THE STATE OF EUROPE.

There are many sources of anxiety in Europe at present, which the friends of political liberty and of peace will do well to consider with earnest attention. It is not unlikely that our interest in the events of the Civil War in America, languid as it is comparatively, may be soon altogether extinguished by the sharp but portentous utterance of events nearer home. Englishmen, generally, give but superficial attention to Continental politics. It is only when an insurrection against established authority threatens to expand into a revolution that we rouse up to something like an appearance of interest. Before we are roused, sometimes, the opportunity for timely expression of opinion is gone, and an opponent has gained an advantage which political prevision might have prevented. The state of affairs in Poland, in Prussia, in Russia, and in Denmark, all call for consideration, but they also call for careful inquiry in their incidence upon French policy and Austrian diplomacy. It is well ever to bear in mind that the Emperor of the French is Emperor, because he has proclaimed it his mission to tear to shreds the Treaty of Vienna. Not much of that Treaty now remains to be torn up, and what shreds remain are shreds in which France, more than any other country, is interested. Frenchmen may appear to be a good deal divided amongst themselves; but so far as the external policy of their country is concerned, they are united to a man. Imperialists, Orleanists, Bourbonists, and Republicans all hold that France has a right to ask for the "rectification" of the boundaries of France. Emperors, Kings, and Presidents must carry out a policy which will favour the acquisition of the Rhenish Provinces, and, at some future time, Belgium. *M. de Persigny* is not more pledged to this policy than are M. Thiers or M. Jules Favre. In every entanglement France will only move so as to serve her own interests, for if she is the only country ready to "go to war for an idea," she is also the only country willing to bargain for substantial gratitude. Frenchmen are agitated by the sufferings of the Poles, and Paris calls loudly for action against the oppressor; and as if to make a display of her displeasure, Paris returns to the *Corps Legislatif* all the men known to be pledged against Imperialism. The Emperor must neutralize the intellectual power of the men recently returned to the Chamber, and he can only do it by leading France to prosperous glory. A man of so much skill, and so little moved by consideration for others when his dynasty is in question, will not scruple to take advantage of circumstances as they rise. For the Emperor there never was a moment so propitious as the present.

It is easy to see how the Emperor may use the present position of Poland. All Europe has called out in remonstrance to "the rugged Russian bear," yet France has only appeared to follow the dictates of humanity, and the lead of England in these remonstrances. We already know from experience how the Emperor can act in a tripartite engagement, as we saw in Mexico. England and Austria have joined in "recommendations" and "suggestions" to Russia, and either way, whether they are accepted or rejected, France must reap the reward. If the conditions are accepted, then the Emperor will have the credit of the amelioration of the Poles. If they are rejected, he will be able to make a demonstration against Russia in the Baltic, and probably, by co-operation with Sweden, do something to rectify the frontiers of Finland. In any event Russia, as one of the Great Powers, will be weakened, and in proportion to her weakness so will be the ascendancy of France in the Councils of Europe. This could not have happened if it were not for the isolation of Prussia. The political madness of King William, and the unhappy relations between him and his subjects, prevent Prussia playing the great part she is entitled to fill in European policy. If Prussia is allied with Russia, then, indeed, Napoleon III. will have a great opportunity, and Austria may also be stirred up to action in order to obtain the leadership of Germany. An obstinate King misruling a sullen people, who may refuse to pay taxes when most they are wanted, may as effectually blot Prussia out of the political map as a legion of armed men.

Austria, which fourteen years ago wrestled for her very life against foes within, and only four years ago against foes without, surprises Europe by her steady improvement and the elasticity of her resources since she entered upon the paths of constitutional Government. The day may come when she will give up Venetia, but it will not be upon the terms upon which she surrendered Lombardy. The Kaiser has not only learnt his lesson, but he steadfastly reduces it to practice; and his Government now ventures to remonstrate with the very Power which saved Austria from the death-grip of revolution in 1849. Austria can well afford to part with Galicia, if Prussia is to part with Posen, in order to make up a new Kingdom of Poland. Russia may consent to the independence of Poland, if the Poles will consent to accept the Grand Duke Constantine as their King; but how if Austria is to be compensated by the elevation of the Archduke Maximilian, for the loss of Galicia to Poland, and of Venetia to Italy, whilst France takes payment in Rhenish Provinces for her services, and Sweden receives a slice of territory in order to "rectify" her frontiers? All this could not happen but for the position of Prussia; and if the folly of King William lowers the external prestige of his country, the Prussians may blame themselves for the political torpidity they have shown in a conjuncture with a people so cultivated might have met by boldness. King William thinks he is playing a farce, but it may turn out a tragedy. He has lost his head; for if it is still on his shoulders, it is of little use even to the owner. Europe might be restored to quiet if the Prussians would rudely hint that the King need not trouble himself to return from the baths of Carlsbad. Prussia has now a King who does not fill the Throne; and Prussians might cause it to be occupied by a constitutional Prince.

THE DEFENDER OF LUCKNOW AND HIS FAMILY.—Sir. William William's defence of Kars was a feat in many respects similar to Sir John Inglis' defence of Lucknow, though it must be recorded, in fairness to the latter, that it was not equally successful; yet certainly no one felt that the hero of it was over-rewarded by a baronetcy with a pension of £1000 a year attached to it. The command of the garrison at Woolwich and the command of the troops in Canada were additional marks of her Majesty's favour. To the widow and son of Sir Henry Havelock, who can hardly be said to have relieved Lucknow, though the name of that city is appended to the baronetcy, were awarded respectively pensions of £1,000 a year. We are far from saying that the inferior honors bestowed on Sir John Inglis was a shabby a quittal of his deserts, but we wish to point out that they were inferior, and not only inferior, but—what is of greater importance—far more precarious. Having been made a major-general he was afterwards appointed to the command in Corfu. Had he lived he might here, perhaps have saved a considerable sum in the course of time, but his health was shattered by the Indian service, and he unhappily died of Ionian fever a few months ago, leaving a widow and five children to whom a sixth was added but a few weeks since. The worth of his commission having been lost by the very fact of his promotion, a share of prize money amounting to less than £200, a widow's pension of £140 a year, and an allotment of £25 each for all the children so long as they are under age, is all the acknowledgment that remains to the representatives of a man to whom our Indian empire owes so much.—*Times*.

