MISCELLANEOUS NEWS.

THE WRECK OF THE COLOMBO.

OTTAWA, RED SEA, Dec. 13, 1862.

I suppose by this time you have received my letter from Bombay. It would be quite impossible to describe either our appearance or that of the ship. We did not get away until 6 a. m. on the 27th, owing to the engine refusing duty. We were all ready at 7 p. m. on the 26th, boats up, and crew on board, but could not move the engines. They tried for nearly four hours; the superintendent-engineer came off himself; no go, so they had to blow off steam, and have a thorough overhaul, which lasted until next morning. Nothing particular the matter, only they have been put together too quickly—some parts screwed up too tight, and others not tight enough. Got away at last all right, and made the best of our way down to Minicoy, where we found the Colombo a sad wreck indeed, high and dry on shore and broken in half, just before the foremost funnel, and lying completely over on her port side. It seems she left Point de Galle at 2 p. m. on the 17th, and had very bad, unsettled weather all the time. On the night of the 18th the wind shifted to the south-west, in a heavy thunder-storm, with torrents of rain. It continued squally all night, clearing up a little at intervals, and then coming down again as hard and thick as ever. At 4 a. m. on the 19th the weather was fearfully thick, so they eased the engines down to "quite slow." The ship had sail on her at the time, so I suppose she must have been going about six or seven knots. At six o'clock they had a hard squall, with torrents of rain, and had to lower the topsails down to a close reef at 6 30. The weather moderated a little, and, to use their own expression, the rain and clouds seemed to lift like a curtain, and there was the land close ahead and on both bows, about two-thirds of a mile off. They stopped at once, let fly everything, and gave orders to go astern, full speed. Unfortunately the engines would not move, and the ship, forging ahead, took the rocks slightly forward. The engines at that time began to work astern, but too late. A heavy sea struck her on the quarter and threw her right broadside upon the rocks, exposing the whole of her port side to the heavy surf that was rolling in, and then she began to strike heavily fore and aft. About 7 o'clock, finding she was firmly fixed on the rocks, land ahead and astern, and entirely stove in on the starboard side amidships, they stopped the engines and blew off steam. By this time the boats exposed to the surf were all stove in, and the cabins on that side all full of water. Fortunately, on the side nearest the shore the water close to the ship was a little sheltered by the ship herself, but on shore the breakers were terrific. About 7 they managed to get a line on shore to haul the boats in by, as rowing was out of the question The women, children, and sick were then put in the boats and hauled on shore, as close as possible with safety, and then the unfortunate people had to be hauled right through the surf by the natives, the best way they could, most of them being rolled over and over before they reached the shore, and there they stood—mostly in their night gear, nothing on their heads or feet, the most unhappy mortals you ever saw—for the whole day, it raining nearly all the time. The people on board, in the meantime, were doing their best to save the mails and passengers' baggage; of the mails, up to the time we took them off the island, only 257 boxes out of 630 were saved—if you could call them saved, for they were all saturated with salt water, and a great many broken open. They managed to land during the day some of the baggage and ship stores. The live stock swam on shore, so nearly all the sheep and pigs were saved. Late in the evening they got all the awnings, spare sails, spars, and ropes, and rigged a tent for the ladies and children, also a few beds, but all wet. So they had to content themselves with a glass of grog and some biscuits, and turn in, *all of a heap*, during the night.

The ship broke in half, but the rain had ceased and the weather got finer. Next day they sent everything they could find on shore, and the people were getting more comfortable—drying their things, those that had saved anything, rinsing them in fresh water, and going halves with those who had none. They had breakfast and dinner that day, barring wine, &c. The attire of the ladies was charming—one petticoat, and a man's flannel shirt over all, with a handkerchief round their waists for a belt. It was only on the third day that some of them got any shoes or stockings. Even now some of them are suffering from sore feet. The musquitoes had a tremendous feed, preventing them from sleeping day and night. On the morning of the third day the Rajah came down, and offered them the use of some large huts on the other side of the island, which was of course accepted, and after they had shifted got on splendidly. In fact I think, according to all accounts, the latter part of the proceedings must have been rather fun for them, but not for the officers and crew, who had, when we left, been working every day and all day in the water, under a broiling sun. They have lost all their things. Fortunately, we were able to lend them a lot of things they most wanted,—flannel, shoes, hats, socks, and *backy*.

I forgot to tell you that on the 20th they made arrangements with the Rajah for the largest native boat he had, and 12 men to send over to the mainland for assistance. Kortwright, the supernumerary third officer, and quartermaster, went in charge, with orders to make the best of his way to the nearest port on the coast, and send a telegram to the senior officer and officials in Bombay He arrived at Cochin on the morning of the 25th, and we got the news at 8 o'clock at night. It will be a great feather in his cap, for it is no joke cruising about these seas in an open boat and a dozen savages with you. He did the 300 miles in a little over four days — smart work, if he had the weather we had coming down.

We arrived at Minicoy at noon on the 30th of November. Captain Farquhar came off, and we steamed round to the other side of the island, where we anchored about five miles from the shore, not being able to get any closer on account of the rocks. The passengers came in native boats about 6; anything but the woe-begone people you would think, after 10 days on Minicoy—some of whom you might safely call *screwed*—from the heat of the sun and excitement of the day, of course. We were busy all night taking in mails, baggage, and all the odds and ends that had been saved. The last boat of mails did not come alongside until noon on the first of December. We left at 1 o'clock, and had a lovely passage up to Aden, where we arrived on the 8th at noon; left again at 6 p. m. We are making rather a long passage up the Red Sea; nothing but strong head winds and a heavy sea, so I don't suppose we shall be in Suez until Monday, the 15th, at noon. I shall be sorry to lose the passengers, for they are the most agreeable set of people I have met for a long time, and under the circumstances it is impossible to say too much in their favor. At the wreck they say that the women behaved in the most plucky way; not a scream, nor even a faint—regular trumps, every inch of them, children and all.

