Texas to secede from the Southern Confederacy and establish an independent government. The result of this discovery was an order to Magruder to send the Consul at Galveston to Mexico as soon as possible, and the Richmond Consul to leave forthwith. The order with regard to the latter, however, was rescinded. It further appears that the reception awarded by Earl Russell to Mr. Commissioner Mason at London, is not such as comports with the latter's sense of propriety or with the expectations of the Confederate authorities at Richmond. Mr. Mason, however, is complimented for his self abnegation in consenting to remain at his post, notwithstanding the annoyances to which he conceives himself subjected by the evident coolness of the British Secretary of Foreign Affairs. The second portion of his correspondence relates to European operations of the Confederate Treasury and Navy Departments. Mr. Meminger explains the schemes devised for raising money in England by the hypothecation of cotton in the Confederate States. The *modus operandi* by which that coin may be transmitted in British naval vessels from the blockaded ports to be employed in England for war purchases, and payments receive elucidation at the hands of the Confederate Secretary of the Treasury, while the use to which a portion of the funds is to be put finds explanation in the correspondence of the Secretary of the Navy. The utility of iron-clad vessels, and the means by which they are to be procured in England form the burden of these interesting papers. From these papers we also learn the names of the financial agents of the Southern Confederacy in England and what houses are ready to fill the military and naval orders from Richmond. It may surprise some persons to find out that Mr. George N. Saunders is playing a top part in the negotiation looking to the construction of iron-clads in England for the Southern Confederacy. He figures, also, as the diplomatic courier of the Richmond Government.

THE QUESTION OF PEACE.

The Richmond Dispatch, of January 10, discusses Mr. James Brooks' peace propositions. It says:

Mr. Brooks appeared to be in earnest in these extravagant propositions, strange as it may appear to any man who has possession of his senses; for, upon the occasion of presenting them, he made a long speech, and expressed himself confident of their success. Are the Northern people all natural born fools, or are they only stricken with that judicial madness which we are told the gods always inflict upon the victims of their wrath preparatory to their ruin? Can they suppose that the South is as galless and as lily-livered as themselves, and that they are willing, for mere considerations of interest, to forget the unheard-of outrages under which they have suffered during this war? Can they believe them capable of so soon burying in oblivion all that they have done and all that they have suffered?

If the whole Yankee race should fall down in the dust to-morrow, and pray us to be their masters, we would spurn them even as slaves. Our only wish is to be separated from them finally and forever—never to see the face of one of them again—never to hear the voice of another Yankee on the South side of the Potomac or the North—to have no traffic and no intercourse of any description whatever with them. We are fighting for separation, and we will have it, if it cost the life of every man in the Confederate States.

We are aware that many persons believe that the party of which Brooks and Van Buren are the representatives, desire and design to restore peace, and that, at present, they dare not speak out their real sentiments, which are in favour of separation. We do not believe they are in favor of any such thing. They would like peace on condition of our return to the Union, and they are fools enough to believe that a majority of the people of the Confederacy are in favor of reunion. They would like peace on these terms, because it would restore the commercial supremacy of the North, and especially of the city of New York, which is gone forever if the Union be not restored. But they are as bitterly opposed to separation as Lincoln is himself, or any of the thieves and murderers who lead his armies.

In the event of a refusal to return to the Union, they would, to a man, unite in hounding on the assassins who are desolating our country and murdering our people as fiercely as they have ever been hounded on by by Beecher and Hale. They look only to their pockets when they preach of reconciliation and restoration. If the same object could be effected by entirely destroying the people of the Southern States, and they thought it as easy to do, they would recommend it as the best of all possible policy. Let them be satisfied, however. President Davis expressed the sentiment of the entire Confederacy, in his speech the other night, when he said the people would sooner unite with a nation of hyenas than with the detestable and detested Yankee nation. Anything but that. English colonization, French vassalage, Russian serfdom—all, all are preferable to any association with the Yankees.

The Richmond *Examiner* of the 12th, in urging upon the people of the South not to relax their energies in the prosecution of the war, has the following remarks upon a prospective peace:—

"It may be premature to suppose that the war is approaching its end, and it would certainly be ruinous to relax our military energies in such an idea. Twelve months ago the South was even more sanguine of an early peace than now, a leading Cabinet officer having confidently asserted that it would transpire in sixty days. Within that sixty days, instead of peace, came a series of disasters ending with the surrender of New Orleans, which had well nigh placed the Southern cause in extremities. The prevailing expectations of peace may be equally delusive now; and it is certainly the part of wisdom to shape our measures and policy with single reference to a vigorous prosecution of hostilities and an enduring war.

"But there is a radical difference between the reasons which encourage expectations of peace now prevailing and those on which like expectations were based a year ago. Then they were founded on the idea of the omnipotence of cotton, and the supposed necessities of states which would coerce European governments into the measure of intervention. These hopes proved worse than delusive. They not only were not realized, but the consequences of reyling upon them had liked to have proved destructive to the southern cause. They were persisted in until within a few weeks of the disbanding of our armies by the expiration of the twelve months term of service. At the last hour they were dismissed, and the conscript law was enacted, looking to a permanent prosecution of the war with a permanent army. Until then he was not considered orthodox in the Southern faith who did not believe that peace was immediately at hand from cotton and intervention. Now, on the contrary, no expectation of intervention is entertained; no faith is reposed in the coercive powers of cotton, and the public mind of the South has settled down into a fixed and deep seated resolution to owe independence to ourselves. The war has proceeded for eight months on this plan, and with all disappointments it can never be denied that the general result is a decided improvement in our affairs."

