

Well, well, you're not much like me, I never could have thought it in that way. But who would have thought it in the brave hearted little girl? No, Nettie Small—that I know. Go ahead, cheer! I remove my protest. The font of a well spread table, I think confess, but by George! I have an affair to put up with some short evenings, for the sake of having a spirited little beauty like that in his house, a house, too, she's saved from the flames. God bless her!

Are you really in earnest, father? It will add immeasurably to my happiness, if I can marry with your approval!

Kismet? Course I am. What do you take me for? I'll tell you what it is, Steve. That impudent colonel is bound to have Janet, and what's more he's determined to have her, before the month is out. Now, if that blue eyed little girl says yes, we'll just have a glorious matrimonial jubilee. Thanksgiving day! What do you think of that, sir? Three transported couples offered upon the sacrificial altar, all at one fell swoop, sir—to say nothing of a sacrifice of turkeys and chickens that is awful to contemplate. But every bride of 'em shall have my blessing—and something more—even to that deserter of a Lucinda.

And so it came about, but before the dawn of the happy day, one or two little incidents occurred which deserves a place in our story and which we will hereafter relate.

The family were one day at dinner. An excellent dinner it was too, and crowded with perfection, in the eyes of the master, by the introduction of the famous pudding, whose approach always wreathed his genial face with smiles of intense satisfaction. On this occasion, it was necessarily a different. The good lady fairly beamed with benevolence upon the little circle. It was a pity that the supplicant stood at his elbow, ready to prefer some urgent plea. No petition could have been rejected, at such an auspicious moment.

Janet, he said, at least, best swing upon his sister's neck of self-chosen admiration. You have surpassed yourself to-day, really surprised yourself! It is amazing that a half dozen eggs, a little milk, butter and a few slices of meat, can give out so much and come out in an hour or two, such a delectable compound as this! Ah, little Janet, it will be hard enough for an old fellow like me to say good bye to your unapproachable pudding.

Little Janet stopped a moment to laugh at the comical pathos of his last remark before she answered:

But why bid us good bye, at all, Philip? This is not a farewell but rather an initial visit. That is to say, the pudding, to day, is of Miss Ruby's own making, and not mine. She saw I was greatly hurried this morning, and so offered to make it herself before she went into town. Truly it is delicious, but you need not look so astonished. I had the receipt from Ruby in the first place, and when she finds out that it is your favorite, she will give it to you, I am sure, ad libitum.

The night following as the cosy group were sitting around the pleasant "evening lamp," Colonel Fraser who was deep in the items of the Northport Journal looked up with an exclamation of surprise.

Why, Janet Stephen, here's something that is news to me! I wonder if you know.

Read it, if you please, Frank; then we can tell.

Why, it's about our pretty Ruby; just listen:

It is announced that the prize of one hundred dollars offered, some time since, by the conductors of the *Dirigo Monthly*, for the best poem sent them before the close of October has been awarded to Miss Ruby Deane who has for some time been known to the public under the signature of *Cherubina*. Miss Deane is a native of Heathsville, in this State, and at present we learn resides in our city. She is pronounced a writer of much promise, and we refer our readers, with much pleasure to the poem in question, which we publish to-day, on our first page and which, divested of its faultless versification, and couched in homeliest prose, would still repay perusal; for it is marked by a vigor of thought and a facility to actual human experience, not common in the writings of so young an author. There is not a weak or meaning less line in the whole of it. We learn, also, that Messrs Burton and Ward are about to publish a volume of Miss Deane's poems to which this prize poem will prove an excellent introduction, for few who have read the latter, will regret further acquaintance with so purely gifted a mind.

There! Sir! Well, I should like to know what you have to say to that for a news paper puff? cried the colonel as having finished the reading of the poem he wheeled himself about with a very triumphant air.

As for you young man, I suppose you have known it all along?

Oh yes; I knew it! quietly responded the said young man, with a gleam of mischief in his brown eyes that betokened his enjoyment for the moment. I have been aware of eye y step she has taken from the first.

