

holding it in the air or over his ear, for a greater or less time. If he met ladies he did not cover his head till he had quitted them; and at supper always rose to each lady as she entered, and continued to do so, even when the intimacies of age rendered it fatiguing. But if he imposed so severe an etiquette on himself, he was still more exacting towards others. The most privileged ladies were never permitted to appear but in full dress, either in riding, or in any place of the court; and under no circumstances might they infringe this rule. Sick or well, they must appear elegantly dressed, tightly laced, and ornamented, whether to go to Flanders, or still farther; to dance, watch, attend fetes, or to eat; on all occasions they must be gay and good company; ready to change their abode; show no fear; never be intimidated by the heat or cold, the air or dust; and all this precisely at an appointed hour, without the delay of a single minute.—Astic's Lectures.

Cleanings from late Papers.

THE MASSACRE AT HANGO.

HORRIBLE STATEMENT OF JOHN BROWN, THE SURVIVOR.

Her Majesty's Ship Cossack, off Cronstadt, June 11. On the morning of the 26th May the Cossack and Esk stood close into Hango, and observed several vessels anchored inside the numerous islands. The boats of both ships were sent away armed, in charge of Lieut. Field (Cossack), to bring the vessels out. On the boats getting in sight of these vessels they made sail and ran on shore, and were deserted by their crews. On the boats boarding and taking possession of them they were found to be firmly grounded, and as the telegraphs were at work along the coast from a very early hour, and there was every reason to believe that troops were or would soon be in the vicinity, as several persons were seen lurking about the rocks, and the men being exposed on all sides to any attack of musketry, the boats being in a narrow creek, the thickly-wooded shore and rocks affording every facility to the enemy, the vessels were set on fire and destroyed. They were two large gallies belonging to St. Petersburg (empty), a brigantine laden with wood, and two schooners, one of which, laden with grain, for Erkness or Swenborg, was brought out, and three prisoners. The ships anchored at Hango Head for the night. Early next morning a sloop was brought out from behind the ruined forts of Hango and destroyed. Some persons were seen near the telegraph. Both vessels left and joined the Admiral at Biorke Bay. The Admiral, after seeing the prisoners, ordered the vessels back again to land them at Hango, or where they chose, and four more Russian prisoners were received on board the Cossack, at Nargen, and requested to be landed with them at Hango. On the forenoon of June 5th the Cossack stood close in and sent the cutter away with a flag of truce to land the prisoners. In the boat besides were Lieut. L. Geneste, Dr. R. T. Easton, M. C. Sallivan, Master's Assistant, and three stewards; a Finnish captain, taken prisoner here on the 26th May, informed us there were no troops here, and the inhabitants would trade, and that the stewards could get stock, &c. As the boat pulled in towards the shore she was lost sight of behind the Islands, the ship standing off and on under easy sail. There being no signs of the cutter's return, about four o'clock the gig, with a flag of truce, in charge of Lieut. Field, was sent in search. She was observed to be pulling along the coast in search of the cutter, so the ship stood close in and anchored near the ruined fort. About eight o'clock the gig returned, having seen the cutter secured under a jetty inside several small wood boats, and several dead bodies in her; fearing an ambush or treachery, the gig did not attempt to bring the cutter out, but returned to the ship. Several persons were seen a little distance off, waving to the gig to land. About three o'clock next morning both vessels steamed in close to the telegraph station, and shortly after the cutter was observed with one man in her apparently wounded, sculling towards the ship. A boat was sent to her assistance, and she was brought alongside, having in her John Brown, ordinary seaman, a young man of colour, the only survivor. After being helped up the side he said, "They are all killed." Afterwards, in the sick bay, he made the following statement:—

