

party then in power as the vote of 1856 was creditable to the existing Government.

Another extravagant expenditure of which we are reminded is that on behalf of the Lunatic Asylum. The expense of its management in 1848 was £349,—in 1856 it was £731. But what was its condition in the former year? Why, it was a disgrace to the Colony. The purpose for which it was erected seemed to have been lost sight of, for it was not in a condition to receive patients, and the consequence was, that the jails in all the Counties were crowded with unfortunate lunatics—some of them being manacled and fettered in dark cells, as if they were the worst of criminals, with a poor prospect of recovery before them. We can assure the brilliant financier of the *Islander* office, that it requires no "herculean efforts" to brush away the cobwebs he has gathered about the other items in his comparative statement, but the errors and misrepresentations we have already exposed will show how worthless the whole statement is.

The state of the public debt comes in for a due share of consideration, as might be expected, from such a wizard for figures as the editor of the *Islander*. Of course, according to his statement, the Colony was never in a worse condition, and its debt never before so large; although the British Government were, only the other day, so fully satisfied of the excellent state of our finances—so convinced that our credit was sound, and that our debt was not worth speaking of—as to give a guarantee for a loan of £100,000 sterling, to make independent freeholders of despairing tenants,—a thing which the Imperial authorities would not do in those halcyon days of 1848, when the immaculate man then in office went begging to Her Majesty's Minister for credit to the amount of £12,000. But let us see what our debt was before the Liberals came into power. In the year ending 31st January, 1850, the Auditors state the public debt at £28,579 11s. 04d., and last year the same gentlemen set it down at £22,000; and this includes the balance due for the Worrell Estate and Lot 11,—to meet which there are over £10,000 due by purchasers of public lands, and 45,000 acres of the recently purchased property unsold, which, if disposed of at 5s. an acre, would yield £11,250,—to say nothing of the timber, longers and other stuff upon the land, in exchange for which a member of the Assembly recently said in his place that he would be willing to pay the balance due upon the property. And thus we find that the Government have actually in their hands, at this moment, property to double the amount in value of the public debt—excluding, of course, from the £22,000, £11,500 of Treasury Notes afloat, which bear no interest. During the five years the present Government have been in office—(for, though coming in in 1851, they were out six months in 1854)—they have paid off nearly £20,000 of the public debt, besides giving £11,000 more for education than their predecessors ever gave; and expending on roads, bridges and wharfs, £6,000 over the amount given in those blessed days for the return of which the editor of the *Islander* sighs so ardently. Will nobody, at the next election, get a rotten borough for the aspiring Chancellor, so that he may hasten the arrival of "the good time coming?"

We have a great deal more to say on the subject of the Public Accounts, but we shall follow in the footsteps of "our illustrious predecessor," and dispose of the matter at our leisure.

HOLY WILLIE AGAIN.

In a dull community like Charlottetown, where we have no public amusements, and where politics even cannot be made to produce sufficient excitement for the whole year round—we are duty to be thankful, as we hope we are—seeing that it is our duty to cater for the public entertainment—when we have the good fortune to catch a fool, who is willing to do everything in his power to make himself a laughing-stock for the public, and whose antics are so extraordinary that there is no difficulty in getting any amount of fun and ridicule out of him. Mr. William Heard—or Holy Willie, by which name he is now popularly known—has, for the last two or three weeks, proved quite a god-send to many of us who were dying for the want of a hearty laugh. Practice leads to perfection in many things, and why not in tom-foolery as well as others? Holy Willie was very diverting when he made his first appearance in a Supplement to the *Islander* about three weeks ago; but in his more recent effort to amuse an admiring public, he has infinitely exceeded our expectations.