THE CANADIAN ELECTIONS.—It is very difficult to form a correct idea of the state in which the elections will leave parties in Canada. No two papers seem to agree in the returns so far made; the Toronto *Leader* sums them up as follows; Ministerialists 61, Opposition 59, and Independent 9; the Quebec *News* gives the ministry 58, the Opposition 62, and 5 independent; according to the Hamilton *Times* the Ministry has 76, the Opposition 50, and 4 independent. Other Canadian papers give different versions of the story, and we will probably not know what effect the final result will have on the fate of the Ministry until the new parliament assembles, and the vote is taken. Everything depends on the course taken by the independents.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EXAMINER.

DEAR SIR;

It was observed by an eminent agriculturist, many years ago, that the man who, by an improved system of farming, could make two blades of grass grow where only one grew formerly, was a *public benefactor*. The same may be said of any one who invents implements or machinery for the destruction of noxious weeds, which, existing as they do in large quantities in some localities, usurp the place of more valuable plants, are rapidly on the increase, and bid fair to defy every exertion of the farmer to eradicate them. The fact that weeds of a large growth rob the soil of a great proportion of its fertilizing properties, is so well understood in England, and their destruction prosecuted with so much restless vigor, that on many farms not one is to be found, and Mr. Mechi, of Razor strop celebrity, and one of the most energetic farmers in Britain, some years ago offered a sovereign to any one who would find a really noxious plant upon his farm of Triptree! It is almost impossible, for many reasons, that such a complete system could be adopted in P. E. Island; but by care and attention much may be done to prevent the spread of any of the taller weeds.

Many years ago a quantity of seed was imported from the United States, which, instead of being that of a valuable grass, turned out to be the "Ox-eye daisy," called in the States "White Weed." This plant is known to Botanists as the "Chyrsanthemum Leucanthemum," and is a *biennial*, that is to say: the young plant from the seed shed this season will appear next year, and in the year following it will come into blossom, the root afterwards dying a natural death, so that if you can prevent the daisy maturing its seed, it will in time be got quit of.

From want of proper attention this pest has spread far and wide, and in the neighbourhood of Town it has become such a nuisance that unless some method can be devised to eradicate it, the Island will very soon be overrun. Taking this view of the evil, and thinking that a machine might be invented for the purpose of destroying the daisy, the Hon. Mr. Coles commenced a series of experiments last season, which he has this year brought to a successful termination by the introduction of a regular "daisy header." This machine, which will be patented, is drawn by a horse, and to save the expense of new wheels, a pair from a gig or waggon may be used. The axle, which is made pretty strong, supports a horizontal bar, which can be raised or lowered at pleasure; upon this bar the teeth are fixed, to clear which, when they become laden with daisy heads, a flattened piece of iron, worked by a handle attached to a crank, sweeps them off in a moment, at the pleasure of the driver. In a point of this Bar there is a fly-wheel or reel, driven by a belt from the carriage wheel, which keeps the daisy heads up to the teeth. The machine clears a surface of about 18 feet each bout, *without injuring the grass;* and fields which in the morning appeared to suffer from a heavy fall of snow, look green and beautiful in the evening, after having been operated upon by this famous "Decapitator."

It can be seen in front of my Store, and when properly finished will form a light, elegant, and most useful implement. The boon conferred on the farming public, by the successful result of Mr. Coles's exertions, can scarcely be estimated.

I am, dear Sir, your obdt. servant,
WM. W. IRVING.

Ch. Town, 10th July, 1863.

(FOR THE EXAMINER.)

Adieu, sweet Paradise, adieu!
Our bitter doom is sealed;
No more pure joy we'll share with you.
We now must till the field.

Then come, dear Eve, I'll love thee still,
For He commands it so,
That as with me thou sharedst the ill,
You needs must share the woe.

O, Innocence!—what purity
Is in that simple word;
O, how I dread futurity,
My sins I must record.

Amidst my offspring, what a sight
Of fallacy and crime;
Now few will follow in the right,
O, for an end to time.

Look back, dear Eve, how blest were we,
How blest we might remain,
Had we but shunned that noted TREE,
We still were free from pain.

Look hence for countless days to come,
O'er Earth's great fertile face;
On every side the eye doth roam,
Behold our wandering race.

Behold the tempter here and there,
All spangled with deceit,
Spreading presumption and despair,
Even mercy to defeat.

Yet welcome to my heart, kind hope,
'Midst craft and vice behold,
Men with the snare fit to cope,
Defying pride and gold.

Men thinking, speaking, acting right,
Led by substantial Love;
Ah! Mercy, how I love that sight;
O thanks to thee, kind Jove.

Then, welcome trial time, and night,
Of life, and death, and pain;
Faith, Love and Mercy show the light
Of Paradise again.

MR. EDITOR,—

Will you please tell the printer, or composer, or whatever you likes to call him, who fixed up my letter, that he made a first-rate job of it, and tell him that I feels much obliged to him; but bein in a hurry I suppose he made one or two mistakes. In place of puttin bigger men, he must have mistook my pot-hooks and put *beggar* men, which is, as we say in the country, quite a horse of another color; and where I meant to rite larn them better, he puts *harm them better*. Hoping you will find a corner somewhere for this,

I remain with thanks, Yours,
H. HOMESPUN.

The Examiner.

Charlottetown, July 20th, 1863.

