

## To the Editor of the Carleton Sentinel.

SIR.—The accompanying Letter was offered to the *Journal* for publication. As it is a reply to a very gross and undeserved attack upon me made in the *Journal* over an anonymous signature, I thought it but even handed justice, that the Conductors of that paper should permit me to defend myself in its columns, so that the "bane and the antidote" should go forth to the public through the same medium.

I have been refused admission into the *Journal*, as the letter now enclosed for your perusal will show you; and am compelled to ask the same favour from you, that I thought the *Journal* folks would not have refused me.

Yours truly,  
T. E. PERLEY.

SIR,—For years past it has been very seldom, that the Editor of a paper in the province was requested to afford a space in his columns to any effusions of mine; but now I am really obliged in self-defence to ask of you the favour to insert this letter in your next number.

A correspondent in the last *Journal* has taken up about two and a half columns of the paper in abusing and slandering me, nor is it the first time, as it is very rare to find a single number since its establishment free from some slur upon me or upon my social conduct. Why this is so, people will naturally enquire. So far as I can answer there is no cause, except that my political faith does not square with that professed by the writers for the *Journal*.

I am at no loss to identify the author of the Communication referred to, and as I believe it but right that he should be paid in kind, it suits my purpose to address myself directly to him, instead of talking through a third party. You will observe the difference between us; he writes over an anonymous signature, while I use my own name. The author of that communication is Abraham Kierstead Smedes Wetmore Esquire, and it is to him that I shall direct my discourse. You Mr. Wetmore have set yourself up as the champion of the party with whom you are connected, and been persuaded to descend to the lowest level of newspaper discussion. You have wantonly and maliciously attacked and slandered an innocent and a private person, unnecessarily and without provocation, and when you undertook your allotted task, you had not probably forgotten the old maxim "that what is sauce for the Goose is good for the Gander; what a man gives he should be willing to take." My determination now is to apply the rule to yourself.

Passing by the introduction to your communication I shall first remark upon your position as Judge of the Victoria Common Pleas Court:—Pray Sir how can you make me responsible for the epithets every anonymous writer may choose to apply to you? By mere assumption only have you chosen to fix their authorship upon me, and thereupon erected your structure. The truth may well be told; you were in reality dismissed (you see I do not confess to the word discarded) from the situation you held in that Court, if the refusal to continue the stipend means a dismissal; and I witnessed the scene in the Court Room at Grand Falls wherein you were the chief actor, and saw you shed tears on the occasion. Then it was that I felt the force and truth of the remark I had so often heard my Brother make, in reference to persons of your set and caste, namely, "that you were only Provincial Paupers, devoid alike of patriotism or liberality, seeking always for sinecure places, and to batten upon the salaries attached to them." The high and honorable position to which the people of Victoria had elevated you had no attractions; no laudable desire to render yourself useful to the public actuated you; it was the expectation of the pecuniary advantage which alone had its charms, the only spur to your actions, and the one ruling passion. Throughout all your life, Mr. Wetmore, it has been the same thing, with the best advantages of education and every opportunity of acquiring information, you have arrived at this your present age, without having been either the exponent or the advocate of any large or liberal principle calculated to benefit or instruct the people among whom you lived. You have forgotten nothing, and have learned nothing.

You describe yourself as an old Gentleman, so far above the common run of mankind as to be disposed to follow the example of the Rev. Mr. Beecher, and avoid newspaper discussion, and in your Petition (a copy of which I subjoin) presented to the Council in your behalf, you talk very pathetically of your age, and your desire to abstain from any intermixture with party squabbles. Here is the Petition:

(Copy.)

To the Worshipful, the Municipal Council of the County of Carleton, in General Session assembled.

The Petition of the subscriber most respectfully sheweth,

That your petitioner has held the office of Clerk of the Peace, for this County, upwards of twenty years; That your petitioner has now arrived at that time of life, when angry disputations have become as irksome and painful to his feelings, as they are obviously unsuited to his age. That for the attainment of peace and harmony, so much more to be desired than quarrel and discord; and to avoid the periodical recurrence in future, of the hitherto unhappy collisions with your Worshipful body, your Petitioner is exceedingly desirous that some fixed remuneration, per annum, should be established for your Petitioner, as Clerk of the Peace for this County.

That you Petitioner has received nothing whatever for his services as Clerk of the Peace for the past year. Your Petitioner, therefore, prays your Worshipful body will be graciously pleased, to take the above premises into consideration, and to grant him such an allowance for the services of the past year; and to establish by a Bye Law for the time to come, such a fixed yearly remuneration for your Petitioner, so long as he may be mercifully spared or permitted to remain the Clerk of the Peace for this County, as may be mutually agreed upon, and to your Worshipful body in your wisdom and justice shall seem meet.

And your Petitioner as in duty bound will ever pray, &c.

(Signed) A. K. SMEDES WETMORE.  
Woodstock;  
9th January, 1855.