The question at issue between Mr. Barker and Mr. Heard may seem, at first sight, to be a private one—and the *Islander* evidently regards it as such, from the fact of its publishing the correspondence as advertisements,—but as it involves the very important enquiry: Shall one individual be permitted to slander the character of another with impunity? the cause of truth and justice will be served by our giving a due consideration to the circumstances connected with it. Mr. Cephas Barker publishes in the *Examiner* of the 13th ult. a communication, from which it appears that Mr. William Heard had been industriously engaged, for some considerable time, in the eminently Christian occupation of spreading a report, utterly false, but seriously affecting the character of a public officer. Mr. Heard is awakened to a sense of his awkward position by making himself superlatively ridiculous in asking the person maligning to let him retail the scandal to the public without punishing him as the law directs. This modest request is responded to with much more courtesy and consideration than we would be inclined to accord, and Mr. Heard is quietly warned of the consequences which might ensue from publicly indulging his slandering propensities. With the wholesome fear of the indignation of a jury—a stunning verdict of damages, and a plethora bill of costs before his mental vision, he corks up the vial which contained his slanderous poison, and gives to the public a round-about, rigmorale story, in which there is much display of individual names—a great ado about nothing, but an insinuation frequently thrust out, the interpretation of which is just this: "Ah, if Mr. Warburton would only promise not to take the law of me, wouldn't I expose him?"—just as a riotous bully would say to a peaceable individual—"D— it, if it wasn't that I should have to pay five pounds, I'd blacken your eye." Mr. Warburton, with that courtesy and gentlemanly bearing for which he is so much admired, condescends to notice Mr. Heard's communication, and refers him to his presumed knowledge of the law of libel, which allows the defendant to put the truth in evidence in actions for defamation. Upon this exposition of a part of the law of libel, Mr. Heard again rushes into print, and gravely assures us that Mr. Warburton has given him permission to uncork the vial. He, thereupon, proceeds to state the case "between Cephas Barker and I"—(we admire the grammatical construction of Mr. Heard's sentences)—and brushing away, as dew-drops from the lion's mane, the "loathsome epistle of John Williams," and "the contemptible editorial of the *Examiner*," we are favoured with the awful disclosures regarding the enormity of Mr. Warburton's conduct on board the ship *Majestic*.

The statements are as follow: When the *Majestic* reached Pictou, Mr. Barker, who was fellow passenger with Mr. Warburton, attended a meeting in Pictou, which he addressed after the religious service, giving "a description of the severity and perils of the voyage, as well as the wickedness practised on board, especially in the way of drinking." It seems, then, that Mr. Heard and Mr. Narraway, of Pictou, introduced themselves to Mr. Barker and his other unsuspecting

friends, who were invited to the house of Mr. Narraway, and after breakfast on the following morning—Mr. Heard acting the part of sponge on the occasion—the "perils of the voyage" were again talked over, and Mr. Barker is reported to have used "words to the following effect":—

"That the whole voyage was a constant scene of drinking, cursing, swearing and gambling, especially on the part of Mr. Warburton—That Warburton spoke on several occasions, in violent terms against the Sons of Temperance on the Island, accusing them of various crimes, and that he, Barker, was determined to take the first opportunity, after he got on the Island, to inform the public of the disgraceful conduct of the Hon. the Treasurer of the Island, during the voyage."

