

'She didn't say much—' Oh, my God! my God!'— something like that. The next morning she showed me a letter which she had written to Margaret.

'To Margaret?' I started up, but fell back again, helpless, with a groan.

'Yes,' said Joseph, 'and it was a letter worthy of the noblest woman. I wrote another, for I thought Margaret ought to know everything. It might save her life, and yours, too. In the mean time I had got worse news from her still—that her health continued to decline, and that her physician saw no hope for her except in a voyage to Italy. But that she resolutely refused to undertake, until she got those letters. You know the rest.'

'The rest?' I said, as a horrible suspicion flashed upon me. 'You told me something terrible had happened.'

'Yes—to Flora. But you have heard the worst. She is gone; she is by this time in Rome.'

'Flora gone? But you said she was here.'

'She? So she is! But did you think I meant Flora? I supposed you knew. Not Flora, but Margaret! Margaret!'

'I shrieked out, Margaret? That's the last I remember—at least, the last I can tell. She was there—I was in her arms; she had crossed the sea, not to save her own life, but mine. And Flora had gone, and my dreams were true; and the breath and magnetic touch of love, which infused warm, sweet life into me, and seemed not Flora's, but Margaret's, were no illusion, and—what more can I tell?'

'From the moment of receiving those letters, Margaret's energies were roused, and she had begun to regain her health. There is no such potent medicine as hope and love. It had saved her, and it saved me. My recovery was sure and speedy. The happiness which had seemed too great, too dear to be ever possible, was now mine. She was with me again, all my own! Only the convalescent, who feels the glow of love quicken the pure pulses of returning health, knows what perfect bliss is.'

'As soon as I was strong enough to travel, we set out for Italy, the ever faithful Joseph accompanying us. We enjoyed Florence, its palaces and galleries of art, the quaint old churches, about which the religious sentiment of ages seems to hang like an atmosphere, the morning and evening clamor of musical bells, the Arno, and the olive crowned Tuscan hills—all so delightful to the senses and the soul. After Florence, Naples, with its beautiful, dangerous, volcanic environs, where the ancients aptly located their heaven and hell, and where a luxurious, passionate people absorbs into its blood the spirit of the soil, and the fire and languor of the climate. From Naples to Rome, where we saw St. Peter's, that bubble on the surface of the globe, which the next earthquake may burst, the Vatican, with its marvels of statuary, the ruined temples of the old gods and heroes, the Campagna, the Pope, and—Flora. We had but a glimpse of her. It was one night, at the Colosseum. We had been musing about that vast and solemn pile by the moonlight, which silvered it over with indescribable beauty, and at last accompanied by our guides, bearing torches, we ascended through dark and broken passages to the upper benches of the amphitheatre. As we were passing along one side, we saw picturesquely moving through the shadows of the opposite walls, with the immense arena between, the red-flaming torches and half-illuminated figures of another party of visitors.

I don't know whether it was instinct, or acuteness of vision, that suggested Flora; but, with a sudden leap of the heart, I felt that she was there. We descended, and passed out under the dark arches of the stupendous ruin. The other walked a little in advance of us—two of the number lingering behind their companions; and certain words of tenderness and passion we heard, which strangely brought to my mind those nights on the ocean-steamer.

'What was the matter with you?' said Margaret, looking in my face.

'Hush! I whispered—' there—that woman—is Flora!'

'She clung to me—I drew her closer, as we paused, and the happy couple went on, over the ancient Forum, by the silent columns of the ruined temples, and disappeared from sight upon the summit of the Capitoline Hill.

A few months later we heard of the marriage of Flora to an English baronet; she is now my Lady, and I must do her the justice to say that I never knew a woman better fitted to bear that title. As for Margaret, if you will return with me to my home on the Hudson, after we have finished our hunt after those Western lands, you shall see her, together with the loveliest pair of children that ever made two proud parents happy.

'And here,' added Westwood, 'we have arrived at the end of our day's journey; we have had the Romance of the Globe, and now—let's have some supper.'

