Wait wife, before you speak reproachfully to your husband when he comes home late, and weary, and "out of sorts." He has worked for you all day long; he has wrestled, hand to hand, with care and selfishness, and Greed, and all the demons that follow in the train of money-making. Let home be another atmosphere entire; let him feel that there is one place in the world where he can find peace, and quiet, and perfect love.

Wait, bright young girls, before you arch your pretty eyebrows, and whisper "old maid," as the quiet figure steals by, with silver in its hair and crows-feet round the eyes. It is hard enough to lose life's gladness and elasticity—it is hard enough to see youth drifting away, without adding to the bitter cup one drop of scorn! You do not know what she has endured; you never can know until experience teaches you, so wait, before you sneer at the "old maid."

Wait, sir, before you add a billiard-room to your house, and buy the fast horse, that Black and White and all the rest of "the fellows" covet. Wait, and think whether you can afford it—whether your outstanding bills are all paid and your liabilities fully met, and all the chances and changes of life duly provided for. Wait, and ask yourself how you would like, ten years from now, to see your fair wife struggling with poverty, your children shabby and want stricken, and yourself a miserable hanger-on round corner groceries, and one-horse gambling saloons. You think that is impossible; do you remember what Hazael said to the seer of old: "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?"

Wait, merchant, before you tell the pale-faced boy from the country "that you can do nothing for him." You can do something for him; you can give him a word of encouragement, a word of advice. There was a time once when you were young, and poor, and friendless. Have you forgotten it already.

Wait, blue-eyed lassie; wait awhile before you say "yes" to the dashing young fellow who says he can't live without you. Wait until you have ascertained "for sure and for certain," as the children say, that the cigar, and the wine-bottle, and the card-table are not to be you rivals in his heart; a little delay won't hurt him, whatever he may say—just see if it will.

And wait, my friend in the brown moustache; don't commit yourself to Laura Matilda until you are sure that she will be kind to your old mother, and gentle with your little sisters, and a true, loving wife to you, instead of a mere puppet who lives on the breath of fashion and excitement, and regards the sunny side of Broadway as second only to Elysium. As a general thing, people are in too great a hurry in this world; we say, wait, WAIT.

THRILLING STORY OF A SHIPWRECK.

The schooner *Mary*, William Pike, master, and a crew of three men, named respectfully Barnes, Taylor, and Pearce, left St. John's N. F., on the afternoon of the 9th November, for Green Bay, and was driven ashore at Flowers Point, between Catalina and Cape Bonavista, at about 3 o'clock the following morning. The subjoined account of the melancholy shipwreck has been received from a survivor, and therefore its accuracy can be relied upon:—

Just before 3 a. m., in darkness, and blowing a gale, the Capt. (Pike), being alone on deck, rushed down below shouting, "men we are all lost—all drowned!" The three sailors, half clothed, jumped on deck to find the vessel close to a black overhanging mass of rock, and instantly she struck on a sunken ledge, one man only jumping for his life, unable to see whether he would alight on his feet or fall back into the sea. Providentially he made good his footing, the vessel swung off instantly, before another man could make a jump for life; but a wave suddenly caught her and dashed her straight upon the rock, smashing bowsprit and bow to attoms, so that the wreck sunk and was broken by the waves to fragments. The man (Taylor) at this awful instant when the vessel struck the second time, jumped despairingly, also for the bare chance of life, and happily caught with his hands a narrow ledge of rock about the size of a hearth-stone of a fireplace. He called to the Captain to throw him a rope, which being done, he held it under one foot, and by means of it the Captain and remaining man drew themselves to the ledge. Here, in this awful situation, the three men remained 12 mortal hours, standing upright and with difficulty preventing the sea from washing them away, by clinging to each other with one hand and desperately clutching the rock with the other, (so that Taylor's fingers became sorely wounded and his nails broken off.) By God's mercy, the last man, who escaped at a few yards distance from the rest, managed to climb the cliff of 90 feet. How, he knows not, for when daylight came and he saw where he had ascended, he shudderingly declared that he could not have done it, had he seen its dangers. This man pressed onward over the land, not knowing whither he went, for 6 miles, hoping to find some settlement, and by God's help came to some houses and obtained the assistance of two men, who returned with him to see if the sea had spared any of his shipmates; but they brought no ropes. They came and saw the three unfortunates clinging to the cliff in the fearful situation already described—and they then returned for ropes, 12 miles to and from their dwellings—hence the loss of life. Utterly exhausted, Captain Pike died as he was drawn up the cliff. Taylor was hauled up quite worn out, but was carried to the houses and survived. Pearce tied two ropes around his Captain, knowing he could not help himself in any way whilst being pulled up the face of the rock—and, awful to relate, before the rope could be lowered again, the poor fellow was washed off by the sea! He sank! but, we trust to rise again as suddenly to a glorious reward for his noble deed of charity to his dying Captain.

It should be added, that the same three men, during their twelve hours of mortal agony on the face of the cliff, expecting each moment to be their last, spend their time in prayer.

Latest News by Telegraph.

Wigan, England, Nov. 26th.

A terrible colliery explosion has occurred at the Arley mines. Three hundred men were in the pit at the time, probably all of whom perished. Thirty-two bodies had been recovered.

New York, 27th

Sir John Young, the newly appointed Governor General of Canada accompanied by Lord Alex. Russel, several British army officers, and his staff, are stopping in this city.

It is said that the British Legation has produced a Bill against the United States Government as an offset to the *Alabama* claims amounting to $45,000,000, being for damage alleged to have been sustained by British subjects in the South during the rebellion.

Gold opened at 135¼.

London, Nov. 27.

