

falling under the earnest look bent upon her by Mr. Darling-
ton.
"Has he made you his confidante?"
"No, sir. I doubt if the secret has ever passed his lips."
Kate's face was beginning to crimson, but she drove back the
male blood with a strong effort of the will.
"Then how come you possessed of it," inquired the father.
"The blood came back to her face with a rush, and she
beat her head, so that her dark glossy curls fell over and
partly concealed it. In a moment or two she had regained
her self-possession, and, looking up, she answered.
"Secrets like this do not always need oral or written lan-
guage to make them known. Enough, father, that I have
discovered the fact that his heart is deeply imbued with a
passion for one who knows well his virtues—his pure, true
—his manly sense of honor with a passion for one who has
looked upon him till now as a brother, but who, henceforth,
must regard him with a different and higher feeling."
Kate's voice trembled. As she uttered the last few words,
she lost control of herself, and bent forward, and hid her face
upon her father's arm.
Mr. Darlington, as might well be supposed, was taken
altogether by surprise at so unexpected an announcement.
The language used by his daughter needed no interpretation.
She was the maiden beloved by his clerk.
"Kate," said he, after a moment or two of hurried re-
flection, "this is a very serious matter. Elwin is only a poor
clerk, and you—"
"And I," said Kate, rising up and taking the words from
her father, "and I am the daughter of a man who can appre-
ciate what is excellent in even those who are humblest in the
eyes of the world. Father, is not Elwin far superior to the
artificial man who flutters around every young lady who now
makes her appearance in the circle where we move? Know-
ing him as you do, I am sure you will say yes."
"But, Kate—"
"Father, don't let us argue this point. Do you want
Elwin to go away?" And the young girl laid her hand
upon her parent, and looked him in the face with unresisting
affection.
"No, dear, I certainly don't wish him to go."
"Nor do I," returned the maiden, as she leaned forward
again, and laid her face upon his arm. In a little while she
rose, and with her countenance turned partly away, said—
"Tell him not to go, father—"
And with these words she retired from the room.
On the next evening, as Elwin was sitting alone in one of
the drawing-rooms, thinking on the long night of absence
that awaited him, Mr. Darlington came in, accompanied by
Kate. They seated themselves near the young man, who
showed some sense of embarrassment. There was no sus-
pense, however, for Mr. Darlington said—
"Elwin, we none of us wish you to go away. You know
that I have urged every consideration in my power, and now
I have consented to unite with Kate in renewing a request
for you to remain. Up to this time you have declined giving
any satisfactory reason for your sudden resolution to leave;
but a reason is due to us—to me in particular—and I now must
earnestly conjure you to give it."
The young man at this became greatly agitated, but did
not venture to make a reply.
"You are still silent on the subject," said Mr. Darlington.
"He will not go, father," said Kate, in a tender, appealing
voice. "I know he will not go. We cannot let him go.
Kinder friends he will not find anywhere than he has here.
And we shall miss him from our home circle. There will be
a vacant place at our board. Will you be happier away,
Elwin?"
The last sentence was uttered in a tone of sisterly affection.
"Happier!" exclaimed the young man, thrown off his
guard. "Happier! I shall be wretched while away."
"Then why go?" returned Kate, tenderly.
At this stage of affairs, Mr. Darlington got up and retired;
and we think we had as well retire with the reader.
The good ship "Leonora" sailed in about ten days. She
had a supercargo on board; but his name was not Elwin
Lee.
Fashionable people were greatly surprised when the beau-
tiful Kate Darlington married her father's clerk; and mis-
treated dandies curled their lips, but it mattered not to Kate.
She had married a man in whose worth, affection, and manliness
of character she could repose a rational confidence. If not
a fashionable, she was a happy wife.

Correspondence.

TO THE EDITOR OF HAZARD'S GAZETTE.

