The Examiner.

Charlottetown, January 2, 1865.

TO THE ELECTORS OF THE SECOND DISTRICT OF KING'S COUNTY.

GENTLEMEN—

In conformity with a statement in my letter to you of the 19th ultimo, I now beg to acquaint you that I will hold FIVE PUBLIC MEETINGS, at the times and places mentioned below —(weather permitting)—for the purpose of stating to you, at some length, my opinions on the Question of Colonial Confederation, and on the political affairs of the Colony generally—embracing my views on the Tenant Union Movement, the Fifteen Years' Purchase Bill, and the present condition of the Government.

The First Meeting will be held at Grand River School House, Lot 56, on Wednesday afternoon, at 4 o'clock, January 11, 1865.

The Second Meeting at Mr. William Larkin's, Bay Fortune Road, on Thursday forenoon, January 12, at 11 o'clock.

The Third Meeting at the House of John Sutherland, Esqr., on Thursday afternoon, January 12, at 4 o'clock.

The Fourth Meeting will be held at the house of Mr. John Phelan, Morell, on Friday, 13th January, at 11 o'clock, forenoon.

And the Fifth Meeting will be held at Carey's, St. Andrew's, on Friday afternoon, 13th January, at 5 o'clock.

As, in politics, I am accountable only to my constituents, and feel bound to make explanations to them only, I shall take, with your permission, at the several meetings, all the time which I think may be necessary for that purpose; and if any persons — adventurous non-electors, for example —wish to get up a debate afterwards on the opinions advanced by me, that, of course, will be a matter for the exercise of your patience and judgment. My present purpose, as well as it is my duty, is, to explain my views to *you*, and not to establish Debating Societies.

I have the honor to be,
Gentlemen,
Your obedient Serv't,
EDWARD WHELAN.

Charlottetown, Jan. 2, 1865.

1864.

The year which closed on Saturday last has deposited in the well-filled garners of the past the accounts of the due portion of human crime and human folly, and consequent suffering. It is a sad, but most convincing, proof of the inherent existence of the principle of evil in the human race, that the records of the world from the earliest period of authentic history to the present time shew no *dies albo notanda* by the whole human family — no one period in which some portion of mankind has not experienced the fact that "Man was made to mourn."

The year 1864 has witnessed in Europe melancholy instances of might overcoming right. The unhallowed spoliation of small but gallant Denmark, by the overwhelming strength of Austria and Prussia, aided by the *moral* influence of Russia, is in sad accordance with the traditions of these three Powers. The associate robbers in the original partition of Poland, having made another, and, if possible, more disreputable bargain for seizing the territories of an unoffending but weaker Power, carried into effect their unhallowed compact with a zeal and disregard of the opinion of mankind worthy of a better cause and of purer principles. The forcible transfer from the jurisdiction of one Crown to that of another of territories such as Denmark was compelled to yield to the German bayonets pointed at her breast — the total disregard of the wishes of the inhabitants who were not even favored with Pistol's question — "Under which king, Bezonian? Speak or die," but appropriated by the Moloch of Ambition as so many chattels, with their country, religion, laws, and traditions, — these things, it might have been expected, would not have occurred to disgrace the records of Prussia and Austria at such a period of the Nineteenth Century. The former might well have reflected that another battle of Jena might be among the fated incidents in her future career, and that ere she sought to wrest from a neighbouring state its hereditary dominions, the time might come when she should bitterly regret the results of her own repression of the rights of her native subjects. Her monarch and his advisers forget the fearful atonement their country was compelled to make for the base seizure of Hanover, by the grace of Napoleon the First, and the bitterness of the cup which they had to drain at the command of one who used them as his tools, and trampled them under foot when he had no further need of them. Austria is consistently laboring in her vocation, for she is but a conglomerate nationality, made up of the pickings and stealings of fragments of other countries. The day of retribution may be nearer to her than she thinks, and the thunders of Magenta and Solferino may be re-echoed among the marble halls of the Sea Cybele, and a warrior of the Franks once more dictate terms of peace or submission to the Cæsar from the Imperial halls of Schonbrun. While the simple inhabitants of the covetted duchies were to be left at the mercy of the wolves around them, the third Confederate had his fleet removed beyond the icy fetters of his northern seas, that it might be ready to make a diversion in favor of his associates, in case the great powers of France and England should interpose to protect the destined victim. In consideration of this good service, he was to be allowed, unmolested, to torture to its dying gasp the last spark of Polish nationality. *Delenda est Polonia* was emblazoned in blood upon the banners of the myriad forces of the Czar; and as true to the cruel motto were the hordes who followed such ensigns, as though a repetition of the divine command against Amalek had been given against the country of the Jagellons.

While we feel deep sympathy for dismembered Denmark, the heart sickens over the accounts of the total extinction of the gallant Polish people. They are literally *no more*. A nation among the oldest in Europe has been swept away, by the most recent, and as far as human judgment can form an opinion, she will never re-appear. Her sun has gone down in darkness, while it was yet noon, and the world has seen the successors of a [illegible] pirate stain with the blood of its best and bravest the [illegible] which claimed as its own the Sobieski's and Kos[illegible] of history.