The following candidates for Parliament have been elected without opposition. The Marquis of Lorne, the Right Hon. Chichester S Fortescue, Liberal, and the Right Hon. Henry T. L. Corry, Conservative. Lord Elcho is returned from Haddingtonshire. Mr George Trall, Liberal, from Cathness, and Major Hamilton, Liberal, from Lanarkshire. The total number of members now elected is 615, politically divided as follows: Liberals 357; Conservatives 258. Liberal majority 119.

Riots broke out at Tredegan during the election and much damage was done to property. The authorities were obliged to call upon the Troops to suppress the disturbance. The ringleaders have been arrested and order is restored. No lives are reported to have been lost.

Riots have occurred at Longton and Brampton in the County of Cumberland. The military were called out to suppress the disturbance and quiet was restored.

Several persons have been arrested in Paris by the police for making speeches at public meetings.

Requiem masses were celebrated in Cork and at Queenstown for the repose of the souls of the Fenians who were executed in Manchester. In both cases great demonstrations were made, the people attending the ceremonies in large numbers. There was no interference on the part of the authorities and good order was maintained.

The first rep[illegible] the colliery explosion at Arley near Wigan [illegible] exaggerated. The number killed is now [illegible] to be 57, and about twenty wounde[illegible]. There is no q[illegible] in the London or

Madrid, Nov. 26.

The Provisional Government has appointed the 18th of December for holding the election for the Constitutional Cortes.

It is positively denied that the Spanish squadron in the Pacific has refused to give in its adherence to the Government of the revolution.

Montreal, Nov. 26.

The Courts of review were occupied to-day with the case of Grange against Binning, an action for damages in the sum of $10,000 for breach of promise. A demurrer has been raised in the Court below on the plea that Lower Canada law did not recognize a breach of promise of to marry as actionable. The demurrer was dismissed and the judgment confirmed.

Ottawa, Nov. 26.

Sir John Young, the New Governor-General, will arrive here to-morrow afternoon. The Mayor has issued a proclamation inviting the citizens to turn out and welcome him. The Confederation authorities and National Societies are also invited. An address will be presented in the Senate Chamber on Tuesday, when His Excellency will be sworn in. The Ministry will meet him at Prescott to-morrow morning.

London, Nov. 28.

Great preparations are being made at Birmingham for the reception of Reverdy Johnson on Wednesday next. John Bright and others will speak on the occasion. The dinner to Mr. Johnson which was contemplated by the Workingmen Society of the city, has been abandoned.

The Right Hon. Benj. Disraeli has declined the Peerage. His wife has been created Viscountess of Beconfield.

The *Patrie* says the Corps Legislatiff will meet on the 4th of January next.

Madrid, Nov. 26.

An immense enthusiastic demonstration was made in Sarragossa yesterday, in favor of a Republic. A meeting was held and resolution adopted, declaring that it is the will of the people that Spain should have a Republic, or Republican form of Government. The Monarchists have held large public meetings at Corunna, Ferrol, Santiago, Decompostella, and other places.

Vienna, Nov 28.

An American vessel, with arms on board, designed for the use of the Wallachians, passed up the Danube a day or two since.

New York, Nov. 28.

No cable despatches have been received from London of later date than Friday noon. A storm eastward is said to cause the delay.

New York, Nov. 28.

James Grant, who shot, in Richmond, Va, H. R. Pollard, has been bailed in $100,000 to answer at the February term of the Court.

General Grant will visit Boston early next week, to arrange for placing one of his sons in Harvard College.

Money in fair demand at 6 a 7 per cent.

Gold opened at 134¾ a 135.

Havana, Nov. 27.

Merchants here are raising subscriptions for the pay and equipment of three months' volunteers, so that they may enter immediately on active service against the rebels.

Rumors are rife that several cargoes of arms for the revolutionists, have been landed, but the Government has received no official information of the facts.

It is reported that a Secret Commission has left Cuba for New York, with the object of enlisting the favor of the American press and Government for the rebellion in this Island.

Telegraphic communication with Puerto Principe has been interrupted for two days.

London, Nov. 29.

The press of this city unite in commending Mr. Disraeli's refusal of the Peerage, and its bestowal on his wife. The journals also eulogise the the career of the Premier.

The Conservatives have carried the south-west division of the West Riding of Yorkshire, and also the western division of Surry, reducing the Liberal majority, by the election of four members.

The result of the majority of the late elections have been in favor of the Conservatives in the Counties. This is undoubtedly to be attributed to the indifference of the Liberals, who are rendered careless by the heavy majority they had secured during the first weeks of the election.

In the manufacturing districts the bitter spirit of the orangemen was enlisted against the candidates who favored the disestablishment of the Irish Church. The entrance of this element into the strife did not fail in some quarters to lead to mob law and intimidation of voters.

The Tories are charged with the responsibilities of these excesses; and the Liberal party has suffered so severely from them that it has become almost a unit in favor of voting by ballot.

Apprehensions of bloodshed in Spain are increasing, and it is thought that a collision between the Monarchists and the Republicans will be an inevitable result of the excited political contest now in progress. Meantime the patriotic fervor of the Nation is unabated.

A despatch from Madrid states that the subscriptions by the people to the National Loan now amounts to 310,000,000 reals.

Madrid, Nov. 29.

There was a great demonstration here at the close of last week. The young men held a meeting amid indescribable enthusiasm, passed resolutions against the rule excluding all persons under 25 years of age from the franchise. The people, to the number of 14,000, crowded the square, and every allusion made by the speakers to a Republic was received with applause.

New York, Nov. 30.

A communication, supposing to emanate from the revolutionary leaders in Cuba, appeared in yesterday's papers, in New Orleans. They denied the report that they were about to yield, and said that they were fighting for nothing less than an absolute independence.

Gold opened at 137⅜.

London, Dec 2.