THE LATE MOVEMENT OF GEN. BURNSIDE'S ARMY.—Gen. Burnside's plan of advance up and across the Rappahannock has been thwarted by the mud and not by the rebels, and prudence has been compelled to control the great and impatient desire of our troops to advance into Virginia, to victory and to Richmond. The correspondence of the New York *Post*, written at Banks' Ford on Friday morning, 23d instant, on the march from Falmouth to that point on Wednesday, says:—

At every turn or rise in the road a wagon or caisson was seen sticking fast, and horses and mules were down in the mire and unable to rise. The roads, which had been hard and good but a little while before, were a sticky slop. In every gully batteries, caissons, supply wagons, ambulances, and pontoons were mired. Horses and mules sank up to their bellies in the mud; soldiers on the march floundered about, sinking to the knees at almost every step. It was impossible to draw an empty wagon through th s dreadful mud. The whole army was stuck fast.

I rode along the side of the road, making my way to the front. I found the men turning off the main road to seek less worn and slushy by-paths at every opportunity, but with no success. The brush was nearly as bad as the main road.

When I got within about two miles of the river I came upon a scene of confusion worse than I had seen before. In a deep gully, and on the hillside, where the road ascended, were stuck fast in the mire more than a dozen caissons, guns, ammunition and forage waggons, and one of the great headquarter waggons. Teamsters were cursing, and cracking their whips, horses and mules were floundering in the mire, strings of soldiers were dragging at long ropes fastened to each side of the waggons to help them forward; and I fancied that the whole, men, waggons, guns, mules, soldiers and all, was gradually disappearing from sight in the mud.

As I picked my way along, I saw a horseman covered with mud from cap to stirrup, whom I took to be an orderly, and a very filthy one at that. He was ordering a teamster to unhitch his mules and take them to the front, to help another team out which barred the way. I sat and watched the operation for a while, and listened to the orders, which began to bring a little hope of extrication to this bemired train. Presently I got a glimpse of the supposed orderly's face, and saw that he was no less a person than Gen. Hooker. He was dressed in a black water-proof coat, and was plastered with the ochrous mud, so that he was scarcely recognizable.

His presence and vigorous orders set matters going again, and while he remained there the sea of mud began to wriggle and move, reminding one of a general movement on a plate of molasses covered with flies, when, by reason of some general alarm, the flies make a unanimous struggle to get away.

Slocum, Stoneman, Griffin, Sykes, Humphreys, Franklin, Burnside, were all in front, all doing their best to get their waggons through, and all covered with mud. All day long it was one continued and exhausting struggle with the mud—an enemy worse than the rebels. Wednesday night the tired troops lay down in their blankets.

It rained all night. Next morning (Thursday) it was determined to concentrate the pontoons at Banks' Ford. Near this ford the river banks are high, and form a table land or ridge up to which the guns and pontoons were dragged, all next day, by the united labor of men and horses. There the ground was somewhat more firm.

But it was now seen that the approaches out to the river were impracticable. The mud in these freshly cut roads was too deep. The fords were not attainable. The river was not much swollen; but horses, waggons and guns could not be taken down to the water.

However, the roads were pretty well cleared of waggons and other impediments on Thursday, everything being dragged up to the higher ground, and on that night the men camped in the woods near by, and all round. Here the sturdy woodsmen went in with axes, and generally made a clearing; their huge fires began to shine out, and something like comfort began to prevail in this ocean of mud. Rebel camp fires were visible during the night on the other side of the river.

The work of moving the pontoons had been stopped, and they rested on a high bluff a hundred rods back from the river. Thursday it began to be rumored that we were to return and give up the attempt. On that night Generals Burnside and Hooker returned, and the cavalry and light artillery were ordered back.

This (Friday) morning Gen. Sumner's grand division, which had been holding itself ready to march during the whole time, received orders to unpack and again encamp. They had not left their camp grounds, but still remained in front of Fredericksburg.

This morning the stragglers are gathering up, and the stray batteries and waggons are filling in, while brigade after brigade is preparing for the return to camp. As I quit camp all is busy. Before this can be published the major portion of the army will again be in camp before Fredericksburg.

A SUPPOSED NEW PRIVATEER.—The Yankee papers are excited by reports of a vessel called the Princess Royal that lately left Halifax. it is supposed for a Confederate port, with a valuable cargo of arms and ammunition, and which they fear will be transformed into a privateer after running the blockade. A letter from Halifax gives the following particulars of the suspected cruiser:—"The vessel is built of iron and schooner rigged. She is propelled by a screw on an average about 12 knots. After coaling she ran out into the stream, and for the last two or three days painters have been transferring her hull, spars and funnell from black to lead color. The captain professes to belong to New York, but it is certain that it is his real intention to run the blockade if he can. Being short of one or two hands, he engaged two young men at Halifax to whom he promised a handsome bounty if he should succeed in getting into Charleston. The Princess Royal has ten large guns in her hold. She has no guns on deck, and her cargo is represented as most valuable. She was built at Greenock, Scotland, in 1861, and is a beautiful model. The Princess Royal sailed from Halifax January 12th."

THE REBEL RAM.—The people at Fortress Monroe had quite a scare a few days ago on account of a rumour that the new Merrimac, the rebel ram which has been built at Richmond, with other iron clad vessels, was coming down the James river to sink the ships in Hampton Roads. It appears however, from recent accounts of refugees from Richmond that the great ram is a perfect failure, being top heavy, and she is lying at Rocketts with a scow on each side to keep her afloat. Several times she has been taken out in the stream with the scow alongside, but whenever it was attempted to remove the scows she careened at such a rate that they were obliged to replace them and bring her back to her moorings. For upward of three weeks was she tried in this manner, but at last, tired out with attempts to make her sit right in the water, they have given her up and acknowledge her a failure.

