CORRESPONDENCE.

"You are of your father, the devil; and the desires of your father you will do. He was a murderer from the beginning, and he abode not in the truth: because truth is not in him. When he speaketh a lie, he speaketh of his own: for he is a liar, and the father thereof."—John viii. c. 44 v.

To the Editor of the Examiner.

Dear Sir,—The 'Monitor' of this week attributes to my pen an article, or a portion of it, which appeared in the 'Examiner' of the 21st ult. The assertion, that the said article owes its paternity to me, has, I doubt not surprised you not less than it has surprised myself, for no person knows better than you do that I have not written one line of this or any other editorial attributed to me by the 'Monitor.' The writer in this paper is far from being consistent. He gives a passage from the 'Examiner' as being "Mr. Whelan's words," then he says of the same "words":—"This language savors of the Rev. Mr. McDonald himself;" and finally he calls these "words" "Priest McDonald's denunciation."

The article in the 'Monitor' headed Ecclesiastical Despotism, "savors very much of the" Hon. Edward Palmer "himself." Should I be wrong in my "surmise," I trust that the Honorable "gentleman will disclaim the charge in the columns of the" 'Monitor,' which I understand is, or at least sometime was, very much under his control.

The assertion that I have been going about the country preparing the people for the election, is quite as untrue as the mean insinuation that the money said by some of the papers to have been given by the French Emperor for the purchase of books for the Rustico Institute was in reality intended to assist in repairing St. Dunstan's College.

Should the gentlemen who conduct the 'Monitor' be decided to continue their *honorable* and *Christian* career of untruthful insinuations, low abuse and rabid scurrility, I would recommend to their serious consideration the text of Scripture above given, as well as the following from Ecclesiastes:—

"A lie is a foul blot in a man; and yet it will be continually in the mouth of men without discipline. A thief is better than a man that is always lying: but both of them shall inherit destruction. The manners of lying men are without honor; and their confusion is with them without ceasing." xx. c. 26, 27 & 28 v.

Yours very truly,
A. McDONALD.

St. Dunstan's College, Aug. 8th, 1862.

To the Editor of the Examiner.

Sir,—I beg to inform the public, through the medium of the 'Examiner,' that the man with the "unclean hands" has been "down south" here through this district a few weeks ago, no doubt on some mission of importance to the *interests* of our present Government. But although nothing as yet has transpired sufficient to enlighten the uninitiated regarding the nature of his mission, it is the opinion of a good many that the individual with the "unclean hands" was only endeavoring to work his way to a seat in the next House of Assembly, through the suffrages of the good people of Belfast. This opinion is, to some extent, borne out by the following facts—that during a conversation with a gentleman, residing not many miles from the Wood Islands, whom he took for one of the "right sort," he of the "unclean hands" appeared to be extremely anxious to know the number of Orangemen in that part of the district, and also the strength and influence of the Lodges. On being asked if a general Election would take place this summer, he replied that no decisive answer could be given until after the 12th of July, when the Orange Lodges throughout the country would be able to ascertain their strength, and report to him or to the Government accordingly. That then, if the Government could come out with good prospects of success, there would be a General Election in September.

The above facts were communicated to me by a person whose veracity may be relied upon. It is, therefore, quite likely that the country will be pounced upon with a General Election in September, if the Orange Lodges will encourage the Government to do so.

Trusting that this hint will have the effect of putting the friends of liberty on their guard against the wicked machinations of a wily and corrupt faction,

I remain, yours most truly,
A BELFASTER.

Belfast, August 5th, 1862.

THE MAN WITH THE "UNCLAEN HANDS."

Mr. Whelan—Dear Sir,—People are anxious to know whether the man with "unclean hands" has yet made any attempt to purify himself. Perhaps you will be kind enough to give the public some information on the subject. Various rumours are afloat regarding the individual. Some say that when he lately made his appearance in the Council Chamber His Excellency and advisers could not help regarding him with looks which were anything but encouraging to him, and that in a short time the indescribably disagreeable effluvia which emanated from his digital extremities soon filled the room with a vapor so noxious that his presence was dispensed with. Others say that several of the Councillors fear that a portion of the uncleanness of this man will be transferred to themselves, and that they are frequently seen examining their digits. It is said that the man with "unclean hands" has gone off the Island, either to look for a patent soap of peculiar porperties to cleanse himself, or to avoid for a time the just indignation of all the ladies of Charlottetown, Protestant and Catholic. It is, I believe, generally understood that any female who is seen speaking, either in public or private, to the man with "unclean hands," will be regarded as having lost her character. I hope this course will not drive the wretched man to despair, and cause him to turn his pistols against himself.

Hoping that you will give further information regarding the "unclean" man,

I am faithfully yours,
ENQUIRER.

(For the Examiner.)

SONGS FOR THE COLONY......BY W. H. ADAMS.

THE EGGS.

IN IMITATION OF "THE BELLS."

No. I.

Hear the cackling about eggs,
Golden eggs!
What a world of clamoring for putting them in kegs!
How the geese do scream and cackle,
In a fierce and warlike tone,
'Gainst their lords who would them shackle,
And restrain them with their tackle,
From providing for their own,
And continuing their race,
To the very latest days,
That they ne'er may want successors, unfettered in wings and legs,
To lay eggs, eggs, eggs, eggs,
Eggs, eggs, eggs;
The source of their posterity and fortunes,
Golden eggs!

2.

Hear that old goose, sage and gray,
Martial Gray!
What a world of wisdom doth his sombre mien display!
As his flock he doth advise
To depute him to apprise
The disposer of the mead,
Where they feed;
What reforms doth Gooseland need,
That his Grace may send an umpire who will heed
How the mead
And its occupants succeed;
Whether on their luscious eggs their birds too freely feed;
And declare
Their just share
Of what eggs may happen there.
But the umpire has appeared,
And all grievances has heard;
Yet their lords continue robbing
Geese of eggs, eggs, eggs,
Eggs, eggs, eggs;
And the umpire has not settled
To which should belong the eggs,
To the geese or merchant kegs!

