THE EXAMINER:

A Weekly Journal of Politics, Literature, and News.

"This is true Liberty, when Freeborn Men, having to advise the Public, may speak free."---Euripides.

Vol. XII. Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, Monday, November 17, 1862. New Series,---No. 45.

Stoves! Stoves!! STOVES!!!

New and Improved Style for Economy, Comfort, and Cheapness.

JUST received at ORWELL CHEAP STORE, a new stock of the almost everlasting Yarmouth, N. S. Stoves—NOT YANKEE MANUFACTURE. They are numbered 1, 2, and 3, with single and double ovens for Cooking.

—ALSO—

Large and Small Franklin & Box Stoves, for Schoolhouses, Churches, &c., &c. They will be sold on favourable terms, if taken during this month, so as to make room for other fall Supplies. In use they will save over other Stoves one half in fire wood, besides much valuable time, which is equal to money. They have given general satisfaction to all parties who have used them for the last five years, and who are ready to testify to their usefulness. The readiness with which they impart great heat, has been remarked by all who use them, and in old dwellings as well as new, have been productive of great comfort, while they do not cost more than the old brick or stone chimneys, which take up so much room, and are now being generally thrown down. They are supplied with large metal Boilers, very useful for dyeing purposes, for making soap, or preparing food for Cattle, and can be kept constantly in use, at a very small cost for fuel, and without the least risk from fire. In short, the great advantages to be derived from these wonderful, celebrated, and unsurpassed STOVES can only be known from a trial of them; and farmers and others are now invited to come and select for themselves, before the cold winter sets in upon them, at the ORWELL CHEAP STORE, cheaper than the cheapest Country Store on the Island, where the greatest variety of GOODS may be found, from a NEEDLE to an ANCHOR, both included.

P. STEPHENS.

Orwell, November 10, 1862. isl vin

WANTED, at the above Store, 500 COW and OX HIDES, and 500 SHEEP SKINS, for which the highest price will be paid in CASH or trade.

The Liverpool and London
FIRE AND LIFE
INSURANCE COMPANY.

THE Agent for the above first class English Fire Insurance Company begs to call the attention of the public to the advantages offered by this Company, in respect to the security to the assured, and promptness to pay losses, which, without disparaging other Companies, may be safely asserted to be superior to those afforded by any other Company in the Island. The Liverpool and London F. & L. Insurance Company has been in successful operation since 1836, with agencies all over the world, and has paid in losses about two millions and a quarter sterling. Its subscribed capital is £2,000,000 sterling, and its invested funds alone amount to £1,312,000 stg.; and the fire premiums for 1861 amount to £360,130 19s 9d; and in addition to this very large capital, the Company, having been established before the recent Limited Liability Act, the individual fortunes of each of the shareholders, comprising some of the wealthiest merchants in Liverpool and London, are liable for the losses, should the whole of the capital be swept away. In this respect it differs, it is believed, from any other Company established here.

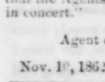
And lastly, the Agent being appointed by Power of Attorney directly from England, is authorised to draw Bills the moment a loss occurs, and without referring to the Home Company, to the extent of one thousand pounds sterling.

With these superior advantages, the Company is not disposed (though it might be well justified) to adopt higher rate of premium than other English Companies, which do not present the same advantageous features, and the Agent has been advised that an uniform rate has been agreed upon by the Directors of this Company and the "Queen's," and that the Agents here should, in this respect, "act in concert."

W. A. JOHNSTONE,
Agent of the Liverpool and London Fire Insurance Company.

Nov. 10, 1862. 1st

NOW LANDING,



PER Schr. THOMAS CLIFT, from NEW YORK—
155 Bbls. Extra and superior FLOUR,
Which will be sold low for Cash.
M. LOWDEN, Peake's Buildings.

Nov. 3, 1862.

NOW LANDING,

Ex Carrie M. Rich, from Boston,

100 BBLS. FLOUR.
100 Boxes CANDLES,
200 Boxes LOZENGES.

J. & T. MORRIS.

September 8.

PAINTS AND PAINT OIL, BAR IRON; also, 100 chests and half chests TEA, for sale cheap for cash by
JAMES DUNCAN & CO.

Charlottetown, June 30, 1862.

"THOS. CLIFT" from NEW YORK.

JUST received from NEW YORK ex "THOS. CLIFT,"

116 sides SOLE LEATHER.

J. & T. MORRIS.

Charlottetown, Nov. 10, 1862. 2i

Re-Opened.

THE Subscriber begs to inform the inhabitants of Charlottetown, and the Island generally, that he has re-opened in his

NEW BUILDING,

Grafton Street, where he is prepared to execute all orders in his line, with accuracy, neatness and dispatch.

Constantly on hand, a large assortment of STOVE PIPE and TINWARE, COPPER BOILERS, STILLS and WORMS made to order, at the lowest possible prices.

