for Halifax, and their friends. In Prince Edward Island, the Hons. Messrs. Brennan and Whelan; in New Brunswick, Messrs. M'Phelim, Watters, Anglin, the Doherties, Carvilles, and others, exercise a wide political and commercial influence. In Canada we are not, I think, our numbers and means considered, in any secondary position. The Canadian Bench has been occupied, and is now occupied, by eminent men of Irish birth—Protestant and Catholic—such as Judge Haggarty, originally of Cork, and Judge Drummond, of Derry. The cities of Montreal and Quebec are, and have long been, in part represented by Irish Catholics; while the municipal administration of justice in offices answering to the Recordership of Dublin—the peace of Toronto, Kingston, Montreal, and Quebec—is at this moment committed to the charge of four Irish magistrates, under various local designations. I mention this fact as indicative of one universal rule, which obtains everywhere in British America, that though an Irish-born man may have, and has, his difficulties to conquer, like other men, he is not expected "to do twice as well before he gets half the credit." It may be thought that I evade the question—How does the Imperial policy out there harmonise with the Irish element? Well, I need only point to the fact, that the Imperial Government has sent us, during my time, your neighbour Lord Monck, who promises to be one of the most successful administrators we ever had, as Governor-General, and has sent to Nova Scotia another distinguished Irishman, the son of the venerable Provost of Trinity College—Sir Richard McDonnel (cheers). The Imperial policy and the Irish feeling in these provinces is one, because we have justice—full and complete justice; because no distinction in theory or in practice is made between us and the rest of her Majesty's subjects; for these reasons we Irish are attached to the Imperial connection, and would be found to-morrow, if called upon (which I trust, for peace sake, we may not be), fighting in the front rank of those who would uphold the union of Canada with the rest of the empire (loud cheers). The new comer, it is true, brings out to us his social and religious discontents. The first two or three years he is dissatisfied and home-sick; but, as with time he gathers gear, he settles comfortably into the system of society, becomes a small proprietor, and a great stickler for law and order. The old sores begin to skin over; his only grievance is that he has no grievance; and strange as the sensation is, after a grumble or two at the fact, he "acknowledges the inevitable" (laughter). It is true the emissaries of those illuminated regenerators of their race of whom you have heard so much, whose Head Center was brought by spirit-rapping to Bedlam, and who came out of Bedlam "a Head Center," this hopeful society of regenerators, deploring the benighted state of their provincial countrymen, do sometimes seek to seduce them from their allegiance to a government against which, as administered, there is not a shadow of a grievance; but the Irishman in Canada, with a very rare exception, shows such emissaries the door in double-quick time. I have never myself seen a specimen of the *genus* Fenian in Canada; but I hear there are, and I dare say there may be, some odd ones among our half million, since Solomon says that "the number of fools is infinite" (laughter). But their number is, at most, insignificant, and I have no doubt that their number in the United States is grossly and purposely exaggerated. Their morbid hatred to England has been played upon during the civil war by bounty brokers and recruiting sergeants; and they have mistaken the surface slang of two or three great cities for the settled national sentiment of the American people, which is not, I repeat, one whit more pro-Irish than it is pro-Japanese. They have deluded each other, and many of them are ready to betray each other. I have myself seen letters from some of the brethren from Chicago, Cincinnati, and other places, offering their secret minutes and members' rolls for sale; the infamous old "stag" business over again; for as sure as filth produces vermin, it is of the very nature of such conspiracies as this to breed informers and approvers. Some of these emissaries seem to think that as I was a Young Irelander twenty years ago, I ought to have some lenity for them. Why Young Ireland, as I am free to say, was politically a folly; but the men were honest and manly. Men like Thomas Davis and Duffy, and others still living, would have scorned to range themselves with these Punch-and-Judy Jacobins, whose sole scheme of action seems to be to get their heads broken, and then to squeak out in a pitiful treble, "A doctor! ten pounds for a doctor! Send for a doctor!" While I mention the American civil war, you may, perhaps, ask me if I believe the social position of the Irish in the United States will be permanently enhanced by the rather prominent part which they have borne in that war? I trust it may be so; but I doubt if the triumphant war party proper are much obliged to our countrymen for all their gallantry and all their blood. The Irish went into the war for the Union, not for the military abolition of slavery; I doubt if the Abolition party will thank them for what they consider their halting and half-hearted support. I hope it may be otherwise; and I shall be agreeably disappointed if, as I wrote to a friend in 1862, "those who are now in the front of the battle may not be found in the rear of the national remembrance" (cheers). Of the intellectual status of the Irish in America I cannot honestly give you a very exalted notion. The prevailing native impression, that we are a people wholly uneducated—an impression which made a Boston merchant, to whom I had given a note of introduction, say to me, on his return, that he admired Dublin very much; but he saw no Irish in Dublin (laughter) This impression may now be wearing away, but twenty years ago it was all but universal. If it is wearing away, small thanks do we owe to those natives of this country whose pens have been employed on partizan journals. With some honourable exceptions, they have been the bitterest revilers or the broadest caricaturists of their native land. But there was another group, centring chiefly at New York—a group of celebrities founded by the elder Emmet, William Sampson, and Dr. M'Nevin whose fame has been rivalled, and in some respects surpassed, at the bar by Mr. O'Connor and Mr. Brady; in letters by Archbishop Hughes, Dr. Shelton Mackenzie, Mr. Mitchel, and Mrs. James Sadlier; in popular oratory, by O'Gorman and Meagher, (cheers), and by the noblest of them all—an Irish Unitarian connected by birth with this county, Rev. Henry Giles. They talk of their Beechers and Chapins, and Starr Kings and other stars?—why, Henry Giles has poured out, in one single discourse, more genuine eloquence—the eloquence of thought—the eloquence of Chalmers and Robert Hall, of Canning and of Grattan—than all their demagogues will utter till the crack of doom. I know that richly gifted man cherished a warm affection for this county, and I could not speak in Wexford without bearing my testimony to the honor he has reflected on his countrymen throughout America by his genius, and the uses to which he has put it (cheers). To conclude, Mr. Chairman and fellow-townsmen, this rather discursive and conversational address, let me say, though I am officially charged with emigration matters in Canada, that I am not here to advise any man to emigrate. You seem to have a mania for emigration upon you in Ireland, and I certainly feel it no part of my duty to pander to that mania. On the contrary, I would say to every man and woman who *can* live at home—stay at home! If the New World has its attractions it has also its penalties. If wages are much higher, life is much shorter; the average line of the Irish labouring man in the great towns and cities does not exceed ten years from the date of his arrival. A strange climate—out of the frost into the fire—strange food and strange diseases, sweep the back-streets of their Irish surplus year by year; and it is to be feared that it is not bodies only that are lost, but souls also. The old country has its evils no doubt; but where they are not intolerable, it has its compensations. Better for many an honest Irish boy—better for many an honest Irish maiden—the native earth beneath their feet, when first they turned their steps towards America, had yawned and swallowed them, than be what only too many of them are to-day, in the streets, and prisons, and pest-houses ... grate; and no woman either (cheers.) God knows how it might end for them and for me; but I do honestly declare that if farm labourers, and domestic servants especially, must cross the Atlantic in search of employment, they might do worse than direct their course to the British Provinces. We have but a four million market for everything, including labour, compared to the thirty million market of the States; but we can easily provide for an accession of 50,000 adults a year, provided they be able and willing to work their way. Canada is a hard country for the soft-handed; but it is not a difficult field of labour for the hard-handed and enterprising. It is a climate cold in winter, but beautifully clear, and most wholesome. One fact will show how favourable it is to the increase of human life. In 1759, the Marquis de Montcalm left less than 100,000 French colonists in Lower Canada; in 1860, without any considerable infusion of new blood among them, that hundred thousand had increased to 900,000, or 900 per cent. in a single century. Let me add another fact of the same kind: In 1791, when Upper Canada was set off from the ancient province of Quebec as a separate government, it was estimated to contain 120,000 souls; in 1861, its total population was nearly 1,400,000 souls, or nearly 1,200 per cent. increase in seventy years. Judge, then, if that can be a country repugnant to the increase and sustenance of human life! Mr. Chairman, and fellow-citizens, I conclude as I began, by saying that you have not heard, that you have not seen the last of us, for public no more than for private results, when you saw us off to America in the emigrant ship. There are as many Irish now in America as in Ireland, and perhaps our moiety has greater means of aggression than yours has defence. Formerly, the Irish in America were a sort of social colony of the Irish at home; they used still to take many of their ideas from this country, after they had left; but, whereas Ireland then influenced her emigrants, they now—such is their numerical attraction—influence her; and it does appear to me that this influence is not decreasing at present. You may smile; but we live in strange times, both for America and for you; and it is impossible to say what may come from this annual transfer of a third of a million of people from one sphere of existence to another—from the Old World to the New—from monarchy to democracy. Have a care; you are giving away hands and brains to a system destined to combat your system of Government, sooner or later. Whatever may betide, fellow-townsmen, let me venture to assure you that I hope I shall not discredit, by my conduct, the great kindness you have shown me during my short stay among you, and that I always shall cherish, as in filial duty and common gratitude I am bound to cherish — a very warm, sincere, and heartfelt affection for the good people of the town and county of Wexford.

