

On the evening in question, those seats were all crowded, people were standing between them, and some 30 or 40 persons were standing in the aisle, or place leading from the door to the Chairman's seat. In addition to all those, every window was surrounded, and the door thronged with spectators.

Bouncer No. 3.—“But few of the intelligent folks of the Royalty were present.” Well, gentlemen electors of Princetown Royalty, what do you now think of Mr. McLean? Some years ago, when the late Mr. Clark was appointed Sheriff, it was in agitation to invite McLean to the Royalty as a candidate, and get him to pass over his interest in Queen's County to Mr. C. Will you do so now? There were not six resident electors of the Royalty absent on that evening; therefore, according to Mr. McLean's opinion, there can be only a few respectable men among you.

I will not pursue “Observer's” bouncers any further at present, but, with your permission, will resume the subject in another letter.

Respecting the part Mr. McLean took in the Meeting, as he seems to have neglected it, and for fear the public should lose any of the sayings and doings of this celebrated character, I shall note it. He complains that he was not invited to speak until the business of the Meeting was over. He certainly was not asked, but as certainly had perfect liberty to take any part he chose. Indeed, I have been informed by a gentleman who sat near him, that he was frequently urged by Montgomery to speak, and as often refused. Why? I suppose because he was afraid of the truths which Rae occasionally poured forth like a stream of electricity. When at last he could no longer decently refuse being asked, his harrangue consisted of some abuse of the resolutions, uttered in such contemptuous and insolent language, that it was merely owing to the great forbearance of the Meeting that he did not make his exit by the window instead of the door;—a story about Sir W. Scott, a friend, an idiot, a *Bubbly Jock*; and the hanging of some Governor in Antigua, who had destroyed the peace of many families by interference in marital rights, and had also acted politically wrong, but had not been recalled by the British Government, upon the repeated and urgent remonstrances of the inhabitants. It appears that the British Government, despairing of finding a Jury in the Island to convict the rioters, had them taken to London for that purpose, but then did not dare to bring them to trial, because they did not recall the Governor when requested to do so. Why was this story introduced? Of course as a precedent for the P. E. Islanders, in following out which, it will only be necessary for the opponents of Sir H. V. Huntley to arm themselves, select Duncan McLean as their leader and hangman, “march in good order” to Government House, disarm the guard, lead out the Governor to the Market Square of Charlottetown, and there *hang him*, not in effigy, but in real earnest. There is no fear of punishment: an Island Jury will not convict you: the British Government dare not try you; and you will have all things in future your own way.

See, people of P. E. Island, to what the redoubted D. McLean wishes to lead you! Will you longer tolerate such things among you? Be careful, and do not listen to the wily machinations of him and similar would-be liberals, if you wish to preserve your constitution intact: avoid the Newfoundland experiment, or keep clear of annexation to Nova Scotia.

I would like to know what Mr. McLean's political services have been, since his arrival in this Island. He has brought forward no Bills,—introduced no acts for the amelioration of the condition of the Inhabitants. I am not aware that he has been the political father of any thing, save the resolution introduced last winter, to hinder the Governor from associating with any member of the Assembly, excepting his Council (showing McL. his consistency by secretly opposing a member of the Assembly after being called to the Council.) This was undoubtedly aimed at Rae, who, because he was not so bull-headed and stubborn as McLean, and who was willing to meet the Governor half way, was to be crushed at all risks. I have repeatedly been in the House of Assembly during McLean's membership, and his occupation seemed to me, instead of applying himself to the business of the country, for which he was sent there, to be that of reading novels, yawning during an extended debate, and repeatedly consulting his watch until the

near approach of dinner-hour, when the far-famed Duncan would walk off, satisfy himself with Mr. Fellows' good things, and return to the perusal of his fascinating work of fancy.

Here, then, has been the amount of his political services. But, farther, Sir,—when McLean came to this Island, he expected to be regarded as an oracle on Colonial politics. His experience in Canada had rendered him, in his own estimation, superior to anybody in the Island; but, when he found that there were some who would not kneel to his political reputation, or bow down to his supposed wealth, of which he himself was the trumpeter; then, forsooth, he must put on the airs of a sacrificed man, kick up a turmoil as he did in Canada, and if people will listen to, and be guided by him, get them into collision with the authorities, as he did in Canada. Requesting permission for another corner next week, I am,

Yours, &c.,
PHILO-JUSTITIA.

PARTY NAMES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EXAMINER.

Sir;—The several designations lately given to the political parties of this Island, have created amongst your readers no small merriment, and indeed some confusion. “Snarlers” can be easily understood: they may be found in every community: with us, it is quite natural to suppose, that those parties who pretend to be liberals, and who will not support a Governor decidedly liberal in his views of Government, will “snarl” at any person who does support him, and who may be considered qualified to fill any situation in his gift. I cannot understand why liberals should be blamed for aspiring to office as well as the Tories; and still less can I understand why such blame should originate with those who profess liberal principles. If it be bad to tolerate monopoly in any thing, it is surely bad to tolerate it in the disposal of public offices. Why do liberals everywhere array themselves in opposition to Tory rule? Because they believe it to be founded in wrong and injustice—because that rule is calculated to foster abuses and corruptions—and it has been, as well in the Colonies as in England, the upholder of oligarchies—the enemy of reform. Do Liberals, then, oppose Tories in power merely from a love of opposition? No, certainly not; they oppose them with a view of having their power transferred to abler and better hands—to men who will reform abuses, and assist in the development of principles conducive to the good of society in general—men who will “press onward” in the march of moral, social, intellectual and political improvement, and despise the crab-like progress of Toryism. Will any man suppose that the Liberals of Britain, or of any dependency of Britain, should content themselves by opposing Tory power and influence, with a determination never to take office? If this were the case, Tory power would be always obnoxious—Tory Governments everywhere predominant. If Liberal principles are good in theory, they ought to be good in practice:—how, then, can their utility be ascertained, unless you give the professors of those principles a reasonable control in the management of administrative affairs? If you admit that the Liberals in England and in the Colonies have a just right to fill offices under the Crown, the same admission must be made with reference to P. E. Island.