This, with a few unimportant embellishments and additions, is Mr. Heard's version of the dreadful "proceedings" on board the ship *Majestic*. Now, what may be said at a public meeting, such as that which was alleged to have been said at the Morrisonian Chapel, may be properly enough made the subject of out-door conversation; but should we find that at our breakfast table there was "a chief among us takin' notes" of our private conversation, for the purpose of distorting it to our prejudice, to gratify the promptings of a mischievous disposition, we should be inclined to regard him as the most despicable of human beings, to be shunned—shunned—shunned, wherever there was a chance of encountering him. With respect to the charge of gambling and drunkenness, Mr. Warburton, whose word will pass in any community a long way before that of Mr. Heard, whose the latter happens to be known—positively denies that any thing of the kind occurred on board the ship,—"gambling" of any sort was unknown, and, unless enjoying a sociable glass in moderation can be called drunkenness, that was also unknown. But Mr. Barker, who is the principal witness against Mr. Heard, not only first quietly denies the correctness of Mr. Heard's report, but subsequently goes to a Magistrate, when the tale-bearer persists in his calumnies, and swears that the report of Mr. Barker's address, and of the after-breakfast conversation, is altogether untrue! How humiliating is the position in which this affidavit places Mr. Heard! This worthy labours to prop up his calumnies by furnishing the public with a report of further private conversation,—even Mrs. Narraway's name must suffer insult in addition to the injury she sustained in having her hospitality abused, by its being thrust upon the public gaze in connection with a conversation which proves nothing;—a magistrate in Pictou has been applied to, whose name is not given,—Messrs. Scott, Trowan, and others of this Island, are also brought into Court, but of what avail is their testimony? The Narraway breakfast conversation seems to have been filtered through their minds, but whether lost in the process of filtration, we can discover none of the spirit of Mr. Heard's first shot. They do remember having heard something said of Mr. Barker's speech, and of the after-breakfast conversation; and two of them can only remember that Mr. Warburton and others were accused of the horrible crime of drinking "and excess to the breeze," while the *Majestic* was ploughing her weary way through the Atlantic; and another charge against Mr. Warburton, produced by one of Mr. Heard's witnesses, is, that on the voyage, he, Mr. Warburton, told the very palpable truth, that some of the Sons of Temperance here were not only in the habit of "raising the glass to their mouths behind the door," but that many of them were addicted to—SMOKING!! So that from Mr. Heard's own witnesses we find the horrible "proceedings" to have dwindled down to a simple statement of the fact, that Mr. Warburton, during a cold and tedious passage, occasionally drank "success to the breeze," when a breeze was, no doubt, very much wanted, and that he had—presumptuously man—without a due fear of the Grand Division before his eyes—asserted that some of the "Sons" mightily relished a drop on the sly and a whiff of their pipes!

We are almost ashamed to take so much notice of this perille nonsense. Our main object in doing so, is to expose the thing so thoroughly, that our newspapers will be saved, for the time to come, from publishing a mass of correspondence on a subject that should never have been submitted to the public.

The paragraph of the letter under review, having a direct reference to the editor of this paper, beautifully "reflects" the moral and intellectual attainments of Holy Willie. It begins by assuring us that "the editorial assistance which Mr. Barker has enlisted reflects no credit on the Bible Christian body." This sentence is not only impertinent, but it is false. In the first place, Mr. Barker required no "assistance," and certainly he "enlisted" none at our hands. What we have written in condemnation of Holy Willie's babbling was not intended for the Bible Christian body, but as a warning to honest people against indulging too freely in private conversation in the presence of the babblers, whose conduct in the instance referred to "reflects no credit" on anything calling itself a man. "If Mr. Whelan seeks to make political capital out of this affair," continues Mr. Heard, "especially after refusing to allow me to reply in his columns to Mr. Barker's attack—I beg leave to refer him to one who is able to cope with him, and who will, I doubt not, supply his wants on that score."

We beg to assure Mr. Heard that Mr. Whelan is not in want of "political capital,"—that the "affair" under consideration has no more to do with politics than the sentence we have just quoted has to do with the truth—and that of all men in the community in connection with whom we might hope to create political or any other kind of "capital," William Heard is decidedly the last that would be thought of. Mr. Heard asserts that which he knows to be untrue, when he states that Mr. Whelan refused to allow him to reply to Mr. Barker through the columns of this paper. In proof of this assertion, and for the amusement of our readers, we shall produce the correspondence which took place between Mr. Heard and Mr. Whelan as part of the "evidence"—(a word for which the former has a great partiality)—in connection with this "affair," and as illustrative of the veracity which distinguishes our pious friend. Mr. Heard was so exceedingly anxious to "enlist" the columns of the *Examiner* to give publicity to his second rambling letter, which the publisher of the *Islander* very properly inserted as an advertisement, that he could not wait to submit a copy of it to our inspection, but imagined we were silly enough to set apart our columns for the insertion of his lucubrations, without their having to undergo the usual ordeal of a previous examination. We answered the fool according to his folly:—

"Sir—As you published in the last *Examiner* a letter signed 'Cephas Barker,' containing an attack on me, I wish to know if you will permit me to reply to the same in your columns, in the next issue. Please reply by bearer, and oblige

"Yours respectfully,  
"WM. HEARD."