When we reflect upon the state of mind with which the compulsory and voluntary exiles from their much loved country must look back upon the past, we are reminded of [illegible] Belshazzar one verse of which we think particularly appropriate to the circumstances of these unfortunate people.

"THY vengeance gave us to the stranger's hand,
And POLAND'S children were led forth for slaves;
With fettered steps we left our pleasant land,
Envying our fathers in their peaceful graves.
The strangers' bread with bitter tears we steep,
And when our weary eyes should sink to sleep
'Neath the mute midnight we steal forth to weep."

It may be that had it not been for the vacillating policy of Earl Russell, Denmark and Poland might each have fared better, or to speak more correctly, have suffered less. But the Danes were encouraged to assume an attitude of resistance which their own unassisted efforts could not justify, and which, not supported by the material help they had reason to expect, had but the effect of rendering their opponents more exacting in their demands, and more relentless in enforcing them than they might have been, had the victim not relied upon those who

"Kept the word of promise to the ear,
But broke it to the hope."

The same observations apply, in some degree, to the case of Poland, which undoubtedly expected that the two Western Powers of Europe would not look on and see her given up naked to her enemies, after the strong expressions of sympathy for her and remonstrances with her oppressor, which were scouted by him to whom they were addressed, and which but accelerated the fate, and intensified the tortures of the doomed people.

The extinction of Poland is not the only event of which Russia may boast among her deeds of 1864. The last of the brave Circassians have been driven from their strongholds in the Caucasus, which for years they held in defiance of the hosts hurled against them by their giant and relentless foe. Despite his force, despite his wiles, these finest specimens of the human race, with all the love of independence characteristic of the natives of mountainous countries — have, before Schamyl arose as their leader and since his day, displayed

"The strength whereby
The patriot girds himself to die,
Th' unconquerable power which fills
The freeman battling on his hills,"

to a degree, and under a succession of adverse circumstances which recalls the time when, with happier fate,

"Tell disclosed 'mid peril and alarm,
The might which slumbers in a peasant's arm."

The strange rebellion which has for so many years given portions of the Chinese empire to the sway of powerful bands of fanatics, has been at length extinguished in the blood of its supporters, who have been made to feel the full weight of their want of success. With true Oriental barbarism, the imperial fiat has gone forth that the chiefs of the rebels should be cut into a hundred thousand pieces, and there is little doubt that the mandate will be obeyed, certainly not to the impossible letter, but at least with a full compliance with its spirit. While the policy and traditions of the Chinese government give but little ground for sympathy on the part of Europeans and Americans, they have cause to rejoice at the final discomfiture of the wretches whose local sway gave earnest of the crimes which a more extended rule would have witnessed. It is to be hoped that the experience of the power of Britain, when engaged in hostilities with them, may have taught the Celestials that they will find their advantage in maintaining terms of amity with foreign powers, and that the aid and support extended to them by the British Government against the rebels may induce a state of feeling which will render future appeals to the *ultimo ratio regum* unnecessary. The deep rooted spirit of exclusiveness which generates an insolent idea of their *superiority*, and *prevents that free intercourse* with the outside world that the age in which we live requires, and which it will have, must have received some severe shaking by the events of the last few years; and we can only hope that China and the neighbouring empire of Japan may have profitted by the lessons they have received in the destruction of their forts and palaces. The latter country, we opine, must undergo a fundamental change in its system of government ere any stable relations with foreign powers can be expected.

The division of authority between the Tycoon and the Damios, constituting an *imperium in imperio*, can never work satisfactorily, and conflicting assertions of sovereign rights will continue to involve the country in successive quarrels, until one governing power be established. It is a strange subject for reflection—these heirs of a remote and very high civilisation, inhabiting countries of fertility unrivalled—teeming with a population among the most numerous and ingenious on the globe—famous for their industry and natural aptitude for the pursuits of trade—endued with an appreciation of the "Almighty Dollar," which Jonathan himself might envy—closing their ports to the keels of the rich argosies of the mercantile world, which have long sought in vain to open up a friendly and mutually beneficial commerce.

The Mexican Empire has, as generally as reasonable men could have expected, acknowledged its new Sovereign, and if the power and prestige of France shall have the effect of putting an end to the *institution* of revolutions in that distracted country, Napoleon the Third will have done much to make his rule remembered with gratitude. The success of his experiment is, however, very problematical, for a country long torn by contending factions, headed by natives, is not likely to submit with ready acquiescence to the sway of a foreigner, introduced and maintained upon the throne by foreign bayonets. It cannot be but that Maximilian will be regarded as an intruder; and the world has seen more than once that civil strife has been merged, and internal dissensions healed in opposition to the rule of a stranger imposed upon the reluctant people of a previously distracted country. Should the power of the new Emperor be consolidated, and his rule commend itself to the Mexicans, an important influence will have been formed on this Continent, which may mould its future for all time to come.

