so that when called to wield the sceptre they may, from a practical knowledge of men and things, avoid the rocks and shoals on which many have been wrecked, who foolishly and wickedly thought that they had a "right divine to govern wrong." The above thoughts, crude as they are, have been called forth while reflecting on some circumstances in connexion with the recent visit of the Prince of Wales to this and other parts of British North America, as well as to the United States of America. Following (in thought) the course of his tour, I perceived nought but uniform proofs of loyalty and love to his Queenly mother, and the most evident tokens of intense good will towards himself, which was by no means diminished by his princely benefactions. What a contrast between Britain's Queen and many other crowned heads! But as ofttimes, even in bright days, clouds pass between us and the sun, so now we should not be surprised if a passing cloud shaded for a moment the pathway of the Prince in his tour: such clouds did pass, and the effects were produced. To one instance only will I recur.

Sometime since, while travelling on the St. Peter's Road, near St. Andrew's Chapel, I observed a solitary Wigwam, which, on enquiry, I ascertained was the home of an aged Squaw. In our conversation she adverted to the visit of the Prince; with what pleasure she looked forward to the time of his arrival; prepared a miniature canoe, and furnished it with a miniature Indian, Squaw, papoose, and paddles; also some neat baskets, and *all* for the Prince; how, when the happy day arrived she dressed herself in her best attire, purchased ribbons and flowers wherewith to decorate her hair, and after some delay was allowed to see the Prince, who took from her own hands the canoe and baskets, and give them to some one else, she thought they called him Duke, wasn't quite sure, "she was so happy." "Well, what did the Prince give you?" "Why, *nothing*." "Did no one give you any thing?" "No." "Never mind; you will get something in the winter, the Commissioner will give you some bread, &c." "Me no want um bread—me no beg. Squaw poor now—Squaw always be poor, me no care." Thus ended our dialogue on that (to me) painful subject, but not my reflections: for I plainly saw the Squaw was right, for she did not come in the character of a beggar, but out of her penury and want she took from her solitary wigwam the canoe and baskets—the work of her own hands, (which would have brought her some shillings), and after having expended her little all in decorating her person for the occasion, presented them to the Prince as a proof of the best feelings of her heart. Put no blame attaches to the Prince, for his prior and subsequent course forbids the conclusion. Where lies the blame? Let the right horse bear the burden; I care not whether it be a Grey or Cole Black, or any other colour, the load belongs to him, and carry it he must until it is removed. I understand that an amount was left by the Prince to be distributed among the Indians, but the Squaw of whom I write, while she expected that her gift to a Prince, and the Prince the heir to Britain's throne, would be recognized, disdained the thought of being classed with beggars. A small effort would have mixed with the old woman's cup of sorrow a good degree of pleasure, but after dragging her aged limbs more than forty miles, she must retire to her lonely wigwam, the subject of bitter disappointment and sorrow: and that caused by the cruel neglect of those who, enwrapped in their cloaks of selfishness are uniformly unmindful of the sorrows and sacrifices of the poor.

Dec. 1, 1860.

For the Examiner.

ON DIT.

The Executive Council, at its convention, 27th November, sat on strong debate until late at night. The Selkirk Estate was again on the boards, and fierce disagreement respecting the disposal of it rang long and loud. Some of the *patriotic* members of that infirm body contended for adhesion to the prices already set upon the lands; but others of still *narrower* views argued with great *ability* and *decency* that the estate should be put up to *public competition*, and sold to the highest bidder. Should this *honest* course be adopted, the Government would become a band of land jobbers, and would, with *great propriety*, make *purchases themselves*; and foster and further proprietary designs, by placing the lands in possession of monied speculators, and perpetuating the obnoxious landlord system, utterly ruin the tenantry by an Executive outrage of *might* upon unprotected *right*. Tenants can see the Executive Council in no other light of observation than as their worst enemy.

The *indefatigable* Colonial Secretary (another subject of discussion on that stormy night), was asked in Council to abdicate the *Islander's* editorial stool, or vacate his office as Secretary; but that modest man, in all meekness, and feeling secure in his mastery over the Government, and being irresponsible to the people, upon whose bread he subsists, coolly informed his patron, the Lt. Governor, and his Council, that he declined to do either the one or the other. The august Executive body politic received the announcement with much *dignity* and *composure*. The Hon. Mr. Palmer "thought, perhaps, that the time for his removal had *not yet arrived*." The Lt. Governor willingly concurred in that tardy notion, and the abdication or vacation request ended in smoke. There is a smoke arising that will smoke those impotents out at no far distant day.