New London, August 7th, 1862.

Note.—One may easily conjecture that the "Old goose, martial gray," means the gallant Colonel of that name, and the geese which lay the "golden eggs," or coins, the Tenantry, whom he and his colleagues treat as if they were so many geese, if not asses.

Erratum.—In the verses, published last week, respecting the Tea Party on St Dunstan's College grounds, at the end of the first line of the sixth verse, for "eloquence" read elegance. H. A. B.

Charlottetown Debating Club.—At a meeting of the Club held on Friday evening last, the following gentlemen were elected office bearers in room of C. C. Vaux and W. Murphy, Esqs., who have resigned:—A. H. Yates, Esq., President; J. C. Calbeck, Esq., Vice President. Messrs. J. P. Tanton and Thomas Handrahan members of committee in room of the above gentlemen. L. H. Davies, Secretary.

August 6th, 1862.

Public Meeting at Lot 19, Cross Roads.—Pursuant to notice a public meeting was held in the school house, for the purpose of giving the village and school District in connection a *name*—it being usually called Barratt's Cross. Thos. H. Sims, Esq., being called to the chair, the undersigned was solicited to act as Secretary.

The following names were submitted: Kensington, Clifton, Stanford and Fairview—Kensington being chosen by a majority of nine; the meeting then dispersed after giving three cheers for Queen Victoria and three for Kensington.

John Donahoe, Secretary.

Kensington, August 2nd, 1862.

Tracadie Teachers' Literary Institute.—The monthly meeting of the above institute was held at Grand Tracadie School-house, on Saturday, the 26th July last, when the following Officers were elected for the ensuing year:—James McDonald, President; George Wilson, Vice President; James McAulay, Secretary and Treasurer. Committee—James McAulay, John McDonald, John McSwain, Peter Campbell, and Hugh Campbell.

After the appointing of the Officers, and arranging several other matters in connection with the Institute, Mr. James McDonald, Teacher of the District, delivered a truly able and highly instructive lecture upon Education. Mr. McDonald dwelt a considerable length upon the system of Education in this Island, and pointed out some improvements which might be effected in it, without entailing much additional expense upon the Colony. After the Lecture, an animated and protracted debate took place. The next meeting will take place on Friday the 29th inst., when Mr. George Wilson will deliver a Lecture upon "The present and past condition of the earth." James McAuley, Secretary.

August 9, 1862.

The Civil War in the States.

CONFEDERATE ACCOUNT OF THE LATE BATTLES.

From the Richmond papers we select the following incidents of the late engagements:

It now being 3 p.m., and the head of our column in view of the Federal camps, General Pryor was sent forward with his brigade to drive away the heavy mass of skirmishers posted to our rear to annoy the advance This being accomplished with great success and with little loss to us, Pryor returned and awaited orders. Meanwhile the Federals, from their camps and several positions on the high grounds swept the whole face of the country with their numerous artillery, which would have annihilated our entire force if not screened in the dips of the land and in gullies to our left Advancing cautiously but rapidly in the skirts of woods and in the dips to the left, Wilcox and Pryor deployed their men into line of battle—Featherstone being in the rear—and, suddenly appearing on the plateau facing the timber covered hill, rushed down into the wide gulley, crossed it, clambered over all the felled timber, stormed the timber breastworks beyond it, and began the ascent of the hill under a terrific fire of sharpshooters and an incessant discharge of grape and canister from pieces posted on the brow of the hill, and from batteries in their camps to the right on the high flat lands. Such a position was never stormed before. In descending into the deep creek the infantry and artillery fire that assailed the three brigades was the most terrible on record. Twenty-six pieces were thundering at them, and a perfect hailstorm of lead fell thick and fast around them. One of Wilcox's regiments wavered; down the General rushed furiously, sword in hand, and threatened to behead the first man who hesitated. Pryor steadily advanced, but slowly, and by the time that the three brigades had stormed the position, passed up the hill through timber and over felled trees, Featherstone was far in advance. Quickly the Federals withdrew their pieces and took up a fresh position to assail the three brigades advancing in perfect line of battle from the woods and upon the plateau. Officers had no horses—all were on foot; brigadiers marched on foot, sword in hand; regiments were commanded by captains, and companies by sergeants; yet onward they rushed, with yells and colors flying, and backward and still backward fell the Federals, their men tumbling every moment in scores. But what a sight met the eyes of these three gallant brigades? In front stood Federal camps, stretching to the North-east for miles; drawn up in line of battle were more than three full divisions, commanded by McCall, Porter, Sedgwick, &c.; banners darkened the air; artillery vomited forth incessant volleys of grape, canister and shell; heavy masses were moving on our left through the woods to flank us Yet onward came Wilcox to the right, Pryor to the left, and Featherstone in the centre—one grand, matchless line of battle, almost consumed by exploits of the day—yet onward they advanced to the heart of the Federal position, and, when the enemy had fairly succeeded in almost flanking us on the left, great commotion is heard in the woods—volleys upon volleys are heard in rapid succession, which are recognized and cheered by our men. "It is Jackson," they shout, "on their right and rear!" Yes, two or three brigades of Jackson's army have flanked the enemy and are getting in the rear. Now the fighting was bitter and terrific. Worked up to madness, Wilcox, Featherstone and Pryor dash forward at a run, and drive the enemy with irresistible fury; to our left emerge Hood's Texan Brigade, Whiting's comes after, and Pender follows. The line is now complete, and "forward" rings from one end of the line to the other, and the Yankees, over thirty thousand strong, begin to retreat. Wheeling their artillery from the front, the Federals turn part of it to break our left, and save their retreat. The very earth shakes at the roar! Not one piece of ours has opened yet! All has been done with bullet and bayonet, and onward press our troops through camp upon camp, capturing guns, stores, arms, clothing, &c. Yet, like bloodhounds on the trail, the six brigades sweep everything before them, presenting an unbroken, solid front, and closing in upon the enemy, keep up an incessant succession of volleys upon their confused masses, and unerringly slaughtering them by hundreds and thousands. But 'where is Jackson?" ask all. He has travelled fast, and is heading the retreating foe, and as night closes in, all is anxiety for intelligence from him.

