

to make penetrating inquiries with a view to a more intimate understanding of the true causes and drift of events, and to represent to themselves everything that goes on distinctly, keenly and emphatically. The reminiscences, for example, of a man like Scott, were far more rich and historically significant, and doubtless also far more numerous; and those of a man like Wordsworth had a deeper spirit of social speculation in them. Critics of the volume before us have also discerned in Rogers's anecdotes a vein of ill-nature and detraction which they think characteristic—a habit of recollecting precisely those unpleasant things about eminent men which one would rather not hear; as in Fox's posthumous character of Burke. We do not think, however, that there is more of this quality in Rogers's reminiscences than is almost inevitable in the gossip of a man who is neither an enthusiast nor a humourist. All second-rate gossip runs to scandal.

As regards the kind of fixed doctrine or belief produced in Rogers's mind by his ninety-three years of experience of public men and incidents, it is difficult to come to any conclusion from the style of his reminiscences. One belief he must have pretty well made his own before he had done with the world—a belief expressed once for all long ago, but which every one has to acquire for himself, and which is not usually acquired until one has long fought against it: "The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be; and that which is done is that which shall be done; and there is no new thing under the sun." If any man in our time might be supposed to have thoroughly made up his life to this belief, it was old Rogers at the end of his life. How, as he looked back on the long vista of his own past existence, so full of facts and surprises, of junctures recurring, of movements begun and concluded, of reverses and traverses, of calms and convulsions, of wrecked schemes and exploded enthusiasms, he must have smiled at the zeal of younger men blazing up into moral configuration if but the pope's cat mewled when they had not expected it, and seeing "a crisis" in every threat of war, and every change of ministry! What can 1848 have done to him, or the Hungarian Insurrection, or Louis Napoleon's coup d'etat, or the fall of the Aberdeen Cabinet, or the fall of Sebastopol? "My dear boys," he must have said to many a man of forty upon whom these things were producing an effect, "wait till you come to my time of life, and you will be a little cooler in your notions." And yet, with all this, Rogers must have been aware that things in the gross had gone through a regular process of change in his time; and that though, in a general sense, and as measured by a larger cycle, the thing that had been was the thing that still was, and the thing that was done was the thing that would be done, and there was no new thing under the sun, yet, in a more specific and narrow sense, there were many new things under the sun which that luminary had not looked down upon when he was first acquainted with it, and not a little vice versa. Through all that roaring sequence of Wilkesite, and Napoleonic wars, and Castlereagh administrations, and a hundred other mountains of fact and talk, each filling the firmament in its day from the solid floor of the earth upwards, there had been a small constant stream of social change or progress, quietly flowing underneath, and distilled drop by drop out of these very vaporous overhanging masses. Dying at the age of ninety-three, he had not left the world, and certainly he had not left Great Britain, precisely as he found it. Customs had changed, institutions had changed, ways of public action had changed. As a boy he could recollect seeing the head of a rebel, a black shapeless lump stuck on a pole at Temple-Bar; he could recollect also, with many younger men, the weekly carts conveying criminals, at the rate of from ten to twenty every week in London alone, to the place of public execution; but ere he died all that was altered, and he could hear, on the occasion of every rare execution, philanthropy holding public meetings to denounce even that as brutality and barbarism. And this change in one department of our social procedure was but a type representing a whole circle of accompanying changes—all forming part of a social evolution, the end of which had not yet been reached. Rogers, too, in looking back upon this process of change, could have the satisfaction, such as it was, of having belonged to the party who had, during its successive stages, sympathized with it rather than opposed it. Born a Whig and a Dissenter, with boyish recollections of Dr. Price as an honoured guest at his father's house at Newington, and with recollections of the time when his own ambition was to be a Unitarian preacher, he had all his life held the tenets of modern Whiggism. He knew Horne Tooke, became intimate with Fox and the Holland House set, contributed one article to the Edinburgh, and to his latest years acknowledged the blue and yellow as his political colours. But he was never an ardent politician—never so ardent a Whig as Jeffrey, or Moore, or Sydney Smith. He liked the society of men of all shades of politics; had Lord Holland at his house to meet the Duke of Wellington, and was much disconcerted when the Duke studiously avoided speaking to the Whig lord. Probably, too, before he died, he had seen Whiggism developed quite as far as he wished it; and if he had formalized his final belief in political matters, it would probably have been in some such general maxim as we once heard uttered by a man who had acted a conspicuous part in the Reform Bill movement, but over whose views there had since come a shade of the usual conservatism of advanced age: "After as much experience in politics," he said, "and as active a career on the side of change as any man in my time, the maxim that I would hand over to younger men as embodying my belief, is, that it is a terrible thing to give power into the hands of poverty and ignorance." Not that he had ceased to desire political equalization, or to believe that the world was tending to it, but that this maxim expressed his idea of the quickest rate at which, if possible, the cable of equalization should be permitted to go off the Parliamentary capstan. Probably Rogers would have agreed with him.