Few can be at a loss to understand the applicability of the term “Stickler.” The *genus* to which this term is applied belong, properly, to no party, so far as principles go. Long-continuance in office has given the Tories the reputation of being wealthy and influential; and from this supposed wealth and influence, *respectability*;—the weak-minded, who have an inordinate desire to be seen in genteel company, will always endeavour to “stick” themselves amongst those parties who may be supposed to be the most “influential and respectable:” hence, the appropriate designation of “Stickler.” 'Tis very little consequence to them (the sticklers) what principles are at stake: the parties they profess to admire are office-holders: they must, therefore, be paragons of every thing great, good, and respectable;—they—the sticklers—imagine those office-holders will, or ought to retain their situations for life—they even venture to hope, that by being smiled upon, and nodded to in the street, they have a great chance of being elevated to some honourable post:—some of

them have sons to be promoted or recommended, or introduced into the gay circles—others have daughters languishing for “genteel” and fashionable husbands—it would never do to form alliances with “vulgar Radicals.” But suppose the “vulgar Radicals” were appointed to fill every office now held by their opponents, they would then become quite genteel enough to induce the “sticklers” to transfer their allegiance to them. Old gentlemen would touch their beavers with as much humility to the parties they formerly reviled—Mammals would speculate as earnestly on the chances of a “good match” from among the dashing young radicals,

“With rakish beavers on their nobles,
And watch chains dangling from their fobs,”

and eligible young ladies of the “stickler” tribe, would ogle these “nasty” young Radicals as bewitchingly, as ever they did the sons of the “genteel” Tories.

To Mr. McLean is due, I believe, the honor of having borrowed from the resurrectionists or grave-robbers, the term “Snatchers.” What analogy can be found to exist between those who hold their midnight orgies amongst the tombs, and those to whom Mr. McLean once professed to belong, is more than I can discover. If Mr. McLean belonged to the medical profession, we might reasonably enough suppose that his experiences in “Snatcherism” urged him to revive the term. Consider the word in its literal meaning, and it appears wholly destitute of point, as applied to a party in this Island. Mr. McLean's present friends “hold on” with such indomitable energy to their snug berths under the Government, that even a more persevering man than he is could not “snatch” one from them. If “Snatcher” be meant for the more appropriate terms of “office-seeker” and “office-keeper,” the “Snarlers” and “Sticklers” have the best claim to it, for there was never yet a vacant office, but there were sure to be some dozen candidates from the “Snarler” and “Stickler” tribes. The Clerkship of the Assembly—vacant by the death of the late William Cullen, Esq.—furnishes a case in point. At this moment I could give you the names of seven gentlemen who intend to put forth their modest claims for this office, as soon as the “Snatcher” party meet in solemn conclave. There is not one of those seven who is not the most bitter in his enmity towards those whom, with parrot-like faithfulness, he designates the “Snatchers.” Another case in point is—the First Mastership of the Academy was lately “snatched” by William Cundall, Esq.—and report says, the same gentleman will be amongst the candidates for the Clerkship of the House. Mr. McLean would not now think of offending Mr. Cundall by calling him a “Snatcher.”

There is one *soubriquet* I cannot readily comprehend, and about which my neighbours and myself have had some warm disputes. I mean “Big Martin.” Who is—or what is—“Big Martin?” Some affirm that it is a certain animal or beast purchased by Mr. Pope, and presented to the Printer of the *Islander*, and is used by that gentleman to set upon the heels of any person who may be suspected of Snatcherism. Others assert that it is a wild bird that hovered for some time over the Magdalen Islands, and flying to this Colony, was caught and caged in it some years ago. Others again say it is a certain man—endowed with most wonderful propensities and powers—such as are seldom known to belong to the genus *homo*. I contend—and I draw my arguments from the various allusions contained in your paper—that it must be a purely fabulous character, invented by the fertile brain of some writer—something midway between the man and the beast—being analagous to some of the extraordinary creations we read of in school, in the pages of the ancient mythology. I will not be positive in my opinion on this point, but I am firmly convinced it is not a man, for how could a man do all which this extraordinary character has the credit of doing? If you will enlighten me on this subject, I shall endeavour to prove to you in a future letter that I am your very obedient, humble servant,

PETER DE QUEIR.

[For the information sought by our correspondent, we must refer him to the *Islander* office. That “Big Martin” passes for a man, is true enough, but we know little about him, and do not wish to know more. “Peter de Queir” may learn some hints upon the subject at the Prothonotary's Office—or in the Journals of the Legislative Council for the last Session, wherein “Big Martin” is described, page 69, as being “a great scandal to this society, and very offensive to public morals.”]