

The Examiner.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I., NOVEMBER 22, 1858.
THE DISMISSAL OF COUNTRY POSTMASTERS.

SOME recent changes in the Post Office Department, affecting the interests of country postmasters, have given the *Islander* another opportunity to vent its spite against the Government generally and His Excellency in particular. Indeed, it has been the aim and object of our contemporary for several months past, to give the Lieut. Governor the benefit of its especial consideration on all occasions. Members of the Legislature, and all such small fry, who hold seats in the Executive Council and do the administrative drudgery, are treated with profound contempt by the gentleman who washes the dirty linen of the Opposition. We cannot say what advantages he proposes to himself by changing the objects of his attacks. Perhaps he thinks it looks more respectable to squirt his suds at a gentleman whose position forbids him to take notice of the nuisance, and who fortunately stands too high to get fouled by the dirt; or perhaps he finds it a mere waste of time to be scolding incessantly at subordinate officials, who are provoking enough to remain in office in spite of him, while the public are, for the most, indifferent to the notes he makes, or laugh at his petulance and ill-temper. Time was when the editor of the *Islander* was vain enough to think he could write down any Government he chose to oppose, and even boasted of his ability to accomplish this feat; but he has now had about seven years constant practice, with all the influence of the Tory party at his back, and he, at least, has made no progress towards the consummation of his designs.

With respect to the removal of three or four country postmasters, no matter how competent they may have been to discharge the duties assigned to them—they were not dismissed one hour sooner than they ought to have been. They thought the Government was likely to have been defeated at the last election; and those fellows, who had not the manliness to resign, hoped to gain credit with the expected incoming Tory Administration by using their little influence and exertions to make way for them. They showed their teeth and tried to bite, and like other snarling curs, they merited a vigorous application of the "rod." It is no purpose that their apologist in the *Islander* reminds us that their salaries were small. The principle which applies to the conduct of a low salaried official, is, or ought to be, the same as that which affects a high salaried one. If it be not right for the Postmaster General, or any other important functionary, to oppose the Government under which he is employed—and this principle was fully admitted by the late Postmaster General, Mr. Owen—we cannot understand why the Postmaster's deputies should be allowed to do what he himself is restrained from doing. No one tried to coerce them into support of the Government, or perhaps ever asked them to support it—but they wanted to appear as wonderfully clever and high spirited fellows at an election fight, and to show they did not care a rap for the party that employed them, they appeared in the ranks of the enemy. There would have been some manly feeling and some sense of decency manifested, if they had resigned their offices before they went into opposition. The fact of their salaries being small only exhibits their meanness in a clearer light. Their conduct proves that they set an inordinately high value upon small things, when they were unwilling to purchase their independence at the little sacrifice of forty or fifty shillings a year. Traitors in the naval or military service, when caught in the act of assisting the enemy, are not only deprived of pay and uniform, but shot with little ceremony. It is fortunate for the traitors in the civil service that they have nothing worse to complain of than the mild punishment of expulsion. We advocate a rigorous use of this punishment in all cases of treachery. There are some petty officials yet throughout the Island who deserve it quite as well as those who have had it. They are mistaken if they suppose they cannot be reached, or are forgotten. Forbearance may serve them for a time, but not always. We should be sorry to see any true Liberal seeking to hold office under a Conservative Government, and doing at the same time his best on every occasion to destroy it. We know that a Conservative Government would not let him do it; and why should a Liberal Government allow a Conservative to do it?

The article in the *Islander* which suggested these remarks concludes with a paragraph which has no reference whatever to the subject of the dismissal of country postmasters; but as it is amusing from its grotesque absurdity, we shall give it the benefit of a wider publication than the columns of the *Islander* can afford. It is as follows:—

"A rumour is in circulation, said to have emanated from Wightman, and therefore likely to be true, since it is against himself, to the effect that the Executive Councils now help themselves to pay, at the public expense. Three pounds, per trip, with travelling expenses, for every day the Executive Council meets, is reported to be the rate. Thus 'Stanislaus' will get from £6 to £7 for driving his own wagon to town. This is no doubt very 'Liberal,' according to Satchler ideas of liberality; and it must be particularly gratifying to such as Stanislaus, to find that he can live cheaper abroad than he can live at home, like the boarder in a cheap steamer."