Despatches from Spain state that on Monday a political meeting of the Monarchists in Valadolid was broken up by the Republicans. A rumor is abroad that the Government of the United States has recognized the insurgents in Cuba as belligerents. The Republicans attacked and dispersed a meeting of Monarchists in the town of Oretto. Gen. Prim, in a letter to the Gaulois, declares the present Spanish Government have no dealings with Bourbons, and he denies with indignation the truth of the report that he proposes a coup 'd etat.

A despatch from Constantinople says it is believed there that the Sublime Port will recall its Ambassador from Athens, unless the recruiting for Crete ceases in Greece.

New York, Dec 2.

The electoral colleges met to-day, and cast the vote of their respective states for President and Vice President. Gen. Grant arrived in Boston to day.

New York, Nov.

Mrs Leslie and her two childern were burned to death at Sing Sing, on Saturday evening, in consequence of the upsetting of a kerosene lamp.

London, December, 1st.

The Queen has recovered from her slight indisposition, and will leave for Osborne soon after the opening of Parliament.

Mr. Disraeli will not propose any more names for the Peerage during the remainder of his present administration.

A grand testimonial banquet is projected in Liverpool in honor of the members of the expiring Cabinet.

Mr. Gladstone's chapter of autobiography is generally thought to be needless, and an injudicious publication; and it is believed to have alienated many of his friends.

New York, December 2.

Oakey Hall was elected Mayor of this city yesterday, by a Democratic majority of over 54,000.

Sir John Young was yesterday sworn in as Governor General of the Dominion of Canada.

London, Nov 30.

The London *Times* and the Paris correspondent of other London papers, have lately given currency to rumors that the health of the Emperor Napoleon is failing, and public confidence in consequence has been somewhat disturbed. These rumors have been officially contradicted from Paris, yet it is well understood that without positive illness the Emperor would not decline to take his usual active exercise, he shows signs of decaying strength and mental apathy.

London, Nov. 30.

Earl Russell has written a letter expressing his regret at the defeat of Messrs Howell and Odger and other candidates of the working men.

It is creditably stated that the Emperor is suffering from an attack of diabetes, that he cannot give his full attention to business, and that the Empress daily takes a large share in the details of administration, relieving the Emperor of many of his burdens.

A despatch from Bucharest announces a change in the Romanian cabinet brought about by Prussia insisting in the displacement of the war party.

London, Dec. 1.

The nomination of Mr. O'Connor for member from Sligo County, Ireland, was seconded by Rev. Mr. Conway, a Catholic Priest, who in his speech on the occasion, declared that the Fenians in America were stronger in numbers, organization and armament than ever, and, should the rights of Ireland be withheld, they would win them.

Queen Victoria, in an autograph letter compliments Lord Monck in connection with his administration as Governor of Canada.

Elections were held yesterday for members of the House of Commons, in Middle Somerset, England, and Sligo, Ireland, and in the former, Messrs. Neville Granville and R. H. Paget, both Conservatives, were returned; and in the latter, Mr. O'Connor, Liberal, and Sir R G. Booth, Conservative, were elected. The result of the elections is given by the *Times* to-day: Liberals elected, 384; Conservatives elected, 272. Liberal majority, 112.

Paris, November 29.

Editor of "Reveu" has been sentenced to two months imprisonment, with a fine of 2000 francs [illegible] pay a fine of 2000 francs each; and editors of the "Temps" and "Journal d' Paris" to pay a fine of 1000 francs each, for publishing articles encouraging the subscription for a monument to Bourdin.

Pierre Antoine Berrier, the celebrated advocate died yesterday, aged 78 years.

New York, Dec. 1st.

Advices from Sonora report a terrible storm on the Mexican coast about the middle of October. The town of Loreto, in Lower California, was destroyed, the mining works on the Yagui River were swept off, and a waterspout burst over the city of Alamas, destroying the town completely; seventy dead bodies had been picked up.

Commerce at Havana is flat, importers of foreign merchandize prefering to store the largest portion of their goods, and wait result of insurrection. Merchants are only buying to supply the demand for consumption.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the Examiner.

Sir,—

In February last, there appeared in the editorial columns of the *Examiner*, an able and well-written article, in which, on the ground of justice and expediency, the writer advocated the granting of a sum of money to St. Dunstan's College. The arguments then adduced in favor of the measure—and which were afterwards warmly seconded by the *Islander* an independent Protestant journal—have never been satisfactorily refuted, either by the editor of the *Patriot* or any of the anonymous writers whose contributions appeared in the columns of the latter journal. Instead of arguing the question on the ground of its justice to Catholics, or in justice to Protestants, they assert that it involves the abolition of our noble system of education and the establishment of a Denominational system instead thereof; that it will do away with Protestant supremacy, and subject the Island to the rule of Bishop and Priests; and, that it will have the effect of rekindling the flames of Bigotry and consequent discord among the different sects who comprise the population of this Island. These assertions are as necessary to the position taken by the editors of the *Patriot*, as the talismanic words *Pax Vobiscum* were to the Priests of olden time. That they are calculated to excite the religious prejudices of Protestants, and well adapted to the benevolent purposes of the editor and proprietor of that loyal and Christian journal, the *Patriot*, by creating a religious war, on the event of which Mr. Laird might be elevated to office, is too true; but an intelligent people will not allow such unreasonable fallacies to be foisted upon them. It is absurd to suppose that an annual grant to St. Dunstan's College and other superior and charitable schools, established and supported by Roman Catholics, would overthrow our present noble system of education. St. Dunstan's College has existed for the past twenty years, Convents have been erected in various parts of the Island, all patronized by Protestants and Roman Catholics alike, because of the superior secular education to be obtained therein; and yet our Common School System is not, on that account at least, in any danger of being overthrown. The Government of this Island has adopted the principle that it is the duty of the state to provide for the secular education of all the children in the Colony. Will it any longer allow the Roman Catholic Bishop, and the Professors and teachers whom he has provided, to instruct a large number of our young men and women of every denomination in all the branches of a superior secular education; will they in fact allow Roman Catholics to take that which they acknowledge to be their duty out of their hands, or will they endow schools which the voice of the people has pronounced to be all that they desire. It is for intelligent Protestants to decide.

