THE EXAMINER:

A Weekly Journal of Politics, Literature, and News.

"This is true Liberty, when Freeborn Men, having to advise the Public, may speak free."---Euripides.

Vol. X. Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, Tuesday, September 18, 1860. New Series.---No. 36.

Literature.

THE AMATEUR MECHANIC.

Jack Crawford was a very odd sort of fellow. He took particular delight in disguises, romances, mysteries and adventures generally. Therefore, he was continually getting into scrapes of all kinds; and naturally enough, there was always "a lady in the case."

This made him a little misogamical—a mild sort of womanhater. Yet, for all that somehow he could never let the sex alone.

A profound love of Nature and jolly times led Jack and myself to the pretty village of St Blossom, one summer. We went to fish, to sketch, and to see the scenery, and perhaps, to drink the waters of the springs there; for as Jack remarked, "They possessed peculiarly refreshing qualities—when mixed with a little cognac."

The morning of the third day of our sojurn found us seated upon a flowery slope, skirted by pollard willows, whose gnarled roots were bathed by the clear waters of a stream that emptied into the bay. We had sought the spot to smoke an after-breakfast cigar, and to indulge in a quiet chat, with the beauties of Nature before our eyes.

As is painfully apt to be the case, when two young men are together, our talk was all of women.

Women! what an inexhaustible subject, for writing, for oratory, for painting, for sculpture, and for matrimony.

"It is all gammon," said Jack, "women don't appreciate cultivation, intellect, or good fellowship. All they look for is wealth and position, even when they are in love. If they don't fin those amiable attributes, they won't love at all generally; and if a fellow hasn't got them, he'd better let the sex alone—"

"As you do!"

"That's neither here nor there—it takes a gilded key to unlock their precious little hearts. That's so!"

"You are sadly mistaken, Jack; and the worst of it is, you know it. You are angry with the husband hunters who have chas d you so long, and revenge yourself by assailing the entire institution of dumty. You are all wrong. A fellow like you, young, rich, and—well, yes, I think I may say tolerably good looking—has no chance to see women in their true colors. The modest ones do not care to compete with the designing ones, who are bound to marry your bank account in spite of yourself, and so play off their charms upon you, *ad nauseam*."

"But are there any artless ones, who don't want money above all things? I hardly think it."

"That's because you never find them crowding about you. Only the brazen-faced fortune-hunters do that, and they have accustomed you to being sought. The really good girls require seeking; and as that isn't in your line, you never know how many nice young women there are in the world."

Jack started up.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," cried he, flinging his cigar-end into the stream; "I'll test the question. I'll test it here, in this very place! I'll ignore my money, turn mechanic, make love to the prettiest, proudest girl in the village, and show you she won't have me on any terms. Then I'll come out in my own character, and prove that cash *and family are* puissant to accomplish that which my acquirements and character can never do!"

"What, marry her!"

"Not much! Make her ask me to, and laugh at her!"

I confess that I had hoped that Jack would not put the matter to such a severe test. He was a genial fellow, as rich in accomplishments *as I* knew that St. Blossom contained some very charming girls—daughters of retired sea captains, bankers, &c., who, however much they might love a journeyman mechanic, would see him hanged, almost, before they would consent to marry him. *Au contrier*, a young gentleman of wealth and position would probably prove very acceptable to any of the marriageable ones.

But Jack was determined; and when I returned to the city, a few days afterward, I left him busily arranging a chest of carpenter's tools, and getting himself up in a paper cap and pair of blue over-alls.

He had a wonderful talent, had Jack, for doing everything tolerably well. He played upon half-a-dozen different musical instruments, could survey, sketched prettily in pencil or water colors, understood short hand, had dabbled in surgery and medicine, was a finished jockey, a fair gardener, had built a stone bridge, written an epic, and half-soled a pair of boots! With these somewhat varied accomplishments, he had no fear, of course, but what he should be able to get on very well as a carpenter. Nobody knew him in St. Blossom; and when he introduced himself to the "boss" carpenter of the village, he succeeded in convincing him that he, Jack, was a journeyman of unusual talent.

He received several commissions, during the first fortnight of his experiment; but on the whole it was lucky that he was not compelled to subsist on the proceeds of his labor, as he might have found some little difficulty in paying his board and minor expenses—especially as he commissioned me to send him some five dollars' worth of cigars every week.

One fine day, after he had nearly exhausted his patience, and had done no end of plotting and planning in vain, the village carpenter asked him to undertake the restoration of a cornice on one of the oldest houses in St. Blossom.

Jack agreed; and in a very short time was mounted on a scaffold about on a level with the third story windows of the mansion of old Judge Preston, the richest and most aristocratic man in the village.

