

marble chimney near the door, he seated himself near me and beside a table, on which he placed two loaded pistols and a carbine, which he examined and cocked, and laid my sword upon my bed.

A number of serious thoughts passed through my brain, tickled with the idea of a hero of many nights being dislodged from his entanglement by a few insects; and my imagination suggested a glowing picture of this wonderful campaign, which would form the subject of an excellent farce. And then his timidity—to be afraid of a landlord, with three women and a holy priest! He would make another Don Quixote fighting with a windmill or a flock of sheep. I so relished the thought and the sight, that I was unwilling to yield to Morpheus, whose magic influence had become heavy; but was beginning to doze, when I thought I heard the creaking of the door, and looking through the curtain, I saw, or dreamed I saw, a faint shadow dimly reflected upon the wall. Turning to the captain, I perceived him eyeing the door, with a pistol grasped in his hand, which he was just raising, when the door quietly closed, and all was silent. About an hour afterwards the same was repeated, and sleep vanished from my eyes. I dared not speak to the captain, who did not close his eyes for an instant, but kept them fixed with sentinel keenness upon the door, and his hand upon a pistol. He called us early, ordered horses to be put to the carriage, and told Giuseppe to make coffee in the mode he liked it. Giuseppe looked in an inquiring way, caught his eye, and immediately obeyed.

The padre joined us, and very meekly asked permission to occupy a seat in our caleche, which, to my surprise, was courteously granted, and he was invited to partake of our early repast. The captain kept him in constant conversation, and although he changed his seat once or twice, always managed to rise for something and sit opposite to him, and never to be beyond reach of his pistols. I was confounded, for they seemed to be playing a game at movements. At length the word was given, "Let us go!" and I was curious to see how the game would now be played, especially as some additional pieces had appeared on the board, in the shape of the landlord's wife, daughter, and chamber-maid, all big buxom dames, whose tall figures I much admired, but of whom my companion seemed as suspicious as of the holy father. He passed no compliments, and appeared much embarrassed. Yet he managed matters most adroitly, his object, as I thought, being to let nobody walk behind us. "Signor, run and tell the postilion to mount the white horse, and the black sometimes kicks. Signor, please take these coats, and spread them on the seats of the carriage. Girl, take the candle. Father Benevoluto, be kind enough to take charge of this bottle of eau-de-vie, and put it into the far pocket of the carriage. Giuseppe, bring this portmanteau. Andiamo!" said he, pushing all of us before him as he followed with his fire-arms. In a trice we were at the carriage-door. "Father, don't get out again; pray be seated. O, signor, pray hold that black horse? Up, Giuseppe, and keep this carbine in your hand, and look about you for robbers. It is a bad road. Ladies, addio! Va!"

We were off before we knew where we were, and the captain urged the postilion forward; but we had not proceeded a quarter of a mile when he called out to stop; and in a hurried tone, addressing Fra Carlo, said, "Pardon me, Father Benevoluto; I have left some papers of importance on my bed—do, pray, go and fetch them: we await your return;" and without stopping for his reply, opened the door and helped him to descend. I was just beginning to offer my own services, when a grinding oath half emitted, silenced me. "Good father, do be quick; for I can trust nobody with these papers on this vile road but yourself: no thief would rob a priest." It was impossible to refuse, and Fra Carlo set off at greater speed than I had deemed him capable of using. When he was out of sight my companion ordered the postilion to drive quickly. He replied that we were to wait for the padre; but the captain taunted out: "Hark you! make no noise with your whip, but spur your horses to a gallop, and keep them galloping till I bid you go slower. The moment you stop or crack your whip, I shall send a bullet through your head. Va!"

Off we went, slapdash; how long I know not, for I was overwhelmed with surprise, afraid the captain had become deranged, and that I might be the first victim of his violent temper. At length he called out; "Piano! piano!" and we instantly passed through St. Antonio, where we met a military patrol, to whom the captain showed his passport, and said that there were suspicious characters on the road between this and Le Mauvais Pas. The officer bowed low, and ordered his men to keep a sharp look-out. As we proceeded, he smiled and exclaimed: "Now we are safe, and can take breath a little—thanks to the holy Virgin and all the guardian saints for our deliverance!" I ventured to say, that though some things did look rather suspicious in the inn, yet I could not fix upon anything really villainous, and should not have imagined any harm, unless I had perceived him to be upon his guard; that I did not much like the landlord, yet the women were handsome, and I was much pleased with Fra Carlo; but the priest and himself seemed to be playing a game at seats and places, and he had certainly checked him at last.