It is equally absurd to assert that the endowment of these schools would subject the people of this Island to the rule of Roman Catholic Bishops and Priests. St. Dunstan's College will still continue to flourish; Convents will still be the institutions to which young ladies will resort to finish their education; Charitable Schools will still be the places in which ragged little children taken off the streets, or wallowing in the dirt of their miserable homes, will be taught and cared for, and be sent into the world with some prospect of their becoming good Citizens and good Christians, in spite of the manifest injustice to which these schools are subjected in having the public purse closed against them. And will their endowment involve in a greater degree the supremacy of the Church of Rome. No. So long as Protestants treat their Roman Catholic brethren with justice and forebearance they will continue to be in the majority; and, therefore, will continue to hold the reins of power. And it is to be hoped that Protestants will see the propriety, nay the necessity, of granting the reasonable requests of Catholics. So long as they have just ground for complaints there will be sure to be bad feeling and intolerance among the people of this Island. It will be for Protestants to take the first step towards establishing a lasting peace, it will be for them to show that they are capable of doing an act worthy of their enlightened intelligence, and of the Christian Religion which they profess—an act which, in my opinion, will do more than any other towards making our whole people "one and indivisible."

I remain, Sir,
Yours respectfully,
ALPHA.

Nov. 30th, 1868.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT DEBATING CLUBS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EXAMINER.

Sir,

I am afraid that what I send you will be found but dry reading at the best, though the subject is one interesting enough of itself, and certainly of some importance, particularly to young men. It is true that Charlottetown has one or two debating clubs and literary institutions, which are kept up with some spirit, but considering the number of young men in the City, the members of these societies are but few. The work in them is carried on rather tardily, as for instance, instead of the debates commencing early in the winter, they are postponed from time to time, with no reason, so far as I can learn, but the very poor one of the difficulty experienced in finding subjects for debate. Now this itself does not speak very favorably for the prosperity of these societies. Something ought to be done to remedy this, and there can be no doubt that the press might aid them much; but this is never done, as the editors of newspapers pay little or no attention to anything but politics. These associations, of course, are intended to improve the mind in every way, but their chief aim is teaching to speak in public; and surely there are few things in the world more worthy of a man's striving to become than a great orator. The very word itself pours a flood of gorgeous images on the heart—names such as those of Cicero, Burke, and thousands of others, furnish the text word to hours of pleasant thought or hopeful fancy; and though it is less than likely that any one in our own city will ever make their names so famed, still there are many even in Charlottetown, whom we cannot hear without wishing to go and do likewise. Nothing can be more beneficial to young men than learning to speak in public, and I believe that nothing is harder than beginning to do so—the great drawback is, I suppose, nervousness. Of course, some persons are wholly exempt from this terrible nusiance, and it follows that they get on much faster than those timorous youths, whose faces assume a cadaverous hue, while their hair stands almost straight on end, and their whole frames shake with fear, as they try to screw their wretched spirits up to the rising point. But the only way is to get up, and even if you stand there sphinx like, gazing on vacancy, and after muttering a few broken sentences, have to sit down, amidst the grins of an admiring audience, and the jeers of the small boys, don't give up, try again, it will be easier next time. It is said by many great writers that any one may with practice become a good speaker—of course it is not to be inferred from this that every one can become a great orator, but that every one can acquire the art of expressing himself intelligibly in public; and even that is well worth trying for, because what situation can be more miserable than having to sit still and listen to some cheekyfellow giving vent to assertions which you know to be untrue, and think you could disprove if you only had the courage to try? Now, sir, if you please, Club. All last session there were lots of young men who every night of meeting were longing (as eagerly as Reynard did for the grapes) to make a trial, and dare not; and I must say that during the whole session, I never heard any of the members who had mastered the difficulty, or any of the older speakers, give one word of encouragement to the hangers-back; the consequence was that only one or two gentlemen came out, when a few words of help and advice from some of those long used to speaking, would have helped many a bashful person on. Some who possess that blessed gift of "brazenness" will say, if they want to get up, why don't they do it? Why indeed? Because they *dare* not! "Aye, there's the rub, for who would bear to sit him still and sigh, but that the dread of what should come to pass after he had arisen doth hold him down." If this is read by any of those who have passed the rubicon, I hope they will take it in earnest and be generous; if they got on without help, all the more credit to them, but it is no reason why they should not lend a helping hand to those who need it. Of course they are always glad to hear and encourage a new speaker when he has once begun, but then it's before that time their help is most needed. It is to be hoped that this winter the number of members of these debating societies will *greatly increase*, and that every young man who cares to think or learn, will have his name on the roll book of one of them. It is a true saying, that no one knows what is in him till he tries to find out, and the debating room is a capital place to make the discovery. In closing these rambling remarks I must apologize for having troubled your columns with them, but I should not have done so had any one else written on the subject.

NOVICE.

Charlottetown, Dec. 5, 1868.

The Examiner.

Charlottetown, December 7, 1868.