"On the cutter, with a flag of truce flying, getting alongside the jetty or landing-place, near the village of Hango, the officers and liberated prisoners jumped out, and Lieut. Geneste held up a flag of truce to a number of Russian troops, who had suddenly sprung up from the cover of houses and rocks—about 500, dressed as riflemen, and armed with muskets, swords, and bayonets—and told them what it meant, and why they landed; they replied that they did not care a damn for flags of truce there, and would show them how the Russians could fight, or words to that effect. A volley was then fired at the officers and liberated prisoners, and afterwards on the boat, until all were supposed to be killed. The Russians jumped into the boat, and after throwing several dead bodies overboard, lying on the arms in the bottom of the boat they found Henry Gliddon, A. B., who was only wounded; they took him out of the boat and bayoneted him on the wharf; John Brown, lying beside him, and severely wounded, feigned death; he was dragged from one end of the boat to the other, but luckily not thrown overboard. They then took the arms, magazine, colours, &c., for which they will no doubt have a Te Deum sung. The officers were shot down, and the liberated prisoners first. Dr. Easton was the first who fell, and the Finnish captain took the flag of truce from Lieut. Geneste, and waved it, shouting, 'A flag of truce!'—which had been previously explained to them before they fired. The Russians spoke English, and the person who led them, from his dress and appearance, seemed to be an officer. The Russians yelled and fired on the men before they could defend themselves, indeed there was not an attempt made." The boat was found to be completely riddled above the water line; it was lucky she escaped without a hole through her bottom, as she would have filled. It was evident that the Russians intended to have left none to tell the tale, but it has pleased Providence to ordain it otherwise. The ships fired a few shot and rockets at the telegraph, but a fog coming on they were obliged to haul out into deeper water. There were no troops seen; the cowardly ruffians had evidently gone away. It was not thought prudent to attempt to get the remaining bodies.

FALL OF ANAPA.

Intelligence has been received at the Admiralty that the Russians have evacuated Anapa, and are supposed to have crossed the Kouban. The Circassians are in the place. The evacuation of Anapa by the Russians completes the series of brilliant successes which have rapidly followed the occupation of the Straits of Yenikale by the allied fleets. To surrender Anapa to the Circassians was to abandon the last result of 25 years' incessant warfare, and to relinquish the most important of the Russian stations on the eastern coast of the Euxine. It is the loss not only of a fortress and of a district, but of one of the chief lines of communication with the Trans-Caucasian provinces. The town of Anapa, situated on the north-east coast of the Euxine, at the northern termination of the Caucasian range, 47 miles south-east of Yenikale, is inhabited by a miscellaneous population of Circassians, Tartars, Greeks, Jews, Armenians, Russians, and others, to the number of about five thousand. The adverse relations of its masters with the tribes inhabiting the mountain country in its rear have almost neutralised the great advantages offered by its situation, and prevented its growth. Its exports are at present grain, tallow, butter, hides, peltries, wax, &c. It is, however, as a military post that it has been

most prized by Russia, most deplored by Turkey. The fort built by the Turks in 1784 was taken by the Russians in 1791 and in 1807, and only given up with the greatest reluctance. In May, 1828, a detached Russian corps, assisted by the fleet, and commanded by the redoubtable Menschikoff, laid siege to Anapa, and with great difficulty surrounded the place with a strong line of circumvallation, intersecting the neck of land on which Anapa is situated, and extending on each side to the sea. In a few days the works were advanced to the glacis, and three breaches having been made, the governor was summoned to surrender. The garrison had consisted of three thousand men; they had defended the fort for forty days; Navarino had destroyed the fleet which might have brought them relief, and nothing remained but to surrender. Upon the conclusion of this war Anapa was not restored; at the peace of Adrianople it was ceded to Russia, with all the coast towns and forts, from the Kouban to Fort St. Nicholas. The name of this last fort will be remembered (although its Turkish denomination of Shaf-katilis, perhaps, better known) as having been taken by the Turks at the opening of last year's Asiatic campaign. Anapa, at the other extremity of the coast line, closes the list. At any other time the transfer of this military position from the Russians to the Circassians—the most vigorous and constant of their enemies—might have been deemed an event of considerable importance, but its evacuation at the present moment is peculiarly interesting as a sign of the severe pressure under which the power of Russia is visibly collapsing.

RUSSIA.

PAINFUL IMPRESSION AND GLOOM AT ST. PETERSBURG.