Sir,—I have always understood that the duty of a public journalist is,
one unbiased by party feeling, to lay clearly and honestly before his
readers the merits of the different cases which the circumstances of the
times call upon him to explain; not to deceive the public on any point—
by publishing such parts of the matter or case in question as suited his
own interest, or the views of his party or personal friends—to do injus-
tice to no man, either acting in a public or private capacity, by remark-
ing only upon detached paragraphs, on any theme, which, when taken
unconnected with the whole, make it appear absurd or ridiculous.
Of the latter, sir, I charge you of having been guilty, by an editorial
which appeared in your paper, dated Wednesday, October 21, written on
the subject of the Common of Charlottetown. The article to which I
allude conveys the impression that the statements there set forward are
a brief report of the opinions of the City Council, and of their Recorder,
pro and con—the first for, the latter against the right of the citizens to
the Common.
Of the written opinion of the Recorder, sir, it is indeed an outline, and
in contrasting this statement with the statements and opinions held and
inculcated by him heretofore, they leave behind no very favorable im-
pressions of his soundness of judgment or stability of character. The
only reason which presents itself to me, explanatory of such a change-
able disposition, is the fear arising in a weak mind of creating a trumpety
difficulty, to surmount which he felt himself incompetent. To put that
article forward, as the reason why several members of the City Council,
and myself in particular, disagreed with the Report, is not only unfair
towards the Body, but also deceptive to the public, inasmuch as it only
conveys part of the opinions there stated in opposition to the views of the
Recorder. As the matter is of some interest to the public, I shall now
state, as well as I can remember, what I said when the Report on the
Common property came before the Mayor and Corporation:—
"Your Worship:—The Recorder's opinion appears to me to be an ex-
traordinary one, the onset of which it may be desirable to preserve as a
specimen for a future historian to refer to in compiling a work on Char-
lottetown, and useful in conveying to a future generation the ingenuity
with which gentlemen of the long robe, at this early stage of our infancy,
had arrived at, in twisting a local statute, enacted for guarding the City
property, into an Act ceding it to a few individuals. I allow that con-
siderable research and ability are displayed in getting it up, but I dis-
agree with the honorable gentlemen in his conclusions on one important,
and indeed the only doubtful point on which the Council felt any indeci-
sion, and on which it was expected our legal adviser would have offered a
decided opinion, this he shrinks from; that is, your Worship, what right
does possession give the holders of the Common? On this he is silent;
but you are aware, and it is well known, that a party holding possession
of public property for any length of time, in no way lessens the right of
the public thereto. The Recorder cannot be ignorant of the fact, that,
after a possession of two hundred years, the fishery reserves in Scotland
were thrown open to the public on an Order from the Queen's Council,
although they had been leased out by parties claiming ownership.
Peaceable and quiet possession, your Worship, the Council are aware
will bar the right of a private person, and even the Crown itself, from
its estates; but no time, I have always understood, can bar the public.
No man, no clique, no body, but the public themselves, can alienate
them from these their natural rights—their inheritance. When, your
Worship, at what time, for what price, have the citizens of Charlottetown
parted with the noble gift bestowed by Royalty itself? His Majesty
King George the III., in the Royal Instructions to the Lieutenant Gov-
ernors, having set apart and reserved upwards of five hundred acres of
land for the purpose of a Common, and for enlarging the Town, when re-
quired. Sir, I say, the time has now arrived when steps should be taken
for enlarging the City, and for conferring upon it many advantages which
would inevitably follow by the attachment of the Common. I can con-
ceive no reason why parties who have been allowed to hold this property
for a series of years, should be allowed to retain it any longer in defiance
of the privileges of the community. Shall we, the representatives of the
City, allow its property to be doled out at exorbitant prices by a few
individuals, merely to gratify their mercenary propensities as land-job-
bers? Shall we, who have promised to guard and watch over the rights
and privileges of this City, as we promised to do before our election,
consent to this Report, and degrade ourselves in the eyes of the people,
by submitting to the will of an aggressing landowner? Sir, they are
not ignorant men. That plan, your Worship, will not stand. They knew
when they bought the land that the parties selling it had no right to the