A vote of thanks was passed to Mr. McGee by acclamation, in which the large audience, composed of men of all classes, creeds, and politics in the town of Wexford cordially united. The principal citizens remained in the Assembly Rooms for nearly an hour conferring with Mr. McGee, and assured him, I understand, of their thorough concurrence in the views he had enunciated.

DUBLIN—ITS "LIONS" AND ITS EXHIBITION.

This is the title of a long letter dated Dublin, May 10th, and published in the Montreal *Gazette* of the 30th ult. It is attributed to the prolific and charming pen of Hon. T. D. McGee. We have not room for the whole of the letter, but subjoin some interesting extracts from the descriptive portions of this entertaining production, which opens as follows:—

Before referring to the Exhibition and its contents, let me carry you with us in imagination round about the city. We gave all our little leisure for three days to "the lions," and derived very great pleasure from the inspection. At the north side—the river, you know, cuts the homes of these 300,000 Irish citizens nearly in two—the principal object of attraction to strangers is Glasnevin Cemetery and the adjoining Botanical Gardens, redolent of the memory of Swift, Delaney, Sheridan, and Tickell. The cemetery has lately been enlarged by 15 acres, and seems fast becoming the Irish necropolis. Though owned by a Catholic Corporation, there are many Protestant graves and vaults, and a railed enclosure, the property of the white Quakers. The grounds are beautifully kept—the hedge rows and railings are perfect—the bright arbor vitæ and the sombre Irish yew are mingled with laburnums, laurels, lilacs, hawthorns, and trees of various form and foliage. Altogether, this city of the dead impresses one most solemnly. Without glare or glitter—that saddest of all vanities which shrines itself in too many modern church-yards—it is yet a most impressive spectacle. A few paces to the right of the main entrance, a tomb modelled on that of Scipio bears the famous name — Curran. The space for some yards on all sides of the great advocate's grave is known as "The Curran Square." It is enclosed by a special fence, and being one of the first planted portions of the cemetery, it is now, or in the course of a month will be, embowered in shade. Hundreds of small birds were flitting in and out of the trees, dropping down on the green, green grass, or wheeling in air over the tops of the monuments. When I thought of the fate of the contemporaries, the clients, and the friends of Curran, I could not help recalling his own prophetic words, that "the charity of a little kindred earth" would not be refused to his remains; I could not help repeating to my companion—

"The dust of some is Irish earth,
Among their own they rest;
And the same land that gave them birth
Has caught them to her breast."