We think we need not assure our readers that there is not a word of truth in this silly story, and McLean knows, or ought to know, that it is untrue; for he must be aware that before the Executive Councils could get pay for their attendance, the Legislature should pass an Act to authorise it, and the House of Assembly should vote money sufficient for the purpose—neither of which was ever thought of being done. However, if the editor of the *Islander* has been sold, as we suspect he has, and it is not the first time, we are confident he will not find it so easy to "sell" the public. We have never heard of the "rumour" until we read the above paragraph, and of course we cannot say whether Mr. Wightman is entitled to the honour of its paternity. We know, however, that this factious gentleman, almost every visit he makes to the City, amuses his friends by setting his enemies gaping at a political *canard*. If he has succeeded in letting them have, on the occasion of his last visit, one of his usual "bargains," we congratulate him on the hearty laugh he must have enjoyed at their expense.

NEWS BY THE ENGLISH MAIL.

THE Mail from England arrived here on Friday morning last, the news by which is not of great importance; but extracts from our latest files of such intelligence as appeared to command interest will be found in our present No.

carpet, chair, table and bed, all in one, while the other half is our hearth. Meanwhile he lumbers, or cuts our firewood for the night, felling with his tomahawk about a dozen of the nearest trees, and heaving them into logs about eight feet in length, in which operation I assist when my midder work is done, and am proud of Joe's approval of my dawning proficiency in woodcraft.

But to see Joe lumbering! He throws his tomahawk about his head apparently in the most random and flail-like manner possible, but deals every blow as clean and sure as if he were some thrifty householder carving a favourite ham. Nay, he occasionally uses his feet as an outline for his cuts, and when some larger pine than ordinary has succumbed to his prowess, stands on his fallen foe with heels together and toes apart, in a dancing-master's first position, and slices off the intermediate angle into a notch, bringing down each blow of his whirling axe within a very few hairbreadths of his moccasins. I shudder to behold; but Joe's nerves are of the temper of his tomahawk, which, at the risk of spoiling the romance of the name I should state to be a good and unmistakable Sheffield axe-head, with the maker's name not yet ground out; the handle, to be sure, is of wild and original shape, but the weapon is an axe, neither more nor less.

When the trees are cut up, the fire lit, and the logs placed handy for the night, Joe boils our tea, and fries our hodge-podge, and by the time that I have given an additional height to the wall of our camp with a kind of *chervax* de-risive woven of the loose branches off the logs, he proclaims "tea ready." We feast; smoke the pipe of peace; finish with a nightcap of grog; roll ourselves in our blankets; lay our feet as near as we can to the fire, which Joe has heaped up afresh, and compose ourselves to sleep, our heads in the dim distance under the wall of snow.

I lay awake a long time this first night, musing on my curious situation. Here was I, many miles from any human being but the wild figure which snored at my side, deliberately choosing to spend one of the coldest nights of a cold climate on a bed of snow (for it was little else,) under no shelter but the trees and the stars. The scene was most extraordinary and picturesque. The blazing logs backed by the bank of snow, retreating into iceles scarcely a yard behind them; the fantastic masses of trees, all black and white, which peeped forward into our circle of warm glow; the idea of vast darkness and cold beyond; and blacker and colder than all, the sky seen through the tall gaps above, with stars which stood out even whiter than the snow for being beyond the ruddy influence of the fire: who could sleep in a scene so novel and exciting? Besides, I thought, what and if Joe should awake, and take it into his head to appropriate to his royal use guns and other appurtenances for which he has already expressed by word and look the strongest admiration: he has only to use that knife which lies gleaming by his side as expertly on me as I have just seen him use it on smaller meat, and nobody need ever know what has become of me. Moreover, it is not easy to an inexperienced bushranger to accommodate himself to the successive cubic feet of temperature in camp, and I found myself undergoing at once three different climates with their several gradations. One's feet become very torrid indeed at the fire; it is correspondingly frigid in the high latitudes at the head, and an intermediate zone succeeds in achieving a respectably temperate atmosphere. I awake several times during the night from the pain of scorched feet to find my eyelashes frozen together.