The Government, in awful state convened, should not be so vociferous in debate that unlistening ears hear the subject matters of their wranglings and quarrellings in chambers; and, perhaps, it would be well to have their leaky members corked, if the progression statesman, the Hon. E. Palmer, should happen to think the time has arrived.

Tuesday and Tuesday night, the 4th December, found the amiable and efficient Executive in august Council met, and again, in the Kilkenny Pussies' agreeability, claw and fang, and dividing and subdividing on an emigration scheme, but finally agreeing to disagree, and drop the project—the time for entering upon it "*not having arrived*," and the probability that the importation might not meet a special view of their coming to the Government rescue, at the approaching election. The trusty and well beloved Mr. Smith, recently from Dundas Castle, with letters patent, and Mr. Arbuckle, were both on hand as Emigrant Agents. Perhaps a more judicious selection could not be made; they would run exceedingly well together in that kind of harness. "Birds of a feather flock together." A few Highland Scotchmen, occupying lands claimed by certain Proprietors, but whose legal claims are disputed, being hard pressed by the claimant Landlords for rent, and looking with hope to the Land Commission for ultimate release from the usurpers—sought, as a present shield from their grasping tormentors, the countenance and consideration of Lt. Governor Dundas; but the present tenants had the Chief Magistrate's soothing consolation administered thus: "You should be ashamed to question the Proprietor's titles—you should pay your rent; it is a nominal amount; tenants in the old country pay £3 sterling per acre."

There was no balm for them at Government House; the tree of Gilhead had withered; the Proprietors' physician was there. But the hardy Scots left the Castle wiser than they entered; and they bit their firm lips and determined to resist.

The tenants on the Selkirk Estate will petition the House of Assembly against the exorbitant prices exacted by the Government for the lands. Those men are resolved to repel imposition, and will effectuate their purpose by union of action. The Government is exceedingly sick—the pulse very low as to the prospect of regaining the confidence of even a tithe of the country. "No man so poor to do them honor."

D—— C——, fifth wheel official to the Executive Coach, is by order of the Chief to be presented immediately with a green top Turnip, mounted with brass, for distinguished services rendered to his employers, by his aptitude to fetch, carry, bark and fawn; and as emblematic of his excessive modesty and fine talent; and also in consideration of that polished, gentlemanly, powerful letter, conceived and produced by his startlingly profound intellect, and published in that very chaste, model Monitor of the age, over the signature of "A Caledonian." That marvellous bit of effervescing genius—its brilliant conception—its finished periods and masterly composition—its dignified diction and powerful logic—its immutable truthfulness—its moral beauties and unexceptionable *tout ensemble*, bespeak for it and its unique author a place and a name in the archives of polite literature that shall endure as long as *her ain sel shall "plees ta Tuke of Argyle."*

RECORDER.

For the Examiner.

Dear Mr. Editor—Who did it? who perpetrated it? were the anxious questions universally asked on the morning of Thursday last. Did what? anybody killed, Sirs? crushed, bruised, maimed, flogged, or missing? No, nothing of the sort—nobody hurt—nobody skinned—nobody scratched—nobody smashed—nobody thrashed. But the all prevailing question is, who did it? who perpetrated it? who wrote, dictated, concocted, stewed up, and dished out, that remarkably and shockingly pungent and slaughteringly fine Editorial, "The Opposition," in the *Monitor* of the 5th? That's the great question agitating the community—that's the grand secret the public desire to fathom. Who did it? is reiterated from corner to corner. Who is the great unknown, wasting his greatness here, that should be employed on the London Tomahawker, or in the *Saturday Review*? That's the query—that's the wonder. What's he, she, or its name? men athirst with admiration of the writer's surpassing mental calibre ask with open mouthed avidity, and yet no man answers the imposing, all important inquiry. But fortunately at the great overboiling crisis of general excitement the great pacificator, Surmise, graciously steps in and taps a fountain where the universal thirst may cool its fiery curiosity, and then and there pertinaciously the anxious enquirers ask, Was it the Hon. Mr. Palmer? Can't say. Was it the Mayor? Don't know. Was it the Secretary? Might be. Was it Major Cocksparrow! Likely. Or was it Fibbertygibbet himself, J. B. C.? Can't answer; but Surmise surmises, from the keen display of the political economist—the penetrating acumen of the statesman—the profundity of the Constitutional lawyer—the powerful digest of the local observer, together with the finished polish and pith of the essayist—the vigor and sublimity of the moralist; and the occasional clapping of wings and crowing, indicative of a cock bird, pervading, adorning and dignifying the gigantic production, seem to point out unmistakably the great man; and the authorship is awarded to the stout Military Rooster, the Hon. Major Cocksparrow, all of which is duly and respectfully submitted to the anxiously curious community by TIMOTHY CATCHEM.