Common. They know the Common had never been granted to any one
but the people of Charlottetown—giving an equal right to every citizen
therein. Nor, sir, have the Legislature allocated that right at any time.
I wonder, sir, how any man can have the assurance, (and he a hired
officer of the citizens) to submit to the community a Report, the assertions
of which are an insult to common sense. The Report states that the
Act of Incorporation debars the City Government from exercising the
right of taking, holding, or protecting City property. And this extraor-
dinary statement is based upon the privilege which the holders of Common
property exercise in choosing City officers. What are the voters' quali-
fications at such elections? viz: that all male persons of twenty-one
years of age, who shall have resided, previous to the election, twelve
months in the City, being bona fide owners of one Town or Common Lot,
should be entitled to vote. I wish to call your Worship's particular at-
tention to the unsoundness of the foundation upon which his Honor the
Recorder has built his Report, that is, that a few persons residing upon
the Common, voted at the City election. But, I ask him, had they a
right to vote? Are they bona fide owners of the Common, or any part
thereof? Unless the Recorder can prove them to be bona fide owners
of the Common property, the Report drawn up in their favor with so much
labor and artifice, falls to the ground.
"Sir, I have no confidence in that Report. I value it no more than
the paper upon which it is written. It remains for the citizens them-
selves to say when the occupiers of the Common shall remove; and if I
do not greatly mistake, the time is rapidly approaching when it shall be
a Common indeed. Another hundred Town Lots may be added to the
City from that property, and this can be done and laid off to agree with
the present plan of the Town; and the present occupiers of the Common
would have a right to ask for the grant of a Town Lot each."
These, Mr. Editor, are the sentiments, if not the words, which I made
use of, on the occasion above referred to. They manifest no disposition
to "rob Peter and pay Paul," as the Editor of Hazard's Gazette has
stated; nor at any time have the Council, individually or collectively,
given it as their opinion that the parties now holding possession and
having made valuable improvements on the Common, should be debarred
from compensation. No, sir, the owners of the buildings upon the Com-
mon are entitled, in the opinion of the Council, so far as I can learn, to a
reimbursement of the moneys expended by them; but as to the holders
of the different tracts of land therein, that is another question.
Yours, &c.,
BENJ. DAVIES.

November 14, 1855.

THE EXAMINER.

CHARLOTTETOWN, NOVEMBER 26, 1855.

CORPORATION AFFAIRS.

The Municipal Council, we have been lately informed by
Hazard's Gazette, are nightly, if not daily, engaged in
the preparation and discussion of ordinances for the better
regulation of our city affairs. This is all very well; but is it
not likely to occur to even the most patient and indulgent of
citizens, that the City Council are proceeding somewhat too
slowly with the work they have, or ought to have taken in
hand. We do not remember having seen more than three or
four bye-laws printed, and these were distinguished for nothing
at all original or extraordinary. It is nearly four months since
the gentlemen of the Common Council were invested with civic
powers. Surely we ought to have had, during such a consider-
able time, some better proofs of their capacity to discharge
their functions, than the transaction of a little police business
for two or three hours a day, and the enactment of three or
four bye-laws that might have been written out, discussed, re-
discussed and printed in less than a week. Who, or what is
to blame for all this delay? Is the Recorder—who ought to
draft the bye-laws—(or, we might say, to copy them, for the
printed ordinances of neighbouring cities will supply nearly
everything we want)—is the Recorder too slow a coach to
perform his allotted task? If so, let us have either a substi-
tute or additional help. Is the Executive Council to blame in
the matter? Has that body delayed to sanction bye-laws
passed by the Corporation? If so, let the honest truth be told,
and the blame thrown upon the right shoulders. Or, is the
delay attributable to the circumstance that the City Council
meet most generally at night, when the members are too much
fatigued with the occupations of the day, to be able to devote
clear and vigorous intellects and untiring energies to the pro-
secution of their public duties? If this be the hindrance to
the despatch of public business, let it be remedied by all means.
Meeting at seven or eight o'clock at night—sitting for a couple
of hours, and wasting no small portion of that time in mere
matters of form—gentlemen of the Council, believe us, that a
small amount of business must necessarily extend over a large
space of time. It is true they are not paid for their attend-
ance and services in Council, but they knew that quite well
before they solicited the honor of a place in the municipal
body; and when their present term of office shall expire, their
constituents will not be satisfied to receive, as an excuse for
remissness of duty, an assurance of the well known fact, that
their labours, such as they were, were given gratuitously.