The stability of the new Dynasty having been in a manner guaranteed by France, that country will have a *locus standi* in America which will sadly militate against the celebrated Monroe doctrine, and will limit the flight of the American Bird of Jove in a Southern direction for some time. If the Northern States should succeed in their efforts to crush the South, they will find their Republican Institutions in uncomfortable proximity to the French species of the same ornithological family, and their expansive tendencies will have to content themselves in another direction.

This subject reminds us that there are a few note-worthy incidents of the civil war claiming a passing reference at our hands. The fight between the *Alabama* and *Kearsage* off Cherbourg, which resulted in the sinking of the former, has been the first instance of the new elements of the Naval warfare having been exhibited in such style as to entitle the contest to be considered the inauguration of a totally new system.

There is, it seems, now to be no more of the tactics which our naval heroes so long and so successfully employed. The close conflict of ship with ship may be considered obsolete; and the pike of the boarder is insignificant in comparison with the weapon of the stoker, for the ship possessed of the greater speed can now take up such position with reference to her opponent that she may fight or retreat with impunity.

Another of those disreputable invasions of the rights of neutral powers by the Northern combatants has been perpetrated in the Brazilian port of Bahia, whence the Southern steamer *Florida* was forcibly abducted by a Northern cruiser, and subsequently sunk by a transport having *accidentally* come into collision with her. This is more disgraceful than the affair of the *Trent*—for that vessel was on the high seas, and flew the flag of a country which had the power to make itself respected. While Brazil is a comparatively weak State, and unable to compete successfully with the national marine of the North, this is the only imaginable reason why the Americans presumed to attack and carry off the *Florida* from Brazilian waters, and from under the guns of Brazilian forts.

In the Southern battle fields the bloody arbitrament still goes on, and the more recent occurrences would seem to indicate that the hour of her greatest need has now arrived for the South. The supplies of men from Europe to fill up their depleted ranks have enabled those interested in perpetuating the struggle to hurl fresh armies against the war-worn strugglers for independence, and the necessities of their position have compelled them to adopt the remarkable expedient of calling into the field 250,000 slaves, to aid in repelling an invasion, the originators of which claim that their mission has for its object the manumission of those very slaves! If the proposed levies prove true to their colors, our readers may ere long receive accounts of the two bodies of *sable heroes*, the Free and the Bond, arrayed in adverse ranks, and defacing "God's image carved in ebony," with as hearty good will as the contending whites. Should the proposed additional force act with loyalty to the side on which they will be engaged, their conduct will go far to shew the hypocrisy and humbug of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher and his school, who could hardly wish to force their philanthropy on "hereditary bondsmen," who strike a blow at their very officious liberators.

We had intended to have noticed many other matters which would properly come within the scope of this article, but finding that space cannot be spared for them, we are compelled to defer them for the present. The subject of the Confederation of the Colonies we purposed to have discussed, but as it is not yet *un fait accompli*, and as it has been already, and in all probability will for some time continue to be, tolerably well "ventilated" in the press and at public meetings, we shall, if spared, chronicle the result as among the *memorabili* of 1865.

Christmas and New Year's Address, 1864-5.

WOMAN AND HER RIGHTS.

To give society its highest taste;
Well ordered home, man's best delight to make;
And, by submissive wisdom, modest skill,
With every gentle care eluding art,
To raise the virtues, animate the bliss,
And sweeten all the toils of human life:
This be the female dignity and praise.
THOMSON.

Tired of the ceaseless din of politics,
Weary of *Union* and *Disunion* too,
Sick at the sight of would-be statesmen's tricks,
And of the shams of the more odious crew,
Whose bold hypocrisy at nothing sticks,
Save what would strip them to the public view,
Withdraw the silver veil, and, naked quite,
Shew features which would more than the dread
Gorgon's fright;

To those who are not so, and still can find,
Amid the blust'ring, jeering, canting strife,
Whereon or wherewith to employ the mind,
Apart from solace of domestic life,
And all the social, sacred ties, which bind,
In *Union* sweet at home—however rife
Contentions be abroad—the strong and weak,
The youthful and the old, the froward and the meek;

The hurly-burly, for a time, we leave,
With all its little triumphs, torments, hopes,
And tears; in placid, thoughtful mood to weave
A simple lay, unshackled by such tropes
And arts, as often both perplex and grieve,
Not reader only, but the bard who copes
With such uncertain, coy felicities
Of speech, by judgment deem'd hardic atrocities.

Unshackled too by vain attempts to rise
Beyond the sphere in which our humble muse
Finds all the power of her weak numbers lies,
We shall not aim such polished verse to use
As Pope all sweetly sung, to satirize
The vain, and saintly knaves accuse;
Nor shall we try, with Byron's sterner art,
Through the empyric's soul to send the flaming dart.