There are very few persons, we presume, who have not read Macaulay's History. Although it reached its Fifth Volume it is merely a fragment. He tells us, in his preface, that he intended to write a History of England from the accession of James the Second down to our own time. He died, however, before he had time to complete the magnificent task which he imposed upon himself. We have no other History of England which gives a full and *readable* account of the life and times of James the Second and William the Third. Lingard had just brought his History down to the accession of James the Second, when he, too, full of years and honors, was called upon by the Master, whom he served so well, to pass that "bourne from whence no traveller returns." The world has reason to deplore that he died before he finished his History, for his account of the reigns of James and William would have been far more reliable and authentic than that of Macaulay. The History of the latter, however, is splendid reading. No romance that ever was written is half so attractive as Macaulay's History. In his essay on History, written while he was still a young man, he gave expression to the following sentiments as to the qualifications which a historian should possess:—"A perfect historian must possess an imagination sufficiently powerful to make his narrative affecting and picturesque. Yet he must control it so absolutely as to content himself with the materials which he finds, and to refrain from supplying deficiencies by additions of his own. He must be a profound and ingenious reasoner. Yet he must possess sufficient self-command to abstain from casting his facts in the mould of his hypothesis." It is true that Macaulay's imagination was sufficiently powerful to make his narrative affecting and picturesque. In all the rest of the rules which he has laid down for the guidance of the perfect historian he has signally failed, and his own History is a striking example of the fact. His History has been called by a writer in Blackwood's Magazine, if we remember rightly, "the great Whig pamphlet." The same writer said that its style alone would save it from being thrown neglected upon the shelves of the book-sellers. The dictum of the reviewer is true. It is emphatically the "great Whig pamphlet." Macaulay spared no pains to eulogise the Whig party, and his hero William the Third, who was its leader. The character of James the Second he blackens with a malignity that is scarcely credible. The crimes committed by William are in the eyes of Macaulay mere trevial offences, which should be overlooked by the admirers of the cold and stolid Dutchman in the blaze of his glory. On the other hand, the sins of James, which bear no comparison to those of William in enormity, are such in the opinion of the historian as could only be atoned for by driving the former from his Kingdom,—by sending him forth a wanderer and a beggar. It was the misfortune of James that he lived in evil and unsettled times. He had a turbulent Parliament and an ungrateful people to deal with. He was surrounded by treacherous and insincere advisers who were continually betraying his secrets to his enemies. That he was straight-forward, honest, frugal, and unsuspecting, his bitterest enemies cannot deny. Reviewing his policy by the inexorable logic of events, we cannot help coming to the conclusion that he was more far-seeing than any of the public men by whom he was surrounded. He wished, in religious matters, to grant universal toleration to all his subjects, but he found it was no easy task to do so. The cry was raised that the "Church was in danger." The non-conformists, who would have been equally benefitted with the Catholics, and who should have supported James in his policy, were taught to believe that the reign of Anti-Christ was about to be inaugurated. With them "Anti-Christ" and "Popery" were synonymous terms. Sunderland, the confidential minister of James, betrayed the plans of his master to his enemies. William was invited over from Holland by some of the leading men in England to maintain the Protestant religion. He landed, with his armament, at Torbay, almost unopposed, and his march to London was a triumphal procession. Ireland, which was true to the Royal cause, was crushed with a strong hand after a desperate resistence, and the first result of the policy of William and the Whig party was to saddle the Church establishment upon her. It is the custom with a certain class of people, not very deeply versed in History, to drink to the memory of William as the "glorious and immortal deliverer." But in what, after all, consists his glory. Is it in saddling a Church establishment upon Ireland, which men of all creeds and nearly all shades of opinion in the present day, agree in regarding as the fruitful source of many of the evils which afflict that unhappy country? Or is it because he rolled up during his short reign a debt of two hundred millions of money in pursuing senseless wars in Flanders in which he was always beaten?—a debt which the people of England have never been able to wipe out, which has gone on accumulating, and which, at the present day, bears with terrible effect upon the working classes of the

The people of Great Britain are engaged in the turmoil of a general election as we write. Greater issues than were ever before at stake in the Empire, depends upon the result of the contest. Two men, each of whom are possessed of eminent abilities, lead the rival parties who are contending for power. Gladstone is the leader of the Liberals. One of his avowed objects is the disendowment of the Protestant Church establishment in Ireland—the doing away with the abuse which was saddled upon the people of that country by William of "immortal memory." The leading papers in England say that he will be returned with a majority of three hundred gentlemen at his back, who will assist him in carrying out his reforms in reference to Ireland. The leader of the Tories is the celebrated Benjamin Disraeli, late Premier of Great Britain. His history is a remarkable one, and his career is another instance of what may be achieved by a man of large intellectual capacity, and a resolute will. Born of Jewish parents, who had settled in England and embraced the Christian religion: suspected of having Jewish predelections and sympathies; having to contend with the vulgar prejudices which are entertained against his race, his rise to the exalted position of Premier of Great Britain is a remarkable instance of what a man determined to push his way in the world, can achieve against adverse circumstances. It is true that he possesses great ability, that he is a powerful and sarcastic debater, and that his confidence in himself is unbounded; but with all these qualifications he had to wait many weary years before he attained the ultimate goal of his ambition. In his elevation there was a tacit homage paid to the grand freedom of British institutions before which the pride of birth, of wealth, and of distinctive caste willingly bow. Starting in life destitute of any assistance from social connexion, university education, or any of the usual advantages which most of the successful English statesmen have enjoyed, he has made a ready wit, considerable literary power, boundless confidence in himself, and undaunted courage to do duty for them all. He is now engaged in a contest to maintain the elevated position which he won after so many years of labor and sacrifice. Had he adopted any other platform than that of maintaining the Irish Church establishment, we could have done nothing less than wish him entire success in the struggle which now taxes all his energies, and in which he is sure to be beaten. That he adopted it as an election cry, we have not the least doubt. But people are too educated and enlightened in those days to be deceived by the cry that Protestantism is in danger when a hated abuse like the Irish Church establishment is about to receive its death blow. Gladstone, and his party, on the other hand, have educated the people of England up to that point, that they see the only way to make the masses in Ireland contented and happy is to do away with abuses which have long prayed upon their industry, and which has paralyzed their energies. In the glorious work in which he is engaged he has our entire sympathy, and we wish him complete success.