A SAD CASE.—Ephraim Johnson, of Pittsfield, having two boys in the service of the country, was informed that one of them—Henry M., a member of the 24th regiment, aged 20 years — was sick unto death of typhoid fever, in a New York hospital, and that the other, Franklin B., aged 23 years, of the 16th Maine, had lost a leg at Fredericksburg. Starting at once to visit them, he meets the corpse of the younger boy on the way home; and leaving the dead behind he hurries on, to be robbed of his scanty stock of money on the road, and to find that the other boy, after having his leg amputated, had also died within an hour of the first — on Christmas day, Dec. 25, and was already buried. Kind friends in Washington, foremost among whom was Vice President Hamlin, supplied his pecuniary wants, and he was enabled to return home with a promise that the body of his boy should follow immediately—he having paid the necessary expenses. In due time the sad consignment came to hand, and was welcomed with mournful satisfaction; but when the coffin was opened, the weeping parents looked upon the face of a stranger! By some unfortunate blunder the wrong body had been sent.—*Waterville Mail.*

CALIFORNIA.

A STRANGE STORY OF CRIME.

The following story, which equals in horror the blood-and-thunder production of the most sanguinary yellow-covered novelist of the age, is from the San Diego (Cal.) correspondence of the San Francisco *Alta*. It beats anything we over read in real life.—A terrible murder was perpetrated on the persons of Warren Hall and —— Wilkinson, at or near Dr. Smith's rancho, on the road to the mines, thirty miles from San Bernardo. Mr. Warren Hall was agent for a stage line that had been put on the route to the mines from Los Angelos; and as it was proving a bad speculation to the proprietors, he was sent out to withdraw the stock, &c., belonging to the route, and as that would be his last trip, of course the most that could be had to be made out of it. When he started from the mines, he had five passengers, and twelve thousand dollars in gold-dust, for different persons in Los Angelos and San Fransisco. He was also accompanied by one of his drivers. The night that they staid at the place above mentioned, through some hocus-pocus or another, the money was missing. In the morning, after making due search, it could not be found; and finally, Hall, who was a very violent man, suspected a driver who had been in his employ, named Gordon, who formerly came to this State from Texas. Hall and Wilkinson accused Gordon of stealing the money, and threatened to hang him, &c., while Gordon stoutly denied the theft. At this juncture of affairs, they procured a rope, and did actually hang poor Gordon three times, telling him to confess that he stole the money; but as he knew nothing of it or its whereabouts, he had nothing to confess respecting it. Finding that they could not wring a falsehood out of him in this manner, they gave him a pick and shovel and told him to go up to the gulch and dig his grave. Not being able to resist them, he started off with the tools, followed by Wilkinson, who had a revolver in his hand prepared to shoot him. As they passed out of site of the station, Gordon told Wilkinson that the money was under a large rock near them, and that he had hid it there. Wilkinson went to look for it, and, as he stooped over, Gordon rushed on him with a drawn knife and killed him.

Hall heard the rampus and went to see what was the matter, and as he approached, Gordon seeing that he was armed with a drawn revolver, picked up a stone, and when he was near enough threw it and knocked Hall down, and he attacked him with the knife and cut him so severely that he soon died. Gordon was so enraged at the time that it is said he stabbed Hall some thirty times. Gordon, after despatching his persecutors, went back to the station, where the passengers had been left, and gave himself up. As the driver had been killed, they desired him to drive them into San Berardion. This he did, and when they arrived he (Gordon) gave himself up to the Sheriff. The same officer also took charge of Hall's and Wilkinson's trunks and other effects. On examining the trunks, one half of the money was found, hid away carefully, in Hall's trunk, and the other half in Wilkinson's. This convinced the officers of justice, and all others present that it was their intention to steal it themselves and put the blame on innocent man. Gordon was at once acquitted, and released by the proper officer. There is scarcely a more henious outrage recorded in the dark annals of crime than was attempted to be thus perpetrated. Hall was a married man, and leaves a wife and two children. He came to California from Utica, N. Y. Wilkinson was a young man, and formerly lived in Illinois.

NEW ZEALAND.

At no time were the reports from New Zealand about the gold mines so favorable as by the latest accounts. Fortunes are being made with almost fabulous rapidity, and the rush thither is unprecedented. According to one local journal, the province of Otago was increasing its population by thousands every week. Otago occupies the Southern part of the larger island (New Munster), and is situated nearly under the 45th parralel of South latitude. The port of Dunedin was overflowing with passengers from Australia.—Within one week four ships had arrived at Port Chambers, bringing thirty-two hundred passengers. At Dunstan "diggings" three thousand one hundred and thirty-three ounces of gold were left with the police for transmission, within five days. Yields of three or four ounces of yellow dust per day per laborer were thought of little account, and several were reported to be taking it out by the pound. Among the articles reported as scarce are *bank notes*, wherewith to purchase the precious metal. All kinds of produce had advanced to extravagent prices, and rowdyism was becoming disgustingly prevalent in a community which was founded under religious influences, and named after the great Scottish divine by his countrymen.

The whole population of New Zealand, as ascertained by a census, before the gold excitement broke out, was 106,000, of which about fifty per cent. was natives. But with this discovery it is probable that the foreign element has already doubled, and will continue to advance at an unusually rapid rate for years to come. The climate and soil are for the most part among the best on the globe, and the situation of the islands is well adapted to European constitutions. One of these days another generation will be borne there.

Since the paragraphs above were set up we have received later news from New Zealand, via Panama. These accounts are still more glowing than the others. New discoveries are reported, throwing into the shade those made in Otago, and the New Zealand mines are believed to excel in richness those of California or Australia. Their present weekly product is estimated at 20,000 ounces. Prices of all kinds are at monstrous figures; and rail roads, telegraphs, steamboat lines, gas works, &c., are among the grand projects of day.—*N. Y. Com. Advertiser.*

RUSSIA AND FINLAND.

It is no solace, but rather a subject for melancholy reflection that the poor Lancashire weavers are not the only sufferers from destitution. From another quarter, and rather an obscure one, comes a voice of lamentation. How and why the people of Finland are starving, may be seen in the following narrative of their sufferings:

The terrible scourge of famine, which formerly desolated whole districts of Europe, has found its last refuge in our days in the vast realm of Russia. In many respects, and particularly in the want of inland communication, the empire of the Czar is still much in the same condition in which the western states of Europe were a century or two ago. Although Russia is one of the largest corn-producing countries in the world, yet there scarcely passes a year without one or the other of its provinces being afflicted by famine. Owing to the all but complete absence of high roads, while there is abundance of food in one district, there is utter scarcity in another, to the extent of causing the death of thousands by absolute starvation.

