The Examiner.

Charlottetown, January 1, 1866.

1865.

At the commencement of a New Year the mind of the man who has been employed during the preceding twelve months in chronicling the particular events of noteworthy importance, and reflecting on their general tendency in moulding the future—is naturally compelled to take a retrospective summary of them and of their mutual relations in their respective origins, progress and results. In the days of our pupilage to the press it was the custom to "welcome the coming, speed the parting guest" by sorry doggrels of dirge at the tomb of the latter, and to celebrate the advent of the former in notes of welcome, the sentiments and diction of which might well be called unique. But now, in the language of Moliere's Doctor, "*Nous avons change tout cela,*" and Apollo and the Nine may "hang their fiddles on the trees like baby clouts a-drying," without their assistance being invoked on behalf of that much suffering youth to mortals known as the Printer's Devil, whose annual draught at the Pierian Spring seemed but to leave his brain more confused, and his ink-daubed visage more dingy than before.

In accordance with our usual practice at this season, we will briefly refer to some of the occurrences which, during the year which has just closed, excited most attention, either by reason of their immediate importance, or by the consequences which naturally flowed from them; and, in doing so, we pretend not to follow the chronological order of events, but as we are writing, *currente calamo*, we will notice the more prominent incidents of 1865 as they suggest themselves to our recollection.

First, then, in bad pre-eminence stands out the shocking murder of the late President of the United States by the wretched man Booth. After having endured the protracted and severe strain—physical and mental—of the gigantic struggle in which his country had been so long involved, he fell in the hour at which, at last, he might suppose the hoped for end was at hand—the promised land in sight. But, *dis aliter visum*—Moses conducted the chosen through the wilderness, and died on Pisgah in sight of Canaan. To his subordinate it was appointed to reap the full fruition of past toils and perils, and there is no honest man, whose mind is unclouded by partizan feelings, who does not wish Mr. Johnson every success in his arduous work of re-establishing society on a strong and acceptable basis. Never had man a more varied and difficult task devolved upon him, and we are happy to believe he brings to the situation he has been called upon to occupy a degree of calm good sense, which, more than any other quality, is essential to the restoration of order out of the chaos in which American institutions were involved, and from which they are yet far from free.

If, from time to time, we have, in common with the journalists of British America and Europe, commented on passing events as they impressed our mind, our course was dictated by no feeling of hostility to our neighbours. We frequently gave expression to our opinions on matters affecting ourselves as British subjects, but the Colonists or other subjects of Great Britain, aye, and the men of the world at large, can have nothing to gain but much to lose from the domestic distractions of a great people, whose energy and enterprise, acting upon natural advantages of unprecedented magnitude, have raised their country to a pitch of greatness such as has been achieved in equal time by no country with the history of which we are conversant.

The people of these Colonies prefer the political machinery to which they have been accustomed. Our neighbours are attached to their system and principles. We can see no object to be gained by either seeking to influence the mind of the other to a change of political constitution. There is ample scope and verge for both for gratitude to God and advantage to ourselves by the means He has, with lavish hand, conferred, in the pursuit of material prosperity and the cultivation of a spirit of mutual respect.

It was not to be expected that irritating discussions should not have arisen out of the ever shifting scenes of a war of such proportions as that which so lately raged in the States, and we hope that a patriotic sense of the necessity of cementing the fragments of their country's constitution may induce successful attention to the consolidation of authority at home and the maintenance of amicable relations abroad.

This brief reference to the internal affairs of the States reminds us that, some weeks since, we expressed some very obvious reflections on the danger likely to arise from the sudden emancipation of the millions of former slaves, and a terrible justification of the probable correctness of our views has been afforded by the recent rebellion in Jamaica. In that as well as in all the other British West Indian possessions, slavery was many years since abolished by the pacific purchase of emancipation. Yet we now perceive that notwithstanding the long possession of personal freedom, and the right of freemen to the fruits of their labor—the blackskin by savagery inherent in the negro has ridden roughshod over the restraints of education, secular and religious, and has culminated in deeds of atrocity which fiends might shudder at. Not yet in possession of information sufficient to enable us to form an opinion of the operating causes of this hideous outbreak, it would be premature to dogmatise on its origin. While we neither admit nor deny that the negroes may have been treated with injustice, and, while, consequently, we express no opinion on the conduct of those to whose interference the great evil has been attributed, we may without offence declare our belief in the innate antagonism of race which has always existed between the negro and the white man, and which will prevent their coalescing as equal members of society.

The mental and moral constitution of the one necessarily gives him a social superiority to which the other, save in very exceptional instances, cannot and does not aspire, for the African is sensual, to that degree that the animal propensities afford to him the *summum bonum* of earthly desires, and tropical fertility and climate supply his physical wants with too little necessity for struggles to elevate himself to a higher step on the social ladder.

It may be that the authorities have been

"Roused up to too much wrath which follows o'ergrown fears,"

and in their first alarm have adopted measures of undue and unjustifiable harshness in repressing the outbreak.