Jack did not find his task an easy one. The work was rather elaborate, and the weather was warm. Two days elapsed, and he had only got ready to commence putting up the brackets that sustained—or appeared to sustain—the heavy mouldings. Lunch time came, and the amateur mechanic, getting into the shade, unpacked the tin dinner-pail, and began a repast at once simple and nourishing when he saw that the window nearest him was open, and some papers lying on the escritoire inside were in danger of getting blown away.

"I know it is a trespass," meditated he; "but it is for the proprietor's good. I'll step into the room, and save, perhaps, some valuable documents."

A little gymnastic exercise brought him down from his scaffold, through the window, and into a very elegant chamber.

"Hem," said Jack; "a woman's apartment evidently."

There were paintings, statuettes, vases, and forty other luxurious nothings, such as women of taste love to gather around. A guitar reposed upon the bed, which stood in a cabinet-curtained alcove, was strewn with books, in French, English, and Italian, as if the tuneful deity of the room had been lying down and amusing herself with music and literature.

There was a portfolio open on the table, with a very nice little water color sketch, half finished; a well selected, though small library, in a corner, and everything about the apartment, from the bed with its snowy coverlid and lace embroidered pillows, to the canary bird in the window, bespoke refinement and delicacy of taste on the part of whoever arranged the chamber.

"Something elegant about all this," mused Jack; "I must investigate this. Here's an opening for a splendid bit of romance—poor young carpenter, and rich, lovely woman, eh? Lord bless me! there have been bushels of romances written on the same plot!"

He gathered up the scattered papers, and placed them beneath a paper-weight on the escritoire; then, regaining his scaffold, he finished his lunch and went to work again, a little more hopefully than before.

Several days passed thus, and Jack got into a very imprudent habit of entering the chamber almost daily, in the hope of meeting the occupant of so charming a temple. He became familiar with all the books, pictures and music; whistled the canary into convulsions of song, and drove himself half crazy with speculations concerning the fair unknown.

He had heard her sing very sweetly, of a morning, when she opened the window, and had caught a glimpse of a fair form; but she, seeing him, had suddenly withdrawn, and he had been unable to discover whether she was beautiful as a rosebud, or ugly as a camel.

He found that her customary costume was of pale blue and white, and that she was given to wearing coquettish little head dresses of faint blue.

Evidently, the girl was a blonde.

He found gathers of delicate colors, exquisite shape, and wonderful smallness; gloves of corresponding delicacy and size; tasteful morning robes and sacques, and things such as nice girls array themselves in when at home and alone.

He feasted upon the atmosphere of the place, so pure, so refined, so suggestive of beauty and cultivation.

What will you say, O matter-of-fact reader, when I tell you that my friend, Jack Crawford, fell desperately in love with a girl he had never seen—of whom he knew nothing, almost.

Yes he did.

Quite naturally, the erection of the cornice progressed but slowly. The master carpenter wondered at it; but Jack assured him, every morning, that it would take only a day or two longer.

One day he found an essay on music, written in the same fine, feminine hand which he had so often seen and admired on the margin of the books, and on other manuscripts in the chamber. The essay, unfinished, and lying exposed on the portfolio, could not be private; so Jack, grown impertinent to the last degree, laid down the saw that he had unconsciously brought with him, and taking a seat in a cushioned arm-chair, perused the writing carefully.

It was well expressed and fanciful; but the fair writer had made a slight error in philosophy. It would be dull for me to explain here the mistake which Jack detected at once. Suffice it, that the young lady had confused the laws which govern melody and harmony, and Jack wished for an opportunity to set her right.

Just at this juncture the door opened, and his *decesse inconnue* entered.

Figure to yourself a young girl, say of nineteen or twenty, whose every line and contour bespoke grace and health; whose peach-tinted cheeks, bright blue eyes, and lips like the inner-fold of some tropic shell, told of vivacity, freshness and purity of spirit. Her hair was of that peculiar, rare shade, of brown, best described, perhaps, as wood color—a mingling of ashy and golden tints—and fell in tangled masses, half ringlets and half disorder, on each side of a neck as white as the creamy petals of the magnolia.

She did not faint or scream when she saw the carpenter sitting coolly in her arm-chair, making himself objectionally at home. She only opened her large violet eyes, hesitated a moment, and said, deliberately:—

"Well, sir!"

Jack arose and bowed politely.

"What do you wish, sir?"

Jack was put to his trumps.

"I wished to see what kind of divinity inhabited so delightful a place."

Truly, a nice speech for a journeyman carpenter to make to Judge Preston's only daughter.

"Well, sir, now that you have satisfied that curiosity, perhaps you will oblige me by withdrawing. You are intruding, sir."