THE EFFECT OF THE PROCLAMATION.—Gen. Clusseret has written to a Senator, under date of Winchester, January 7, a letter, in which he says—

"We have received, Gen. Milroy and myself, the President's Proclamation of Freedom. In consequence, we yesterday posted on all the walls of Winchester, and scattered throughout the country, from farm to farm, an order from Gen. Milroy, notifying all slaves that they are free, beginning from the 1st of January, and have the right to claim wages from their masters, or to quit them, and that in this case the troops will protect their rights precisely as they will those of other citizens."

A correspondent of the New York *Tribune* also writes of the effect the proclamation has already produced—

"The northern neck of Virginia, the heart of aristocratic and wealthy slavery, is alive with a vast hegira of bondmen and bondwomen, travelling under President Lincoln's pass. The proclamation is depopulating the whole region between the Rappahannock and the Potomac. In farm waggons, in coaches, on horseback, afoot and in buggies with valuable property, in every case, this second movement from Egypt to the promised land fills the highways and the woods. The freed slaves come direct to our lines. On the other side rebel raids daily snatch valuable slaves and hurry them southward and westward to the mountain fastnesses for security. It was so that masters hid away their perilous property in the mountains of San Domingo. In Baltimore, the proclamation daily strikes the fetters off the large number of slaves sent for safety to that city from the Shenandoah Valley.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the Examiner.

SIR,—Without entering into the merits of the dispute between the Revs. Messrs. Allan and Sutherland, I think no man can read the communication of the latter, in the last *Protestant*, without a sense of indignation that such sentiments should find utterance in this the nineteenth century, and be published in a paper which has for its motto, "Prove all things," &c. The words to which I allude are: "They (the Orangemen) are a great Protestant defence association; they are the *peace constabulary* of our country. Let the man who values his own respectability and influence beware what he says against the Orangemen of P. E. Island."

I can easily imagine what commotion it would make if any one was fool enough to write: "Let any man beware what he says against Bishop McIntyre or Father Angus, or the Church: Let any man beware what he says against the Presbytery of the United Presbyterian Church: Let any man beware what he says against the Wesleyan Conference. Or, turning from religious institutions to secular ones—Let any man beware what he says against this House of Assembly: Let any man beware what he says against this Legislative or this Executive Council: Let any man beware what he says against this Supreme Court or its Judges: Let any man beware what he says against Governor Dundas:"—when we know that each of those public men and each and every one of those public bodies are open and subject to the severest scrutiny and criticism. Yet, here is an institution whose rules were never published, who never sent out an annual report—the members of which never gave their names to the world—whose proceedings are conducted in the greatest secrecy—unknown to the law in some countries, and contrary to the law in others—claiming immunity from just and open criticism, to which every public character in the world is liable, from the Queen downwards, and every public body of men whatever, from sacred to secular.

In my younger days I was taught by a Bible reading father that the Scriptures were the only rule of faith and practice—that they revealed the way of salvation through a crucified Redeemer; and, as the author of our eternal salvation, he is called our "glorious deliverer." I was taught that at Calvary and at Gethsemane the most solemn, the most tremendous events that ever occurred took place in connection with human salvation; and that repentence for sin, faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, and holiness of heart and life, were absolutely necessary to procure salvation.

But what is Orangeism, and what are its teachings? It is a hybrid begotten of the contentions of Catholics and Protestants in the Green Isle years ago, and duly imported to the fair fields of our own Isle by an A. B. of T. C. D.; and its teachings are that Wiliam the Third, whose fingers were dyed at Glencoe, and not Jesus Christ, is our "glorious deliverer." It ignores Calvary and Gethsemane altogether, and in their places substitutes the Battle of the Boyne and the Siege of Limerick. It ignores faith in Christ—repentance for sin, and holiness of heart and life—and teaches that if you join the Lodge on earth you will certainly be admitted into the Lodge in heaven. It ignores the Bible altogether, while prating about it, and in its place substitutes the writings of filthy old Hogan. This is no fancy sketch, as I am able to prove. And the "Apostle and High Priest of the Profession" is well known by his "unclean hands," assisted by one Reverend, who would have, under other circumstances, done his country good service at the plough tail; and another who, if he had gone to the bottom of the sea in his father's fishing boat, his country would have been nothing the worse off.

Taking the first part of the quotation last—"They are a great *Protestant defence association*, they are a great *peace constabulary*"—reminds me of a circumstance with which I was personally acquainted. Three men who had been spending an evening together, when about to part, were met by a ruffian with a club under his arm. As he came up he exclaims: "What is this? I must have peace." One of the three replies: "We are all friends—we are all in peace—not the least danger of any thing else." "But I must have peace," exclaims the ruffian again. As he spoke, he raised his club, knocked one of the three down—left him for dead—and as he departed, he said: "Now there is peace." But, says Mr. S., "they embrace a large proportion of the most peaceable, upright, pious men in the community." Perhaps so; nevertheless, there is danger that their peaceable dispositions may be "modified," when guns, pistols, and loaded canes are put into their hands. Their uprightness is likely to be changed, when, in secret conclave, they are taught to resort to the use of such dishonorable means and proceedings as procured Mr. Heard's defeat; and as to their piety, they are likely to carry more into the Lodge than ever they will bring out, for an old fashioned book, of which Mr. S. may have heard, says: "Evil communications corrupt good manners." And again, "Can a man take fire in his bosom, and his clothes not be burned? Can one go upon hot coals, and his feet not be burned?" This system of Orangeism is said to be found to protect us from the encroachments of Popery. Well, here is a fact illustrating the spirit and working of this great Protestant "Defence Association." During the agitation caused by the late R. C. Bishop's letter on the question of reading the Bible in our common schools, Mr. Heard attended a meeting in Mr. Sutherland's Church, and spoke in favour of the measure. Now, any person would think this was sufficient to satisfy the most fastidious person as to Mr. H.'s Protestantism; but no—because he would not promise to support or vote for an Act of Incorporation for Orange Lodges, the whole weight of this great Protestant "Defence Association"—this great "Peace Constabulary," composed of upright, peaceable, pious men, is brought to bear upon him with overwhelming force, and the results are patent to every one. Such is Orangeism.