Tis now about seven p. m., and just as the rout of the enemy is complete—just as the last volleys are sounded in the enemy's ear, the distant and rapid discharges of cannon tell that Jackson has fallen upon the retreating column, broken it, and captured 3000 prisoners. Far in the night his insatiable troops hang upon the enemy, and for miles upon miles are dead, wounded, prisoners, wagons, cannon, &c., scattered in inextricable confusion upon the road. Thus for four hours did our inferior force, unaided by a single piece of artillery, withstand over thirty thousand of the enemy, assisted by twenty-six pieces of artillery. In total we captured many prisoners and thirty pieces of artillery up to 5 p. m. Friday, and in the battle of Gaines Mills captured twenty-six field pieces, 15,000 stand of arms, six stand of colors, three Generals (Reynolds, Sanders and Rankin), and over 4000 prisoners, including dozens of officers of every grade, from colonels to lieutenants of the line. McCall's, Porter's and Sedgwick's "crack" divisions melted away before our advance, however, and had the fight lasted one-half hour longer, not one whole regiment would have survived it. McClellan, prisoners say, repeatedly was present, and directed movements, but when the three brigades to our left emerged from the woods, such confusion and havoc ensued that he gave orders to retreat, slipped off his horse, and escaped as best he could. Some say that he was severely wounded, and many officers (prisoners) believe the report that he was on the field is undoubtedly true, for everything had been previously arranged for a grand fight at Gaines' Mills, McClellan even promising to capture our whole force should we attempt to storm his camps. Results were different, and so the fates reward the greatest liar of his age. There was but one "charge," and from the moment the word of command was given, "Fix bayonets—forward!" our advance was never stopped despite the awful reception which met it. Our troops received the command but once, and if Satan and all his hosts had confronted them, instead of mortal Yankees, the result would have been the same. There was no repulse—all arrangements worked like a charm. Money was found quite abundantly among the slain. Some men, in interring the dead, often searched the pockets, &c, one man finding not less than $150 in gold; another fished out of some old clothes not less than $500; another $1,000 in Federal notes. Watches, both gold and silver, were found among the spoils, one lucky individual having not less than six chronometers ticking in his pocket at one time. As a general thing, more money was found on the dead on the field than any other of which we have heard. Clothing in abundance was scattered about, and immense piles of new uniforms were found untouched.

Our men seemed to take great delight in assuming Federal officers' uniforms, and strutted about serio-comically, much to the amusement of dusty, powder begrimmed youths who sat lolling and smoking in the shade. Every conceivable article of clothing was found in these divisional camps, and came quite apropos to our needy soldiery, scores of whom took a cool bath and changed old for new underclothing, many articles being of costly material and quite unique. The amount of ammunition found was considerable, and proved of very superior quality and manufacture. The exact amount captured we have not yet ascertained, but from the immense piles of boxes scattered through the camps, we conjecture that the enemy had laid in quite an unusual supply, expecting to use it, doubtless, upon our devoted men, and so they would did our troops stand, as they do, at "long taw," and not come to "close quarters." The cannon and arms captured in this battle were numerous and of very superior workmanship. The twenty-six pieces were the most beautiful we have ever seen; while immense piles of guns could be seen on every hand, many scarcely having the manufacturer's finish even tarnished. The enemy seemed quite willing to throw them away on the slightest pretext, dozens being found with loads still undischarged. The number of small arms captured, we understand, was not less than fifteen thousand of every calibre and make. The Federal wounded were collected together, and formed a very large field hospital. The court yard of a farm house was selected, and scores could be seen reclining on the grass, and expert surgeons operating with much skill and zeal. By mutual agreement, surgeons are not considered prisoners of war; hence at the close of the late battles many Federal soldiers remained behind, and their services seemed very much appreciated by the men. As many as could be were conveyed to town and attended to, good conveyances being furnished, and much care manifested for their welfare.

A correspondent of a Northern paper writes:—

At Savage's Station 10,000 stand of bran new arms were burned up; and piles of biscuit in boxes, the size of a tolerable house, were set fire to. An engineer's method was adopted to get rid of powder and ammunition. A train of cars was filled with it, and then the train was fired, and the locomotive started. It is said that it rushed along the road toward White House, with terrific grandeur, discharging shells, bombs, and all kinds of missiles of destruction along its fiery track. I will not go into details, yet I was amused at one of 'our correspondents' estimating the loss to the North at White House, at $5,000 Two locomotives, at least, and a long train of cars, were destroyed at the railway terminus, and a large pile of lumber for building a bridge over the Pamunkey, at the least one schooner load, and that too just landed the day before. The fire that commenced at that point blazed fiercely for hours along the line of the Pamunkey shore, at White House Landing, and its fury was fed with costly material. I should say that $2,000,000 would not cover the loss of material destroyed in this *strategic* retreat.

GRAPHIC ACCOUNT OF THE BOLD AND SUCCESSFUL DASH OF THE CONFEDERATE RAM ARKANSAS.

Correspondence of the Chicago Tribune.

U. S. Gunboat Flotilla,
Wednesday, July 15, 1862.

The monotony and ennui which has hung like a pall for the last two weeks over our fleet was most effectually broken yesterday morning, and a rather unpleasant break it was. But to facts: About 3.50 a. m. the gunboats Carondelet and Tyler and the Ram Queen of the West got under way, steamed up the river a short distance, turned and headed up the Yazoo. Rumors had been rife for several days that the Arkansas was preparing to come out, but a large majority hooted it down and scoffed at the bare idea. It seems, however, that those in authority placed some credence in the report, and consequently the two gunboats and ram were sent to look up matters. Upon entering the river the Queen shot up ahead of the rest, the Carondelet following, while the Tyler brought up the rear.