"Yes," said he; "it was a game for life. So Carlo Benevoluto has assumed the padre now! methinks he will not long wear the cowl. The man was in my regiment when I was with the Austrians, and he was condemned to death for theft and murder, but escaped through the artifices of his brother, a priest, who was shot at Marengo, as he deserved. He has forgotten me; but I will remember him, and that gash on his forehead, which I gave him when I cut him down, but missed splitting his skull. And you bed—there has been foul play there. You are yet a young dog of war; but I can smell blood anywhere; instantly I smelled it, and traced it to the mattress, which I found all stained with gore. Had I fallen asleep, we should both have slept there our last sleep, as many, I fear, have done before; but we shall hear if Captain Bossi, who passed last week, has arrived safely; if not, they shall all be broken on the wheel. Those handsome women! I will wager a thousand soufi they were men in disguise; I never saw such women in Italy before. In such times as these, young man, you must be always watching; if you value your life and love Mademoiselle Fouchette; and remember that walls have ears, and eyes too." I intimated that I thought so when I saw him pointing a pistol at a shadow twice during the night. "A shadow! it was the shade of Fra Carlo, and such shadows play with stilettoes: I saw one when his cloak was off as I passed through his room to come to you. Ghosts do not flinch from a levelled pistol as he did."

At this moment the Frenchman bade me look, for we were approaching the dreadful spot. There, indeed, stood two ruinous houses, forming a large mass of building, with small grated windows and a high court, all shut up and going to decay. He looked and sarugged his shoulders, and continued: "The cursed bandits! they met with a deserved fate. The manner of their capture I heard only by report, for we returned to France by another route. One evening, at dusk, two horsemen rode up to the inn; but when the large gate was opened, one of the beasts became frisky, and refused to enter. This frightened the other, and they capered about, to the great discomfort of the landlord and his people, who could not come into the gateway or shut the door because of their antics. As they were becoming more quiet, a posse of gendarmes dashed in and took possession of the premises. A search was instituted, and the remains of 200 or 300 human bollocks were found in the grounds, besides a great deal of concealed plunder. I need scarcely say that Italian justice did dreadful work with the murderers;

and the inn has been shut up ever since. No one will venture into it—it is haunted; but the Mauvais Pas is still a dangerous place for lone travellers." A carabineer at this moment rode up, and asked our party if we had seen any person on the road, for robbery had been committed a few days ago in that place.

The Examiner.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I., NOVEMBER 8, 1858.

A TEMPEST IN A TEAPOT.

New Glasgow in this Island must be a lively place to live in, judging from the pugnacious disposition of sundry of its inhabitants evinced on sundry occasions. There seems to be a set of people in that quarter everlastingly bent upon getting up a row—not, indeed, a real physical force, knock-down fight—they have not become quite lively enough for that yet—we suppose they will try their digits at it by-and-by if things go on as prosperously as they promise—but a sort of moral force shindy—a spouting or scolding exhibition, in which the Government of the Island comes in for divers heavy blows and great discouragements. That the poor Government survives the dreadful shocks it gets in that quarter, must be a source of consolation to all who are interested in its welfare. Of course the New Glasgow belligerents—or such of them as may then be alive—will claim the exclusive credit of demolishing it, when, according to the transitory nature of all things sub-lunary, at some far distant day it shall cease to exist, full of years and full of honours. Meanwhile, we hope they will continue their pleasant pastime of scolding the Government with as much fury as their best oratorical geniuses can pump up; and while we are willing to let them believe they are making wonderful havoc, we can laugh in our sleeves at the diversion they afford us.