Wholesale Dealers will please call and examine my Stock, before purchasing elsewhere.

W. B. ALLIN.

Grafton Street, Oct. 27, 1862. 2m

LUMBER.

SPRUCE DEALS and DEAL ENDS,
PINE BOARDS,
Pine Palings
Cedar Shingles,
Sawn do.
Laths and Deal Edging for Sale.
JAMES PURDIE.

Charlottetown, Aug. 12, 1862.

FINAL NOTICE!

THE subscribers, intending to make an alteration in their Mercantile Business, request all persons indebted to them, by Book Account, Note of Hand, or otherwise, to settle their respective amounts on or before the 1st day of December, otherwise legal proceedings will be taken for the collection of the same, without any distinction of persons.

Oats, Potatoes, Barley and Turnips will be taken in payment up to the above date.

McAULAY & JOHNSON.

Grand River Wharf, October 20, 1862. 1m

NOTICE.

THE Subscribers intending to make an alteration in their business, hereby notify all persons indebted to them, either by bond, note, or book account, that their respective amounts must be paid up on or before the first day of December next ensuing, as all sums unsettled after that time will be handed over to an attorney for collection without any distinction of persons.

The subscribers also take this opportunity to thank their numerous friends for the liberal support given them since they commenced business, and beg to state that they will continue to sell their present stock at a very small profit for present payment until the first of November next, when all of their remaining stock will be offered at auction to make room for new importations, at which time great bargains may be expected. All kinds of merchantable produce will be taken for the outstanding debts, such as Oats, Barley, Potatoes, &c., until the time before stated; for any sums remaining unpaid after that time cash will be exacted.

The Subscribers also offer for sale two very superior Bay Horses, one rising five years old, stands 16 hands high, of good breed and a fast traveller, the other four years raising five, stands 14 hands high. If not sold by private sale by the first of November they will be offered at public auction.

JAMES DAVIDSON.
DANIEL H. DINGWELL.

Rollo Bay, Oct. 6th, 1862. 2m

POETRY.

I AM DREAMING, EVER DREAMING.

I am dreaming, ever dreaming,
Of an Isle divinely fair,
Where the golden sunlight's gleaming
On the countless beauties there,
And gilding with a radiant smile
The blooming valleys o'er,—
I am dreaming, fondly dreaming
Of my darling native shore.

I am dreaming of her mountains grand,
Her vales and bowers green,
Where glassy lakes and rivulets
Are mingling with the scene;
Where nature flings her vernal wings
The hills and valleys o'er,—
I am dreaming, always dreaming,
Of my darling native shore.

I'm dreaming of the holy wells,
The mounds and towers gray,
And fairy dells, where ruined shrines
Are mouldering in decay,—
Those relics of a glorious past,
That Time cannot restore,
Come flitting through my visions
Of my darling native shore.

I'm dreaming of the sylvan streams
That murmur through the trees,
Where flowers raise their crimson plumes,
To kiss the morning breeze;
Of classic halls, and castle walls,
Dear Erin's pride of yore—
What wonder I'd be dreaming
Of my darling native shore!

I'm dreaming of her banish'd sons,
Wide scattered o'er the main,
Shedding their blood in ev'ry cause,
While still she writhes in pain.
Oh, heavens! what a grievous sight,
To see them in their gore,
Sinking to rest far from their blest,
Their darling native shore.

KATIE LEE AND WILLIE GREY.

Two brown heads with tossing curls,
Red lips shutting over pearls,
Bare feet white and wet with dew,
Two eyes black and two eyes blue;
Little boy and girl were they,
Katie Lee and Willie Grey.

They were standing where a brook,
Bending like a shepherd's crook,
Flashed its silver; and thick ranks
Of green willows fringed the banks;
Half in thought and half in play,
Katie Lee and Willie Grey.

They had cheeks like cherries red;
He was taller—most a head;
She, with arms like wreaths of snow,
Swung a basket to and fro,
As she loitered, half in play,
Chattering with Willie Grey.

"Pretty Katie," Willie said—
And there came a dash of red
Through the brownness of his cheek—
"Boys are strong and girls are weak,
And I'll carry, so I will,
Katie's basket up the hill."

Katie answered, with a laugh,
"You shall carry only half:"
And then tossing back her curls,
"Boys are weak as well as girls."
Do you think that Katie guessed
Half the wisdom she expressed?

Men are only boys grown tall,
Hearts don't change much after all;
And when, long years from that day,
Katie Lee and Willie Grey
Stood again beside the brook,
Bending like a shepherd's crook—

Is it strange that Willie said—
While again a dash of red
Crossed the brownness of his cheek—
"I am strong and you are weak;
Life is but a slippery steep,
Hung with shadows cold and deep;

"Will you trust me, Katie dear?
Walk beside me without fear?
May I carry, if I will,
All your burdens up the hill?"
And she answered, with a laugh,
"No, but you may carry half."