They had proceeded about five miles only when those on the gunboats were startled by the appearance of the Queen coming full speed down the river, with evidently every pound of steam she could make at work on her shaft. She flew by the Carondelet with the words, "The Arkansas is coming," and shortly after a long, low, mud colored craft, with a short, thick, black smoke stack in her middle puffing out large volumes of black smoke, came swiftly around the point and made for the Carondelet.

The river was too narrow to turn back, even if Capt. Walker had so wished; but the captain is one who knows no such word as "back out," and swinging around broadside, to avoid raking shots, the Carondelet belched forth a whole broadside on the rapidly advancing craft. Imagine the consternation produced when the balls were seen to strike and fall harmlessly in the water. "At him again," was the cry, and another broadside was poured into the monster at fifty yards range, but with no more effect than if so many peas had been discharged.

The Arkansas now ran into the Carondelet's starboard quarter with a fearful crash, pouring in broadside after broadside into the gunboat, which, passing through the wooden casements, raked the vessel from stem to stern. The Arkansas showed no intention of leaving her victim, but remaining along her starboard quarter raked her fore and aft with pointed shot. The Carondelet's stern and aft division of starboard batteries kept up an incessant fire; but the huge solid shot flew off like India-rubber balls. There was no tangible spot to be seen; and a very small round hole, just large enough to admit the gun, constituted her ports, and on elevating or depressing the porthole moved with the gun.

Finding his guns were doing no service, Capt. Walker had his boarders called away, and into the rebel craft they poured; but not a man or a passage-way could be found. The boarders now returned and the guns set to work, but it was so much powder wasted. The Carondelet's stern was now perfectly riddled, all the officer's quarters shot away, and everything literally torn to pieces. At length a shot cut away the steam pipe, and the scalding vapor spread to every part of the boat. Many of the men jumped overboard. At this juncture of affairs, Capt. Walker led a boarding party on the rebel's deck, but could find no possible way of getting below. The smallest kind of an aperture or hole was nowhere to be found. This discovery, the party returned to give up their boat only when the bottom of the river called for her. The flag which still floated from her stern was never to be struck to the rebels as long as one board floated to hold it up.

What men were left stood by what guns could be brought to bear, and worked them until the Arkansas, thinking she had about finished her victim, pushed along, passed her and stood for the Tyler, which had stood by the Carondelet through the whole fight. The Tyler discovered her motion, and knowing her thin frame would stand no chance when brought in contact with the enemy's invulnerable sides, headed down the stream, keeping just clear of the Arkansas, and firing her stern battery. This chase was kept until the mouth of the river was reached, when the Tyler, her boats shot away and badly cut up otherwise, came into view of the whole fleet.

Not a vessel in the whole fleet, from some strange fatality, had steam enough to move. The Louisiana shore was lined with our transports, ordnance boats, &c., while directly opposte them, three or four abreast, lay Farragut's and Davis's fleet, scarcely two of which could fire without pouring their broadsides into some of their own vessels. All eyes were strained to see the cause of the Tyler's commotion. The ram fleet which lay near the mouth of the Yazoo are scattering in every direction. A moment more and the long dreaded "Arkansas" steams into full view, and heads right for the centre of our fleet.

Bang! goes a gun at the ordnance boat Great Western, while one from her port battery at the rams, who are leaving in every direction. She now passes the Richmond, whose splendid battery of nine-inch Dahlgrens is held quiet by the J. H. Dickey, who lays just opposite. Bang! bang! go two more guns at the ordnance boat. Passing down she puts two balls into the Champion, while in the meantime her port battery is busy with Farragut's fleet. Steadily she pursues her way, nothing daunted, nothing checked. She is now more than half way down. She passes the Hartford, but the noble old flag-ship is situated like the Richmond, for the same broadside which would have hailed on the Arkansas would have annihilated the spendid hospital boat Red Rover with her cargo of human freight. The Oneida hits her with her eleven-inch, but the ponderous missle produces no effect. The Winona and Wissahickon engage her, but she passes their fire unharmed Can nothing burst the rebel monster? A dubious shake of the head is the only response, as ball after ball drops from her side into the water. Steadily but surely she keeps on the way, firing one broadside at the transports, and the other at some vessel on the other side. She has nearly run the gauntlet.

One more boat only to dispute her progress, and that the Cincinnati, which far below the rest of the fleet is doing picket duty near the point. All eyes are upon her, and a repetition of her Fort Pillow experience seems inevitable. On comes the Arkansas, seemingly like Anteus of old, picking up new strength at every step. She is sure of her prey and is making straight for it. The Cincinnati had not steam sufficient to tackle on her or even hardly enough to hold her head up stream. She slipped her cable however, and headed for the Mississippi shore, drifting down stream all the time, her own motive power being insufficient to stem the current.

The Arkansas discovering her intention heads for her, when the gunboat opened a brisk and galling fire on the advancing rebel at short range, the rifled Parrotts apparently piercing her, the other shot dropping harmlessly off. The ram fires heavily as she advances, and is rapidly gaining on her opponent, when just as all were expecting a collision, the Arkansas suddenly checks up heads the other way, fires a parting broadside, and rapidly leaves the Cincinnati behind her. The gunboat had drawn her into too shallow water, which she had no intention of being caught in. The Cincinnati, assisted by the Winona, kept up an incessant fire until she rounded the point, and was in the arms of her friends.

This unparalleled audacity and boldness elicits the unqualified admiration of all Such a thing never took place before, and will probably never take place again. In broad daylight, in the very teeth of a hundred guns, this craft slowly and deliberately made her way, selecting her own victims and hurling the glove of defiance at the combined fleet. It is an example of cool, daring courage unexampled, and the name of "Catesby Jones" her commander, will be awarded by all men as deserving a place among the list of those "who know no fear."

SOUTHERN WAR NEWS.