And let me run on, without check or hindrance, in that ridiculous fashion, you tormenting fellow! Well, well, my boy, I dare say, your revenge is sweet to you—By the way did you know about the pudding too?

Certainly, sir, the pudding, too, or I should say, rather, the pudding, too, as the one to which you refer was the third delicacy of its kind which I have partaken from Ruby's hands.

Ah, Steve, you are a lucky dog! No doubt you feel comfortable enough, at this moment; but so do I my boy so do I. You have disabled my ship pretty thoroughly, by your silent but effective blows, indeed, let me tell you no skipper ever hauled down his colors with so graceful. Truly, your little Ruby is as brave as she is pretty, and her poetry is every bit as good as her pudding. I can give her no higher praise than that—into it, who knows when I should have some into this happy belief, if it had not been *asked by fire!*

CUBA.

TERRIBLE DEED BY THE VOLUNTEERS—OUTRAGE BY STUDENTS—EIGHT OF THEM BURNED.

HAVANA, Nov. 27, 1871.

There was an intense excitement shortly after the great military parade yesterday. The volunteers assembled in groups of one hundred and two hundred and marched through the streets assuming a very threatening attitude. Several hundreds collected around the Palace of the Captain General, another large body of men near the Tacón

Theatre. But the largest and most violent crowd assembled around the jail demanding the immediate execution of the students accused of having desecrated the grave of Gonzalez Castanon. Crowds of volunteers who happened to be in the street were ordered to join their companions, and shouted "Death to the traitors!" The inhabitants were greatly alarmed and fled in terror to their houses. Captain General Valmaseda being absent on a tour through the island, his deputy, Acting Captain General Crespo, positively refused to deliver up the prisoners, but he ordered a court martial to be formed, which met at two o'clock this morning, to try forty-seven medical students who are accused. By eleven o'clock last evening order had been restored by the officers who got the volunteers under full control, but the volunteers marching through the jail. The court comprises one captain of the each volunteer battalion and six officers of the regular army presided over by a colonel.

Senior Crespo has issued an address to the volunteers this morning, asking them to await quietly the result of the trial. The law, he declared, would be inexorable in punishing the delinquents. The unusual decision of the court, martial is that eight of the students are to be shot. This evening business is entirely suspended, but the city is quiet. The volunteers continue guarding the jail, awaiting the result of the trial. A captain of the volunteers was killed by two negroes, who were shot immediately without a trial.

LAVER.

HAVANA, Nov. 28.—At 1 o'clock this afternoon the finding of the court martial, which was convened to try the medical students who demolished the grave of Gonzalez Castanon was announced from the balcony of a ceding Captain General Crespo's palace. Eight of the students who were found most guilty were sentenced to be shot at four o'clock this afternoon at Punta. The others were sentenced to four and six years imprisonment in the penitentiary. All those sentenced to death were over 18 years of age. The execution of the condemned prisoners took place at the specified hour. They met their death with resignation, and expressed regret at having committed the act for which they died. The names of the students who were shot were Alonzo Alvarez Delcampo, Jose Maria Lleras (Carlos Angulo Latorre, Eladio G. Toledo, Pascual Rodriguez Perez, Anastasia Bernandez Govin, Augustina Labebe Perez, and Carlos Verdugo Martinez. Great excitement prevailed throughout the city during the day, and business was suspended, but at this hour, (6 p.m.) all is quiet. Captain General Valmaseda, who was yesterday at Jucary, is expected to arrive in Havana during the afternoon. He publishes a proclamation to the volunteers promising that the guilty shall be punished, and charging the recent events to the machinations of the laborates.

HAVANA, Nov. 30.—Captain-General Valmaseda arrived on Tuesday evening. The chaplain of the cemetery which was entered by medical students has been removed. The city is quiet. The bodies of the executed students have been refused to their parents. The students sentenced to the chain gang have been working in the streets with criminals since yesterday. The father of one of the former died from grief, and the mothers of two others have become insane.

Extraordinary Railway Accident.