The avenue to the left of the entrance lodge leads up, at the distance of some acres, to the most remarkable object at Glasnevin—"the Round Tower," which is to mark the final resting place of Daniel O'Connell. This tower, designed by the venerable antiquary, George Petrie, rises from a mural circle of, I should say, four or five hundred feet in diameter to a height, including the cross on the sumit, of one hundred and fifty feet. It is built of cut stone, and the walls are five feet in thickness. At the top, after the ancient model, looped apertures look out to the four points of the compass. The mound at the base is separated by a deep sunken trench from the rest of the cemetery; this mound is pierced with vaults, for the use of those families who particularly desire to rest within the "O'Connell circle." Thus, while dead as while living, this great man—with all his faults, the first of his race in our century—attracts followers, and rules his retainers even in his grave. This memorial tower, rising like an immense index over all other monuments, will continue to measure out the hours of the day, and the days of the year, from age to age, unless overthrown by some convulsion of Nature, till Time itself shall be no more.

The south side of the city — the more fashionable and flourishing quarter — can show more "lions" than the north side. Crossing the Liffey from the north by Carlisle Bridge, we come fast upon the facade of Trinity College, and the old Houses of Parliament, occupying two sides of the irregular triangle known as "College Green." Here, from one point you take it at a glance four remarkable street monuments—the equestrian William III., leading towards Dame street; Oliver Goldsmith within the college railing, Tom Moore, at the junction of College and Westmoreland streets, and the Crampton fountain, at the junction of College and Brunswick streets. An empty pedestal, also within the college railing, stands ready to receive a statue of Burke, which, I am happy to hear, is cast and ready for erection. Of the King William, as a work of art, I need say nothing; It is well known by a thousand engravings; with the Goldsmith statue it is impossible not to be pleased, but as to the Moor monstrocity, the only thing to be done with it, is to break it up and recast it. Goldsmith is taken at his student age, declaiming rather awkwardly, as was natural to him, from an open book in his right hand. The figure is full of character, youthful, slim, and not particularly graceful.

The writer then proceeds to describe with ... the attitude of the various statues, and having finished this task, he introduces his readers to the old Houses of Parliament—now the Bank of Ireland. He tells us that the alcore at the further end, once occupied by the throne, is now tenanted by a very fine marble full length statue of George III. Above the wainscotting of the walls, right and left, are hung with two wonderful pieces of tapestry, in good preservation, representing respectively the seige of Derry and the battle of the Boyne. These hangings, he says, must be at least 30 feet long, and 20 feet deep, and the landscape, horses, guns, and human figures are vividly natural. The writer next introduces his readers to "Old Trinity" and its glorious library, which, he says, is one of the richest treasure houses of European learning." He next conducts us to Phœnix Park, and other public squares of Dublin, and briefly describes their exquisite beauty. We quote the closing part of the letter:

"A word, now, as to the Phœnix Park and public squares of Dublin. The only time we could command for seeing the former was early morning; so off we set on Saturday last about six. We drove for nearly four hours in every direction through that unequalled piece of town land. It is much improved by art at some points, by the new plantations, fences and footpaths. The dew of early day was on everything, from the grass and leaves to the deer and cattle, which looked listless as we passed. The natural varieties of the ground; its swelling ridges; dells and little lakes; its groups of fine old trees, chiefly oaks and ashes; its denser masses of greenery, spotting long open spaces of sward, giving a variety and freshness to the Phœnix, not usually met with in city parks. The great squares within the city such as Stephen's Green and Merrion Square, are in all respects miniatures of the great park beyond King's Bridge. During the evenings they are filled with gay dresses and playful children. They are not, I regret to say, open generally to the public: as I think they ought to be, and, with every safety, should be."

On the whole, then, Dublin *is* improved. Railways have concentrated the country gentry here to a great extent. An undergrowth aristocracy—not without huge faults and follies—are centring in the chief city. The counties will miss their presence and their expenditure; but what do they care? This aristocracy, unlike the English and Scotch, live for enjoyment rather than labour. When their day of reckoning comes in this world or the next, I doubt if three per cent of them will be able to show one useful or honorable public action they ever performed. Lord Rosse stands alone in his order in his generation, and is looked upon as being quite as wonderful, and, perhaps, quite as great a bore, as his own telescope.

Now, then, at long last, for the Exhibition. The ground on which the buildings stand fills an irregular quadrangle of seventeen acres in extent, bounded by Stephen's Green (south), Harcourt Street, Hatch St., and Earlsfort Terrace, on which the main entrances are. The Executive Committee, in their address to the Prince of Wales on Tuesday, gave the following *resume* of the stages through which the enterprise had passed:—

"The design of Mr. Alfred Jones was selected as the one best calculated to meet the requirements of the Company. The first stone of the building was laid in March, 1853, by the then Viceroy, the lamented Earl of Carlisle, whose zeal in the encouragement of every undertaking for the benefit of Ireland can never be too gratefully remembered by the people of this country. As the buildings advanced, their suitability for the purpose soon suggested the idea of inaugurating the new institution by holding an International Exhibition; and as nothing of that kind, on a large scale, had been attempted in Ireland since the Exhibition of 1853, the origin of which was due to the noble public sprit of William Dargan, which had been honored by the august presence of Her Majesty, the project of an Exhibition in the present year was favorably received; but it soon became apparent that difficulties would be encountered by a Company in accomplishing an enterprise the success of which must so largely depend on the spontaneous support of those whose sole aim is the advancement of the people in skill, knowledge and refinement."

The agricultural section of the Exhibition is at the old Dargan building, on the lawn of the Dublin Society's house. But I will not attempt to synopsyze the catalogue for you: I cannot, however, close without taking you, for a moment, into the stronghold of the exhibition, its Fine Arts department.