NOVEL MODE OF DEFENDING THE GOVERNMENT.

IT is remarkable how carefully the Government scribes avoid the discussion of local political questions. Whenever the policy of the Administration is assailed on any point, a side issue on some religious topic, based on the most absurd and improbable assumptions, is at once raised to divert public attention from the short-comings of our rulers. The following may be taken as a fair outline of the mode of attack and defence adopted in our local party discussions. The weakness of the defence is best shown by being placed in juxtaposition with the facts and arguments of the Opposition;—

ATTACKS OF THE OPPOSITION PRESS.	DEFENCE BY THE GOVERNMENT PRESS.
When the present Government came into office the debt of the Colony was less than £40,000—it is now considerably more than £80,000—having been more than doubled in four years, without any advantages to shew for it.	This is a Protestant country; Catholics should not be allowed to have any control over the administration of affairs; the religion and liberties of Protestants are endangered by giving power to the Catholics.
The great increase of the public debt is especially censurable in view of the fact that the public taxes have been nearly doubled in some cases, and in others more than doubled: the *ad-valorem* duties have been raised from 6¼ to 10 per cent; the duty on molasses has been raised from 2d to 6d; and the duties on some other necessaries indispensable to the poor man's table, have been raised in like proportion.	If the Government of this Colony should ever fall into the hands of the Catholics, or into those of liberal Protestants, who are much worse than the Catholics, there is every reason to fear that the Treasury will be emptied to enrich St. Dunstan's College and the Convent; and the land will be covered with popish schools and nunneries endowed at the public expense.
Responsible Government no longer exists in this Island, as it does in the other Colonies. A mongrel system has been substituted for it, which bears no resemblance to the British Constitution. Official responsibility, in several important cases, has been ignored, to serve the interests of a few individuals, who could not, by any possibility, get seats in the Legislature.	Protestantism is in very great danger, for one Peter Dens, in a Latin book written by him, has declared it to be "a damnable sect."
The Government have grossly deceived and humbugged the country on the Land Question. Their Leader declared that eight months should suffice for its settlement. Four years have passed, and it is yet further from settlement than ever. But it is absurd to expect a satisfactory settlement of it from the present Government, for they are partly composed of Proprietors and Agents, who have a direct interest in upholding the leasehold tenure, as it keeps up the price of lands for the one, and secures rich livings for the others from commissions and fees. Their pretended regard for the worthless Land Commission was merely a blind to cover their real designs.	The Latin book of Peter Dens, from which Mr. Pope has translated several passages, is really very immoral. In the Confessional, priests are instructed or impowered to put extraordinary questions to females. Mr. Pope challenges the Rector of St. Dunstan's to prove that such is not the case. Indeed, Mr. Pope is prepared to shew, before Mr. David Laird, or any other high authority, that he (Mr. P.) has not falsified or perverted the Latin text of Peter Dens.
The privilege of a free electoral franchise has been most shamefully crippled by the present Government, by their placing the power of granting certificates, without which a large class of electors cannot vote, in the hands of tools and partizans of the Government, who will most certainly use their power to obstruct the exercise of the franchise in constituencies where the Government may be strongly opposed.	The doctrine of Confession is the worst thing "ever devised by devils or priests"—so saith W. H. Pope. A woman who goes to confession—(saith the same individual, in the coarsest language he could use)—must be regarded as unchaste. We are informed that Peter Dens' Theology corrupts the morals of the priests, and the priests corrupt the morals of the penitents.
The Free System of Education has been all but destroyed. The salaries of schoolmasters have been greatly reduced, and every obstacle is thrown in the way of getting school-houses opened and schoolmasters passed. We are rapidly returning to "the days of comparative ignorance and darkness."	The Bishop of Charlottetown does not administer the affairs of his diocese to the satisfaction of Donald Currie. His Lordship sends Irish priests where Scotch ones were formerly stationed; and the Irish people are very much annoyed at this proceeding—at least Donald Currie says so.
The persons who compose the present Government, when in opposition, objected to the appointment of deputies in the public departments, as involving an unnecessary expenditure of the public money. They promised that that grievance should be redressed under a Tory Government, and that the work of the public offices should be done by the principals. Now, however, the deputies are more numerous than they were at any former time, and the people's money is squandered accordingly in providing salaries for them. Secretary Pope, who never spends an hour in his office, has his work done altogether by deputies, at the people's expense; while he is travelling about the Provinces, scheming for his own advantage under pretence of serving the public, and getting his travelling expenses paid out of the Treasury. Donald Currie, one of the Deputies, is paid a hundred pounds a year for doing part of Pope's work, but he employs most of his time in writing silly editorials for the *Monitor*, and uses the public stationery for that purpose.	The Catholic religion is terribly idolatrous. There was a procession of the Sacred Host at Bedeque, some years ago. Pope says it was a great offence to Protestants; and Mr. Pope is prepared to prove that the Catholics worship "a wheaten god." [Mr. Pope admits that he once tried very hard to get a large grant of the public money for an institution in which this "idolatrous religion" is inculcated and practised; but the dear innocent man never discovered the "idolatry," after living more than forty years in the world, until the last general election was about to take place, when he found that the "idolators" would not give his party any political support,—when he learned, to his mortification, that his promised bribery would be of no avail,—that his persevering flunkeyism at the Episcopal Residence, his sycophancy and cajolery with the Catholic members in the House of Assembly, would not subdue the opposition of the Catholics to the Government party. It was only then he discovered the "idolatrous" nature of the Catholic religion.]
Official patronage was never more grossly abused than in the appointment of Mr. John Arbuckle, as School Visitor. No one has ever defended the appointment on its own merits—no one pretends to say that Mr. Arbuckle performs the duties for the discharge of which he receives a large salary. Indeed, Conservatives have more frequently condemned the appointment than the Liberals. All that can be said for Mr. Arbuckle—and this has been said by Mr. Palmer in the Legislative Council—is, that the School Visitor has been serviceable to the Government as a travelling politician, and in no other way.	"A good deal has been said or written about the infamous work of Peter Dens, but the worst that has been ever said or written respecting it, falls far short of the truth."—*Junior Clerk of the Executive Council in the Monitor.*
Instances of gross and palpable jobbery with the public money are very numerous. The grant for the Volunteer service is frittered away to promote the interests of individuals in connection with the Government, as giving £40, for instance, for the rent of an unfinished room in Mr. Pope's warehouse wherein a few Volunteers are occasionally drilled.—The money voted for the Mail Service is also often used to serve private interests. But one of the most scandalous pieces of jobbery was giving £75 to Mr. George Sutherland for some copies of the worthless book that he calls a History of the Island, on pretence that they might be read as a class book in the public schools; while they are, to this hour, laying on the hands of Messrs. Laird & Harvie as so much worthless waste paper. And another scandalous job was in smuggling the price of a silk gown for the said Mr. George Sutherland, out of the contingent money of the House of Assembly. When the Rev. George, enwrapped in this silk gown, prayed that "honourable members" might be endowed with an increase of virtue and holiness, we presume that honesty did not enter into his pious reflections as one of the virtues necessary in public men.	The junior Clerk of the Executive Council is again very vehement in his condemnation of Dens' Theology. He challenges the Rector of St. Dunstan's College to dispute the correctness of Mr. Pope's translation. "Mr. Pope," he says, "is prepared to give page, paragraph, and chapter for his quotations. If they are not correctly given, let Father Angus, in order to show the discrepancies between the text of the 'spurious' and the authorized version, place beside them quotations from the same page, paragraph, and chapter of the standard edition." Hurrah for Peter Dens!