It is currently reported that the defeat of the Hon. J. C. Pope at Summerside was celebrated in Charlottetown, by an oyster supper, at which Elder Laird, Donald Currie and Mr. Lawson, the master of the Normal School, Sheriff Hunt and the Hon. George Coles played a conspicuous part. The latter gentleman, who, be it remembered, claims credit for having elevated the Catholics, of this Island, presided as chairman. It is important that the Catholic electors of this Island should understand why it is, that Messrs. Hensley and Coles have recently found a zealous supporter in Elder Laird. These gentlemen and their associates, who owe their political positions to Catholics, have ignored the claims of Catholics and treated them with contempt. They, last winter, denied them "common justice," when, through their Bishop, they asked for aid to their schools, and are now, we believe, using the influence which Catholic electors gave them, in order to form a party for the purpose of "proscribing" Catholics in this Island, in all time to come. Therefore have they received the warm support of the *Patriot*, and we believe have secretly allied themselves with the leaders of a faction which declares that Catholics should not enjoy equal privileges with Protestants, *because the Catholic religion is antagonistic to the Bible, &c.* It is very well known in this Island that, some five or six years ago, Mr. W. H. Pope wrote a series of letters in which he most unwarrantedly ridiculed the religion of Catholics. These letters were published by Mr. David Laird. For several years past, Mr. Pope has abstained from a course of conduct inimical to Catholics, and has persistently advocated fair play to them and to all denominations of Christians, and moreover he has publicly acknowledged that he did wrong when, in 1863, he declared his opposition to their claims to a share of the Education grant—claims of which he had previously been one of the advocates. For having done this he has been vehemently denounced by Mr. Laird and the No-Popery party, and Catholics are told by the organ of the bigots that Mr. Pope and his associates should not be trusted by Catholics, because some five or six years ago Mr. Pope wrote insultingly against their religion. Now Catholics are quite competent to judge for themselves, and if they require advice they certainly should not look to Elder David Laird for it, nor should they allow their prejudices to be turned to account by Messrs Coles, Hensley, and Elder Laird. The *Patriot* recently republished a series of "insulting extracts" from the speeches and writings of Mr. W. H. Pope. Why were these "insulting extracts" so republished? Simply in the hope that the publication of them might cause some Catholic electors to vote against Mr. J.C. Pope, and for Mr. McMillan—the opponent of "common justice" to Catholics. Now mark the conduct of the hypocritical Elder. He did not tell Catholics that the hardest things ever written against the Catholics by Mr. W. H. Pope were printed by himself. Nor did he let them know that while he was thus endeavoring to incite Catholics against Mr. Pope—because Mr. Pope had insulted them—he and the Presbytery were exhorting Protestants, of every class, to terminate their disputes with every enemy and every rival and to unite in common detestation of the Catholic religion. They were not, said Elder Laird—whose sentiments were probably shared by Messrs. Hensley and Coles—to think of Liberal or Tory. Mr. Pope was the advocate of fair play and justice to Catholics—Mr. MacMillan was their opponent. If Mr. Pope should be returned, Catholic schools would receive a share of the taxes which Catholics pay annually into the Treasury. Let the Catholics who voted for Mr. McMillan a few days ago, and Catholics throughout the Island, read the following address to the Protestants of Lot 17, by

"Protestants of Lot 17 you are called upon next Thursday to decide so far as your district is concerned, no merely party issue or personal contest—but the one question pure and simple—GRANTS OR NO GRANTS TO ROMAN CATHOLIC EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS. In the interests of that British freedom in which you glory, and in the name of that Bible honoring religion which you profess, enter your SOLEMN PROTEST against giving aid to that system which lit the fires of Smithfield, and stained the soil of your fatherland with the blood of martyrs and confessors."

We believe that very shortly the Catholic electors, who placed Messrs. Hensley and Coles in power, will discover that those gentlemen are using their positions to barter away the rights of Catholics in return for the support of Elder Laird and the faction of whose views he is the exponent.

ODDS AND ENDS.

The *Herald*, as we expected, is finding fault with us for exposing the want of statesmanship exhibited by the Government, and its trickery in dealing with the Catholics. He says that "a member of that persuasion might have had the office of Postmaster General, if he had chosen to accept it." We never heard of the fact before; but it is a somewhat singular circumstance that a gentleman of "that persuasion" *did not get the office.* Why, at the present moment, it is rumored about town that the few Catholics who hold office under the Government are to be removed immediately, and the *Queen's Printer*, who defends it, the first. We hope that the rumor may prove true. It will exhibit, in its true light, the bigotry and the meanness of the Executive, and its imbecility in having to knuckle down to the *Patriot*. What does our friend of the *Herald* think of the new aspect affairs have taken? The question of offices, however, is a small matter. What we wish to direct the attention of the public to, is the fact that the Government refuses to acknowledge that it is under any obligation to the Liberal Party; that it has falsified its promises, and that it will not grant a small sum of money in aid of Catholic Schools. To be sure the members of our model Administration think that the Liberal Party is willing to do its bidding at any moment—no matter how much it is despised—that it can be used as a dray horse for Messrs. Coles, Laird, Lord, Callbeck and Davies to ride into power upon; but we think that those gentlemen will find out their mistake before long.

Some of our friends in the country may imagine that we are turning Tory, because we are opposing the Government. We beg to assure them that such is not the case. We are opposed to the present Government because it is a sort of a "Hybrid"—neither one thing nor the other. It has adopted some of the worst traits of the "Proscriptionists" who ruled the late Conservative Party. Its ruling idea seems to be hatred and injustice to Catholics. It encourages those who raise the "No-Popery howl." It has done nothing which men can point to as statesmanlike; and, to crown all, it is currently rumored that it is going to dismiss from office the representatives of those to whom it owes its existence. Let our friends consider the matter, and we are sure that they will come to the same conclusion as ourselves, and justify us in opposing the Government. We have had Governments before now, but one more intensely stupid and bigoted than the present never swayed the destinies of this Colony.