(To be continued.)

Gleanings from late Papers.

INDIA.

ASSASSINATION OF THE HEIR TO THE THRONE OF BURMA.—Two or three years since a paragraph appeared in some of the journals, to the effect that when Tharawaddy, the present King's father, took possession of the throne, he ordered the then Sekya-Meng (the Heir Apparent), and all his children, to be put to death; but a servant escaped with the youngest, and concealed him for some years. The young Prince subsequently managed to escape to Moulmein, and thence came round to Rangoon, living in a very quiet way; and recently took up his residence with one of the principal writers in the Customs Department there. On the 27th of June, between two and three in the morning, a band of villains proceeded to the house, pounced upon him while asleep, dragged him off his bed, and with a single blow nearly severed his head from his body, and otherwise fearfully cut him up. The waiter, hearing the noise, came out of his room, and was at once cut down, stabbed to the heart, and his right foot cut off, and his body dreadfully mangled. A third man, in another house, who came to his door and called out—"Who is there?"—received a flash which took away part of his cheek. The ruffians came with blazing torches, and said to each other on reaching the house, "Look well before you cut;" and when the two victims were dead, remarked, "Our work is now done; let us be off, and let the bodies lie there till they stink." They did not carry away the value of a pin, which shows plunder was not their object. The bodies were publicly buried the next day, and one of the largest processions that have ever been seen in Rangoon fol-

lowed them to the grave. Thousands upon thousands of both sexes collected on the sad occasion. At the time this person's appearance in Rangoon was noticed by the papers, it was also remarked that, had he turned up sooner, being the Heir Apparent to the throne, our Government might have made something of him. These papers found their way to the capital, and, it is known, created a good deal of excitement among those in power there. And there can be little question that this foul deed was concocted there; but, from what is now known of the present King, we may be sure he has been in utter ignorance of any such murderous intention.

DEATH OF ANOTHER INDIAN HEIR APPARENT.—The heir-apparent to the throne of Shahjehanabad, the Prince Mirza Mahomed Fattch-ool-Moolk, was attacked by cholera on the 9th July, rapidly sunk under it, and died. The royal physicians were in attendance, but their skill availed not. The deceased Prince was forty years of age. On the 19th July the union jack was hoisted half-mast at the Fort Flagstaff, Madras, announcing the death, at four o'clock the same morning, of her Highness the Nawab Begum Saleh Om Nissa. She was the grandmother of the late Nawab, the widow of Uzzen Ood Dowla. She died at the ripe age of seventy-nine years. Her funeral was solemnized with unusual pomp, although in opposition to her expressed wish, and not at the cost of her estate. It was a spontaneous tribute paid to her memory by thousands to whom her munificence had endeared her.

RUSSIA.

