

The Examiner.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I., JANUARY 24, 1859.

THE POLITICAL NEWS OF THE WEEK.

One or two circumstances occurred during the past week which placed the opponents of the Government in the most delightful frame of mind they have experienced since they held the reins of power in 1854. About the middle of the week it was reported that Mr. Alexander R. Beaton, elected for the first district of King's County by an overwhelming majority over his opponent, Mr. Emanuel McEachen, would not take his seat—the conclusion readily jumped at being, that he had no qualification, although that remains to be proved. However, this fact was clear enough to Tory understandings, that the seat would be vacant at the commencement of the Session. This would make a wonderful alteration in the state of parties. Instead of the Government having 16 supporters, and therefore a majority of two, the utmost number that could now be counted upon was 15. Now, when one of these 15 was wheedled into the acceptance of the Speaker's chair, the number on the floor of the House would be 14 to 14. Of the 14 on the Government side, three or four would be immediately choked off by election contests. Mr. Andrew McDonald's seat for Georgetown would be the first disputed, and as he could not vote in his own case, there would be 14 to decide that he had no claim to the seat, while only 13 at the utmost could be found to maintain his right. The seat was as good as won for Mr. McAulay, without any more trouble. Mr. Sheriff Underhay would be called to the bar of the House to amend his writ, and perhaps severely reprimanded for not returning Mr. McAulay in the first instance. With this increase to the Opposition, the task of reducing the number of Government supporters would be an easy one, and the next thing to be done would be to substitute the name of Emanuel McEachen for Alex. R. Beaton, as representative for the first district. After this, it would be very easy to dispose of the frivolous petition said to be in progress against the return of Messrs. Coles and Kelly, by throwing those gentlemen overboard, and either ordering a new election for some distant day, or putting at once Mr. Henry Longworth and Mr. J. A. McDonald in their places. Then Mr. Gaudet's seat might be assailed with success; and one or two others; perhaps, on the Government side would be dispatched in the same summary manner. By this time the Government would be completely overthrown, and the Opposition have an excellent working majority to form a new Administration.

The heads of the Tories were fairly turned with the political changes which their vivid fancies sketched. The idea of a general election, as the only cure for a dead lock, and talked of a week before by politicians on both sides with calumny and consideration, was pronounced a monstrous absurdity, and the Government was threatened with all sorts of vengeance if he would dare to dissolve. The whole thing was settled. The Government was to be immediately changed. The new expectants of office were preparing themselves for official employments. Those who thought their chances of office were not the best in the world, were active in canvassing for support. Lists of the new Ministry were in the breeches pockets of at least a dozen leading men on the Tory side. They met at the corners of the streets—in public houses, and at other places of general resort, to compare notes with one another, where they chatted with amazing cordiality, and grew positively good natured and funny over the rise in their political fortunes. Adherents and supporters of the party now in power were elbowed, snubbed and sneered at in every direction, and regarded as poor devils who had but a very short time to live. In the midst of this flurry, the late Speaker of the House (Mr. Thornton) came to Town. He is a member of the new House, and he had barely time to divest himself of his travelling clothes, when he was waited upon by four of the Tory members who reside in and about Charlottetown, generously offering to give him their support if he would again become a candidate for the Speakership. They assured him that their object was to have a Speaker who, like himself, had not rendered himself conspicuous as a political partizan, and that the practice of the House of Commons in England was to select for the head of the House a member who enjoyed to a large extent the confidence of opposing parties. The dodge was seen through at a glance. If Mr. Thornton could be detached from the Liberal party, that party would of course be weakened by his departure, as was the case in 1854, when Dr. Jardine was seduced by a similar artifice, and had his reward for it ever since, by having become the most unpopular man in the country. But Mr. Thornton gave the self-constituted deputation no encouragement. He would not accept any promise of support, nor give any pledge to become a candidate for the Speakership until he came to attend his parliamentary duties, at which time he should decide what course to take in reference to the matter.