Oh, such pictures! You may imagine the number, when I tell you that three rooms, each of them equal to Nordheimer's Hall, are hung, from cornice to basement, with these prodigies of art. You may imagine their merit when I tell you that the principal exhibitors are, Her Majesty the Queen, His Holiness Pius IX, the Kings of Saxony and Bavaria; the National Museum of Madrid; the Marchese Ricci, of Rome; and the cities of Turin and Naples. Of ancient masters, Ireland herself has furnished the largest number. The Earl of Portarlington sends two Vankykes, one each of Claude, Titian, Rembrandt, Rubens, Carlo Dolce, Andrea, Watteau, Angelica Hauffman (2), and Giorgione; three glorious Venetian vistas by Canaletto; a Holbein, Poussin (Gasper), a Gerrard Dow, a Lely and a Reynolds. Sir Charles Coote contributes seven master pieces of the British; three of the Dutch; four of the Italian; and two of the Spanish schools—one a Murillo.—The Marquis of Drogheda sends nine undoubted old masters; Lord Powerscourt five; the Earl of Mayo five; the Earl of Darnley a whole series of Paul Veronese; the Earl of Leicester a Rubens, Del Vega, and Salvator Rosa; and Messrs. Marley, Harvey, Doyle, Macquay, &c., many valuable and authentic pictures.

The modern paintings are to me, both for matter and manner (if it be not profanity to say so), almost as interesting as the ancient. Of the British and Irish School there are, in oils, 179 works, seldom more than one from each hand; in water colors, 32; and of photographs 96; of the Belgian School 150 works' of the Dutch, 28; of the Bavarian, 39; of the Saxon, 43; of the Italian, 227 works of art, including sculpture; of the Norweigan, 18 in oils, and six in water colors; of the Roman, 43; of the Spanish, 51. Each national collection of paintings may be said to have its counterpart in the photographic gallery. But as I have not yet had time to examine even cursorily the works of camera or chisel, I must leave my impressions as to to them to another day. *En passant*, from the glimpses I have had, I do not think the atmosphere even of Italy has any great advantage in sun-painting over the medium which serves Notman and Henderson with us.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE CEMETERY.

To the Editor of the Examiner.

Dear Sir:—

May I intrude upon your valuable space a few remarks addressed especially to those persons whose "loved and lost" lie sleeping the sleep of death in a piece of ground in Charlottetown, erroneously called "The Cemetery?" While so many praiseworthy exertions are being made by our energetic community for the improvements which have, and will soon become more obvious in the Island, shall the *last* home and resting place of our dear ones, who have gone before us, be permitted to be so desecrated that the sorrowing heart (which yearns to be often near the earthly remains so dear to it) sickens at the sight of desecration to the dead which is presented there every Sunday, and even during the week? One complains to the other of the heartless conduct of visitors, in most cases adults whom one would suppose knew better; but after all the consultations nothing is arrived at except that there is no "law" to prevent it. Are people then to be allowed to treat consecrated ground as they would a field or a park where a public Pic Nic is held? Are there no places besides those so consecrated, where the thoughtless, giddy, and ungodly of both sexes choose to promenade and break, not only the Sabbath, but God's holy commandments, "Thou shalt not steal?"—since it appears that some of those persons who visit the cemetery cannot do so without stealing the flowers placed on the enclosed graves of those whose souls are happily beyond their reach. Persons who commit these robberies against the living, as well as the dead, try to console themselves, and those they rob and wound, by saying they only "pick up a few useless flowers, perhaps dropped there by accident." This was the excuse I heard a person make a few Sundays ago, in the Cemetery, when asked to let alone some flowers that were placed on a husband's grave by his sorrowing widow! As if it were possible that choice flowers could find their way there by "accident!" And the person remonstrated with must have known that the act of stealing is the taking of that which does not belong to us. It is all very well to blame *children* for these robberies, (for they are nothing else), but I have had occular demonstration convincing me that the graves are thus robbed and desecrated by persons arrived at the age ascribed to "discretion," if not honesty and charity. To make an appeal to those so lost to shame and decency as some of the visitors are, would only be "throwing pearls before swine," for one could not expect *more* disrespect to the dead from the very lowest of the brute creation! The appeal must, therefore, be made to those interested. The writer of this, wishing to secure a certain grave in the Cemetery, went to much expense—though little able to afford it—to have a railing placed round the grave, and found it of no earthly use! since persons so inclined have—even since its erection—put their hands either through or over the railing to gain what they would not take were it not for the pleasure of stealing. If there is no "law" to preserve this in a civilized country, it says very little for the justice of the Island. Are we to be deprived of the privilege of paying some little respect to the last resting place of those who are dear to us in death as they were in life? Surely, while so many Bazaars, Tea Parties and Concerts are got up, either for clerical presentations, Church renovations, buildings, institutions, and even amusements, something could be devised by which funds could be raised, if required, to put a stop to this evil, which is a disgrace to the City. The Roman Catholics have set the example, and have commenced improvements to their cemetery, even without any public appeal being made for funds; but if it were necessary in the other case, there are many who would be only too glad to subscribe to anything that might be proposed. The necessary funds could be easily raised, by one of the usual modes, to erect a sort of small Lodge at the entrance, and that being done, there are very few who would refuse a yearly subscription towards a small salary for a Lodge keeper, to reside there, and who could be given authority, either to enforce certain rules and regulations on the visitors, or to admit none who did not present a family ticket of admission; if the "Law" could admit of this latter. It is for those who think and believe that we can do *no more for the dead* than respect their memory and remains, to devise what is best to be done, for we neither respect their memory or earthly remains when we quietly allow both to be so desecrated.

Yours, &c.,
ONE WHO MOURNS ALONE.

NORTH AND SOUTH.

Beneath the flaunting stars and stripes
A federal soldier stands;
Filled with remorse, he vainly wipes
His fratricidal hands
From blood, that leaves a lasting stain,
And vengeance stern demands.