CORONATION OF THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.—SOLENN ENTRY OF THE EMPEROR INTO MOSCOW.—The morning of the day fixed upon for the solemn entry of the Emperor into Moscow (the 29th ult.) was ushered in by louring clouds and rain. About mid-day, however, the sun broke through, and the afternoon was bright. A salvo of nine guns from a battery posted opposite the Tehoudov Convent, followed by a peal of bells from the Cathedral of the Assumption, gave the signal to all the bells of Moscow to begin jangling. At 3 1/2 p. m. the Imperial procession left the Petrovsky Palace. First came a "Maitre de Police," with twelve mounted gendarmes to clear the way. The Emperor was preceded by his body guard in their magnificent uniforms, squadrons of Cossacks of the Black Sea and of the regiment of Guards, the representatives of the haute noblesse on horseback, all in uniform, the representatives of the Asiatic populations which acknowledge the sovereignty of Russia, with valets, lacqueys and runners of the court. After this mixture of European and Oriental costumes came Masters of ceremonies and others with their badges of office. After this train, in which European and Oriental finery were strangely mingled, came Alexander Nicolaievitch, on horseback, attended by the Minister of his Household, the Minister of War, and his aides-de-camp. The Princes of the blood followed, all on horseback. A long train of splendid carriages came next in order, containing the Empress, the Empress Mother, the Grand Duchesses, and the Princess of Oldenburg, followed by their ladies of honour. Squadrons of Cuirassiers closed the procession. At 4 p. m. precisely, a salvo of 71 guns announced that the Emperor was entering his ancient capital. The Military Governor-General of Moscow received his Majesty at the entrance of the city, at the head of his employes. The magistrates and the burghers received his Majesty at the entrance of the quarter called Zemlenoi. The marshal and the nobility of the Government of Moscow received him at the entrance of the quarter called Bieloi-Gorod. The Civil Governor and the civil authorities of the city were stationed to receive him at the gate of the Resurrection. Here a brief halt took place, during which the Emperor, the Empresses, and the Princes and Princesses, descended from their horses and carriages in front of the Cathedral of the Assumption, at the stair which is called Krasnoe Krylzo. Intelligence of this event was forthwith thundered forth by a salvo of 85 guns. The portion of the Imperial cortege which preceded their Majesties kept on their way round the cathedral, and such as had the *entree* entered it by the north gate. The officers of the Court completed the circle of the building, and stationed themselves in front of the south gate, to await the coming out of their Majesties. The Holy Synod and the functionaries of the cathedral met their Majesties at the *parois*, and preceded them into the church chanting the second canticle for Palm-week. After kissing the images and relics, their Majesties proceeded to the cathedrals of the Archangel Michael and the Annunciation, in both of which the ceremony of kissing the images and relics was gone through. In the cathedral of St. Michael they also prostrated themselves before the tombs of his Majesty's ancestors. On quitting the cathedrals their Majesties, accompanied by the court, walked to the Palace of the Kremlin. At its gate they were received by the court clergy with the cross and holy water. The Archbishop of Moscow here presented the Emperor with bread and salt; and immediately afterwards a salvo of 101 guns announced at 5 p. m. that the Imperial family had entered the palace of their ancestors. The metallic hurricane from the innumerable churches vibrated through the air and shook the walls. At night the city was illuminated.

SPAIN.

O'Donnell remains master of the situation in Spain; and for the moment, he appears to be carrying everything his own way. He has disbanded the National Guard, dissolved the Cortes, broken up the Municipalities, menaced the Press, mutilated the Rights of the Electors, and laid the foundation of an order of things which, it is to be feared, can only be followed by interminable confusion and misery. Whatever modicum of liberty Spain had acquired under the constitution of 1854 is again crushed, and the conduct of her affairs once more passes into the hands of a military dictator. This is lamentable; it is also full of peril.

Whoever remembers the chief events of Spanish political history, during the last 20 years, will observe that they arrange themselves in cycles. The Liberals hold power for a short time; when, by their incapacity and internal dissensions they give the advantage to their enemies and are overthrown. Their successors, urged on by the Court and by Camarilla influences, infringe more and more on the liberties of the country, and, when they hesitate to go further, are replaced by others less scrupulous, until at last things come to such a pass—the oppression is so great, the extortion so unendurable, the general misery so profound—that an explosion takes place, the obnoxious Ministry is swept away, the throne itself receives a shock, and the popular cause triumphs for a time. Each successive convulsion of this kind is more and more perilous to the Constitutional Monarchy. The Crown is discredited, and the Democrat gain strength. There can be no doubt in the mind of any one conversant with the events of July and August, 1854, that the throne of Isabella II. was then in peril, and was saved only by the loyalty and popularity of Espartero. He has been reproached, not always unjustly, with want of firmness and with too great deference to the wishes of the mob; but such weakness was not to be attributed to him on that occasion, for, had he then shown the least sign of wavering, the Throne was lost, or could have been saved only after a terrible conflict.