The failure of this mission was, to be sure, something of a damper to the joyous spirits of the leaders of the Opposition; but on Saturday morning their hopes of, and aspirations for, sudden preferment rose to fever heat by the circulation of a little slip, scarcely two inches square, issued from the *Islander* office, and printed in the most glaring type, announcing the probability that a Mr. George Dundas, M.P. for Linlithgowshire, in Scotland, had been appointed to supersede Sir D. Daly in the Government of this Island. This announcement is stated to be taken from the *Glasgow Gazette*, of the date of the 1st January; but as the English Steamer left Liverpool only on the first of the month, and there has been no arrival since, it is a mystery to us how a Glasgow paper of the first of January could be put on board the Steamer at Liverpool on the same day. However, the startling intelligence about a change of Governor was the exclusive property of the Tories, and it afforded them immense satisfaction. The hilarity of that party never before rose to such an extent. It was pleasant to see

"The nod, and beck, and wreathed smiles"  
interchanged as they met each other in the street, the self-satisfied chuckle as they chatted gaily of the "good time coming,"—even features of the "spare Cassius" bred relaxed into a smile, and we know, they

"Seldom smile and smile to such a sort"  
As if they mocked themselves, and scorned their spirit  
That could be moved to smile at any thing."

Nay, even Auctioneers of the good orthodox Tory stamp grew jovial over their wares—spiced their small jokes with politics—gave sly and cunning hints about happy reunions at Government House under a new regime, and white waistcoats of the dlop kind immediately rose to a premium.

But the "tide" of politics like that of other "affairs," though "taken at the flood," may not always "lead on to fortune." It has just been discovered, as we go to press, that Mr. McEachen—the Wild Man of the East—the hero of the five shilling Souris spree—won't, can't, and shan't get the vacant seat for the first district of King's County. Mr. Beaton has taken what would be called in England the Chiltern Hundreds. He has accepted an office, by reason of which the Government are empowered by law to call a new election immediately to supply his place for the first district. The writ is out, and the election will be over before the House can meet. Here is a sad disturbance to the pleasant dreams of the Opposition! At the last election, McEachen was 311 votes behind Beaton, and 422 behind Knight. His chance of election now is not only not better, but worse than it was then, so that it will not be difficult for the district to send a new man to the House who will take the same side in politics as Mr. Beaton would. The Opposition will be furious, no doubt—will call the Government all manner of hard names—will rant, and stamp, and swagger; but let the laugh be with those who win. No protest was entered against Mr. Beaton's election last summer. The *Islander* says that his qualification was known to be bad since the last Nomination. We don't know any thing of the kind—neither do the public. If his qualification were bad at the nomination in June last, why did not Mr. McEachen protest against his return? He was as fairly elected as any member that will take his seat in the new House, and he had a perfect right to vacate the seat in the manner he has done. McEachen polled only 261 votes at the last Election. The constituency numbers about 1300 votes. Will the Opposition in Charlottetown help him in the event of his contesting the new election? We hope they will, for in that case we know his defeat will be much more certain than it otherwise would be.

JOLLIFICATION AT SOURIS.

It appears that on the 12th inst., a jollification—being a cross between a Tea shine and a dinner—was given at Souris to the Wild Man of the East, in the hope, no doubt, that it would serve to soothe his wounded vanity at being left no where on the poll at the late general election. It is said (not by our own reporter) that 60 persons joined in the spree; but the room in which they were fed is scarcely 15 feet square, for we have been often in it, and if there were 60 of them, the jam, we should think, was much more abundant on the chairs than on the table. The thing must have been a grand affair, for it cost each man who joined in the jollification the extravagant sum of five shillings.

Of course there was a good deal of political speechifying on this interesting occasion. The Hon. Roderick McAulay (or, as he is better known, Parson Rory) graced the festive scene, with his gab in excellent talking order; and as poor Emanuel was not able to make a speech when his health was drunk, he pretending to be sick—whether it was that he had eaten too much, and his indigestion not good, or that, like the Schoolmaster in *Nicholas Nickleby*, he had stretched his legs too often that afternoon—he very easily prevailed upon Parson Rory to make the speech for him; and of course the Government, and the Snatchers generally, got fits in the course of the brilliant harangue.

There is one little incident connected with this jollification which the gentlemen who has reported the proceedings for the *Islander* has forgotten to notice. It appears that when the revellers were about taking their places, it was observed, as we say in the Assembly, that there was a stranger in the House. To be plain, the worthy hostess who prepared the feed had a lodger named McDonald, and he occupied the very room in which the spread was given, from which he refused to budge when the jolly company strutted into the apartment. What was to be done? He had not paid his five shillings like the rest, and who knew but that he was a Snatcher in disguise? It was therefore proposed, that, as he would not take a quiet hint and a sour look, he should be expelled by physical force. The proposal was no sooner made than agreed to, and a Mr. Leslie undertook to put it in force; but the lodger turned out to be rather an ugly customer, and instead of being expelled, pitched his assailant out of the room, tearing away his breeches before the expulsion, as a memento of the exploit. It being rather difficult to find spare breeches for all the company, the lodger was left in undisputed possession of his corner for the remainder of the evening, and when the jolly fellows had got their five shillings worth of grog and grub, they made the best of their way home.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOBODY.