Persons unacquainted with our local politics will, no doubt, be surprised to learn that such is the mode adopted for defending the Government. But it is nevertheless true that no other defence is offered. The columns of the Government journals, week after week, and month after month, abound in nothing but abuse of the Catholics and their religion—a repetition of nonsense about Peter Dens' Theology, and a clamour for a controversy to settle the question as to the genuineness of the writings attributed to that author.

WE promised to say something for the edification of Donald the Exquisite—Defender of the Government—touching his literary performances in the *Monitor* of Thursday week; and we suppose we must try to keep our promise, for we know the Exquisite is on tip toe expectation of reading one of those articles in which we, in the fullness of our generosity, have so often held him up to the admiration of mankind. It will not do to let him pine in disappointment, and become a prey to ungratified vanity, which might work, as untold love is said to do, "like a worm i' the bud" and "steal o'er his damask cheek."

The Exquisite is still vastly incensed at the Bishop of Charlottetown for presuming to regulate the affairs of the diocese without regard to the opinions of so important a person as Donald Currie. Donald's sympathy for the Irish people has, no doubt, created an immense sensation; but we are strongly disposed to disbelieve the report that it has had such an effect in the Monaghan Settlement as to suggest the presentation of a basket of eggs of a peculiarly odoriferous character.

Donald the Exquisite giveth proof of his devotion to religious theological reading. Psalm-singing, after hours, in the Council Chamber, has made some impression upon him; and Dens' Theology, "Translated with notes and Emendations by the Hon. W. H. Pope," has fully awakened his moral susceptibilities. He seems to labour under great mental excitement in the perusal of this work—challenging any body and every body to dispute the correctness of the version from which he takes his inspiration,—from 10 a. m. to 3 p. m. he may be seen in the Council Office, his eye in a fine phrenzy rolling, (minus hat and cane), flourishing Peter Dens over his head—reading, or rather spelling, a line in Latin here and there, and then running off in a violent tangent, exclaiming about the abuses of popery—pulling our old friend Mr. Charles Desbrisay by the shoulder—scattering public papers about; and questioning every comer to the Council Office whether he has ever read the works of Peter Dens?

Donald complains that we have cast "national reflections" upon *him*, by hinting that he sometimes uses porridge and sulphur. Donald was born in this Island, we understand, on the beautiful banks of the West River, and we cannot understand why *he* should be ashamed of an imputed fondness for oatmeal, which is relished by us all, and of which may a kind Providence always send us a bountiful supply. We are sorry if we have hurt his feelings on the sulphur question. As one of our Provincial warriors, he ought to be pleased when charged with an extravagant use of this article, since it is known to form so large an ingredient in the composition of gunpowder. If he has an "itching palm" for it, as Cassius—a far greater warrior of ancient times—had for another mineral substance of a much more attractive character—let him use it to his heart's content, as long as he stays in this world; but let us hope that he will know nothing of sulphur in the next world, where no indignant Brutus shall sneeringly advert to his "itching palms."

Donald has been somewhat impressed by our historical illustration touching the drunkenness of the Spartan slaves, but he has made a bad use of it, as we shall presently shew him. He says that "some members of the Opposition"—and he points to Mr. Whelan as the most prominent one of the "some"—are, during the Legislative Session, as regards intemperance, much worse than the Spartan slaves. If Donald had made frequent visits to the House of Assembly, during the last Session, especially in the evenings, his mind would be filled with images of drunken "slaves" belonging to the Government. Donald is very much in the habit of putting questions to others, and, of course, we will not be displeased if we follow his example in this respect. Does he know that all the bacchanalian orgies celebrated in the anterooms of the House of Assembly, last Session, were under the leadership of the Government party, at the head of whom was the pious Col. Secretary? Does he not know that the scenes there enacted sometimes ended in rows, in which the pious Secretary was one of the belligerants? Is he ignorant of the fact that the "drink" used at those orgies was procured, in most cases, by commuting the fees on private Bills into so many gallons of wine for each? Will he believe that about one hundred and thirty gallons of wine was the *moderate* quantity consumed, to say nothing of other liquors? Is he not aware that if the fees had been collected in money, as they could have been, they would amount to a considerable sum in the aggregate, and that this was lost to the public Treasury through the influence of the high-toned, moral, and temperate majority of the House of Assembly? Look at the legislation of the whole Session, and say how far it has benfitted the public. It bears about the same proportion to the 130 gallons of wine as Falstaff's half-penny worth of bread bore to the "intolerable deal of sack" with which he washed it down.