"Certainly," said Jack, now in the full enjoyment of the thing; "I will go immediately, but you must pardon me one more word—I wish to explain a trifling question, on which you do not seem quite clear. Harmony, in music, is that which appeals to the intellectual faculties—the reasoning portions of the soul. Melody, on the contrary, appeals to the affectional, or passions."

The young girl drew back, and looked at Jack in alarm.

"No" said he, divining her suspicions, "I am not crazy; I have taken *the liberty of reading your essay, here.* In it, you say, Education alone can refine and intensify our perception of melody. You should have said, of harmony, for that rules the brain, which organ is especially susceptible to the influence of education. Melody is lord of the heart alone; and you, mademoiselle, ought to be aware that the heart cannot be taught either in music or in love."

Miss Preston was astounded.

"Sir," she said, "I do not know what to make of your conduct. You are very imprudent, and your intrusion here is very—very—"

"Yes, I know—very audacious and impertinent. I acknowledge that; but you must pardon me. I first entered your room to replace some papers that were liable to blow out of the window. There was no harm in that; but once inside, the air of elegance and cultivation *exhibited here attracted me inexpressibly.* Doubtless, you have observed that one's surroundings become permeated, as it were, with something of one's sphere—one's magnetism, or whatever it is. So in your room, I felt the presence of a wireless, invisible, but charming spirit, and made bold to enter often—hoping that if you knew my feelings, you would pardon them."

A woman never repulses admiration, even from a so-called inferior, if it be delicately expressed. Miss Preston began to be pleased with the carpenter, despite his shirt sleeves and paper cap.

The conversation proceeded. Jack proved to the fair essayist that she was in error, as he had said, and continually surprised her by the depth of his thought, the variety of his knowledge, and the elegance of his diction.

In leaving, he held out his hand, almost as soft and white as her own, and stifling the last traces of a false prejudice, she gave it a cordial pressure.

"You have not worked long at your trade," she said.

"Since my boyhood," brazenly replied Jack; "but"—and he glanced down at his hands—"I have always done the nicer kinds of work—joinery, and the like."

This explanation passed well enough with a girl who had never before been honoured with the acquaintance of a mechanic.

The next morning, when the window was open, the twain exchanged salutations, and somehow, fell into a discussion that became so interesting, that Jack was once more compelled to enter the apartment.

Alas, for the progression of the new cornice.

For nearly two weeks this state of things continued; until Laura Preston was forced to confess, mangre her pride, that she sincerely loved Jack Crawford, the journeyman carpenter.

He would not believe it—so contradicted his theory of the mercenary character of woman.

And, I notice, we never believe anything which contradicts our theories.

Finally, when the cornice became ridiculous, and had to be finished whether or no, Laura mentioned her father to have some wardrobes put up, especially an ornamented one, in her chamber, with any amount of nice work on it. Of course Jack had the task, though the old judge grumbled terribly about employing so slow a workman.

I took six weeks to finish that wardrobe.

By the time it was done up, Jack's theory was done up, too; and sweet Laura Preston had promised to become his wife, in spite of her father's pride—in spite of Jack's blue over-alls and paper cap—in spite of the world's notions.

Sensible girl.

There is only one thing for Jack to do, and that was to reveal his true position to Laura and her father—a task that didn't take him so long as putting up a cornice.

Three months afterwards I said a joyful good-bye to a newly-wedded pair, just starting for Europe on the honey-moon trip.

As I shook the tiny, white gloved hand of the bride, and saw her charming face beneath the gossamer-tissued veil that descended from her "love of a bonnet," I turned to the proud and happy bridegroom.

"Well, Jack," said I; "If you remember our conversation, last summer, on the bank of the stream, at St. Blossom, perhaps you can tell me what you think now of the sentiments you then expressed."

"My dear George," said the quondam mechanic, "there are exceptions to all rules."

Gleanings from late Papers.

CHINA.

SACKING OF SOOCHOW—MURDER OF HIGH PROVINCIAL OFFICERS.

Lord Elgin and Baron Gros have proceeded to Shanghai, and Sir Hops Grant and Admiral Hope were to leave for the rendezvous in the Gulf of Pecheli on the 18th of June. An anxious wish is generally felt that the Taku forts should be taken and destroyed before any diplomatic action commences, as the most effectual means of inducing the Imperial Court to deal honestly with subsequent friendly overtures. In view of the alarming progress of the rebels on both sides of the river Yangtze, it is almost inconceivable that the Chinese Government should not seek to renew its relations with England and France. Soochow, a town of the greatest importance in connexion with the trade of Shanghai, *has* been sacked and burnt,—the worst of the evil being that it was in the first instance done by disorganized and mutinous Imperial troops, who are now reported to have joined the rebels. Several high provincial officers have been murdered, the Governor General of the Two Kiangs has taken refuge in Shanghai, between which place and the interior all communication is cut off, and the greatest anarchy and confusion reigns throughout these districts. Trade in the north is consequently paralyzed.