7th Dec., 1860.

The Examiner.

Charlottetown, P.E.I., December 10, 1860.

THE "EFFICIENT" SYSTEM OF EDUCATION.

We have, for several weeks, given considerable space in these columns to the general subject of education, and not unnecessarily so. Our school system is the most important institution we have—it certainly absorbs more public money than any other, and is calculated to exercise the greatest influence on the moral and social condition of our people. Our correspondent, who writes over the signature of a "a Lover of Justice," has volunteered an able, and, indeed, unanswerable defence of the Catholic side of the question,—he has shown how Catholics are excluded from the Board of Education, under which the whole system is supposed to be conducted—how improperly they are denied any controul in the administration of our Education laws,—he has shown what little benefit has been derived from the establishment of the Normal School; and we have another letter of his now before us, in which he clearly points out the motives that induced the Government to abolish the old Central Academy.

We have no wish to interfere with our correspondent in the discussion of the whole question of education; but we trust it will not be out of place to offer a few observations of our own on some points that may have escaped the notice of "a Lover of Justice."

We all remember the great outcry that was made respecting the letter of the late Bishop of Charlottetown—the rumpus about the "godless" system which the Government of that day were charged with introducing into our educational establishments—the piles of petitions that were sent to the House of Assembly on the subject—the public meetings at which exemplary pious and puritannical Sectarianism turned up the whites of its eyes at the alleged exclusion of the Bible from our Common Schools—how those meetings rang with bitter denunciations against the "Man of Sin," and the "Lady of Babylon," and the Government of Prince Edward Island, who were accused of casting lascivious glances at her ladyship,—and how the "drum ecclesiastic" was beaten unsparingly in every dissenting pulpit in the Island, until the general election was over, and the public purse placed at the disposal of the Tories. Previous to that election tears were shed over the fate of this unhappy country, which was represented to be on the low and broad road to perdition, because every snivelling school boy in the land did not happen to have a copy of the Bible in his fist. The Government were, of course, held accountable for all the sin and immorality in the country; but they would have been fortunate if they could have escaped with that load of trouble. The potatoe rot and bad crops were clearly proofs of bad administration—violent storms were indisputable evidences of divine displeasure at the existence of a Liberal Government in this Island; and if a man had his house burnt down, or an old woman sprained her ankle or broke her leg, somehow or other the Government were to blame for it all. And all this misfortune arose from not having the Bible dog-eared in the Common Schools, and every Papist thrust out of office.

It was a shocking thing for the Lieutenant Governor of the day to be a devout and consistent worshipper in a Church which dates its existence from the dawn of Christianity—whose doctrines have been cherished for nearly two thousand years by two hundred millions of the human family—a Governor who had the hardihood to prefer the religion of our Saviour to the howling fanaticism of the Puritans, or the gloomy bigotry of the Spooneriles; but it was still worse for the President of his Council (the Hon. George Coles) to entertain kindly feelings towards the Catholics—to mix occasionally in their social gatherings, and to treat them with that respect and consideration which the Queen herself has always done—an example which her son and heir has so wisely followed in his Canadian tour. It was vain, however, for Mr. Coles to assert, or for his friends to declare on his behalf, that he was an honest conscientious Protestant. There was a cloud of witnesses ready to swear that he was more of a Papist than the Papists themselves—that so thoroughly imbued was he with the spirit of "Popery," that he would not be content to say his prayers at the Roman Catholic Cathedral in Charlottetown, but journeyed every Sunday to Rustico to assist at the celebration of High Mass, and travelled with a bottle of holy water and a string of beads in his pocket. Indeed, it was said that he was preparing to set out on a pilgrimage to Rome, and that on his return every Protestant throat in the country would be cut.