"Hon. E. Whelan."

[REPLY.]

"Charlottetown, April 18, 1857."

"Sir—Your note of yesterday's date has been received, in reply to which I beg to state, that it is quite unusual for a public journalist to promise to publish communications he has never seen.

"Yours respectfully,  
"Edw. WHELAN."

Let the reader now judge whether or not the above answer contains a refusal to publish Mr. Heard's communication. If the clever writer himself is still convinced that we have not done him justice, or that the periodical literature of the country is likely to suffer by there being only a very limited publicity given to his ingenious lucubrations—we desire to intimate to him, that we are not only prepared to publish the letters he has already written, but as many more as he can write between now and midsummer, he paying down, in current coin or good Bank paper, the usual advertisement price for every square which his letters may contain. As the proprietor of the *Islander* has already made a business transaction out of the "affair," we cannot see why we should not have a chance of turning it to a pecuniary account. The cunning reference "to one who is able to cope with" us, is no doubt intended for the editor of the *Islander*. It would be somewhat flattering to our vanity—if we were disposed to indulge any such feeling about so trifling a thing—to think that Mr. Heard, notwithstanding his pretensions, is forced to acknowledge himself unequal to that task. Whether the editor of the *Islander* will take the hint, and help to get the tale-bearer over his present difficulty, is a matter of supreme indifference to us individually; but it would be an interesting public spectacle, no doubt, to witness the editor of the *Islander*, who has always entertained a horror for sanctified humbugs, acting the part of Deacon to Holy Willie, while the "service" would be of such an unedifying character.

Mr. Heard has preferred three serious charges against us,

which we trust we have strength and fortitude enough to survive. First, that we have attempted "to ridicule another on the score of religion." Second, that we can quote Scripture as well as poetry. And, third, that we are a Mormon. With regard to the first charge, we plead Not Guilty. Mr. Heard alludes, of course, to himself as the individual ridiculed. We can assure him he has saved us the trouble—if we ever had any desire to incur it—of holding him up to the scorn of the community, for in this undertaking "none but himself can be his parallel." It would be absurd to think of ridiculing Mr. Heard on the score of religion, for we are as far from thinking that cant and hypocrisy constitute religion as that brass, with all its showy glitter, is equal in value to pure gold. We hate that kind of piety which may be seen of all men, but is never felt by those who exhibit it. It is a kind of garb so commonly worn in the practice of chicanery, that whenever we see it we like to keep as far as possible from the wearer. As Mr. Heard has a taste for our poetical quotations, we shall fit him to one on this very subject. It will be seen in Hood's inimitable "Ode to Rae Wilson," a gentleman who belonged to that peculiar school of piety in England of which Holy Willie is the most distinguished ornament in this country:—

"In proof however-righteousness re-acts,  
Accept an anecdote well based on facts,  
On Sunday morning—(at the day not fret)—  
In riding with a friend to Ponder's End  
Outside the stage, we happened to commend  
A certain mansion that we saw To Let.  
'Ay,' cried our coachman, with our talk to grapple,  
'You're right! no house along the road comes nigh it!  
'Twas built by the same man as built you Chapel,  
And master wanted once to buy it,—  
But t'other driv the bargain much too hard,—  
He axed sure-ly a sum prodigious!  
But being so particular religions,  
Why, that, you see, put master on his guard!"