In a letter dated Shanghai, June 13, an officer, writing to his friends, says:—"Affairs in this place are in a most wretched condition. The Imperial troops have been defeated by the rebels at Hangchow and Soochow, two places very important to England with regard to commerce: the former being the great emporium for tea, while the latter is the great market from which silk is brought. The rebels behave with much cruelty to their captives, destroying men, women, and children. At Hangchow no less than 75,000 were put to death, the streets flowing with blood. They are now threatening this place with an attack. To protect the British residents, as well as the Imperialists, 400 marines and others have been landed, and are quartered in some of the temples. It must appear strange to the people of England that we should protect here the very class of men whom in another month we are going to fight in the north. The Chinese Government have our troops and the French regularly in their service. They pay, feed, and furnish residences for them according to the custom of the English. The officers are messed free, and are allowed to make use of whatever they please. Executions are almost of daily occurrence, either of rebels or of deserters from the Imperial army. After the executions the heads are strung up in twenties, and exposed in public places as a warning to others. I saw about 30 the other day in a most decayed and offensive condition. This state of affairs will prevent many here from going north, to their great chagrin and disappointment. The General and Admiral are hourly expected from Hong-Kong, when it will be decided. Most of the other troops have already departed."

NEW ZEALAND.

ORIGIN AND OBJECTS OF THE WAR.

The following are notes of an address delivered by the Rev. Thomas Buddle in the Wesleyan Chapel, Auckland, on the present state of the native tribes in this country, and on the Maori King movement:—"Having lately paid a visit to Ngarnawahia, the abode of Potatau, and the centre of the Maori King movement, I have been requested to address our Wesleyan congregation on the present state of Maori politics, and the present movements of the native tribes. I did not expect to meet more than our own congregation. I do not say this because I am displeased at the presence of so large an assembly of my fellow-colonists of all denominations, but by way of apology for the nature of my remarks, which were intended to take the form of a pastoral address, rather than a lecture to a large public meeting. When two races exist in the same country, the one rapidly increasing and gradually possessing the lands of the aborigines, the latter rapidly declining and witnessing the constant alienation of their territory, it is to be expected that questions of difficulty will arise and perhaps collision ensue. The purchase of a block of land at Waitara, in the province of New Plymouth, by the Government, has brought on a collision between the Government and William Kingi, Te Rangitake. King is connected with a party that are leagued together to prevent the sale of native lands; pledged not only to hold their own but to oppose and prevent all sales of land by any party or tribe whatever. Acting on this principle, this chief has opposed the sale of a block of land at Waitara, to which he acknowledged he had no claim, and by force resisted the survey. The Government having openly purchased and paid for the land to those who were believed to be its rightful owners, of course pushed the survey by force of arms; and hence the present crisis. The question that most concerns this province is, what course will the Waikota tribes pursue? Will they join King, and by so doing bring themselves into direct collision with the Government? I think not, at least not at present. This subject was largely discussed by them last week on the arrival of the deputation sent by the two tribes of Taranaki, *i.e.*, Ngarituanui and Ngatiawa, to present the allegiance of the tribes to the Maori King, and was for the present negatived. The Waikatos were not to be moved. The result was that Ngatimaniapoto and the Taranaki deputation returned disappointed. I am informed that, the day after we left, Potatau, who was not present during the public discussion, delivered himself very decidedly against any movement on the part of Waikato. 'I am not willing,' he said, 'that the evil work of former times should be brought back: I will not consent, nor will I consent that you (Ngatimaniapoto) should take your guns'—referring to their accompanying the Taranaki strangers on their way home. 'You found me living in the presence of the Governor, his servant. I wished to live and die at Mangarei; at your request I came here. Now you would make me like Te Rauparaha' (an old chief who was captured during the Wanganui war and brought as an hostage to Auckland). It is said that the proposers of violent measures were much ashamed and left greatly disappointed. The Waikatos are endeavouring to establish a new kingdom. They have chosen a King, to whom they have pledged their allegiance and given over their lands. I witnessed the ceremony of presenting allegiance to the Maori King the other day. This ceremony and attempt to imitate Court etiquette is not Maori; they have no doubt had some schooling from some quarter in these matters. But what are the objects of this movement? They appear to be aiming principally at two things, to assert and maintain an independent sovereignty and to preserve their territory."

PROGRESS OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

The Prince left Montreal at half-past eight on the morning of the 31st ult., in a heavy shower of rain. His Royal Highness stood at the end of the train, as he departed, bowing and waiving his hat to the assembled crowd.