One of the most extraordinary accidents we have ever heard of occurred on the Picton Railway, seven miles east of Truro, about four o'clock on Saturday afternoon. The express train from Picton for Halifax with mails and passengers comprised a locomotive tender, baggage and express car, postal and smoking car, second-class passenger car and first class passenger car, arranged in the order here given. The train left Picton at the usual time, 1:45 p.m., and proceeded all right until about four o'clock, when it was crossing a mud embankment about 25 feet high a short distance east of Salmon River, seven miles from Truro. As the train was crossing the embankment the postal and smoking car was by some mysterious means detached from the cars before and behind it and thrown over the embankment, while all the other cars passed over safely.

The postal and smoking car turned completely over and fell to the ground with a crash. Three men were in it and it is almost a marvel that none of them were killed. In the postal compartment the clerk Mr. Isaac Levesconte (son of the member of the Dominion Parliament for Richmond), was reclining on a lounge, to which fact he is no doubt largely indebted for his life, as had he been standing he would likely have been driven through the windows. As it was, he was thrown backward against the side of the car, then back against the other side, and finally brought up on what was by this time the bottom, though it had a moment before been the roof of the car, his position being rendered additionally uncomfortable by the presence on top of him of the stove which like himself had been knocking about generally. He was severely bruised all over the body and received some cuts in the face and head which are severe but not at all dangerous.

In the smoking compartment were Mr. John Carter, messenger for Fishwick's Colonial Express, and Ryan a fireman employed on the railway, but not on duty at the time of the accident. Mr. Carter received a rough knocking about, but no wounds. When things became stationary, he found himself under the stove (which like the one in the postal compartment had taken part in the proceedings), and his clothing on fire. Mr. Ryan was sitting on one of the seats, and fortunately had hold of iron railings. He held fast to them while the car was performing its evolutions in the air, and escaped uninjured. The engineer and others on the locomotive and the crowd of passengers in the after cars knew nothing of the accident for a few minutes, as the train seemed to be proceeding rightly. After the forward part had gone about a mile, the engineer looked out and saw the two passenger cars detached following along half a mile behind, their momentum having carried them that far, while the postal car was not to be seen at all. "Down brakes" was immediately ordered, the engine stopped and reversed, the train returned to look for the missing car. Meanwhile the unfortunate car had caught fire from the upsetting of the stoves, and the three men were endeavoring to extricate themselves from the wreck. Assist-

ance soon reached them from the train, the flames were extinguished the mails all saved and transferred to the other cars, "all aboard" was called and the train was rolling off towards Truro with little more than half an hour's delay—an eventful half hour to at least three men of the party.

How the accident occurred can only be conjectured. The most reasonable explanation is that the forward coupling of the postal car broke, and the car, being light, was thrown over the embankment by the concussion with the heavy cars in the rear.

Correspondence.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE "HERALD."

Sir, You have attacked me in your last issue in common with others in this community for having, as you state, "indulged in vulgar abuse of you" in the *EXAMINER*. This is my rejoinder: Within the last two years, without the slightest provocation on my part, you made a very gross and personal attack on me in your paper, charging me with having written an article in which you in the *Argus*, and characterizing my conduct in my private and social intercourse with my Catholic neighbors, as "patronizing" and "deceitful." In the supposition that I wrote, or even ever saw the article you then alluded to, you were in error. The statement being that I had expatriated my Roman Catholic neighbors, from self interested motives, either political or personal, was simply an ungenerous, ungrateful and undeserved personal slander. My answer is that I am unaware that I ever, in the pages of the *EXAMINER*, or in any other public journal, either over my own or any feigned name, used editorial or otherwise, in any personal abuse of you. My advice to you is, though I confess that I do not exactly understand what you, my mean, gentlemen, by your intention to poke me up with a long pole, that unless the prospect of being put up by me, harmless, not to say rather pleasing than otherwise, for both of your sakes, to hold your hands.

I am, Sirs, Your obedient servant,
STEPHEN SWABE,
Ch'town, Dec. 16, 1871.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EXAMINER.