Thus passing the night, "between asleep and awake," varied occasionally by rousing Joe to keep up the fire, who lies as inanimate and unresponsive to shouts as one of the logs in waiting beyond him; a poke produces only a drowsy remonstrance of "bery good fire," and it requires a good unmerciful kick or two to rouse him to a due sense of his obligations. I am not sorry when the pale dawn comes crowding in upon our red neighbourhood, though I have never known how much imaginary warmth there lies in darkness till I shoulder at the new distances of cold revealed by daylight. Joe is up, and cooking at once; before I perfectly comprehend the whole situation I find myself at break-fast, and by sunrise we are tramping on again.

To-day as yesterday, and yet more fatiguing. We cross some tracks of sables, for which Joe sets traps baited with cold boiled beef, which he soon knocks up with an ingenious collocation of logs and boughs, on the principle of a falling weight to crush the animal. Two or three times to-day Joe tops with "I guess water." "Why, Joe?" "Oh, ground sink." I look, but can see nothing more than the same unevenness of snow which the buried underwood and fallen timber cause everywhere; but Joe has "guessed" it, and he is *naivo* wrong when he expresses an opinion so strongly as that, so he digs a well in the snow with his axe, and there sure enough is a trickling stream far underneath, which we adulterate with brandy, drink, and proceed on our way rejoicing.

When Joe says he "thinks" he is mostly wrong; when he "guesses," very nearly always right; when he "guesses" it's gospel, and I should despair of ever reaching the Barrens many times to-day, if Joe were not passing his royal "guess" that we are right all the time, so I toil on in faith of the *ipse dixit*.

At last, an hour or two before sunset, Joe surprises me by suddenly proclaiming that we are within a mile of the Barrens. He can't tell me how he knows; I don't believe he knows himself; he "guesses" it. "This," he says, "goot place camp; if camp too near Barrens, scarce Caliboo." I am not without my suspicions that Joe thinks that he has had enough of the toboggan for to-day; but I defer to his judgment, so we go through yesterday evening's process over again, making this camp, however, rather more elaborate and comfortable than the last, as we are to spend four nights in it, and roofing the side which is not fire-proof, with about a dozen planks, which Joe, with no weapon but his axe, cuts and splits in about half-an-hour out of the side of a large pine.

All our stores are hard frozen to-night, and meat, potatoes, and onions have to be chopped with an axe, and stay a long time in the frying pan before they will begin to cook; but Joe's resources rise with difficulties, and our new-year's dinner is the best I ever tasted. And don't we relish and scramble for the tid-bits of the hodge-podge which Joe serves up fresh from the fire in the frying-pan, which is our only dish and plate! And don't our hunting knives—for we are guiltless of forks—go quickly backwards and forwards from the pan to our mouths, bearing on them the delicious mixture of pork, beef, biscuit, potatoes, onions, grease, and dirt, which, with creamless tea, forms the orthodox camping diet. The greatest contest is for the grease remaining at the end, which we soak up with biscuit, or scrape up with the knife, according to its consistency. Voracity makes one acquainted with strange trencher-men, and stranger trenchers.

Joe is less stolid to-night over our grog and pipes, and tells not very interesting stories of his former haunts and prowess, the chief point of them all being the "big drinks" with which he has concluded days' huntings, till good humour gets the better of good judgment, and taking the palpable hint, I allow a bigger drink than usual. And Joe is to-night more log-like than before, and more pertinacious than ever in answering all appeals to make up the fire by moving the previous question, as to its present "goot"-ness, till I am forced once and again to be stoker myself for the dear life, for it is no joke letting the fire out when the thermometer is twenty-five below zero.

(To be continued.)

A man is most properly said to be "ripe for anything" when he is a little mellow. The fellow who lost his appetite, offers one good reward for its recovery.

INTOLERANCE.