Yours, &c. E. E.

To the Editor of the Examiner.

SIR,—As a looker on, and a disinterested person, I cannot refrain from giving an outline of the proceedings which took place at the Second Polling Division (Sentner's) of the Fourth District of King's County. I believe the law requires that the officers be sworn before proceeding to duty. However, those in authority know best whether this was done or not. The Poll was pronounced to be open by a person who is known by his *big head and little wit*, full of vanity and ignorance, which he evidently displayed by attempting to explain the law to the electors, declaring that no person could vote unless he had a lease or agreement, no matter to what extent he held land, nor how long he had resided on it. "There was the law," says he. And to confirm this man of *little wit* in his perfidy, a J. P. was referred to—a man with a *huge proboscis* on his face, who I heard say, in his own dialect, *that he ken'd as well as ony man on the Island* what actuality and legality consisted of, and that actual possession required a lease or agreement of a place. I leave the country to form an opinion of these sage gents, and of the manner in which Mr. Wightman's voters were served, where upwards of fifty votes were rejected on this account, and upwards of fifty more refused to be taken under the road certificate system. When a Tory produced a certificate, it was quite good; but when a Liberal shewed one of the same kind, and from the same Overseer, and given at the same time, it was pronounced to be bad! This man of little wit would give it a shake in his hand and exclaim, "No good, no good," Any amount of testimony can be produced to confirm these charges, and others fully as glaring, that occurred in my presence. And to show that gross injustice and corruption were practised to defeat Mr. Wightman, there were grog and half baked cakes provided at a *turn-coat's house* near by, where the illiterate got so elated, that on returning to the polling place, they attempted to vote the second time; and I believe they succeeded in doing so, as there are votes recorded bearing names that are not to be found in the district. Speaking impartially, I am certain Mr. Wightman lost at that polling division upwards of one hundred votes through trickery, deception and bigotry, and the want of competent officers to test the voters on his account. No doubt the same wily, deep-laid schemes were resorted to in other parts of the district to accomplish his defeat—which, in my opinion, must result to his benefit, much more so than devoting his time to an unthankful public, who will be able to judge whether he or *Dr. Hornbrook*, or "*Goliah*," has served them most faithfully, at the end of four years. When we look into the state of the country at the present time, and see that we have a falling revenue, an increased taxation, a debt bordering on bankruptcy hanging over our shoulders, and religion the stalking horse throughout the land, we think Mr. Wightman need not regret the position he has lost by such unfair means. It is not an enviable one, indeed. In a business point of view, Mr. Wightman will be a gainer by the change.

Yours truly,
A LOOKER ON.

Lot 61, January 24th, 1863.

To the Editor of the Examiner.

SIR,—In the *Examiner* of the 2nd inst. I perceive a communication regarding the Kirk Tea Meeting, which is sure to mislead those of your readers who were not present. Vague, but grievous charges, are brought against one of the gentlemen who spoke—though I cannot understand how his language should have given such offence. However, I would have left that gentleman to defend himself, were it not that your reporter gratuitously assails the Chairman of the meeting; and as I am responsible for the appointment of the Chairman, I must ask you to do justice in the matter.

I have then to inform you that not one word was spoken throughout the evening, requiring correction from the chair. The person your correspondent refers to is evidently Mr. Beer, who, in the course of his few remarks, never once mentioned the term Roman Catholic; but who did indeed express pleasure at witnessing any and every evidence of Protestant union. Are we to be told that such language is insulting to those who differ from us? And as if further to show that the words had no hostile bearing upon others, Mr. Grant, who spoke immediately after, added a rider, to the effect, that our Protestant union should be aimed at for its own sake in the first instance, and not that we might be arrayed against others.

The threat that Roman Catholics may in future absent themselves from such reunions, is very silly. I am not fond of attacking any sect or party; but surely your correspondent does not think that I will pander to any from fear of such consequences.

I only hope that at our next social meeting we may have a chairman such as Dr. Inglis proved himself to be at our last; for the dignity, eloquence and suavity with which he discharged the duties of his position charmed every one, except your rather bilious correspondent.

I have the honour to remain,
Very truly yours,
THOMAS DUNCAN.

Charlottetown, Feb'y 4th, 1863.

To the Editor of the Examiner.

SIR;

I am astonished to see in to-day's Vindicator an article on the Kirk Tea Meeting, written by a person who was not there, but who, nevertheless, authoritatively *names and judges three gentlemen* who took part in the proceedings. The writer graciously dispenses a smile to one, a frown to another, and Billingsgate to a third. All three he insults with his offensive personalities. As I do not wish to allow those remain unanswered for a week, I *would feel obliged* by *your inserting* in the Examiner of the 9th inst, a brief explanation. The Vindicator, if it chooses, can copy from your columns; tho' I am told that the writers for that paper are not in the habit of inserting answers to the charges they make, but that like the cuttle-fish, they dirty the waters and then seek to escape.