Certainly the deportation of the unhappy man Gordon, to the district where martial law was in force, there to be tried and executed, appears unaccountable, except on the hypothesis that the Government of the Colony were in possession of information which rendered such a course not only justifiable but absolutely essential to the prompt suppression of the murderous *emeute*. Let us hope that the freedmen of the States may not be induced to follow in the footsteps of their sable brethren in Jamaica; but we cannot shut our eyes to the fact, that the rebels of Jamaica were born free, and educated up to the duties of free men. They are not the men for whose emancipation twenty millions sterling were paid by the Government of Britain — while the liberated negroes of the South have been prepared for their altered *status* by no more fitting process than the unbridled license of the camp during a bloody civil war. As we have just said, we hope they may approve themselves worthy of their new position, but we have it on more than human authority that "men do not gather grapes of thorns, nor figs of thistles," and an element of serious danger lurks in American society—a danger greater than that which co-existed with the maintenance of the institution of slavery. If their numbers bore any proportion to the remainder of the population, the Mormons might cause trouble to the Government, but they will soon be driven from their present abodes to find dwellings on some of the Islands of the Pacific, as their scandalous organization is as repugnant to the precepts and spirit of Christianity as to the basis of social civilization.

We fear that ere another year shall have passed, servile insurrections—the effects of sympathy in a common blood and a common oppression of the present and bygone times—may supply sad topics for West Indian and South American journalists. Already Spain, in view of the dangers likely to arise from the abolition of slavery in the Southern States, has suppressed the Cuban slave trade, and the planters have turned their attention to the gradual abolition of the domestic institution. The whites, who live among an enslaved people, cannot shut their eyes to the danger which surrounds them from free negroes communicating their ideas to the serfs who own a common country, and have shared a common bondage with themselves. Slavery throughout America has received its death wound, but the difficulty remains how are its evil results to be got rid of?

Ere we turn our thoughts to Europe we must pay the grudged tribute of a passing notice to the most silly and disreputable scheme that rogues ever adopted to accomplish the ruin of fools. Need we say that we allude to the wretched swindle of the Fenian organization?

It would be beneath the dignity of serious comment, if it were not for the misery it has caused, and will yet occasion to those among the conspirators who have been duped into an honest belief in the practicability of the professed objects of the association. Gross as is the delusion under which they labor, who believe that any good can arise from their efforts, the honest, if erroneous, opinions of every man are entitled to respect, but pity for misguided people whose hardly acquired substance has been and is being squandered into the pockets of designing knaves, is almost merged in ridicule of the inadequacy of the means to the end proposed.

God knows that Irish history is not barren of records of the misery arising from unsuccessful struggles with the power of Great Britain, and we would be the last to ignore that history by denying the many wrongs and oppressions Ireland has endured from British rule in by gone times. But when we reflect upon the result to our country of previous efforts at separation, made by a far more united people, led by men of talent and probity, fighting in and for their native land, with the opinion and resources of the most military power in the world in their favor, with Great Britain greatly exhausted by foreign wars and weakened by intestine divisions, we can but raise our voice, humble though it be, in dissuasion of the miserable swindle. We hold it to be the duty of every honest man to discourage attempts at introducing political changes by physical force, where the means are clearly inadequate to effect the object. Such is the case here, and none but the most gullible of mankind can anticipate any other result than individual suffering and loss from this abortive scheme.

The robbery of a Bank or two in Canada or New Brunswick may be very pleasant and profitable excitement to those concerned in the practice of this not very original branch of the science of political economy, if they should fortunately escape the hangman's rope; but we wonder if the most sanguine of those whose money has contributed towards the enduing those heroes,

"Arrayed in helm and blade,
And plumes in the gay wind dancing."

expect that such achievements advance the independence of Ireland, or will result in re-imbursement of the amount subscribed?

With the vexed question of the Confederation of these Colonies, our readers have heard and read so much, that we shall notice it on the present occasion merely for the purpose of supplementing the arguments in its favor, by the suggestion that the notice for the termination of the Reciprocity Treaty with the States was, we believe, given with the view of inducing the annexation of Canada, and consequently the absorption of all the North American Colonies into the already overgrown Republic. If confederated, we would form the nucleus of a nation, with the elements of nationality sufficiently advanced to enable us to make national progress; but, unless some political amalgamation unites our destinies, we will be at the mercy of a neighbour whose scruples on the subject of extending his borders are not so well calculated to assure us of continued independence of his political embraces.

We have had our own little civil war in the shape of the silly Tenant League, which, much to the disgust of its promoters, appears about to collapse for want of funds—having, during its brief and highly beneficial existence, caused more loss to the Treasury and to individuals, and brought more disgrace upon the character of the people of the Island than the philosophers and patriotic appropriators who originated the benevolent Scheme could have at first imagined.

While in Europe there is no cloud on the political horizon, indicative of a coming storm, this continent appears to be in a fair way of signalizing its advance in the pursuits of peace by sundry appeals to the arbitrament of the sword. Besides the short lived rebellion in Jamaica, to which we have already referred, Brazil and Paraguay are at each other's throats. St. Domingo has been the scene of internecine strife—Spain has sent her ships across the ocean to bully Peru and Chili — Maximilian, we think, sits not too securely on an Imperial throne, the foundations of which rest upon no more substantial foundation than the ill-combined debris of several successive revolutions. If it be, as has been asserted, that the Emperor of the French, having set his protege fairly on his voyage, intends to bid him adieu with a *Bon voyage*, and leave him to be served with an exclusively Mexican Ship's Company, a mutiny may well be anticipated. But any government is preferable to the state of chronic anarchy with which Mexico was cursed when rival chieftains—half freebooters, half demagogues, and whole scamps—could convulse the country, paralyse commerce, render life and property insecure by *pronunciamentos*, each succeeding to a larger amount of villainy and absurdity than its predecessor.