Correspondence.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EXAMINER.

SIR,—My attention has been called to an article in the columns of the *Protector*—a newspaper styling itself a "Christian Witness," a family Journal, &c.,—on the 15th instant, headed, "Post Office—Extraordinary Occurrence." The statement under the above head may lead the public to believe that two letters were posted at the Post Office on the 10th of August for Boston, containing Bills of Exchange for a considerable value; and that these letters were either retained in, or taken out of the Mail when in the Office, or forwarded by an indirect route. The Editors go on to confirm this statement, by attempting to substantiate a grave charge against this Department—adding that information has been received from the Postmaster at St. John that no such letters had been received.

The information conveyed from the Post Office in St. John, in reply to a letter from me on this subject, is: "No mails were received from Prince Edward Island of the 10th of August, the day on which you state as having forwarded the letter."

The foregoing information was communicated by me to a friend of the gentleman who posted the letter, and I have no doubt is the person from whom the *Protector* people have obtained their information, to raise a hue and cry against the Post Office—supposing, apparently for sinister motives, the fact of the Mail having been lost on the route between Shediac and St. John, when it was beyond the control of the Postmaster of this Island. The letters to which the *Protector* alludes were not posted, as stated by that paper, on the 10th, but on the 9th and 10th, and were made up with all others, *via* St. John, on the 10th of August, and delivered that day to Mr. Lund, the officer in charge of Her Majesty's Mails, on board the steamer *Westmorland*, and delivered by him, on the arrival of the boat at Shediac, to the Postmaster at the Railroad Station there.

I regret to state that no further information up to the present moment has transpired, although a most diligent enquiry is in progress on the subject. "What, are we to conclude?" asks the disingenuous editor of the *Protector*. What other conclusion can we arrive at than that the Mail was lost through the negligence of the person to whom it was entrusted on its way from Shediac to St. John, and that the Department here should not be held accountable for the loss. It is the duty of the Postmaster General to see that the Mails are regularly and faithfully despatched, but he is no more responsible for their safe carriage after they leave this Island until they reach their several places of destination, than the merchant would be for the transit of a package of merchandise, in the shipping of which he had taken all due precaution, but which nevertheless might be lost on the way to its destination. The *Christian Witness* may continue to pursue its favorite avocation of bellying one of the Divine

precepts—that we should not bear false witness against our neighbours—and may freely indulge to propagate its groundless insinuations, for aught I care, as I am confident the public understands its motives too well, to be misled by its false testimony.

As regards another statement of the *Protector*, namely, that no similar occurrence had ever taken place under the late Postmaster General, I have merely to observe, that if the friends and patrons of that journal had kept up the spy system with reference to the proceedings of my predecessor to the same extent as they do now, they would have discovered similar occurrences to complain of, and perhaps far more deserving of censure than anything which has happened under my management of the Post Office.

I am, dear Sir, yours very respectfully,  
BENJ. DAVIES, Postmaster General.  
Charlottetown, September 18, 1858.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EXAMINER.

SIR,—While chancing to call into a store the other evening on business, the last No. of the *Protector* was put into my hands by the clerk. That paper having acquired such an amount of notoriety for misrepresentation and intolerance, my first impulse was to throw it down in disgust. I was informed, however, that it contained a long account of the Monster Meeting, and was thus induced to glance over the editorial part. Although prepared to find a highly partial account of said meeting, I must acknowledge, Mr. Editor, I was not a little staggered on reading that compound of spleen, splutter and falsehood—the leading editorial. And if you think the following few remarks upon it worth insertion in your paper, they are at your service.