The *Monitor* and *Islander* of last week have been thrown into great excitement by some printed notices which appeared in the country, calling a public meeting at the Head of St. Peter's Bay on Wednesday next, to discuss some important questions that have been for many years under the notice of our Legislature. "Aha," says the paper with the yellow jaundice, "here's Government agitation for you!—here's a deep-laid scheme of Coles and Whelan to disturb the public mind, so that they may keep themselves in office! But the handbill calling the public meeting is signed by—Mr. Nobody!" "Look at that," says the *Islander*, "can there be anything more conclusive than that it is a meeting called by the Government, when Nobody has ventured to put his name to the notice? Coles, Whelan and other Snatcher office-holders are surely at the bottom of the whole affair,—their object is to get the British Parliament to pass the £100,000 Loan Bill, and if we don't stir up the Opposition to resist them we shall be all ruined. At all events, *see*, says the proprietor of the *Islander*—(the case was too urgent to wait to communicate with the editor at New London and let him know all about the awful conspiracy, so that the proprietor, being nearer the scene of mischief, was compelled to run to the rescue of his masters) "at all events *see*," says this valorous champion of Tory interests, "shall take good care that the Colonial Office shall know all about the proceeding—and then we shall see what the Government will be able to do, after we—John Ings!—have said our say in the ear of the Colonial Minister!" Of course the thing is done for—the Government is gone to smash—the meeting had better not be held—for what can resist the effect of Mr. Ings' blabbing the whole affair to the Colonial Office? The yellow jaundice paper says there will not be over 60 people at the meeting—how accurate it is in its calculations!—because nobody has called it, and nobody will attend. Then why are the two papers making such a dreadful ado about nobody? Why are they so excited? As for the *Islander*, in order to enable the proprietor to carry out his tremendous threat, of course he will be there in propria per-

sona, or send a special reporter. But before he goes we will give him a little information about the meeting. In the first place, we beg to assure him that not one member of the Government has either advised, recommended or known anything of this meeting until several days after the handbills were circulated respecting it. It was called by one of the members for the second district, who is not ashamed to tell his name—who has called many similar meetings in his time, and who hopes to live to call many more, to the mortification, disgust and defeat of the Tory party—in short, Edward Whelan, acting on the advice of many of his constituents, and without the knowledge of any member of the Government, called the meeting, and means to attend it. If the people of the County generally do not choose to respond to the call, they can let it alone. A ridiculous fallacy is often propagated, to prevent such meetings being held, that they should be called by the Sheriff. A requisition could no doubt be easily made to the Sheriff of King's County, and he would, we are confident, readily comply with it; but it is a round-about way of doing business, and costs too much trouble and time. As to the meeting being an attempt at agitation on the part of the Government, the thing is too absurd to be noticed. If the Government wanted an agitation they could easily excite it. Before the last election, and, indeed, before every election, as well as after one, such meetings are frequently called by both political parties in every part of the Island. The Political Alliance had many such meetings in Charlottetown—the Liberal Reform Society had many such meetings—that empty twaddler, Ephraim Reid, under the auspices of the Tories, called meetings in many parts of the Island, where he had not a shadow of influence, to discuss precisely the same questions as will be brought under the notice of the people at St. Peter's Bay on Wednesday next; and all we need further say is, that we hope the meeting will be numerously attended, as we have no doubt it will, if the weather be favourable; and that the spirit which we expect to see aroused will speedily extend to every other part of the Island.

THE MEETING OF THE LEGISLATURE.