We can hardly spare space for a passing notice of European events. And here our first thoughts revert to the great statesman who died in the confirmed possession of the Government of the country he loved and served so well. It would be superfluous, after the able and eloquent notices of the press of Great Britain, for us to attempt to do justice to the Life and Character of the late Lord Palmerston. Abler hands than ours must erect for him a fitting monument. We reverently lay our stone on his cairn; and that he was worthy of the reputation gained by his life and of the sorrow excited by his death, is saying all that we need say.

The year has witnessed the departure from the scenes of their toils and their honors of other distinguished men—the most illustrious names in the record being those of Cardinal Wiseman and the King of the Belgians. Among the many eminent Princes of the Catholic Church still living it would be difficult to point to the name of one who has laboured so long and zealously in the interests of Christianity and Civilization, and shed so much lustre upon letters, as fell to the happy lot of Nicholas Wiseman. By his death the Church lost one of her brightest ornaments—and Literature, one of its most accomplished votaries. In the demise of the good old King of the Belgians—an event which had been apprehended for some time—Liberal Constitutional Monarchy loses a great friend, and Europe, a wise and prudent mediator in all difficult matters of diplomacy between rival States. For more than a generation King Leopold has governed Belgium with singular success—his poeple have been prosperous, happy, and in the enjoyment of the fullest measure of liberty, while the wisdom of his policy secured the respect and friendly alliance of other European Powers. Whether his successor—of whom the most cheering anticipations are not entertained—will be able to preserve his kingdom from the grasping ambition of a powerful neighbour, is one of the problems to be solved in the year of grace 1866; but there is much reason to apprehend that a worse fate than that of Denmark casts even now a dark cloud over the future of Belgium.

The devastations of the Asiatic Cholera in many parts of Eastern and Southern Europe, and the terrible scourge which has swept through the barn yards of Britain, to the consternation of cattle owners, and to the sore discomfort of John Bull, whose sirloins and rounds have not been so plentiful as in former days—are the only other memorable events of the year that we can now recall. We care not to linger over these. Cholera and the Cattle Pest are things to which we love to give a wide berth; and to pin a moral to a discourse upon them would tax even *our* ingenuity at this festive season of New Year's.

Of local affairs — local politics included—we thought at setting out that we might adventure some remarks upon these hazy topics. But the scantiness of our space warns us to beware of wandering into dreamland. As regards animal comforts—bread and butter, and the other wants of poor craving human nature—this Colony has abundant reason to be thankful to the Almighty Dispenser of Bounties. Whether our people live in blissful contentment with their lot, is a matter which we had better leave, for the present, to the sagacious counsels of the Tenant League to determine; and as to the local politics—so called—the contest between the *ins* and the *outs*—there is such a tangled web about the whole affair that we honestly profess our inability to unravel it. The cloudy atmosphere of local politics may, however, become clear to our vision by-and-bye when the Legislature will meet; but in the meantime let Local Politics be bowed out of presence, especially on this anniversary; and in the meantime, too, pray let all the world and his wife accept our congratulations on the advent of this auspicious season, whose many returns will be earnestly prayed for by the Editor of The Examiner.

ANOTHER IMPORTANT DESPATCH.

We find in the Halifax papers of a late date the following important despatch from Mr. Cardwell, the Secretary for the Colonies. It clearly indicates that the British Government will not give very much countenance to free trade regulations with the United States, with Brazil, Mexico, or the West Indies, so long as the Colonies remain in their present separate condition, with conflicting tariffs and conflicting Legislatures. The "serious difficulty" apprehended may not prove insuperable, inasmuch as the Reciprocity Treaty of 1854 was carried into effect by "separate action of the various Provincial Legislatures." However, the British Government seems determined that the Colonies shall not much longer remain dependent upon the Mother Country—that they must be confederated, if possible; if not, they will be entirely thrown upon their own resources. The issue then will be — Confederation or Annexation to the United States. In the present condition of the neighboring Republic, we cannot conceive a more terrible calamity than that of annexation. Here, however, is the despatch referred to. Our Lieut. Governor has, no doubt, received a similar one, and ought to have published it for general information:—

Downing Street, 24th Nov., 1865.

Nova Scotia, No. 10.

Sir,—I think it right to acquaint you that I have been informed by the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs that in the opinion of Her Majesty's Representative at Washington, the necessity of having to submit a Treaty of Commerce to the separate action of the various Provincial Legislatures would be a serious difficulty in his way, and that the Union of the Provinces would afford the best hope of obtaining such a Treaty.

It is evident that if the gentlemen who are now about to proceed to Mexico, the British and Spanish West Indies, and Brazil, for the purpose of ascertaining in what manner the trade and commerce of those countries with British North America can be extended, shall bring their journey to a successful conclusion, and shall be able to suggest to Her Majesty's Government, on the part of the British North American Provinces, any new arrangements with the countries in question, for the benefit of those Provinces, a similar difficulty may be expected to arise in every such case; and, on the other hand, the Union of the Provinces would, in every such case, afford the best hope of bringing such arrangements to a speedy and satisfactory conclusion.

I have the honor to be, Sir,
Your most obedient, humble servant,
(Signed) Edward Cardwell.

Lieut. Governor
Sir F. Williams, Bart., K. C. B.

ANNEXATION TO THE UNITED STATES OR NO FREE TRADE.