It does not speak much for the manliness of your disposition, and the consistency of your character, to pen and subscribe a document such as this, considering all the circumstances belonging to your transactions with the Municipality of this County,—A Petition praying for favours at the hands of men, whom you had for years derided and abused, and whose every act you had taken so much pains to thwart, condemn and ridicule. I think it would be the choice of nine-tenths, Aye! of ninety-nine out of every hundred men in the County, rather to suffer all the inconveniences of extreme poverty, than demean themselves by subscribing and causing to be presented so servile and so degrading a Petition as this.

Let the people of this County notice what you say in this Petition about your desire to live in peace with all men, let them add your declared willingness to follow Mr. Beecher's course and couple these professions with the fact that you are the Author of the Communication which has called for this reply, and then pronounce their verdict. Will it be in your favour think you? and you be re-established in their confidence? I believe not Mr. Wetmore, and it is with no great satisfaction I tell you so.

But how was the respect and confidence forfeited, which the people of this County were once willing to pay to, and place in you; was it by a proper discharge of your Public duties, as an officer high in authority? Duties which you were solemnly sworn faithfully to discharge. No Sir, 'twas by your neglect of such duties; 'twas by your sale at 2s. 6d. each, of tickets for Marriage licences without afterwards providing the licences; do you understand me, Mr. Wetmore, I can be more explicit if you wish. 'Twas your neglect satisfactorily to account for monies which came into your hands as receiver of the County funds;—but why particularize, these and many, very many, similar things caused you to lose, irretrievably, the place you once filled in the rank of the County Officials.

You have assailed my private character and social relations. I shall return the compliment.

You say I have been discarded by all the merchants and traders from St. John to the Saint Francis. None know better than yourself Mr. Wetmore that the only business dispute I ever had was with one, who perhaps at this time regrets it as much as I do, and which would never have occurred but for the intermeddling interposition of a set of treacherous and designing men. I marked them all and know them now. For years have I waited for an opportunity to take satisfaction. To this end have I thus far submitted patiently to all the abusive slanders which have been so liberally heaped upon me, convinced that when it was thought I would quietly lie down as a dead mat, for people to wipe their feet upon, some of the crew would venture to show themselves; you have been the first one to do so, and the others may profit by your example.

You say I have been discarded by all the mechanics and labourers throughout the country; let me tell you sir, that among all the people of this class who have been in my employment, and they can be numbered by hundreds, there are few if any, that will now declare they are yet unpaid.—'Twould be greatly to the pecuniary advantage of some people, if you Mr. Smedes Wetmore could with truth say as much.

You say I have been discarded by all my "warm" personal friends. Individuals of this stamp I can readily buy up, by offering for their gratuitous use some of the delicacies of the season.

You say you always had a friendly feeling, and have performed many kindly offices for me. The value of the first declaration can be estimated by any one who reads your communication, as to the last one about the kindly offices, I must confess to no recollection of them; why Mr. Wetmore from your first arrival in Woodstock up to 1843, while I was in business, your acquaintance cost me at least £50 a year, and moreover some of the military equipments you wear were imported and paid for by me, and you know I never saw the color of your money. I feel ashamed to advert to these things, but you have compelled me to do so.

You have resided in St. John Mr. Wetmore, pray tell us how many accounts and notes you left behind you unpaid that are now out-lawed? You have resided in Miramichi, are there any such there? You have resided in Fredericton, are there any such there? You have resided in Woodstock for some years past, and here I can put my finger upon many, many, accounts or notes, unadjusted, unpaid and out-lawed; and sir with all these official and moral delinquencies chargeable against yourself, you set up as a censor of others, especially of one who never did you any harm, and who has hitherto declined, to be in any way instrumental in placing a straw in your path. The "turpitude and moral depravity" of the step you have taken must rest upon your own head Mr. Wetmore; the kindly offices have been altogether on the other side, and a costly experiment I found it to be.

You style me a "Nigger." I was never famous for aping the negro character, neither am I as fond of negro melodies as some of my neighbours are. The term is better applied to those who have a taste for such things.

You sneer at my employment Mr. Wetmore.—Let me tell you sir, I see no disgrace in honest labour, and cannot imagine what concern it is of yours how I employ myself. I have been accustomed to work for my living since early boyhood, and shall endeavor to bring up my children in the same way, considering it far from respectable for them to earn their living as I have been obliged to do. It had been well, if you sir had practised the same rule.

You have voluntarily taken upon yourself to harp upon, and agitate the elements of a quarrel which you were at the very first instrumental in promoting, between persons through whose veins the same blood courses; men to whose charitable forbearance you have long been indebted;—and who, whatever they may think and say of each other cannot and will not allow strangers, especially Mr. Smedes Wetmore to vilify and abuse any of their name. Blood is thicker than water, and if its natural current be sometimes unfortunately changed, 'tis none of your business.