At St. Ann's, where the bridge over the Ottawa was prettily decorated with flags, and a number of enthusiastic people were gathered together, he went on board the steamer *Prince of Wales.*

At Two Mountains the Indians all assembled on the shore in front of the church, rang the bells, fired guns and cheered.

At Carillon, where there was a great turn out, two troops of cavalry, &c., he took the cars for Grenville, and then, after witnessing another loyal display, he went on board the *Phœnix*, which was awaiting him, and carried him to Ottawa.

The day, though showery, was on the whole fine. There were pleasing demonstrations at several other points along the river, and the Prince much enjoyed the beautiful scenery off the mouth of the Gatineau River. About two miles below Ottawa city an extraordinary reception was proffered. 1200 men in 150 bunch canoes had gone down the river. Their fleet, in the form of letter V., point foremost. A few Indian canoes, with warriors in full dress, led the van—the rest belonged to, and were manned by, Lumberers; some in red shirts and white trousers—some in blue, with silver braid—all in uniform of some kind, but the beauty of the sight consisted not so much in the singularity of the dress as in the fine appearance of the men themselves. They are good representatives of the 12 or 15,000 hardy, sturdy men who can camp out all winter with but one blanket for a covering. They had opened out on two lines, one on each side of the river, as the Prince came along, and as he passed they raised a more vigorous cheer than he had yet heard in America, waived their flags and flourished their paddles. The Prince and suite were much interested, and even excited, hastily going up to the hurricane deck to see.

The *Phœnix* slowed for a short time as she went by, when the canoes all closed in and reformed the V. The steamer being by this time at the point of it, and leading behind as if in the hollow of the letter, were six other river steamboats crowded with passengers.

OTTAWA.

As the glorious aquatic procession passed New Edinburgh and the City, the enthusiasm became positively wonderful, and the cheering at the landing exceedingly loud.

There were not less than 20,000 people on the slopes.

The landing was beautifully arranged. There were stands for the people, and that for the Prince and suite was covered with scarlet cloth.

The sun set just before he came on shore most splendidly, and the royal party much enjoyed the extreme beauty of the tint of the sky.

But no sooner had they touched the shore and the Mayor began to read the address, than it began to rain most violently, and the ceremony was necessarily shorn of its effect.

Little girls in white, singing the national anthem, were drenched. The Prince had to drive up through the tastefully ornamented city, with his fine, arches, in a close carriage, so that he saw nothing, and a damper was thrown on the spirits of the people.

At eleven o'clock on Saturday morning last, the Prince laid the foundation stone of the New Parliament buildings. Over the entrance to the grounds, which were enclosed, a handsome Gothic arch was erected. A crown was placed over the stone to be laid. The stone is of beautiful white Canadian marble, with the simple inscription, "Laid by the Prince of Wales, Sept. 1, 1860." Under the stone was placed a bottle containing a parchment record of the ceremony, and a number of the coins of Great Britain and Canada.

A deputation from the Masonic body of the state of New York were on there to take part in the ceremonies of laying the corner stone, but to the astonishment of all no Masons were present. It appears that the Duke of Newcastle and the Hon. John Rose refused the Masons the privilege of laying the stone, after the Prince, with their peculiar ceremonies. The consequence was that the Masons unanimously refused to have anything to do with the affair.

At the levee about three hundred people were presented. After the levee the Prince drove through the streets with the Mayor to the field where the Canadian Regiment was encamped.

He then partook of lunch in a wooden building on Government Hill. About two hundred were present. The Queen, the Prince Consort, and the Prince of Wales were toasted, to which the Prince of Wales bowed his reply, and gave "the Governor General and both Houses of Parliament."

After *dejeuner* he went to the Slides of the Chaudiere Falls, where by three wooden inclined rafts you are conveyed from Chaudiere Lake down to Ottawa river, a distance of sixty feet.

The Prince and suite embarked on a raft and went down the slides, the people shouting lustily.

Here an immense arch was constructed entirely of wood, without nails, and beautifully decorated. It was very unique and elegant. The Prince then entered a barge and rowed down the river to see the regatta. There was a fine and spirited display of lumbermen's skill.

In the evening the whole city was beautifully illuminated. A large procession of canoes by torchlight took place on the river, and a band called the "Paysiogs," dressed in the costume of different periods, like the Sons of Malta, paraded through the towns on horseback, bearing torches.

The Prince left Ottawa at eight o'clock, on Monday morning, in an open carriage, for the little village of Aylmer, *en route*, for Kingston. He sat at the open window for an hour before starting, stated at by a large throng. He also inspected the volunteer troops before the hotel, walking up, down and between the ranks. To-night he spends at Brockville.

