial” gentlemen, who pretend to be over-sensitive, will find that bad lessons are soon learnt.

I can understand an Irishman stung by some taunt, about his religion, striking a blow on the instant, and in hot blood, and I can find for him the excuse of national excitability, or the general plea of hot blood accorded to our common nature. And either of the rioters struck a manly blow at Gourlay or Gaston, resenting a gratuitous insult to his country or his creed, Protestant though I am, I would have helped to make a ring and let them fight it out. Had a half-a-dozen “mercurial Irishmen” challenged half-a-dozen Scotchmen, or Nova Scotians, to come out and settle their personal or religious disputes by manly trials of strength or dexterity, even those who disapproved of the mode, might pardon the zeal or admire the courage of the combatants.

But in this transaction there was neither hot blood to palliate or manly courage to admire. An overwhelming force, drawn from long distances, was concentrated in cold blood upon a lonely dwelling. There was neither a fair challenge—equal numbers—or one quality exhibited indicative of manly courage. The boys of Nova Scotia used to be taught at school, and I trust are yet to “fight fair.” For two or three to get upon one, or for one to strike his opponent when he was “down” used to be considered disgraceful on the common or on the parade. But the mode has changed. Persons with “religion” for an excuse, may fall in groups upon a single man, may stand over and beat him with sticks when he is down; and persons claiming to be gentlemen consider it no disgrace to sympathize with such ruffians—to shelter and protect them. “Lovers of Fair Play” ye are indeed, and most chivalrous “Christians.”

When our Saviour was present in the flesh, and a disciple smote one who reviled him to his face, our Lord did not shelter but rebuked the zealot. There was a “real presence” from which Christians might borrow an example. But what would he have said if the twelve apostles had set upon two or three poor men, and in his name treated them as the inmates of Gourlay’s house were treated? Would he have talked about “mercurial” Jews and “irritating systems of abuse,” or would he not have denounced such an atrocity, if perpetrated in his presence, as I denounce it, now that we are told that such a crime has been committed in his name.

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Having shown the true character of those articles, taken separately, let me show how utterly inconsistent they are with each other. If, as the editors tell us, these men stormed Gourlay's house because the Catholic mysteries were laughed at, who believes but that all that has happened would have happened whether or not any meeting had been held at Temperance Hall? The revelation made in the editorial accounts for all that has occurred:

For the deliberation—secrecy—and atrocity of the act itself.

For the fact that though hundreds must have known the ring leaders, or some of them, not one Irishman to this hour has given the slightest evidence in furtherance of the ends of justice.

For the presence in Court, and elsewhere, of aiders and abettors, not ashamed to become accomplices after the fact.

My speech at Temperance Hall was not made till some days after the attack on Gourlay's shantie. It was not made until I had spent two days on the Western and two on the Eastern Road, talking with every-body who could give me any information. It was not until I had sauntered round the town, and gathered unmistakable evidence that the rioters on the Railway were backed by the sympathies of some at least, of their countrymen here. Then it was that I thought it time to speak out, and the miserable attempts at bullying and intimidation that followed convinced me that I was right. The results of the miserable farce played off in the Supreme Court has not surprised me. I was neither surprised at what was, or what was not done: but this I saw from the commencement to the end, that the acquittal of the prisoners was a foregone conclusion.

"Good," we are told by the scribblers in the Catholic, "comes out of evil." I believe it. The ways of Providence are mysterious and inscrutable. A sparrow does not fall to the ground unobserved by its Maker's eye. Who believes, then, that he did not mark the men who fell to the ground in and around Gourlay's shantie, beneath the blows of bludgeons, and were left weltering in their blood? Who believes that those who struck them down, compurgated before earthly tribunal, or sheltered from the laws of the Province, will be held excused in the sight of God, or that the blood or broken constitutions of the victims will cry to Heaven in vain? I do not. But I believe that as long as that doomed house stands by the Railway track every Protestant Nova Scotian that passes it will feel his pulse quicken, and his heart thrill. That long after every stick of it has mouldered down, the spot will be pointed out to our children and their children, as other spots are elsewhere, which the bigot hand of violence has stamped with atrocity, and which freemen, for example sake, do not permit to be forgotten.

The consequences of this plain speaking I have duly weighed and measured. In a long public life, and in unstrained social intercourse with thousands of human beings, no man ever heard me revile anybody's religion. I respect the feelings and admire the sincerity of the Catholic whose opinions I do not share, whose ceremonies I may think superfluous. But, when he comes to propagate his religion by the bludgeon—when the liberty to criticise and scoff, which he claims and exercises, he attempts to deny to the Protestant population, my path is plain, and I tread it utterly regardless of consequences.

The subscriptions for the relief of Thomas Gourlay, Roderick McKay, and eight or nine men who were bruised and beaten, will I have no doubt, be at once filled up. This is the first thing to be done. McKay has nine children, Gourlay lost one child from fright and exposure. One of the men, Robertson, I think, nearly bled to death in my presence at Hamilton's. Another, a fine young fellow from Cape Breton, who had been but half an hour on the works—who had offended nobody—knew nobody and of course could identify nobody, lay for weeks in bed, and recovered only to be conscious that his constitution was broken. So far as money can repair their losses, these poor men should be made whole. But higher considerations are involved in this movement.—

These men have been bruised in mind as well as in their bodies. If they do not doubt the Providence of God, they will doubt whether they are in a Christian country. Upon this point let them be re-assured, and then let us look round and see what next is to be done. In the meantime,

Believe me, truly yours

JOSEPH HOWE.

No. II.

RAILWAY RIOTS AND CATHOLIC COMMENTATORS.

SIR:

That my letter addressed to you on the 27th ult., would disturb the people who fancied that Nova Scotians—their faith, Government Legislature, and Courts, were down-trodden, paralysed and powerless, I was well aware. I was also quite prepared for an outburst of their virtuous indignation. The storm of Milesian declamation has broken over my head, and shapes and figures the most grotesque have howled and gibbered around me. For the present let them howl on, while we proceed to do our business after our country's fashion—not by clamour and noise, but by earnest steadfast work, and thoughtful determination.