The punishment which your intermeddling officiousness so richly deserved, has now in part overtaken you, I say in part, for true to the instincts of my race never to forget and seldom to forgive an injury, I will not lose sight of you until you shall have been painted in such colours, that the late "Attorney General" if he should rise from his grave would be ashamed to recognize his protégé. As regards those with whom you are associated, let one of them dare to show as much as a little finger, and I'll make them feel as if "their flesh was torn off and the naked nerve steeped in poison."

You are fond of quotations; here is one from the works of an Author, quite as much celebrated as your Yankee Beecher:

"There is no strength in human power,  
Which can evade, if unforgiven,  
The patient search, and vigil long,  
Of him who treasures up a wrong."

I acknowledge to a belief in this doctrine Mr. Wetmore, and be assured that in the pursuit of my object I shall hold few things consecrate.

And now Sir, let what has been here stated suffice for the present. I would have said much, very much more, but my respect for Mrs. W. restrained me. You see I do not follow your example and speak of her as the wife of a "Nigger."

T. E. PERLEY.

NOTE.—Mr. Wetmore's remarks about my standing among the people of this County, are here left unanswered. The subject shall not be neglected.

## To the Editor of the Carleton Sentinel.

SIR.—Will you do us the favour to publish a list of the Officers of the Victoria Temperance Watchmen Club for the ensuing term.

Charles J. Shaw, S. O., Richard Holmes, J. O., Edward M. Boyer, R.S., James W. Boyer, C. S., George Davis, T., Matthew L. Phillips, C., Asa McIninch, M., Odber Gallop, A. M.

JAMES W. BOYER, C. S.

Victoria Corner  
12th January, 1855.

## (To the Editor of the Carleton Sentinel.)

SIR,—Among the many homespun, common-sense characters portrayed by Cooper, the American Novelist, there is none, perhaps, so practical as that of old Tom Coffin, the whaler, familiarly called "Long Tom" by his shipmates. He is made the author of the expression yet in use among whalers, when they pull up to despatch their victim—"Starr all, the creature's in its flurry." It was the frequent boast of the old salt that he never missed his blow, and could number more "flukes" than any man of his age, who had ever sailed out of Nantucket.

There is a little similarity between old Coffin's character and mine, for I honestly assert, I can number more "flukes" in the political and sectional warfare now, and for years past going on in this County, than any individual in it; and if I am unable to boast so many instances of success as the old Whaler did, it is because the necessities of the times did but seldom require my interference.

With the best possible intentions towards the Editor of the *Journal*, in my letter to you, he has not understood my meaning, or perhaps has willfully misconstrued it, and become restive and ungovernable, exhibiting the "latest" instance of equivocal gratitude and thankfulness. It seems that the harpoon has been sent home to the "siezing" (as old Coffin said) through the "Yellow Fuzze" and the "Blubber," and into the very quick. Such being the fact the animal may be allowed to make play, take line, and use its best exertions to shake itself clear of the incubrance. But we know it is quite useless labour; the hold is good, and fastenings secure, and when I pull up to give the fatal lance a thrust, you may

"Watch dis Nigger's fingers as he plays upon de string."

There is no danger or risk in this, because the "creature" is in its "flurry" now; and whenever a Whale is affected by the harpoon, as this one has been, its final defeat is sure and easy. I take infinite satisfaction in seeing the windings and twistings of my "whale"—for convinced that the harpoon is made of the best iron, and the line of more than ordinary size and strength, it is really sport to see the monster dash up the spray, and spurt out its life blood, unconscious that it is thereby only ensuring an easier victory, to the man who already feels himself to be its master.

Pray offer my condolence to the Editor of the *Journal* and all the *ali-asses*, upon the misfortune which has befallen them in seeking to fix my identity upon an innocent party. No two men are more widely different than the one suspected and he who owns this signature. The one is noted for bitter invective and biting sarcasm—for a reckless daring and a horror of concealment. You see I am full of the milk of human kindness, good natured, and at times funny,—wishing evil to none—respectful and often humble in my address—reluctant to advert to the foibles of my neighbours—and withal, so modest and unassuming that I am content to remain in obscurity. Such men are the antipodes of each other; and the *Journal* association may find to its cost that the individual "spotted" is not the real Simon Pure.

The accompanying remarks upon an advertisement which appeared in the *Journal* some time ago, are now sent you for publication, please give them a place in your next issue.

W. H.

23rd January, 1855.

(We cannot make room for the remarks referred to, this week, as our limits will not permit. If our correspondent deems it advisable they will meet with attention another time.—EDITOR.)

GOING TO LAW.—In Franklin county Vermont, recently, a case was decided which had been tried twice before, which originally amounted to \$2, and relating to impounding a few sheep. The decision is precisely the reverse of the decision of the same matter at the last session of the same Court. So the parties have alternately whipped each other an expense of several hundred dollars apiece.