Sir, The editor of the *Patriot* of Dec. 2, judging from his insertion under "Correspondence," and from its editorial remarks there—seems desirous to add, as another feather to the cap of Mr. William D. O'Brien the fact that in the year of Grace 1866, he was discontinued, as Manager of the Halifax Street Railway, the Sunday running of the Cars in that city. It appears that considerable pressure was brought to bear upon O'Brien by certain clergymen, and by a number of Christian men of business in Halifax, to induce him to accede to their wishes in not keeping his cars going on the Lord's Day, to which pressure he, UNDER STRONG PROTEST, succumbed. The following is a copy of his letter to the Mayor of Halifax, in which he most reluctantly submits to the presumptions of these clergymen and Christian men of business:

"HALIFAX, N. S. August 4, 1866.
TO HIS WORSHIP THE MAYOR.

Sir—In reply to the deputation of Clergymen, who did me the honor of meeting me before your Worship on Wednesday last, at your office, to express the feelings and wishes of the pastors of churches, and other clergymen belonging to the City of Halifax, and of many influential citizens relative to the running of the cars on the Sabbath, I beg leave to state that as Manager of the Halifax City Railway Company, I feel that the Company have an inalienable legal right to run their cars on the Lord's Day, and that I were guilty of no moral wrong in doing so in England and the United States there is legal permission, and public sanction for the use of Rail Cars on the Sabbath; and that as Manager of the Halifax City Railway Company, I feel that I have a privilege of great value without serious consideration.

I continued further, that the Cars on Sunday were a great boon to the poor class of the community, and that the running of the cars on the Sabbath, and the Lord's Day, was a great benefit to the community, and that I was not prepared to accede to their wishes in not keeping his cars going on the Lord's Day, to which pressure he, UNDER STRONG PROTEST, succumbed. The following is a copy of his letter to the Mayor of Halifax, in which he most reluctantly submits to the presumptions of these clergymen and Christian men of business:

"I have the honor to be, your Worship's very obedient servant,
WILLIAM D. O'BRIEN.

Whether the above lines were written with the intent of pleasing any Christian man of business in Halifax, I neither know nor care but I most truly deem them to bear the visible impress of the heart of a Christian man who believes that he has the *power always with us*, and especially on Sundays.

Though I regret that Mr. O'Brien, so directly against his better moral judgment and conscientious convictions, yielded to the demands of a self-constituted religious set, I cannot but respect his worldly wisdom in the course he pursued. Proverbial is the bigotry, intolerance, narrow-mindedness, and unbounded cruelty of any religious set, and Mr. O'Brien probably too clearly foresaw that did he not bow to the behests of his tyrants, that they would as far as in them lay, make his life a burden to him each day of the week. Sundays not excepted, if he could not utterly destroy his prospects of making an honest livelihood in Halifax, after Mr. O'Brien's submission, and the "Sunday running of the Cars" had ceased, some rather questionable compliments are paid to him by a couple of Halifax newspapers. Thus an extract from the *Presbyterian Witness*, August 1866, says—

"The result was that Mr. O'Brien thought fit to accede to his legal right to continue his Sunday cars, and believing that a majority of the citizens have no real objection yet in view of the strong convictions of a large body of men of excellent character and of high standing cheerfully consented to order a discontinuance of the cars." We heartily rejoice at this step, and fervently trust that this great public convenience will now receive the support of all classes of our population.

Mr. O'Brien had previously proved himself to this community to be a man of energy and determination. He has now further shown a sound discretion and practical judgment, which will command general approval.

I feel myself to perceive Mr. O'Brien's cheerful consent to the discontinuance" in his letter. And again the *Halifax Reporter*, August 4, 1866, alluding to Mr. O'Brien's letter to the chief magistrate of Halifax—

"THE STREET RAILWAY.—The subject under consideration is of great importance. Without giving an opinion on the subject, we can come to no other conclusion than that the Manager of the City Street Railway has in the present case, contrary to the interests of those for whom he is acting, and waiving a right to which he is clearly entitled by the law of the land, behaved in the most ungenerous manner."