It will be unnecessary for me "to wade through the tortuous course" which the Editor of the *Protector* has thought fit to pursue in regard to the Monster Meeting. One would imagine from reading the article in question, that it was absolutely necessary for the interests of morality and truth to abuse and vilify our laboring and rural population because it was not their good fortune to be born preachers and snobs. Were it not for these very classes which the sanctified Editor labors to insult and slander he would long since have been earning honest bread by the sweat of his brow, and be a far more useful member of society at large than he is at present. I, as one of those whom he designates as "murderers, ignorant, besotted, and degraded men," &c., laugh to scorn his scurrilous and libellous attacks. For what reason, let me know, have we been thus abused? Have we broken the peace—disturbed the meeting?—or demeaned ourselves in such a manner as to be unfit to listen to the discussion of serious public questions? None of these have we done! The Editor himself can prove nothing against us save giving expression to our approbation in cheers and dissent in hisses. And has it come to this that if we give expression to our approbation or disapprobation at a public meeting, without first having provided ourselves with a suit of superfine cloth, we are to be set down as cut-throats and savages? Heaven forbid! What then has raised the ire of the *Protector* folks? Because we dare think, and judge for ourselves rather than get them to do so for us, and are not to be bullied into acknowledging the superior judgment of these would-be dictators. Well! despite all the abuse and falsehood of the *Protector*, I, and my countrymen I hope, will continue to judge for ourselves,—attend meetings in homespun rather than fine-cloth, and express our approbation or disapprobation in cheers or groans, until we are persuaded that slavery is preferable to liberty, and intolerance to liberality. I must here observe, that if the directors of the *Protector*—actuated by nought save prejudice—be the expounders of Christianity, well may skeptics sneer.

The story about the Monaghan carries falsehood on the very face of it; and I have no hesitation in attributing it to the fertile imagination of the writer. Its object is, plainly, to promote strife and discord through the length and breadth of our Island. Such conduct is disgraceful, and should be severely reprehended by all lovers of law and order. The Irish, I have every reason to believe, had not the slightest, the remotest idea of causing tumult; and it must be admitted that notwithstanding the provocation and insults offered them by the Editors of the *Protector* and others, they exhibited the greatest forbearance and the most orderly conduct. By such means are they enabled to hurl into the teeth of their slanderer his foul libel, that they were but a "bloodthirsty and disorderly mob." Did I not already know that those real disturbers of the peace—the Editors of the *Protector*—are devoid of all Christian and honorable principles, I would say such language is anything but becoming in the mouths of men who pretend to superior morality and piety.

Disgust at the low scurrility and spleen displayed in the article under review prevent me from writing dispassionately any further. I will, therefore, conclude by recommending to my countrymen the serious consideration of the policy of the directors of the *Protector*; and just to consider what their liberties would be worth were they placed in such hands. It, therefore, behoves them to act always as they have done on this occasion; and let them not be provoked into hostilities against their neighbors, be they Scotch or English, by any amount of provocation, but rather cultivate friendship and good-will, otherwise the colony will assuredly suffer.

May yourself, Mr. Editor, long continue to occupy the honorable position you have attained by your talents, and be an object of envy to all competitors.

Yours in truth,  
AN HIBERNIAN.  
Queen's County, September 4, 1858.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EXAMINER.

SIR,—Though being quite conscious of the fact, that replying to the silly, puerile, and I may add, untrue communications of Alex. McEachern—who has latterly become a regular correspondent of the *Islander*—can be neither interesting nor agreeable to the intelligent readers of the *Examiner*; yet I would respectfully solicit space in the next number of that invaluable journal for the following cursory remarks upon his two last famous productions. I shall first observe, by way of preliminary, that Mr. McEachern's long letter, referred to in my last, has appeared in the *Islander* of the 23d ult.; but he must have changed his mind with regard to its length, because instead of a "long letter of the dongs of the Snatchers in this part of the country," he has written a short one; but notwithstanding its brevity, he has contrived to have it sufficiently long to contain two falsehoods, and seven or eight glaring errors in its syntax or composition. He has here, as also in his last letter, exhibited a total ignorance of that part of grammar which generalises facts regarding the customary modes of writing words and sentences together, so as to be able to commit his thoughts to appropriate language: that is, such as shall convey to others the exact meaning he has in his own mind. Your correspondent "Prorona" has pretty forcibly replied to his letter of the 14th ult. For my part I considered the thing sufficiently self-condemnatory without a reply. But I suppose, for old acquaintance sake, "Prorona" has been influenced by a more friendly motive, viz: the being instrumental in effectually silencing Mr. McEachern, and thereby preventing him from acquiring any greater degree of notoriety in so unenviable a point of view. I will now, Mr. Editor, proceed to review his letter in the *Islander* of the 13th instant.