A copy of the Mobile advertiser of the 11th has been received. It makes a flattering allusion to a portion of the populations of Louisiana. It says the loss of New Orleans has aroused the Southern cities. The word has gone forth that there will be no more surrenders of Southern towns except in ashes. Butler's rule has intensified Southern hatred of Yankee rule. We mean to fight for our independence with such means as God and nature have put into our hands, as if intervention was out of the question of hope.

The Augusta Constitutionalist says our Government has now in its hands several hundred Yankee officers, some of high rank and high social position. Now is the opportunity to demand atonement for the atrocities perpetrated by the miscreant Butler at New Orleans; now is the time to demand retribution for the blood of the martyred Mumford. His death cries to heaven for vengeance. Let twenty or thirty of the prisoners highest in rank be set aside and held in close confinement, there to remain until Buttler is delivered up, or until by the chances of war he is thrown into our hands.

St. Louis, July 23.—General Schofield has issued a general order for the immediate organization of all able bodied men in Missouri, for the extermination of Guerillas.

Every man must bring to the nearest military post what arms he can procure. Those having none will be supplied by the ordnance department. All arms and ammunition not in the hands of loyal militia will be seized.

Capt. John Culbertson, of Co. H. Ninth Pennsylvania Reserves, one of the wounded prisoners from Richmond, says that while he was in Richmond, it was officially published that Pryor went into the fight of Friday with 1500 men, and that his loss out of that number was 850 killed and wounded, and 16 missing!

The official list of the killed, wounded and missing in General McCall's division in the battles before Richmond, shows the following result:—

	Officers.	Privates.
Killed,	15	240
Wounded,	70	1174
Missing,	56	1528
Total.	141	2942

The latest reports at Richmond from Fredericksburg indicate a Union stampede thence. A number of vessels had ascended the Rappahannock, and other means of transportation were being used in removing vast amounts of stores from that place.

The Despatch believes there are fears in the Federal capital of a change of policy in the future conduct of the war

The Enquirer urges a vigorous prosecution of the war against McClellan, the invaison of Maryland or marching against Washington direct. "A vigorous prosecution of our present successes," it says, "we know to be the design of our authorities, and the ignorance that exists in the public mind as to where the campaign will point we consider our best indication of success."

A large quantity of cloathing has been sent to Bragg's army.

General Beauregard has gone to Columbus, Alabama, to join his wife and recuperate his health.

Some young men in bathing in the lake, near Chicago, the other day, had rare sport riding a drove of horses brought down to water. The sport grew rarer, when one of the youths found himself naked on a runaway animal, who took him through the streets of the city, regardless of his want of attire, or of the astonished citizens who thought him Lord Godiva on a bender.

Congress has adjourned! What a relief!—Now the question is, has it done more mischief than the people and the army can repair?—*Chicago Times.*

Professor Anderson has had his magical apparatus attached, on the suit of ten of his New York ballet girls, to whom he owes $320, and who have made affidavit that he is insolvent and unable to pay them.

The recent hard fighting is said to have scared some of the political Abolition Brigadier Generals and other officers, and they are resigning their commissions as fast as possible. They want no more dangerously earned glory.

Recruting.—Recruting in Boston is progressing well, though more names could be taken each day, if offered.

The mint is coining two hundred thousand nickle cents a day, and will probably continue this as long as the demand continues.

Letter from Thurlow Weed.—Thurlow Weed has written an interesting letter in reply to some complimentary resolutions respecting his services abroad. He admits that he and Archbishop Hughes and Bishop McIlvaine were invited by our government to visit Europe, and expresses his regret that some other citizens who were invited to go out unofficially did not accept the duty assigned to them, as their influence would have been of great value. Mr. Weed explains the cause and origin of the prejudice and antipathy existing in Europe against us, which he attributes to the sympathy we have always shown with efforts for the overthrow of monarchs, our alacrity in recognizing the independence of such nations as struggled successfully, the Morrill Tariff, which is much disliked in England and France, and to a belief in England that we desired a war against that country.

While England, France, Belgium and Germany seriously feel the loss of cotton, Mr. Weed does not apprehend, immediately, that these governments will intervene, though with the two former the subject has been considered. France is even more impatient than England; not, however, from unfriendliness, but because the Emperor assumes, in the absence of employment, to supply his people with food. But we have nothing to fear from Europe, if we are successful in the prosecution of the war. Fort Donelson, Nashville, Winchester, New Orleans and Memphis are our strongest arguments against intervention with governments that determine all questions by military measurement.

Mr. Weed says that the English people really believed, pending the Trent affair, that we desired to embroil ourselves with England, and he commends to "the government, the press, and the people of both countries, by enlightened counsels, large toleration, and wise forbearance, to soothe rather than stimulate existing irritations." Mr. Weed asserts unqualifiedly that the Queen and the House of Commons 'modified harsh dispatches and resisted unfriendly legislation."

Louisville, July 20.—The cars from Athens to Nashville were thrown off the track on Friday evening, between Columbia and Reynold's Station, killing two or three of the passengers, and wounding some forty—a few fatally. Among the latter was Capt. J. Talrein of the 6th Ohio, who has since died at Nashville.

The steamer Durleith, from Cincinnati for Nashville, with Government forage and wagons, sunk on the Falls this evening. Nobody was injured. The boat is a total loss. The cargo will probably be saved, but in a damaged condition.

Washington, July 23.—Great repugnance to the idea of drafting continues to be entertained in official circles here. The impression is that the President's call for 300,000 additional volunteers is already being responded to throughout the country with an alacrity that promises to secure the whole number in less time than was recently anticipated.

Baltimore, July 23.—There are several thousand men here unable to do duty, although the health of the army has improved since it came to James River. There is no movement whatever of troops. The authorities are looking every day for the enemy to open new batteries on the other side of the river. Rebels are visible at all times on the opposite side, but are never interfered with unless they appear in large numbers, when our gunboats shell them out. Many resignations of officers are being sent in but none are granted except to those who are worthless.