It is about as "clear as Charlotte mud" here whether the editor of the *Halifax Reporter* intended on the whole to praise or censure the "Manager of the City Street Railway." What magnanimity can there be in any man's behaving in a manner contrary to the interests of those for whom he is acting? Most magnanimous manner, eh? Well, the larger mindedness of Mr. O'Brien does contrast favorably at least with the inflexible mind-mindedness of certain Sabbatarianists in the capital of Nova Scotia.

Now how could any sane man believe that all this appalling balderdash about Mr. O'Brien and his non-Sunday car running in Halifax, in 1866, is made political capital of by the editor of the *Patriot*, and another piece of cessure heaped on the Government, I hope this additional trash will not break the animal's back, for its not having

ing closed a contract with the *Halifax Freeman* for building out Rutland, whose discretion and judgment are so frequently spoken of by the *Witness*. Discretion was I do not think the reason I have given above, on Mr. O'Brien's part, in his annual contract with those Christian men of business, D. J. G. & Co., for the better part of value. I fear I have been indulging in the vanity and rashness of airing my own opinions and preaching after a hazy sermon the last few minutes, to wit: with a homely illustration. Imagine with me, dear sir, if you will for a moment, a deputation composed of members of various religious sets in Charlottetown, waiting on the editor of the *Patriot* and respectfully requesting him in the name of their respective churches, to discontinue the running of his cars on the Lord's Day, and to be so good as to send them a copy of his letter to the Mayor of Halifax, in which he most reluctantly submits to the presumptions of these clergymen and Christian men of business:

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "HERALD."

Sir, You have attacked me in your last issue in common with others in this community for having, as you state, "indulged in vulgar abuse of you" in the *EXAMINER*. This is my rejoinder: Within the last two years, without the slightest provocation on my part, you made a very gross and personal attack on me in your paper, charging me with having written an article in which you in the *Argus*, and characterizing my conduct in my private and social intercourse with my Catholic neighbors, as "patronizing" and "deceitful." In the supposition that I wrote, or even ever saw the article you then alluded to, you were in error. The statement being that I had expatriated my Roman Catholic neighbors, from self interested motives, either political or personal, was simply an ungenerous, ungrateful and undeserved personal slander. My answer is that I am unaware that I ever, in the pages of the *EXAMINER*, or in any other public journal, either over my own or any feigned name, used editorial or otherwise, in any personal abuse of you. My advice to you is, though I confess that I do not exactly understand what you, my mean, gentlemen, by your intention to poke me up with a long pole, that unless the prospect of being put up by me, harmless, not to say rather pleasing than otherwise, for both of your sakes, to hold your hands.

I remain, dear Sir, Yours truly,
LIBERAL,
Ch'town, Dec. 10, 1871.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EXAMINER.

DEAR SIR.—On the 22d of last month, having occasion to visit some schooners that lay moored at Clays Wharf Dundas. On seeing the wharf saw about a half-dozen persons assembled together one of them appeared to be in great agitation, throwing his arms about, and howling his body up and down like a Mohogian at his devotion and calling out: let them lay the rails up—let them lay the rails up as fast as they can and save the country from ruin—and save the country from ruin. Overcoming the gentleman I said to him, why man you are worse than a Fenian, he says I am Fenian enough for that. I said, I feel in your young vigor like the railroad and calling out: let them lay the rails up—let them lay the rails up as fast as they can and save the country from ruin—and save the country from ruin.

What a pity, Mr. Bowers, that there is not a tax put on words? What an income P. E. Island would get from it. But also, talking pay no toll, and if talking pay double, the present Government could soon build the railway; but who could collect the money? Common sense is a common law—hearing is half law—a law never loses in telling—as a snowball grows bigger by rolling—so does a story—as some of the stories about the present Government grow bigger the further they get from town.