Yet, nathless, we may take a random fling
At some, whose folly and presumption call,
Ev'n in the ear of gentlest muse, to sing
A song, whose truth shall all their souls appal,
And, on their baseness and pretensions bring
Such ignominy as can never fall,
Save upon those 'gainst whom, to God on high,
Ascend the widow's moan, and the reft orphan's cry.

"Hold, hold, such censure is uncall'd for here!"
Perhaps some startled reader here may say.
"Uncall'd for!" we reply, "No, reader dear,
Thy withers may be sound; but hearken, pray:
Some saintly hacks, even here, may shrink with fear
When *Usury* is named, or we betray
The will and power, by lineage and name,
For *generations four*, to mark their deeds with shame."

"Yes, there are such amongst us, who look high,
And madly boast of their ancestral line;
Talk of their piety and worth; and sigh,
And close the eyes, and shake the head, and whine
In saintly phrase—yet not with moisten'd eye,
Or soften'd heart—o'er ev'ry outward sign
Of sin and sin-born woe." "They fairer found?"
"Yes." "Why?" "They and their fathers sinned on safer ground."

Let these, at present, from our lash go free,
Sleek, fat, and rosy; happy too, if so
Their certain knowledge of the knavery
Which left them wealth, but others steeped in woe,
Permits that they can ever happy be,
Or pride or pleasure in their treasures take,
Until, unto the wrong'd, they restitution make.

Others there are, to whom, were this a time
To pay such debts as Justice to them owes,
The full amount of their deserts, in rhyme,
We now would shew; and to this brochure's close,
Our verse should only to their merits chime;
But sweeter, nobler duties interpose,
And leave us only time and space to name
Three of *Unreason's* hopes, who look for loud acclaim.

HERALD MONTJOIE shall yet — should *Tumult* reign
Within our State—at least so he opines,
Another MORDAUNT rise; and, as in Spain,
MORDAUNT with single arm, through her confines
Fierce battles won, and did the war maintain,
By his own wealth, his valour, and designs,
So our MONTJOIE, the wonder of the age,
Alone, shall all protect — alone, whole hosts engage. (1.)

COLOSSUS too, a puritan indeed,—
A puritan of purest water, he,—
Of the true saintly Cromwellian breed,
Of the rude times, may rude PROTECTOR be;
And still upon strange gospel manna feed,
In uncouth style, as best doth him become,
The band, who love the sound of his fanatic drum.

And shall not also BOVIAN GEORGE arise,
A light and guardian in such distraught days,
Seize on the public wealth, with gloating eyes,
FINANCIER CHIEF? for all the wary ways,
As well to hold, as gain the worldling's prize,
He knows. But more—*should* rapine fierce amaze,
The slaughtering axe, he would not fail to wield,
And stalk, 'mid slaughter'd heaps, the champion of the field.

But here to Dulness, we a tribute owe,
And her dear sons, who, weekly, *weakly* shine
In Ross's columns; and with kindred glow,
To war with Reason, lovingly combine,
And, by their "Weekly" triumphs o'er her, shew
How well they know, their own distinctive line.
Hail, Dulness, hail! Be such as they alone
Chief Flamens at thy shrine, and guardians of thy throne!

We say the times are out of joint, distraught;
And well, thus freely libel them, we may,
When, power and confidence to gain, 'tis thought
And public suffrages still cheapest bought,
By those, who, Joab and Judas like, betray,
Cry, "Hail!" and kiss, then strike with concealed sword,
Chief Captains hope to be, and not of all abhorred! (2.)

But turn we, now, where shines the fairest light,
The holiest charm, the richest, purest gift,
Which, here on earth,—though sad may be our plight,
And hourly we engage in fierce conflict
With adverse fate, and fails our manhood's might,
And, of our fortune, all be gone adrift,—
May still be ours, amidst our prospects drear,
In WOMAN, as or wife, child, sister, mother dear.

Of WOMAN'S RIGHTS, though daily much we hear,
Still are their rights unfolded, undefin'd;
Still subject to debate, or heartless sneer,
Though deeply felt by every noble mind,
To which, as truth they are, and honor dear;
And, to their holy nature, to be blind,
Is cause of half the misery we feel,
And draws us from the fount, whose streams our hearts would heal.

To those bless'd rights not man alone is blind:
Woman herself too often knows them not;
Or, knowing, casts them to the bleakest wind,
And makes, and shares of wretchedness the lot.
O priz'd she still the virtue to be kind,
With pitying tear to wash away the blot,
Win, by forgiveness, e'en of heartless wrong,
Still blessing would she be, and bless'd, in weakness strong!

To those bless'd rights all heavenly things pertain,
Which here on earth God gives us to enjoy;
And his life-giving holy laws ordain,
That they, those rights, who injure or destroy,
Their peace shall ruin and their honor stain;
Nor shall their art, though much they may employ,
E'er shield them from the well-deserved scorn
Due to the deeds, which, holiest ties, have torn.

Her RIGHT, her mission, privilege on earth—
An angel's—messenger of Heaven's—is this:
To her last hour, e'en from her day of birth,
To teach that social love is purest bliss;
And that in hearts there never is a dearth
Of joy, or hopeless season of distress,
Except when in them no fond feelings dwell,
And, love excluded quite, makes them the darkest hell!