We take the following article from the *Montreal Gazette* of the 13th ult., which shews the terms upon which we are likely to get the privilege of Free Trade with the United States. It is not one journal only in the States that says the British Provinces must be annexed to the Union to help the Republic to pay its tremendous war debt; many American journals have long since taken up the same cry:—

The Chicago *Tribune* says that the only terms upon which Canada can enjoy freedom of trade with the United States is by going into the Union, and by paying a portion of the burthens resulting from the recent war debt, and hints that if we do not choose to go in voluntarily, we shall be taken in involuntarily, because the West needs the St. Lawrence, and will have it. This is the old argument of robber hordes wherever the exist. Might makes right. Popular rights are wonderful things, excellent things for a majority of a great people, but absurdities when urged as a plea for the independence of a small people, and its right to do what it pleases with its own. How glibly these men talk of the aggressions of Britain on different Indian monarchs and their territories, and of Austrian despotism exercised over Hungary and Italy! Yet the *role* they denounce in others is just that which in respect of Canada and of Mexico they declare their purpose to fulfil. In Mexico, as little fitted as the petty states of India of self-government (although not mercenary, aggressive, or even troublesome as sending out armies of invasion,) there might be some show of reason for interference, if a great civilized power had not already undertaken the task. All England's recent attacks on Indian princes have been in self-defence—in order to insure from invasion the territories and people already under her guardianship. Have the United States any such plea of danger to render them aggressive or even minatory towards Canada or Mexico? Do they fear attacks either from one or the other? Are they afraid to see Monarchical institutions worked side by side with their own? Do they shrink from experiment, afraid of this close comparison of the two sets of institutions as likely to result disadvantageously to the democratic system? Or are we to account for these threats only on the ground that these people are mere robbers, greedy to enrich themselves with spoil wherever and by what everinfamous means to be acquired?

Let us see the terms on which we are asked to go into this blessed Union. We stated the taxation yearly levied on the citizens of New York to be $28 to $30 per head, on very good authority, $18 of this being for Federal purposes. We subjoin some remarks upon the subject of this taxation from *Harper's Weekly*:—

"In the five months ending November 30, the General Government is said to have received from internal revenue over $151,000,000. In the same period the receipts from duties at the port of New York alone were $58,291,000, which implies an aggregate receipt for the whole country for the five months of about $78,000,000 in gold, equal to, say $112,000,000 in currency. Thus in five months the Government drew from the people, in the shape of direct or indirect taxes, a sum not less than $263,000,000. Were these five months a fair average for the year, the annual income of the Government would foot up not less than $630,000,000. As, however, the income tax is paid in the fall, and as the importations this fall were unusually heavy, it may be proper to make some deduction from this estimate, and to set down the annual income of the Government from taxes of all kinds at something like $455,000,000—say $15 per head of the total population. In many localities as much more is paid for city, county, and State taxes. That taxation to this extent is oppressive, is obvious. It is heavier than is borne by any other people in the world. That it has been borne patiently is wonderful, and proves the law-abiding character of the people of the United States. But it does not follow that it will be so always. During the year 1865 people's minds have been so full of the all-engrossing topic of the restoration of peace, that no leisure has been afforded for the consideration of fiscal matters. Prosperity, real or fictitious, has been so general that the burdens that, in ordinary times would have been intolerable, have been endured without a murmur. This will not last. The war and peace excitement is passing away. The exciting prosperity, and the present high wages of labor are dependent on the large volume of paper money afloat; when that comes to be reduced labor will fall, and we shall again taste "hard times."

Now the whole debt of Canada is only about $25 per head of our population. For the sake of argument we will suppose that the people of Canada are less rich by one-sixth than the average of the whole people of the United States, which is assuming far too much. Then we should be forced to pry, if annexed, $12.50 per annum per head of Federal taxes, and should pay in two years into the Federal Treasury as much as could pay off our whole Provincial debt! What possible gain could compensate us for this? Under that weight of taxation Canada would soon be depopulated, its people crowding into the richer lands and more genial climate of other parts of the continent. The progress of Canada depends upon comparatively cheap taxation to counterbalance the disadvantages of her geographical position. To quote Mr. Holton once more—"The man who talks of annexation now is little better than a madman."

The following short article from the Halifax *Reporter* of the 19th ult. would seem to require passing round here. We give it a place in our columns, remarking that the "D. Currie" inquired after in the last sentence is no other than the veritable "Tonalt":—

To our P. E. Island Readers.

Some few weeks since we noticed the fact that the Charlottetown *Monitor* had been superseded by the *Weekly Bulletin*, and expressed our gratification at the marked improvement in style and tone exhibited by the latter over the former journal. This seems to have provoked the ire of some fellow in Charlottetown, who figures rather ridiculously in the *Patriot* of the 9th inst. over the signature of "D. Currie." Now, as we made no reference whatever to "D. Currie," in the notice in question, we are as much amused as surprised at his Quixotic attempt to draw us into a tilting match with him. But while dismissing this individual, we cannot help remarking, and our numerous Charlottetown readers will bear us out in what we assert, that the defunct *Monitor* was "*spurred*" to its doom through the agency of "Tonalt's" productions more than anything else. They well know that while that military gent had free access to the columns of the *Monitor*, no person who chanced to differ from him in matters political and religious, was free from the slime of his "fishy-tailed" pen; that the sanctity of the domestic circle was invaded, and the private affairs of individuals were made the subject of public comment and ridicule through its columns. Such is the record of "Tonalt's" editorial career, and well may he be ashamed of the part he acted. In fact, we believe that the proprietors of the *Monitor*, finding that it failed to succeed while laboring under the disagreeable odor produced by the "fishy-tail" aforesaid, allowed it to die a natural death, and hastened to make amends to an outraged public for the unbridled license they gave "Tonalt" to defame all who came within scope of his venomous vapourings. Hence, we presume, the existence of the *Bulletin* with improved principles and manners. "Tonalt" being no longer in receipt of the £100 per annum that enabled him to lay back in his office-chair and whittle his finger nails, (he was dismissed from office on account of his "leaky" propensities), can ill brook the idea of having the ghost of his victim presented to his gaze, because it don't pay near so well as it did formerly. If the *Bulletin*-man has had reason to exclaim "save me from my friends" with reference to the notice alluded to, the *Monitor*-man has greater reason to say "save me from such 'friends' as 'Tonalt,' for to him I am indebted for the ignominy that the *Monitor* wrought upon my name." "Mr. Cooper" may or may not be the editor of the *Bulletin*; if he is, it is a matter of wonder that such a great change has taken place in his principles; but who is this individual who styles himself "D. Currie"?

