

THE EXAMINER.

Saturday, December 28, 1850.

A VOICE FROM THE INTERIOR.

The following letter having come to us as we were about preparing an editorial for our present No., we cheerfully give up our space to its insertion, thinking it too good to be delayed:—

MR. EDITOR—

I observe, by a late No. of the *Islander* that the editor of that journal continues his abuse of the Representatives of the people, in consequence of the stand they made to obtain constitutional Government. The loss of a signal post to Charlottetown—the stoppage of the Inland Mails, together with the loss of bridges to the country—are subjects on which he loves to ring the changes, as being those most likely to create dissatisfaction with the Assembly. If the Meal-Man of the *Islander* (as your friend Ebenezer would call him) really hopes that his misrepresentations on these or other subjects can have any weight with the honest Anglo-Saxon race whom he addresses, he must surely forget their inherent love of truth and liberty, and their keen perception in discovering right from wrong. Happily for this Island, the Schoolmaster has been abroad, and knowledge is too widely diffused—not merely the knowledge of class-books and horn-books, but such, too, as relates to the occurrences of our everyday life, politics as well as Temperance, Religion, or the Bible Society—to give the Meal-man the smallest possible chance of proselytizing one solitary individual from amongst the many thousand freemen who empowered the present Assembly to destroy the faction that so long exercised irresponsible and arbitrary authority. He may fancy he is about to deal in mighty charms and conjurations when he descends from the Meal-bags of New London to the sanctuary of the *Islander* office, and changes a gaspereaux on the banks of the South West for a mutton-chop in "mine inn" at Charlottetown—but he will assuredly find more fancy than fact in the reflection; for as we are told that to

"Paint the lily, gild refined gold,
Or
"Add perfume to the violet,"

would be a very absurd and ridiculous task, so would it be equally absurd to look for Truth in the writings, Honesty in the public conduct, or Consistency in the principles which distinguish the Man of Meal from all the politico-literary rascals of this or any other age.

In the unceasing denunciations of the *Islander*—and the laborious attempts constantly made to gull the ignorant few who permit that paper to be thrust upon them gratuitously—we recognize the last faint struggle of the imbecile and expiring oligarchy to retain the sweets of office in spite of an overwhelming majority, supported by constitutional law, and backed by intellect and by the approval of their Sovereign.

The vote of want of confidence passed by the the present House, and the withholding of the Supplies which followed—were not idly assumed privileges. The result of these proceedings is now apparent in the admission which even the enemies of constitutional Government are forced to make, namely, that the long

IRISH PRACTICAL WIT.—A Tipperary Rock sends a letter of advice to a neighbour, about taking a certain piece of land or letting it alone; and ends with this pithy question: 'What's the whole world to a man if his wife be a widow?'

desired change must shortly be effected—and that the people shall have the power of controlling at will the Government they are taxed to uphold; and a further result is an overflowing Treasury, every shilling in which would have been squandered ere now, had the people been mad enough to give the oligarchy their wonted ascendancy in the Assembly.

Nor has the credit of the House been impaired by the stoppage of the Supplies. As proof of this, witness the rebuilding of, and repairs done to, several Bridges, shattered by late storms, the contracts for which have been taken at moderate rates, on the recommendation alone of gentlemen of the Liberal party—although some of the minority, notwithstanding their professions of a desire to "benefit the country," exerted their little influence to defeat the project. The facility with which the same individuals afterwards changed their tune, and applauded the improvement they could not retard, furnishes an instructive commentary on the motives and principles by which they are actuated.