New York, July 23.—Col. Charles, of the Tammany regiment, has been released by the rebels, and is here. He saw the iron clad ram and also a small iron gunboat at Richmond, and gives a description of the former. He says the rebel Government treat our wounded the same as their own. Rebel officers admitted that their own and our wounded were dying so fast that they could not bury them.

LATEST BY TELEGRAPH.

St. John, August 4.—In the recent shelling of General McClellan's army, it is supposed that it was intended to entice the Federal gunboats down James River, all of them being at present above Harrison's Landing, in order to let the new Confederate iron clad vessels out. The British screw propellor "Memphis," eight hundred tons, has been captured while attempting to run the Charleston blockade. She had fifteen hundred bales of Sea Island cotton on board, and had previously ran the blockade into Charleston with a cargo of ammunition for the Confederate army. The vessel and cargo have arrived at New York. The Federal gunboat "Adirondack" recently chased the British steamship Herald, which had ran the Charleston blockade, into Nassau, N. P., causing considerable excitement at that place.—About two thousand guerillas are in North Eastern Missouri, and their operations in that quarter are very troublesome to the Unionists. The Federal fleet in the Mississippi will be obliged to drop down the river from Vicksburg, owing to the falling of the water at that place. It is reported that the Confederate forces are about making a movement on Chatanooga and Nashville. Prices of Flour—Super. $4.80 to $5.00. Extra $5.20 to $5.30 per bbl.

Later.—A formidable ram has been completed at Savannah. Confederates in taking soundings for bringing her down, came within range of Fort Palaski. Commodore Dupont making preparations to receive her. General Wallace joined General Curtis at Helena. Three thousand Confederate prisoners arrived at Fortress Monroe for exchange. Burnside's corps embarked and moving. Gunboats and mortar boats under orders. President calls for three hundred thousand more men for nine months, unless sooner discharged; to be raised immediately by draft. Pope's corps occupied Orange Court-house. Reconnoisance made from McClellan's army within fourteen miles of Petersburg, Va. Regiment of cavalry driven in, all their tents, equipage, &c., burnt. Health of McClellan's army improving.

St. John, August 5th.—Information from various sources tend to confirm the belief that the Confederates have evacuated Richmond, and taken the south side of the James' River for their line of defence. There is suspicion of pestilence having broken out in this city. In answer to a deputation urging the acceptance of negro regiments, President Lincoln said he could not accept them unless offered as labourers. Governor Sprague, of Rhode Island, calls upon the colored citizens to form a regiment as part of the State's quota. General Robertson's cavalry force is believed to have been withdrawn from the Shenandoah Valley. A reconnoisance from Pope's corps encountered and defeated them (Robertson's troops) on Saturday, taking the Orange Court House, killing eleven, capturing fifty-two, and destroying communication between them and Gordonsville.

The Examiner.

Charlottetown, August 11th, 1862.

The Editors of the 'Monitor' and 'Protestant' "seem to be a good deal *exercised*," to use a phrase of the latter, about our honest and candid advice to the Catholics not to vote for the Government at the next election, on account of the many and unprovoked insults heaped upon them by paid officials, and evidently approved of by the Government. The case of the 'Monitor' man is a ludicrous one—he has worked himself into a violent splutter—we fancy we see him knawing his pen, tearing his hair, and jumping and tumbling about like one possessed. He hardly knows who to abuse most savagely for the advice referred to—sometimes Edward Whelan is honoured in this way, but most frequently the Rector of St. Dunstan's College. That gentleman, we are informed, writes part of our editorials—at least, we are positively assured that he wrote a portion of the article which contains the obnoxious advice. This is news to us. We hope the Rector will take a hint from it, and give us a "lift" now and then, by writing an article in full for our editorial columns, as Mr. Edward Palmer and Mr. Donald Currie occasionally do for the 'Monitor.' But we don't want the Rector, or any one else, to patch any aritcle of ours by pieces of his own. When we commence an editorial we always take care to finish it without assistance. If it be any relief to the 'Monitor' to know who really did write the *whole* of the article under consideration—who really did advise the Catholics not to vote for the Government, "under any pretence"—we answer, that it was Edward Whelan; and he did so without any recommendation or suggestion from any person, lay or clerical. We hope this will be a sufficient answer to the nonsense about "ecclesiastical despotism."

There is another statement in the 'Monitor' at which we have been no less surprised than at the piece of information above adverted to. It is as follows:—

"It has been for some time in the minds of many of the adherents of the present Government a question, not devoid of some perplexity, as to whether the Catholics intend to offer the Government any amount of support at the next General Election."

We can well understand the "perplexity" of the Government. It is that which causes the delay in holding the election. But we are amazed to think that any intelligent persons should have raised the "question" "whether the Catholics intend to offer the Government any amount of support," &c. Why should they? Do they suppose the Catholics are fools, or contemptible dogs, to suffer the vilest abuse, and then support those who abuse them? We did not offer our advice to them to serve any secret or ecclesiastical purpose, but to make some of them better and truer Liberals than they have been on former occasions—to point out to them the folly of supporting a party who are ready to spit in their faces as soon as their votes are polled—a party who have outraged their feelings on the most sacred and delicate subjects; and who have reviled them as an inferior race, "scarcely fit to be hewers of wood and drawers of water" We repeat, that a Catholic would be incomparably mean and spiritless—only deserving of contempt and disrespect—if he did not prove himself a good Liberal, in opposing his calumniators by every legitimate means in his power. But we now believe there was no necessity for our admonition. Catholics, *not as a religious, but as a political body*, will be more united at the hustings than ever they were—that has been for some time a settled resolve, not the result of our advice; their close union has no other object, we are convinced, than the overthrow of the Government; and Mr. Secretary Pope, together with the other high official patrons of Orangeism, are entitled to the credit of having brought about this devoutly wished-for consummation.