In reviewing the career of the Corporation so far, we request
it may be distinctly understood, that we are actuated by no
hostile feeling towards it. Long before the Incorporation Act
was submitted to the Legislature, in this journal we supported
its principle, to the best of our ability, while all the other
papers were silent, or nearly so, regarding it,—and while
many of our esteemed political friends were either averse to
the measure, or lukewarm in their approval of it. Shortly
after the House of Assembly had taken up the Act for discus-
sion, it was abandoned by its introducer on the most frivolous
pretext. Not an individual on the Tory side of the House, to
which it was supposed to belong, would give a helping hand to
carry it through Committee; while the liberal majority,
composed chiefly of country members, did not seem to care much
for the fate of a measure, which, it was thought, would be of
no particular advantage to their constituents. Uninfluenced
by personal and local considerations, we felt convinced, and we
are so still, that an Act of Incorporation, properly and vigor-
ously carried out, would prove highly beneficial to country as
well as town; and acting upon that conviction, we took up the
Bill as soon as the members for Charlottetown had abandoned
it; and, by urging compromise and concession, succeeded in
inducing both sides of the House just barely to tolerate its
passage through. Well, after the first election under the Act,
in August last, we freely expressed our opinion respecting the
gentlemen chosen as civic functionaries, stating that, perhaps,
on the whole, they were about as good a selection as could be
made. We have not changed our opinion of them yet; we
think they could be of great service to the city, if they would.
We have attended their meetings oftener than any other
journalist in the place, and have not once uttered a word of
censure or complaint; but we think we should, as a public
journalist, now speak out, and plainly say, What has the City
Government done to improve the condition of Charlottetown?
Passing three or four trumpety bye-laws, is just next to doing
nothing. Trials for petty assaults, and for disorderly drunk-
ennes, used to be disposed of in Mr. Desbrisay's or Mr.
Hutchinson's office, quite as well, perhaps, as when there was
no parade and no expense incurred. The public tranquility
was never seriously disturbed during the existence of the old
state of things,—and we cannot say that it is very much better
maintained under the present. Convictions are, to be sure,
somewhat more numerous, especially in the "drunk and disor-
derly" line, because offenders in that respect are now
more closely watched; but the public peace was never seriously

menaced by a staggering and roaring inebriate. It is an im-
provement certainly to public morals to check and punish
drunkenness; but we can discover no other improvement
effected. We shall have filthy streets, overflowing with mud
and water, this fall and the ensuing spring at least, as much
as ever we had, because the Corporation have not yet thought
proper to make any provision for sewers, for which we think
there was ample time during the past three or four months.
We have yet the ancient deep and dirty gutters at the crossings
of the streets, injurious to foot passengers and dangerous to
vehicles; and those relics of barbarism, the rotten and rickety
side-walks, are preserved to us in all their primeval nastiness.
The public squares, the most valuable pieces of property within
the limits of the city, present as yet no traces of progressive
civilization. Irregularity in the management of the ferry used
to be a standing grievance; and complaints from that quarter
are yet neither "few" nor "far between." Even vagabond
cows still prowl about the streets, stealing hay and straw from
countrymen's carts, unterrified by the solemn and imposing
presence of five policemen, dressed in handsome uniform with
glittering brass buttons. In short, nearly every thing stands
just as it did before the Corporation had an existence. To be
sure, a new rail has been put round the little antiquated
rotunda that is made to answer the purpose of a market house;
but we are unable to discover the use of the said rail, and most
assuredly we cannot perceive any ornament about it. The old
building has been made to look more insignificant and unsightly
within the circle of its wooden entrenchment.