Close beside a little brook,
Bending like a shepherd's crook,
Washing with its silver hands,
Late and early at the sands,
In a cottage, where to-day
Katie lives with Willie Grey,

In a porch she sits, and lo!
Swings a basket to and fro,
Vastly different from the one
That she swung in years agone;
This is long, and deep, and wide,
And has—rockers at the side!

Gleanings from late Papers.

THE BATTLES OF HYDE PARK.

No. 1.

* * It happened that some Irishmen had a spare afternoon, and were on the spot. Fighting accordingly began about three o'clock. First, the Irish cleared away the orators, to get things quiet. They then declared themselves disposed for controversy, and Cornelius Casey knocked a policeman down. Next, the orators collected their friends, and cleared away the Irishmen. The battle then became general, and, as a policeman mildly described it in court, the crowd "pushed each other about." Those who have ever been in the neighbourhood of a "town and gown," or a street fight of any kind, will have observed how the real hard work generally falls upon some three or four pairs of fists, while the mass of the combatants for the most part only shout. Heroes single each other out, as in a Homeric battle, and the immediate neighbors stop to gaze in awe and admiration at their prowess. It seems to have been thus on the present occasion.—Michael Collins, labourer, jumped forward and hit promiscuously. Timothy M'Carthy said a word of exhortation to his countrymen, and then knocked several persons down. Deely, skilful hurler of missiles, threw brickbats, and blackened eyes. Whenever irresistible Casey struck, Protestants bit the dust. Moyse, cabinet-maker, stood forward for a moment, and the heretics cheered; but Timothy Toomey smote him, and he fell. The gallant Toomey seems to have had an original manner of fighting, which the genius of controversy invented, as far as we can judge, for this particular occasion. Toomey then placed his hands on the shoulders of a man before him and kicked out furiously. I was kicked in the ribs, and when kicked, Toomey cried out, 'Take that for the Pope.' So the battle raged, till the rain came on and spoiled it, and the champions of the Pope were taken up. They were fined, with prison in default of payment.

Thus all went off as it should. There was a fight, to please the Irish; the fighters were put in prison, to please the public. Both sides showed devotion to their cause. —*London paper, Oct. 4.*

No. 2.

Hyde Park yesterday was the scene of a riot far exceeding in magnitude and in its serious consequences that which took place on the previous Sunday. The publicity given through the press to last Sunday's proceedings, combined with the fact that the abandonment of meeting had not become generally known, caused an immense assemblage in the park yesterday. Before two o'clock all the principal thoroughfares leading to Hyde Park were crowded with persons proceeding toward it, many of them carrying thick sticks, and by three o'clock the police on duty estimated that at least 100,000 persons had passed through the park gates. As on the previous Sunday, the mound of earth near the marble arch was the centre of attraction, and at an early hour of the afternoon it was taken possession of by a body of about three hundred Irish laborers, armed with bludgeons, who at once raised the cry of 'Three cheers for the Pope, and down with Garibaldi.' Immediately surrounding this mound, were stationed about 500 more of the same class similarly armed, and who openly expressed their intention to oppose by force any meeting held in favor of Garibaldi.

It soon became rumored through the crowd that the committee did not intend holding any meeting, and while many approved of this decision, by far the greater number expressed much disappointment. On its becoming known to the Irish party on and about the mound, they set up a loud shout, and began taunting the Garibaldian party for their cowardice. A working man who, unperceived by the Irish, had made his way on to the mound, here rushed to the front, and, waving his hat, and holding aloft a board with the name of Garibaldi painted upon it, called upon the vast mass of people in front and around the mound to give three cheers for the Italian patriot, which appeal was responded to by a tremendous burst of cheering from the assembled thousands. In an instant a dozen of the Irish bludgeons rattled about the head of the Garibaldian champion, and he was hurled from the mound bleeding profusely. This was the first act of violence committed, and was followed by a desperate rush of the Garibaldians upon the Irishmen, who, from the advantageous position they held, their determination, and the free use of their cudgels, succeeded in beating back their assailants, but few of whom had anything but nature's weapons at their command.

Just at this time a body of powerful Irish labourers and others came upon the ground, all armed with sticks, and fought their way up to their countrymen, who, thus reinforced, and emboldened by their recent triumph, with loud hurrahs for the Pope, made a desperate rush amidst the crowd, knocking down, indiscriminately, men, women and children, amongst others two or three of the Guards, who seemed an especial object of dislike to the Irishmen. The Garibaldians, irritated at this cowardly and ruffianly attack, and headed by about twenty soldiers, who had rushed to the aid of their comrades, then fought their way up to the mound, and after a severe struggle with the Irishmen, ranged about its base, succeeded in obtaining a footing upon it.