ARRIVAL OF THE PRINCE AT BROCKVILLE.

The Earl St. Germains and some of the Prince's suite arrived at Brockville on the afternoon of the 3d.

The Prince did not arrive till eight o'clock after a fatiguing day's journey by carriage, canoe, feet and rail, through the back country from Ottawa. He was received by the Sheriff on entering the county, and an address was presented at Smith Falls.

On arriving here the Prince was received at the depot by a tumultuous crowd. He was escorted through the town by a very fine firemen's torchlight procession—a crowd surrounding the carriage, trying to shake his hand, and the marshals and constables using clubs freely. He slept on board the steamer, and started next morning for Kingston.

TROUBLE AT KINGSTON, AND TORONTO.

At the above places the Orangemen have erected arches, and taken other steps to force the whole body in Upper Canada upon the notice of the Prince, and thus to extort from the Heir apparent a *quasi* recognition of their society, with the view of basing thereon an argument for their recognition by the Provincial Legislature. At Kingston a mass meeting of the Catholics was held on the 24th August. The very Rev. Mr. McDonell, Vicar General, in the chair. The following Resolutions were passed:—

1st. That the Roman Catholic inhabitants of Kingston do most cordially welcome his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales to this city, and desire to unite with their fellow citizens in the warm and joyous welcome that awaits the son of our beloved and Most Gracious Sovereign upon his arrival here.

2nd. That we do most earnestly and respectfully represent to His Royal Highness the impolicy of recognising any secret political religious association, who may take advantage of the presence of His Royal Highness to make political capital for themselves, by creating a religious hatred in the community; and we do, therefore, most earnestly and respectfully protest against the Orange body being allowed a place in the procession upon the reception of His Royal Highness in this city.

3rd. That while no portion of Her Majesty's subjects are more devoted and loyal to our beloved Queen, or more desirous of extending to her noble son an enthusiastic greeting than the Roman Catholics of this city, we are reluctantly resolved, however, to abstain from joining in the procession, if the Orangemen are recognized on the occasion—a course we would respectfully recommend to our co-religionists throughout the Province, wherever a similar display of the Orange Order is contemplated.

4th. That we desire to live on the most friendly and peaceable terms with all classes of the community, and do, therefore, most strongly protest against the introduction, upon the present auspicious occasion, of that political-religious spirit which the recognition of Orangeism as a body will be sure to engender; and we do earnestly appeal to His Excellency the Governor General, to the eminent statesmen who accompany His Royal Highness, and to the general reception Committee of our fellow-citizens, against the premeditated insult offered by the Orangemen of this city to a large portion of Her Majesty's loyal subjects in the Upper Province.

5th. That we, the Roman Catholics of Kingston, do pledge ourselves to oppose by all the legitimate means in our possession, the contemplated display of Orangeism in this city, and also to oppose by all constitutional means the return to power of any official, advising or sanctioning such demonstration; and that for this purpose we ask the assistance and co-operation of our fellow-Catholics throughout the Province.

6th. That whilst the Roman Catholics of this city do not recognise any comparison whatever between the Orange Association and the St. Patrick's Society; the one being a secret political organization; the other purely national and benevolent; still for the sake of harmony and removing any excuse the Orangemen might have from the contemplated demonstration of the St. Patrick's Society upon the arrival of His Royal Highness, we do most respectfully request the President and members of that Society to abstain from any public display on the occasion.

These resolutions do credit to the heads and to the hearts of the Catholics of Kingston, showing that whilst asserting their own dignity, they are equally careful to respect the feelings of others. For the sake of peace they cheerfully consent to waive their right to walk in the Prince's procession, if Orangemen will evince a like moderation, and abandon their insolent pretensions. The Kingston *British Whig* says: "We hope upon good authority that the intention of the latter now is merely to line the streets through which the procession is to pass, without displaying any offensive flags, banners, or party emblems, and abstaining from all party cries or tunes. To this no reasonable person can object. It is not the presence of the individuals that we deprecate, but their appearance in a state ceremonial in their character of a secret politico-religious organization." What the results may be; whether prudent and charitable counsels shall prevail, or whether the Upper Canadian Orangemen will persevere in their original designs, we cannot say; but it is to be hoped from the subjoined paragraph, which we also clip from the Kingston British *Whig*, that by mutual concessions, harmony and good order may be preserved. The *Whig* says:—