The *Patriot* is doing its utmost to injure us among our Protestant friends. It says that we insulted the *Presbyterians*. We did no such thing. Our friend of the *Patriot* is continually insulting and reviling Catholics. Whenever an election takes place he makes that the pretext of flinging in the faces of Catholics the "fires of Smithfield" and the "massacre of St. Bartholomew." In his insensate hatred to everything Catholic, he seems to forget that there is such a thing as Christian charity. "If I speak with the tongues of men and of angels," saith the Scriptures, "and have not charity, I become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal." We are very much inclined to think that Elder Laird is like the "sounding brass" spoken of in the Epistle. "Charity is patient, is kind. Charity *envieth not, dealeth not perversly, is not puffed up, is not ambitious, is not provoked to anger, thinketh no evil,* rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth with truth." The editor of the *Patriot* is an Elder in the Kirk. He pretends to be a very religious man. Does he fulfil the injunctions laid down in holy writ for his guidance? If so why is he so envious? Why does he deal so perversely towards his Catholic neighbors? Why is he continually fanning the flames of religious bigotry? We only acted in self defence in our remarks, and if the editor of the *Patriot* had not grossly insulted the Catholic body, we would be the last person in the Colony who would wound, intentionally, the feelings of any man on account of his religious belief. But we have said too much about this matter. We are sure that there are very few persons on the Island who pay any attention to the editor of the *Patriot* when he whines about insulting the Protestants. If he was not continually wallowing in the mire of religious contentions, people might perhaps pay more attention to his complaints in reference to this matter.

The newly elected member for Summerside, Mr. McMillan, gave a party to his friends in this city at an oyster saloon on Queen Street, a few nights after his election. Elder Laird, Donald Currie, Mr. Lawson, master of the Normal School, Sheriff Hunt, and the Hon. G. Coles were among the guests whom he invited to partake of his hospitality. We have been informed that speeches were made by Laird, Coles, Curry, and the member elect. The former, we have been told, took great credit to himself for his management of the electors of Summerside. The Catholics he turned against J. C. Pope by filling the *Patriot* with filthy extracts, exhumed from the columns of the defunct *Protestant*. The Protestants he frightened with the cry that there was going to be a "Popish ascendancy." McMillan, we have been told, said that the thing was capitally managed. He himself had a story to suit all parties. To the Catholics he said he would do ample justice. His Protestant friends on the other hand, knew of his real intentions, and, as a proof that he intended to stick by the policy of the *Patriot*, he had invited his friends Laird and Currie to partake of his hospitality.

The *Patriot* folks appear to have bad memories just now. In one article published in that paper, the Editor says that the *Examiner* is a "purely Roman Catholic paper." How does this statement agree with a paragraph in another column of the *Patriot*, which says "that W. H. Pope is the new editor of the *Examiner*." Our contemporary, in his zeal to injure the *Examiner* among our Protestant fellow-citizens, does not stick at lying and making himself thoroughly ridiculous. The "stool editor," we understand, lost his "moccasins" the night of McMillan's party, and, as a consequence, could not get near enough to the keyhole to find out who our editor is. This is the only way in which we can account for the

The following evidence was elicited at the Coroner's inquest held on view of the body of John Cullen, a sailor, on Saturday the 28th ult:—

Dr. Fraser, Physcian Surgeon,

Made an examination of a body represented to be killed. No marks of violence except wound in left breast. Wound passed upwards and outwards ⅞ in length, and oval form, passed between 4 and 5 inches, 2½ penetrating the pericardium, and entered the right ventricle of the heart. The wound in the hear was ⅛ inch less than the external wound. The left cavity was full of clotted blood and death must have been instantaneous. Could not have waked any distance—must have fell with the blow—might have walked a few steps.

Mr. Thompson, Sailor, Sworn—I saw the dead man last night, boards with me at Currie's. Went to Peake's between 4 and 5 to ship, did not see him after until I seen him out in the street. I said I would go out and bring him in, was told at Currie's by a small girl that he was out drunk. Two men held his head when I went out, Mr. McQuarrie and another man held his arms, a good many followed me, one came with me and carried his cap, a man with a blue shirt,—don't know whether I saw the other men or not. Saw him in liquor yesterday and day before, was always quiet and good natured.

James McQuarrie, Sworn—I found him on the street, was at my father's house. I thought I heard a man running against the door, the man staggered a few steps and fell, about 12½ o'clock, not out of the house. R MacNeill and George Stewart Dowey was in the house with me. My attention was attracted by the noise against the door, went out and over to the dead man and tried to lift him up. Mr. Thompson came out and lifted the man up and carried him into Currie's, and Thompson opened his shirt and found him cut. I saw him stagger, no person was near but the little girl and boy I saw on the street before he fell. I don't know who the boy was. There was snow on the ground, no footmarks that I saw. I only saw him stagger, struck against the door. I did not try to track him, did not go to examine him when he was found, did not prevent my sister Louisa from going out at the door, saw a boy standing, don't know who he was. I was at Andrew Clark's last night, about 7 or 8 o'clock, came up from Mutch's vessel, prevented my mother from going out, the two girls might have been my sisters, my mother was alarmed because she seen the man drunk.

Rod. McNeill, Sworn—Was sitting at James McQuarrie's house at about 11½ o'clock, when I was alarmed by a rub against McQuarrie's door; I saw a man stagger about two yards and fall after I went to the door. I and James McQuarrie went out, and Geo. Smith told us that he was one of Currie's boarders, and Thompson came out and said he knew him and would take him home. There was two girls and I saw a young chap, he was a boy, he got there about the same time as I did; I did not suspect anything—was sure the dead man was drunk. I went into McQuarrie's and afterwards went to Currie's and learned that the man was dead. James McQurrie did not stop Louisa from going out the front door; did not hear any noise until I heard a rub against the door. The Steward of the Barque, Geo. Stewart Dowie, came in for a light. He said: Mrs. McQuarrie, give me a light, to see what is the matter with the man.