Mr. McEachern thinks fit to preface this communication with an untruth. He asserts that in consequence of the *Examiner* and its politics having fallen into disrepute, few numbers of it come here; that he sees it but seldom, but

by chance saw the "No. of date the 26th July ult.," in which he noticed my last letter. Now, sir, Mr. McEachern resides in the house in which the post office at Cassumpee is kept; and as several Nos. of the *Examiner* come to that office, and he is not over-scrupulous, you may rest assured that he reads each consecutive number of that paper. He next accuses "Domo" with making statements without any corroborative facts; but immediately after admits the accuracy of what "Domo" asserted, and follows up this admission by saying, that "no one finds fault with Warburton for giving his interest to a person who will support the Government of which he is a member." Here we have a man tacitly approving of an act which he has been labouring zealously for the last two months to magnify into one of the most unpardonable crimes which a public man could be guilty of. It will surely be admitted after this that McEachern's "scribbling" is not worth noticing. His last letter is such a compound of admission and contradiction that, before replying to it, I should have asked myself the question—"Is his mind free from insanity?" Acting, however, on the supposition that he is of sound mind, but that his apparent imbecility has been caused by imbibing a little of that intolerant religious bigotry so characteristic of his late pastor and patron, at Belfast. Was McEachern's mind or imagination not affected with some such monomania, he would certainly have written in a more concise and grammatical manner. Here is a sentence so absurd and ambiguous, as scarcely to be comprehended:—"I do not see, if it was only to keep out Mr. Hubbard that he acted so, why he did not give his interest to Conroy, who, 'Domo' admits, professed his intention of supporting the present Government." Mr. McEachern knows as well as any man in the district that Mr. Warburton was ready and willing to give his interest to Mr. Conroy, if Mr. Gaudet would resign; may more, he publicly expressed his entire confidence in Mr. Conroy. McEachern tells the old story of the *Islander*, namely: that Mr. Warburton's office is a sinecure—an idea which even an intelligent Tory will repudiate. By the by, Mr. Editor, the Committee of Management of the Liberal dinner, which was lately given at the "Pavilion," were guilty of an unpardonable omission in not inviting Mr. McEachern; for it must be to this dinner he has reference in his last letter, when he speaks of quartering the "exceedingly palatable loaves."

In the latter part of his letter, if I rightly comprehend him, he endeavours to make it appear that he did not write the letter signed "Amicus;" and says, that "Domo is not sure about it." One thing which "Domo" is "sure about," is, that an individual very much resembling Mr. McEachern in appearance told "Domo" that he was the writer signed "Amicus." Is your memory failing, Mr. Mac? He next states that the words "Snatcher Liberal" were not used in the communication signed "Amicus." Here is another instance of his retention being defective. But, Mr. Editor, that which caps the climax of his false assertions, is his stating that the conduct of "Domo" was no less inconsistent than his own; because, he says, "Domo" voted for Mr. Hubbard, and then comes out praising his opponent, Gaudet, and dispraising him." I will admit, for brevity sake, that "Domo" did vote for Captain Hubbard. But is there one word or sentence in my letter of the 8th ult. which could be construed, by any rational being, into praising Gaudet or dispraising Hubbard? No, but McEachern has here endeavoured to pervert and misrepresent the facts by publicly stating what is positively false. If you refer to the poll book you will find A. McEachern's vote recorded in favor of Mr. Warburton on the day of Election; and the very next day he commenced his scurrilous attack on him—an attack, however, which has resulted in smoke. He says, in conclusion, that he will notice no more of "Domo's" "scribbling" until he signs his proper name. I trust he will adhere to this resolution; for I am truly sorry that he has acquired such unenviable notoriety; and in a spirit of good fellowship, I would advise him to write no more for a public newspaper until he learns to write correctly, and to confine himself to facts.