Donald has named one member of the Opposition in connection with his clumsy falsehood. How would his masters in the Executive Council like to have the portraits drawn of some of their fellows there, when on a desperate spree, such as the Hon. Mr. Yeo and the Hon. Mr. Laird know how to enjoy? And if Donald loves to behold a picture of stolid and stupid drunkenness, let him revisit his natal scenes on the banks of the West River. There, in an old shanty, vegetates the wreck of ancient sobriety, hight Malcolm Currie, whose fame fills the surrounding country as the best absorbent of his time for any quantity of liquid fire—whose potations only cease with an exhaustion of the domestic treasury; but who scorns to relinquish a booze without enjoying the luxury of a free fight with any person who comes in his way, and is generally honoured with a pair of black eyes as mementos of his valour. But, Donald, we beseech thee, go not again to the West River to study the picture we have called to your recollection. Resist the influence of boyish reminiscences that would direct thy footsteps thither. While engaged in the flunkey business for Mr. Dundas and his Councillors, you will be apt to consider yourself as great as any of them; and inflated with that conceit, common sense will have but little control over your actions—in which state, friend Donald, we shall continue to admire thee as the Exquisite Executive Fool.

TO OUR COUNTRY SUBSCRIBERS.

WE desire to inform our Subscribers in Prince County, and in the western sections of Queen's County, that Mr. F. W. Hughes, our confidential Travelling Agent and general Superintendent, is now on his annual collecting tour, and will call upon them all, in the course of the present and following month, for the amounts severally due by them. We earnestly hope they will be prepared to respond to his call in a most satisfactory manner. We have so often used, to very little purpose, words of entreaty when asking delinquent subscribers to discharge their obligations to us, that we deem it futile to indulge again in such a strain. We now speak to them in very plain words. We faithfully keep our engagements with them, in regularly supplying them, from week to week, with a newspaper which costs us a great deal of money to publish—the labour, paper, and materials for which are all paid for in cash,—we are determined they shall keep their engagements with us, or we shall have nothing to do with them. We cannot give long credit without serious injury to ourselves. We have, therefore, concluded upon suing for all accounts which are over two years in arrears, if Mr. Hughes should not succeed in collecting the amounts due; and before leaving Prince County he will take out summonses for all such accounts, the cases to be heard in the St. Eleanor's Court, no matter in what part of Prince County the delinquents may reside; the delinquents need not, therefore, say that they have been taken by surprise.

Our Subscribers in other parts of the Island will receive a visit in due course of time from our Travelling Agent.

To those patrons who punctually pay their bills, we offer our sincere thanks for the encouragement they have given us. We hope to retain their confidence and patronage for many years, and to secure it, we shall labour to make our paper always useful, instructive and entertaining.

THE learned Recorder, in his first letter to the *Islander*, pronounces an eulogium on the head and heart of the introducer of the infamous Orange Bill for having *once* written *one* eloquent sentence. The compliment is fortunately altogether undeserved. That "gentleman" did not compose the sentence in question; neither his head nor his heart is capable of producing anything comparable to it. With characteristic *weakness* he has appropriated as his own the property of another. That other was one whose brilliant humour, caustic wit, and crushing argument were the terror of the No-Popery rogues and fools of his day and generation. The passage will be found in a letter on the Catholic Question written by the Rev. Sydney Smith, and reads as follows:—"The true spirit is to search after God and another life with lowliness of heart—to fling down no man's altar, to punish no man's prayer, to heap no penalties and no pains on those solemn supplications, which, in divers tongues, and in varied forms, and in temples of a thousand shapes, but with one deep sense of human dependence, men pour forth to God."

IN publishing the communication signed "P. M. Brenan," which appears in another column, we trust our friends of the *Vindicator*, to whom it refers, will understand that we do not endorse a single word which it contains. It appears to us that while we have a free press we should deny to no man the privilege of being heard in self-defence when his professional reputation is made the subject of a newspaper attack. We think our friends of the *Vindicator* committed an error in refusing Mr. Brenan's advertisement, on the mere assumption of the editor that the Professor—as he is pleased to call himself—is a "medical humbug." It would be a most onerous task for an editor to perform, to discriminate between the Simon Pures and the Humbugs. We certainly don't feel ourselves equal to it; and we do think it would be particularly unfair to denounce any individual as a quack or a humbug, when that term might apply, with equal propriety, to a thousand others, in the very same profession, whom the public delight to favour with their smiles and patronage. The public must determine for themselves who they shall encourage in the practice of medicine,—if the encouragement be greatly abused, it is the duty of the Legislature to provide a remedy. We can only judge of any professional man by a trial of his skill. It is true, the trial may sometimes be the death of us; but it is hard to say whether the quacks kill more patients than some of the regularly educated practitioners.