The description which Swedish and Norwegian journals give of the present condition of Finland is perfectly horrible. The chief crops, potatoes, rye, and barley, having failed in two successive seasons, three-fourths of the duchy are in a state of starvation, and thousands are said to have already succumbed to famine. In some towns in the interior, for instance the ancient Tavastehus, with its grand old castle on the margin of a vast lake, the formerly flourishing Kuopio, Heinola, and other places, all trade and commerce have come to a complete stand-still, the shops being shut, and most of the inhabitants having left their houses to seek food as beggars at a distance. Hosts of wan and weary pilgrims flock in long files into Abo, Helsinfors, Kumo, and Wasa; others try to creep along the shores of the Ladoga Lake to St. Petersburgh; and while some few reach the goal and find a scanty subsistence, many more perish on the road, to be devoured by dogs and wolves who are swarming all over the country. Babies die on the breasts of their mothers for want of nourishment; children, with ghastly faces and hollow eyes, are met with everywhere attempting to stifle the cravings of hunger by chewing roots and the bark of trees; and old people, helpless to move in the general shipwreck, crouch down in holes and corners to die a lingering, fearful death. While all these scenes of unspeakable distress, horror, and wretchedness are beheld on the northern shores of the Gulf of Finland, on the south side of the same inlet of the sea, the brilliant court of the Czar, surrounded by the *elite* of the Russian nobility, are revelling in luxury, with a display of pomp and magnificence as boundless as the misery on the opposite coast. Balls, theatricals, and *fetes* of all kinds chase each other; troops of Italian singers, brought from the far south, "regardless of expense," delight the ears of a galaxy of princes, and nobles, and the most perfect *corps de ballet* which even Paris could produce has arrived to turn pirouttes, at imperial price, on the borders of the Neva. There never was such a magnificent 'season' as the present at the Russian metropolis, say all the letters from St. Petersburg.

In Sweden and Norway, and particularly in Sweden, long connected in political union with Finland, the fearful distress under which the country has been suffering has excited the deepest sympathy. For the last three or four months house to house collections, in aid of the starving Finlanders, have been made all over Sweden; the merchants on the Exchange of Stockholm have subscribed princely sums; king and court have set the example of generous charity, and everybody, down to the lowest peasant, has contributed something to the "Finland Relief Fund." In fact the people of Sweden seem to have done, comparatively, quite as much for the starving Finnish population as we for our own Lancashire poor. In striking contrast with this behavour stands that of the Russian Government. All along scanty and tardy relief only has been sent from St. Petersburg to the adjoining province in the north; and the policy of the Home Administration seems to have been rather to suppress facts than to incite the sympathy of the general public.

It is satisfactory to learn from the last accounts from St. Petersburg that the famine in Finland has now reached its culminating point, and is visibly abating. The price of the famine, too, seems to be realy secured, for there are serious preparations made for assembling the Parliament of Finland at the beginning of April. The old constitution, which is to be recalled into life after the lapse of more than half a century, dates from 1772, and is similar to that of Sweden. It provides for a Diet of four estates, comprising deputies of the nobility, clergy, burghers, and peasants, each estate deliberating and voting separately, except in constitutional questions, when all four unite together. This somewhat cumbrous legislative machinery the Czar-Grand Duke intends working in a new way, by means of questions and answers. First, the Government is to ask a series of questions of each of the four Chambers, and these having been satisfactorily answered, then the Chambers in their turn are at liberty to interrogate the government. Finally, the quintessence of all these questions and answers is to be shaped into constitutional formulas and propositions by the Governor-General of Finland, Baron Rokassowski, to be then either voted or rejected by the Diet. The new system will form a curious inauguration of parliamentary government in Russia.

CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER FROM AN ISLANDER ON THE WAR IN THE STATES.

WE have had placed in our hands, a few days ago, a letter written by Mr. Josiah McLeod, formerly of this Island, and we believe a native, who was known to many of our readers by his contributions to the periodical press of the Colony, in which considerable talent was displayed, and finally by domestic troubles which required the intervention of the Divorce Court. It appears that Mr. McLeod, shortly after leaving the Island, enlisted in the Federal Army, and was engaged in some of the sanguinary conflicts that have taken place between the North and South. The letter is addressed to his father, and we copy the greater part of it,—it is well written, and very interesting. It vividly depicts the privations of a soldier's life, and the sad vicissitudes inseparable from a state of war.

GENERAL HOSPITAL,
Camp Benton, St. Louis, Mo.

DEAR FATHER;

So long a time has clapsed since you heard from me, that I suppose you feared I had passed off to that "bourne whence no traveller returns." Indeed it was by a miracle that I escaped. Hundreds, who were stronger and healthier than I at the time of our capture, are now sleeping "their last sleep" in the "far South." The suffering that I witnessed and endured, during over six months' imprisonment in the South, was such as language would fail to describe. I will not shock you with the recital. If God please to restore my health, I intend to publish the whole in a pamphlet form, and I'll send you a copy. Whatever cruelty, neglect, keen insults, hunger, filth and disease could effect was effected upon us. I saw many of my comrades shot in mere wantonness by the guard, and had a narrow escape from death myself on one occasion. When I have lain for weeks in the delirium of fever, on the hard floor that never saw a broom, covered with filth and vermin, with the moans of the dying in my ears, and the stench of the half-decomposed dead in my nostrils—oh! how welcome then would have been the kind, soothing attentions of a mother or sister! When, after the exhaustion of a long and terrible battle, I was kept for three consecutive days and nights without any other sustenance than about four ounces of pickled pork—raw, fat and gross—that the generosity of a comrade supplied me—how delicious then would be a plate of porridge and milk, or a piece of oaten cake from my father's humble table! I suffered all the agonies of death by hunger; for, when the food came, I was reduced to a kind of idiotic stupor that could scarcely comprehend who I was, where I was, what was the matter with me, or what I needed. But I forbear, for fear I might be led into a history of my sufferings, which I wish to avoid. Certain it is, that no spectacle of human suffering can ever more elicit any other emotion in my breast than, perhaps, a feeling of passing curiosity.