We shall be told, no doubt, that all this censure is quite un-
deserved—that the Corporation cannot do everything at once
—and, that their energies are repressed by the want of money.
We are sorry to be under the necessity of using censure, but if
public functionaries will not do their duty, they must submit
to be told of the fact. We do not want the City Government
to do everything at once—we are not so unreasonable; but
we want them to do a little at a time, when, in fact, nearly
nothing has been done. As for money, they have more than that
commodity at their disposal than was ever appropriated to
Charlottetown before. Well, they may say, we have the
Mayor's salary, Recorder's salary, Clerk's salary, and Police-
men's salaries, to pay. Admitted. But surely when a large
amount of money is thus to be expended, we ought to have
something more advantageous in return for the expenditure than
the punishment of a few drunken and disorderly vagabonds.

Hazard's Gazette—which may be said to be the organ of
the Corporation, as it is edited by the Recorder—inform us
that the Common Council are now devising a scheme of taxat-
ion, to meet "improvements in progress and in contempla-
tion." We don't perceive any improvements in progress; and
as for those in contemplation, the City fathers will have a
goodly time for the exercise of their talents in that respect
between now and the spring. We must, however, say, that it
appears to us as extremely unwise to breathe a word about
additional taxation until some solid improvement has been ac-
complished. The citizens would pay any reasonable amount
of assessment with the utmost cheerfulness, if they saw that
some good had been done; but present pay for advantages in
dim prospect is always grudged—murmuringly and reluct-
antly yielded. The Act of Incorporation empowers the Muni-
cipality to borrow several thousand pounds for the purpose of
building a new Market House, or making other improvements.
They should have exercised that power almost as soon as they
were seated in Council—rattled on with the improvements,
and then appealed to their constituents for the ways and means
to pay the interest of the debt. "Gentlemen, we have given
you a new Market House—we have improved your streets,
squares and sidewalks—we have constructed sewers—we have
made important and expensive sanitary regulations—we have
established an efficient police; but these undertakings have in-
volved us in debt, and we appeal to your sense of justice to
give us the means of redeeming it, or of punctually paying the
interest." There is not a man in the community who would
hesitate to respond to such an appeal. But the City fathers
have adopted another, and not the wiser course. Taxation
first, and improvements in—contemplation! This is the
"penny-wise and pound-foolish" policy—the unwise apprehen-
sion of incurring debt, with the inevitable consequence, under
the circumstances, of exciting discontent!

We believe our readers require no evidence to convince them
that the *Islander* is one of the most false and unprincipled pub-
lications ever issued from the press in this or any other country.
But if such evidence were necessary, we might point to the
articles in that paper of the 16th instant. The leader is a
gratuitously vulgar and malicious attack on the private as
well as public character of the Hon. Colonial Treasurer, which
only a most unprincipled fellow could perpetrate—rendered
perfectly innocuous by the utter rascality that pervades his
every sentence;—and the next article, which covers about half
a column of space, is, from beginning to end, a string of the
most unmitigated falsehoods that could be invented by the most
perverted mind. We will just notice a few as a sample of the
whole.

No. 1. That the Government has sunk the Colony in debt
contrary to law. This assertion has been so often repeated
and enlarged upon, that we are at no loss to understand what
it means. Sinking the Colony in debt means purchasing the
Worrell estate in conformity with the provisions of an Act of
Parliament. The Government gave a certain amount of debentures,
in return for which they obtained a certain tract of very
valuable land, which they are now selling in small blocks,
without intermission, and without any loss to the public. If
they had sunk the Colony in debt to the amount of those debentures,
and had nothing to show for them, they would be
justly censurable; but so long as the land is available, or is
being converted into cash to meet the debentures, when they
fall due, it cannot be said that there is any debt, on that ac-
count, injurious to the interests of the Island. The phrase
"contrary to law," is meant to have reference to the fifth
section of the Land Purchase Act, which declares that the
titles of land to be purchased by the Government shall be in-
vestigated. The titles of the Worrell estate were fully investi-
gated before the purchase was effected. It is true, indeed, that
there was no enquiry into the fulfillment or non-fulfillment of
the conditions contained in the original grant. The law did
not require it. The law was, in fact, passed as a substitute
for such a proceeding, long since condemned as impracticable,
Her Majesty's Government has repeatedly declared that there
can be—shall be no rescheat—for non-compliance with the con-
ditions of the original grants. That declaration terminates all
controversy about the original grants. The next course, then,
open to the Legislature, was to purchase the claims of the pro-
prietors. This course was pursued in the passage of the Land
Purchase Act. The veteran apostle of Escheat—William
Cooper—set an example in this direction, when he returned
from one of his fruitless missions to England about escheat;
and Duncan Maclean plagiarized his scheme a few years later,
when he introduced to the Assembly what was called his
"common Sequestration Bill." It certainly contained no clause
authorising an investigation into the conditions of the original
grants. So much for falsehood No. 1.