I was at the social meeting referred to, and enjoyed myself exceedingly. Politics and religious acerbities seemed laid aside. True, we praised our own Kirk a little; for "there's na folk like our ain folk," and Mr. Laird gave us a rub for that, which we took in good part. But, says the editor of the Vindicator, Mr. Beer insulted Roman Catholics, and even Roman Catholic ladies. That is "false as a bulletin." I do not like to use harsh language, but when a person who tells us he was not at the meeting brings forward such an accusation, I know of *no roundabout way of denying it*. But what makes our clerical editor always so fond of claiming petticoat protection? Whenever his feelings are hurt he shrieks out 'ladies to the rescue.' Having forsworn a marriage relation with any of his lady friends, has he constituted himself confidant and *preux chevalier* to all? * * Did then Mr. Beer say any thing at all? Yes: he was pressed to speak, and courteously arose and offered a few remarks. Being a politician, it was no marvel that he should have expressed pleasure that during the last few months especially Protestants should have shown so much unitedness. That was the head and front of his offending. For those simple words all the vials of abuse have been poured out on him, Dr. Inglis, and Mr. Duncan. Is the editor of the Vindicator so hypochondriacal that he fancies himself or his Church made of glass, and therefore cries out when any one comes near, lest he or it should be smashed. As I knew that there were Romanists present, and as I did not wish that on such an occasion they should feel themselves referred to, even indirectly, I added a few words to the effect that while we ought always strive to realize greater Protestant union, this should not be done for political ends or in hostility to any other Church. Was not that enough? Any right-minded Romanist will say that it was.

* * * * * *

I have the honor to remain,
Very truly yours,
GEORGE M. GRANT.

[Some personal reflections on the Rector of St. Dunstan's College, in the above letter, are omitted by the Editor, as "injudicious" and unnecessary.—ED. EX.]

(FOR THE EXAMINER.)

A SCENE AT THE POLL, LOT 67.

Mr. Editor,—An old man, hoary, in the withering lapse of many years—"his lyart haffets thin and bare"—his brow parched in the shrivelling blasts of time—his cheek bloodless and pale, in the chill of age, and his eyes feeble in the vista of seventy winters—is the subject of this scene. This aged man of patriarchal appearnce, tremulous of limbs, and enervated in step—his mind serenely poised—calm and unoffending, and possessing the birthright of a Briton, in a British Colony, came, under authority of a Statute of this Island to the poll in Lot 67, on the 21st of last month, and there he delivered his legitimate franchise for the Liberal Candidate.

This veteran in the ranks of Time, marching feebly in the outer circle of the allotted span, had scarcely uttered his vote—the gentle vibrations of his attenuated voice had not died away in the ear, when, because of the recording of his name for the Liberal Candidate, he was rudely assailed, abused, hooted, hissed and scorned by, and barely escaped physical violence from, a brigade of cold-blooded rowdies—the political partizan soldiers or savages, drilled and embodied by Sutherland and Ross.

The hoary hair, the withered cheek, and the attenuation of age, were no protection against the cowardly assaults of those dastard rowdies. Their word of ruffianism—their drill and tactics—taught them to respect neither age nor station, nor any man who dared, in the exercise of his principle to vote in opposition to the Sutherland and Ross Candidates.

This political abomination, this unchristian spirit, these lawless tactics—this devilish game, devised and inculcated by Sutherland and Ross, have accomplished the object; but their cloth is stained, their moral status lowered, and the God whom they pretend to serve is dishonored in them, they will get their deserts.

"In his hair fixed justice holds his breath
Until the hour of atonement."

So disgusting was the ruffianism and so revolting to manhood were the violent acts of Sutherland's rowdies on this occasion, that some of the Tory party present, repudiating the direct obstruction to freedom of election, and disgusted with the dastardly and savage assault on the old man, returned to their homes, refusing to give their names on the side of a cause, that to insure success to its banner, required the intervention of lawless rowdies, and a direct violation of the law of Election. This disreputable and lawless scene at Lot 67 was but one among many which were savagely enacted indirectly by Sutherland, Ross, and other paid tools of the "God fearing Government." These *mercenaries*, R., S., etc., true to their instincts, secured place, form and emolument to the "God fearers" by every available means, beneath the crimes of robbery and murder.

J. A. MURPHY.

The Examiner.

Charlottetown, February 9th, 1863.

THE COUNCIL ELECTIONS.