The scene now became one of great excitement. The soldiers, who were armed with sticks supplied them by the crowd, amid the cheering of the Garibaldians and the yells and shouting of the Irishmen, laid about them with unsparing vigour. The blows from the sticks resounded on all sides, and the blood began to flow freely from the heads of both parties. Each soldier had at least a dozen assailants to contend with. At least a dozen men were lying at this time bleeding and senseless on the mound, and the soldiers were on the point of being overpowered by numbers, when about half a dozen of the Life Guards, about the same number of the Third Bluffs, followed by a body of at least fifty working men with sticks and umbrellas, rushed on the mound and turned the tide of victory. After a terrific *melee* of about five minutes the Irish gave way, and made a precipitate retreat from their position. One soldier of the Third Bluffs, a short thick-set man, armed with a piece of park rail, knocked down six of the Irishmen in succession, receiving in return a severe wound in the forehead. As the Irishmen were beaten from the mound, the people below seized upon those who had made themselves most conspicuous, and dragged them to the outskirts of the crowd, and gave them in charge to the policemen, several of whom were there stationed, but with orders not to interfere, unless under the personal orders of the Commissioners. Those who were identified as having taken an active part in the first onslaught upon the people were at once taken off to the station house. The Garibaldians and the soldiers being now in possession of the mound, one of the soldiers was hoisted on the shoulders of his comrades, and said if any of the committee were present who called the meeting last Sunday, and wished to propose a resolution in favor of Garibaldi, the soldiers would form a circle around the mound, and guarantee them a hearing. No one, however, responded to this appeal, but it gave rise to one of the greatest bursts of cheers that ever resounded in Hyde Park, followed by more cheers for the army.

The Irish, now driven from the mound, and rendered perfectly infuriate by their defeat in that quarter, formed themselves into several detached bodies of about 200 each, and forcing their way into the crowd in different directions, began striking at all within their reach. It was estimated that there were at this time 200,000 people assembled, and the wishes of one portion of the crowd to escape the blows of these ruffians, the determined stand made against them by other portions, the shouts of the men, the shrieks of the women, and the cries of the juveniles, presented a scene of the most alarming description. Sticks were being used, and stones were firing in all directions, and at least 2,000 people were battling in different parts of the park. In some cases knives were used, and several persons were taken off the ground who had been stabbed. About 500 soldiers were now mixed up in the crowd, great numbers of whom were fighting against the Irishmen, who, at last, were overpowered, and fled in all directions, many of them meeting with knots of Garibaldians, by whom they were severely maltreated.

Sir R. Mayne and Captain Harris, the Commissioners of Police, now came upon the ground, and it getting dusk, and seeing the alarming state of affairs, despatched a constable to the Wellington Barracks for a strong picket of the Fusileers, about fifty of whom, under the command of an officer, but without arms, speedily attended, one party taking possession of the mound, and the other ordering the soldiers into barracks. A strong body of the Division of Police, who had been kept in reserve in the Marble-Arch, were also brought on the ground under the command of Capt. Harris. These measures, combined with the retreat of the Irishmen, and the approach of dusk, put a stop to the proceedings, and the people gradually left the park, which became quite cleared by eight o'clock. A large number of persons were severely injured during the afternoon, and the various surgeries in the neighbourhood were crowded with parties waiting to have their wounds dressed.—*London Times, Oct. 6.*

THE SECOND HYDE PARK FIGHT.

We publish to-day two of the many accounts of this extraordinary affair.

The first we take from the anti-Irish London Times, which, after stating that at half-past four there were 80,000 to 90,000 persons on the ground, and among them some thousands of Irish labourers, proceeds to describe the contest:—

It (the mound) appears to have been first occupied by a mixed body of people, but owing to an aggressive movement of Irish laborers it was soon held exclusively by the champions of the Papacy. The Garibaldians submitted reluctantly to this state of things for a short time, and when two or three soldiers appeared belonging to the Foot Guards a cry was raised for "Garibaldi," and some dozen men or so attempted to regain a footing on the mound. This was the signal for a fearful conflict. It became apparent in a moment that almost every Irishman had a stick or a bludgeon in his possession, and with these they struck about them right and left, crushing hats and breaking heads with restless brutality. The Garibaldians struck back in return, some with sticks and some without, and for some ten minutes the struggle was sufficiently fierce to awaken fears among the spectators that loss of life would ensue. — One stalwart Irishman laid about him with a heavy-looking stick four feet long and two inches in diameter, and another with a roughly squared piece of wood, equally long and equally strong, and with sharp edges, until both were disarmed by the Garibaldians without the intervention of the police. At the end of this struggle the Irish remained masters of the 'Reden,' as it was termed; but suddenly there came up about a dozen soldiers —Coldstreams and Grenadiers—who shouted for Garibaldi and charged up the mound with desperate gallantry. Twice they charged in vain; but a third charge was successful. Up they went, amid loud cheers and cries of 'Go it, brave Guards,' and were followed by some 200 people. The front ranks of the Irish gave way; then there was another fierce struggle with sticks and fists on the summit of the mound; and then the Irish were kept off to a man, leaving the position in the hands of the Guards and the Garibaldians. Suddenly some sticks and stones were thrown at them from below, and the Guards plunged down to punish the aggressors. Away went the Irish, away went the Guards in pursuit, and in a minute a dense disorderly mass of 5,000 or 6,000 people was flying across the park, spreading fear and confusion around them. — Like a herd of infuriated oxen, they rushed onward, carrying all before them, till it seemed to occur to them that they were running for nothing. This occurred again and again, women being sometimes thrown down and trampled upon, and men compelled to turn and fly, till the wonder was that serious injuries were not inflicted upon many. Then at short intervels, whenever the police fixed their eyes upon some prominent aggressor, they made a plunge into the heaving mass, and resolutely brought out their man, generally, but not always, succeeding in conveying him away in safe custody. It is impossible to overrate the cool manner in which they went to work. Three or four officers would thrust themselves fearlessly into a mob of 200 or 300 infuriated men, collar one, cling to him, and hold him, despite the attempts made to favour his escape, never drawing a staff or striking a blow, but holding their man by the bare assertion of the authority of the law, and this not for a brief period, but during the course of several hours.