As to the second charge, the evidence against us is so conclusive, that it would be arrant folly not to admit it without hesitation. It ought to be a source of consolation to his pious heart—if he could only forget the uncharitable feelings he bears us—that we have given such a proof of our godliness as to be able to quote Scripture, for we have always understood that an infallible proof of sanctity with the saintly class to which Mr. Heard belongs (we do not use the term in a denominational sense) is a readiness at all times to lay one's talk with pious texts. We hope that our case will not be regarded as an exception to this rule, and that our admitted knowledge of Scripture will not be taken as circumstantial "evidence" that we were at one time intended for the Church, and not having entered the sanctuary, that something must have gone wrong in the course of our early training. As to our incursions into the domains of Poetry, we are so hardened in our guilt on that score, that we shall be tempted, once more before we have done, to compel Holy Willie to sit for his picture, to be reflected through a poetical quotation.

It may be sufficient to observe, as to the accusation of Mormonism, that Mr. Heard, having thought proper to accuse us of such a thing, we trust he will have the decency to cease including us in the reviling and vituperation which he has such a taste for dealing out to Catholics generally, after the manly fashion in which he related his wonderful story about Mr. Warburton—that is, behind their backs. If we are a Mormon, why should he anathematize us for being a "Papist?" There is one thing, however, we would wish to be understood: Mr. Heard may say we have any religion or no religion—we shall not quarrel with him on that ground; but let no Christian black or white man suppose that we shall ever try to get to heaven by the devious courses he pursues. His taste for humour and anecdote has, no doubt, made him familiar with the story of the little boy who was asked why he objected to go to heaven—"Why," says he, "because grandfather may be there, and he would say—'Whew! what are little children doing here?'" We hope we may be enabled to think better of Holy Willie than we do at present, for—judging from present circumstances—should we chance to get into that blissful haven, and meet him there, we might be prompted to exclaim—'Whew! what brings Holy Willie here?'

Mr. Heard makes some allusions to morality. We are at a loss to understand what he considers it to be. Our impression is, that true morality is based upon that golden rule, which enjoins us to do unto others as we would others should do unto us. And judged by this rule, how many persons are there in this Colony—with a full knowledge of his antecedents—who will venture to say that William Heard is in the practice of doing unto others as he would others should do unto him? "Take a hint, friend Heard, take a hint." We are in the humour for drawing a full length portrait of a certain individual, but we doubt, should we proceed, if he would admire our artistic skill. We shall, however, dismiss him for the present, giving, before parting, the poetical extract we have promised. We think he must agree with us, that Mister Gubbins's remark as to Jack's braying qualities, is admirably suggestive of his published letters, and that the moral of the tale cannot be more fully appreciated by any one than himself:—

"Again—good-humouredly to end our quarrel—  
(Good humour should prevail!)  
I'll fit you with a tale  
Wherein is tied a moral.

Once on a time a certain English lass  
Was seized with symptoms of such deep decline,  
Cough, hectic flushes, every evil sign,  
That, as their wont is at such desperate pass,  
The doctors gave her over—to an ass.

Accordingly, the grisly Shade to bilk,  
Each morn the patient quaffed a frothy bowl  
Of assinine new milk,  
Robbing a shaggy sucking of a fool  
Which got proportionably spare and skinny—  
Meanwhile the neighbours cried, 'Poor Mary Ann!  
She can't get over it! she never can!  
When, lo! to prove each prophet was a ninny,  
The one that died was the poor wet-nurse, Jenny.

To aggravate the case,  
There were but two green donkeys in the place;  
And, most unluckily for Eve's sick daughter,  
The other long-crested creature was a male,  
Who never in his life had given a pail  
Of milk, or even chalk and water.

No matter: at the usual hour of eight  
Down trots a donkey to the wicket-gate,  
With Mister Simon Gubbins on his back,—  
Your servant, Miss,—a werry spring-like day,—  
Ead time for husses, though! good lack! good lack!  
Jenny be dead, Miss,—but I've brought ye Jack,—  
He doesn't give no milk—but he can bray."