THE nomination of candidates for the Council, in Charlottetown, on Wednesday last, was an exceedingly dull affair. The dullness was chiefly caused, no doubt, by the extreme coldness of the weather. The few who were led by curiosity to the old Town Hall, in which the nominations took place, tried to get as near to the stoves as they possibly could, each individual most irreverently keeping his hat or cap closely fastened to his skull, as if the place were not a sacred one as a Temple of Justice, from whence the Worshipful Mayor, surrounded by the Venerable Fathers of the City, sendeth forth his *diurnal decrees*, and in which the First Magistrate of the County was then holding his solemn Court. There was very little to attract attention in the way of speechification. Some persons were, indeed, rash enough, when it drew near the hour of adjournment, to go upon the hustings and utter a few sentences, but whether the words were frozen before they reached the ears of the listeners, we are not prepared to say, but certainly there was no demonstration of feeling on the part of the audience. From about twelve o'clock until nearly four, there was powerful whispering going on inside the Court House. There were three or four knots of Tories in different parts of the little room—all looking as if their minds were overburthened with anxiety—faces very solemn—fingers raised and lowered very impressively—coat-collars twitched convulsively—hurried footsteps through the crowd, here, there, and everywhere. "What's the cause of all this trouble?" we asked. "Oh," said our friend to whom the question was put—"the Tories are sorely bothered about their candidates—they have one too many in the field for the first district, and they are trying to get one of them to withdraw." On further enquiry we found that the Hon. D. Montgomery, late Speaker of the Assembly, Donald Palmer, Esqr., of Crapaud, and an individual sometimes called Dr. Henderson, and Sergt. Henderson, and Henderson the Quack, had been severally proposed on the Tory interest. There was another man named Mr. Neil McKinnon, who had offered his valuable services by public advertisement, on the same side of politics; but though he was very savage against the "faalse Quack," as he very impolitely styled the gallant Sergeant, he was choked off at an early hour, and the trouble then was to get Mr. Donald Palmer to retire. Mr. Alexander Robertson, of Bonshaw, had been proposed as a Candidate on the Liberal side. He had, however—injudiciously we think—offered to withdraw if the Tory party would withdraw one of their men. If the latter could accomplish this object, they imagined there would be a pleasant time for themselves, and the expense and trouble of a contest saved. The whispering went on at a tremendous rate. Henderson was as obstinate as a mule—he would not give up on any account; besides, he was the nominee and the right hand man of the Rev. G. Sutherland, who rushed from one knot of whisperers to another like a man half crazed, expostulating, begging, praying, beseeching—*now* making frantic grimaces as he poured his sage advice into the ears of the Attorney General—*now* seizing upon the button hole of the venerable Mayor, as he compelled that functionary to listen to his twaddle? and now rushing with desperate energy at the still unyelding Donald Palmer, to tell *him* that all the world of Toryism was anxious for his withdrawal. The Rev. Geordy was a walking picture of distress. Had he been dismissed from the Board of Education—had his trashy book been ordered to be burned by the common hangman—or had his little Church at the head of Prince Street been in flames—he could not have exhibited more restlessness of mind. He was the only individual upon whom the cold weather did not appear to have any effect, excitement kept him warm; and when by dint of persuasion, entreaty and threats, Mr. Donald Palmer at length gave way, it was pleasant to see the relief experienced by Mr. Sutherland. How he rubbed his hands, chuckled, frisked, almost danced, when it was publicly announced that Messrs. Palmer and Robertson had withdrawn, or would not persist in the contest! The glorification did not last long. It wanted just ten minutes to four, at which hour the Court would be closed, when the Hon. George Bagnall was proposed as a Candidate in the Liberal interest, in the place of Mr. Robertson. The Rev. George clapped his hand to his ear, as if he were shot—he could hardly believe the testimony of his senses—the exuberance of his joy was rudely and cruelly checked—he looked daggers at Bagnall—whispered excitedly in the ears of Henderson—the latter made a plunge upon the hustings, where for five minutes, he strained his lungs to their utmost capacity, in proclaiming his patriotism, disinterestedness, zeal for the public welfare, and all that sort of thing—his rival, Neil McKinnon, still chewing the bitter cud of disappointment, exclaiming that all was "faalse" which had been uttered by the learned "Quack Doctor," as Mr. McKinnon persisted in calling the gallant Sergeant.

The candidates proposed for the second district, were, on the Tory side, George Beer and John Goff, Esqrs.; on the Liberal side, David Lawson, of Stanhope, and Joseph Knight, of Charlottetown, Esquires. There was no excitement or flurry about their nomination. There were some silly persons, we are told, who turned up their noses at Mr. Knight's nomination—asserting that he is a stranger in the country, and only a Baker. Mr. Knight has been five years and a half in the Colony—the law relating to the election of Councillors does not require so long a residence; and if he be a stranger, the very first men in the country were all strangers as well as he at one time of their lives. As to his being a baker, we cannot see that any disgrace attaches to that most useful and necessary occupation. It is quite as honourable for him to sell loaves of bread as it is for others to sell thread, needles and tape by the half-penny worth, or to sell a loaf of bread at five-pence as for a butcher to sell shin beef at two-pence per pound. There are some very foolish and conceited people in our community who think that a man ought to be disparaged if he follow an humble but useful occupation. If any person were deserving of such disparagement, there is not one member of the old Family Compact that should look his fellows in the face. Let us contrast Mr. Knight with Mr. Beer or Mr. Goff. The Liberal candidate is quite as well informed as either of the Tory candidates—he can make, we believe, a better speech than either of them—and his occupation is quite as respectable. He makes bread and sells it,—Mr. Beer sells the same article; and Mr. Goff labours with his own hands to raise the wheat out of which the article is manufactured. Scarcely anything can be more ridiculous and contemptible than to see the friends of a man who sells a bushel of turnips for tenpence turn up their noses with aristocratic notions of respectability against another person who happens to sell an honest loaf of bread for the same money;—but if the climax of absurdity can be reached, it is, when it is gravely argued that the retailer of a cotton ball for a copper is a much more respectable man than the vendor of a five-penny loaf.

The Hon. E. Palmer, Attorney General, was returned as Councillor for Charlottetown, without opposition.

COUNCIL ELECTION IN KING'S COUNTY.

WE have no detailed account of the nomination of Candidates in King's County. For the first district, the Hon. James Dingwell and the Hon. Patrick Walker were returned without opposition. That district will, we trust, be always secure against the inroads of Toryism. For the second district, the Hon. Joseph Wightman and A. A. McDonald, Esqr., were nominated on the Liberal interest; and W. S. McGowan, Esq., of Souris, and Hon. James McLaren, of New Perth, were proposed on the Tory side. It is unnecessary to say anything about the relative merits of these candidates. We are confident that Messrs. Wightman and McDonald are best entitled to the suffrages of the electors, and we have every reason to think they will be both returned.

ELECTION IN PRINCE COUNTY.