In the *Islander* of the 3d instant allusion is made to sweeping off by storm of part of the Selkirk Town wharf, and the loss the country has thereby incurred is laid at the door of the Assembly, because no Supply was granted. The insanity of the Meal Man will stop at nothing; and by and bye we may expect the House to be abused in fine set phrase if they neglect to legislate for every contingency of weather, and provide against every elemental war: so that should our rivers again overflow—our wharfs and bridges be carried away—our fields and pastures converted into something that would be "neither sea nor good dry land," the calamity will be regarded as a visitation on the sins of the majority of the House. As for the Selkirk Town wharf, the wonder in the country is, that it had not gone before, for it is weakly constructed, and exposed on a long sandy point of about 200 yards in extent to the lashing of the sea on the west side from the waters of Orwell Bay, and on the east to the strong tides of Orwell River. The site is evidently ill chosen, and it is doubtful when repaired, if it will stand for any length of time. It would have been a more judicious expenditure of money to have extended the wharf at Cundall street, which would not have cost one third of the amount, besides affording a great accommodation to the country, and securing a place of safety for shipping.—'Tis a pity, indeed, the Selkirk Town wharf had not something of the conservative character of its portly representative—he of the ferrets, I mean. He is an enemy to all change (except small)—he has breasted every political storm: why, oh why couldn't his wharf brave a physical one? There is something terrifically ominous in this disposition to decay on the part of the Selkirk Town wharf!

I had designed to notice some of the other "tales told by the idiot," alias the Meal Man, "full of sound and fury, signifying nothing," but the fear of trespassing on your space admonishes me to conclude for the present. And I beg to wish you both the compliments of the Season, and to him a long continuance of the wholesome fare provided by Mrs. Woods, at the expense of the Compact, which he well knows is a consummation devoutly to be wished after vegetating upon partridge

and gaspereaux in his shanty at the South West.

REFUGEE.

China Point, December 26.

What has become of the Mechanics' Institute? Has this useful institution ceased to exist, or is the present winter to pass away without a Session? Have Literature and Science lost their charms for our men of talent, or have they become so intent upon Christianizing the heathen, and humanizing the inebriate of Charlottetown, by means of prayer meetings and temperance lectures, that intellectual improvement is a thing unworthy of thought, and that Learning may find votaries where she may beyond the dominion of the Schoolmaster?

ARRIVAL OF THE MAILS.

The Courier with the Colonial and U. States Mails arrived here from Cape Traverse last night about half past twelve o'clock. Although we have received two weeks Mails by this arrival, our papers are extremely void of interesting matter. Our latest Colonial dates are to the 21st instant; United States to the 14th inst, and California papers to the 31st Oct. We select the following items:—

EXECUTION OF WEBB.—KINGSTON, Dec. 10th.—The prisoner Webb, convicted at the last assizes, of the murder of Mr. Brennan, and sentenced to be executed, suffered the extreme penalty of the law this morning, at six minutes after 10. He exhibited the same stoical firmness which he evinced on his trial. Rev. Mr. Rogers attended him. A large concourse of spectators, about 2,000 assembled around the jail, and numbers occupied more distinct points, from whence the execution could be witnessed.

A disastrous fire occurred in St. Louis, consuming a large number of buildings stored with dry goods, &c. The loss is estimated at \$63,000, on which there is an insurance of \$53,000.

The greatest sell of this or any other season within ten years past, is the Turkish Ambassador sell. It seems from a letter from Constantinople, just published in the New York Express, that Amin Bey is nothing more than a young officer of the navy, enjoying the rank of Kaimakam, which is of no importance whatever, and was sent to this country to go through a course of study in the dockyards to acquire a knowledge of the recent invention perfected in this country. By the shrewd management of Mr. Brown, interpreter to the U. S. Legation at Constantinople, the Turk "was brought out" with great eclat, and several of our citizens, from Daniel Webster downwards have feasted his "excellency" at a great expense, and it requires a gifted imagination to "phaney their phelinks."

MOST DREAFFUL CALAMITY.—A telegraphic Despatch was received at the News Room last evening, from Frederickton, stating that the house of Mr. John Coulthard, in Queensbury, was consumed by fire yesterday morning, about two o'clock, with all the family—consisting of Mr. Coulthard, wife and child. Cause of the fire unknown.

FROM CALIFORNIA.

The Steamship Georgia and Empire City, bring us later intelligence from California. They were filled with passengers returning to their homes, and plenty of them, poor enough. I have seen Mr. DeWolfe a young Nova Scotian who has just returned from this wonderful Country: he gives a glowing description of it. The Cholera had made its appearance in California, and it is feared hundreds will fall victims to it.