"There was a full attendance of the Reception Committee on Saturday afternoon, but though a great deal of time was spent in talk, very little was really done. Copies of the resolutions passed at the Roman Catholic meeting of Friday night were read by the Secretary, and a long discussion ensued, as to whether the Orangemen of Kingston should be allowed a place in the intended procession of Tuesday week. It was admitted on all hands that there was no human power in Kingston to prevent their walking if they chose to do so, but a general disposition and wish prevailed that they should not walk, or if they did, that it should be without party emblems. It had been conceded that the St. Patrick's Society would walk only as private citizens. The matter was got rid of by the passage of the following resolution:

Moved by J. Burrowes, Esq., seconded by Dr. Robinson:

That inasmuch as the Roman Catholics of Kingston have manifested their intention of joining the Procession without any religious insignia or party emblems, therefore this committee request all persons, Orangemen as well as others, to observe a similar prudence, and to abstain from the use of any banner, flag or emblem, except as relates to our quality as subjects of the Queen, and that a copy of this resolution be sent forthwith to the St. Patrick's and Orange Societies. Carried.

In the programme for the Prince's reception at Kingston, published by the Kingston *Daily News* of the 30th ult., "as finally amended and adopted," a place is officially assigned to the Orange Society. A Montreal paper says—

"It remains to be seen if the Governor General of Canada and his responsible advisers will do their duty; if they will warn the Prince and his Suite of the sad consequences that will probably flow from this Orange persistence in a career of outrage and insult towards Catholics, in spite of the great forbearance of the latter, as shewn by the resolutions adopted at their meeting. If our rulers will not do their duty in this emergency, at their doors be laid the blame of the painful consequences to the Prince of Wales, should his tour in Upper Canada be marked by riot and murders; on their heads be the blood that their culpable neglect of duty shall have caused to flow."

Since compiling the above, we observe the following in a letter of the correspondent of the New York *Herald*:—

"The Duke of Newcastle is already taking part in the people's squabbles. He has sent word on to Kingston by special locomotive that the Prince would not ride under the Orange arch erected in that city. The Orangemen voted to adhere to their resolve to march in the procession, and the Catholics are very indignant."

THE ORANGE SOCIETIES OF TORONTO AND THE PRINCE.

TORONTO, C. W., Sept. 3, 1860.

Some trouble being anticipated in regard to the intended demonstration on the occasion of the Prince's visit to Toronto, it is understood that the Governor General has written that the Prince would take no part in any procession where party colors are worn or party tunes are played.

There is a physician residing in Albany famous for his skill not only, but for his propensity to *sell* his friends. The doctor has been badly sold himself, and relates the story with as much unction as if he was not personally interested. One stormy night he was awakened from a first nap, after a laborious day's work, by the ringing of his office bell. He put his head out of the window, and made the usual enquiry, "What's wanted?" "Och, docthor dear! docthor dear! be quick! Me ould woman, Biddy, is taring bad," answered a voice below with an unmistakeable brogue. "Who are you?" said the doctor. "Sure I'm Dinney Sullivan, your honor, and I live in the Bowery: an' ye must be quick, docthor!" The place indicated being at a distance from the Doctor's residence, and it being stormy, the doctor demurred. Dinny urged, and finally, as an inducement, said: "Docthor dear, if you come, I'll gie ye tin dollars, kill or cure." Being tempted somewhat by the fee offered, the doctor assented, and after a long and disagreeable walk found Biddy beyond human aid. After prescribing for her as well as he could under the circumstances, he left, and the next morning, as he expected, he heard of her death. After a reasonable interval the doctor sent his bill to Dinney, who repudiated it. Dinney being perfectly responsible, was sued immediately for the ten dollars in a Justice's Court. The doctor had assigned his account, and was a witness himself. He stated the contract, and claimed the ten dollars. Dinney, who managed the case *himself*, repudiating the offers of assistance from the attendant lawyers, very quietly asked the witness if he cured 'the ould woman?' He answered in the negative. Then, in a lond, boisterous tone, he asked, "Now, docthor, upon the vartue of your oath, did you *kill* her?" The doctor was thunderstruck. He stammered, and finally, upon the question being repeated, answered again in the negative. 'Thin, your honor,' said Dinney, "the docthor did'nt kape his contract—he nather killed nor cured Biddy, and he can't have the tin dollars." The Court non-suited the plaintiff amidst the laughter of the audience, and the doctor acknowledged himself badly sold.

A HUMAN WAIF FROM THE WRECK OF THE ARCTIC.—The New Orleans papers announce through a letter from New York the arrival at the latter place of Mr. Fleury, one of the passengers in the Arctic, which sunk after a collision in September, 1854, near Newfoundland. The New Orleans *Bee* says Mr. Fleury was well known as having kept the grocery at the corner of Orleans and Robertson streets, where his wife now resides. She married Mr. Fleury's clerk, Mr. Weber, and has had three children by him. Her two children by Fleury, a son of seventeen and daughter of fifteen, are now living with her. On Saturday she received the first intimation of the startling news of her husband's return after an absence of five and a half years, in a letter from him, dated at New York. A lady friend to whom she showed the letter reports the substance of it to be that Fleury, with five other survivors of the Arctic, were picked up from fragments of the wreck by a whaler, which kept on her long voyage. On the return home this vessel was subsequently sunk, and fifteen of those on board saved themselves upon an island, from which they were taken by another whaler, which was just commencing her cruise and which only returned to New York a week or two ago.