When the indignant Tories of Charlottetown thought of the notable scheme of celebrating Donnybrook fair day, by giving vent to their pent-up wrath at the removal of the late Postmaster General, their New Glasgow brethren were mightily well-pleased—rubbied their hands, clucked, and assumed a portentous bearing. To say that every mother's son of them was present at the Indignation Meeting, would be paying only a poor compliment to their pluck and hatred of the Snatchers. From the New London capes to the Rustico oyster beds it would have been impossible to have seen the shadow of an Obstructive on that memorable day. While the Opposition expected every man to do his duty, their friends and admirers in New Glasgow were determined to go beyond the measure of their obligations in the political line. But as "the best laid schemes of mice and men gang aft agley," the turn-out in Charlottetown was not as formidable as the New Glasgow people desired, and they resolved to have a flare-up of their own. A meeting was called—resolutions breathing unalterable hate against the Government were proposed in speeches of "learned length and thundering sound," which we grieve to say no friendly pen of a reporter has preserved to the archives of our party polemics. The Government was obstinate enough, however, not to give way to the indignation of the New Glasgow Tories; but as if to fill to overflowing the measure of its obstinacy, and to call down a more dire manifestation of hostility, the Government ventured to beard the lion in his den, by dismissing that important functionary, the New Glasgow Postmaster himself. Now, there was some method in the madness which prompted the outcry about the removal of Mr. Owen. He was a good officer and generally well liked, until, in an evil hour for himself, he assumed a dictatorial attitude towards the Government with respect to the appointment of Mr. Desbrisay's successor; and he enjoyed a salary of £350 a-year, which his friends thought worth fighting for. The New Glasgow postmaster was, however, entirely unknown to fame—we don't know whether he was a good or bad officer; but he wanted to achieve a little greatness for himself in the eyes of his neighbours, by kicking up his heels, like some of his brother officials, against the Government in whose service he was employed. No one could blame him for indulging his bellicose propensities if he had manliness enough first to throw up his office. But he wanted to retain the paltry employment, and at the same time to kick against his employers. Now, seeing that his salary amounted to the small sum of forty shillings a-year, he would have made no very great sacrifice if he flung his commission in the face of the Government he sought to oppose before he commenced his opposition. Forgetting his proper position, it was the duty of the Government to point it out to him. He has enjoyed the luxury of a "free fight" against those who gave him, if not "a local habitation," at least an official "name," and it was only proper that he should pay for it. He has set up a very untenable claim to the honors of martyrdom; but by getting his friends to raise a hullabaloo over his official decease, he only reminds us that "the evil which men do lives after them," and must share the reprobation which it merits.

It appears that the new Postmaster at New Glasgow presided at the meeting convened to sympathise with his predecessor on the loss of his employment. We can only account for this conduct on the supposition that meanness is indigenous to the locality in which he vegetates. We can understand the feeling that prompted a disinterested friend to sympathise with the sorrowing victims of Executive displeasure. But when the unworthy namesake of the respectable Smith family censures the Government for turning Nisbet adrift, he censures it at the same time for putting himself in the vacant place, and thus proves himself to be undeserving of the office. When George Smith shall be dismissed, as we think he ought to be, we suppose we shall hear of another indignation meeting at New Glasgow, and of Mr. Nisbet returning the compliment to Mr. Smith, by presiding on the important occasion; and so on until the list of notables in New Glasgow shall be entirely exhausted; but if we wait until we see any of them voluntarily resigning an official employment to which an accident has elevated him, we may as well make up our minds to see the millennium or the return of the comet.

NEWS BY THE ENGLISH MAIL.

The English Mail arrived here on Friday morning last from Picton. Latest dates from England are to the 23d Oct. The intelligence from Europe is unimportant; but we learn that active operations continued in India down to the latest dates, and that a new mutiny at Mooltan, on the part of two disarmed Sepoy regiments, amounting to about 1,400 men, was discovered in good season, and punished by the destruction of about a thousand of the mutineers.

THE FISHERY RESERVES BILL.