Oft 'gainst the gallant South in vain
The Northern armies fought;
Their scattered troops o'er hill and plain
In flight for safety sought,
Until, to terminate the strife
Were foreign butchers brought.

The unaided braves resist no more—
Their last brief stand is made;
'Till all was lost, and not before
Their towns in ashes laid,
Defeated, not subdued, they yield,
By worthless hopes betrayed.

A pitying world, with trouble awe,
And kingly Courts, in fear
Looked on the fierce unequal war,
And dared not interfere:—
The helpless fall, while generous hearts
Their gallantry revere.

"The almighty dollar" still is found
The Yankee's surest friend—
They need not serve, or risk a wound,
Who "greenbacks" have to spend;
For all are free who can afford
A substitute to send.

Johnston! thy utmost wishes gained,
Some faint compassion show;
All, save rank cowards feel ashamed
To strike a fallen foe;
Let mercy lead thy cruel heart
To stay the threatened blow.

If not, then for thy flag prepare
More suitable design—
Cut out the stars—the stripes still spare,
The *shears* of fate are thine—
Hoist the red flag—or, better still!
Despotic power resign.

HUMANITAS.

The Examiner.

Charlottetown, June 19, 1865.

THE TENANT LEAGUE.

We promised to say something more about the Tenant Union, or Tenant League, by which name it is better known and oftener mentioned; and as our article of last week seems to have made considerable progress towards earning for us the enmity of the party, we may as well secure their indignation in bulk rather than seeking to establish a claim to it by instalments.

But, in the first place, we must settle a little matter with our contemporary, *Ross's Weekly*. We will do justice to our friend Ross by expressing our belief that he did not write a line of the long and violent article that forms the leader in his last paper. He has too much good nature to fabricate so much untruthfulness and malignity as it contains; and though he is not a man of shining abilities, we feel assured he could easily have produced a much better article than the clumsy, slovenly, illogical and ungrammatical thing, which, from a friendly feeling towards the writer, perhaps, he has suffered to disgrace his columns.

The writer of the article referred to—who, by the bye, claims the honor of having long worked "side by side" with Mr. Whelan in the same field of politics, although Mr. W. knows nothing at all of the individual, and, indeed, wants to know nothing—deliberately asserts that we accused the Tenant League people with setting fire to Mr. McDonald's barns. The writer in the *Weekly* says:—"As soon as the news came to town the 'Examiner' published it, and stated at the time that 'no doubt existed but that it could be traced home to the Tenant League.'" We are not in the habit of writing in this clumsy style; and we have no hesitation in saying that the above extract, purporting to have been taken from the *Examiner*, is a gross forgery, and never appeared in this paper. Although the writer may be the most insignificant fellow in town, as no doubt he is—we will not allow him to misquote and misrepresent us. In our No. of the 12th June, wherein the "news" of the burning is first noticed, we remarked as follows: "Whether the outrage can be traced to the Tenant League, we are not prepared to say. They are undoubtedly blamed for it." And the writer in the *Weekly* says that in our last issue we devoted nearly two columns to substantiate the charge against the League. This is another deliberate falsehood. The article in our last No. scarcely filled 1¼ columns, and was chiefly devoted to general observations on the mischievous tendency and principles of the Tenant League. As we did not charge any members of the League with setting fire to the Tracadie barns, we had no need to "substantiate" the charge. We stated the plain, indisputable fact, that the fire could not, by any possibility, have been accidental, as the premises were deserted by their owner—they were not insured by him, and he could have no motive for burning them—and that their destruction occurred shortly after he had served some writs on his recusant tenantry. We left the public to draw their own inference. We made no positive statement implicating the members of the Tenant League.

The writer in the *Weekly* says, Mr. Whelan "condemns them" (the tenants) "for any attempt to raise themselves above that position"—(an unendurable one)—"by joining a society whose every endeavour will be to make them freeholders, but in a *legitimate* way." And it is further said that "Mr. Whelan has left their"—(the tenants')—"ranks, and joined those of the proprietors."

This balderdash contains two falsehoods, which the writer must have known to be such at the time he penned them. Mr. Whelan never condemned the tenantry for any "endeavour" on their part to become freeholders "in a legitimate way." For twenty two years he has advocated their cause, consistently and unflinchingly, and for eighteen years of that time he has been their advocate, to the best of his ability, in the Legislature. He has given his earnest support to every measure which had a tendency to ameliorate their condition,—the Purchase Bill, under whose provisions thousands of unfortunate tenants have been converted into happy and independent freeholders, received at all times, in its application to every estate affected by it, his warm and zealous support. That Bill points out the only "legitimate way" known to us of converting large numbers of tenants into freeholders. The "way" proposed by the League is not in all respects "legitimate," as we proved last week by the quotation of their most obnoxious pledge.

"Mr. Whelan has joined the ranks of the proprietors!" So says this clumsy libeller, but where is the proof of the fact? It will be found, we may be told, in the circumstance of his not countenancing the Tenant League. But that is no proof of his leaning towards landlordism. Mr. Whelan heretofore urged the establishment of Tenant Leagues, but he was never so mad as to propose that they should be based on the principle of resisting the law unless the Leaguers had their own way in their dealings with the landholders. At the commencement of the present League, Mr. Whelan and Mr. Coles were both distinctly told that their countenance or support was not required—that, in fact, they and all other politicians connected with the Legislature, were to be excluded from the League. If they had consented to allow their names to be connected with it, we are very certain that they would most emphatically discountenance the proposal to resist the law; and that is, no doubt, the reason why they were excluded. Now, let us ask, have Mr. Coles and the rest of the Liberal minority in the House of Assembly — as well as Mr. Whelan — "joined the ranks of the proprietors?" They are all, without a single exception, opposed to the League. At least there is not one man in the whole twelve of the minority in the House of Assembly — and not one of the four Liberal members in the Council — who has publicly avowed his approval of the principles set forth by the League. Indeed, we have reason to know that the League is very strongly condemned by them all, although two out of the sixteen have contributed a small sum towards its funds, which, we suspect, they have no desire to see publicly and ostentatiously credited to their names. We again ask, are the fifteen Liberal Members of both Houses of the Legislature enrolled in the ranks of the Proprietors, as well as Mr. Whelan? Mr. W's vocation as a journalist compels him to take notice of the proceedings of the League, which is not the case with his colleagues of the Liberal party in Parliament; but they are all, without exception, as much opposed to the League as he is; and they are backed, in this respect, by overwhelming majorities of their constituents.