SHOCKING MURDER.—A sad affair has occurred at Condat, in the department of Cantal. A little girl, six years of age, named Tournadre, having disappeared three days ago, was sought for, and, after a while, was found dead in a well. Though there were several cuts on the head, and marks of pressure on the throat, her parents thought that she had been killed by accidentally falling in, and they made preparations for having her buried. The day after an elderly woman, named Barbot, called on them, and seeing the child in a coffin, cried out, "Poor little thing! It is I who have put you there!" She then stated that she enticed the child into the cellar of a house, on pretext of giving her a religious picture; she then made her kneel down and pray to God, and next struck the little thing on the head three times with a heavy stick, felling her senseless to the ground, and had then pressed on her throat until she was dead; after which she had tossed the body into a well. The woman was of course arrested, but there is no doubt that she is insane.

CHAMPION FOR THE PRINCE OF WALES.—*Naughty Gossip Refuted*.—Harriet Martineau, in her last letter to the Anti-Slavery Standard, says: "The Prince of Wales will soon be among you. I need hardly offer the word of warning which yet it may be as well to utter—that all gossiping stories about his love affairs, or any other pranks, some of which have appeared in American newspapers are altogether false. It is a pity that any Englishman stoops to write such unworthy nonsense to your journals. The Prince is only 18; he has always been carefully guarded and accompanied; and his relaxations from his studies, and the really serious objects of his life, have been healthful field sports, and worthy manly pleasures. Other families and individuals can defend their reputations. Royal families and young princes cannot; and every fair minded person is indignant accordingly when they are libelled.

Lady Franklin and niece arrived at Montreal on the 23d ult. The *Gazette* says:—"Her trip hither from New York has been a perfect ovation. At every station on the road multitudes collected to see one whose heroic virtues have made her renowned, and at St. John's Lady Franklin came out from the car and gracefully acknowledged the reception given with so much spontaneity and feeling. While in Montreal she will be the guest of Mr. Harrison Stevens.

General Tom Thumb is again on exhibition. A few days ago he was in Portland.—The advertiser says:—"In personal appearance we have observed but little change in our friend. In weight he is just the same; his inches have not been added to; while his having grown a little stouter takes away completely the appearance of undue size which formerly characterized his head. He is now not only the smallest man we have ever seen, but is equally admirable for the beauty of his proportions. He manifests the same anxiety to kiss the fairer portions of his audience, and shows the same critical taste in selection.

NOBLE BEQUESTS.—The Hon. Jonathan Phillips, of Massachusetts, lately deceased, has left property to the value of $800 000 about one-sixth of which ($135,000) is disposed of in bequests to literary, charitable and other public institutions. $20,000 is given to the Boston Public Library; 20,000 to adorn and embellish the streets of that City; and a like amount to Harvard University; two other colleges receive $5000 each. There are four institutions which get $10,000 each; seven that get $5000 each; besides the three *twenties* mentioned above. Such liberality is deserving of imitation.

A cold blooded murder was committed at the Canal Bridge, Montreal, on the 17th inst. A man named W. J. Holmes was walking with a female, when two men attacked him, for what cause it is not known. One of them stabbed Mr. Holmes with a knife, which caused death. The deceased was buried with military honors by the Montreal Volunteer Infantry Companies.

CURIOUS ADVENTURE OF A NEW YORK REPORTER.—On Thursday evening, a reporter of one of the New York paper was going up Lexington avenue, when two young women, who were walking in different directions, ran against each other, and fell apparently stunned to the sidewalk. As he was attempting to render assistance, he received a violent blow on the ear, and turning round, perceived that it had been administered by an Irishman. He seized the man at once, and was chastising him, when his shouts called several accomplices. The reporter, perceiving that he had got into a perilous adventure, drew a revolver and fired. The man took to flight, and he, glad to escape so hurried in another direction. Meanwhile the young women were left to help themselves as best they might. New York must be a pleasant place to live in, if reporters are obliged to carry about revolvers with them, while engaged in their "arduous duties."

During the week ending August 19, seventy-seven interments are recorded in the Catholic Cemetary of Montreal, sixty-seven of which were children. During the same period there were eleven in the Protestant Cemetery, eight of which were children.