For an account of the nominations in Prince County, we invite our readers to peruse the following well written letter from a correspondent at St. Eleanor's:—

The nomination of candidates for membership in the Legislative Council took place here to-day. Owing to the extreme coldness of the weather there were not many persons on the ground. Still the Court House was pretty well crowded in the afternoon. At an early part of the day the Hon. James Yeo and P. Doyle, Esqr., were nominated as candidates for the first Legislative Council District, and the Hons. Donald Ramsay and Alex. Anderson for the second. After a considerable interval, the Hons. W. W. Lord and Stanislaus Perry were put in nomination for the First District, and Dr. W. Keir and James Howat, Esqr., for the second. The first four are in the Conservative interest—the remaining four come out as Liberals of different shades of opinion, but all good men and true. We had some speechifying, and a very considerable quantity of sharp shooting. Not having taken notes, I am not in a position to give you more than a very meagre outline of the speeches that could be heard. Indeed, such were the noise and continued interruptions that the speeches were of the most fragmentary character. It would have required a Philadelphia lawyer to have saved the pieces. Owing to the very ungentlemanly and very unfair conduct of the Hon. James Pope, not one of those gentlemen were allowed to proceed with their speeches without the most unmannerly interruptions. I do not know what Mr. Pope's conduct in private life may be, but certainly his conduct on the hustings is the very reverse of gentlemanly. Mr. Pope occupies the position of a gentleman. He is a member of the House of Assembly; he is also a member of the Executive Council, and a magistrate, and besides, is he not Major of the Prince County Volunteers? Now, should not a man—whatever his proclivities may be—who occupies so high a position in society, and in the Government, have some regard to the dignity of his station, and not disgrace it by conduct which would be considered shameful and intolerable in the most humble ship-wright in his employ. I verily believe that there is not a man at work in the shipyards at Summerside, who, if he were sober, would not have acted in a more decent manner in the same situation than the Honourable James C. Pope. During the whole of the proceedings he occupied a prominent position on the platform, which was, I believe, raised for the convenience of the candidates, and was ready with gibe or grin, exclamation or argument, flat denial or low personality, to interrupt and perplex the speaker, and to prevent any impression in favour of Liberal men or Liberal measures being made on the minds of the people. Although remonstrated with, and even sharply rebuked by Mr. Sheriff Campbell, he continued unblushingly, to the very last, to disturb the good order of the meeting, and to annoy those who wished to speak to the people. So glaringly outrageous was his conduct, that many staunch Conservatives were disgusted with it. Although Mr. Pope's abilities *are not of the first order*, they are respectable, and he has, when he pleases, a very pleasant manner. If he would only remember that urbanity to political opponents, and a gentlemanly deportment in public, are keenly appreciated by the populace, and if he would endeavour to add these *virtues to the qualities he already possesses*, he may in time become respectable as a public man. He is said to be a candidate for the Speaker's chair in the new House. It is to be hoped that when there he will see something of the beauty of order, and that he will then realize how odious *men of his kidney* are to all lovers of right rule and fair play.

Mr. James Howat was, if I remember right, the first speaker. He, in a very neat speech, gave us his views on political matters. Mr. Howat appears like a very shrewd old gentleman, with an inexhaustible fund of good humor. Mr. Pope interrupted him, but did not succeed in putting him out of temper.

Mr. Ramsay followed, whose speech consisted chiefly of expressions of sympathy with the tenantry, and of indignation against proprietary tyranny. The people might know the worth of such expressions by the circumstance of the speaker being supported on the right by the Hon. James Yeo and on the left by the Hon. James C. Pope. Mr. Ramsay was not interrupted. He was asked by a gentleman—a Conservative—when he had finished, if in the event of his being elected, would he throw up his office as Commissioner of Small Debts. He replied that he would, adding, that the place was not worth holding; leaving us to suppose that if he made anything by it he would not be so willing to throw it up. A canny Scotchman is Mr. Ramsay.

Mr. Anderson was the next who spoke. His speech was one of excuse and explanation of certain sayings of his before the Land Commission. I thought it strange that he did not read his statements as given by the Reporter. That, I fancy, would have been the readiest way of settling the matter. Perhaps he had a reason for not producing the book.

Mr. Pope then came forward with his speech, recommendatory and abusive. From this I learned that Mr. Anderson had the inappreciable privilege of living within three miles of where Mr. Pope first saw light—that he had known Mr. A. ever since he could remember—and in short, he was a very fit person to represent the intellect and respectability of the Second Legislative Council District of Prince County. What he said in favour of Mr. Ramsay I really forgot, but it was something equally clear and to the purpose. He afterwards made a desperate attempt to be witty and sarcastic at the expense of Mr. Howat. The boys laughed, and Mr. Pope laughed, while Mr. Howat looked on and smiled, as a good-natured grand-papa would on the mischievous pranks and pert sayings of forward school-boys. Mr. Ramsay and Mr. Anderson should feel infinitely obliged to Mr. Pope for his patronage and support. Were it not for that gentleman's amiable and estimable qualities, there is no knowing what would have become of them among those argumentative Snatchers. It was well for them that Mr. Pope did come all the way from town to fight their battles. Poor men, without his aid, they certainly would never have stood their ground. James Howat alone would have demolished both of them in no time, to say nothing of such powerful adversaries as Messrs. Lord and Perry. To do the gentlemen justice, they seemed already so well used to the harness, and so conscious of their own deficiencies, that they mechanically fell in to the back ground, and obsequiously allowed Mr. Pope to occupy the place which was theirs by right. But the leader of the Government knew, no doubt, that they were not to be trusted to act independently for even one day. Hence Mr. Pope's journey from town on such a bitter cold day, and hence his noisy interference on the platform at St. Eleanor's.

Mr. Lord attempted to speak. What sort of speech he would have made had he been allowed to proceed, will ever remain one of the things that we poor mortals are not permitted to know. He had hardly commenced when Mr. Pope, with his wonted impertinence, chimed in. Some of the crowd below, taking their cue from their patron on the platform, made the usual harmonious sounds that crowds resort to when they do not wish a speaker to be heard. What, with the remonstrances of the Liberals and the private dispute of excited politicians, and the hooting of the b'hoys, such a storm was raised that hardly a word of Mr. Lord's speech could be heard at two yard's distance. Getting tired of the din, I took a turn round to get a mouthful of fresh air. When I came back the place was quiet enough. P. Doyle, Esq., was on the platform, holding forth with surprising force and volubility. Mr. Pope was in the act of patting him on the back for something he had said. A strange sort of pet for Pope, thought I. Mr. Doyle was expatiating on his wrongs. The Bishop had used him badly—the Liberals had used him badly—the whole world had turned against him—it was only among the Conservatives he had found sympathy and friendship—the Liberals were dishonest and everything that was bad; *but the Conservatives*—language could not express his gratitude to them and his respect for them. Ho, ho, said I to myself, this accounts for the back patting.