Well, I was actively engaged for a whole day in one of the most terrific actions of modern times—certainly the greatest ever fought on this continent — and came out of it safe and sound. Only that I have not the patience to enter into a long narrative, I would give you the history of that great battle in detail. How the loftiest flights of imagination fall short of the sublime and terrible realities of a great battle, where two hundred thousand combatants meet in deadly conflict. The ceaseless roar of musketry, extending in a line of six miles; the heavy booming of artillery, fairly shaking the earth; the dreadful hissing and loud explosion of shells; the loud whistling of cannon balls through the air; the crash of the falling forest; the shouts of the combatants; the shrieks and moans, the mingled prayers and curses of the wounded and dying; formed altogether a combination of terrors such as, unless seen, cannot be imagined. You can have an idea of the obstinacy of the engagement, when I tell you that some of the ground was fought over five and six times. We had a stubborn enemy to fight with. They would come forward in solid column to attack us. We would repulse them; yet the same men, repulsed again and again, would still reform and come on with loud yells. We—I mean the Iowa Third—swept a whole regiment of them out of existence at one fire. We were in the timber, by the side of a wide and smooth field, supporting artillery. The enemy had a battery of artillery in the timber on the opposite side of the field. For a long time we kept up a splendid artillery duel. Finally, the enemy's fire ceased. We could not believe that we had silenced them. There was an ominous pause in the tragedy. We were not left long in suspense, however. The enemy marched out of the timber opposite in solid column at "shoulder arms," their bayonets glittering in the sun; they were a splendid looking body of men. We were commanded to throw ourselves on our faces, and reserve our fire till we should have the word of command. When they came within easy range, we had the command, "ready," "fire." We took deadly aim, laying our pieces on the fence, and at the word, we poured into them a murderous fire. Never was there more terrible execution from one fire. They fell where they stood all across the field, like a swarth cut down by the mower, only a few limping off to the timber. There was no part of the battle-field that presented a more terrible spectacle than that field. We repulsed them thus several times, and signalized our success by loud cheers. Finally the enemy concentrated their power in a desperate attack on our wings. The wings gave way. The first intimation that we had of the strategy was, when a deadly fire was poured in upon us from front and both flanks. It was then every man for himself; it was their turn to mow us down. How I ever came out of that tempest of lead, without any other hurt than a bullet through my blouse and another through my canteen string, I can't imagine. Hundreds fell around me; saplings were lopped off on each side of me; bark and small splinters from trees flew in my face; one cannon ball struck the ground in front of me, threw the earth in my face, rebounded over my head, the wind from which knocked me off my feet. Even the free denizens of the forest appeared terrified and confounded at this awful manifestation of the rage and power of man. Rabbits came running into our ranks, and stood trembling between our legs. Flocks of quails crouched amongst the leaves, and refused to move at our approach. One of the camp followers caught one of them and kept it as a memento of the battle. While retreating from this terrible scence of carnage, a limb lopped off by a cannon ball struck me on the head and stunned me for a while. On recovering, I found myself suffering with the most terrible thirst I ever experienced. There is something in battle, independently of the loss of blood, that promotes violent thirst. The last drop in my canteen I had given to a dying rebel that begged me for some. I rushed down a steep declivity to where there was a pool of stagnant water. It was filled with the carcasses of men and horses, and the water itself was of the color of blood. The wounded had evidently come here to quench their thirst; and, in attempting to reach the water, had fallen in. Without any hesitation, I plunged in, and drank deep of this horrible compound; and never did a pure draught from gushing spring or murmuring streamlet taste so sweet and refreshing. It was now near sunset. Our troops had nearly all retreated to the river under cover of our gunboats. The musketry firing, that had been so constant and terrific since daylight, had now ceased all along the line, only to be renewed the next morning by our brave boys, amid shouts of victory. Meantime, other sounds, scarcely less terrific, that had been drowned amid the roar of battle, now broke on the ear with awful distinctness — the shrieks and moans of the dying, and their unavailing cries for help. I cannot give you an account of the horrors of that great battle-field. Let me give you one incident that struck me as peculiarly harrowing and disgusting. A fine specimen of a soldier, who had just been disembowelled by a fragment of a shell, passed by me, bearing his broken intestines *in his arms*. I asked him where he was going in that condition. He replied with amazing calmness that he was seeking a comfortable place to die. He stretched himself on a grassy spot at the root of a large oak tree, where he soon fell into "the sleep that knows no waking." How gloomy and despondent were my thoughts as I sat over that pool, bathing my temples in the disgusting liquid! I had seen the "Grand Army" of the West — an army which, from its stupendous magnitude, its bravery and discipline, I had fondly imagined invincible—after the most desperate fighting, out-generaled, outflanked, and defeated.