The Guards and the Garibaldians having firmly established their supremacy, quiet was regained at one time for about a quarter of an hour, and, taking advantage of this interval of rest, a working man came forward, who, in a brief speech, denounced the Emperor of the French, as the would-be Dictator of Europe and the enemy of Italy, the opponent of liberty everywhere, and, above all, the hater of liberty in England. In conclusion, he called for three cheers for Garibaldi, which were lustily given, and when he asked all those who sympathized with Garibaldi, to hold up their hands, a forest of dirty hands was extended. Then another speaker followed, who with great common sense said, 'Enough had been done, It had been made plain to the world that the feelings of the people of London were in favour of the great patriot Garibaldi; and with that assurance they might settle down without any more speeches.' This speaker had hardly concluded when the tumult was renewed, the mound being lost and won several times, and the rushes through the park followed close upon each other, while conflicts with sticks and stones were both frequent and severe. Knives were drawn several times, and one formidable weapon, apparently a shoemaker's knife, with a wooden handle and a blade nine inches long, was taken from a man who said he found it lying on the ground after one of the tumultuous rushes. This was delivered up to Sergeant Savage, of the A Division, who forthwith shivered the blade to fragments. During one of the assaults upon the mound a corporal in the Coldstreams had his bayonet snatched from its sheath, and later in the afternoon, when it was recovered, the Irishman who had taken it was soundly thrashed, and threatened with a ducking in the Serpentine, towards which he was carried by several soldiers, who, however, yielded to the persuasions of others, and permitted him to go at large.

About half past five o'clock, two strong pickets, one of the Grenadiers and one of the Fusileers, marched into the park, for the purpose of carrying off the men belonging to their respective battalions. They marched straight to the mound, and just as they ascended it a soldier received a terrific blow on the head from a thick club wielded by an Irishman.—The blood ran down the face of the soldier, who was led away in a fainting condition, his dastardly assailant escaping by plunging into a mass of his sympathising countrymen. After this the pickets cleared the mound, of which they held possession till a body of police approaching half an hour later, when the military power yielded to the civil. From that time the police held the ground, and although there was a good deal of disorderly and tumultuous rushing to and fro, with an occasional scuffle and wholesale destruction of hats, the fear of any very serious outbreak was past. The people had begun to disperse at five o'clock, when a few drops of rain fell and gradually thinned them afterwards. But a fine moonlight night was the means of prolonging the demonstration; at seven o'clock there were still some thousands of people remaining on the ground? and it was late before the park was restored to its usual peaceful aspect. As the result of the afternoon's amusement, in addition to the soldier whose head was broken as before mentioned, fifteen people were compelled to visit St. George's Hospital in consequence of injuries received. Most of these were cases of broken heads, but there was one (an Irishman) who had been stabbed in the thigh, it is said by an Italian, and who remains in the hospital. In addition to this, about fifteen men were taken by the police to the Marlborough News Police-Station, charged with assaults. Suggestions were rife among the Irish as to something to be done next Sunday, principally by Irish soldiers; it may not be amiss should an order be issued to confine all such to their barracks on that day, and if the mound of earth—the Redan of Hyde Park—should be removed in the course of this week it may not be an entirely useless precaution.