THE *Protector* of the 15th inst. publishes a letter addressed to the Editor, over the signature of "C. R." which contains sentiments such as were never before given to the public in this Colony, and seldom, if ever, we believe, disgraced the Press of any other country in the darkest days of religious intolerance. It purports to treat of the subject of Emigration—in allusion to the vessel now about to leave our shores with many of our respected fellow townsmen on board, for the distant Province of New Zealand—and the writer attributes the desire which actuates those people to two causes:—1st., the existence of a Government which he impudently pronounces "bad," without giving proof that it is so; and, secondly, the spread of what he is pleased to call "Popery." Were we to describe this letter in very strong language, we should fail to convey an adequate idea of the intense and stolid bigotry of its author, while many readers of the *Examiner*, into whose hands the production has not fallen, might be induced to infer that our own religious, if not political, bias, prompted us to impart to it a fictitious colouring. To prevent any such misunderstanding, and to exhibit the contribution of the "Christian Witness's" Christian correspondent in all its naked deformity, we have resolved to reprint the letter almost in full. We omit only three short passages; the first paragraph, part of the second, and part of the third. The remainder constitutes the animus of the letter, and is as follows. The passages printed in italics are done so by us to render their atrocity the more conspicuous:—

"Now, how comes this desire on the part of our neighbors and acquaintances to emigrate? It is an important question, and may be answered in various ways. The long winters, our isolated position during winter, the want of an outlet for the rising generation, the number of papists, and the bad Government of the country, have all been pointed out as causes.

"What, then, is the cause of this upstart notion for immediate and sweeping emigration? Popery, and a bad government. This is the answer given by many; and certainly these are strong and substantial reasons—the more especially that they are so closely connected as at present. Indeed, this is the great difficulty in this Island. Of course the government can and will be changed; but popery still remains a terrible obstacle to our prosperity. The severities of the climate we might grapple with in some sort of a way, so as to overcome its effects; but popery is an eternal and almost insurmountable barrier in the way of prosperity. It is a cursed thing wherever it exists, and it is likely to prove so in this Island.

"What, then, is to be done? Are Protestants to leave the Island, because papists wish to have the ascendancy? Nay, verily; let them hold their ground; it is cowardly to run away. Are we to yield to the influence of foreigners—and we members of the British empire? I think not. Let us petition the Queen for the removal of the Governor,—for the sending out of a staunch Protestant in his stead; and the affairs of the Island will soon take a different shape. It is said that the papists are too strong for this. I do not believe it—but why are they strong, if it be so? It is not because there is any thing in popery that is superior to protestantism, but because papists go hand in hand all over the world in the execution of their diabolical purposes,—and because worthless Protestants lend themselves as the willing tools of these creatures, for the pecuniary or visionary gains which they confer. Let Protestants stand fast, therefore. Let it not be supposed that there is a necessity for Protestant emigration from this Island, because of the power of papists, or their numbers; for Protestants have the real power in their own hands, if they would but employ it. Knowledge is power,—and they possess it. They have also energy, and enterprise, and wealth;—these are the sinews of war. Let Protestants use these judiciously. Let them cease to employ papists in any form, either as farm or domestic servants, as tradesmen or as apprentices, as clerks or as merchants,—and then it would be soon evident who had the superiority.

"It may be supposed harsh to recommend this exclusive dealing with regard to papists, but you have to remember that however good their hearts may be naturally, (and there are many of them good and noble in their dispositions) they are not their own—they dare not think and act for themselves; and hence the terrible danger of universal suffrage among them. No doubt the lower classes are most easily led by priestly influence; but there are few of them (papists) that are above it. It matters not whether they may be Governors, or Magistrates, or Editors, or Merchants, or the small fry that can be frightened with Purgatory at any moment; it is all the same. For the same hellish influence that can reach the one can generally reach the other,—and thus they are bound hand and foot by a few designing knaves, who are clever in villainy, if they are not so in anything else. Let the policy here suggested be adopted generally among the sound thinking and influential of our Protestant population, and then you will have fewer to oppose you at elections, and less cause to think of emigration as a cure for the commercial and political difficulties with which we are surrounded. Do you ask me why? Because if the poor papists were not so generally employed by Protestants as they are, they must see it imperative either to change their faith as they often do in the States, or change the place of their abode, and go to some other place where they would be less odious. And what you mean to do, let it be done at once—for if it be thought necessary to emigrate more on account of the number and the power of papists around you, what will it be if they increase and become strong? Remember you see little of their cursed influence here, compared with what may be seen elsewhere. You may think you see them at the worst; but you are awfully mistaken. You must go to Italy, Spain, Portugal, and other priest-ridden countries of the same stamp, before you can at all understand the abominable, and *inexpressibly cursed thing that popery is*. It is the best contrivance for enslaving souls and ruining mankind that the devil ever devised;—but indeed it is hell-born as a political evil, as well as a religious one,—for wherever it goes, the people are enslaved, degraded, and ruined. Ignorance follows, then crime, then commercial distress, then social disturbances—till the fairest provinces of earth are turned from a heaven to a hell.