Espartero, however, is now coolly and heartlessly "whistled down the wind" by the Sovereign whose crown he preserved, and is succeeded in the royal favour by a man, who, whenever the next hour of trial comes—as come it most assuredly will—will possess no power or influence to stem the torrent of popular fury that may then threaten the security of his sovereign's crown. "O'Donnell," says a writer intimately acquainted with all the intrigues and intricacies of Spanish politics, "has, I

think, a great deal to answer for. In saying so, I altogether put aside the circumstances attending his advent to the supreme power—the treachery towards his colleague and friend, the violation of solemn oaths and pledges—from which he would find it difficult to exculpate himself. I look merely at his conduct after he had dispersed all the obstacles to his will. He deemed Government impossible with Espartero and Espartero's friends, and he took the readiest and most effectual means of ridding himself of them. But this done, his obvious duty was to consolidate such a situation as might still secure him the support of the country, and especially of that party which, within the last few years, has greatly gained in influence and supporters by the contrast of its general political probity with the corruption and evil doings of the reactionaries. Although his inconsistencies and breaches of faith had not raised his reputation, he still might have done this. An opening made for him, the opportunity was offered, and that by men against whom he had not scrupled to direct his cannon and musketry. To save the country from further misfortunes, they were willing to forget personal causes of complaint, and even to recognize him as their chief. He might, had he thought fit, have done great things for the cause of liberty and order. For a moment he seemed to hesitate, and to be about to choose the right road, but then grievously misled, he turned from it and threw himself into the arms of his enemies. Those who would have saved him, and have helped him to save the country, now look on in wonder and regret, while those whose game he is playing smile at his blindness and predict his speedy fall. Looking upon it merely in the point of view of his own interest and retention of power, his conduct appears that of a man devoid of judgment. He has irretrievably alienated the Progressists; by persisting in the law of disamortization he secures the enmity of the clergy and the Court; while the Moderados, whose policy he has adopted, disclaim him as their chief."

It cannot be expected that the man who has already betrayed so great a want of judgment, will long be able to maintain himself in the position to which he has attained by such unscrupulous means. Even now it is rumoured that his fall is plotted by the very Court whose temporary purpose he has served, and upon whose favour—that favour which he sacrificed his honour to win—he can no longer count. He places his reliance, it is said, upon the army. But will the army support him against an irritated Queen on the one hand, and an infuriated people on the other? Surely not. We conceive, therefore, that O'Donnell's triumph, such as it is, will be but short lived; and we greatly fear that another dismal chapter is about to be added to the already too dismal history of Spain.

Correspondence.

THE HIGHWAY ROBBER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EXAMINER.

MR. EDITOR.—I perceive by some of the late papers that the notorious Paddy Bearney—who passes by no other name in this quarter than that of "The Highwayman," (I suppose, partly on account of his former connection with the public roads)—has betaken himself to his "old courses" of putting his name to lies and slanders which is too ignorant and too illiterate to compose in order for publication. Any person who knows Pat Bearney—who has ever seen his clumsy fist handle a pen, (and you would scarcely think that a full grown hog would be less expert in the exercise)—who has ever, in short, seen the extraordinary hieroglyphics, palmed off on the world for official penmanship, which his road orders presented, whether forged or genuine—can have little difficulty in concluding that Pat has had about as much to do with the writing of the letters which bear his name as he had with the authorship of the Koran. But it is not my purpose to notice very particularly the trashy lucubrations that have been written on his behalf, and for which it is to be hoped he has made a more honest return than he did for his services to the public, but to bring to your recollection what you appear to have omitted in your recent *expose* of some of the fellow's proceedings, viz: the extraordinary knack he had of raising the wind, while road commissioner, when he was in want of cash. Let one instance suffice. He came to Charlottetown on one occasion, in company with a certain individual who resides in his vicinity, and having told this person that he intended to give him some work on the roads, induced him to go into the Road Correspondent's Office with several orders, prepared for the purpose, and filled up as if in consideration of work performed by the individual alluded to. The unsuspecting dupe took the orders—supposing the transaction a perfectly honest one—obtained the money at the Correspondent's office, while Roguish Pat remained outside the steps of the Colonial Building, where he was soon joined by the innocent instrument of his dishonesty, who very foolishly handed him the money, which he promptly pocketed, assuring his astonished and now indignant dupe that he, the aforesaid Pat, intended to keep the money for himself, as his salary was inadequate for the important services he rendered to the public. This is only one instance of the manner in which he robbed the public money, but there is no doubt that when this dangerous experiment of raising money for private purposes, at the public expense, succeeded with him once, he must have resorted to it several times afterwards.