The Editor of the *Bulletin* seems to be sadly distressed at our having published, "without note or comment," the letter which lately appeared in our columns from Wm. Cooper, Esqr., favouring Confederation, as the first step, in *his* opinion, to political union with the United States. The *Bulletin* is scandalised that we did not "counteract" "by a single editorial remark" "the pernicious tendency of such scribbling." Well, we have yet to learn that it is the duty of an editor to combat every new or wild opinion that may be advanced by a correspondent. For many years we have been in the practice of publishing the communications of our venerable friend at Sailor's Hope, and although we often dissented from his views we never thought it necessary to couple the publication of his letters with an expression of our dissent. If the letter, lately published, which has given such horror to the *Bulletin*, had been written by an unknown hand, we should have seriously hesitated about publishing it; but every body knows Mr. Cooper, at Sailor's Hope, and ready to make every allowance for him. If his namesake of the *Bulletin* really wants to get a little vigorous exercise for his loyal wrath, let him turn his attention to two or three papers, that need not be named, in this City, through whose columns their editors are, from week to week, infusing the poison of annexation in the shape of gleanings from other journals.

Sunday Magazine.—We have received from the Publishing House of Messrs. Strahan & Co., of Montreal, an elegantly bound volume of large octavo, being a copy of the Rev. Dr. Guthrie's *Sunday Magazine* for 1865, and since then a copy of the Monthly No. of the same work. So far as a limited perusal of these works enables us to judge, their pages seem to be filled with very choice reading, admirably suited for the family circle; and, as one great merit of the works, they appear to be free from that canting bigotry and intolerance which so often disfigures religious publications.

The North British Review, for October, has just come to hand. It contains the following articles:—Cathedrals of England, the Mariner's Compass; the Resources, Condition and Prospects of Italy; the Poetry of Praed and Lord Houghton; Blind People; Field Sports of the Ancient Greeks and Romans; the Gallican Church; the Russians in Central Asia. We refer our readers to the advertisement in another column for the terms on which the *North British*, and the other English Reviews are furnished by the enterprising publishers, Leonard Scott & Co.

A Great Mistake.—In the letter of the Hon. Mr. Warburton, published in the Examiner of the 18th ult., on the cultivation of Flax, the honorable gentleman was made to say, when speaking about seeking for information on the subject:—"I consequently wrote to my father-in-law, who has one of the largest manufactories in Ireland, at Roscrea," &c. Instead of father-in-law, it should be *brother-in-law*. The mistake would imply that our friend had a wife in Ireland at one time or other, and *that* soft impeachment he very properly and positively denies.

The Mails.—The route for the Winter Mails appears to be now in good travelling condition, and the Couriers pass backward and forward with their accustomed regularity. No less than three Mails were received during the past week, furnishing us with immense fyles of papers, from which we have made many selections that will be read with interest.

[The following Verses have been palmed off upon us as the production of our News-Boy, but we are extremely sceptical as to the genuine authorship. Our clever Runner—(he *is* clever, and probably aspires to wear the "scallop shell and sandal shoon" as laureate for this Island at some distant day)—has, we fancy, (judging from the great merits of this performance), been in collusion with some *other* Poet beyond the precincts of the Printing Office; and we might be inclined to think that he has had a "lift" from the prolific pen of the "Island Bard," only we know how prudently that great writer treasures the productions of his genius for the purposes of traffic. The "Bard" has just now favoured the public with some of his usually exquisite versification. The "News-Boy" seems to be desirous of competing for the praise if not for the pence which reward a literary performance suitable to the season; and let the public judge who is the better "Poick" of the two—he or the "Island Bard."]

RHYMES FOR NEW YEAR.

BY THE NEWS-BOY.