Not knowing anything about the junction of Gen. Buell that night, I imagined that the victorious and exulting foe had only to pursue our broken and disheartened troops to the river to make their victory final and overwhelming. While thus pondering over our misfortunes—not dreaming how near I was myself to a great personal misfortune —I heard loud cheering from the hill above. I asked a fugitive, passing by, what that meant. He replied that it was our troops rallying. I immediately grasped up my musket, and ran up to take a part in the struggle. On reaching the summit of the hill, I discovered a battalion of infantry drawn out in line before me. Somewhat stupified with the effects of the blow I had received, I did not perceive their grey uniform till I walked right up to them. Just as I had discovered my mistake, the officer in command galloped up to me, and smilingly and politely informed me that I was a prisoner. In the same tone I replied that I was not in a condition to dispute his proposition, quietly delivering up my arms. When I told him the mistake that had cost me my liberty, he was greatly amused. Perceiving my foreign accent, he asked me if I was an Irishman. I replied that I was a Scotchman. (I may remark here that the Scotch are more esteemed and respected in this country than any other foreign nation.) "What *in the hell*, then," he inquired, "made you join the North? I am sorry that such a brave people like the Scotch take sides with the Yankees in this quarrel. Some of the bravest men in our ranks are your countrymen; and the only good fighting that was done against us at Manassas was by a Scotch regiment." I replied that if *some* Scotchmen so far forgot the moral principles installed into their mind at home, as to enlist in their ranks, their country should not be held responsible for it. This remark did not appear to please him, and he sent me to the rear under guard, assuring me, however, that I should be well treated. Here I was guilty of a little indiscretion that had well nigh cost me my life. Through the day it was customary with us to signalize any advantage gained over the enemy by loud and spontaneous cheering. While I was standing here, waiting to be disposed of, a huge shell from one of our gunboats fell among a dense crowd of rebels, immediately exploding and sweeping them all to destruction. Not reflecting upon the change that had so lately taken place in my circumstances, I cheered lustily. The first thing that awoke me to a consciousness of my imprudence was the clicking of the guard's musket lock. He swore that, if I should utter another such exclamation, he would blow my brains out. Judging that, in my condition, discretion was the better part of valor, I maintained a prudent silence afterwards. I was marched off, and soon found myself in company with a vast crowd of unfortunates like myself, who were being marched off to Southern prisons. Gen. Prentiss and his whole brigade had been surrounded and taken prisoners. The men desired to cut their way through the enemy, but their officers, perceiving that it would be inevitable destruction, would not permit them. Several of them were killed after the white flag was raised. We were marched about three miles over the battle-field in the direction of Corinth. The ground was covered with arms of every description. The dead and wounded lay strewn along our path. Many, wallowing in blood, feebly raised their hands, calling out, "One mouthful of water for God's sake," but nobody heeded them. I took a peculiar kind of pleasure in noticing the features and attitudes of the dead as we passed along. Some were so fearfully mutilated as to bear but little resemblance to the human form. Here lay a boy on his face, the side of his head resting on his arm, and a pool of blood under his mouth and nose. His mother's name was the last word on his lips. There lay another big ruffian in grim repose, his stern and gloomy features still bearing the impress of the storm of suffering and passion that had so lately passed over his soul. Another lay with his countenance wreathed in smiles, as if, through the gloom of the valley of death, he had caught a glimpse of "the better land" beyond. One was kneeling in the mud, with his head between his knees, no time being afforded him to stretch his limbs. Another lay close by him, stretched out on his back, full length, with his cap drawn slightly over his forehead, and his arms folded across his breast, as if he wished, even in death, to look graceful and "assume the position of a soldier." We passed by the place where the rebel surgeons were attending to their wounded. The "victims of war" lay stretched out on platforms, while a crowd of surgeons, with white aprons on, and their sleeves rolled up, their arms and clothes all covered with blood, like so many butchers, were busy in taking off their shattered limbs. One man was busy carrying off the amputated limbs, and throwing them into a pit prepared for the purpose.

We halted for the night in an old cornfield, where the ground, recently plowed, was thoroughly saturated with recent rains, with a strong cavalry guard around us. A few were fortunate enough to secure some withered corn-stalks scattered around, and placed them under them for a bed. I was one of the unfortunates who slept on the bare ground, leaving the impress of my body in the soft and yielding mould. There was no rest for us, however, that night. Whenever sleep began to visit our eyes, the scenes of the day seemed re-enacted before us. The booming of the artillery, the roar of musketry, the clashing of cavalry sabres, the loud bass voice of Major Stone giving commands, "the thunder of the captains and the shouting," still rang in our ears and disturbed our incipient repose. But our sleep was soon disturbed by more substantial evils. Huge cumuli, that had, during the evening, been piling their black and ragged masses in the eastern horizon, as if preparing a fitting closing scene to the terrible drama, had gradually overspread the whole heavens, and now poured down their contents in drenching torrents on our devoted heads. Vivid flashes of lightning permeated the almost palpable darkness. The thunder bellowed dreadfully, while at intervals, all throughout the night, could be heard in the distance the sullen roar of our gunboats, as if man vied with heaven in adding to the terrors of that night. Not feeling inclined to sleep, and judging that "it was a naughty night to swim in," I rose and moved about during the remainder of the night. Wet, weary, and hungry as we were, we were marched off the next morning to Corinth, a distance of over twenty miles, over the worst road I ever saw: we waded rather than walked. The smell of the battle-field was already becoming intolerable. While passing through the rebel camp near Corinth, an event occurred that threw a temporary gloom over us all. One of our comrades, a brave and noble soldier, was taken from our ranks by order of the rebel General, Bragg, and shot. He was a Tennesseean, who was pressed into the rebel service against his own inclination and predelictions, which were in favor of his country and its government. He and a comrade of his escaped from the rebel army at Corinth, and enlisted in our ranks a few days before the battle. Brave as he was, as all of his State are, I shall never forget the agonizing look of mute despair that he cast on us as he heard one of his former comrades, who recognized him, call him by name. He soon composed himself, however, and met his fate like a gallant soldier, as he was.

Here I close my narrative, as I am afraid I am becoming too prolix on this subject, and you may not take much interest in it. I thought at one time to give you sketches from the journal in which I recorded my sufferings and observations in the "sunny South," but it might be as wearisome to you to read as it would be to me to write. I take pride in giving an account of 'the pomp and pride and circumstance of glorious war," as I love them, but I shrink even from the contemplation of the weary months of lingering suffering and privation that I spent in the South, and I hate to write on the subject.

(FOR THE EXAMINER.)

THE KIRK TEA PARTY AGAIN.

MR. EDITOR,—

My letter on the Kirk Tea Party, intended as an agreeable one to the Kirk people, appears to have been unpalatable to the Rev. Mr. Duncan, and that gentleman, in somewhat fiery haste, has been pleased to assail both my letter and myself in your *Examiner* of last week.

The gist and object of the Rev. gentleman's communication was to exonerate his friend, the Chairman, from blame in regard to laxity of duty in the chair on the evening of the Tea gathering. In order to effect this exculpation, it was necessary to set up a defence of the unmannered individual, charged with having uttered matter offensive to Roman Catholics present regarding the late Protestant union in this Colony. This line of defence, to gain the end in view, the Reverend gentleman adopted, and having prosecuted his desideratum, we shall see if his championship in the case entitles him to wear the belt of success.