ST. PETERSBURG, JUNE 2.—The appalling intelligence of the sanguinary night contests of the 22nd and 23rd of May, with the frightfully long lists of the killed—for the attack was carried on with such embitterment by the French that the far greater part of the Russians were killed outright by the bayonet, and the number of wounded is, therefore, not worth speaking of—followed almost immediately by the losses at Kerch, Yenikale, Genicht, and Soujoukaleh, have not failed to make a most painful impression here, and to cast a gloom over every countenance. The hitherto ineffectual attempts of the Allies to reduce Sebastopol had created a general belief that that fortress was perfectly impregnable. So it may be, in the way in which the siege was hitherto conducted, but the evident change in the tactics of the besieging armies, and the first successes so remarkable, have gone far to dissipate the illusion which prevailed here of the invincibility of the Russian arms, and give way to the unpleasant sensation of distrust and uncertainty. On the other hand, the appearance of the hostile fleets off Cronstadt appears to cause no alarm, as the general impression is that, should the ships attempt an attack, they will only run into the face of complete destruction, and experience the most signal defeat, for the strength of the defences and the courage of the garrison admit of no doubt.

APPEARANCE OF CHOLERA IN THE CAMP.

BALA CLAYA, June 2.—Cholera has made its appearance, coming on, not stealthily like a thief in the night, but appearing suddenly and fearfully among us like an irresistible foe as he is. I cannot give you an exact account of the number of deaths that have taken place from it in the last few days; but in and around Bala Claya there have been over fifty; in the front they have been comparatively exempt from it. The Grenadier Guards have suffered more than any other regiment. On Wednesday, the 30th of May, the disease first showed itself among them, and five men were carried off by it. On Thursday, ten men more; and yesterday, by the afternoon, seven had already died, and it was expected that seven or eight more would not survive the night. Thus, in three days, 30 men in this corps have fallen victims. The duration of the illness was, in many cases, little more than an hour. The cholera has shown itself as inconsistent and unaccountable now as ever. The Coldstreams and Fusiliers, who are within 50 yards of the Grenadiers, have escaped altogether. There does not appear the least reason why this corps should have suffered at all, as they are placed on the very top of the hill; and, certainly, as far as human discernment could foresee, had as good, if not better, chance of escape, than any other regiment. Strangely enough, the Marines and regiments on the heights overlooking the sea have also suffered. The Land Transport Corps, down in the valley, have lost about 12 men. The nephew of Admiral Bexer died yesterday afternoon. The disease has come among us so suddenly and fearfully, that it is at present the grand topic of conversation. It is to be earnestly hoped that the renewal of dry weather will check its ravages, as it did in the attack about a fortnight ago.

Correspondence.

To Mr. DUNCAN MACLEAN.

DUNCAN:—While impressed with the conviction that no credit can be gained by renewing a correspondence with a person who has obtained such an unenviable notoriety as you have, by your frequent exhibitions of spleen and malevolence, I am nevertheless induced to risk my claim to public respect and consideration by answering your silly and impertinent letter of the 2d instant. The time and space devoted to this answer may be misapplied; but if it be, I shall have, at least, a little amusement; and as you have given abundant evidence of the discovery, on my part, of a very sore spot on your uncomely though hide, it may be good for the public morals to add a supplement to the castigation I lately gave you. The most hardened of criminals are not unfrequently brought to a sense of justice by a liberal use of the rod.

Your letter sets out with informing me that "three or four years ago you cautioned me, at my peril, not to invent nor publish any calumnies concerning you, of matters alleged to have occurred beyond the bounds of this Colony, and that I did not despise the warning so long as your jokes were summoned by an officer of the Supreme Court," &c. Duncan, I have no recollection of any such "warning," but if ever offered, it is quite certain that I treated it with that full measure of contempt which I accord to every thing that comes from you. As to inventing or publishing calumnies about you, your character has been too long black enough in the public estimation, to require any aid from my pen towards giving it a darker hue. You have distanced all competition in that respect. For four years at least you have laboured with untiring zeal to convince the little world of P. E. Island how much you covet the reputation of an unmitigated ruffian in preference to that of an honest man. In the language of your country's poet, you have

"D—d yourself to save the Lord the trouble."