Geo. Stewart Dowey, Sworn—I belong to the *Clara Novello*. Went to McQuarrie's last night about half past six: James was out, but came in about 8 or half past. R. McNeill was there; me and McQuarrie's daughter went home with Sarah Collier; saw this man, and he went across to McQuarrie's house. He said he was scared to be locked out. I saw two men about Currie's door; we went up. I don't know who they were. Was going home to the Barque. I saw him again, at first street you meet to your left. He came up and said, "How are you, Mary;" he then left me and went round the corner to Pownal Street. Might have left five minutes; I met him the third time, and did not pay any attention to us; was apparently very drunk—took only a few paces when he fell. I went to my ship, and the man with the guernsey took him on his shoulder. The first time I saw him was when he addressed me at the Jail gate. I heard footsteps around the corner; stood in the entry behind McQuarrie's, at the corner of the Jail, about 5 minutes between the second and third time. Should say about 7 paces before he fell.

Samuel Henry Goodhue, Sworn—I was on my way down to Douse's I saw young man and young woman standing by fence. I went up to the young man and asked him for lodging, when the man made a dart at me with a dagger, and cut my clothes and marked my skin, the girl said don't kill the man. I ran away, I saw that Mr. Douse was in bed, I stopped against a lamp-post to rest, saw two men on the street. I can recognize the man who attempted to stab me, the instrument was a dagger, I was going to John Douse's house, I heard nothing of the murder, except I heard screaming. I saw the man who attempted to stab me last night, at the Police Court. I know the girl as well as I know my own daughter, I can identify the man Dowey, as the man who attempted to stab me. I saw the girl who was in company with Dowey. Flora McQuarrie, and I indentify her as the girl.

Flora McQuarrie, Sworn, and stated as follows—Myself and George Stewart Dowie went to see home Sarah Collier, and on my return home met a big man at the Jail gate, who asked for lodgings. The big man asked Dowie if he could direct him to one of those fancy houses. In close conversation Stewart Dowie said no. Stewart Dowie and the big man had some words. Dowie had hold of my hands, let them go, and when my back was turned, I can't tell what Stewart Dowie done to the man, but when I turned around, I saw the big man run. I asked Stewart Dowie what he had done. He said I knifed him. I have known Stewart Dowie one year. Have been at our house frequently since *Clara Novello* was in port. Did not see any dagger with Stewart Dowie. I knew John Cullen. He tried to keep company with me. One night we were going to a quilting, and we asked Cullen and Hennessey to go with us. Cullen did not court me at all. Have no reason to think that Stewart had any grudge against Cullen. No party at our house the night of the murder. He, the deceased, said he was coming from Collings'. Said he was afraid he was locked out. He went into Curry's lane. He came the second time. He asked me is that you Mary, and did not speak plainly. After some words between he and I, Stewart Dowie tapped him on the shoulder and told him to go home. The deceased came to Stewart Dowie and I the third time. I stood out from Stewart Dowie, and then I left. I saw Stewart Dowie pushing the deceased before I left them. I then left them and went up to the corner a few yards. Stewart Dowie run up to me and said I stabbed that man. I said, what did you do that for. He pulled his knife out of his sheath and rubbed it between his fingers, and the blood came off it. And then I said, George do you think you killed him. He said he thought he did, as the knife went up to the handle. And then Christopher Duffy bid Stewart Dowie good night. And then Duffy went down the lane and saw the man Cullen stagger and fall. And he came back to Stewart Dowie and I, and said come back, here is a man stabbed. Stewart and I went to the stabbed man. Duffy turned to me and said, Flora, you know something about this. I made no reply. Stewart and I stood over him, and Stewart sent to our house for a light. After the light came, Stewart lifted his arm, and said that he is not dead. I brought the light out. Then my brother and McNeill came out. I think my brother nor mother knew nothing about it. My mother cried because they sung out there's a man stabbed. Duffy said go. My sister gave the alarm to Curry. Thompson came up to the man, and Stewart, and McNeill, and my brother James stood the man up. Stewart went home. Cullen made no noise. He spoke when we went over to him, and said let me alone.

Christopher Duffy, Sworn—I came home from steam-boat wharf and went into my father's house, and came out again, and when I got to the corner I saw the sailor fall, whom I identified as Cullen, who I saw dead at Currie's, I saw the man at Peake's office. I saw this girl, Flora McQuarrie, run up to Dowie, but can't tell what she said, then I went over and caught the man by the arm, he was lying on the ground. Flora McQuarrie and her brother and her sister were above the fallen man, I was at the corner when he fell, about fifteen yards from the man; met Flora McQuarrie coming from the murdered man. I went to the murdered man first, I did not know that the man was killed. I won't say that I said, Flora, you know something about this. I did think Dowie was drunk. I saw Wm. Purcell about six o'clock the night of the murder. I can't say whether I said, Flora, you know something about this, or not, I was in liquor—not much.

Charlottetown Debating Club.

On Tuesday evening last, the winter session of the above society was opened with a Literary and Musical Entertainment.

The first regular meeting of the Club will be held on Friday evening next, 11th December, inst, at the hour of 8 o'clock, at Scott's Hall. Subject for debate—Should the people of Nova Scotia under present circumstances "accept the situation." To be opened by Henry Lawson, Esq. A full attendance of members is requested.

The New York *Albion* has changed hands. It will in future be owned and conducted by Kinaham Cornwallis, Esq., who promises many im[illegible]