The Universal News, an Irish London paper, tells the story as follows:—

From an early hour on Sunday it was plainly evident, from the multitudes that thronged the Park, that a renewal of the previous Sunday's contest was anticipated. Long before one o'clock there must have been between 12,000 or 15,000 persons assembled. Many of these had formed knots under the trees, or were collected in talking groups around the benches and in front of the palisades. A strong force of police was posted within a short distance of the Marble Arch, at Hyde Park Corner, and to the rear of the right wing of Kensington Palace. Rumour had it that the Guards, the bright uniforms of over a dozen of whom were visible in the black masses of civil life, were to be present in strong numbers. As to the Irish, their expected numbers were rated at from 10,000 to 40,000. The day, which was brilliant and warm, wore on until two o'clock when the detached multitudes from all parts of the park gravitated slowly towards the mound. The now famous heap of rubbish seemed to be selected by common consent as the spot on which the combatants were to test their respective strengths. It consists of an oblong mass of concrete, of irregular height, with sloping descents on all sides. The platform or top would accommodate about four hundred people, standing closely packed together. It offers no faculties for defence, and, being exposed on every side, was open to attack from any part of the park. With those disadvantages to contend with, it will be seen how much Irish pluck and endurance were taxed to hold it in the face of an overwwhelming force of something like 50,000 fighting Garibaldians, backed up by triple that number of active friends and sympathisers. Hold it they did, however, with what result we shall see. Soon after two o'clock cheering was heard in the direction of Apsley House. The cry of 'Here's the Irish!' ran from mouth to mouth, and the Garibaldians, feeling that possession was ten points of the law, sprang upon the mound, amid the applause of the mob. The latter, by this time had swelled to some 80,000 or 90,000 persons, amongst whom were a number of Italians, and a small sprinkling of French. In less than ten minutes the Irish, marching in a compact mass, entered the park, and swiftly traversing the space between the gates and the mound, halted for a moment in front of the mob. 'Hold your ground, my lads,' was the cry from the English to the gallant defenders on the Redan. 'Let the d—d fellows try us,' was the response. An Irish cheer drowned the applause of the Garibaldian sympathisers. The multitude opened right and left for the Celtic leigon, who, rushing up the slope, drove the Garibaldians down, and established themselves on the platform, with a cheer for the Pope. It may be well to mention that in consequence of their gray smocks the Irish were nick-named the 'White Jackets.' In front of them, as they stood on the edge of the Redan, glaring at their discomfited antagonists, was a man of Herculean frame and stature. He was armed with a park paling, in the use of which his faculty was enormous. His followers were of all ages and heights — some mature men, some boys of fifteen or sixteen. A number of Irishwomen had collected at the base of the Redan where they kept up a running interchange of sarcastic abuse with an equal number of English females. No blows were interchanged in this humorous contest of wit and invective. 'Three cheers for the Pope!' 'Hurrah for Garibaldi!' 'Get along, you dirty Papishes!' 'Can't you make us do it, darling!' were a few of the cries which one standing amongst the crowd might have heard delivered between the opposing parties. In this sort of war the Garibaldians got the worst of it. The keen Celtic scarcasm penetrated their marrow, and headed by a dozen Foot Guards, belt in hand, they made a dash for the recovery of the mound. The entire column, soldier and civilian, was hurled back pell-mell, and would have retreated, only retreat was impossible; for the crowd below had massed itself around the base of the Redan, enclosing the assaulting party among themselves and the Irish; there was no getting back.

One looking over the forest of heads saw a swarm of sticks rattling in the air—heard cries of agony and encouragement, and keenly above all, the war-shout of 'The White Jackets'—'Hurrah for the Pope!' Several times the pressure from above forced back the attacking mob, which yielded with a slow movement, as if to some gigantic mechanical strain. Conspicuous amongst the combatants was the huge Irishman we have before mentioned, and a Foot Guard of imposing proportions, whom the Garibaldians had instinctively adopted for their leader. This man, because of his height and weight, and the huge stick he wielded, inflicted severe damage on the heads of the Irish. The struggle raged for upwards of half an hour, and ended in the complete defeat of the Garibaldian party. They retreated amid the derisive cheers from the handful of victors, and the sorrowful exclamations of their friends. The Foot Guards scattered over the Park, on learning the defeat of their comrades, hastened to the seat of war, where they were received by the Garibaldians with a most generous enthusiasm. Leading a body of at least 2,000 men, and charging under the cover of a shower of stones as an assaulting party advances under the protection of artillery, they advance to the Redan. Thrice they flung themselves against the Irish—thrice they were beaten back. Before another charge was made, the 'White Jackets' were attacked on the flanks and in the rear, and the Guards, with their supporters, storming the front at the same time, the three parties got mixed on the platform, and the fight became indiscriminate. At last the Irish, overwhelmed by a force against which there was no contending, abandoned the Redan, and rallied on the open ground. The Garibaldians, assured that the fight was over, began the long promised meeting, but the first speaker had not finished his tenth sentence when the auditory was cloven apart in four directions as if by so many wedges, and the Irish burst in upon the astonished Garibaldians, overturning the chairman, and clearing the mound of all but themselves in a few minutes. The baffled Guards, foaming with disappointment, called on the mob to follow them, and renewed the assault. At this juncture the big Guardsman and the big Irishman met face to face. Up went the Celtic park pale, up went the Saxon wattle; and the next moment the soldier with a crushed skull rolled heavily to the earth. He was borne off by his comrades amid the victorious cheers of the Irish. No further attempt was made to dispossess them, and they held their ground until the police made their appearance, at whose request they left the Redan, without the faintest show of resistance.