Taking a survey of the field we can see what has been gained or lost.

In the first place, loyal British subjects, of all origins and races, united and erect confront the foreign faction, that in their midst, from the commencement to the end of the Russian war, sympathised with the enemies of their country; and who, through their organ, at the close of 1856, had the audacity, in the heart of this British community, to thank God publicly for the humiliation of England.

Least any of your readers here, or elsewhere, should doubt the accuracy of my language, when I describe these people as a foreign faction, I quote a single passage from the editorial of the *Halifax Catholic* of the 27th of December last:—

"The year 'fifty-six was ushered in amidst the clash of arms, the booming of cannons, and the dreadful conflict of European powers for victory, conquest and glory.—The morning of the last new year of the political world was gloomy and terrible; and no one could have anticipated aught except the dreadful and inevitable consequences of a war which threatened to bring within its range every power on the earth. The wise policy of Austria, the prudence of Napoleon the Third, and the conviction throughout Europe of the decline of England's power, calmed the troubled waters, and restored peace and tranquility to Europe. At this side of the Atlantic, we have had a striking illustration of the fact, that little men, under certain circumstances, have the power of causing much commotion. A recruiting expedition in the United States proved to England that the Americans will maintain their laws, and that England must humble herself at the feet of the self-sufficient and boasting republic of know-nothings, filibusters and common schools. We had anticipated, as a good consequence of the Anglo-French alliance, the removal of English Protestant prejudices, and the suspension of the insulting interference of England with the religion of the majority of civilized Europe. In this we have been disappointed. However, we have reason to console ourselves with the result of Palmerston's political and diplomatic attempts in Spain and Italy. Napoleon the Third is a good Catholic, and the pious Eugenie is a Spaniard; this makes us hope for the once chivalrous, and always devoted, but too often misguided Spain. The King of Naples has good friends, who will empty their

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treasures and spill the last drop of their blood, rather than permit the Union Jack to flutter over the magnificent Bay of Naples. Whilst we deplore the bigotry, and are disgusted with the inconsistency, and smile at the boasting and blustering of British statesmen, so evidently manifested during the present year, we on the other hand, have reason to glorify God, and rejoice that England is at last understood, and her power to do evil therefore circumscribed."

This is a fair specimen of the style and of the kind of sentiments that have characterised this precious periodical ever since the declaration of war. With unblushing effrontery the resources of the British Empire have been depreciated, and its enemies patronised and praised. When British and Irish soldiers won a battle, the glory was given to the French. When volunteers were on their way to recruit our ranks, they were intercepted and turned aside. When famine or disaster decimated our army, their sufferings were gloated over with scendish exultation. When peren was conquered with heroic determination, the humiliation of England was proclaimed. Even in these "Christian amenities" for New Year's day, there are honeyed words for "Napoleon the Catholic" and "Eugenie the pious." The "King of Naples," (the greatest miscreant in Europe), has "good friends" who will spill the last drop of their blood to pull down "the Union Jack." What a "Happy Christmas" we are to spend with fellow subjects who could cherish such sentiments as these. There is not a word of praise to Queen Victoria, whose name the people of Nova Scotia honor above that of all the Spanish and Neapolitan tyrants revered by this faction, who are only jubilant over their cake and wine when her throne totters and her "power is circumscribed."

These foreign sympathisers, laboring in our midst, stand now unmasked before the community whose nationality they would undermine—whose flag they would abuse—whose feelings they have outraged. All the elements of society, aroused to consciousness of what they are about, have united to oppose them. Personal differences or animosities—party ties and predilections—the rivalries of public men, have all sunk into insignificance in presence of the overpowering determination of the people to vindicate the great principles which lie at the very foundation of our organization as a British community.

Shall "the power of England be circumscribed?" shall England be "humbled?" shall

"The flag that braved a thousand years
The battle and the breeze."

continue "to flutter," or shall it be pulled down by foreign despots, or be hoisted half mast high in token of degradation and disgrace, to gratify a few dozens, or hundreds, or thousands, if there be so many, of discontented persons, who under it have been elevated to all the rights of citizenship, who have been surrounded by all the securities of civil and religious liberty, and yet sigh for the political despotism of France—and the educational privileges of Naples and Spain? These questions have been pondered, and decided with honorable unanimity within the past ten days. The citizens of Halifax and the people of Nova Scotia, so far as they have gathered any knowledge of the sentiments promulgated, have formed but one opinion, and that is, regardless of all other questions and considerations—to unite for the preservation of all that this foreign faction hate, but which Nova Scotians, and British subjects everywhere cherish and hold dear.

There may be a few persons, who cannot gauge the strength or unanimity of this determination—who may be trammelled by their positions or connections. There may be a few politicians, on one side or the other who are pausing to speculate whether political capital may be won or lost. But the mass of the people, who are sound at heart—fearless and outspoken, have made up their minds to confront this faction—to make them comprehend, if they have forgotten it, that Halifax is a British community—that Nova Scotia is a British Province; and that the glory and integrity of the British Empire are not myths, but realities dearer to them than are the contemptible despotisms or "boasting republics" we are invited to mourn.

Upon another material issue there is equal unanimity. The habitation of Protestant farmers and workmen was broken into—sacked, and as the Judge declared

left like "a Slaughter House."—The crime was perpetrated in broad day, by 100 men. Ten or twelve of them were arrested and tried. From the perpetration of the outrage to the final discharge of the prisoners, with but a single exception I believe, but one of their co-religionists or countrymen, ever gave the slightest evidence or aid in furtherance of the ends of justice. Though Protestant jurors cheerfully acquitted where the evidence was defective—no convictions could be obtained where they thought it amply sufficient. The alleged rioters, patronized and encouraged in town, went back in triumph to the woods. The witnesses whose heads were broken and property destroyed, were bullied and brow beaten in the Court, and turned out of it as though they were the real criminals.