His exploit with regard to the oatmeal is the source of much sly and piquant humour in our settlement. No one now ventures to go to the mill with a bag of oats, without being warned to beware of the Highwayman; and as we have long acted on the motto which the facetious Sydney Smith proposed for the Edinburgh Reviewers—

"Tenii musam molitorum avena,"

"We cultivate literature upon a little oatmeal,"

several songs have been composed by some of our rising geniuses, in commemoration of the exploits of the Highwayman. The "Highwayman's Lament," which I suppose you have heard, as nearly every body repeats it, is a very pathetic ode, and very popular. Our hero setteth out by reverting to the halcyon days of his commission—he describeth how full of cash his pockets were—apostrophiseth oatmeal, and descanteth on the virtues of that cereal, as tending to rear up the sort of men which Cæsar most admired, when he exclaimed:

"Let me have men about me that are fat,  
Sleek-headed men and such as sleep o' nights,"

and the ode concludeth with a very spirit-stirring malediction on the Snatchers for not restoring the Highwayman to office. There are several other pieces of nearly equal merit, some of which are set to favorite airs, and are sung at all our frolics. The following Song, which, you will perceive, runs smoothly enough to the air of "Kate Kearney," is one of the latest productions of our rustic muse; and when sung for the first time, two or three evenings ago, after a ploughing frolic, called down thunders of applause. As it will occupy but very small space, I have no hesitation in asking you to print it for the benefit of the public, trusting that in all other parts of the world musical and poetical taste will be as ready to appreciate it as in this:—

THE HIGHWAYMAN.

O did you ne'er hear of Pat Bearney,  
The dupe of each Tory Attorney,  
Who, by going to law, makes himself a jack-daw,  
To be pluck'd by each greedy Attorney.

With a visage so coarse and so bloated,  
And a paunch for rotundity noted,  
He trots up and down between country and town,  
To show what a goose is Pat Bearney.

O should you e'er meet this Pat Bearney,  
While making some freebooting journey,  
Beware of his touch, lest your meal-bags he clutch,  
For he lies "black male," does Pat Bearney.

Though he looks most confoundedly stupid,  
And is not a fit mark for young Cupid,  
Yet believe me you'll see that *capidity*  
Has done much for the paunch of Pat Bearney.

While Pat held a highway commission,  
He greatly improved his condition,  
For by orders he forged his carcass he gorged,  
And he strutted a fierce politician.

But alas for the case of Pat Bearney,  
Though in league with a Tory Attorney,  
He was turned in disgrace from his snug little place,  
By this very same Tory Attorney.

I have no doubt that the next frolic which will take place in this neighborhood, will give rise to an entirely new song; and if such is the case, you may rely upon again hearing from Oct. 4, 1856. A COVEHEADER.

[With respect to the circumstance above alluded to, of Bearney's obtaining money under false pretences, if we mistake not, we have placed the facts of that case upon record in the Supreme Court, as one of our pleas in answer to Bearney's declaration. At all events, if the fellow ever dares to come to Court, we hereby promise to prove him guilty of some of the vilest robberies that ever sent a rogue to jail.—EDITOR OF EXAMINER.]

The Examiner.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I., OCTOBER 6, 1856.

THE WOLF AT BAY.