There was a time, since the days of Queen Bess,
In which the News Boy us'd his Patrons address,
At the end of each year, with a bird's eye view
Of what had been wonderful, funny or new;
But, like many good things in ev'ry nation,
Such mode of addressing is near out of fashion.
This season, so rife with its startling news,
Has induced your Boy to invoke the muse,
And bring to your notice a portion at least
Of what some may term "an intellectual feast!"
But where to begin, your Boy scarcely knows,
Since Uncle Sam's sons have tied up their blows,
And sent down to our Island to purchase Pork, Geese,
With other things needful for a "hotch potch" peace
'Mong themselves; while they itch to the eyes
To have a slap at John Bull, and take as a prize
A big slice of that old gentleman' Canada cake!
But they'd feel "raythur streaked" should they meet a mistake,
Or, "what ud be wuss"—as the Yorkshire boy said—
"If u'd weak up sum mornen and find urselves dead!"
With Canada's name comes to mind Federation,
And the ins and the outs of the great Delegation
Sent down to our Island, in secret, you know,
To hold, what some Indians would call, "a pow wow:"
And then our Delegates, like old fashioned mugs,
Went to sit in palaver with Quebec's "big bugs;"
But when ours came home, they open'd our eyes
By telling each other that each had told lies!
However, *one thing is fact*—Federation's untried,
And we must live this winter "in the cold outside."
Well, if we've had pretty plentiful crops,
With a sprinkling of money, why these are props
Which may keep us, as they have done many a year.
With our heads above water, then why need we care!
"The world owes us a living," and that we will get,
If we don't through the cold, we shall through the sweat!

England's and our dear Queen these two years,
'Mong her subjects moves more than she did, it appears.
A proof old King Time possesses the art
To mollify wounds in a Sovereign's heart.
'Tis not with the rich, the noble, the gay
That Her Majesty usually "spends the day,"
But 'mid the poor, the sick, earth's sorrowing ones
May be heard her Queenly, yet Christian-like tones;
Their bodily wants she at first supplies,
Then their minds strives to draw from all earthly ties
To the Saviour who died, their souls to obtain,
And keep them for ever from sorrow and pain!
Long may she live, the King of Kings to own,
And gather souls into his fold to star her heavenly crown!

On the poor, the rich, the unlearn'd and the wise
Death calls in his rounds, and closes their eyes
To things of this world; hence it has to be said
That wonderful man — England's Premier — is dead;
And men in all nations, round the political world,
Regret that his Lordship out of time should be hurl'd.
But who is there here, as a prophet, dare say
Your News Boy shall not be a Premier some day?

"The Rent"—bone of contention—continues to thrive,
Under which Tenants die — on which Landlords live;
Some Yankee has offer'd a large sum, they say,
For the *horses' bones* he may dig out of Washington clay.
Great pity it is he don't "vamouse" down here,
And get *our bone*—'twould last him many a year.

Our churches in gen'ral are in a calm state,
Not much to depress nor the spirits elate;
The Free Church Goliath and David the Laird
Sling stones now and then, but the lion don't beard;
Round in the mighty brick church, 'twould appear,
Alteration's been made, with a theatrical flare,
Making the singing now sound as if from a tunnel,
While two or three singers bleat like sheep thro' a funnel,
With an occasional dash, or half Indian whoop,
Like a patient let out who was nursing the croup:
They may think it sounds nice for men stuck up there
To torture their voices above nature's sphere;
But if they sat below, and such discordant notes heard,
They'd quickly condemn and call such music absurd.
Then why should they force on fine ears any noise
They'd be first to chastite if 'twere made by their boys?

Our "God-fearing" Government, with its solemn face,
Some may think in this rhyming should have a place;
But its acts so deceptive, tyrannical, mean,
Would make Hottentots blush, if 'mong them they were seen.
So we'll just let it pass, its "only taking its turn,"
And when its defunct, few about it will mourn.

Our schools wer'nt designed to educate hogs,
But the system is going quite fast "to the dogs;"
The funds which should have been for the poor teacher's pay,
On the Prince of Wales College are quite thrown away:
And Arbuckle's duties are left or half done,
While he "pockets the siller" and laughs at the fun!

Just so are our City funds fritter'd away
Keeping a Mayor, Recorder, and staff on full pay,
While no public work, in return, meets the view,
Save digging the dust out of a gutter or two,
Which lays on the streets, till the first winds arise,
When it enters your houses, your clothes, and your eyes;
The chief crossings on the muddy streets that are made,
Are where the Clerk, Recorder or the Mayor parade;
Other persons in mud to their elbows may go,
As there's no royal track for them, you know.
Our public wells are the City's disgrace,
And ev'ry Councillor should be asham'd in his place
To rise, and show he's less sense than brass,
Instead of getting pure water, to vote for street gas,
Or useless tanks; yet there's some mad enough here
To say — earth never own'd such a Corporation or Mayor!

Of the mushroom species sprang that Government plague,
Which its friends have styled the "Tenant League,"
Whose votaries, using the force of the brute,
Gain'd the unenvied stand of disrepute;
And what's of more worth, to each sordid elf,
Their pockets were eas'd of surplus pelf;
And more than this, they'll have to fork out
When the cost of lugging the soldiers about
Is call'd for, and all their "tin" from them's scoop'd,
They'll begin to believe they've really been dup'd!
And so with the Fenians, that hot-headed race
Will continue uneasy till they meet with disgrace,
And "trail round their coat tails," till they get their heads broke
With a sprig o' shillale" from Johnny Bull's oak!
When they'll find to their sorrow, howe'er fond they're of joke,
That a blow from "ould England" would be worse than sun stroke!
Will Uncle Sam's boys then help them out of "the suds?"
No, they'd rather strip them of their cash and their duds!
"Well, each to their liking," as aunt said with a bow,
When she'd hugg'd and kiss'd her old brindled cow.

The lawless pranks of "the League" just relax,
When up springs a project for beets, hemp and flax;
With a prospect, some day, that our city will shine
With rope-walks, bleaching linen, and all kinds of twine,
Fit to hang any Government, League or Corporation
Which might be charg'd with disloyalty or defalcation.