'Tis hers, a parent's widow'd heart to cheer;
A brother, by sweet counsel, to incite;
To stay a husband from a false career,
And make his home, his refuge and delight;
To train—Heaven's sweetest charge—her children dear,
And fit them for a fair and upward flight;
Around, each holy influence to throw,
And be a light to man through life's dark vale of woe.

'Tis hers, an erring sister to protect,
To win her back to purity and peace;
To give to counsel, by kind deeds, effect,
And cause the war of passions wild to cease;
To thaw the heart, congealed by cold neglect;
To give, at once from sin and want, release;
Lead back the wanderer, with the surest hold,
Freed from the chains of Vice, to rest in Virtue's fold!

But most in wedded life, her holy power—
The power, which in "*the law of kindness*" lies—
Is felt and honored; in his darkest hour
The husband to her faithful bosom flies;
Into her ear, doth all his sorrow pour,
And, comforted, all outward ill defies;
Her children dear rise up and call her blest,
And, blessed in her care, in peace her household rest. (3)

'Tis hers, wherever sin or sorrow dwells,
With heavenly skill to purify and cheer;
To carry light into the darkest cells;
To fortify the weak, to banish fear;
To ope, in desert hearts, the long choked wells,
And bid them gush with living waters clear,
To nourish, feed, and richly fructify
Good thoughts, which, else unblessed, would in conception die.

Yes, such are WOMAN'S RIGHTS, pure, holy, high!
But 'tis not her's, her graces to unsex,
Discard her fears and winning modesty;
By her attire, our senses to perplex,
Unblushingly despise and scout propriety,
And her best lovers, mortify and vex:
It is not her's aught masculine to assume:
The Orator to play in the full Lecture Room;

To practise Law or Physic, or to preach;
To shake the Senate, with her vehemence;
In Learning's scientific Halls to teach;
As soldier in the field, seek prominence,
O'er slaughtered heaps, to mount the deadly breach,
And reach the height of blood-stained eminence;
Or, by domestic arbitrary sway,
Make all within her sphere crouch, tremble, and obey.

None, none of these, doth the TRUE WOMAN claim
As Right or privilege of her's; and where
Her *image false* thus seeks to rise to fame,
All, all is hollow, naked, barren, bare;
True love abhorrent flies, disowns her name,
And bliss domestic, she can never share:
Hers, as a demon spirit, blights, destroys,
O'erthrows the fairest hopes, and blasts the purest joys.

Turn, turn, our soul! from such, disgusted, turn
To the pure, gentle beings, who uphold
Their sex's glory; in whose bosoms burn
The lights of Truth; whose hearts are never cold;
Who, e'en midst vice, virtues can discern,
And now, at this inclement season, seek
To comfort and to cheer the destitute and weak!

May Heaven pour blessings on them and their deeds!
And in our Homes of Gladness, wheresoe'er
All, that to grace the board, Contentment needs
Is spread, by their fair hands, t' enliven and to cheer.
And e'en where that, abundance far exceeds,
May every joy, unto this Season dear,—
As bright, before their eyes, the YULE-BLOCK burns,
The dance, the gambol, and the joke, hold revel in their turns!

And, though "the rigid righteous" (4) may arraign
The tempting glory of the buskin'd stage,
With all that to its mimic powers pertain;
And, in the fury of their saintly rage,
Doom, to the regions of eternal pain,
All who delight in Shakespeare's living page;
Yet, with good wishes, fear we not to hail
All that, ev'n there, may Virtue cheer, or Vice assail:

Hear "Belvidera pour her soul in love;
Dread o'er the scene see Hamlet's spectre stalk;" (5)
Resistless Falstaff all to laughter move;
Pretentious Parolles lose himself in talk;
Mark the dark plot by Dionyza wove;
See the shrewd Clown the wise Malvolio balk;
Behold whate'er can sink or raise the mind,
And prove a lasting shame, or honour to mankind.

Such scenes, from Shakespeare, Sheridan, or Knowles,
Births of the tragic or the comic muse,—
Apart from riot of Circean bowls,—
Full well may serve an else dull hour t' amuse;
To warm, arouse, or elevate our souls:
And well, such strong, impressive parts to choose,
Knows the fair lady, who doth now project
Thus to invest our souls, and without pain correct. (6)

And now we wish to friends both far and near,
To patrons, readers kind, and e'en to foes,
A cheering, bright, and prosperous NEW YEAR,
Free, as this *mortal* life can be, from woes;
And to our Rival Sheets, with heart sincere,
All fair success, which from fair practice flows;
And though we trust their views will ne'er prevail,
Yet them and all their powers with right good will we hail!

NOTES.

1. The Herald assures his readers that, if ever the projected Federation be carried into effect, as respects this Island, it must be at the point of the bayonet. Should such a time of Tumult arise, his will, no doubt, be the part of a Peterborough.