They who talk much, stretch much. If they only said what was true, what a preferable life we should have. Some sold-makes mischief; but talking is a plague to this Island; silence is wisdom; and by this rule wise men and women are scarce; still waters are the deepest; but the shallowest brooks brook the most; this shows how plentiful fools must be; an open mouth shows an empty head; if the chest had gold and silver in it, it would not always stand wide open; talking comes by nature; but it needs a good deal of training to learn to be quiet. If the articles would talk about the present Government, at least, let them be free from slanders; let them not bluster their tongues with backbiting slanders; let them be free to talk; but it is hard to do those who say they are honest. The worst evil yet seen in a man is to injure his character. As a Quaker said to his dog: I did not beat thee, nor abuse thee, but I did give thee an ill name. All are not thieves that dog bark at; but they are generally treated as such for the Island believes, for the most part that where there is smoke there is fire, and what every antic says must be true. Let them be careful that they do not hurt their neighbor in a word; let them be careful that they do not hurt their neighbor in a word; let them be careful that they do not hurt their neighbor in a word.

Allow me, dear sir, to give you and Mr. Howland a little advice. You are both Catholics; both young men, who have, by your own merits and energy, gained for yourselves a respectable place in society; you are both possessed of talents which can be better employed for your creed and country, than in writing philippics against one another. This is the holy time of Advent, and soon there will be celebrated the anniversary of the ever memorable day, on which Angels sang, "Glory to God on High, and on earth, peace to men of good will!"

Cease then to abuse one another, and practice Charity.

If Mr. Howland and yourself are determined to be tested as to your comparative scholarship, the matter can be decided in a very quiet, friendly way. Let three judges or examiners be appointed by you both, and let them give you something like the following subjects on which to write dissertations in various languages:—

Greek, in the style of Demosthenes.
Subject.—The necessity for Irresponsible Government in P. E. Island in the present crisis.

Latin, in the style of Cicero.
Subject.—The disposal of Fraser's tender for the Railroad.

Italian, in the style of Machiavelli.
Subject.—Hon. Mr. Howland and others breaking their solemn pledges on the Catholic Education Question.

French, in the style of Voltaire or Charles 12.
Subject.—The Franco Prussian war; the generosity of P. E. Island Legislators in granting £200,000 for the relief of the sufferers, and the public virtue of Hon. Mr. Howland and others, in outraging public sentiment, by refusing to pay the said £200,000.

Irish, in the style of Ossian.
Subject.—The glory of *Sacking one's Country*—or Confederation.

English, in Disraeli's style.
Subject.—The beauties of a Serpentine Railroad; the advantage of stamps on the track; the propriety of sparing our young growth of trees, and making the Grand Trunk as long as possible.

If you wish the subjects changed, I presume there will be no difficulty in the way. As to the examination, I am only giving you a hint, and if you want to make it a serious affair, the whole matter lies with yourselves.

I have the honor to remain, dear Sir, Your Obedient Servant,
A. McDONALD.

W. W. SULLIVAN, Esq.

The public will now be able to judge of the advantage of "scholarship" or at your ignorance and presumption; the "late Rector of St. Dunstan's" laughs. The Rev. Angus McDonald is a gentleman of undoubted scholarship and ability; he is a clergyman, too, who has done much for the cause of education in this Colony. The Rev. gentleman is, moreover, a shrewd observer; and it is abundant in his letter that he fully recognizes the *ferocious and unscrupulous honesty and fidelity* manifested by you in "BREAKING YOUR SOLEMN PLEDGE ON THE CATHOLIC EDUCATION QUESTION."

That you are capable of selling your country is not unknown to many of our countrymen; but the Canadian tariff, taken in connection with the Dominion free list, would not be more burdensome than our own tariff at ten per centum, is not yet wholly forgotten, and the innocent self-glorification in which you indulged at the prospect of obtaining stamps on the track; the propriety of sparing our young growth of trees, and making the Grand Trunk as long as possible.

If you wish the subjects changed, I presume there will be no difficulty in the way. As to the examination, I am only giving you a hint, and if you want to make it a serious affair, the whole matter lies with yourselves.