As regards the 'Protestant,' we have only space for a very short reply at present. The article in Saturday's No. is evidence of great fear for the safety of the Government of which the editor's father is a member—from whom the son has had tolerably good patronage as a Reporter, and as the part compiler of a worthless little book about the Land Commission. We know it won't be pleasant for him to witness their destruction; but he should rather submit to the hard fate than compromise his character for *piety*, by inserting in the religious part of his paper statements in support of which he cannot bring a particle of proof. He says, alluding to our advice to the Catholics to vote against the Government:—"Here is popish combination threatened; and knowing that where Roman Catholics obtain the ascendancy a withering influence pervades the community, we warned Protestants of their danger." We said that Mr. Secretary Pope gave the "warning," and Mr. David Laird does not deny it. As for a "combination" amongst Catholics for any other than a purely political object, nothing of the kind exists. We have already fully explained this point. And as regards the assertion that the Catholics seek for "ascendancy," or, having obtained it, they cast "a withering influence" over "the community," it is well known to be one of those stupid lies in which fanatics and unprincipled politicians love to indulge.

Again, he says: "The recent instructions of the Romish organ to the people of that communion show that for a certain purpose, or purposes, it is resolved among the "fathers of the Church" that no effort shall be left untried to overthrow the present party in power."

The "certain purpose" we have already clearly stated. It *is* "to overthrow the present party in power;" but whether the "fathers of the Church" have come to any resolve on the subject, we neither know, nor care to know. What we do know, however, is—that they did not dictate nor authorise the "instructions" which appear to have filled the editor of the 'Protestant' with so much fear and trembling. The assertion is, therefore, untrue; and shews how well qualified Mr. Laird is to be an "evangelical witness" to any fact. In his own language we ask—"What credence can [now] be given to any of his statements?"

Mr. Laird lectures us upon having violated, as he says, a promise made by us in January, 1860, to the effect, that our paper should not meddle in any sectarian disputes or differences. While we repudiate the pretensions of the editor of the 'Protestant' to set himself up as our censor, in a matter which relates to our own proper business, we are nevertheless willing to join issue with him on this point. We contend that we have *not* meddled in "sectarian disputes or differences." We have never yet written one line that can be considered a violation of our pledge. Our advice to the Catholics is cited as proof that we have done so. Only a very stupid person would regard it in that light; and only a very stupid or very dishonest man would offer such a thing as proof of our meddling in "sectarian differences." We admonished the Catholics to unite for a political object, because we do not think they can do otherwise without a serious compromise of their honour and independence. Surely this cannot be fairly alleged as an intermeddling with "sectarian differences," by which we understand, disputes or controversies on points of doctrine.

The 'Protestant' states, also, that we allowed the Rev. Mr. McDonald to violate our pledge, by the publication of certain letters in the Examiner. We deny the charge. The letters referred to were addressed to the 'Protestant,' but they were kept from the public so unreasonably long, after they were sent to the editor, that the writer had no alternative but sending them to our paper. *They* did not, however, meddle with "sectarian differences" in the slightest degree. They were written to refute an infamously libellous charge made, we believe, by the 'Protestant' itself, to the effect, that Catholics everywhere were sunk in ignorance and immorality. Mr. McDonald proved the very reverse of this on the testimony of disinterested Protestant writers; but he never sought to controvert any doctrine or principle of Protestant faith. Had he done so, we should have felt it our duty to reject the controversial part of his writings. However, the best proof we can adduce in support of the correctness of the course we have pursued, is the greatly increased confidence and patronage with which we have been favoured by all classes, and we believe all denominations in the community. We are not aware that we have lost even one Protestant subscriber by the publication of Mr. McDonald's letters, while we have added to our list several hundred names, Protestant and Catholic, since we enlarged The Examiner in January, 1860; and in conclusion, we must say to Mr. Laird, that we hope the day is far distant when our paper will be conducted in such a manner as to meet his views and please his taste.

That the real editor of the "Islander" is again on his travels, mayhap searching for a wreck in the Gulf whereon to speculate, or engaged in earning a good name for the Island by his gentlemanly deportment in a neighbouring Province—is very clearly shown by the two last Nos. of the Government organ. His genius—"evil" though it be—does not lend the slightest glimmer to its columns. The new editor, whoever he may be, is a most unworthy successor. He, no doubt, hates the Liberals quite as cordially as Secretary Pope does; but he does not know how to express his hatred; and he has neither intelligence nor brains enough to give birth to a new idea. The two short articles which he has written for the last "Islander" may be very summarily disposed of. The first is only a clumsy copy of Mr. Pope's silly falsehood about the Liberals having attempted to assist the Proprietors to collect their rents, even at the point of the bayonet, when they passed the Rent Roll Bill in 1855; and the second is a tiresome repetition of the question—What platform do the Liberals propose to act upon when they get their majority at the next election? "What do they intend to do for the people?"

With regard to the first matter, it would be a waste of time and space to repeat the arguments with which we demolished Mr. Pope's falsehood about the Liberals being in secret league with the Proprietors to oppress the tenantry. No man of common sense believes that if they were, Mr. Pope would be disposed to censure them; or, that the Proprietors themselves would have resisted nearly all the important measures passed by the Liberals, including the very Bill which, the "Islander" says, was intended to favour the Proprietors. Every one knows that the most decided hostility has always existed between the landholders and the Liberals; and because the former are almost universally detested, the "Islander" hopes to make the latter unpopular by attempting to shew that there was some connection between them. The hope is a forlorn one, and clearly shews that the Government party are in a desperate strait when they resort to such an untruth.

