

least obliged to you for the alteration of those sentences to which you call my attention; neither do I for the conciliatory efforts which you were, most unaccountably, induced to make in my favour. It is a principle with me always to express myself concerning others in terms which I both understand and mean to support, and by which I intend to either stand or fall as the case may be. Let the proper parties, therefore, assume the attitude of defence—let them do it personally, and if they maintain themselves therein, they are worthy of consideration and applause; otherwise let them meet the fate to which they stand exposed, and which must necessarily be the issue to those who make unpremeditated, if not uncalculated, submissions concerning matters in general.

But, Sir, when I consider the spirit usually exhibited in your editorials—instantly the following, “an Elector,” a greater liar than whom never dirtied paper—I cannot but smile to think that you should dictate to me, that “since we cannot promote the enterprise, &c., we think we should abstain from all cavilling and unkindness in reference to the matter,” or that you should, “under this impression,” (a very noble one I acknowledge,) “have endeavoured to soften expressions in my letter,” contained in your sheet of the 27th ult., for the reason that they “seemed needlessly harsh,” I therefore wish you a continuation of the same generous feeling, but especially that

“Some kind power wad the giftie gie ye
To see yer ails as others see ye;”
and that you may hereafter be less addicted to vituperation against those who differ with you in opinion relative to those affairs in which each party feel themselves equally concerned.

You are, Sir, at liberty to publish this letter, if you choose, and to reply to it if you wish; but dear master Editor, do suppress, or at any rate, do not give full vent to your rage should you do so. The feeling, if harboured in your breast, will no doubt help you to be racy in your argument, and cogent in your attack; only remember that I have a large bag into which I commonly throw all offal bits. I scarcely expect, however, that you will “come out” with this letter in full; but should you not do so, I trust that your knowledge of the common courtesies due and generally rendered to correspondents, will influence you to keep back the whole. Either way I certainly would, and now do, advise you to act independently—to act your own will in the matter, since either way will be quite satisfactory to

OLD MENTOR.
Charlottetown, August, 1850.

MR. EDITOR,—

Some years ago being at Paris, and viewing the epitaphs at the Cemetery called “Pere la Chaise,” I was struck with the following lines on the tomb of General Fox, whose death was then recent, and who had been the most eloquent and patriotic member of the French Legislature. Their applicability to the feeling which appears to exist in Great Britain respecting the loss the natives has sustained by the death of Sir Robert Peel, induces me to request their publication:

“Hier, quand la source de ses jours fut tarie,
Hela! on le voyoit sur sa couche étendu,
La France implorait cette voix si chérie:
Au cri plaintif jeta par la patrie,
C'est la premiere fois qu'il n'a pas repon-
du.”

Yours,
VOYAGEUR.

NEW YORK CITY STATISTICS.—There are 30 banks, besides 8 for savings, with a capital of more than \$27,000,000. Of insurance companies, there are 25, having their capitals in New York, amounting to \$9,000,000, and 56 agencies for other companies. Twenty-six life and trust companies, with a capital of \$3,500,000. The aggregate of real and personal estate of the city is estimated at \$254,483,527, the increase of last year over the preceding, amounting to over 7 millions.

The number of newspapers is 106 and there are 106 other periodicals published there. There are 14 railroad companies, 58 steamboat lines, 26 express and telegraph companies, 11 transportation lines, 90 lines of sea and steam packets, and

25 lines of omnibusses, embracing 425 stages. The buildings erected in the year 1849 numbered 1618.

The Examiner.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, AUGUST 14.

“A RUM SUBJECT.”

Mr. Duncan Maclean, apparently glad to get any thing to serve him as an excuse for his defeat at the hustings in February last, has several times since asserted that the Constituency of the First District of Queen's County sold their elective franchise for liquor. We have never deemed it necessary to make a reply to this infamous slander, feeling assured the people of that District will remember it should never Maclean again present himself publicly to them, or even any of the shameless party who pay him thus to vilify people who are a thousand times more honest, independent and respectable than he is himself. In the *Islander* of the 2d instant this base calumny is repeated, in terms that were dictated, it is plain to perceive, by a heart overflowing with malice and envy. Speaking of Mr. Coles, he says:—

“George's influence is founded not upon abilities but upon rum. Rum procured his entrance into the Assembly, and rum, almighty rum, has placed him at the head of the majority, whom, like drunken men, he has danced into a ditch.”

Now we know for certain that it was the boast of our petty aristocracy, that they were mainly instrumental in procuring Mr. Coles's first “entrance into the Assembly;” but having discovered that Mr. C. was not a man after their own hearts—that he would not be a willing slave to serve them in their designs upon the people's liberties, they exerted their influence and strength, when an opportunity occurred, to remove him from the Assembly, and to put into his place a simple and subservient tool in the person of Mr. James McCallum. And by what means did they seek to obtain the votes of the constituency for their protegee on that occasion? Why, by the most lavish expenditure of money in purchasing casks of rum and beer—barrels of biscuit and cakes of cheese, to be distributed amongst such thirsty and hungry electors as happened to be in debt to, and afraid of, tory shopkeepers from Charlottetown, who had gone to the polling ground armed with those mighty instruments of terror—bills, bonds, and book-debts; even bundles of hay were given as good equivalents for votes to the poor settlers on Lot 67, whose cattle were then suffering from the want of fodder. But all this bribery was of no avail: Mr. Coles triumphed over the corrupt influence of Charlottetown. Again, when Davy Simpson was inflated with the idea of getting into the House of Assembly in preference to Mr. Coles, did not the friends and prompters of that worthy attempt to drench the electors with rum? But the “bribery” was again unsuccessful. Mr. Coles will not, we presume, deny having had a little whiskey on that occasion for the use of some of his supporters; and we remember seeing one of Davy's friends making a very free use of it at the house of Mr. George McKay, where the election was being held. He addressed himself to the nectar which Jupiter does not sip for two or three hours, with great energy and courage; and by the time the enemy