"As yet you have liberty—social, civil and religious; but guard them well, for there are agencies afloat that may deprive you of them. You have liberty to worship God as you please in the meantime; but let papists increase by your patronage, and in power by your indifference or connivance, and you will neither have liberty to speak, nor act, nor even think as you please. You may then wish to emigrate, but lack both the means and energy necessary for the enterprise. Act, then, at once in the way pointed out, at least think seriously on the subject. Let no trifling consideration of ease or comfort induce you to lure one of these serpents, that may at any moment sting and bite you; at all events remember if you will nurse one of them in your bosom, you need not be surprised if it should use you as it has done others. Nay if any Protestant with his eyes open to the efforts of popery, gives encouragement in any way to its advancement, he is playing a dangerous game with his own interests and the happiness of the community.—'Come out from among them, lest ye be partakers of their plagues.' As well might you think to put your hand in the fire and receive no damage, as to have dealings with papists and receive no injury.—'Wherefore come out from among them.' Have no dealings with them, high nor low, rich nor poor, for they are a band of vipers that are not safe to deal with.

"You will tell me it is easy to talk, but sometimes you cannot do without their assistance. Perhaps so,—they may be needed occasionally as hewers of wood and drawers of water; but let it be the last extremity that will drive you to employ a papist. At all events remember the price of their services in the end—ruin, socially, morally, religiously, commercially, politically, if not also eternally."

Such an article as the foregoing does not require many observations in the way of a commentary. It speaks for itself—it reveals a disposition on the part of its author which, thank God, is not common amongst us—it is merely the emanation of the Orange spirit, which, conscious of its own villainy, lurks in dark and hidden places. The *Protector* has the honor of giving it courage to skulk forth occasionally, but it takes good care that the form it assumes shall be masked. This spirit has long been offensive enough; but, as if enraged at

the indifference with which it has been previously treated, it now appears to be determined upon exciting notice by the public display of all its foul and fiendish passions. We have been so long accustomed to read in the *Protector*, and other similar prints, abuse of the Catholic religion, that we have begun to regard with supreme indifference the dia-ribes of our sanctified contemporary; but when one of its contributors advises a wholesale system of proscription—tells his fellow Protestants that they must not have any dealings, socially, morally, politically, commercially, or otherwise, with Catholics—that the religion of Catholics is "an abominable and inexpressibly cursed thing"—that they are a "band of vipers," not fit to be employed by Protestants even as "hewers of wood and drawers of water," unless in cases of great emergency—and that the Catholics would change their religion if the Protestants did not employ them, &c. &c.—when we read such advice and such sentiments as these, we have a right to ask what the poor Catholics have done to evoke such a bad spirit against them? Have they ever interfered with, or infringed upon the rights of Protestants? Their worst enemies cannot prove any interference detrimental to the rights of Protestants. Have they an undue share of influence over the Government of the country? The statistics of the Colony prove the very reverse. According to the last Census, the population of the Colony stood as follows:—Protestants, 39,415; Catholics, 32,081—total, 71,476,—giving the Catholics within 7,334 of their Protestant neighbours; and according to the natural ratio of increase, by this time the number of Catholics ought, at least, to be equal to all the Protestant sects in the Island. As to their share in the patronage of the Government, and their control over our local institutions, let us see how they are served. In the Executive Council there are nine Protestants and two Roman Catholics. In the Legislative Council, with two vacant seats, there are nine Protestants and one Roman Catholic. In the new House of Assembly, out of thirty members, there are only seven Roman Catholics, and twenty-three Protestants. All the principal offices are filled by Protestants, namely:—Secretary, Assistant Secretary; Treasurer, Assistant Treasurer; Attorney General; Land Commissioner; Registrar of Deeds; Surveyor General; Postmaster General; Collector of Customs, Assistant Collector of Customs; Road Correspondent; Clerk of the Councils; Superintendent of Public Works; one Assistant in the Post Office; making altogether 15. The only Catholics who hold public offices in Charlottetown are—Queen's Printer, 1—Assistant in the Registrar's Office, 2—and one Assistant in the Post Office, 3—giving the Protestants a clear majority of 12, and all the best offices besides.