Mr. Perry was the last who spoke, always excepting Mr. Pope, and got on pretty well for a while. But Mr. Pope could not allow him to finish without interruption. His first excuse was to put Mr. Perry right in a matter of fact, something about Mr. Palmer's petitioning against the Award. He may have been right or he may have been wrong, but having once got a going there was no stopping the man. Mr. Perry has the manners of a gentleman and talks like a man of sense, besides he is remarkably moderate in his views and temperate in his speech. He did not offer the least provocation to Mr. Pope or to any one else. But that did not save him from insult. Mr. Pope was so wanting in generosity, in good feeling and in true manliness as to jeer Mr. Perry on his poverty. Whether Mr. Perry is a poor man or not, I do not know, but this I do know that in every thing that constitutes the true gentleman Mr. Perry is infinitely Mr. Pope's superior. And another thing I will say is, that I would far sooner be the gentlemanly, unassuming, intelligent, though poor Mr. Perry, than the blustering vulgar, bullying Mr. Pope, with the shadowy reputation of being rich. Mr. Perry's was the last speech. When I left, Mr. Pope was still exhorting the Conservatives to vote for the men of the long straw—for Anderson, even though they did not like him, and not on any account to vote for Dr. Keir, however clever he might be, and however highly they esteemed him. Most unfortunately, Mr. Keir was absent through sickness.

PUBLIC MEETING.

A public meeting was held on Saturday at Vernon River Bridge, called by Messrs. Beer and Goff, candidates for the Legislative Council; and notice was sent to all the Orange Lodges to assemble. Messrs. Coles, Knight, Davies and McGill, having heard of the meeting, went to it. The Tories in Charlottetown were in great glee, as the ex-Attorney General Brecken and Attorney General Palmer had gone to give Coles, as their friends, the Tories, said, "a great hearing," or rather to prevent him from having any hearing. Mr. Beer and his party having secured the services of John R. Bourke, Esqr., Land Agent and Proprietor, to act as Chairman, proceeded to the meeting, and just as the Agent was about taking the Chair, Messrs. Coles and Davies arrived. The Liberals of the district generally had heard nothing of the meeting, but a sufficient number assembled to keep Sutherland's "Police" in order. Mr. Beer addressed the meeting—spun out his old story about the expenditure of the present Government, and declared that the Government party would get the land for the tenants under the arbitration clause at six shillings per acre, if the people would only return him to the Council.

Mr. Goff next addressed the meeting in a very short speech.

Mr. Coles then came forward, and for one hour poured such broadsides into the Government that the Attorney General exhibited such evidence of temper as to require the Chairman to call him to order in a very determined manner. The deluded Orangemen became docile, and appeared to be attracted by Mr. Coles's arguments—so much so, that a leading one of the Order followed Mr. Coles, after the meeting was over, and said he hoped he would never see him out of the House of Assembly. Mr. Palmer next addressed the meeting in his usual laboured style, endeavouring to justify all Mr. Beer had said. He stated that the Auditor had certified to the statements made by Mr. Beer, and tried to justify the members of the Government with regard to the Prince of Wales' Wine embezzlement.

Mr. Knight was called on, and in a very neat and telling speech, rivetted the attention of the meeting to his remarks.

Mr. Brecken next addressed the meeting in his usual fiery manner, raising castles in the air, and then pulling them down, until the meeting got tired and cried him down with calls for Mr. Davies. Before Mr. Davies came forward, it being nearly dark, Messrs. Lawson and Knight were proposed. Messrs. Beer and Goff were named on the Tory side. The question on their nomination being put from the Chair, the meeting divided, and from the numbers on both sides being so nearly equal, both parties claimed a victory; but the Tory Chairman said the Tories had the majority. However, when the cheering took place it was evident which party was confident of victory. Mr. Davies then, at that late hour, declined to address the meeting; and the people, not feeling disposed to listen to Mr. Beer the second time, the Chairman left the Chair, and the meeting dispersed, evidently convinced that a Government of Proprietors and Lawyers were not the parties to carry out any measure for the benefit of the tenantry.

THE MAN WITH THE UNCLEAN HANDS AGAIN SHOWN OUT OF COURT.

THE close attention necessarily given to the elections has prevented us from noticing the decision pronounced by the Judges of the Supreme Court in the matter of Mr. Secretary Pope's second application for a criminal information against the editor of THE EXAMINER. The grounds of that application were stated at some length during the October Michaelmas term of the Court, and published in our paper of the 10th November. Our readers may remember that Mr. Pope was distinctly charged with having taken from the Treasury of this Island Seven Hundred and Fifty pounds belonging to a person in Halifax, without lawful authority from that person. Mr. Pope did not seem inclined to have this charge investigated, with the proofs and pleadings usual in a civil action, but tried to revive an obsolete and arbitrary practice of the Courts, by which the accused might be punished without being able to put the truth in evidence on his defence. Mr. Whelan, who is the person that Mr. Pope sought to victimise, promptly declared his readiness to establish the charge against Pope, and clearly proved that the latter was not justified in bringing actions for libel, as he had been guilty of foully and infamously libelling others.—The Court, having heard the arguments on both sides, deferred their judgment until the late Hilary Term, when they rejected Mr. Pope's application, as we felt satisfied they would. Their Lordships the Judges based their rejection of Pope's application on this sole ground, that the Colonial Secretary was proved to be a libeller himself, and was not, therefore, entitled to the especial interposition of the Court in a most unusual proceeding, for libel against another person.