So runs the story,  
And, in vain self-glory,  
Some Saints would sneer at Gubbins for his blindness;  
But what the better are their pious saws  
To ailing souls, than dry hee-haws,  
Without the milk of human kindness?"

It was not to be expected that the appointment of the Hon. W. W. Lord to the Commission of Public Lands would be suffered to go unnoticed by the Opposition Press. The *Islander* of last Friday devotes a short article to this subject, in which we are told that although Mr. Lord "can sign his name, and make out a bill of parcels, in a sort of way, yet he is utterly disqualified for the office," &c. We are quite certain of the truth of the fact, that no matter who the Government might appoint to the Land Office, the nominee would be assailed in terms equally as offensive and untrue. Mr. Lord has, for many years, conducted an extensive commercial business—in the course of which he has realized a fortune sufficiently large to buy out—at least five times over—stock, lock and barrel—from the editor down to the Printer's devil—the whole *Islander* establishment. If he were not a man adapted for business, his success in life would not be so conspicuous; and every person very well knows that if a gentleman be capable of building, buying, and selling ships, and other merchandise, besides managing all the details of a commercial counting house, with great advantage to himself, he cannot have a very difficult task in regulating the transfer of a few thousand acres of land, according to rules prescribed to him by the Government. In 1854 the Hon. Mr. Longworth was appointed to the office of Colonial Secretary. No one doubts that the Secretary's Office is a more important one than that of the Public Lands; and we put it to those who know the two men, who-

ther Mr. Longworth can lay claim to more talent or education than that possessed by Mr. Lord? We are quite sure he cannot. They are both commercial men—unused to the routine of office—and they are so well known, that it would be quite unnecessary for us to make any comparison of the success which has followed the career of both.

With respect to the article on Mr. Clark's letter, all we need say, is—in which we are sure the gentleman abused will join us—that we are delighted to find ample proof in the columns of the *Islander*, that the Obstructive party were greatly disappointed in their expectations of a break-up in the Government, in consequence of the casual difference between the Colonial Secretary and the Controller of Customs.

STUFF IS SILK—SILK TRIUMPHANT.—We understand that the last English Mail brought advices to His Excellency the Lieut. Governor, that Her Majesty was pleased to confirm the appointments made by His Excellency to the office of Queen's Counsel. We informed our readers, in January last, how the Stuff Gowns rustled with indignation at those appointments—how Sir Dominick was to be brought to book for making them, without first ascertaining the good will and pleasure of the gentlemen in Stuff—and how a Petition was to be sent to Downing Street, to annul them;—but it seems that the Downing Street officials have treated the little flare-up of the Barristers, briefless and others, in a very brief manner, by virtually declaring their petition to be all stuff.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We have received a second communication from Mr. John Williams, in reply to Mr. Heard's grossly personal attack upon him. The reply is such as might be expected under the circumstances—bitter and crushing; but as we have summoned Mr. Heard to our own presence this week, to receive admonition at our own hands, we have interceded on his behalf with Mr. W., and requested him to lay down his rod for the present, so that the culprit may not be chastised too severely.

We have nearly a drawer full of answers to the Enigma in our last issue, but we have no space to give insertion to any of them. Judging from the number of trifles of this kind which come to hand frequently, we are inclined to think that those "who teach the ingenuous youth," as well as those who are taught, in this Island, have a decided taste and talent for enigmas.

"James J. Rice," in refutation of slander, next week.

NEWS BY THE ENGLISH MAIL.

The British and Colonial Mails reached Charlottetown on Friday morning. The news from Europe is unimportant.

HER MAJESTY'S ACCOUCHEMENT.