2. Let these in selfish dark cabals delight;
Wreathe the deep bow, diffuse the lying smile,
And thread the weary labryrinth of state.
THOMSON.
And Joab said to Amasa, Art thou in health my brother? And Joab took Amasa by the beard with the right hand to kiss him. But Amasa took no heed to the sword that was in Joab's hand; so he smote him therewith in the fifth rib, and shed out his bowels to the ground, and struck him not again; and he died. II Sam. ch. xx.
3. She openeth her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue is the law of kindness. She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. Her children arise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her. Pro. ch. xxxi.
4. Be not righteous over much; neither make thyself over wise: why shouldest thou destroy thyself? Solomon, Eccl. ch. VII, v. 16.
5. Dread o'er the scene, the ghost of Hamlet stalks;
Othello rages; poor Monimia mourns;
And Belvidera pours her soul in love.
THOMSON.
6. See Mrs. Wentworth Stevenson's announcement of Christmas "Amateur Dramatic Perfor-

THE ATTORNEY GENERAL'S CONSISTENCY AND VERACITY.

THE learned, correct and veracious Attorney General has delighted us—and all his other friends, we suppose—by again appearing as a newspaper contributor. His letter in the last *Herald*, dated 21st ult., was no doubt meant to be a severe thrust at Mr. Whelan on the score of political consistency. This paragon of veracity says:—

"The great measure of Escheat, for instance, received his support in all its shapes, as did the old fathers of this question, uniformly, by whose influence Mr. Whelan was brought into political existence, and received the office of Queen's Printer. He had enjoyed it but a very few weeks after his last appointment, when his old friends brought up their escheat question with great hopes of success. The question, however, was met in opposition by a Government measure, when Mr. Whelan had either to support it or resign his office. He thought he could serve his country best by retaining the Queen's Printership. He, therefore, assisted Mr. Coles' Government in defeating the escheat question, which that administration did with a more fatal blow than it had ever received before, because it had came from those who had formerly been its advocates and professed friends. But Mr. Whelan says this was not inconsistency."

Mr. Palmer knows that when he penned the above sentences he stated untruths as willful and deliberate as those he uttered at Toronto, to the shame and disgrace of the whole Island. "The great measure of Escheat" never, at any time, received Mr. Whelan's "*support in all its shapes*," and Mr. Whelan was *not* "brought into political existence," nor did he receive the office of Queeen's Printer through the "influence" of the "old fathers" of that "question." We make this denial deliberately and advisedly, and we defy Mr. Palmer to prove his statement.

Mr. Palmer alludes to a debate in the House of Assembly on the Escheat question, in 1855. He says Mr. Whelan had then to oppose that question in order to retain his office. Mr. Whelan opposed it on resolutions framed and moved by himself, without consulting with the Government, but in perfect accordance with his own principles, in order to test the efficacy of the Land Purchase Bill. It is a deliberate falsehood for the Attorney General to assert — (and it is only a man of ruined reputation for veracity who would make the assertion), that Mr. W's. action on the Escheat Question in 1855 was influenced by a desire to retain his office. He was at perfect liberty to support the Escheat Question; and if he did, the Government would be apt to think twice on the matter before displacing him. It was not introduced as a Government question, and every member was at liberty to speak and vote as he pleased regarding it.

Mr. Palmer says that Mr. Whelan was returned to the House through the influence of the "fathers of Escheat," and by a constituency favourable to that measure, to aid in bringing it to a successful issue. Mr. Whelan never, at any time, supported it in the House. He opposed it, in 1855, as above referred to, with all his ability; and his constituents testified their confidence in him by returning him, at two subsequent General Elections, with larger majorities than ever he had polled on previous occasions. That fact must, we think, be regarded as a sufficient answer to Mr. Palmer's false accusation of inconsistency.

Mr. Palmer attempts to found a charge of inconsistency against Mr. W. by referring to, and quoting from, the speech of the latter in the House of Assembly last Session when the question of appointing Delegates to consider the proposal for a Union was before the House. The Attorney General makes the following quotation:—

"Mr. Whelan stated as follows: "I care not for the nature of the Union, WHETHER IT BE FEDERAL OR LEGISLATIVE, either will be absurd while we remain tied to the apron strings of our venerable mother, Great Britain."

Mr. W. entertains this opinion still A Union of any kind would be an absurdity if the Colonial Office, which represents "our veberable mother," would continue to possess the power of controlling our legislation, as it does now. But the Constitution framed at the Quebec Convention, while it recognises the Imperial connection nominally, will have the Colonial office shorn of its authority over these Colonies. That is one of the reasons why we are disposed to give the plan of Confederation our hearty support, and it is one reason why the proprietors in this Island are opposed to it.