The effect of all this was very soon visible on the Western road. An Irishman at Hammond Plains broke into a neighbor's house last week, and cut his head open with some weapon. The magistrates in the settlement dare issue no process and no arrest was made. A few days afterwards Mount Uniacke was attacked, the windows broken, and the inmates terrified. The proprietor, hopeless of protection or redress, was about, when I last saw him, to request some person who might have influence with the depredators, to live in the Mount, and protect it during the winter. Mr. Fenerty, with legal process for the seizure of some horses on the Railway works had been for a fortnight forcibly resisted. No officer dare go and execute the writ. It was only executed on Saturday last, but in the mean time one of the animals has died of starvation. On Friday last an Irishman at McCabe's, on the Western road drove a Jack Knife between the ribs and into the lungs of a young man named Murdoch McKinnon, who I presume is from the eastern counties. The perpetrator of this last crime has been secured and lodged in jail. He has only to say that Mr. Howe mentioned his name in the newspapers, or that McKinnon laughed at his religion, and it will be all right. If the Crown Officers sit down on one side of a partition to frame a Bill of Indictment against him, the Proof Officer and his friends will assemble on the other side to sympathize with and to protect him. When he goes into Court he will have excellent company; and when he goes back to the woods, all that he has to do will be to *buy a new knife*. McKinnon, poor fellow, if he recovers, is perhaps thinking whether or not it will be worth his while to prosecute, because if a Four Pound weight is not flung at his head from the gallery of the Court House—he is sure to be roughly handled and laughed at for his pains. What is good for a McKay is good for a McKinnon, and the wounded man will probably go quietly back to his work.

While these transactions have been disgracing the country, and such thoughts, in all probability have been passing through the minds of persons directly concerned in them, the citizens of Halifax, of various creeds, of all ranks, of all shades of politics, have been coming calmly but resolutely to these conclusions.

That law and order are the first ends and objects of all government. That the preservation of life and property is its most sacred obligation. That a Government that cannot from any cause, afford this security and will not provide a remedy; that can, and does not, from any fear, favour or affection, is a Government that has already abdicated and ignored its functions.

It is not for me to say whether or not the administration have the nerve and energy to meet this crisis. I put the facts on record, as they are patent to the whole community; and I affirm the deliberate determination of our fellow citizens, that at any cost, life and property, shall be made secure.

If Irishmen of sense and respectability, waking up to a full consciousness of the precious mass into which they have been dragged by rioters and rowdies and of the extent to which they have been compromised by the disloyal sentiments published by their organ, co-operate with the community, it will be well. This is what some of us, if not all, have a right to anticipate. If they do not, they must expect to be classed with those who claim to be their leaders, and treated accordingly.

The writers in the *Catholic* do not venture to repeat the threats in their former article or to acknowledge the accuracy of the interpretation put by the whole commu-

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nity upon their language. They are now alive to the fact that they are in no position to bully Protestants in this country, and so they have all set to work to bully and abuse Mr. Howe. A good many people have tried the same game before, and have not made much by it, I think I can give a good account of them from the highest to the lowest. Some of their blunders and misstatements I may perhaps expose in another letter. Their felicities of language, and reckless disregard of truth and decency, I have no desire to imitate.

Two or three points may be noticed here. That I have asked her Majesty's Government for promotion is no secret to my personal and political friends. That it has been promised, when a fair opportunity offers, may perhaps be intelligence gratifying to my enemies. I have earned and held every office in Nova Scotia, to which I could or cared to aspire. Not only every Nova Scotian's but every Irishman's son, can tread the same path to honour and distinction; and if I rise they may come after me. Principles recognized, and precedents established, become the property of my countrymen—of Colonists generally, in all time to come. I may be inordinately ambitious, but I really can see no more sin in a Nova Scotian aspiring to be a Governor than there is in an Irishman hoping to be a Bishop.

If "the Chairman of the Railway Board, was anxious to escape from it" in any other than the very legitimate manner to which I have already referred, the opportunity was presented more than once last winter. Members of the Legislature on both sides, know what I assert to be true. On the promotion of Judge Wilkins, I think I may without vanity, assert, that I might have gone into the Government again without any sacrifice of my personal interests, or of the interests of "my own party."

The Reports, Accounts, and general policy of the Railway Board, will soon be laid before the Legislature, and the Chairman will be in his place. If there are any "screws loose," that will be the time to tighten them, where the men have no masks on, but are face to face before the whole Legislature, and the whole country.—Whenever the Railway Board becomes irksome, or unpleasant, I will soon leave my chair vacant. It is not so now, and I shall retain it, at all events till rejected by the formidable combination with which I am threatened. "Every Catholic in the Province," we are told by one of the Brigade, "should come to a calm, solemn determination never to give any political support to Mr. Howe—never to support any government that keeps him in office, and never to vote for any member of the House of Assembly without a pledge that he will oppose, on all occasions, any such Government." This is the penalty I am to pay for not permitting this faction to ride rough shod over the people of Nova Scotia—for speaking out what every British subject feels, what every Protestant, with precious few exceptions, thanks me for speaking.

Put this issue before the people of Nova Scotia, and I am content. I will never shed a tear for any office that these scribblers can deprive me of and certainly will never hold one an hour under any administration sufficiently contemptible to truckle to their dictation.

In the meantime, I am very happy to be able to state that the Subscription Paper for the relief of the poor people beaten and injured by the rioters, has been signed by the Protestants of Halifax, without distinction of politics or creed.

Yours truly,

JOSEPH HOWE.

No. III.

OLD AND YOUNG IRELAND.