If our spirited friends of the *Vindicator* are disposed to chase the humbugs out of the medical profession, let us hope that, in course of time, the other professions will not be forgotten. No trade, profession or calling is free from the humbugs. In the legal profession, they are very numerous, and more to be dreaded than the medical ones;—in Politics, they abound to an alarming degree, and the quackery which *they* practise upon the body corporate is really very shocking sometimes; but then it must be understood that the political humbugs are only dangerous when they get into the Government. In Religion, and amongst the Clergy—always excepting the Catholic Clergy—the votaries of Humbug go by the name of legion. In fact, they are every where—we see them in the pulpit—we meet them over the counter in the merchant's store—in the tradesman's shop—we jostle them in the street—we eat and drink with them—we flirt with them and court them—we polka and waltz with them, even at Government House—and there it is where Humbug is very insinuating in its advances, especially when disguised by crinoline. Indeed, we don't see how this world could jog along without the Humbugs; they are the most ingenious, diverting, and persevering of our race; and are so thoroughly incorporated with our every day pleasures and pursuits, that we don't think we should all like to get rid of them, even if we could. The only institution that has not yet fallen a prey to Humbug is the Liberal Press of this Colony; and that must be the reason why our young and inexperienced friends of the *Vindicator* have such an aversion to it. By and bye, when they know Humbug better they may dislike it less.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

X. Y. Z. in answer to "Bass," on the performance of the Amateur Band, will appear in our next.

"Tyro" and "Bob Ridley" will also appear in our next.

☞ IN crossing to Shediac on Tuesday last, the steamer *Westmoreland* met with a slight accident to part of her machinery, in consequence of which she was laid up at the above place for repairs, and the *Heather Bell* took her place in the carrying of the Mails. Yesterday morning, however, the *Westmoreland* again made her appearance in our harbour, in her usual good condition, bringing the Colonial and United States Mails.

THE AMERICAN PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, for July, has been received from the New York Publishers. It is a very interesting No., replete with valuable information on scientific subjects, particularly those which relate to Phrenology, Physiognomy and Physiology. It is embellished with numerous engravings, including the portraits of distinguished persons of both sexes. It is published by Fowler & Wells, 308, Broadway, New York, at $1.50 a year. Those who are interested in the Science of Phrenology cannot get a safer guide and a more entertaining companion than the "Phrenological Journal."

"THE MORNING POST" is the title of a Tri-weekly paper lately issued in St. John. N. B. It is well printed, conducted with spirit, gives the latest news in very readable shape; and, in short, compares quite favorably with any of its New Brunswick contemporaries.

THE Marine Cable, which connects this Island with the main land, has not been in working order for some days, and we are consequently without any telegrams except those which we have received through our Colonial exchanges. But there has been no news of much importance from the seat of war since the battles of Gettysburg, of which an account, from northern sources, is given elsewhere.

TO BANGOR AND BACK *VIA* PORTLAND.

[EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.]

SO many persons have undertaken, year after year, to write of this route to Yankeeland—its varied features and interesting incidents—and have withal wasted so much unnecessary sentiment in personal compliment, intended as compensation for favors unreluctantly received, that it seems very much like translating the *Ænead* to follow their luminous path with our prosaic pen. But though the description be familiar as "household words" to the reader, the feelings awakened by the trip itself are, we can safely assert, altogether peculiar to those who make it.

Who that moves out from our little capital, of a bright and genial morning in the month of June, on board the *Westmorland*, meantime resting the gaze backward upon the receding city and the surrounding scenery, the spacious rivers, east and west, the homes of the gentry and the homesteads of the peasantry, the pregnant farm fields in bloom, and the distant forests that clothe the horizon, and will not experience a peculiar pleasure, together with a sense of freedom and release from insular life, quite unknown to those on shore? It may be that the unfortunate and rather unenlightened political circumstances of the princely little Isle may have some share in this—all feelings of a "party" kind remain on shore, and will not go to sea on any account—a fact, by the way, which we would beg to lay before our self-elected guides and luminaries of the "fourth estate."

Doubtless it was owing to the pious presence on board the friendly old craft of so many cleanly clad clergymen, lovely women and attentive gentlemen, all intent upon a pleasant pilgrimage of charity to sunny Summerside, that so fair a scene and serene a heavens were vouchsafed unto us, unworthy sinners, on the occasion.

One can never believe it, although more than one pair of lovely lips lisped the kind assurance, that to that best of commanders and most courteous of gentlemanly companions, Captain Evans, we were indebted for the extremely good humor of that capricious old spinster, Dame Nature, which we experienced.

Certainly there *are* times when one *can* say of this hyperborean Berbadoes, bad as may be its present ethics in relation to civil Government, and though its statesmen be but placemen, and that the solemn questions appertaining to the domain of conscience are not well distinguished from the evanescent ones incidental to our civil state, that it does compare very favorably with its flowerier namesake at the tropics.

But these few reflections have not, even for a moment, withdrawn us from our pleasant company; and having very soon arrived at pretty little Summerside, that little ambitious place which already rejoices in numerous churches, and fine stores, and some shipping afloat and on the stocks, together with any amount of aggressive dust, we surrendered our sacred freight to a laughing multitude of lovely consignees, or rather holiday devotees, at the head of whom were our friends the Hon. J. C. Pope and J. A. McDonald, Esq., attending to affairs generally. Steering thence away for Point du Chene—that point of oaks, but where no oaks have grown ever since Carvell's railway whistle frightened the fairies and the aerial friends of "Evangeline" from the place—we there descended from the ocean, and took passage in the georgeous state carriages of New Brunswick for that *break-neck* city of the Evangelist, St. John.

And as we fly along the rail as noiselessly almost and as rapidly as the eagle, our first thought, drawn from past experience in railway travelling, was our conductor—(the gentleman's name is Dicker, we believe)—whom at a glance we confided in, notwithstanding the bandaged state of his left arm, which told a tale of humanity, as we heard, connected with his anxious duties; then resigning ourselves to a quiet survey of the passing scene, vanishing like a vision past the view, we quickly left Shediac and the Bend in our rear, and entered the pleasant vale of Sussex, at the head of which stands the villa of the "blue-nosed" hero of Kars, not far from the illustrious field of Hickey's fame, and Prince Edward's glory in the "rifle" line.

To the future tourist by the Intercolonial Line, hunting after hygienic breezes and summer sights, the imposing contrast offered by the bold scenery of New Brunswick with the mighty ocean will always constitute a natural panorama of surpassing grandeur.