The incorruptible Attorney General, who is so ready to impute selfish and corrupt motives to every person opposed to him — who insinuates that Mr. Whelan is controlled by secret and debasing influence from Canada—makes a sorry attept to deny the fact that he pocketed on the sly the salary set apart for the Attorney General, while that office was nominally filled by another. He says:—

"I have very little need to notice in Mr. Whelan's last *Examiner* his assertion that I pocketed, on the sly, a portion of the salary which appertains to the office of Attorney General, and pocketed heavy fees as Queen's Counsel. I pocketed nothing but what was fairly and honestly paid me by the Government, or by its officer, the Attorney General, for my public sevices."

Surely this is admission enough. Mr. Palmer says he was paid by the Attorney General (Mr. Brecken) for his "public services." Exactly so. Mr. Brecken drew the quarterly warrants as Attorney General, and handed, if not the whole, a portion of the amounts represented by them over to Mr. Palmer. Mr. Brecken could not have been Mr. Palmer's paymaster in any other way. If Mr. Palmer had claims against the Government, they would be met by direct payment to Mr. Palmer himself, and not through the hands of another person.

Mr. Palmer denies that he "craved" from the Government a salary as President of the Executive Council while he held that office. He says:—

"Let me further assure you, Sir, that I am not the man who ever 'craved the Executive Council to give him a salary of three hundred and fifty pounds a year as President of the Executive Council,' or craved the Executive Council or any other Council to give him a salary of any amount."

See how the pompous air of the special pleader appears in harping on the word "craved!" That word may not, perhaps, clearly describe what occurred in the Government in reference to the matter, but we are assured, on good authority, that the question of providing a salary for the President of the Executive Council was mooted in the Government while Mr. Palmer held that position. That it originated with himself, we have not the shadow of a doubt; but the question was too ticklish a one to bring before the Legislature. Mr. Palmer will doubtless use more special pleading with the view of shewing that he was not interested in the affair, but we can brush away his special pleading with the greatest ease; and the public now knows what value to attach to the word of a man who has proclaimed, by his own pen, that he is capable of uttering a falschood to serve even a paltry purpose.

THE "HERALD" AND ITS SILLY THREATS.

THE Boys who scribble nonsense for the *Herald* seem to be dreadfully incensed against Mr. Whelan, and threaten him with the vengeance of his constituents. One of the Boys—the handsomest of the lot—has addressed a pompous letter to the electors of the Second District of King's County in which he avows his fearful determination to confront Mr. Whelan before his constituents at the public meetings which the latter purposes to hold next week. Judging from the tone of the letter, one might suppose that the destinies of the whole Island rested on the well-shaped shoulders of the Boy whose name is appended to it. Mr. Whelan is not terrified. He has seen worse-looking fellows in his time; and he assures us that [illegible] through the District, and upon having "a good time generally." But nonsense and impertinence must be reserved for their proper reservoir—the columns of the *Herald*. The Second District of King's County, as will be clearly shown, has no taste for those things.

In addition to the address above referred to, two editorial articles in the same paper hold out the threat that Mr. Whelan will be attacked by the writers of the *Herald* at the public meetings which he purposes to hold with his constituents. The highway is free to all, and every one can go to the meetings who pleases; but Mr. W., having called the meetings, will, we think, be permitted to regulate their procedure. If not, why then the best proof will be afforded that he does not enjoy the confidence of his constituents. He stakes his position upon this point.

Mr. Whelan has no desire to avoid discussion on the Confederation Question, or any other question, but when he will consent to a discussion it will be contingent on having for his opponents some persons worthy of consideration. One of the writers for the *Herald* threatens Mr. Whelan with expulsion from the Second District of King's County, using the language of "the valiant" Falstaff, in one of Shakspeare's plays:—

"If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom,
I'll never wear hair on my face more."

We advise the fellow to shave immediately. His threat will be just about as effectual as that of "the valiant" Falstaff was against Prince Henry.

We are glad to see the *Herald* Boys apparently intent on the study of Shakspeare. We can accommodate them, as often as they like, with quotations from that author. We will give one now, to begin with. Supposing that the — what do you call it? Nondescript?—*which*, (the grammar is quite good in this instance), published an address in the last *Herald* to the electors of the Second District of King's County—were thrown upon the broad of his handsome back, not physically, but metaphorically, by the arguments of the person whom he threatens to banish from his "kingdom" or district; and supposing he hugged the earth as Falstaff did, and was as miserable a poltroon as Falstaff was, what answer could Mr. Whelan make, if challenged in the language of Shakspeare—(See Henry VI. Act 2. Sc. 1.)

"—Would ye not think *that* cunning to be great,
That could restore this cripple to his legs?"

The writers for the *Herald* may whimingly complain that we are using personalities. If we are, let it be distinctly understood that we are not the aggressor. Weeks ago, the writer of these lines, (Mr. Whelan,) was slandered by the *Herald* as a "traitor" and "conspirator." That slander, we suppose, we shall be told is not personal. The last *Herald* again compliments Mr. Whelan by insinuating that the vigour of his intellect has departed—that "Time has laid his heavy hand on him," &c.—that he is petulant and dogmatic; and the curs of scribblers have even the insolence to assert, in the words of the greatest coward that ever appeared on the stage of human life, or any other stage, that Mr. Whelan is a coward because he has declared *that he will not permit the aforesaid curs to interfere with him in his explanation to his constituents*. The curs who have thus provoked personalities will find that we, too, can use them with considerable effect when we please; and they will learn to their cost that still unimpaired is the vigor of that intellect which enabled us to thrash for many years their betters and their masters.