The *Islander* of the 26th ult. contains a couple of editorials, which are characterised by Maclean's usual regard to truth and decency of language. The article with reference to the libels on the character of Mr. John Williams, which appeared some time since in the *Montreal Gazette*, is worthy of a passing notice at our hands on one or two grounds. Because Mr. Williams very properly availed himself of the presence here of a member of the Canadian Bar, to request him to obtain from the publishers in Montreal the name of the author of the cowardly and false assertions against his character, and because these gentlemen very wisely—to save themselves from a lawsuit—exposed the unblushing, but till then unknown, slanderer, by giving the name of Duncan Maclean, we are gravely informed that this conduct on the part of Mr. Williams is another attempt to muzzle the Press! The other attempt, we presume, was Maclean's action against ourselves. Not content with having belied his betters in the Canadian paper, he reproduces the wretched filth in the *Islander*, with an impudent threat that the Lieutenant Governor "must take the consequences" if Mr. Williams dare to appeal to a jury of his country for the disgraceful attack made upon his character by this convicted libeller, who is not ashamed to earn his dirty bread, by employing his venal pen and prostituted talents in the service of John Ings and his party—that John Ings whose unmanly conduct was the cause of his prosecution, and that party which ranked among its members the present Judges, who, at the time, being respectively Attorney and Solicitor General, prosecuted him to conviction, and of whom he said that they were "robbers and would be murderers if they dared," or language to that effect! We shall not outrage propriety, nor shock the feelings of the respectable portion of the community, by repeating the gross language of the article under consideration, but will inform our readers, that, among other things, calculated to elevate Canadian ideas of the character of the people of this Island, he informs them that the Jury returned in the case of Maclean and Whelan "would freely perjure themselves in support of the Government." We remark upon this the particular attention of the forty-eight individuals referred to, and doubt not that they will remember the obligation they are under to Duncan Maclean, who wrote, and John Ings who published, such a character of them. We hope that the jurymen alluded to as the "man who had once stood in the dock of the Supreme Court for arson, and a second time for killing his father," will bear in mind what is due to his character, and compel Maclean to prove his assertions. Of this individual it is said that "he narrowly escaped the gallows both times by the skin of his teeth, and so on." What is the meaning of the words we have italicised we know not, but sure we are that there is not skin enough on Maclean's whole carcass, let alone the two tusks that do duty for teeth in his potatoe-trap, to save him, were he tried for being one of the foulest and most despicable slanderers that ever degraded a press. This worthy lays great stress on the fact that the Tory Assembly of 1854 declared Mr. Williams to be unfit to hold any office under the Government, but prudently omits the significant fact that the people, their masters, at the very first opportunity, most emphatically declared the Tories themselves "unfit to hold any office under the Government," and gave practical effect to their opinion by turning them out; and that Duncan Maclean himself, only a few years previously, was, by reason of his treachery, apostacy and falsehood, declared unworthy to represent the intelligent people of the First District of Queen's County.

The affected candor which Maclean would wish people to believe induced him to request his Canadian friends to give up his name, will impose on no one who knows the man, and will recollect the habits of the animal we have named at the head of this article. The similarity of disposition and habits between a wolf and Maclean is so singular, that we will give our readers a few points of resemblance. A wolf and Duncan Maclean are gaunt, ravenous and ungainly animals. A wolf and Duncan Maclean make their attacks in a sneaking, cowardly manner, and under cover. The character and value of their victims is no bar to their abominable propensities; and, cowardly as they are, when detected in their vile proceedings, if they cannot escape, they will turn upon their pursuers, with a violence engendered by despair. This last trait is beautifully exhibited in Maclean's reckless repetition of his lies, when concealment was no longer possible. His conduct in this respect has not, however, the merit of originality, for it is no unusual thing to see convicted mendacity take refuge in brazen effrontery.

The other article on the subject of the remission of the fine on Mr. Williams, is too contemptible for notice.

One American and two Colonial Mails arrived here during the past week, but there is no news of importance in any of our exchange papers.

It affords us undisguised pleasure to give publicity to the fact, that the Newton University of Baltimore has done itself the high honor of conferring upon our distinguished citizen, the Honorable Charles Young, Judge of Probate and Surrogate Courts, the degree of Doctor of Laws. We trust that the Hon. Dr. Young may long live to wear and adorn the honors he has so indubitably earned and justly merits.