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hangers-on of the Government, whilst endeavoring to defend, in the Railway transaction, all the other members of the Executive, on the plea of being honest in their private occupations, never dream of arguing that defense in your behalf. Have they, too, heard of your recent *Ruby* transactions and of certain other touching incidents of your personal history?

I am satisfied that the members of the present administration place little confidence in you, and I have good reason to know that those who are most deeply interested in the Catholic Education Question, believe you to be a religious traitor and a political knave. There is not much fear that you can ever again hoodwink your countrymen. You are treacherous, but you have little art; you are a hypocrite, but you cannot deceive; and from you, as an advocate of religious education, good Lord deliver us!

Yours truly,
OBSERVER.
St. Peter's Bay, Dec. 7, 1871.

TO "George W. Howland."

The unique epistle which appears over your name in last Monday's *EXAMINER*, contains nothing which demands a reply from me. Your letter is a mere tissue of falsehoods, badly put together, which your previously-established reputation for scurrilous vulgarity is fully sustained. I neither provoked nor commenced this contest with you, and I feel that it would be, on my part, an unpardonable waste of time, as well as a needless humiliation, to enter into a serious discussion with you, in which you would use such an ignorant pretender and unprincipled political quack as you have proved yourself to be.

All the charges which I have preferred against you are matters of general notoriety in Charlottetown and elsewhere; and in order to enable the public to properly estimate the value of any statement made by you, I now put in evidence the following letter, which has been kindly placed at my disposal by the late Rector of St. Dunstan's College:—

PORT AUGUSTUS, Dec. 14, 1871.
Dear Sir—In a letter published in last Monday's *EXAMINER*, the Hon. Mr. Howland says in reference to you—

"As a scholar, I am sure the Rector of St. Dunstan's must laugh at your claims, as a schoolmate of yours, not far from an allusion, has informed me that no greater 'dunderhead' ever graced his hall."

Whether Mr. Howland intended the word "scholar" to apply to himself, or to the "late Rector of St. Dunstan's," or to you, is not very apparent; but I presume his meaning is this: That he is certain that I must lack at your claims to scholarship, because a schoolmate of yours has informed him that you were considered a great "dunderhead" when at St. Dunstan's College.

Mr. Howland's logic is not sound, and his grounds of certitude are far from being solid. I dare say that it was by reasoning as loose as that contained in the above extract, that Mr. Howland and his fellow gentlemen decided on giving us a "First Class Railway," with *SERVICES SLEEPERS!*

The meaning of the extra classical word "dunderhead," I know not; but I suppose that it is intended to convey to the mind the idea which is expressed by the *English* "blockhead."

Now, as Mr. Howland appears to wish to impress on the public, the idea that I regard you as a "blockhead," or, as a remove above an idiot, or as a person scarcely fit to look after geese on a common, I feel bound in justice to you and to myself, to inform the public that Mr. Howland is mistaken.

During your stay in this Colony, you were then at St. Dunstan's. I gave you a good recommendation to Mr. Johnstone, and I have yet to learn that I ever gave such a recommendation to a blockhead, an idiot or a scamp. If you are now the moral, social, and political cynic, which Mr. Howland wishes the public to believe you are, you must have changed very much from what you were when you were a mouthful of common sense at St. Dunstan's.

Allow me, dear sir, to give you and Mr. Howland a little advice. You are both Catholics; both young men, who have, by your own merits and energy, gained for yourselves a respectable place in society; you are both possessed of talents which can be better employed for your creed and country, than in writing philippics against one another. This is the holy time of Advent, and soon there will be celebrated the anniversary of the ever memorable day, on which Angels sang, "Glory to God on High, and on earth, peace to men of good will!"

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English, in Disraeli's style.
Subject.—The beauties of a Serpentine Railroad; the advantage of stamps on the track; the propriety of sparing our young growth of trees, and making the Grand Trunk as long as possible.

If you wish the subjects changed, I presume there will be no difficulty in the way. As to the examination, I am only giving you a hint, and if you want to make it a serious affair, the whole matter lies with yourselves.