Passing by the indisputable fact that there were ladies and gentlemen at the meeting endowed with the sense of hearing, possessing the gift of mental digest, understanding the import of common English, and acutely sensitive to insult, besides the Rev. Gentleman himself and his chairman, of whom he is so tender—ladies and gentlemen whose evidence of what they did hear and feel on the occasion, is equally good, and is quite as reliable as the evidence of any others present, who did not hear what they heard.

But passing from this line of reasoning, I shall take a passage or two from Mr. Duncan's letter in justification of the charge made upon the individual whose innocence it is necessary for Mr. Duncan to establish, that he may thereby exculpate his Chairman. Referring to the criminal, Mr. Duncan says: "I cannot understand how his language should have given such offence," and he further adds, "Mr. Grant, who *spoke immediately after*, added a *rider* to the effect, that *our Protestant union* should be *aimed at for its own sake*, in the first instance, *and not that we might be arrayed against others*." The italics are mine. Here it is admitted that the *Protestant union, as arrayed against others*, was conveyed in the "union" speech made by the individual whom Mr. Duncan would defend as guiltless of the offence. Mr. Grant evidently delivered a mild rebuke to that individual, and acknowleged the presence of offence in the onlaying of his gentle rod in the sentence quoted from Mr. Duncan's letter. Had no offence been given, the "rider" salve would not have been administered. Had no reprehensible matter been uttered, the uncorking of the cleric oil phial would have been unnecessary. Mr. Grant had a delicate duty to perform, and did it mildly with effect.

From Mr. Duncan's own letter, I have convicted the individual indicted for an offence, and have concomitantly to a degree impugned his chairman of laxity of duty in the chair; and, moreover, have established my premises and defeated Mr. D. on his own ground. Were it necessary to entrench myself with facts from others who heard and felt the insult offered to Catholics, I could further fortify and establish my position; but Mr. Duncan's voluntary evidence precludes that action on my part.

My great crime, in Mr. Duncan's opinion, is the honest fault found with his chairman, for what I conceived to be a dereliction of his duty. I withdraw no statement made by me regarding the chairman. I see no reason for recantation. The facts stand unchanged before me. The assault was made on the Catholics, and it was unchecked by the chair. Of the assault I have the admission of Mr. Duncan himself in the quotations above made from his letter. I will admit that it is just possible the chairman did not hear the offensive remarks complained of, and it is very probable the learned gentleman was not wholly chained by the classic beauty, nor charmed with the rhetorical power of the great "Ruff," and therefore he did not hear all the eloquence, nor observe the rugged insolence which flowed from that individual's captivating lips; and he, the chairman, may in truth be blameless; and I hope he conscientiously feels that blame in the case is not attachable to him.

Mr. Duncan cannot be displeased when I remind him of the hot sensibility manifested by himself when his chairman was accused; for this he may be commended. The act belongs to honest and honorable minds. But while I give Mr. Duncan credit for his acute feeling towards his friend, I must claim as due to others that which I concede to him.

To Mr. Duncan's high laudation of his friend the chairman, as the acme of presiding genius, I can have no objection, but am rather pleased at his satisfaction in having the "right gentleman in the right place," because it gives colour to his fine judgment in the selection. As the panegyrist of that gentleman's dignity, talent and eloquence, I am obliged to Mr. Duncan for the pleasant information of the importation of these brilliant gifts and polish having actually been made in the person of his friend; and I may be allowed to indulge the hope, that all who may be privileged to come under the influence and blaze of his powerful and polished mind may receive abundant profit by the contact.

In finding fault with the chairman of a public meeting, for what I believe to be a laxity of his duty, I exercised a privilege common to every man in Britain and in her colonies; and I shall not forgo the use of that privilege, nor be deterred from expressing my opinion in becoming language, on that or any other legitimate matter, even though the concentrated thunder of Kirk St. James should peel apostolic anethemas upon me, and the classic halls of the Prince of Wales College shout Amen.

ONE OF THE PARTY.

THE ELECTION IN THE SECOND DISTRICT OF KING'S COUNTY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EXAMINER.

SIR,—

I was at several of the Polling divisions in this County on Wednesday last, and I now send you some account of the doings there.

Passing by Edmonds's, Lot 66, polling division, I there saw the Colonial Secretary, W. H. Pope, apparently very busy about the polling. I was told that he was there as agent for the late proprietors of Lot 66, to deter the Electors from voting, by making them believe he was now in a position to "bring them to terms;" although how such a threat could affect those who have held their lands for twenty-five years I could not see. His presence there, however, lost the Government candidates fifteen votes which they would have got had he not been there. At this polling division they only got ten votes, instead of twenty-five which they expected.

At the next polling division, Lot 51, stood T. H. Haviland, agent for Messrs. Montgomeries, the proprietors, with his Rent Roll in hand, by which he thought to intimidate the Liberal electors from voting, stating that on some small farms there were £50 back rents due; and saying in a threatening tone that he wished them to swear to the value of their farms, as he would then know what to get for the property; but the Liberal electors, with a few exceptions, came forward manfully and voted for the men of their choice, undismayed by his large figures, and knowing that the back rents due up to 1858 were remitted by the very proprietors whose rent roll, trumped up from musty Ledgers, he was then flourishing in their faces.

Next we come to Montague Bridge, and what a scene was there! The Presiding Officer refusing to put the questions proposed by the Liberal Candidates, to be asked of the poor deluded people who were voting on deeds put into their hands the night before by the Commissioner of Crown Lands, who brought out over sixty deeds a day or two before the election, and distributed them round to all who would promise to vote for the Government, while the Presiding Officer was pushing the Bible into the hands of a Tory voter, and trying to make him swear, not that he was duly qualified to vote according to law, but "will you swear that you won't take £100 for your property?" "or if you won't swear, hold up your hands and say so, which will do." Many of the deluded people did so, who would gladly sell their holdings for one quarter of the amount. I myself heard a voter named MacIntosh say he had sold half his farm with all his buildings for £40, (and had, therefore, only the worst half of it left, without the improvements, and on which he had only paid 80s. of the purchase), that he would sell it for £30, but that "they made him swear," and several of his neighbours who voted on the same side, and were talking amongst themselves, said it was not worth £10. Many of them seemed to believe that when they were presented with their deeds they had their land free, and had nothing more to pay for it, although very few have paid more than the second instalment of the purchase money.