Consternation one day rose far "up in alt,"
When the papers brought out the Jamaica revolt,
And people to this day cannot see the rights
The blacks had to rise and knock down the whites;
Nor did the darkies e'er dream 'twould round the world be cried
As the blackest black deed these blacks ever dyed!

Some youths, whose monotonous lives make them blue,
Are subscribing, and have a Gymnasium in view:
If their time and their money are to them a great bore,
Let them buy and saw wood for the sick, lame and poor!
This will exercise give, and their charity cherish,
And they'll gain the blessing of those "who were ready to perish."

You've a telegraph line and Express Office in town,
But why should'nt you have an Express of your own?
And such you may have quite early next Spring,
If the teams and owners to life that long cling.
Tom Wilson, Mick Hickey and John Valley, you know,
With their splendid beasts, form a double trio;
Why should'nt these join — (now your laughter suppress)—
And start in full cry "a Lightning Express?"
Then clear the track, boys, to the Thunder Depot
For this *royal streak line* — Wilson, Hickey, Valley & Co.!

There's many more subjects might here find a place,
But your Boy fears he's already trespass'd on space,
If not on your patience; and therefore he now
Wishes each a Happy New Year, and makes his best bow.

LATE ENGLISH NEWS.

THE CATTLE DISEASE.

We very much regret to say that the cattle plague is not only spreading but becoming more malignant as it spreads. Its ravages are extending everywhere, and the accounts from Buckinghamshire, Essex, Gloucestershire, Yorkshire, Cumberland, Lancashire, Norfolk, Ely, Oxfordshire, Staffordshire, and Suffolk, are most deplorable. All attempts at cure seem to have been abandoned as waste of time and money. Slaughtering seems the only means relied upon for stemming the torrent of infection, while the attacks and the mortality have increased tenfold within the last five weeks. In the week ending the 18th of November, the reported attacks were 2,669, and in the following week they rose to near 4,000 or near a third of all the attacks in the first four months of the plague.

The Foreign Office has sent to the papers letters from the Consul General at Odessa on the cattle plague of the Steppes of Kherson which exists permanently in that district, and is cured by suporifics. In the return of the cattle disease issued for the week ending Dec. 2, the increase of cases compared with previous weeks is 298; the increase in preceeding week was above 100. Scotland and Yorkshire shows the greatest ravages. Many counties present decrease. Since the outbreak, 39,000 cases; 19,900 died, 10,700 killed.

THE MEETING OF PARLIAMENT.

At the Council held at Windsor on Tuesday it was resolved that Parliament should meet on Thursday, the 1st of February, for the despatch of business. We are informed that Her Majesty, instead of using the state coach, will occupy what is called a "dress carriage." The robes of State, instead of being actually worn by Her Majesty, will be laid upon the throne. The speech itself, instead of being read by Her Majesty, will be read by the Lord Chancellor.

JUSTICE FOR JAMAICA.

It is due to Governor Eyre, no less than to public opinion in this country, that a full and searching enquiry should be made into the history of the Jamaica rebellion, and we learn with the utmost satisfaction that such an inquiry is to be instituted forthwith. The announcement of this intention by the Government should go far to allay excitement on this subject. Now that all the circumstances upon which so many hypothetical verdicts have been passed are about to be investigated impartially for the first time, we may hope that our national habit of not prejudging a case will resume its sway once more. It cannot be too often repeated that we are not yet in possession of sufficient information to justify us either in acquitting or in condemning the civil and military authorities of the Colony.

The sister of Governor Eyre complains of mean and cowardly persons who send her anonymous letters, and even telegrams, denouncing her brother.

THE FENIANS.

The trial of O'Leary had taken place before Judge Fitzgerald. It occupied three days, and resulted in the finding of the prisoner guilty on all the counts in the indictment. He received the same sentence as Luby—twenty years penal servitude. Luby is a Unitarian, and son of the Rev. Dr. Luby. Moore, the principal manufacturer of pikes, was found guilty on Thursday, and sentenced to ten years penal servitude.

It is stated that Stephens, the Fenian leader, who escaped from Richmond prison, Dublin, has arrived in Paris. Byrne, the watchman who is supposed to have aided Stephens, was on Saturday committed for trial.

Death of the King of the Belgians.—Passengers by the *Cuba* state that a few minutes before the steamer left Queenstown, the telegraph brought the news that the King of the Belgians, uncle of the Queen, had breathed his last. The news in the papers merely stated the dangerous character of his illness. The deceased has been in receipt of a pension from the British nation, of many thousand pounds per annum, for a period extending over nearly fifty years.

The following announcement from the *Observer* may be regarded as semi-official:—"It is now ascertained that the proposed reform of the representation will be a simple measure of enfranchisement, and a correction of the scandal of inequality in the number of voters, compared with the increasing population, wealth and intelligence of the country. Earl Russell declares that his Government will take care to be fortified by facts as well as arguments for the proposed change. It is no secret that inquiries have been going on through the poor law authorities as to the present number of voters, and the number that may be added by the new bill. The addition will mainly consist in the inhabitant householders, although it will be also possible and expedient to add those who are equally eligible from sufficient residence and rental, although not in the sole possession of an inhabited house. We believe it will be found that those paying a certain amount of taxes—one of the qualifications proposed—will be, in nine cases out of ten, included in the number of those who are already rated, or who will be admitted under the new residential qualifications. There will be no fancy franchise, but all will be straight-forward, and easy of acquirement and of ascertainment.

WEST INDIES.

DEMERARA.

Dates from this place are to the 23d ultimo. There had been heavy rains, which retarded the manufacture of sugar. There had been 17 cases of yellow fever admitted into the hospital during November, but only one death had occurred.

The markets were liberally supplied with provisions. The demand for sugar for the American market was great. A company had been established for the purpose of growing rice in the colony, and a tract of land near the Chinese Settlement had been spoken of as eligible for that purpose.

BOMBARDMENT OF THE TOWN OF CAPE HAYTIEN.

In the recent bombardment, the Galatea and Lily took up positions attacking the defences on the land side so that the town might not be injured by the fire. General Salwane and the leaders of the revolution, finding their cause hopeless, embarked on board the United States steamer De Soto, which vessel conveyed them away to a place of safety — supposed Monte Christi. Before leaving they set fire to the town in several places, the principal portion of which was consumed. President Jeffard took possession of the town, and published an amnesty to the rebels, with few exceptions. The common soldiers were disarmed and sent to their homes, but the officers were banished from the Island. One of the leading Generals in Salwane's army, Paul Isidore, was taken a few days after the occupation of the town, court-martialed, and executed. The man had been previously sentenced to death for attempting to murder the Minister of Finance, but he escaped and joined the rebel party. It is now positively known that the Haytien refugees taken out of the British Consulate were executed during the bombardment of the town by H. M. S. Bulldog. Salwane had an army of Amazons, armed with pikes, in his service. During the bombardment they were employed in conveying bags of sand to the fort.

MARTINIQUE — DISTURBANCE AMONG THE SOLDIERS.

On Friday, the 29th Oct., in the morning, the transport Allier arrived at Fort de France, under command of Capt. Barron. She was from Brest, having called at Algiers and Madeira, leaving the last on the 12th October. There was 1039 men of 2d and 3d regiments of Zouaves on board for Mexico, with five officers. These men, on being landed, were placed in Fort Desaix, where they were to remain during the time the transport continued in port, with permission to go into the town in companies of 25 to 30 men. The same day, in the afternoon, the mixed transport Var from Mexico, with about 660 men of various regiments going home to France, having served their time, also arrived at Fort de France, and the men were put in barracks at Fort Desaix. On the next day, in the morning, the Zouaves began to show signs of insubordination, demanding leave to go into the town altogether, and complaining of the high price of the wine and charges in the canteens of the Fort. Later in the day the dissatisfaction rose to a mutiny. The men threw themselves upon the guard, consisting of a company of the 1st regiment of marine infantry, disarmed the few men taken unawares, and threw them outside of the railing of the entrance, and shut the gates against them, thus getting possession of some 20 guns. The guard fell back upon the drawbridge, where they held their ground without their arms, until joined by others. An eye-witness of what followed, says—"The affair seems to have been occasioned by the refusal to allow more than 25 men to go into the town at the same time. Added to this was some complaint about their pay. The company of marine infantry en guard having refused to allow them to pass, the latter made a sudden rush upon them, knocked them down, and forced them outside of the fort, seizing about 20 carbines. The Zouaves then attempted to get out, but the company rallied outside with the captain at the head, charged them with the bayonet, and stretched out a dozen on the square, which gave time for others to come up to their assistance. Had they used grape, they would have gone back into the fort in the twinkling of an eye. But they abstained from such a butchery. Between 4 and 6 o'clock in the afternoon the musketry firing continued, the result of which was three killed and ten wounded of the marine infantry, of the artillery one killed and one wounded, and of the Zouaves 17 killed and 40 wounded. The seamen of the vessels of war, although drawn up in a line alongside of the infantry, were not hurt, having none killed or wounded, it being observed the Zouaves would not fire upon them. At 6 o'clock the firing ceased, and on both sides the men lay down on the ground, but the troops already had recovered the drawbridge. The Zouaves, who were very drunk, towards midnight fell into a heavy sleep, seeing which the troops under the command of M. Regnd of the staff crept over to them on tiptoe, as if performing on the stage, and in a moment seized the redoubt, and surrounded the Zouaves, whilst the seamen, throwing themselves into the passage from one court to another, cut them into two."

FROM SOUTH AMERICA.

THE WAR IN CHILI AND BOLIVIA — ANOTHER REVOLUTION—CENTRAL AMERICA.

New York, Dec. 13.—The steamer *Baltic*, from Aspinwall, has arrived with the California mails, and $738,000 in treasure. The news is not important.

There was no change in war matters in Chili, and the blockade continued. The Spanish fleet was supplied with provisions by a transport. The United States steamer *Wateree* was at Valparaiso.

In Bolivia the fighting continued with more favorable prospects for the revolutionists. The latter had taken Cobya, killing the commander. The President was occupying Potosi with 1500 men.

Peru was at peace. The new Government was being rapidly organized. Causeco has suspended the ministers and consuls of Peru in Europe and the United States. All the officials at home would be suspended and tried for political crimes unless they have, by their acts, proved themselves in favor of the Revolutionary party. A demand has been made on the British Minister for President Pezat and some members of his Cabinet who had taken refuge on board a British ship, on the ground that they were guilty of treason, and criminals. The British Minister's reply was only that the vessel had sailed. The Spanish Minister was living on board a Spanish frigate, owing to the discovery of a conspiracy amongst some Chilians to assassinate him.