Under this head the *Islander* of Friday last asks "Why the public business of the Colony is postponed to so distant a day as the 17th February?" and answers the question itself by saying that the Government have thus delayed the meeting of the Legislature to have the public accounts prepared to their own satisfaction. Now, the Government had no such object in view, because the public accounts are never submitted to the Legislature at the commencement of the Session, and they are ready at any time after the end of the financial year, the 31st January. The 17th February is by no means a late day for calling the Houses together. Last year they met on the 16th February—only one day sooner—and there was no complaint about the delay; and indeed there was no occasion for complaint, as the Session ended on the 1st April, which was a considerable time before the country members desired to return to their farming occupations. The year before the last—1857—the House did not meet until the 26th February, and ended on the 15th April—a very convenient season for country members. In 1856, the House met on the 14th February—only three days before the time appointed for the ensuing session—and closed on the 14th April. There was no complaint about the supposed delay in either of these years, simply for this reason: the Opposition had nothing to expect from an earlier call of the House. Now, however, they think they will be able to outmanoeuvre the Government party, by following up groundless protests against the seats of some Government supporters, and thereby creating a factitious majority for the moment against the Administration; so that they are nervously anxious that the House should be called a month or two before the usual time for their particular benefit. The *Islander* ought not to have forgotten, that, in the beginning of the year 1851, when the Tories had the ascendancy, and when they knew that they were doomed to a speedy expulsion from office by the new Parliament—they purposely delayed the meeting of the Legislature until the 25th March, so that they might protract their enjoyment of official emoluments.

There is another observation in the article we have under notice which deserves especial consideration. Since the election the *Islander* has been very attentive to the Opposition members, addressing itself to those gentlemen in such a strain as if it apprehended that some of them at least would not toe the mark very firmly in opposing the Government. "The opposition members," it says, "will do well to understand and remember that the eyes of other judges are on them, than those in Charlottetown; that the confidence of the country has been greatly shaken in some of them by the disappointing result of the County Meeting, attributed exclusively to them; that if there should be a dissolution, they will likely be replaced in the next Assembly by firmer men." There is not one of the new members on the Tory side for whom this latter threat is so much intended as Mr. Donald Montgomery, of New London,—he resides in this County, and when the meeting referred to, was proposed in August last, he refused to sign the requisition for it, and took no part in its proceedings. But is it not worthy of notice, that the *Islander* should now admit, after all its vapouring to the contrary, that the result of the meeting was a disappointment to its projectors? For the past five months the Tories have endeavoured to humbug those at a distance who might believe them, that the meeting was a very great triumph to the Opposition, and the Government; signally condemned. But now the *Islander* tells the truth for once, when it admits that the thing was a failure, so far as the Opposition was concerned.

"A BRITISH OFFICER" AND HIS CAD.

We commiserate Commander Orlebar for the manner in which his name has again been dragged before the public by the *Monitor* of last week. He has been laughed at enough for the nonsense which originated with himself about the Legislative Council and his apologetic letter to the President of that body, but it is melancholy to see persons who pretend to have a friendship for him practising greater fooleries by way of excusing his folly. "It is sufficient to inform the public," said the *Monitor* of the preceding week, that the person who said so and so about the Council is no less a man than Capt. Orlebar—"an officer and a gentleman!" The fact of being such puts an end at once to all controversy, and establishes the right of such an important personage to make himself as ridiculous as possible, and nobody should be allowed to say *booh!* to him for doing so. Dr. Young's respectful letter is denounced as an act of "petty tyranny"—an "attempt to gag a British Officer," for which the whole "party in power" "merits and will receive the reprobation

of every honest and independent elector." Well, really, this is a dreadful state of affairs! The "party in power" are clean done for after this! Capt. Orlebar will have an ovation through the land! See, the electors are running helter skelter in every direction to express their reprobation of the party in power because the Captain is not allowed to talk nonsense unnoticed. Only think of it! "A British Officer!" and Dr. Young trying to force a gag into the mouth of such an eminent person. There can be no pardon for such an offence, unless the Doctor be at once sacrificed to propitiate the gods and to allay the popular discontent. As for the Queen's Printer, what right has he to interfere? Is he not paid for his services as well as the "British Officer" on whose behalf there is going to be such a commotion in the land? Let him, then, be mindful of the awful threat, that the *Monitor* will "appeal to the loyal subjects of Her Majesty" against him, unless he learns to hold his tongue when persons of quality choose to spout nonsense.

We repeat that we commiserate Capt. Orlebar for the ridiculous position in which he has been placed by the blundering fool who does the twaddle for the *Monitor*, and we feel assured that if he was not a man of peace, though belonging to a warlike service, he would convince the twaddler that caning a scyophant and snivelling slave is a pastime in which "a British Officer" may sometimes indulge.

THE DYING KICK.