Halting for the night at St. John's, we had the very best view that can be given of the grand and varied scenery there to be seen; for, from the verandah of the Elizabethan villa of our friend and host, Mr. Howard, we gazed on it by the subdued light of the midnight moon, and the morning sunbeam, from an imposing elevation right over the beautiful and magnificent Suspension Bridge, that spans the silvery, harmless rapids of the noble river, as it bounds upon the view, and forms a sigmoid flexure beneath the eye ere it rushes away again into the great heart of the city, and is lost in the Bay of Fundy.

It is somewhat strange that here, in this noble city, should not be the seat of Government; but from all we heard of the present erudite and accomplished Governor of the Province, the people of New Brunswick may safely leave all such questions for his solution.

The surrounding scenery is peculiarly grand, whilst the city itself abounds in gorgeous structures, and splendid stores and busy marts, in shipping, and in shipbuilding and other operations of more recent introduction. Rising with the lumber trade, it does not seem to decline with it, but turns its versatile genius to other interests, and keeps pace with all its neighbours in prosperity.

Embarking here in the Portland steamer, we coasted along the provincial seaboard, in sight of the mountains and maritime homes of the inhabitants, until we came to the River St. Croix, which divides the British Empire in that quarter from the great American Republic—now in trouble, but not in danger—and there saluted a numerous blockading fleet of tiny craft, dealing death and destruction to every finny "contraband" adventuring the "blockade" in pursuit of a larger liberty in the great ocean, or, mayhap returning from thence for repose and vegetable or other nutriment in the sacred river.

At quiet Eastport—quiet though in Yankeeland—our steamer exchanged compliments with a smaller one from St. Andrew's, Calais, and St. Stephen's, and after pausing a few moments, out of compliment to the friendly little town, proceeded onwards for Portland.

And, soon as the early dawn, we sighted the graceful city, and surveyed its curving crest, extending along the beautiful busy bay of Casco, and presenting a right noble profile to the view. Right over the intervening pleasure-islands that form a natural breakwater to the ocean, and afford recreation to its citizens, the city salutes the mariner making for its port.

In Portland one finds the grand terminus of that great Railway System, by which the freighted car may fly from the ship's side to Montreal, Chicago, and directly or indirectly to almost every city east, and west, over all the northern continent. It has infused much life, but much more speculation of all sorts, into the young city, and this, when added to such as the unhappy war begets, over stimulates everything. As for the war itself, it would quickly reassure one as to the inherent ability of that indomitable people not only to crush it, but to set every enemy at defiance, merely to exercise one's senses there for a brief space of time. If a change should occur in that country of a political kind, it will and must be by the free option of the people, not by conquest. Business prospers to-day in every department, the same as if no mighty armies were wasting one another within its borders; and even the going forth and returning of stalwart regiments give delight and recreation to the confident inhabitants.

Taking our ticket for Bangor, a beautiful landscape, teeming with the blooming harvest, traversed by rivers, and dotted with towns, and many a Yankee hamlet, home and homestead, was quickly passed, when at length our destination was attained. Bangor, though a sea-faring city, sits far enough from the seaboard, along the lofty banks of a capacious tributary at its very junction with the Penobscot, and climbs and clings to the sundry hillocks and river banks, and creeps out along the various highways into the open country. Romantic scenery consists in part of "hill and dale," where the eye of the artist rests not on the entire landscape at any time, and grows fatigued with the sameness of its beauty; and Bangor rejoices in such a place, and can boast, besides, of crowded streets, and stores, and much commerce, of splendid public and private buildings, arbored highways of recreation and fashion, and, finally, of many magnificent edifices of worship, foremost amongst which is the Catholic Fane of our friend the Rev. Mr. Gillen, which, towering over the opposite bank of the Penobscot, salutes the traveller on his way to the terminus. It is fully twice as large as our cathedral, and yet we have seen it crowded by a respectable and edifying congregation, and not at all too vast for the thunders of the great organ in the gallery, nor even for the compass of Father Gillen's well-trained and eloquent voice—the soft Italian notes of Father Imassa in the mass, nor their gentle echo from the orchestra. Being surrounded on all sides by a rich farming country, and in communication on the one hand with the forest, and on the other with the ocean, Bangor enjoys all the comforts of a country town, and all the advantages of a sea-port city. Say what we may of Yankeedom, we have only to visit even this most northern one of its thousand cities to perceive the unrivalled advance of that people in agriculture and commerce, and in all the material refinements and social virtues belonging to the highest civilization.

Returning by steamboat to Portland, the picturesque scenery of the Penobscot we found to be all that the most poetic tourists have said or sung of it, and if transferred to canvas, would, as a Diorama, make the fortune of the artist. The deep river is not too wide to weaken the beauty of its boweried banks, nor yet too narrow for contrast with the country which rises as it recedes towards the horizon. Many white and peaceful villages, or populous thriving towns, such as Belfast, Camden, and Buxton, on the seaboard, were passed; but a close fog, which did not lift again, having fallen on the landscape, and even on the contracted straits near to the Island, where a rich and well-worked granite quarry exists, much of the fine view was taken from us. In Portland we attended an eloquent, pleasing lecture on "Immigration," by the Hon. D'Arcy McGee—the Montreal McGee of these times—whom we had with us to St. John, and may shortly see in this Island, *en route* for Canada by the Gulf. We had also on board Mr. Alexander Brown and his amiable "better half," returning from their hymeneal excursion, the Colonial Secretary, and the mighty Duncan, whom we persuaded certain sentimental young female tourists to regard as an ordinary specimen of the native growth of this Island in the biped species, and assured them of sweethearts of equal magnitude.