The Commissioner of Lands appeared to be inciting the people to pull Mr. McDonald's Vote Inspector off the hustings, and to mob him, for making some sharp remarks about Mr. Commissioner's conduct in persuading the people to vote on deeds which, in some instances, were not two hours in their possession. The Sheriff's Orange Poll Clerk was taking a very *active* part in the proceedings. I found him exhibiting in a highly pugilistic manner, and pitching into one of the Candidate's agents, who had insisted on his taking down the purport of some answers given by a voter, and which he refused to do. The proceedings at this polling division were the most disgraceful that could be imagined, and partiality was so glaringly exhibited by the officers, that the Honble. E. Palmer, Attorney General, who represented one of the Candidates there, had to rebuke the officers himself; and I have been since told that his presence was the only protection the agents of the Liberal candidates had; and had he not been there they believe they would not be allowed to question a voter. We next passed on to the Polling Division at Alley's. As I got there, my attention was called to two men talking together, one of them describing his title to vote to the other, who presently struck the poor man a cowardly and treacherous blow, which completely demolished the first person.

Donald Kinloch, a J. P., was bullying the Liberal voters as they came up to poll, trying, by jibing, taunts, and open threats, to frighten them from voting. I remained but a short time here, but while I did so, I saw two men poll for McGowan and McLaren, and heard their friends boast that they both voted on one piece of land, for which they had neither deed nor lease, and the whole of which was not worth £50. I hear that at the other polling divisions such gross partiality was not openly exhibited as at the two last named polling places, although at Lot 64 about thirty High Bankers voted without a shadow of a qualification. It is said that Mr. Wightman intends holding a scrutiny, and from what I saw at Montague and Cardigan, if justice can be got, he must be successful. The result of the Poll is, McLaren 507, McDonald 490, Wightman 469, McGowan 466. Had the Election been conducted in a fair and impartial manner, I have no doubt but McDonald and Wightman would have had a majority of over one hundred, but from the conduct of the officials it is only surprising that they got on as well as they did. Apologising for the length of this communication, I am, yours,

Feb. 13, 1863. ALPHA.

(FOR THE EXAMINER.)

LIEUT. COL. J. H. GRAY AT BELFAST.

The distinguished gentleman whose name dignifies my caption, will pardon me in aiming at such lofty game as a Lieutenant Colonel of Volunteers, and will excuse me for delivering from my bowstring a barbed arrow at an Executive Councillor and M. P. P., embodied in himself. With this peroration, I proceed to write of the Colonel—the truthful, amiable Colonel.

This hero, unfortunately, is not exactly immaculate, — he has faults, follies, hallucinations and abominations; he is not precisely the seat of truth and honor. In him we have a *je-ne-sais-quoi*, undefinable character — a Salmagundi of odds and ends, notions, whims, conceits and great erracticness of action. Sane people believe him their antipodes.

Among his freaks, and mingled with his accomplishments, we find a very prominent proclivity for fibbing on an extensive scale. So gigantic is this predominant, that it challenges competition, and his sycophancy and hypocrisy are equal to his *truthfulness*. These are grave imputations against a gentleman of the "God fearing Government" and communicant of a Christian Church. His fibbing predelictions have commanding power over his weak reason; the catalogue of his whims is legion; and a narration of his deceptions and duplicity would fill a volume. I write of the Colonel in this letter altogether in relation to his public character — that is, as a politician and a member of a corrupt Government.

My present purpose is to give one example of the Colonel's ability in gross slander of the dead and of the living, and his sycophancy and hypocrisy, with that other propensity, on a parity with the father of ——. The noble Colonel attended a public meeting in the Belfast district, holden with the view to agree upon two candidates to represent the district, of which it is a portion, in the Legislative Council. At this meeting much displeasure was expressed by residents of Belfast at the intention and determination of the Government to foist upon them nominees of their (the Government's) own, and these nominees non residents of small political and mental calibre. However, I do not stay to enter upon the high wrangle which ensued on this matter, during which Colonel Gray gave the meeting to understand that the people of Belfast were "brainless," and unfit for seats in the Council. Passing from this *compliment* and violent quarrel, I come to my immediate object, in announcing, that among numerous persons named for the Legislative honor, a gentleman residing in Charlottetown, and doing business there, was named as a candidate. To his nomination, Col. Gray took immediate and strong exception, denouncing his character and that of his late father, as persons whom he knew were not trustworthy and could be bought. On return of the slandering Colonel to Charlottetown, he called upon the gentleman whom he had maligned, and whose name and ashes he had traduced, and related to him the fact of his having been put in nomination at the meeting under observation, and told him that he (Col. G.) had spoken well of him at the meeting, and advocated his nomination, &c. This unpardonable falsehood, and malignant slander was perpetrated by Lt. Col. J. H. Gray, M.E.C., M.P.P., and member of the "God fearing Government."

"Facts are chiels that dinna lie,
And dare na be disputed."

CENSOR.

The Examiner.

Charlottetown, February 16th, 1863.

THE LATE ELECTIONS.

No. 1.