Yours, &c.,  
Kildare, Lot 3, Aug. 18, 1858. DOMO.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EXAMINER.

SIR,—Will you please insert the following in your paper. In looking over your paper of the 21 instant, I saw a communication signed by "William H. McKay," in reply to a statement made in your paper of July 12th, denying that the Light on Fish Island was out on the night of June 27th, which statement I can prove by my whole crew and other respectable witnesses, that the Light was not only out at that time, but at two other different times. The writer states that a vessel leaving New London at 10 p. m., would not arrive at Malpeque bar until daylight. Now any boy knows better. I should consider a vessel a dull sailer that could not run the distance in two hours. As regards smuggling or defrauding the Government, it is a business I am not in the habit of doing, as I have always paid my Light money and all legal demands. Perhaps Mr. McKay judges my character by his own. I would recommend him to Government as a suitable person for Tide Waiter. If he is as competent to fill that office as he is that of Light Collector, there would be no danger of the Government being defrauded, as I have been in the harbour of Malpeque eight or ten times, and laid from two to five days at a time, and have not been boarded by the Light Collector. As regards making false statements, I think I can substantiate every statement I have made by good and respectable witnesses.

If Mr. McKay wishes for any more proof he can have it by applying to

JOHN PARKER.  
Princeton, August 19, 1858.

The Examiner.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I., SEPTEMBER 20, 1858.

IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT.

Our contemporary of the *Islander*, in noticing the measure which passed the Canadian Legislature, last Session, abolishing imprisonment for debt, has expressed his opinion in its favor, in decided terms. As we agree with his views on the subject, we would commend to our readers some few reasons which suggest themselves to our mind on the general principle, and the absurd and cruelly unjust application of that principle to be found on our Statute Book.

As to the general principle—in other words, the right of one man to deprive his fellow of his personal liberty for non-payment of a debt, we see many objections to it on grounds of religion, as well as social and personal interest. As to the religious objection—apart from the consideration of the spirit of love and charity which is at once the root, branch and fruit of the Christian dispensation, the right of imprisonment for debt was at no time and by no people sanctioned and practised with the same cruelty and injustice as among professedly Christian communities. Although the Editor alleges that in ancient Rome the creditor had the grim option of imprisoning, enslaving or of hewing to pieces the body of an unfortunate debtor, we, in requesting his authority for the last mentioned privilege, would suggest the propriety of his extending his researches into ancient History sufficiently to

enable him to inform his readers whether any and what limitations were imposed upon the two former rights of imprisoning and enslaving. He will find that not only was the period in either case limited, but that he who sought to enforce his claim at the expense of the liberty of his fellow man, was compelled to see that his wife and his children, deprived of their support, should not become a burden to the state on that account, and that they must not be left to starve. The policy of the law to which we allude was, that a man owing an honest debt must pay it, as far as his means would avail; and that, if he had nothing but his bodily labor to pay it with, he must pay with that, saving always the natural right to his own support and that of those naturally dependent upon him. Barbarous as were the Romans, there are a few things in our boasted civilization which fall short of the principles they acted upon in their civil polity; among others they deemed it unwise to put it into the power of any man to gratify his love of gain, his cruelty or vindictiveness, at the expense of the public, by allowing him to subject the community to the charge of maintaining the victim of those amiable qualities. The debtor was compelled to work for his creditor, who in turn, gave him his necessary maintenance and supported his family, receiving the surplus product of his labor in payment of his demand.

This, indeed, was a truly harsh infliction on a man whose sole crime, in a majority of cases, was the mere result of misfortune, but he had still the consciousness that he was paying his creditor, however slowly—that his wife and family, however greatly they might miss the comforts, were still not without the necessaries, of life—that each day brought him nearer to the period when he could look his creditor, harshly and unfeelingly as he had treated him, in the face, with the knowledge that he had honestly paid him "to the uttermost farthing;" and that if the benignant gods should accord him the necessary health and strength, he might again, "with wife and children blest," take his evening stroll along the Sacred Way.