No. 2. That the Government of this Colony "is exercised
for the interest of about a dozen absentee landlords." No one

knows better than the *Islander* scribe that a grosser falsehood
than this was never penned. If the Government be "exercised"
for the interests of absentee landlords, it is wonderful that those
same landlords should be eternally pestering the Colonial Of-
fice to disallow the measures passed by the Legislature of this
Colony under the auspices of its Government. Does their
opposition to the Tenant Compensation Bill, the Rent Roll Bill,
the Sheriff's Bill, and previously to the Education and Small
Debt Bills—show that this Government is being "exercised"
in harmony with their views? Why, ever since the Liberal
Government was formed, the opposition of the absentee land-
lords has been most inveterate and undeviating to every one of
its important measures. So much for falsehood No. 2.

No. 3. This is a personal and compound falsehood—
made up of several parts. Videlicet—That Whelan is "envious"
of the superior success of the *Islander*—that he is destitute of
"abilities and political honesty," (qualities possessed, of course,
by Numskull Ings)—that he is "despised and his paper of no
authority;" and (worse than all his other faults and trans-
gressions!) that he—Whelan—persists in keeping "a monopoly
of the public printing."

Now, as for being "envious" of the *Islander*, the thing
manifestly absurd. What is there about that precious sink
vulgarity, falsehood and malignity, that should make any
envious of it? Started thirteen years ago, partly as the insti-
tution of land proprietors, with a few old types, said to have been
whicced out of the printing office of the late J. H. White, it
has never since been able to maintain itself, and pay a hiring
to supply its publisher with brains, without annual contribu-
tions from the Peakes, Havilands, and others of the same class
and party. This cannot be denied. There is a printed sub-
scription list in existence, as evidence of the fact. Well,
"envious" of Numskull himself? Certainly he is a beauty.
A stolid clot of clay you will meet with nowhere. Of what
lect he is not a spark about him. Whoever reared the
animal—or, if we must acknowledge him of the genus homo—
"the man of straw," as Duncan Maclean was wont to style
him in days of yore—should have kept him away down
Squaw Bay, as a hewer of wood and drawer of water;—
lays, by dint of perseverance on the part of his instructor, he
might have been taught to handle the plough with some skill,
might have made himself useful in feeding the pigs. But
printing office is not the place for him, for two reasons: First,
he cannot write a line of common sense; and, secondly, he does
not know what common sense is, when he sees it in print, for
he slovenly way in which the *Islander* is printed proves him to
be ignorant of the simple art of reading a proof sheet. Are we
"envious" of the old file of an editor? A fellow about whom
antecedents there is something extremely mysterious if not
mysterious—who played the political apostate in this Island, and was
condemned to everlasting disgrace for his pains by the sen-
tency he misrepresented for a short period in the House of As-
sembly,—and who finally sold his soul, not exactly to the devil,
but to some of his agents, for a trifling modicum of "silver
per an.—such a chap's career and prospects could hardly inspire
with envy even one of the poor niggers it is said he was
employed to whip while vegetating in the West Indies. Such
fellow, forsooth, writing a homily on "political honesty," as
Numskull Ings printing a taunt about other people's "want
of abilities!" It shows what a very verdant class of readers
Islander's patrons must be, when they are supposed to be
capable of swallowing such trash.