THE GOVERNMENT.

We understand that the Government of this Island is still in a disorganized condition. The Conservative party, and office holders especially, are worried about it, and are doing all they can to patch up the rent in the Cabinet. Mr. James C. Pope's resignation of his seat in the Council does not appear to have been accepted yet; and the impression abroad is, that any amount of coaxing will be used by the friends of the Government to induce him to withdraw his resignation. At present this fact is unmistakeable, that His Excel. Governor Dundas has no Government worthy of the name?

DRAWING ROOM AND LEVEE.—His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor and Mrs. Dundas held a Levee and Drawing Room at Government House, to-day, which was, like preceding ones, numerously and respectably attended.

THE MAILS.—No Mails have been received from abroad since Sunday week. The stormy weather and the bad crossing in the Straits are, we believe, the causes of this privation.

☞ In another part of this day's issue may be seen an advertisement announcing a Concert for a charitable object.

☞ The Schooner SEA BREEZE, Moses Gallant, Master, bound to Charlottetown from Halifax, laden with merchandize, was abandoned in the Gulf on Friday, the 23rd December, in a leaky state, and having become unmanageable from loss of sail and rigging. The Master and crew, two of whom were severely frost-bitten, were taken off the wreck by the Schooner "Bounty," owned by William Orr, who, at the risk of the lives of himself and crew, and after having seriously damaged his own vessel, succeeded in rescuing the crew of the "Sea Breeze." The Schooner "Bounty" afterwards went ashore three miles east of Souris, where the crews of both vessels narrowly escaped being lost in endeavouring to get on land, which they afterwards effected with great difficulty, and after much suffering from the severity of the weather, on Friday, the 23d December, at midnight, and were received and attended to with great kindness and hospitality at the house of Mr. Donald McDonald, of Chepstow.

The arrangements entered into several months ago for obtaining the latest English and American news by Telegraph will terminate at the beginning of the new year. Whether these arrangements —to which we have been, we believe, the largest contributor—are continued during the winter, it will, we presume, remain for the public to say. Since the 1st of July last, Messrs. Hyndman and McNeill have supplied the daily telegrams with remarkable regularity, and we believe we are justified in expressing the opinion that the services of these gentlemen have given very general satisfaction, not only to the conductors of the press, but also to the citizens of Charlottetown, out of whose subscriptions and contributions the cost of the undertaking—and it is considerable—had to be defrayed. As these daily telegrams are for the use and benefit of the people both in town and country, and as it is impossible for a few private individuals in the city, however liberal, to continue to bear the burden they impose, we trust the House of Assembly will, in the coming session, appropriate something for keeping up daily communication, the year round, with the adjoining Colonies and the United States. We shall be most happy to contribute in the future as in the past to so laudable an object. We also think Messrs. Hyndman and McNeill are entitled, and we hope they will receive some *substantial* Legislative acknowledgment for their past efforts to furnish us with the latest English, Colonial and United States news.—*Prot.*

The Rev. Henry Pope, of this city, for fifty years connected as a Minister with the Wesleyan Methodist Church was, on Monday evening last, presented with a very complimentary address by a number of the Wesleyans of this city accompanied by a purse of $100. The address and present elicited from the recipient a very appropriate and feeling reply.—*Halifax Express.*

For the past week the weather has been about as mild as it was cold the week previous. It has rained nearly every day during the present week, and the roads which were last week covered with snow to the depth of from eighteen to twenty inches, are now bare in places,—the ice in the Bays and Harbours is fast melting away, and should the heavy thaw continue much longer, our winter bridges will be destroyed. There is one advantage to be derived from the present thaw—many vessels loaded and frozen up in different out ports, will, probably, be released from the ice and pursue their voyage.

New York is so overflowing with people that houses are almost unobtainable, and rents are enormous, while the hotels are crowded with boarders at four dollars per day. Furnished houses in select localities rent at prices varying from $200 $1,000 per month.

ANNIE.

Cold white snows of two mid-winters
O'er her grave have lain,
Since they laid her down to slumber,
In the grave yard-plain;
Laid her down, with far hands folded
On her pulseless breast,
Blue eyes, underneath the ice-lids,
Shut in dreamless rest!

Rosebuds round her will be blowing,
Soon, in spring sunshine,
Brilliant as the memory-blossom,
In this heart of mine;
Summer suns will pale the petals
Of the rosebuds red;
LOVE'S leaves ne'er will fade or shatter,
O'er her angel head.

THE CIVIL WAR IN THE STATES.

NEWS BY TELEGRAPH.

NEW YORK, Dec. 28.—Richmond papers of yesterday have Wilmington despatches dated 25