Your remark about juries not being now summoned by an officer of the Supreme Court, either proves your old propensity to lying, or an unpardonable ignorance of the law which regulates the summoning of juries. The "officer of the Supreme Court" whom you wish to libel, by implication, as being corrupt, is the Sheriff of the County. It so happens that the duties of that office for Queen's County are now discharged by one who has been for many years a supporter of the party that employs you. I presume he retains his old prejudices and opinions, but I will not do him the injustice to suppose that he suffers them to interfere with the high and difficult duties entrusted to him. Mr. J. E. S. Bagnall's conservatism does not lessen my confidence in him as Deputy Sheriff. In King's County there has been no change in the

person entrusted with similar duties. And in Prince County we find that it is the son of a Conservative who performs the duties of the Sheriffalty. These gentlemen are, no doubt, extremely grateful to you for insinuating a readiness on their part to commit perjury and corruption.

You quote some remarks, said to have been published in the Examiner of the 18th ult., and you call upon me to retract them, unconditionally, or to give you the name of the authority on which they were based. What a simple old fool you are, to suppose that I would do either! Your threat of a prosecution proves either that you were drunk when you made it, or that you are in your dotage. You say you did not commit a capital crime, and therefore, I suppose, you will plead that you ought not to have been hung and gibbeted. My decided opinion is, that you are bad enough to have committed any crime, and that hanging and gibbeting would be too merciful a punishment for you.

How could I have been aware that in the month of October, 1840, you did "a little banking and commercial business" in Canada. I never troubled my head so far as to make any enquiry about you. If any "banking business" fell to your lot, it must have been a little banking business indeed. You know you wanted to do a little banking business here, with other people's money, I suppose, on the safe principle adopted by your quondam friend, a former Treasurer, when you begged Sir Donald Campbell to make you a Treasurer Clerk. You might have been a horse-stealer or sheep-stealer in Canada, as well as a banker, (save the mark,) for all I know or care to the contrary. By the bye, the Advertiser once charged you with having stolen a horse. You never denied it. Is it true, Duncan?

You inform me that you were accused of Treason after the rebellion of 1837 and '38. I can well believe that such a charge may not have been without foundation, when I know that it concerns a person who not only encouraged, but stands convicted of sedition in this Colony. What an old dotard you are to trouble me with an account of your life in Canada! Give it to the jury "at the next Supreme Court," if you like. It may be edifying to them, if you can make them understand your guttural tones, and not be too parsimonious, (as you were the last time you went before a jury), to employ a lawyer who may defend your cause with some show of skill. Why trouble me with an account of your life in Canada? When I want to read of vagabonds and impostors, I can turn to the Newgate Calendar. It has much more interesting reading than the history of your life affords.

A prosecution for defamation by you!!! Why this is the best joke that ever your frigid brain conceived! A man who is lost to every sense of shame—a fellow who scarcely ever wrote a line but what every upright man would wish to blot—who has made the Islander the filthy sink of the foulest calumnies—who has accused the innocent of perjury, corruption, robbery, and murder—with whom falsehood is as familiar as a household word—who now never can write an article for the press without cramming it with the most outrageous lies! You to prate of going before a jury for a vindication of character—a thing which you have long since ceased to enjoy—you must be either in jest or in liquor, else I would recommend you to the care of those who have charge of the Lunatic Asylum.

A prosecution, eh! Well, by the beard of Mahomet—by the toothless gums, and the shrivelled, peck-marked visage of the ugliest man in New London, it is enough to make a sick dog laugh to hear you whining about insults to your honor, and threatening to prosecute for damages! You feel sore, do you? Pity I hadn't you on a slow fire—how delightfully I should baste you!