The *Examiner* "is despised and of no authority"—so says
the quondam whipper of niggers, and so echoeth the Squaw
Bay luminary! Why, in the name of common sense, do the
trouble themselves and waste so much time and space in try-
ing to answer the arguments of THE EXAMINER, and in asking it
now and then to answer some foolish question, if it be a jonn
"despised" by the public, and of no "authority"? Its im-
putation was never yet forced according to the system pursued
on behalf of the *Islander*, namely—sending it to parties with
printed circular, informing them that if they would only
the paper to enter their houses, they should have it with
any charge for the first six months—the noddles of the
clique, who had more money than brains, making good to
Squaw Bay luminary the six months subscription not due to
the subscribers.

We have "a monopoly of the public printing," eh? Is
that is the thought that sinketh and soureth the hearts
Numskull and the quondam nigger driver. But what they
is not true. The proprietor of this paper happens to hold
office of Queen's Printer, by commission from the Govern-
ment as Mr. James D. Hazard held it, and as the Squaw
luminary held it, for twenty-four weeks, and would faint
it again. It is true that the House of Assembly printing
also done at the Queen's Printer's office; but that printing
work, and could not be done there unless the tender to
was lower than that emanating from any other establish-
ment. Messrs. Hazard & Owen have had the printing for the
lative Council in the same manner. What a terrible thing
is that the Queen's Printer can't be induced or coaxed to
his office and his contracts, just to please the Squaw Bay
luminary and the quondam whipper of niggers!

We might considerably add to the catalogue of false as-
sertions which constitute the staple of the *Islander's* editorials,
we had time and space to notice in detail another article which
appeared on Friday last, reflecting in coarse and unmanly
terms on two officers of the enrolled Volunteers now serving
the barracks at Charlottetown. The article bears strong evi-
dence of being written under the influence of a
violent passion, as it contains statements not only quite un-
true but absurdly and ridiculously so. It is highly improbable
the gentlemen attacked will take any notice of the slanders
neither his impotent rage, nor his falsehoods, can do them
injury. But we may as well inform the public that Mr. No.
does not receive fifteen shillings a day for his services as
of the Volunteers; and that Mr. Mitchell does not receive
shillings and sixpence a day for his services as Paymaster
that Force. Neither of the gentlemen slandered receive
shilling of pay. What a fine organ the Tory party has,
so repeatedly to lay itself open to conviction of gross and
public falsehood!

A LECTURE ON THE RUSSIAN WAR was delivered at the
perance Hall, on Monday evening last, by the Rev. J. B. D.
The place was very crowded; and the lecture, which was
oral and partly written, abounded in eloquent passages,
had nevertheless some defects. The proceeds, amounting
about £15, were handed over to the Committee of the
coming Bazaar in aid of the poor.

GAS LIGHT.—The question appears to be almost
throughout Charlottetown—Why is it that we have no
Gas? We cannot answer, but certain it is, that we have
had, and could scarcely have worse. The gas light under
we write at present is scarcely eighteen inches from the
of paper, and yet we are compelled to have a lighted
before us to enable us to see. It has gone out of its own
four times within the last fifteen minutes, and is now
like the snuff of an exhausted candle. We note the
stance for the information of the Gas Company. On
Friday evening, six o'clock. There is something very
about the transactions of the Company. If we are
gas, let us have something deserving of the name.

ARRIVAL OF THE ENGLISH MAIL.—LATEST
LIGENCE FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.

The *Lady de Marchant* did not return from Plover
Saturday morning, when she brought with her the
Mail, furnishing advices to the 10th instant. The
the seat of war is not of much importance. The
the present season appears to be closed,—the allies
were preparing to go into winter quarters.

Lord Palmerston, it appears, had not succeeded in
the services of a successor to Sir William Molesworth,
Mail left England.

We give from our latest papers the following
reference to the Eastern war. Further details will be
our next No.