SIR:—

Nova Scotians can scarcely understand what is passing in their own capital, without reverting to some things which have occurred in Ireland. It seems unaccountable to them, that any portion of our population should wish the downfall of England—gloat over her defeats and disasters—and thank God solemnly (at the close of a year in which we have shared all the glories of a great war without any of its burthens) that in their opinions she has been humiliated by the efforts of Foreign Despots, and her power circumscribed,

Sentiments such as these are as unaccountable to many, as they are abhorrent to us all. When the population of Ireland was decimated by fever and famine; when thousands were dying in that country, where a fearful visitation of the Almighty was aggravated by the improvidence of the people, what would any respectable Irishman have thought of the Nova Scotian, who selected that moment to say it served them right—who gloated over the misfortunes of Ireland—who thanked God, over his Christmas Dinner, that her resources were exhausted, and her power circumscribed.

The Nova Scotian who could do this would naturally snap his political relations, if he had any, with the Irishman he addressed. He could neither expect to share the counsels nor the confidence of the man whose feelings he had thus outraged.—From that moment there would be antagonism between them. There could be no love, and there ought to be, if not hatred, at least that reasonable degree of suspicion, watchfulness, and dislike, which irreconcilable conflicts of interest and opinion breed between men who belong to countries foreign to each other. The Nova Scotian, who, under such circumstances, triumphed in the misfortune of Jamaica, Jersey, or Ceylon would deserve to be hated and despised much more than a Frenchman, who is not a subject of the same Empire to which these Islands belong. The Nova Scotian who wished ill to Ireland—who gloried in her humiliation—would intercept supplies in her hour of necessity—and thank God for her weakness, real or supposed, would be just as bad. He would be not only a traitor to the Sovereign, of whom they were fellow subjects, but a bad citizen, faithless to the sympathy and support which gave him a right to regard the Irishman as a friend and neighbor.

Yet there are certain persons, calling themselves Irishmen, in this community, who think that they have a right to do this towards our Mother Country—to cherish such sentiments—to nourish this unnatural hatred—to offer at solemn seasons of thanksgiving, such unhallowed oblations, without being shunned and despised. They are, and will be henceforth, undeceived. They may band together, and scowl at those they dislike, but, to all intents and purposes, they are and will be regarded as a foreign element in the minds of a British community.—Good subjects will shun them—good citizens distrust them—good politicians will watch them; and just so long as they cherish and avow such sentiments as these, the people of Nova Scotia will take care that they have neither social standing nor political power—that their aims and ends being hostile to our honor and our happiness, they shall have no chance to accomplish them, by any means, fair or foul.

To a good many people it appears a puzzle how we got this pestilent faction into our midst. The explanation is very simple. In 1688 James the 2nd, who was driven by the Protestant spirit of England from the throne of that country, threw himself into Ireland, and, by French Troops, money and the whole strength of the Catholic population, thought to establish his authority firmly in Ireland first, and then over-run England and Scotland, afterwards. For a time success seemed to crown his efforts, and then the Saxon and Protestant part of the population got a taste of the luxury of living under the tender mercies of those who profess to be

great friends to equal laws and freedom of opinion.—Nearly from end to end of the island a Reign of Terror was established. "The highest offices in the Army, and in the Courts of justice," says Macaulay "were, without an exception, filled with Papists." The Charters of Cities and Towns were violated. "Towns in which almost every householder was an English Protestant, were placed under the Government of Irish Roman Catholics." "Whole regiments were disbanded and reconstructed." Catholics being preferred, of course. "The new soldiers, it was said, never passing an Englishman without cursing him and calling him by some foul name." They lived at free quarters at the Inns, ate and drank everything and paid for nothing. In the Courts no Englishman could get justice, and no process would be served against a Catholic if the Plaintiff appeared to belong to a Protestant Church. Such was the state of Ireland at this period. A general massacre of Protestants was expected, and the English fled, often in open boats, across the channel at the risk of their lives. Macaulay fills up pages as other Historians had done before him, with a recital of the cruelties perpetrated in every part of that country, by the Catholic majority when they got the power. We are often told by some of the Brigade what a Heaven Ireland would be if the Irish had it to themselves. They had it at this time, all but a few isolated and poorly fortified towns, and they made it as nearly like the infernal regions as any country could be. Mansions were sacked—manufactories destroyed—the crops were eaten and the land left unplanted. The chief wealth of Ireland consisted in cattle. More than one gentleman possessed 20,000 sheep and 4,000 oxen. These flocks and herds disappeared off the face of the land. A peasant would kill a cow merely to get a pair of brogues. Often a whole flock of sheep; often a herd of fifty or sixty kine, was slaughtered; the beasts flayed; the fleeces and hides were carried away, and the bodies were left to poison the air.—The French Ambassador reported to his master that, in six weeks 50,000 horned cattle had been slain in this manner, and were rotting on the ground all over the country. The number of sheep that was butchered during the same time, was said to have been three or four hundred thousand." The legislation of the Catholic Parliament was quite on a par with the devastation of the country. Between two and three thousand persons were proscribed. "At the top of the list was half the Peerage of Ireland, Baronets, Knights, Clergymen, Squires, Merchants, Artizans, Women, Children. No investigation was made.—Any member who wished to rid himself of a creditor, a rival, a private enemy, gave his name to the Clerk at the table and it was generally inserted without discussion." Religious and political persecution distracted every part of the island—murder stalked abroad, the sword desolated the country, where James's army met with feeble resistance, and famine and disease were sure to be left behind.

This, then, was the state of Ireland when the Catholics had it nearly all to themselves. This is the condition to which they reduced it when they had it last. Is it to be wondered at then, that when the tables had turned, when William had triumphed—when besieged cities, heroically defended were provisioned and relieved—when Protestant Irishmen, Englishmen and Scotchmen had beaten down their enemies, and got the upper hand, they should determine to keep the ascendancy they had established at the risk of their lives?

They did so determine, and they shaped their policy and their legislation accordingly. They ruled the Island for more than a century, and as the Historian records, gave the mass of the people whom they subjugated, no more power or social consideration, than the New Englanders gave to the North American Indians.