I have the honor to remain, dear Sir, Your Obedient Servant,
A. McDONALD.

W. W. SULLIVAN, Esq.

The public will now be able to judge of the advantage of "scholarship" or at your ignorance and presumption; the "late Rector of St. Dunstan's" laughs. The Rev. Angus McDonald is a gentleman of undoubted scholarship and ability; he is a clergyman, too, who has done much for the cause of education in this Colony. The Rev. gentleman is, moreover, a shrewd observer; and it is abundant in his letter that he fully recognizes the *ferocious and unscrupulous honesty and fidelity* manifested by you in "BREAKING YOUR SOLEMN PLEDGE ON THE CATHOLIC EDUCATION QUESTION."

That you are capable of selling your country is not unknown to many of our countrymen; but the Canadian tariff, taken in connection with the Dominion free list, would not be more burdensome than our own tariff at ten per centum, is not yet wholly forgotten, and the innocent self-glorification in which you indulged at the prospect of obtaining stamps on the track; the propriety of sparing our young growth of trees, and making the Grand Trunk as long as possible.

If you wish the subjects changed, I presume there will be no difficulty in the way. As to the examination, I am only giving you a hint, and if you want to make it a serious affair, the whole matter lies with yourselves.

I have the honor to remain, dear Sir, Your Obedient Servant,
A. McDONALD.

hangers-on of the Government, whilst endeavoring to defend, in the Railway transaction, all the other members of the Executive, on the plea of being honest in their private occupations, never dream of arguing that defense in your behalf. Have they, too, heard of your recent *Ruby* transactions and of certain other touching incidents of your personal history?

I am satisfied that the members of the present administration place little confidence in you, and I have good reason to know that those who are most deeply interested in the Catholic Education Question, believe you to be a religious traitor and a political knave. There is not much fear that you can ever again hoodwink your countrymen. You are treacherous, but you have little art; you are a hypocrite, but you cannot deceive; and from you, as an advocate of religious education, good Lord deliver us!

Yours truly,
OBSERVER.
Ch'town, Dec. 15, 1871.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE "HERALD."

Sirs: The last issue of your journal contains a very insolent paragraph, attributing to me the authorship of certain articles in the *EXAMINER*, and threatening me with a castigation at your first leisure. I beg to assure you that I am not the Editor of the *EXAMINER*, nor do I know the names of the writers of the articles to which you allude. I make this statement, in order to put myself in a right position before the public, and not from any fear of you. Since, however, you appear anxious for a free fight, I shall be happy to accommodate you, and I now give notice, that I am willing to assume all the blame arising from the articles in question, as far as they relate to your political conduct. You can, therefore, proceed with your castigation as soon as you please.

I am, Sirs, Yours &c.
ROBERT SHAW.
Ch'town, Dec. 14, 1871.

The Examiner.

Ch'town, December 18, 1871.

THE GOVERNMENT POLICY.

The Opposition journals are, at present, in very bad humor both with his Honor and the Government. They informed his Honor that they had only to memorialize, in his Honor's name, the Opposition was in one of a majority in the Lower House, and even although in a minority in the Upper, and the Government would at once be dissolved. The opponents of the present administration affected to believe all this. Now, it is clear that the promoters of the memorial were either very simple or great knaves; simple if they believed the Government would be displaced to make room for those who, by their own confession, could not command a working majority; and knaves if their object was, as we believe, to prejudice the Government in the eyes of the people, so as to prepare their way into Parliament, should there soon be an appeal to the people.

In our opinion, the Government acted wisely in not, under the present circumstances, either giving way to their opponents or resorting to a dissolution. In the first case, they would give prominent positions and remunerative posts to renegades who do not possess the confidence of the people, and who, by a dissolution, never could attain to a place of emolument or trust. For this reason, the present Opposition do not represent the views of the people. Besides, for the Government to resign every thing into the hands of the Opposition, is to condemn themselves unheard. The members of the present administration are by an unscrupulous press charged with