THE ILLUSTRIOUS COLONEL SLEIGH.

Populus decipi vult et decipiatur, once the parent of questionable miracles, is now productive of unquestionable marvels. This very humane principle of supplying the cravings of humanity for humbug, is devoted now to utilitarian purposes. It gratifies the wants of society, and it doubly blesses the benefactor; it relieves the numskull of the money that burns in his pocket, and transfers it to the possession of an individual who is disposed to put it into general circulation. There are vast varieties of modes in which this amiable desire of supplying this marketable article appeals to an appreciative public. Sometimes it is by an itinerant vaticinator, a long-visaged gentleman in a white choker, who frightens his hearers by announcing the immediate approach of the millennium, persuades the unlucky possessor of bank-stock that his dividends will only be payable at the most for a year or two longer, and induces him to be generous, when apparently even parsimony must soon be unavailing. There are medical humbugs, who make you ill by their horrible advertisements, and cure you by giving you an innocent prescription of bread-pills, exacting only a liberal allowance of faith, and a modest gratuity.

These are, however, very common-place purveyors for the wants of society. But there is no branch of human industry in which genius cannot distinguish itself. Gastronomy has its Soyer; acrobatism its Blondin; Medical Science its illustrious Brennan and Tumblety; the exhibition of the marvels of nature and art, its Barnum.—and why should not colonization have its *artiste*?

It is a sad misfortune that we cannot appreciate illustrious men until we have lost them! Colonel Sleigh has forever abandoned his native land, and has sought in La Belle France for a scene worthy of his genius. It is time for us to recall some of those historic memorials of a gentleman whose benevolence has been almost world-wide. In his own department he has been a veritable Howard. He has supplied the Canadians with an allowance of humbug that was sufficient to satisfy their cravings for a few months at least. Little Prince Edward Island remembers his brilliant career there; and proud may she be of having bestowed upon him that title of Colonel, that has been associated by history with his name. A slight sketch of his career may not be uninteresting. About ten years ago he came out here as Captain Sleigh. He had more the appearance of a London attorney than of a soldier, but it was plain he had been in the army, and military men are occasionally not very distinguishable from more useful but less distingues personages. He had no money, but he had what was equally potent. If he had no "tin" he had an ample supply of *brass*. By its aid he purchased a whole township in Prince Edward Island and was made a Colonel of Militia. The Garden of British America, however, was not a sufficiently wide field for his labors; he purchased a steamer, the "*Albatross*," by paying for it, not in vile postage-stamps or irredeemable paper, but in that more valuable circulating medium which has contributed so much to the success of that nation. He literally paid them "in their own coin." From his ample funds he manned and equipped his steamship, to ply from Quebec to Halifax, as the pioneer of a line of future packets. He entertained his Excellency the Governor General and the Canadian big wigs at a very recherche dejeuner at Quebec; and subsequently received his numerous friends and admirers in a similar manner at Halifax. The champagne was excellent. The host was everything that could be desired. If any of the pious gentlemen who partook of his wine and hospitality entertained any doubt as to the "ways and means" of the agreeable Colonel and land proprietor, they acted on true Christian principles, and eat and drank, "asking no questions for conscience sake." But the evil day came at last. The brilliant colonial career of the Colonel was cut short, not by a bullet, but by a writ. He was put in jail, we regret to state,—his cell is still at Halifax, probably invested with an historic interest—and Colonel Sleigh's glory was dimmed by his undergoing the vulger process of being "whitewashed." His colonial career reminds us of the common lot of humanity. His arrival and departure from British America were like the entrance to and exit from life: he brought nothing with him, and he certainly carried nothing away with him, except the admiration and regret of his guests and creditors.