In 1800 the Act of Union passed, and Ireland was incorporated into the Empire and represented in the Imperial Parliament. This measure, whether wise or unwise, at the time, was carried by the most barefaced corruption. It is impossible to read the story now without feeling equal contempt for the unscrupulous politicians who bought, and for the venal scoundrels who sold the Irish Legislature. It is the fashion with the Brigade to lay the blame of this transaction on the English, but the Legislature could not have been bought, if it had not been sold, and even Castlereagh, the chief purchaser, was an Irishman.

With any or all of these transactions, Nova Scotians had nothing to do. We

read of them as we do of the civil wars of France—of the religious persecutions of Germany—of the partition of Poland. Irishmen have no right to blame us, or to bother us, with their by gone national feuds and rivalries, any more than the Germans of Lunenburg would have to disturb our country, with the politics of Prussia; or the Frenchmen of Argyll would have to fight over again the wars of Fronde, to organize a Jacobin Club, or to get up a demonstration in favor of Napoleon the Catholic.

What Irishmen, Germans and Frenchmen, have got to do in this country is, what to their credit be it spoken, the great body of them for nearly a century have done, obey the laws, keep the peace, uphold the flag of the Empire, and perform the duties of good subjects and citizens. What Nova Scotians, of all origins, have got to do, and what they will do, is to see that the religious persecutions—the brutal violence—the mockeries of justice—which have disgraced the Old world, shall not be introduced and imitated here. And what they will also do, is to see if they have got among them any persons who in war would sympathise with and assist the enemies of their country, that those persons shall at least not be clothed with the authority of their Government during peace. That such a faction exists in Halifax requires no proof; but, if any is wanting, I shall presently supply it under the hands of their allies in the United States. In the mean time I have a word or two to say, in reference to the charge which this faction bring against me that I have changed my opinions about Irishmen and Irish affairs—that I have thrown off a mask of assumed friendship, and become a political and religious persecutor. All this is arrant nonsense. If the people who utter believe it, they must know very little of me, or of the stream of my opinions.

When I commenced public life as a journalist, the Catholics of Ireland, downtrodden and oppressed by their own countrymen, who, as I have shown, acquired by the sword the mastery over them, were struggling, under the leadership of O'Connell, for a share of representation in the Imperial Parliament, from which they were by law excluded. O'Connell's name was not then very popular in Nova Scotia, nor had the cause he advanced many friends. But four or five Protestant Nova Scotians joined the Association formed here to co-operate with him, of which number I was one. All the officeholders in Nova Scotia—its wealthy merchants—the great majority of its constituencies, were dead against the movement. I was a young man, poor, commencing life. My friends, all that had patronage to give or power to injure, were on the other side. The Irish were a comparatively poor, downtrodden, and isolated part of the population. They had not a seat in the House nor an office in the country. Some of the families that since have claimed a monopoly of Irish influence or admiration, shrunk from the contamination of this association, or sent their contributions but withheld their names. I threw myself into the movement boldly, not because I wanted to court the Irish, who were here a powerless minority at the time, but because I thought it was right. I think so still, and if the Catholics were to-morrow excluded from the Imperial Parliament, I would advocate their admission as fearlessly in 1857 as I did in 1829.

During the lifetime of O'Connell, with all his faults, he had much of my sympathy, and often won, by some bold stroke of happy combination, my undisguised admiration. I believed him then, as I believe him now, the greatest Irishman produced in modern times. Many of his measures I approved. His boldness, adroitness, humor, and practical sagacity, I could not but admire. When, at a later period, I saw the great Irishman in private life, and in the House of Commons, the frankness and simplicity of his manners, no less than the comparative estimate which I formed of his talents, mingled something of personal regard with interest inspired by his noble career.

While I thus thought and acted about Ireland and her affairs, nothing was more natural than that Irishmen should be my friends. The opinions I held then, I hold now. The measure I advocated I would advocate to-morrow. I was not ashamed of the cause of civil and religious freedom in that day, as some were that I could name; nor am I reluctant to acknowledge, now that O'Connell is dead and powerless, that in some of his fiercest struggles I gave him my very feeble aid.

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It has become the fashion, among a certain section of the Irish population here, to assert that all this was done from motives of self interest, and that now, because I require no support from the Irish, I have ungratefully cast them off and assailed them without cause.

The answer to all this is very simple.—Upon one question I differed with the Liberator, and with those who supported him here and elsewhere. This was the question of Repeal. Though never disguising my opinions of the politicians who bought and the knaves who sold the Irish Legislature, I conscientiously believed that the repeal of the Act would be impolitic if practicable; and that it was impracticable even if it were wise, because, that in the civil war which any attempt to repeal the Union by force was sure to provoke, the Irish would be beaten—a great deal that might be done in the meantime for the amelioration of the condition of their country being sacrificed in the contest, and feelings engendered which would not very soon subside.

In 1841 every Catholic Irishman was excited about Repeal. An Association was formed here, and addressed frequently by the Rev. Mr. O'Brien, and by others who took the lead in the movement. Some of my Irish friends urged me to join this Association as I had done the last. I declined. A deputation waited upon me, and pressed me with every argument that friendship could dictate, or some consciousness of power over my political prospects, at the moment, could inspire. I respectfully stated my own convictions and declined to recede. Then it was that I was told, in very significant terms, that if I did not embark in the Repeal movement, Responsible Government, and everything which I had then in hand, might go to the winds. At that moment my personal interests and political success might be fairly assumed to hang upon my answer. I gave it in the negative, and would no more permit Irishmen to coerce me into doing what I did not approve in 1841, than they can, in 1857, coerce me into approval of breaking poor men's heads in the wilderness or of writing sedition in the capital.