he had put into his mouth was stealing away his brains, he was reminded, in no courteous terms, that he was playing the Snatcher unwarrantably with the property of his opponent. Davy's friend excused himself by confessing that he was too drunk to discover the mistake. And who was the “friend?” the reader asks. Why, the veritable Duncan Maclean. Probably, at the last election Duncan had no such opportunity of wetting his clay at Mr. Coles's expense, and his own half gallon distillery being dry, he was driven to the virtue of total abstinence for the nonce, and, like all old drunkards, railed against intoxicating drinks.

It may be a sin in Mr. Coles to drink whiskey, or to give it to his friends; but there are those about New London who will say, that it was no merit in Mr. Maclean to induce a parcel of fools to come from their homes on a broiling Summer's day, in 1843, to manifest their interest in his fate, when judgment was expected to be pronounced upon him for libel, (Duncan imagined he was to be immortalized with the crown of martyrdom, and wished his friends from New London to participate in the glory of the sacrifice), but when he saw that the Government was villainously intent upon depriving him of his popularity, and that the whole thing was to end as a most ridiculous farce, he sneaked out of town upon Shank's mare, without bidding good bye to his followers, leaving the poor devils to suck their paws for refreshment, or to go in debt for their dinners. About 14 miles from town, in Mr. Murphy's “best room,” our hero was discovered by some of his worn-out pedestrian admirers of the Millvale settlement, endeavouring to sooth his bruised spirit, and to drown his disappointment “in a bowl;” and when the poor fellows, who had braved hunger and thirst for “his honour's sake,” turned to bid him “the time o' the day,” he damned them for a set of ill-bred scoundrels for daring to enter the presence of such a gentleman as he. Does our “Rum Subject” remember his stingy dodge on that memorable day?

A DISCOVERY.

THE editor of the *Islander* has made the astounding discovery that the penalty section in the Revenue Bill “is not one whit less stupid than all the rest of the Assembly's proceedings.” It is amusing how successful Mr. Maclean usually is in bringing himself and his party into disgrace. If “Donkey dear” will turn to the Laws for 1849, page 503, he will find the “stupid” section he complains of, just as it was brought into the House by, we believe, Mr. Thornton, and voted for by D. Maclean and all the rest of his party. The Tories boasted of having a majority then, and could do what they liked; why did they thus tie up the hands of the Treasurer if they did not distrust him? Why were Duncan's eloquent lips silent on the “stupidity” and “unconstitutionality” of the “proceeding?” Answer me that, Master Brooks.

As a specimen of the style of composition which usually ornaments the *Islander* and *Express*, we may point to the wretched attempt at witticism headed “To Gem Warbleton,” which made its appearance on Saturday in the *Express*. When Duncan advertized himself some months ago as the editor of the *Islander*

he indulged in a hypocritical lament over the alleged immoral and irreligious spirit of the contemporary press, and promised to make his paper such as the most pure, virtuous and religious could desire it to be. How well that promise has been kept, it is unnecessary for us to say. The last *Express* fairly capped the climax. We never in our life saw language so disgustingly obscene admitted into the columns of a newspaper as that which is presented to the public eye in the article referred to. Truly, the taste of the writer and publisher is beyond all praise.

THE slanderous insinuation contained in the last *Express* to the effect, that there is not one man in King's County who has a dollar to pay for THE EXAMINER, is highly characteristic of the mean, contemptible and lying spirit of the editor, and will only have the effect of inducing every respectable person in the County to follow the example of Joseph Dingwell, Esq., who told the publisher (Inge), some time ago, that he could no longer support a paper that was insulting to him and every right thinking man in the county.

A CARD.

“Edward Whelan” presents his compliments to “An Elector”—apologizes for not having previously noticed his communication in the *Islander* of the 2d instant, and begs to say that the neglect is entirely owing to the little impression produced on the mind of E. W. by the communication in question. Nevertheless, E. W. feels highly flattered at the abuse bestowed upon him by “An Elector,” as it induces him to think that he must be regarded as a person of some consequence to merit and receive so much attention from this correspondent. Edward Whelan is the more pleased with this attack upon his private character, inasmuch as that it proves his public one to be unassailable, and further, as it shews how effectually he has established a “raw” in the flanks of his opponents. “An Elector” has so thoroughly proven himself to be a liar by his own palpable and oft refuted falsehoods, and a coward, by the assassin-like attacks on private character, to which he dare not affix his name, that E. W. cannot believe he sustains the slightest injury, in any respect, from the continued vituperation of so reckless a defamer.

For the information of his friends only, some of whom may have been betrayed into a perusal of “an Elector's” letter—Edward Whelan desires it to be understood that he never held a ten years' lease of land from Mr. Rae, nor from any other man—that neither E. W. nor any of his friends ever asked Mr. Rae or any other man to convey to him, the said E. W., any property whatever to enable him to qualify for membership in the House of Assembly. To these statements Mr. Rae cannot refuse to attest, and E. W. therefore gives them publicly and confidently. Whatever dealings Mr. Rae and E. Whelan have had—and they have had many—is nobody's business but their own. Edward Whelan desires it further to be understood by his friends, that he has held from 1846 up to this moment a freehold property sufficient to qualify him, under law, for a seat in the House of Assembly—that even the unprincipled and tyrannical majority of the late House knew this