We understand that intelligence was received here by the Mail, on Friday last, that the above Bill was, or would be, disallowed by Her Majesty. The object of the measure was, as our readers are aware, to prevent proprietors of land from exacting rents for lands set apart for Fishery Reserves, and vested in the Crown, and to which it is clear the proprietors have no equitable claim. We suppose we may learn by-and-by, when the Legislature shall meet, the wise reasons which induced the Secretary of State to recommend the disallowance of this Bill; and we hope that, at the same time, the House of Assembly will, at least, take some decided action with the view of calling the attention of the people and Parliament of Great Britain to the injustice of allowing our local legislation to be frustrated, in the manner it so frequently is, by ignorant and irresponsible functionaries at the Colonial Office. There can be no doubt that the influence of the proprietors has been again at work to defeat the Fishery Reserves Bill, and that they have found in the romance writer who has been very unwisely entrusted with the seals of the Colonial Office, but whose possession of them, we are happy to believe, is destined to short duration, an instrument too indolent to unravel the mysteries of their chicanery. We cannot say, however, that we very much lament the failure of the Fishery Reserves Bill, since other measures of far greater importance have been delayed or lost through the same influence. It was intended as a small instalment of justice to the oppressed tenantry of the country,—and if carried out, with other measures of an equitable nature, such as successive Colonial ministers have expressed their willingness to support—might be the means of terminating the long continued agitation respecting the Land Question. But it appears to be useless to attempt any thing like a compromise with the land-proprietors—no measure is of an "equitable" nature unless they are allowed the lion's share in the division of rights between themselves and the tenantry—they are resolved upon exacting the pound of flesh; and we see nothing for it but to treat them as the Jew was treated—to allow them justice, and nothing more. We believe we are on the eve of an agitation—growing out of the unsettled state of the land question, and the determination of the proprietors to oppose every arrangement of settlement suggested by the Legislature—greater than any that has ever yet disturbed this Colony; and although we do not rejoice at the prospect of such a state of things, we shall not discourage agitation so long as it is conducted without violence to the laws or constitution of the country. The proprietors have done their best to ride the whirlwind of political strife; if they are not prepared to direct the storm, let them blame their own arbitrary disposition and the perverse fates that gave them a Colonial Minister too easily deceived, and perhaps too willing to be cajoled.

THE REVIVAL.

The following remarks having been submitted to us by a Protestant friend, we deem it right to give them publicity, notwithstanding our repugnance to devote any portion of our space to doctrinal controversy. Our excuse in this instance must be the great notoriety which has attended certain proceedings in one of the dissenting Churches of this city. Our correspondent contends that the conduct of those who seem to be under the influence of strong religious feeling or excitement is not in keeping with Scriptural authority nor reconcilable to the life and tenets of John Wesley; but he shall speak for himself; and if any of our readers desire to controvert his views, we have no objection to open our columns to a short, fair, and temperate discussion:—

MR. EDITOR,—I beg to call attention through your columns to a letter published in the *Provincial Wesleyan*, a Halifax paper. This letter is dated at Charlottetown, and was written by a person called Dr. Palmer. It describes the "revival" here, as it is termed; and although the letter is somewhat long, I select only two passages for the consideration of intelligent and right-thinking Christians, and on them I will make a few observations. The first extract is as follows:—

"Here local preachers, class readers, yea, and brethren of the travelling ministry also, have prostrated themselves in humility before God, and have sought the full baptism of fire, and have not sought in vain."

The second extract is contained in a postscript to the letter, and is as follows:—

"The Secretary of the Meeting reports 260 justified. We think not less than 100 have been wholly sanctified, but the number has not been reported."