As regards the enquiry, in all its modifications, which seems to trouble the souls of the Tories so much—"What is the platform of the Liberals? What do they propose to do for the country—for the Tenantry?" *we* want to know what right the office-holders have to catechise *us* upon that or any other subject? Who gave *them* a commission to establish a Court of Enquiry with regard to our political intentions? We don't hold ourselves amenable to a Government, or to the paltry servants of a Government which no considerable party in the Colony respects. The Liberals still no new "platform"—the one upon which they stood for nearly eight years is quite as good as new; and every plank in it is familiar to the eyes of the country. We all know—the Tories know quite as well as we do, and every week they partially admit the fact in all their papers—that the Liberals are on the eve of coming into power, the possession of which by them is, indeed, the only remedy the country has of saving itself from positive destruction,—what right, then, have the condemned Government to ask what shall be the policy of their successors? It ought to be enough for them to know *that they are nearly engulphed in an overwhelming torrent of public opinion*; and they should have the decency to retire before that torrent grows stronger, if they are sensible to shame, from places which they have not been able to fill with honour to themselves, or service to the country. If they have done even one good deed in their time, let it be made known. We shall help to publish it to the world; and if it be really a good deed, we shall ask the public for a mitigation of that punishment which their political sins deserve. As to making out a case for themselves, the notion, if it were ever entertained, is quite abandoned. The "platform" upon which they strutted their brief hour, has crumbled to rottenness under their feet. But, then—knowing that their day of doom has come, how can they suppose that their memory will be respected, even by their most enthusiastic admirers who witness their humiliation, when they turn round, whiningly and snivellingly, addressing their intended successors: "We leave the Government in your hands—pray tell us how you are going to carry it on—and how you intend to repair the disastrous errors we have committed?" A Government who had the paraphernalia of a military organization under their charge—who talk tremendously "loud" about things that ought to raise the courage of the most desponding—half the members of which are *warlike men*, without counting supernumerary Clerks—and with whose chief officer the practice of the revolver is considered the first religious duty—should not set an example of cowardice when the Fates order them to retreat from a field which they have shown no capacity to hold.

The last "Royal Gazette" contains a new proclamation, further proroguing the Legislature until the 8th September next. We are not surprised at this. The Government look with fear and trembling to the issue of a general election, and therefore postpone as long as they can what will be to them an evil day. Usage, the spirit of the law, public opinion, and every principle of justice, call for a general election now—the proper season for holding it is rapidly passing away; but the greed of power, and the overwhelming fear of defeat seem to have paralyzed the Government. The excuse they openly allege, we understand, for putting off the election is a desire to ascertain what decision the Colonial Minister will give on the Award Bills. That is all humbug. The Colonial Minister and the Proprietors have already given their decision in very unmistakeable terms on the whole subject of the Award. That measure is permanently shelved. But if the Government really had any doubt on the matter—if they thought, for one moment, that the Bill were likely to receive a favourable consideration at the Colonial Office, it was very easy for the Governor to have written to the Duke of Newcastle, urging His Grace to dispose of the Bills, in one way or other, without delay. It is about four months since they were passed; and we are sure that if the Government had any desire to get the final answer of the Colonial Office in regard to them, that desire might have been gratified long ago. The real object of the delay, however, is that which is stated by our correspondent, "a Belfaster," whose letter appears in another column That letter is the production of a highly respectable gentleman, living in that part of the country from which it is dated, and the statement it contains can be verified, if necessary, over the signature of the gentleman with whom the Colonial Secretary had the conversation referred to, and who is, we believe, a Magistrate of the County. Here, then, we have the open avowal from the principal officer of the Government that the authorities have put off the election for no other purpose than to see if their prospects will brighten while the Orange scrofula shall spread throughout the land; and it is an avowal, also, that Orangeism is here, what it is elsewhere, a political and not a religious institution. But the most amusing fact is, that the Government seem to make a regular business of spreading Orange Lodges; and returns of the number of members are received at the Secretary's Office with something like the system which is observed at the Adjutant General's Office in regard to Volunteers. This is certainly a new feature in our governmental affairs; but it is kept a secret from the Duke of Newcastle, who would be apt to rebuke Mr. Dundas's patronage of Orangeism, in this Island, as he rebuked the promoters of the unclean thing when on his tour in Canada.

The Government may put in practice all their scheming tricks, and foster as many bad secret societies as they please—and let sectarian prejudice be aroused in their behalf wherever ignorance prevails—none of these things will save them from political destruction at the polls. They have no honest policy—they have no political principles that will stand the test of investigation; and there are no useful measures of their creation to be adduced as silent but effective testimony on their behalf. Their total discomfiture is inevitable—and every day the election is postponed only tends to make it the more certain and overwhelming. It is not, therefore, with any feeling of dissatisfaction we witness the delay of the Govern- in proclaiming an election; for that delay is proof of the fear and confusion of mind they are in, and foreshadows the greater confusion that awaits them.

THE RIFLE SHOOTING.

The holiday Rifle shooting for the Silver Prize Cup, purchased with the funds of the Colony, together with some small money prizes, raised by private subscription—begins to-day. The place selected is a very pretty spot adjoining Belvidere, on the lower Royalty Road. A few of the Nova Scotia Volunteers came over to the Island by the last Steamer; and the Adjutant General and some of the New Brunswick Volunteers also arrived in the Steamer yesterday morning. We shall be glad to hear that our Island boys honorably acquit themselves; and without selfishly wishing to take all the prizes, we hope they will succeed in keeping at least the Government Prize and Mrs. Pollard's handsome cup amongst themselves. While we have these good wishes for the Island Volunteers, we are very far from thinking that either the public money, or their own money and their own time, are judiciously employed in this shooting business. It must be a serious drawback to many of the young men engaged in it, whose private means do not enable them to live a life of idleness or leisure, and whose avocations must be neglected, to the injury of themselves as well as to that of others, to say nothing of the expense many of them incur in coming to and staying about Charlottetown. However, they may say it is none of our business how they spend their time and money. That may be the case. But it is our right to object to the waste of the public money, which, for a week to come, will be blazed away in ammunition, in attempts to hit the Bull's-eye on a painted board. We suppose there will be a good deal of twaddle heard during this military week in praise of the virtue of patriotism,—and the sacred obligations our citizen soldiers are under to protect the honour of their wives and daughters, and the sanctity of ...