Now, let us look to the Magistracy to see how Catholics have fared in the distribution of Magisterial honors, especially as the correspondent of the *Protector* has insinuated that they enjoy too much influence in this line. In Queen's County there are 190 Magistrates, 85 are Protestants, and the remainder, 15, are Catholics. In King's County there are 57 Magistrates, 38 of whom are Protestants, and 19 Catholics. In Prince County there are 62 Magistrates, of whom 51 are Protestants, and only 11 Catholics,—making the total number of Magistrates for the whole Island 219, one hundred and seventy-four of whom are Protestants, and only forty-five Catholics. We submit these figures and facts, in all humility, to our readers, and we ask them to ponder on them. If the Catholics constitute one-half, or nearly one-half of the population of the Island, and enjoy only an infinitesimal part of the public patronage—if they possess no greater measure of civil and religious liberty than their Protestant fellow-Colonists, and have never infringed, or sought to infringe, on Protestant rights—it is trifling with public patience too much for any man, supposed to be sane, to be allowed to publish such sentiments as those which disgraced the *Protector* of the 15th inst., and to be permitted to go at large without a protector of his own. We may, when we have more leisure and space at our disposal, make further remarks on this subject.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EXAMINER.

SIR,—The leading article of the last *Protector* contains, as usual, a long tirade against the Catholics, and "fears that the Man of Sin," as he chooses to designate the Head of the Roman Catholic Church, "will send his emissaries, and pre-occupy the ground already opened and made ready for the entrance of Christianity in various countries." It is unnecessary to trouble your readers with his abuse of Great Britain, and the other aburdities contained in that article; it will be enough for me to draw their attention to the cream of his argument, which is simply, that we should give him, or his brethren, one-fourth or one-fifth of our hard-earned incomes to enable them or their friends to live well, travel and see the world at our expense, under the pretext of being missionaries sent to foreign parts. Allow me to suggest a much more likely and respectable mode of arriving at his wished-for object, and one which would most materially benefit both the Protestant Church and the country at large; it is this:—Ever since the establishment of Christianity as a religion, in the reign of Constantine, up to this day, there has been but one united Roman Catholic Church; whereas, on the contrary, since the Reformation, the name of the different sects of the Protestant Church is legion. Even in this small city there are seven different Protestant places of worship to the one Roman Catholic. My suggestion to the reverend editors of the *Protector* is, that there should be but one Apostolic Church, into which every other should merge; we should thus, even in this small city, do away with six!! and by applying the revenues thus beneficially obtained to the missions advocated by the reverend editors, I agree with him that much might be done even here; and if this system were carried out in every Protestant country, funds enough might be raised, not only to outdo the emissaries of the Pope, but also of the Mahomedan, of the Jew, and of the Gentile.

I have only to say one word about the letter headed "Emigration," published the same day in the columns of that respectable Journal, and that is merely to request every respectable Roman Catholic to believe, that I do not think there is one single Protestant to be found, let him have descended almost to the lowest depths of degradation, who would demean himself so villainously as to agree to the unjust, tyrannical, persecuting and blackguard propositions recommended and urged by some donkey signing himself C—R.

I am, Sir, your obt. servant,
AN EPISCOPALIAN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EXAMINER.

SIR,—Among the correspondents to "The Protector and Christian Witness" of last week appears a letter under the head "Emigration," written by some human being, either minister, man, woman, or youth, which, as propounding a theory of unparalleled atrocity, appears to me strikingly unique. "C—R." are the initials adopted by this Christian Rajah, who, by great lengths, surpasses in his proposed villainy and brutality his heathen prototype, the Rajah Nees Sahib, of woman-defiling, innocent-slaying notoriety.