Now, let any of your readers turn to the third chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel, and commence to read at the fourteenth verse; they will there find that St. John the Baptist, speaking of the baptism which he, the forerunner of the Redeemer, was sent to dispense to mankind says—"I baptise you with water unto repentance, but He that cometh after is mightier than I, whose shoes I am not worthy to bear. He shall baptise you with the Holy Ghost and with fire." Now, here was baptism looked forward to, which neither the Baptist, the Evangelists, nor any of the Apostles presumed to approach: "He" (the blessed Redeemer) "shall baptise you with the Holy Ghost and with fire." This baptism was to be the gift of God alone. But Dr. Palmer says that certain parties here have sought the baptism of fire, "and have not sought in vain." We understand who are said to be the recipients of this gift, but as to who is the donor, much is left to conjecture. St. John the Baptist was especially sent to baptise with water. Who has been sent to baptise with fire? Is Dr. Palmer to do the sacred office? I well know that many will shrink from the supposition, and say that they have obtained it in a spiritual sense by their faith and their contrition—that it requires no agent to bestow it. But if this were the received opinion, how is it that Dr. Palmer & Co. know on whom it is bestowed? How is the account kept, so that he is enabled in his postscript to say that there are 260 justified and 100 wholly sanctified? If he can see the hearts of men, and in that respect know the counsels of the Almighty—whom he receives and whom he rejects—I see no great stretch of presumption in his conferring the baptism of fire which the holy men of the apostolic age shrunk from administering. I am aware that many will say it is an over-strained interpretation to assert that Dr. Palmer has assumed this office. I should like very much to be informed who then has administered it, and how he knows on whom it is bestowed. Christians may well pause and consider, first, what has been done; secondly, by what authority it has been done. We understand who St. John was: Holy Writ tells us—"There was a man sent from God whose name was John." I do not mean it in a disrespectful sense when I ask the nature of the mission on which Dr. and Mrs. Palmer are employed? If it be not to baptise, yet at their coming numbers seek and receive the full baptism of fire? Surely they have something to do with it. If they know that "260 were justified, and not less than 100 wholly sanctified," they have power to read the counsels of the Most High. I would not be understood to charge these parties with hypocrisy, or the knowledge of presumption; but I do charge them with that presumption which is the child of ignorance and self-delusion. No doubt, no matter by what agency it is produced, if any one's mind is awakened by any means whatever—and if that awakening is followed by contrition and amendment of life—then, as respects that individual, he has received a blessing. But most solemnly do I protest against the impiety of mortals presuming to know who has or who has not been so awakened. It cannot be known by man; nor is there any evidence supplied of it by groans uttered, and tears shed in the face of the congregation. All this display is hateful to that God who seeth in secret; and much, indeed, shall I be surprised if any lasting benefit result from the visit of Dr. and Mrs. Palmer. Self-delusion may be

the commencement of repentance—shame may be the beginning of prayer. Let us hope there are some, long dead to the calls of their authorised advisers, who are awakened by this concurrence of events, addressed as much to their imaginations as their consciences. But what would John Wesley have said had he been present, in the Chapel called by his name, to witness the scenic representations there enacted?

Yours, &c.,

A PROTESTANT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EXAMINER.

Sir,—In looking over the *Protector* of last Wednesday, the 3d inst., we are informed that a Public Meeting took place at New Glasgow similar to the one on Donnybrook Fair Day, in order to sympathise with another dismissed Postmaster.

I am of opinion that the few who came to the meeting, were of the same stamp with those whose names were attached to the Requisition for convening the aforesaid Donnybrook Fair day meeting (Political Alliance Men.) If so, the sympathy and condolence could have been expressed in the Hall, and conveyed to those functionaries, with less inconvenience to the country.

I believe that all persons holding office under any Government, and believing that that Government are going astray, and that they could not conscientiously support it, but would rather endeavour to supersede them, those Officers should immediately resign, or at least not complain when their services were dispensed with.

If we are to be ignorant of the acts of the Government until informed of them by the good people of New Glasgow, (notwithstanding Mr. Josiah M-Leod's enumerated qualities of them, and also the improvements of the day,) I sincerely pity the country.

ALEX. ROBERTSON.
St. Peter's Road, Lot 34, Nov. 5, 1858.

News by the English Mail.

THE REBELLION IN INDIA.

FLIGHT AND ESCAPE OF TANTIA TOPEE—FAILURE OF COLONEL PARK'S ATTEMPT TO INTERCEPT HIM—COWARDICE AT JHALRA PATTAN, AND PROCLAMATION OF NENA SAHIB.

By the arrival of the Overland Mail we have received correspondence and files of papers from Bombay to the 24th Sept.:

BOMBAY, SEPTEMBER 24.—Without any settled plan of operations, such as may be expected when the cold weather sets in, operations have been carried on without flagging against the scattered rebels in Rajpootana, Central India, Rohilkand, and the southern borders of Oude. In one instance only have these bands been allowed to join each other, or combine in a general movement. After Tantia Topee's defeat, Gen. Roberts retired to Nasserabad, leaving to Col. Park and the Nemuch Brigade the task of cutting off the rebels from the Chumbul. Tantia Topee's spies stumbled on Park's force within 20 miles of Kotara on the very night of the defeat, and their reports so frightened this partisan that he gave up a plan for striking the Chumbul by the Mundesore road, and fled rapidly to the northward, making no halt till he reached Buelwarra, and placed 40 miles of ground between himself and any pursuing force. Thence, taking an abrupt turn to the south-east, he marched over the hilly country that separated him from the Chumbul, crossed in six or seven days no less than six rivers, and, passing through the Rattenghar, struck the ford of Timboorn in time to avoid pursuit. Col. Park to intercept him, had marched back to and past Nemuch. But he only reached the Ghant in time to see the enemy safe on the other side, and fearless of molestation, because of a freshet in the river. General Michel's detachment from Mhow, sent out in the hopes of meeting the rebels near Mundesore, had of course not found them. Tantia Topee, being now secured by the deep river in his rear, leisurely made his way across the hills, entered the valley of the Kalei Said, and on the 27th of August appeared before Jhalra Pattan, a large and wealthy city, of which Sir John Malcolm makes the most honourable mention. The cowardly or disaffected troops within the place resisted for a moment, only they passed over to the enemy, who thus became possessed of 40 pieces of new artillery, ammunition, and provisions of war to a considerable amount. The wealthy bankers of the place were fined 10 lacs of rupees; the Rana or chief was put to flight, and Nena Sahib proclaimed in due form. Tantia Topee, too, to remain in a position in which he might have to stand a siege, abandoned the idea of relieving Gagrone, a strong fort, two miles distant, which refused to open its gates, and left Jhalra with his guns and treasure on the 1st of September. He doubtless hoped that he would baffie the vigilance of the officers, whose force lay at some distance from him. He had to avoid, on the one hand, R. Bertsom, of the 25th, who, with a light field force, had just defeated Maun Singh within 17 miles of Goona; on the other, a force under Gen. Michel, which had left Mhow by way of Oajem on the 21 of Sept., and Lockhart's brigade then on the look out in the direction of Augur. He chose a route leading back southwards towards Central India, through Beora, but his usually rapid movements were doubtless somewhat impeded by a long train of artillery, for on the 15th Gen. Michel came up with him near Beora (Grand Trunk Road), dispersed his force in all directions, and took 30 of his guns.

RAVAGES AND PUNISHMENT OF RUMMUNT SINGH AND PUNJAB SINGH.

In the Banda districts the remains of a large force recently dispersed by Whitlock's division still lurked and committed a great deal of havoc, under the orders of Rummunt Singh and Punjab Singh. A force under Brigadier Carpenter encountered a large gang under the first of these chiefs in the Tirowan country; 30 of the enemy were killed. Rummunt Singh was shot through both legs, and 60 men were wounded. Her Majesty's 43rd behaved extremely well on this occasion. Punjab Singh lay on the Jumna, between the Chillaora Ghaut and Allahabad, where he was attacked, on the 23d of August, by Captain Griffin, the officer on guard at the Ghat, and driven down the country with some loss. He had, however, only fled from one danger to fall into a greater one, for Capt. Denney left Allahabad, crossed the Jumna, surprised and killed him, with 200 of his followers. Higher up the right bank of the Jumna similar ill-fortunes attended the rebels, who annoyed Calpee. Brigadier Mac-Duff, in garrison there, made a raid against them early in September, and succeeded in destroying about 200 men. To the north-west of Calpee, and on the road to Gwalior, the fort of Indoorghur, which had fallen into the hands of insurgents, has been recaptured. Between Gwalior and Agra many partial engagements have been fought with success. Burhee, at the junction of the Chumbul and Jumna, has been captured, and the whole country on both sides of the two rivers between Burhee and Dholpore on the one hand, and Burhee and Etawa on the other, has been secured from further plunder.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE NEW CAMPAIGN.

Brigadier Douglas will open the campaign in October with 3,000 Europeans and 2,000 Sikhs, and sweep the jungles from Patna to Mirzapore. At the same time operations will commence in earnest in Oude. Sir Hope Grant now holds Sultanpore and both banks of the Goomtee—the enemy opposed to him, 17,000 strong they say, being forced well back to the eastward. At Sultanpore Sir Hope will remain until Brigadier Berkeley, who has advanced from Soron and taken Portaubahur, joins him, and thus completes a semi-circle, in which the rebels will be enclosed. When this