That sanctified paper called the *Protector* closed, we believe, its mortal career on the 12th of the present month; but to show how strong the ruling passion is in death, even with self-elected saints, it could not quietly take its departure without making a most vicious kick at the oldest and most venerated church in the world—one that embraces the largest number of followers that ever professed Christianity—which witnessed the rise and fall of monarchies now deemed ancient—which preserved and disseminated liberty and letters when the world was sunk in barbarism and infidelity, sending her missionaries and her scholars to every corner of the globe, as she does yet, to inculcate the truths of Christianity—to spread the light of knowledge, and to do battle with tyranny and oppression—hundreds of years before those churches which affect to look down upon her with scorn could count a solitary follower.

In a leading editorial, bearing the alluring title, "Liberty," the pious editor discourseth on the advantages which society derives from liberty in its generic sense, by which we are secured in the possession of our natural and social rights, and which guarantees a pure and honest administration of justice. We do not propose to offend our readers by quoting, to any extent, the platitudes of our sanctified contemporary on this hackneyed subject; every schoolboy understands them; and there is not an intelligent lad of sixteen years of age in any of our seminaries but might easily produce a far better essay on the theme of the *Protector's* editorial without going into religious polemics. We must, however, give one or two short extracts, partly to show what fine writing has been practised in the sanctum of the *Protector* office, and partly to serve as a prelude to the more lengthy extracts with which we have to burthen the patience of our readers. After giving us the piper's news that liberty ought to be the rule in political affairs, our saintly contemporary thus proceeds: "It is only in this state of things that intelligence and prosperity can flourish, for the dissemination of knowledge and the encouragement of enterprise depend almost exclusively on the broad principle to which we have alluded." That is all very fine, barring the grammar. "But how is liberty to be obtained?" asks the *Protector*. The obliging editor answers the question himself when he says: "Various solutions of this question have been proposed; absolute government has been named as the most likely to answer the purpose; limited monarchy has been tried with great success, and so has Republicanism in many instances. Each have their advocates, and all of them have their advantages." After this fine burst, the editor slides into the religious element, and assures us that, after all, liberty of conscience in spiritual affairs is the most priceless of all liberty—that, in short, no community can exist without it. Only listen to the excellent man when his great heart expands to embrace all Christendom: "The great principle upon which all liberal sentiments turn, and liberty, knowledge and enterprise depend, is religious toleration." Again he says: "It will be granted, I believe, by all but the most ignorant and bigoted of our species that toleration in the highest sense of the term is indispensable to the development of liberty." And the same sentiment is repeated as follows at the conclusion of the paragraph, the italics in both cases being the author's:—"Toleration in the highest sense must be granted, and the principle of religious equality admitted in its fullest extent, before liberty can grow and flourish in its genuine perfection." Here the writer suddenly gives himself a hitch—he seems to have become ashamed of uttering such liberal sentiments, and he relapses into the drawling, puling bigot of the most malignant type. All the fine talk about "toleration" will do very well for Protestantism and its numerous offshoots; but toleration for the Catholics! Why the thing is out of the question. Of course "liberty can grow and flourish in its genuine perfection," when all the Catholics in the universe—and we know they are only a trifle of the world's population—are hanged, drawn, and quartered, and their spirits sent piping hot to Purgatory. A writer in the *Protector* several weeks ago, who signed his lucubration "C. R.," proposed that all the Catholics in the Island should be starved out by the Protestants—that they should not be employed in any capacity, even as hewers of wood and drawers of water, unless on very urgent occasions when there happened to be a scarcity of both. The community raised their hands in horror at the monstrous proposal, and "stop my paper!" was the constant cry at the *Protector* office for several days after, which gave the poor thing its death-blow. But "C. R." was an angel of mercy in comparison to the editor of the sanctified journal. The former wanted to destroy only the bodies of the unfortunate Catholics, but the latter has no such bowels of compassion—he evidently thinks the punishment too mild, and seems to be anxious to send their souls to perdition after "C. R." has sent their bodies to the grave. Our readers, we are sure, do not expect us to offer a word in refutation of the gross and fiendish falsehoods which characterise nearly every sentence of the extracts annexed. We reproduce them, much against our will, in all their hideous deformity; but we are desirous that the community should know, that bigotry so vile and infamous as those extracts display is tolerated more for political than religious purposes—is designed to detach well-meaning but easily-deceived Liberal Protestants from co-operation with their Catholic fellow Colonists in the cause of civil liberty: