

## THE CHARLOTTETOWN ELECTION.

Mr. PALMER's seat in the House of Assembly having become vacant, it will shortly be seen whether the Electors of Charlottetown and Royalty have sufficient moral courage to shake off the yoke of the Oligarchy. It would be a task of supererogation to shew that a few gentlemen in this town influence the Government as much, if not more, than the Legislature could possibly do—that they are opposed to any change and to every reform—that their chief object has ever been to sustain themselves in place and power, and to advance the interests of their connexions and friends—that for the achievement of these ends they have used, at every preceding election, such of the merchants, trades-people and mechanics of Charlottetown, as are indifferent to the pursuit of politics, or regardless what principles a public man may advocate so long as he sustains in his private capacity a reputation for integrity, and such also as hope to be benefited in their several callings by the patronage of the officials. The Solicitor General is known to be the advocate of these gentlemen. Will he be returned to uphold their interests in the Legislature? Are the people of this Town prepared to say that they don't want Responsible Government—that they don't know what it means—(for this is the fashionable phrase with those who will not take the trouble to inquire)? Are they prepared to say that Reform is not necessary—that political jobbing is political virtue? Are they prepared to admit that their neighbours of Nova Scotia and Canada are more deserving of the privileges of British freemen than they are themselves? If so—let them rush in a compact body to the hustings, and proclaim their confidence in the oligarchy by voting for their advocate; but let them cease to boast about the 'glorious British constitution,' for, in the words of an eminent British judge, here, at least, it is 'a mockery, a delusion and a snare.' Yes, here—

—In this humbled Isle,  
Where honour mourns and freedom fears to smile,  
Where the bright light of England's fame is known  
But by the baleful shadow she has thrown  
On all our fate—where, doom'd to wrongs and slights,  
We hear men talk of Britain's glorious rights,—  
As weeping slaves that under hatches lie,  
Hear those on deck extol the sun and sky.

"Oh, but," exclaims a cautious no-party man, "Mr. Palmer has been a long time in the Assembly, and we've always found him 'a very good man for the town'; besides, we know of no person who would stand any chance of opposition to him at an election."

We are not so bigotted in our hostility, (which is purely political) to the honourable Solicitor General, as not to admit the force of the no-party man's assertion, that Mr. Palmer is a "very good man for the town."—But "a very good man for the town" is not always a very good man for the country. We believe the hon. gentleman to have been a faithful guardian of our local interests—a steady advocate of Education, Commerce, Roads, Bridges, Wharves, &c. We do not know that he ever voted against a grant of money absolutely required for some purpose in the town—nay, we are sure that he has always insisted on Charlottetown having its full share of the public revenue. But would not any other representative have acted in a similar manner? Assuredly. His claims, locally considered, we don't dispute. But his political principles, as they may affect the whole Island, we don't believe to be calculated to benefit the whole Island; and on this ground we think there is a pressing necessity for a change. We do not quarrel with the Solicitor General because he is the Solicitor General, or Mr. Palmer; but because he is the advocate of a line of policy which we conscientiously believe to be subversive of the independence of the country, and consequently subversive of its happiness and contentment, and because that policy is now in the ascendant. We should not care to see the Solicitor General in the Assembly, providing he was in a minority, for he would be serviceable in opposition; and a successful party would be more true to the interests of the country having to encounter a vigorous opposition than if they had matters all their own way. We do not, therefore, blame Conservatives for advocating his claims, politically considered; and the question comes to this issue, shall Charlottetown be always known as a Conservative or Compact constituency? But, as we are told by the no-party elector, "we know of no person who would

be likely to defeat him in a contest?" Assuredly we shall know of no such person, if we do not look about us. Talent, worth and influence must be grievously scarce, if the Town cannot afford one man to enter the lists against the Solicitor General; or he must be marvelously popular, if any man of worth and influence be afraid to oppose him. There is one compact party in the town—why should there not be another? Another—not for the furtherance of selfish and unholy views—a party who will not shrink behind counters, and talk of public affairs with baited breath, or loiter at street corners, wear holiday smiles, and lift their beavers to every official that pass; but who will come forward manfully to speak and write the truth—to rouse the wavering, encourage the timid—to canvass, when canvassing is necessary—to disseminate sound views of principles; in short, to agitate unceasingly for the adoption of useful measures. Had the Liberal Party such an organization, (and surely the materials might be found) we should have no occasion to thrust our hands into our breeches pockets, and cry out—"it is useless to oppose the oligarchy." It will be ever useless, indeed, while one man is waiting for another—while the leaders of a party are governed by the wretched policy of "Let us remain quiet, and perhaps time and chance will put advantages in our way,"—while others are cowed down by some undefined and undefinable apprehension of evil—and while envy of this man's ability, or dread of that man's influence "sicklies o'er the native hue of resolution," and "does make"—if not "cowards of us all" something nearly as bad; our adversaries in the meantime being firmly united the one to the other, and ever vigilant of opportunities to strengthen their position.

For the present we take leave of this subject; we may return to it long before the day of trial come.

## DUNCAN'S LAST.

Mr. Duncan Maclean occupies the greater part of a column in last Friday's 'Islander,' in order to prove that he is no Atheist, and that Edward Whelan is no Catholic, simply because Edward Whelan believes the Hon. J. M. Holl to be a liberal in politics. Really, Duncan is hard pressed for the want of a subject on which to write, when he could think of none but the story of his being an atheist, which had existence nowhere but in the columns of the 'Islander' four or five years ago. It is a great blessing to Mr. Ings that he is such a block-head, as he cannot perceive Duncan's laboured attack on Mr. Whelan (which is remarkable not only for the want of truth but the want of invention on the part of its author)—to be a home blow at his own folly in making the Islander the vehicle of that imputation which is now attributed to Mr. Whelan. We are sure that Mr. W. never asserted on any occasion, either public or private, that Mr. Maclean is an atheist; and we are quite willing to take Mr. Maclean at his word, and believe him to be a Christian. As to Mr. Whelan's Catholicism, we have it from his own lips, that the only point in his orthodoxy on which he believes himself to be at fault, is, that he disputes the supremacy of the (Bedeque) Pope. As it is particularly enjoined by his creed to pray for the conversion of sinners, he promises that Duncan shall henceforth be mentioned in his 'orisons,' but he doubts that 'all his sins' can 'be remembered.'

To CORRESPONDENTS.—'X' and 'J. M. K.' are received.

Should the vessel which brings our printing paper arrive early in the present week, as expected, we shall endeavour to issue the next No. of THE EXAMINER on a double sheet.

EXAMINER OFFICE, MONDAY, 5 P. M. — We have waited up till this hour for the English Mail; but the Packet has not yet been signalled.

CHAMPAGNE WINE is now at a discount in France. It is no longer an aristocratic beverage, being purchased at a very low rate, and extensively drunk by the labouring people.

The Gas Works of New York have been destroyed by fire. Considerable inconvenience to the lower part of the city, which was entirely furnished with gas by this establishment, has been experienced.

## TO THE EDITOR OF THE EXAMINER.

SIR;

You will oblige by giving insertion to the following circumstance connected with the administration of the laws in this part of the colony. A Mr. M'D— obtained a summons against a Mr. D—n, a Miller, for a violation of the 8 Sec. of the Act I Vic. cap. 10, which requires every Mill under a penalty of two Pounds to be provided with a Beam and Scales. The parties appeared before a Mr. L—e, J. P. when the Plaintiff swore that the Defendant's Miller told him that there were no Scales in the Mill to weigh his grist, and that it was consequently weighed with Steelyards. A witness who almost invariably got his grist from that Mill, swore positively that there were no Beam and Scales in the Mill, and that they were always in the habit of weighing his and other people's grist with Steelyards. The Defendant was, thereupon, fined in the amount by the Act. Some three or four weeks afterwards the Magistrate called upon the Plaintiff and told him that he had received a note from the Attorney General, desiring him to reconsider his decision in the case alluded to, and pressed the Plaintiff to attend a rehearing on a certain day named. He accordingly attended, and the Defendant's Miller was there to swear that there were Scales in the Mill at the time the Plaintiff applied for them, contrary to what he had formerly stated to the Plaintiff, and contrary to the testimony of the former witness. This was enough in the judgment of the worthy Magistrate to induce him to 'jump Jim Crow,' and accordingly ordered the Plaintiff to pay the expenses, and allowed the Defendant to get off scot free. \* \* \* \* \* However, some time after the first hearing of the case (which can be proved) brought a Beam and Scales to the Mill and placed them in a by room to be used by those only who know that they are there, and will insist on having their grist weighed by them instead of Steelyards.

Such is a plain statement of the case, and a specimen of the efficiency and manly independence of one of our Magistrates; but the public are the sufferers and have a right to complain.

I am Sir, your's,

A FARMER.

King's County, September, 1848.

REGULAR EDUCATION, we think, is unfavourable to vigour and originality of understanding. Like civilisation, it makes society more intelligent and agreeable; but it levels the distinctions of nature. It strengthens and assists the feeble, but it deprives the strong of his triumph, and casts down the hopes of the aspiring. It accomplishes this, not only by training up the mind in an habitual veneration for authorities, but, by leading us to bestow a disproportionate degree of attention upon studies that are only valuable as keys or instruments for the understanding, they come at last to be regarded as ultimate objects of pursuit; and the means of education are absurdly mistaken for its end. How many powerful understandings have been lost in the Dialectics of Aristotle. And of how much good philosophy are we daily defrauded, by the proposterous error of taking a knowledge of prosody for useful learning. The mind of a man who has escaped this training will at least have fair play. Whatever other errors he may have fallen into, he will be safe at least from these infatuations; and if he thinks proper, after he grows up, to study Greek, it will probably be for some better purpose than to become critically acquainted with its dialects. His prejudices will be those of a man, not of a school-boy; and his speculations and conclusions will be independent of the maxims of tutors and the oracles of literary patrons.—Lord Jeffery.

A TROUBLESOME CONGREGATION.—One Sunday, when the minister of Udney entered the Kirk, he was no less surprised than indignant to find that 'James Fleming' had taken possession of the pulpit. 'Come doon, Jamie,' said his reverence. 'Come ye up, Sir,' answered Jamie; 'they're a stiff neckit an' rebellious generation, Sir, an' it will tak us baith to manage them.'

While a regiment of volunteers were marching through Camargo, a captain—a strict disciplinarian—observing that one of the drums did not beat, ordered the lieutenant to enquire the reason. The fellow, on being interrogated, whispered to the lieutenant—"I have two ducks and a turkey in my drum, and the turkey is for the captain."—This being whispered to the captain, he exclaimed, "Why don't the drummer say he was lame? I don't want men to do the duty when they are not able."

CLEAN HANDS.—Dr. Wall, once at a dinner party, very unwisely persisted in playing with a cork in such a manner as displayed a hand long divorced from the lavatory. One guest happened to express his surprise to another, and in too loud a whisper exclaimed, "Heavens, what a dirty hand!" The doctor overheard, and turning sharply round said, "Sir, I'll bet you a guinea there is a dirtier in the company!" "Done," replied the first, sure of winning. The guineas were staked; and the doctor showed his other hand. He was judged to have won without a dissentient voice.