We republished last week the Pledge proposed by the Central Committee of the Tenant League for subscription by all the members of the League, in its various branches. That Pledge distinctly declared that the collection of rents would be RESISTED — that the seizure, distraint, or sale of chattels for arrears of rent, would be resisted, in all cases where the proprietor or agent making the seizure refused to comply with the proposals of the League. There is no ambiguity in the declaration of this principle. There it is — a plain defiance of the landlord in certain cases. Yet the writer in the *Weekly* has the unblushing impudence to deny, in one sentence, that such a principle has been propounded by the League; while, in the next sentence, he admits that such an illegal principle is really in force amongst the precious fraternity. He says:—"When Mr. Whelan attempted to show that resistance to the law and the collection of rent was one of the first principles of the Society, *he must have known what he was stating was untrue.*" In the next sentence the writer says:—"They" (the Leaguers,) "only refuse to pay the rent in those cases, and use their resolution"—(that is, the Pledge)—"as a means to bring those proprietors to terms who refuse to listen to the fair and reasonable propositions of the tenants. Resistance to the payment of rent is only the *last resort* of the tenantry, when every other means have failed." Is it not quite clear that the second sentence here quoted contradicts the first? *Resistance* will be resorted to, when the proposals of the League are not accepted by the proprietors; and the League are to be *the* judges of what are "fair and reasonable propositions!" The coolness of impudence which prompted this declaration could only emanate from men thoroughly unprincipled and dishonest, and foolish, as they will find themselves to be weak, in attempting to put their threat in execution.

We shall give one more extract from the *Weekly*, and then we shall throw the paper away. The false and dishonest advocate of the League says:—"It must be remembered that this organization of the people did not spring into existence until the schemes of politicians of every shade have failed — until they had been humbugged by fair and false promises, first by Mr. Whelan, and then by Mr. Pope." Mr. Whelan never lent himself to any "schemes" but honest ones, in connection with the Land Question, or any other other question,—he made no "false promises" at any time, during the whole course of his political life. He strenuously advocated the Purchase Bill, which, it is well known, did not fail in making a great many freeholders in the place of tenants. We are not bound to speak for Mr. Pope, but we believe he is as blameless in this respect as Mr. Whelan is.

Now that we have disposed of the *Weekly's* rubbish, we shall offer a few remarks concerning the League. They propose to settle a question, of all others the most essentially political, independent of political parties. How can they do it? Their foolish pledge will not enable them to do it. The attempt to carry out that pledge will only exasperate the proprietors, and induce them to adopt harsh measures towards their tenantry. The proprietors will sue for the arrears of rent more perseveringly and obstinately than if "resistance" were not threatened. It is not for the proprietors to know that lawless resistance, with all the tin trumpets that can be made from now until doomsday, will be sufficient to overcome the civil authority. The Courts of Law are bound to execute writs and processes of all kinds, when they are demanded. If the Civil Power fails—what next? Anarchy—which would be the result of an organized resistance to the Civil Authority—must be put down by some means, and we know of no other but military force. We hope and believe that such a force will not be required; but as sure as resistance to the civil power assumes a formidable attitude — if that resistance be such as to paralyze the civil power — a military force will supercede it; and it is not difficult to guess where the blowers of the tin trumpets would be in a contest with the military.

The League has been more than a year in existence, and in that time it has done nothing for the tenantry. It boasts of having purchased Mr. Haythorne's estate. But Mr. Haythorne's estate is not yet settled in freehold. Ten years hence, when the settlers on that estate shall have paid their instalments in full, they will be entitled to a deed in fee; they are yet tenants; and if they fail to comply in making payments in full, *they will merely get credit for such payments as they make on account of rent.* Mr. Haythorne was anxious to enter into an arrangement of this kind with his tenants long before the Tenant League was thought of. As regards the purchase by the Tenants, under the auspices of the League, of Mr. Bourke's three thousand acres of squatter land at Little Hell, we have heard nothing of it lately. Mr. Bourke is said to have purchased this great estate, under a bad or defective title, for one hundred pounds sterling; and if he enfranchised those whom he claims as his tenants, at twelve shillings an acre, he would make a very good thing of it for himself, but he would not add over twenty to the whole number of freeholders in the Colony.

It is no use in mincing this matter,—we must speak plainly. If the men who guide the movements of the League are quite honest in their intentions, (which is a matter of doubt as regards some of them), it is certain that they are deficient in judgment, if they supposed, for one moment, that they could *compel* any proprietor to accept their terms. Their proposal to use force, if necessary, in resisting the payment of rent, cannot fail to put a stopper on all attempted negociations with the proprietors. The latter may deal with their tenants, as such, for the transfer of their property, as in the case of Mr. Haythorne and his tenants; but to deal with the League, as an organized Society, we may rest assured, they never will. The League has no charter—has no incorporated powers, and cannot possibly acquire them. It has no men of mark or influence in its ranks—not a member of either party in the Legislature who would have the courage to avow his connection with it — it has forfeited all claim to honourable recognition from law-abiding members of society by the adoption of a foolish and impotent threat as one of the first principles of its constitution.