The passage from Portland to St. John being somewhat rough, and our steamer being unduly crowded with a promiscuous freight, we arrived behind time only to find the wharf crowded with anxious, joyful faces, owing to a report that our good ship had fallen a prey to the Tacony. Now, had it been so, may we not legitimately ask what might have been the result to this Colony and to the world at large of so great a calamity, for it is most sure that we all should have gone to the bottom, fighting like men, skedaddlers and all. But we have escaped, only we fear to have tired our readers with this hasty sketch of a brief tour that to ourselves alone was truly agreeable.

THE WAR IN THE STATES.

THE BATTLE FIELDS OF PENNSYLVANIA.

OUR American and Colonial papers are filled, as might be expected, with the details of the great battles fought at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, on the 1st, 2nd and 3rd July, in which decisive victories are claimed for the Northern arms. We give below a condensed account of these battles, premising that they are taken from Northern sources, and must be read with considerable allowance for the prejudices of the writers.

BATTLE ON WEDNESDAY, JULY 1.

The Battle of Wednesday was fought between the 1st and 11th corps of the Army of the Potomac and the Confederate corps under Longstreet and Hill:—

About half past nine o'clock, Wednesday morning, as the First army corps passed through Gettysburg, on its way northward, its advance encountered the enemy's skirmishers, posted in by-streets and out of the way places. These were quickly dislodged by our skirmishers, and the column proceeded. When our advance reached a point about half a mile north of the town, it came upon the column under Gen. Buell, commanding the right of Gen. A. P. Hill's corps.

Gen. Reynolds at once threw forward the 1st division, under Gen. Wadsworth, which began to drive the enemy from the start. Very soon after the 2nd division of the same corps went on the right of the 1st division, the 3rd division on the left of the first, and the whole line began to advance. Nearly west of the town, just in the outskirts, near the seminary, of which I have spoken, is the large brick edifice. Southward from this runs a piece of woods, and the seminary stands a ridge which slopes to the west into a little open valley of ploughed fields and meadows, rich with grass and grain.

Across this valley General Reynold's line advanced somewhat hastily, almost before it was well formed, and in that condition did not go far until against it a heavy force of the rebel infantry was immediately thrown, and Gen. Reynolds was in turn driven. But his troops retired step by step, and in excellent order. Forward with the utmost enthusiasm pressed the rebel line, eager now to turn Reynolds' retirement into a rout. Some of the rebels had too much energy and got too far; for, while they pressed too closely on the right of the centre division, the left of the same division was suddenly swept round, and then enclosed in the handsomest manner an entire rebel brigade under General Archer.

Gen. Archer and his whole staff were taken. About fifteen hundred of the enemy's men thus fell into our hands, and went to the rear. Small regiments were the order in this brigade; and when an Alabama Colonel was asked where the rest of his regiment was, he responded, "Gone to hell, sir."

One of these prisoners said to another, with some astonishment, "Heh! Jakeys, we're fighting the Army of the Potomac now." They seem to have thought they had hold of the militia. The regiments which made this capture were the Sixth Wisconsin, the Brooklyn Fourteenth, and the Ninety-fifth New York.

Though the first corps still continued to retire, the rebel advance was broken soon after this, and Gen. Reynolds now prepared to go forward in earnest. Apparently forgetful that he had at first only gone in to support cavalry, he was very likely to bring on a general engagement with only one corps. Formed as before, his line went forward and drove the enemy across the valley and over the ridge at the further side; but it was with great expense to us, as the fire with which they received our fellows was terribly severe. From the hill the line of skirmishers was thrown out some distance, and Gen. Reynolds went out to the line to reconnoitre, when he was hit with a musket ball in the back of the neck, and killed instantly.

In rather less than an hour after the fight began, the Eleventh corps came up to the same road by which the First had approached, and General Howard at once assumed command of the whole field, while General Schurz assumed command of the Eleventh corps. General Doubleday had already assumed command of the First corps.—Across the north side of the town runs a creek; rebels were massing troops apparently to take the First corps on its rear. To guard against an advance from that direction, General Howard sent forward the First and Third divisions of the Eleventh corps, which moved across the rear of the First corps and through the town, and took up a position with the First division on the right. General Steinwehr's division—the Second—was held as a reserve.

Meantime two or three of our batteries held a sharp parley with the rebel batteries posted on the hills that encircle the town, and their balls overshot our batteries somewhat, and threw several shot in amongst the solid people of Gettysburg. Whether it frightened them or not, I can hardly say. I doubt if they could experience an emotion so lively as that of fear; but they began to get out of the way—not the women and children particularly, but stalwart, able-bodied wretches in men's garments, were what I principally saw on the road to the rear.

At about half-past two o'clock, while the batteries exchanged a heavy fire and some sharp musketry woke up the echoes on the right, the rebels advanced in heavy force against the first corps, which slowly retreated from the hills beyond the valley to high ground near the seminary, where it prepared to make all the resistance it was capable of. It was reinforced there by some dismounted dragoons, and fought in the open field; for, although some rail fences were thrown down in front of our line, they afforded no cover. From the woods beyond the farm-house, and across the open space, a rebel force of perhaps three large brigades advanced handsomely in line of battle, while the rebel batteries near the general centre shelled our position hotly to cover the advance.

On came the line, right up within short range of our position, when it was opened upon with a fire so sharp and well served as to stagger and then completely repulse it. Backward went the line that came forward in such good order, a mere mass of stragglers, each of whom made the best of his way across the plain.

While the musketry was very hot in front of Gen. Doubleday, a party of about one hundred rebels stole through the woods well up on Doubleday's flank, and fired a large barn, one of those immense magazines of bread-stuffs that in Pennsylvania so over-peer the comparatively small farm-houses. An immense black column of smoke soon began to ascend from the roof, breaking out presently into a white sulphurous cloud, and then into a fierce red blaze. Under cover of this fire the rebel skirmishers exchanged numerous shots with a line of skirmishers from the cavalry on our extreme left.