As to the right of hewing to pieces, we have already denied that it ever existed, and repeat our request for the authority on which it is asserted; but allowing, for a moment, that such power was ever exercised, we can fancy some most extraordinary incidents attending the division of this personal property assigned in so peculiar a mode. Fancy the carcass of a poor devil of a debtor cut up, to be equally divided among all his creditors—what bones of contention would arise as to the appropriation of the various "dispecta membra postea!" (poets are or were proverbial as being debtors). What vehement disputes would occur as to the particular value each recipient might assign to the portion which fell to his or her share, according to their temperaments and the relations which subsisted between the creditors and the unfortunate, who, in order to pay his worldly debts, had been compelled to pay also that of nature. If the creditors were a mixed community of males and females, there would arise a scene of confusion such as has not occurred since the dispersion of the builders of the Tower of Babel. The bachelor, married man, wife, maid or widow, among the creditors, would be apt to disparage what they respectively might receive, and the preferences and antipathies rendered immortal in the *Midsummer Nights Dream* would be anticipated in a material sense. One creditor, whose modest wishes would be bounded by the smallest out of the thinnest part of the defunct, might have occasion to exclaim, with Hamlet,

"Oh, that this too, too solid flesh would melt,"

as he walked off with a haunch of some Roman Falstaff, who had lived at 59 Esquiline Hill, merchant, bankrupt, deceased. Some Shylock would receive his pound of flesh, for "the law allows it, and the Court awards it." If a choice were given to the gratification of personal feelings against the deceased, a creditor, whose importunate dunning had induced the debtor to apply the *argumentum a posteriori*, might select the offending foot, or, in a spirit of vengeful retaliation, might prefer to take his payment in the counterpane of the locality assailed, and claim, as his property, the *os coegyis* of his departed assailant.

But who shall describe the trial to which the modesty of the fair portion of the creditors would be exposed in the division of the property ratably? This consideration is so heart-rending that we cannot continue to reflect upon it, and must, therefore, defer further remarks till next week.

ANOTHER LIE NAILED.

We would ask those of the Snarlers who may wish to be considered as possessed of common honesty, and would blush to be supposed capable of gratifying their political feelings against those whose opinions on questions of public policy may differ from their own, what they must think of the *Protector* and the other organs of their party, for publishing the false and malicious statements relative to the two registered letters containing securities for money, out of which they have sought to make political capital. On reference to the letter of the Postmaster General, which we publish in another column, it will be seen that the whole mail bag, containing those, as well as other letters, was safely delivered beyond the jurisdiction of Mr. Davies, and its non-appearance in due course at St. John is matter of investigation by the Postal authorities of that Province. Will the Opposition now have the effrontery to assert that any blame is attributable to our Post Office Department? Will they say that during the incumbency of Mr. Owen no mail bag was ever missing in New Brunswick? If they do, surely they need claim no credit for their "stricko-deer," the late incumbent, as we never heard that he was Postmaster General of that Province.

The dirty contemptible lie which they sought to impress on the community—that not the entire mail, but those two particular money letters were missing, thereby implying dishonesty on the part of the Post Officers here, has met its full and ample refutation, and the originators and propagators of it we leave to the censure of all honest men of all shades of opinion.

M. H. PERLEY, Esqr., Her Majesty's Commissioner for the Fisheries, under the Reciprocity Treaty, arrived in Charlottetown last Friday evening, from Halifax, *via* Pictou, on a visit to His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor, in connection with the business of the Foreign Office. We are happy to hear that Mr. Perley has accepted an invitation to lecture on Wednesday evening, at the Hall of the Mechanics' Institute, on "British North America."

Mr. James B. Pollard, Kent Street, having imported a quantity of the celebrated Paraffine Oil, distilled from Albertine, the name of the coal obtained from Albert County