But how I tremble at your threat of a prosecution! How dreadfully alarmed I am at the promised action—Maclean versus Whelan! I hope you will continue drunk or mad enough to carry your promise to fulfilment; and don't forget to bring a file of the Islander into Court, for it will materially help to establish your claim to the character of a righteous and virtuous public man. Don't forget to bring forward your memorials to the Colonial Office, in which you have libelled myself and others, and by contrast, praised yourself. What if they have been treated with contempt by Secretaries of State—a jury here will know more about you than my Lord Grey or his Grace of Newcastle, and may treat your misrepresentations with less disdain; but take a sound advice, Duncan, and keep your Canadian reminiscences to yourself. They are not very creditable, and may prove highly damaging.

A short time since I promised to subscribe "something handsome" towards your relief—hearing, as I did, that you grumbled furiously at the scantiness of your pay as the literary scavenger to the disorganised and nearly defunct old Family Compact. You yourself have confirmed the report by saying that you could make a better, and of course an honest living by gathering manure for your little farm, than by writing editorials for the Islander. No doubt of it. Now I repeat the promise; but I annex this condition: that its fulfilment will depend on your really and truly going into the Supreme Court as a suitor in an action for defamation. You know you promised this favor to the Advertiser on two or three occasions, but you junked, and the "officer of the Supreme Court" was not then exclusively chosen by the Government. If you break your promise to me, as I am afraid you will do, I must only say that I regret there is no law to punish you for a breach of promise in such cases.

Your letter, Duncan, of the 2d July, has been under the heel of my boot for the last hour. I take it up now—to light my second cigar. It is putting it to a decenter use than it deserves; but if you write me another letter I won't promise to treat it with so much respect. You ought to be grateful to me for even acknowledging the receipt of a letter not post-paid. Don't you know, old miser, that it is a fundamental rule with editors not to take any notice whatever of such letters?

You ask me to publish your foolish letter, "and for payment to enter it against the balance I have owed you for the last ten years." Now, you are well aware that I never had any transactions with you since the time of the Palladium, and you are well aware that I never received, during that time or any other time, but thirty shillings of your money, for which you received more than ten times the value. I annex a memorandum of your account, taken from the Palladium Ledger:—

Table with columns for Date, Description, and Amount. Includes entries for subscriptions to Palladium and other financial transactions.

different times, as well as for other services rendered to you. You being, however, a notorious miser, I never expected any return from you; and as your circumstances at present must be bad indeed, when you are forced to prostitute yourself to a service less remunerative than that of cleaning out stable-yards and gathering muscle-mud, and certainly far less honorable, I suppose I may as well make a virtue of necessity, and forgive you the above balance.

I am not going to send you this letter through the Post Office; knowing that you get the Examiner at second hand, you can see it there. And, mind, don't send me any more letters through the Post Office; for if you do, I will send them back, especially since you are so mean as to shirk the two-penny postage.

Receive, Duncan, the assurances of my profoundest contempt for you,

EDWARD WHELAN.

July 14, 1855.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EXAMINER.

Sir,—I perceive by the Islander of last evening's mail, that its Editor has condescended to bestow further notice upon me in its columns. Condescended, I said. Yes, for is it not unexampled condescension on the part of a gentleman of Mr. McLean's reputable talents to hold any correspondence, either private or public, with a person designated by himself as a "wayside bellows-mending tinker." Now, I take this opportunity of informing Mr. McLean, and all the faction of which he is the hireling, that they may attack me with all the vituperative language, and abusive epithets that their foul imaginations can invent, I care not a straw about them,

"For I am armed so strong in honesty That they pass by me as the idle wind, Which I respect not."

Since their abuse does me no real injury, and is to them "their chief, amidst their only pleasure," it would be selfishness in me to endeavour to deprive them of it.

As for the tribes of tinkers and Gipsies that infest different parts of Britain, I know nothing about them, as I never saw themselves or the country they live in; but Mr. McLean seems to be perfectly acquainted with them. The familiarity with which he speaks of their names and customs, together with the strange mystery in which his past life is involved, would warrant the assumption that he was an accomplice in their depredations.