O'Connell tried, but could not carry Repeal by peaceful and constitutional expedients. He would not sanction the employment of physical force, or countenance open rebellion. Then it was that up rose the Young Ireland Party, who scoffed at Dan as a coward and a fool. Who threw off his leadership—blamed him for delays and broken promises, which were fairly attributable to the difficulties with which he had to contend. They wounded him in the sorest point when they insinuated that the contributions of the people had been misapplied by his family, and that repeal with him was only another name for rent. This young Ireland party contained some talent. They wrote excellent poetry and poetical prose. Some of them were ready and eloquent after a fashion; but not one of them was a statesman, or a soldier of practical sagacity and common sense, fit to plunge a nation into and guide her through a great revolution. The whole of them put together had not as much common sense as O'Connell must have had when he was a baby in arms.

They confided in their own showy talents and scoffed at the Liberator's caution and experience. Dan saw what was coming. Their folly and ingratitude broke his heart. He went abroad, sickened and died, and then the stage was clear for the Young Irelanders to work out the regeneration of their country. What they did and how they did it—who does not know? After cramming the nation for months with their braggart threats and denunciations; after defying the whole powers of the empire; after detailing the easy modes in which they were to annihilate armies in the cities, by pelting them with ginger beer and blacking bottles, these great warriors took the field. No sooner had they done so than all the loyal and national among the Catholics deserted them. The clergy denounced them—the laity stood aloof. It was soon discovered that they had neither arms, ammunition, skillful leaders, or foreign alliances, not one requisite for a revolution—or even to give dignity to an ordinary civil war. They were chased and hunted about by a few policemen, captured in cabbage gardens, or compelled to fly abroad. Some were tried and exiled, and only returned "sadder and wiser men," pardoned, at the close of that war which their followers here regret was so successful.

When is the full tide of their experiment upon the nerves of John Bull, these young Irelanders had their admirers here. Messrs. Condon, Compton & Co., sang their songs, and repeated their speeches to each other, and to any body else who would listen to them. We were bored to death with "England's hour of extremity being Ireland's opportunity," with the union of the "Orange and the Green," and a good deal of braggart balderdash, which Irishmen of any taste and good feeling could scarcely swallow, and which Nova Scotiana listened to with very incredulous smiles. When their great Repeal movement, which I refused to join, had exploded, leaving a dirty smoke of treachery and cowardice behind—when their leaders were crawling about in cabbage gardens, flying from the country they had humbugged and disgraced, or were in the custody of the government whose power they had defied, we really supposed that the moon-struck Young Irelanders here would repent of their folly, become good citizens, and bye and bye good subjects and in that hope and belief merely laughed at and left them alone.

In peace we could afford to do this; but war broke out, and for a time the severities of an untried climate, the labors of a protracted siege, and the blunders of a War Department, made the issue doubtful. There was, for a time, every prospect that the Republic of the West would join the Despot of the North, and that hostilities would be brought home to our very doors. In every city of the United States, the Expatriated Young Irelanders did their best to precipitate an unnatural war. This excited no surprise, but what did surprise us was to find that the disciples of that school, here, had learned no wisdom; and that, in the reading room, in the streets, and in private society, their faces brightened when the news was bad, and that they only looked gloomy when the allied armies were successful.

Still, we scarcely thought that any of them were bad enough directly to betray the interests of the Empire—by any overt act or secret correspondence; and certainly did not believe that any person, holding an office under the Provincial Government, would so far forget himself as to enter into correspondence with convicted and banished traitors, in a foreign country—convey to them the secrets of his own Government; and, while receiving the pay of the Sovereign he betrayed, endeavor to intercept or defeat a mission sent on national service abroad.

All this appeared, even to me who have had my eye on this faction for some time, incredible. Whatever I might have expected, I had, until months after the war was over, no evidence to prove what these people had been about. I have it now, and I lay it before the country that they may decide what is to be done with it, and whether the Government that keeps such persons in their employment is worthy of their confidence and entitled to their support. "Have we a Government!" some writer in the *Catholic* asks. I think the whole Province will ask this question presently, and not wait very long for an answer.

"The New York Citizen, an American Irish weekly Journal," is published by John Mitchell, who was tried and convicted of treason and rebellion in the Mother Country, and banished to Australia. It is said that he broke his parol of honor and fled to the United States. The paper published by this person is filled with abuse of England; and no effort was spared by him during the Russian war to cripple the resources of and stir up enemies to the Empire. That this expatriated traitor should, while he was doing all this, have had correspondents and co-operators in Halifax—that officers of the Provincial Government should have so disgraced themselves as to correspond with him, will appear incredible. We have the fact, however, under Mr Mitchell's own hand.

The New York Citizen of the 19th July last is now beside me. To show the true character of this paper and its Editors, let me trouble you with a single extract from a letter which fills the editorial columns, addressed by John Mitchell to another Irish revolutionist recently pardoned:

"But further, the said advisers of Her Majesty are also fully informed (for they do me the honor to read my writings) that here in the United States I have used all diligence to point out the real nature of the late war in Russia, with a view of preventing people in this country from so throwing away their sympathies to waste them upon her

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sacred Majesty, her cause, her disasters, or her humiliations; and perhaps that I have even, to some slight extent, succeeded in this meritorious object. Therefore, while the Atlantic rolls she can never pardon me.

"And besides all this, her Majesty's ministers know well (for I enjoy the privilege of their distinguished attention) that I am one of those who in America look forward with enthusiastic pleasure to some attempt of the British Government to coerce, bully or molest the Republic of the United States, in order that we may unfurl the banner of the stars and stripes on Irish ground, and try whether it will not again, as it has done before, sweep the blood red Cross before it into the sea. Ministers, I say, are aware of this, and, therefore, know that to me the offer of a "pardon" would be an insult, and would by me be answered by another insult. Such a reply would, I admit, be rude, ungracious, repugnant to my natural politeness; but then it would be a public duty."

Now Scotsians, I think, will consider the person who could avow such sentiments and designs as these, anything but a reputable correspondent for a loyal man while war was raging. I do not believe that there is an Irishman with any common sense who will suppose that officers of the Provincial Government can be permitted to carry on such correspondence. In the same paper from which I have taken the above extract this editorial article appears:

"BRAVO HALIFAX.

"It is with no ordinary feeling of pleasure we refer to a preceding page in this week's *Citizen*, for a report of proceedings which took place at Halifax, N. S., on the occasion of presenting Mr. Crampton with an address. *Such open disaffection and liberty of speech in a British Province, and such evident sympathy with America and her institutions*, are truly refreshing. We cannot too much admire the spirit and pluck of one of the speakers and writers—*Mr. William Condon, who although holding a government situation, beards the old toothless British lion in the person of one of his cubs, Sir Joseph Howe, who confesses he came on a skulking, kidnapping, dirty mission to the United States, in the year 1855. The exposure of his plans by a telegraphic despatch sent to the "Citizen" by Mr. Condon, was mainly instrumental in defeating the scheme.*"

Yet this person holds, to this hour, a lucrative appointment under those who represent, in this country, the majesty of the Empire—who authorized that mission—whose secrets were thus betrayed. Really we are driven to the belief that the British lion has not only lost his teeth, but his mane and tail too, in the keeping of those who permit the honor of England to be thus compromised at home and scoffed at in foreign countries.

Yours, truly,

JOSEPH HOWE.

No. IV.

SIR:—

Mr. William Condon honored me with a very scurrilous and abusive letter in June last, to which I did not reply. I was favored with another, written in the same style, some weeks ago, which I also left unanswered. I was under the impression that he would, bye and bye, be ashamed of both epistles; and that, in the meantime, our relative positions could not be very much changed in this community, or in this country, by any thing that, in violation of good manners, we could say of each other.

Mr. Condon having, so far, profited by the state of public feeling as to be induced to write in decent language, his third letter, published by you on Thursday, is entitled to some notice; with your permission, I shall take the liberty to enquire what it is worth.

Mr. Condon passes over the trifling incidents of an officer of the Provincial Government appearing at a public meeting, to stigmatize and condemn the conduct of an Imperial officer, passing *en route* through the Province, whose conduct the Queen approved, and whose services were rewarded with a title. He takes no note of the fact, that, at that Meeting, the Provincial Secretary, a member of the Cabinet, and the official organ of the Provincial Government, took an active part; and was then and there opposed by his subordinate, who, according to the doctrines laid down in the Attorney General's Letter of the 30th April, 1855, forfeited the office which he should have resigned before taking the line he did.

Mr. Condon does not refer to another beautiful exhibition which he made of himself on other memorable occasions, when the Attorney General appeared in Court to bring certain rioters to justice; and when Mr. Condon appeared in Court, day after day, representing an organised conspiracy to defeat criminal prosecutions—to baffle the Government of which the Attorney General was the leader, and to bring upon this country the disgrace which that officer so earnestly deplored.

Mr. Condon confines himself to his dealing with the Recruits, and to his foreign correspondence, but what does his statements amount to? We all knew, long ago, nearly all that he has told us now. That the Irishmen said they had been entrapped—that he believed or pretended to believe them; that a grand demonstration, to alarm the members of the Government, was got up, and that 100 men, whose passages had been paid by the Queen, were intercepted on their way to the Crimea, and sent to work on the Railroad.

To enable your readers clearly to understand this transaction, it is necessary to bear in mind that the political party to which Mr. Condon belongs did their best from the commencement to the end of the war, to prevent Irishmen from enlisting in the British army. In several Counties of Ireland their machinations were successful—in every part of the Kingdom they exercised some influence, and in not a few sections Irishmen refused to enlist at all. "Will you aid England in her hour of extremity? Will you shed your blood for the nation by whom you are oppressed? Will you be such fools as to go out to the Crimea, to die in the trenches, or to starve in front of a fortress which can never be taken?" Where is the Irishman so base or disgraceful as to take the *Saxon Shilling* and recruit the Armies rendered powerless by the rigors of the climate and the bravery of the Russians!"

This was the language scattered broadcast over the Emerald Isle, by the organs of the party who had failed to revolutionize Ireland eight years ago. These disloyal sentiments and appeals were echoed and re-echoed in the Irish newspapers, in all the seaports of the United States, and in the principal Cities of British North America. They were caught up and published here. Hundreds of our citizens read them with disgust, and heard them sullenly muttered or openly avowed, by persons whose peculiar opinions had previously attracted but little attention. I believe that Mr. Condon cherished these sentiments. Many respectable persons are confident that he and his friends avowed them.

To the honor and credit of old Ireland these opinions were not shared by the mass of her population. Recruits were raised in that country. Thousands flocked to the standard of the United Kingdom. The ranks of regiments that had severely suffered were filled up. Priests and Sisters of Charity volunteered for the Crimea, the latter to nurse the sick, and the former to administer the consolations of religion; and when success crowned the efforts of the Allied Armies, thousands of gallant Irish Soldiers returned with clasps and medals upon their bosoms; and the great Banquet, given to the Crimean Warriors, by the Citizens of Dublin, proved the general appreciation of their services, and the excellent tone of the national sentiment at the conclusion of the War.

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That Mr Condon shared in this exultation, or approved of the participation of his countrymen in the hazards of the Campaign, few, who heard him express his feelings during the war, will venture to assert. That he would have turned aside every Irish volunteer, *en route* for the Crimea, if he had had the power, the community, where he is best known, very sincerely believe. The Young Irelanders, here and elsewhere, with few exceptions would have done the same. This is the key to Mr Condon's conduct in reference to the recruits sent here from Boston. To stop them—to turn them aside, was with him a matter of principle; and to prevent any more from coming was the object of his communications forwarded to the United States, to Republican haters of the British Government, who shared his opinions.