Members of the Central Committee of the League boasted, at their last monthly meeting, that they have fifteen thousand members in their society. We do not know how they have taken, and kept, count of their number. If it be by the amount of subscriptions received, and honestly accounted for, we should think the number would fall very far short of fifteen thousand. It is a rule in the Society, we understand, that every member shall contribute something towards its funds. This something is regulated by the wealth or enthusiasm of the contributor. One gives five pounds—another five shillings—and five pence, we suppose, would not be refused when presented on "the hard hands of peasants." Some gentlemen have been held up to great admiration for investing as much as twenty shillings in this very questionable "go" for popularity; while the contributor of one hundred shillings is honored with a perfect storm of applause for his munificence. Now, let us club the pounds, and the dollars, and the shillings, and apportion the moderate sum of twelve pence to each of the fifteen thousand, and the society, we find, ought to have seven hundred and fifty pounds in fund, deducting a trifle for working expenses—which, so far as management under the cognizance of the Central Committee is concerned, appear to be regulated on the most economical scale. Seven hundred and fifty pounds would, at any time, be a small sum to work an important political institution, and settle a great question. But the League has nothing like that sum in hands—it has not even one hundred pounds at its disposal. It has deposited in the Banks, in the name of a Mr. Stewart, who does not own one shilling's worth of real property, a little over *sixty pounds*; and this sum, if equally distributed amongst the fifteen thousand members, would allow but one penny for each. We can guess, pretty correctly, from this fact —(and although it may be denied, we know it is true)—the extent of membership in the League, and its power to accomplish its object, so far as money is regarded as an essential agent in the accomplishment of any work, without which, indeed, no work can be effected. We may be told that the League has more money in the branch Treasuries besides the sixty odd pounds in Bank. We may be sure, if it has, the sum is very trifling. The League, or the managers of it, unwise as they are in other respects, are not hopelessly foolish in money matters. They know the value of a dollar or a pound as well as most men: and we may take it for granted that they would not allow many dollars or pounds to remain scattered amongst the branch treasuries, especially if an itching of the palm was suspected to exist there-about, while the bulk of their capital was deposited in Bank.

We allude to these matters, not for the purpose of paying off an old score for the calumnies that the League men have heaped upon us, from time to time, or for the libels published against us by their organ; but what we have written has been done in the interest of society at large, and in the interest of the tenantry especially. We want to protect society, if possible, against the distrust and anarchy which such societies as the Tenant League are calculated to create. We don't want to see this land under martial law, or even disgraced, as it now is, by proclamations offering rewards for the arrest of house-burners. We should like to encourage immigration to our shores; but the Tenant League deters it. Who would think of settling in a land so violently disturbed as this is? We want men of capital and enterprise to turn our great natural resources to some account; but would any man of wealth dream of investing a pound in a country where property is insecure, and where life must always be considered in peril from the very insecurity of property? We want, above all, to warn the tenantry against the delusion and snare which the League spreads for them. It has nothing at all like the wealth or numbers which its intriguing leaders says it possesses. Men of character, position and influence keep aloof from it. It is under the ban of the law. It is incapable of effecting any good purpose, as now organized. It can make no progress towards abolishing the leasehold tenure, because proprietors, in general, will never think of dealing with a society which holds out a threat. It cannot lessen the number of distraints for rent; it only enormously increases them by encouraging the tenant to run in arrears and assume an attitude of defiance towards his landlord. The silly use of the tin trumpet may occasionally frighten a cowardly bailiff; but the majesty of the law does not sink with the quivering bailiff. It is not a question whether Catchpole Curtis, or any other catchpole, shall be allowed to serve a writ in this settlement or that—the point at issue is not whether any particular proprietor—no matter whether his title is good, bad, or indifferent—shall levy for rent,—but it is, Shall the power of the Crown be upheld or overthrown? Must Law and Order be set aside, and Chaos come again, because a few foolish men have organized themselves into a League, and have taken as an instrument of terror against their foes a two-penny tin trumpet? The whole organization is based upon the most palpable delusion, and might be laughed at, only that it is calculated to bring distress upon its victims, and give a bad character to the whole community. In a little while, however, we hope to see the eyes of the tenantry thoroughly opened to the folly of connecting themselves with this mischievous thing. In the southern parts of King's County, where it was first organized, it has almost totally collapsed; in the eastern and north eastern sections of King's County, it has no footing at all; and as regards Prince County, with the exception of a small bit about Lot 16, it is altogether free from the pest. Queen's County is the only part of the Island that seems to be badly spotted. We are not surprised. The County has been long afflicted with chronic diseases, that have undermined its constitution, and which appear now and then in various forms: such as violent, antiquated Toryism—Orangeism of the yellowest hue—No-Popery mania, (always of the worst type;) and now, that the fever of anti-law-and-landlordism is on it very heavily, the other diseases don't appear so offensively as formerly; but it is really hard to tell which disease is the worst.

CANADA.

From the Quebec (Canada) Gazette, June 5.

OUR DELEGATES IN ENGLAND.