It would not be in accordance with the recognized rules of common courtesy were I not to thank Mr. McLean for the gratuitous advice which he gave me in his last letter. In the mean time, I would, with all respect, inform him that it appears somewhat strange and inconsistent to me, and must to the public generally, that he should advise me to procure another affidavit to clear myself of Campbell's gross charges against me, when he has clearly shewn, by his treatment of the former affidavit, which I procured for that purpose, and which is now in the office of J. D. Hazard, Esq., that he would not consider it as "genuine." It is just as likely that he would affect to doubt the genuineness of Mr. Pogo's affidavit as that of Sheriff Chandler's; besides, any person giving advice to others, if he would wish any regard to be paid to his advice, should shape his own conduct in accordance with it. Now, I brought a grave and truthful charge against Mr. McLean, in my letter to the Advertiser, yet he brings forward no affidavit, nor even certificate to disprove it, but seems to think that the public have such a high opinion of his veracity, that his bare assertion, declaring it to be false, is sufficient to appear so. Lord, Duncan, the bare mention of veracity in connection with your name, would even provoke a secret sneer from your best friends.

Poor, poor Duncan, I do not envy you your position, bound by a naturally vicious organization, by the force of custom and by pecuniary considerations to pursue a course of life which literally cuts you off from the sympathies of your race, and which at times must degrade you even in your own estimation. Believe me, Duncan, much as you have wronged me, I pity more than blame you. However much my own mind might be convinced of the truthfulness of the assertion, I have often felt grieved to hear the well-educated, intelligent and science-loving McLean spoken of by the very dregs and offscourings of humanity, as a "notorious liar."

We find an instance recorded in the Bible of a man who sold his birth-right for a mess of pottage; but here we have an instance of a man selling the advantages accruing to him from the possession of bright parts and education—his reputation and his peace on earth—for an occasional mess of porridge; for I am sure that the miserable pittance granted him by the Tories for his services will no more than barely supply him with porridge.

Unwarranted as Mr. McLean's attacks upon my character is, I would, in accordance with my former resolution, have refrained from making any reply to him, were it not for the malicious and cowardly attack which he has made upon the character of R. K. Gilbert, Esquire, because he had the moral courage and candor—unbiased by party influence—to tell what he knew to be truth concerning the character of a person belied and slandered by him and his party.

Whatever little injury Mr. McLean's falsehoods and misrepresentations may do to Mr. Gilbert's character in this place, in which he is not known, I am certain that in the country in which he resides, he is too widely known and respected, and his position in society too high to be affected by them.

Mr. Editor,

Yours truly,

N. J. BROWN.

St. Eleanor's, July 2d, 1855.

THE EXAMINER.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I., JULY 16, 1855.

The following paragraphs have gone the round of most of the Colonial papers. Every candid and intelligent man in the Colony will at once admit that His Excellency has established, even here, the strongest claim to the compliment paid him, by the wise, impartial and dignified manner in which he fills the gubernatorial office:—

"THE LIEUT. GOVERNOR OF P. E. ISLAND."

"The following notice of the present Lieutenant Governor, Dominick Daly, Esq., is extracted from a recent interesting memoir of the late Lord Metcalf. We believe it to be a just tribute to the character of that gentleman, and that he has already secured the favourable opinion of all parties in the Island."—Halifax Courier.

"Mr. Daly, the Secretary of State, or Provincial Secretary for Lower Canada, was an Irishman and a Roman Catholic, but although for the latter reason his sympathies were strongly with the French Canadian people, or had been, so long as they were oppressed by the dominant race, his feelings—the growth of education and early association—were of a conservative and aristocratic cast. All Metcalf's informants represented him to be a man of high honour and integrity—of polished manners and courteous address, a good specimen of an Irish Gentleman. It was added that "he was possessed of judgment and prudence, tact and discretion, in short, a man to be trusted."

RESULTS OF THE ESCHEAT MEETING.—Some curious resolutions—an address to the Queen, praying Her Majesty to establish a Court of Escheat, and a Memorial to the Governor, praying His Excellency to dissolve the present House of Assembly—which are said to have been adopted at the