The Irishmen sent here I never saw. They were forwarded by a person whose instructions were the terms of enlistment contained in the Provincial Secretary's Handbill. He had no motive to deceive them, as his reward was to be a Captain's commission, on the actual enlistment here of so many men, not head money for the number sent. I was assured that attempts were made at Boston, to persuade the men not to join the Legion.—That the subject was fully discussed on the wharf and on board the vessel, the men having the handbill in their hands. Being at New York I was informed of their embarkation, and at once telegraphed to the Secretary that they might be expected at Windsor. From the moment of their landing at that port they were tampered with. I have reason to believe that an emissary, for that purpose, went from Halifax. As they came down their attention was turned to the Railway works, where their countrymen were getting a dollar per day. That the Saxon *Five Shillings* was better than *One Shilling* was a simple sum in Arithmetic. By the time that these men got to the Four Mile House they had the lesson by heart and were quite prepared to desert, having got into the neighborhood of good wages at the Queen's expense.

Here they were met by some of their sympathising countrymen. The Secretary and the Governor were soon, as Mr Condon tells us, beset with clamor and denunciations, and tales of fraudulent deception. Mr Wier, being an officer of the Irish Society, was dragged into the mess: and before night, the Young Irelanders glorified themselves with the conviction that the Saxon was weakened by 100 men, and the "Union Jack," which may not "float over the Bay of Naples," had just that number less to defend it.

Mr Condon has given his version of the story. This is mine: The public will believe which they think, under all the circumstances, the most consistent.

Now, let me fancy that 100 recruits were marching out of Galway towards the depot, and that they were met by a person of Mr Condon's known sentiments, holding an office under the Lord Lieutenant, and handled after this fashion. Let me suppose that this person had telegraphed and written to avowed enemies of the Government, to prevent any more from being raised in that quarter, how long would a person so acting hold his office under an Irish Government! Not a day.

Suppose that 100 recruits had been landed at Dover from the Continent, and that a Revenue Officer at that port, (assuming, without communicating with the agent of his own Government, who sent them there, that they had been deceived), took them under his patronage; by clamor and misrepresentation, either with or without the consent of the local authorities, scattered and dispersed them. Suppose that person to have been a red-hot Chartist or Repealer, and to have put himself in communication, as President of a Charitable Society, with the partizans of Russia, and the avowed enemies of England, to defeat the policy of the Government of which he was an officer. Suppose that those persons were to boast, in *Le Nord*, or any Russian newspaper, of the honor of his correspondence, and attribute to it the defeat of a scheme for the enlistment of troops, or for any other national object.—Suppose that boast to have circulated for months, uncontradicted by the officer, who was a constant reader if not an agent of the paper in which it appeared.

If we can fancy such a series of discreditable transactions as these to have occurred in England, we know that the officer thus distinguishing himself, would not only be dismissed from the public service, but from all respectable associations with loyal and honorable men.

Let me assume that Mr. Bulwer, when dismissed by the Government of Spain for obeying the Queen's instructions, returned to London through Southampton. That, at a meeting got up by the municipal authorities of that city, a band of Spanish sympathizers appeared, headed by a Revenue officer. That then and there Mr. Bulwer was slandered, the policy of England denounced, and the Court of Madrid justified. If we can imagine such a scene to have occurred, we know well what would have happened immediately after.

Let me suppose that a riot had occurred within twenty miles of London. That this demonstration was so formidable that troops had to be called out. That ten or twelve of the rioters had been arrested, and were on trial. Fancy an officer of the Inland Revenue taking into his head that these people were all innocent, getting up subscriptions to defeat the Government prosecutions, taking his seat day after day in Court, in their midst, and, in the presence of Her Majesty's Attorney General, openly countenancing those rioters. Fancy the Attorney General declaring in open Court, that, if those prosecutions failed, the jurisprudence of the country was disgraced. Fancy the Revenue officer, when they had failed, the Jurors not agreeing, glorifying himself on the result in the public newspapers, in open defiance of the Government of which he was the servant. Can we fancy such transactions to have occurred in England? But if they had, the officer of the Inland Revenue would have discovered that if the Jurors were divided, the Cabinet was not. His place would not be worth an hour's purchase, under any administration, Whig or Tory.

Having now shown that Mr. Condon's conduct is utterly indefensible, tried by English rules of Administration, let me try them by our own.

On the 30th April, 1855, the leader of the Government made this declaration, not of policy but of principle, which was subsequently sanctioned by the supporters of the present Administration, Catholic and Protestant.

We are arraigned for displacing a few of the Tory Commissioners of Annapolis, but we have a memorial from the Custos and a large number of the Magistrates and leading men of the County, approving of the work, and a Government is not worthy of the name that has not the vigor to protect its friends when they are wronged and insulted.

The Government were charged, too, with the dismissal of the Postmaster at Windsor, but I do not hesitate to avow that the principle we then acted on we are determined to adhere to as the British rule, and that the subordinates of Government who oppose it must be content to resign or to lose their places.

Acting upon these principles, Mr. Geldert was dismissed from the Post Office in Windsor, for voting against a member of the Cabinet at an election. Mr. Miller was dismissed from the Board of Works, for some alleged subordination; and Mr. Mc Naughton, of Shelburne, has been, it is said, more recently removed for voting, not against an officer but a supporter of the Government.

All these gentlemen are Protestants. Not one of them has placed himself in an attitude so defiant, and insulting as Mr. Condon. Not one of them has brought on his country the dishonour and discredit that he has inflicted. It remains to be seen whether Catholics and Protestants are to be restrained by the same rules of Administration—subjected to the same discipline, or whether we are to adopt new ones, and whether the Protestant gentlemen, already dismissed are to be restored.

I trust that I have discussed this subject with calmness and good temper. The principles involved in this controversy are very important, and principles survive, though political organizations perish. If the Catholics who sustain the Government are content to apply the rules to their own people, by which Protestants are bound, it may be well. I presume that the principles will be established, whatever else may happen; and, in the meantime, I remain.

Yours truly,

JOSEPH HOWE.