BIRTH OF A PRINCESS.—BUCKINGHAM PALACE, April 14, 1857.—This afternoon, at a quarter before two o'clock, the Queen was happily delivered of a Princess. His Royal Highness Prince Albert, several Lords of Her Majesty's most Honourable Privy Council, and the Ladies of Her Majesty's Bedchamber being present. This great and important news was made known to the town by the firing of the Park and Tower guns, and the Privy Council being assembled as soon as possible thereupon, at the Council Chamber, Whitehall, it was ordered that a Form of Thanksgiving for the Queen's safe deliverance of a Princess, be prepared by his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, to be used in all churches and chapels throughout England and Wales, and the town of Berwick-upon-Tweed, on Sunday, the 19th day of April, or the Sunday after the respective ministers shall receive the same. Her Majesty and the infant Princess are, God be praised, both doing well.

There was present on the occasion in Her Majesty's room—Prince Albert, Dr. Loeck, Dr. Snow and Mrs. Lilly, the monthly nurse. In the adjoining apartments, besides the other medical attendants (Sir James Clark and Dr. Ferguson), were the Mistress of the Robes, the Lady-in-Waiting on the Queen, and the following officers of State and Lords of the Privy Council, viz:—His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, the Lord Chancellor, Viscount Palmerston, Sir George Grey, the Earl of Clarendon, Mr. Secretary Labouchere, Lord Pannure, Sir Charles Wood, the Bishop of London, and the Marquis of Bredalbane.

Chloroform was administered to Her Majesty by one of the physicians in attendance, Doctor Snow, with a few short intermissions, for three hours.

ENGLAND AND PERSIA.—The Treaty between England and Persia has arrived at Teheran. The ratification will not take place for five or six weeks.

New Advertisements.

Hourly expected,  
PER ship "ISABEL," an assortment of  
Mens' Paris Hats, new style.  
DUNCAN, MASON & Co.  
Queen-street, May 11, 1857.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the Dividend declared May 5, at the Annual General Meeting of the shareholders in the Charlottetown Gas Light Company, will be paid at the Gas Office on and after Monday next, the 11th inst., between the hours of 10 and 2 o'clock.

N. B.—All persons will be required to produce the stock certificate for the Dividend they claim. By Order,  
May 11, 1857. WM. MURPHY, Manager & Sec'y.

Grand Division Room,

CHARLOTTETOWN, May 8, 1857.

At a Meeting of the Grand Division, S. of T. of P. E. Island, held in Temperance Hall this evening—present, the G. W. P. Brother Burnett, Brothers J. B. Cooper, G. Beer, J. Prowse, Webber, J. Tanton, Gidley, J. Scott, jun., J. Evans, A. Murray, J. Pickard, G. Tanton, D. McFadyen, W. C. Trowan, G. W. Miller, J. W. Morrison and John Arbuttle—the following Resolution was adopted:—

"Whereas the following paragraph appears in the *Examiner* newspaper, of this City, of the 4th inst., over the signature of 'C. Barker':—

"Sixth Witness—Mr. W. C. Trowan. Now, Sir, this gentleman, if he had meeting, where until half-past eleven o'clock, they tried to make him say that he said what he never said, in fact to bear false witness against himself and 'Barker,' but they failed."

"Resolved, therefore, that the proceedings of this Grand Division, being generally of a private and confidential nature, to divulge the same to parties who are not members—even where no misrepresentation is attempted—is a gross violation of our rules, which strictly prohibit any Brother from making public the private affairs of the order. And Resolved further, that whoever may have been Mr. Barker's authority for making the above statement, it is certain that that gentleman has been most unfortunate in this instance, for it forces upon this body the disagreeable duty of publicly declaring the said statement to be a tissue of falsehood from beginning to end."

By order, JOHN ARBUCKLE, Acting G. S.

Removal.

THE subscriber wishes to inform his friends and the public generally that he has removed to Dorchester-street, nearly opposite the residence of Thomas Owen, Esq., where he intends to carry on his business in all its branches, and wishes a continuance of past favours. An apprentice wanted.  
Ch. Town, May 11, 1857. 4i Wm. GRIFFIN, Tailor.