IT is much pleasanter to see people in good humour with themselves, and apparently with all the world, than to find them moping round street corners, looking very dismal and discontented, and indulging in lugubrious plaints about some unlucky turn of the wheel of fortune. The Tories have had their second victory, and they are crowing over it lustily. More power to their windpipes! We are pleased to see them look jolly — pleased that they have exchanged the sullen, sour countenances which they have worn for the last month or two for the mirthful physiognomies with which they now nod familiarly to all the world and his wife. A wedding or a christening is always a pleasanter spectacle than a funeral, even though you may have no personal interest in either the one or the other; and surely it is easier to reconcile ourselves even to the most extravagant exuberance of joy on the part of our political opponents than to behold them wringing their hands with unutterable grief—stealing away from the public gaze — uttering maledictions on the country, and on their own sad fates, and then hastening to pack up their trunks for a speedy *trip to Australia*. It is an agreeable reflection that there won't be any very alarming exodus from the ranks of *Toryism* in this Island for, perhaps, four years to come. Let no ship-owner be rash enough to advertize good cabin accommodation for a voyage to the antipodes — the thing won't pay at present, — a month ago, if the navigation had been open, and a good vessel at the wharf, ready to weigh anchor, berths would have been at a tremendous premium. But the gold fields of Ballarat will now be allowed to reserve their precious ore for adventurers from other lands; and our dear country will be spared the inexpressible mortification of parting with many of her children.

We all remember what a lamentation was heard throughout the land, a little more than eleven years ago, when the first change of Government took place. The country, it was said, was nearly ruined — nothing could save it but annexation to Nova Scotia; or what was still better, it should renounce its allegiance to Great Britain, and go in for the glorious "stars and stripes,"— no gentleman of fortune or influence could be expected to live in the place—immigration would be stopped—real estate could be had for an old song; and auctioneers would reap a handsome harvest in disposing of the personal effects of gentlemen who could not remain in the land, and bear to see the smiles of fortune withdrawn from their own coteries, and lavished on the hateful Liberals. But the exodus which did take place in 1857 was *not* ruinous to the country. The same thing was threatened in 1854, when the Liberals, after a short retirement, were restored to office. It was threatened again in 1859, a short time previous to the general election. Trunks were packed, and locations in foreign lands eagerly enquired for by desponding Tories, but orders were countermanded when the result of the election was known. In this year of grace, Sixty Three, the Tories were more determined than ever to leave the country, if the Liberals should supplant them in the public employments. It was intensely painful to think of such a thing! Look at all the gentlemen who filled offices in the Colonial Building—how was it possible for them to keep body and soul together by any employment which this country could offer, if an adverse vote in the House of Assembly should send them about their business? The country would certainly be deprived of their wisdom and patriotism if the Liberals were allowed to have the ascendancy. This great calamity has been averted—the families of office-holders rejoice that they can continue to eat bread at the public expense; and the office-holders themselves do not now begrudge the amounts which they have been compelled to pay out of their salaries to stimulate corruption and venality by which the Government have been chiefly sustained.

Before offering any remarks on the result of the Council elections, we must say something about those for the lower House. And the fact which prominently presents itself at the outset is, that political principles did not materially enter into the contest for seats in the Assembly. There was, indeed, a feeble attempt made to raise a cry, in favour of the Award; but scarcely any man of sense listened to it — no one seemed to care very much about the wretched and abandoned abortion. As to other measures for the improvement of the country, the Government proposed none — we believe they have had none to propose. Religious animosities were industriously cultivated by some of the office-holders — other office-holders countenanced and encouraged the bad passions; and by these means the Government have gained a victory. That victory conveys no compliment to the intelligence or civilization of the land we live in—but it shews, on the contrary, that a very large proportion of our people are sunk in ignorance and semi-barbarism. It shews that thousands of our people may, at any time, until civilization advances in our midst, be placed at the disposal of a few knaves and vagabonds, with and without white chokers, who have devilish cunning enough to coin any monstrous lie on an emergency, and hypocrisy enough to palm it off as gospel truth upon the benighted dupes who listen to them with open mouths and stupid, staring eyes. The Tories do not deny that they owe their success entirely to religious fanaticism. But they attribute the animosities which have been aroused, in the sacred name of religion, between Catholics and Protestants, to the action of the late lamented Bishop of Charlottetown and the Rector of St. Dunstan's College. They know right well that this allegation is wholly unfounded. In the first place, the late Bishop never once, by any act of his, disturbed the harmony which happily subsisted between all denominations of Christians until within a few years ago. In 1857, John M. Stark, then School Visitor, made a foolish speech, recommending the Bible to be used as a class book, and to receive a sectarian colouring, in the district schools. The Bishop addressed a very temperate letter to the Board of Education, pointing out the evils and heart-burnings that might accrue from an indiscriminate system of proselytism, such as Mr. Stark's recommendation would create. His Lordship was reasonably enough afraid that the faith of Catholic children would be tampered with, and he urged that the schools should be left in the same state as they were before Stark made his foolish speech—that is, that they should be left without any sectarian character — that the reading of the Bible should not be forced upon children without the consent of their parents or guardians; and in urging this view of the case, his Lordship used the term "godless," which had been often uttered in the great controversy about the national system of education in Ireland, and first brought into notice by a Protestant Archbishop. The Bishop of Charlottetown was, however, informed that Mr. Stark's statement was made without authority—that there was no intention to interfere with the old established system of education taught in the common schools, as regards the religious element —and that, in short, the Bible would only be read where it was desired by the parents of children and the trustees. With this explanation the Bishop was perfectly satisfied, and his Lordship said nothing further on the subject.

But previous to the election of 1859, a violent outcry was raised about the Bishop's letter. The use of the word "godless," innocently quoted by Dr. McDonald, was audaciously construed as expressive of a wish on the part of his Lordship to introduce not merely infidelity, but indicating a desire for a general proscription of the Protestant Bible. This false construction materially served the interests of the Tories through the whole of the election contests in 1859; and when the elections were over, the agitation about the Bishop's letter dropped. During the four years the Tories have held office there has been no alteration in the system of education, with the small exception, that the use of the Bible has been much more restricted under Tory rule than it was under the Liberal administration; for under the latter, schoolmasters might explain difficult passages of Scripture, if they thought proper to do so; but with the Tories, it is a violation of the law if a schoolmaster dares to open his mouth to expound or elucidate any verse from the Bible which may puzzle the brains of his scholars. Some Protestants may think that we write upon this subject from a Catholic point of view, but Protestants themselves feel and write more strongly upon it than we do. The Rev. James Allan, a Presbyterian Minister, stationed at Covehead, has published a letter in the *Protestant* of the 7th instant, in which the following remarkable passage appears with regard to the reading of the Bible in the common schools:—"Indeed, the fault which I find to our present system is, that nothing more