According to the news received from home, our ministerial delegates are meeting with all the success we could reasonably desire. The Hon. Messrs. Galt and Cartier, even before their colleagues, the Hon. Messrs. McDonald and Brown, had arrived, were entertained by one of the oldest commercial corporations at a banquet, and since then the whole four have met with the greatest courtesy from all quarters, beginning with Her Gracious Majesty the Queen herself, who evidently has no great sympathy with that class of political economists who would prune the empire of an odd group of Colonies here and there, as the duty of defending them may, for the time being, appear somewhat onerous. It is not a little refreshing, either, to find that, after all the learned military engineering criticism expended upon proving Upper Canada to be incapable of adequate fortification and defence, the Horse Guards have taken up the subject, and arrived at an exactly opposite conclusion. This we trust will satisfy our brethren of the West, the sturdy wheat producers of the Peninsula, that they are not to be left to the tender mercies of Uncle Samuel, to be gobbled up whenever he gets into a tiff with John Bull. We learn, also, that while the British Government has no thought of coercing the Maritime Provinces into an acceptance, *nolens volens*, of Confederation, neither does it intend to suit itself to their caprices. It is clear that Confederation is regarded as a necessity in view of a proper system of defence, and that the Provinces which oppose it will be given to understand they must assume much greater burdens than they otherwise would, in order to secure any co-operation on the part of the mother country. It may minister, perhaps, to the self-importance of some of the ambitious politicians in Prince Edward Island and elsewhere, to resist a measure which would possibly have the effect of ruling them out of the front; but the general interests of the whole of British North America ought to be paramount. And then, those gentlemen should be comforted by the consolation that in a larger field their talents may, after all, achieve for them much better places than any they now occupy, or can hope to attain in connection with their own governments. There will not be so many Ministers of Finance needed, not so many Postmasters General, not so many State Secretaries, &c., &c., but there will be positions fully equal to any they may be called upon to relinquish, besides the chance of rising to distinctions worthy of the name, and worthy to be aspired after. It may sound big to be an honorable under any circumstances, but, in our view, it is rather absurd to derive the title from a charge equivalent to the office of Municipal Councillor in a respectable County Corporation. If very small Colonies must be allowed to legislate for themselves, and to set up and work all the machinery of nations, they should unquestionably be prepared to meet all the obligations such *quasi* independence involves; and the British Government seems to have come, or to be fast coming, to that conclusion. It would certainly be rather vexatious to have a country like New Brunswick or Prince Edward Island, liable to attack from the common enemy, and utterly unprepared to meet it; and it would be more vexatious still to see either of them Americanized. The position is an unpleasant one to contemplate, and it is to be hoped our sisters will see that the progress of events makes it all but indispensable that they should do one of two things; first, undertake effectually to fortify and defend themselves, or join in the general scheme which will, among other advantages, provide for their protection. They have no right to ask to be considered as part of the Empire, and at the same time pursue a course which will make them a source of great weakness, alike to the other Colonies and the parent country. No doubt this point is one which has seriously engaged the attention of the Imperial Government and the Canadian delegates, and as it is reported that every subject upon which they have conferred has been so far successfully treated, we have some ground for inferring, that the Maritime Provinces have made communications tending to remove the difficulties their previous action had interposed. We trust it is so, and that the anticipations of an early removal of all obstacles to the great Union scheme, will prove to have been based on correct and reliable information. One thing is evident enough, and it is that, if the four Canadian Ministers now in England fail in their mission, the task must be considered as pretty nearly hopeless. We believe these gentlemen are actuated by the most patriotic and disinterested motives, and that they possess the ability necessary to render success certain, if success is within reach. Our next news will likely be of a more decided nature, and it will therefore be looked for with much interest.

From the Quebec Gazette, June 7.

ANNEXATION.

Periodically we have, in some one locality or another in the West, (that is, commencing in the District of Montreal and ending at the jumping off places into Uncle Sam's dominions) some shock of annexation more or less severe. At times it is a mere rumbling noise, at most times, we may say, for there was but one occasion when the pent up gases broke through the crust into something of an explosion, which, however, did not cause any very wide spread damage. We have come again to one of the grumbling periods, but in using the "we" it is not our purpose to intimate that any one in the District of Quebec, that we know of, and certainly not any number of persons, are talking annexation or wishing annexation. We simply mean that in one or two odd places in Upper Canada the subject seems to engage attention and discussion. What these good people can see very inviting in the United States to lead them to desire relief from allegiance to Great Britain, and a political annexation with the great American Republic, we are at a loss to discover, and apprehend that they are imposed upon by mere surface appearances. They see, probably, a good many restless Americans, who seem to have money to spend, and who are ready to invest, or to propose to invest large sums in anything which promises good returns; but these speculators and explorers, though bearing some resemblance in character to the mass of their countrymen, are not to be taken as indicating the general condition of society, in respect of the relations between income and expenditure. Hundreds, and probably thousands, mostly unscrupulous men, who managed to create opportunities of great gain during the war, have pockets well lined with greenbacks, and having but indifferent confidence in them, as we may see by the advance in the price of gold, are anxious to part with them for mining locations, oil lands, or anything else possessing a real value; but the working men of the Republic cannot, with their larger nominal earnings—compared with the earnings of the same classes in Canada—procure the domestic comforts our labouring people enjoy. It is true that provisions, clothing, rents, and other things essential to domestic comfort have fallen in price, but they are yet quite exorbitant; and we have good reason to believe that one dollar in Canada will, as a general thing, buy twice as much comfort as two dollars in the United States; and in some parts of the United States the difference is much larger still. We have reason to know that there is an immense amount of misery in all the large cities, and, in fact, in most of the cities and towns. There is more beggary and destitution in New York city alone, twice told, and, perhaps ten times told, than in all Canada, and the prospects for their diminution are not by any means very cheering. These facts are not so widely known among our people as they ought to be, and many are therefore imposed upon by the glare and pretence which form so large a part of American tactics. The hordes of skedaddlers who have skulked into the Province during the war, have had a fine opportunity of talking tall—to use their own slang—to our working classes, and as a consequence, thousands are going over to the country from which the tall talkers came: but we shall be very much mistaken, indeed, if by far the larger number do not learn to their sorrow, and when it is just about impossible for them—for want of means—to return, that they have made a terrible mistake. The American *Heralds* and other presses of that kidney, with the spread-eagle orators, may write and talk as much as they please, and as grandly as they please about the marvellous resources of the Union and its ability to sponge out its public debt in double quick time, but our word for it, it is mere talk, mere froth, and that debt will yet hang about the neck of the nation as a mill-stone. It so hangs now, or at least, its horrid burden is beginning to be felt, but ere long its dread ponderosity will be still more realized. The Government have large debts to pay yet, some hundreds of millions, and while the green-backs are going out, and while