The next time we hear of him is his starting the first daily penny paper in London, in imitation of those he had seen in America. He next brings out a work on British America, entitled, "Pine Forests and Blackmatack Clearings," as the *Saturday Review* would say, a "showy but rather ably worded advertisement" of himself. He aspires to the House of Commons; contests Greenwich with a naval hero (if we remember aright), and very nearly succeeded in representing that very respectable and enlightened borough. The gallant Admiral had been accused of permitting too much flogging in the Navy. The Colonel came out as the champion of the British tar. Gigantic cat-o'-nine tails whisked about in front of the Admiral's nose, and somewhat interfered with his rhetoric. The high-minded electors of Greenwich supported the patriotic Colonel; and had there been but a half-a-dozen more patriotic electors to the fore it would have rejoiced in a worthy representative. But they were not forthcoming, and the next day the gallant Colonel went, not into Parliament, but into the Insolvent Court. Had he only achieved the distinction he desired and deserved, he would probably have been a valuable supporter of ultra-reformers and Goldwin Smith's theories. But he was not to be cast down by such trifles. Like the phœnix he arose, if not from his ashes, at least from his "whitewash," with renewed splendour. He went off to Russia on an "important mission" (from himself we presume) to the Russian government, respecting Railway matters. What the result of his diplomacy was, we have never heard; but we fear the Czar was so poor as to be hardly worth the plucking. This we conclude, from reading by the article from the *Saturday Review*, which we reprint in another column, that the Colonel subsequently returned to his first love — British America.—*Colonial Review, Nov. 8.*

COLONIZATION EXTRAORDINARY.

On the 5th April last, a showy but rather ably worded advertisement appeared in the newspapers, setting forth that there had been established the British Columbia Overland Transit Company, for the purpose of conveying colonists to Columbia in six weeks (some five days less than any other route) at the small expense of £42 each. The company was "limited," "to be registered," and endowed with all the other talismanic adjectives and participles that commonly bewilder plain people in such documents. It had, as usual, directors, bankers, brokers, solicitors, an office in Copthall Court, and the indispensable secretary. Invisible in the prospectus, but ubiquitous everywhere else, there seems to have been a presiding genius, or "manager," called Colonel Sleigh. We know nothing of this Colonel Sleigh—scarcely more than the *Army List* does; though some of the passengers intimate pretty roundly that "if they had heard the name of Colonel Sleigh connected with this company, they never would have parted with a penny." But the Directors had among them some good names—Mr. F. Mangles, the Hon. F H. F. Berkley, Mr. S. Starkey, &c., obtained as it appears, for a company "to be registered," and then used as if that process had already taken place. There were bankers—Messrs. Robarts, Lubbock & Co.—with whom an account had been opened on the faith of such names, and upon the magnificent deposit of £2; and Solicitors, who seem to have known little or nothing about the matter, and took the appointment as a mere affair of "six-and eightpence." So, the arrangements were announced to be complete; ships were advertised for; and "no applications for a passage could be entertained after May 17."

Some doubts were started as to the practicability of the scheme—especially by a person writing under the signature of "Canada West," to whom the Secretary replied in the *Times* of May 23, as he says, "with considerable surprise, and I may add, indignation." One or two questions were asked in Parliament, and answered with the average enlightenment of the official mind—with sufficient lucidity, however, to satisfy Mr. Berkley, and the affair proceeded. On May 26, the thirty-four favoured colonists went to Glasgow, embarked thence in a steamer to Quebec, and thence onwards to St. Paul's, Minnesota. From this point they were to be forwarded by steamers or an "emigrant escort train" over the remaining part of the journey; and they were all to live happy ever after, like the people at the end of a twopenny novel. Unfortunately, at St. Paul's the scheme broke down altogether. Mr. Hime, the agent there, bluntly asks Mr. Hayward, the "through-agent" of the party from England, "how much money he had" to pay the fare to Fort Garry with. Mr. Hayward, with equal *aplomb*, "told him he had none, and hoped Mr. Hime had plenty."

Mr. Hime's reply was equally explicit and equally unsatisfactory. Messrs. Burbank, the firm who were expected to forward the party, refused to accept the drafts of what they appropriately term the "Transportation Company." In short, there was no money, no credit, no provisions, no lodgings, no transit, no escort, "no nothing;" and the unfortunate emigrants were left to settle down under canvass in a desolate prairie as best they could. Those who had money of their own returned; those who could, "helped to keep others;" some, who "had gone out as gentlemen, went to work in the lead mines as labourers;" and the rest, to all appearance, are there still, whiling away their leisure hours in realizing Mr. Dickens's bright ideal of the city of Eden, and reducing Mr. Mark Tapley's theory of the "jolly" into rather lugubrious practice. One of those who were able to return, Mr. Collingwood, had the forethought to arm himself with powers of attorney, to act in behalf of those who were left behind. When he arrived in England, he naturally sought the shades of Copthall Court and the society of Colonel Sleigh. To his dismay, the company had evaporated—the offices were vacant; before long, Colonel Sleigh had closed his banks at the West End, carrying away the books with him; his villa in St. John's Wood was dismantled, and the furniture sold off; and he is said now to be enjoying the applause of a good conscience among the gaieties of Paris.

Colonel Sleigh's own version of the affair can only be gathered from a letter with which he has favoured a certain Captain Nicolls, the only director who appears hitherto to have taken his liabilities, like a good husband for better for worse.

"West End Bank, S. W., Thursday.

"Dear Captain Nicolls,—Until I hear of the safe arrival of my passengers in Canada and their comfortable departure from St. Paul's, I do not intend to send any more pas-