All this fanatical fury, which passed under the name of Religion, was kept alive until the general elections were over, when, by the force of chicanery, Orangeism and intolerance, the Tories triumphed; and soon after "Papists" were expelled from Government employ in every direction. But the question now arises, How did the *religious education* of the people prosper? We shall endeavour to show what the Government has done in the matter, and let an answer to the question be adduced therefrom. Although no regular treaty of peace had been signed, there was a sudden cessation of hostilities on the part of the very pious people who felt so wretched about the want of the Bible in the Schools. The country was sanctified in the most sudden and miraculous manner by the accession of the "God-fearing Government." The puritannical pulpits ceased to denounce the Catholics, when the poor Catholics had been put as low as they could be; and the "religious" people, who thought the Island could not prosper without the Bible—especially the English version of it, according to King James, of which the enlightened inhabitants of the Murray Harbour road, Scotch Settlement, Lot 67 and Belfast, have such a high appreciation—allowed their holy fervour to be cooled or quenched in a most summary manner.

When the Government were asked, at the close of the session of 1859, what they intended to do in the matter of education, they answered in the well known official phraseology, that their most patient deliberations were being given to the whole question, and that a measure would be shortly submitted to the Legislature calculated to meet all the requirements of the country. We heard nothing further on the subject until the commencement of the last Session, when the Lieut. Governor's Speech informed us that Bills would be introduced to render "more perfect and efficient" the whole system of education in the Colony. How this promise was kept we shall presently see. Towards the close of the Session, a Bill was introduced "to alter and amend the laws relating to education." It passed, as a matter of course. It was quickly followed by another Bill relating to the Normal School, the subject of which was to provide a salary for a second Master in that institution; and then came, with a flourish of trumpets, a Bill to establish a College, under the name and style of "the Prince of Wales College," and by which the poor old Central Academy was swept out of existence.

Now, as regards the first Act, it has secured no amendment whatever, but has lessened the efficiency of the system. It provides that all teachers in charge of District Schools at the time of the passing of the Act, shall be entitled to an increase of five pounds in their salaries, provided they undergo a re examination before the Board of Education, for which they must prepare themselves by long and painful study under some experienced Teacher in Charlottetown. If, after having spent considerable time and money in getting the rough edges taken off them, they do not succeed in passing the Board, or if they do not offer for a re-examination at all their salary will be reduced to £45 instead of £50, as under the old Act. Now, as few country schoolmasters can afford to spend much time or money in Charlottetown to prepare themselves for the august presence of "the Board," where three or four learned and holy men are ready to confound them by propounding puzzling questions in science, history and geography, and knowing, as we do, what an insurmountable load of shyness afflicts the whole class of country schoolmasters—we may be sure that a great many of them do not undergo the ordeal of a re-examination. Besides, they are not deficient of common sense. Each knows that when he enters into an engagement to teach a school it is only for the short period of a year after which the trustees may send him about his business with as little remorse as they would turn adrift a common servant; and considering that he might spend £20 in preparing himself for re-examination, he is more inclined to put up with the reduced salary of £45, than run the risk of being rejected, losing caste amongst his fraternity, and honour in his circle and district with the dim prospect of getting his salary raised to £55. The consequence is, that the majority of schoolmasters are worse paid than they were under the old law; and that the Government, on pretence of extending the blessings of education, have been actuated by a desire to make a parsimonious saving of the public money for this service—thus discouraging young men from entering on the arduous duties of teachers, and retarding the progress of enlightenment.

Another of the amendments by which a "perfect" system of education was to be secured to the Colony, is the provision in the new Act that the Bible may be read in the Disrtict Schools when the parents or guardians of children require it to be read. Now, every person knows that under the late Government Teachers were authorised by a resolution of the Board of Education to use the Bible as a class book, in conformity with a desire to that effect manifested by the trustees of the schools and the parents of the children attending them, and that regulation allowed the teachers to make their notes and comments, if they pleased. The new Act merely legalises the resolution of the old Board; but the teachers are not at liberty to explain or comment upon any difficult passages of the Scriptures which may be read by them; so that in point of fact, the religious element is less effective in our schools under the new Act than it was under the old. If the very pious people who pretended to be so anxious for their children to lay in a good stock of religion, to save themselves the trouble of imparting it at home, consider the new arrangement regarding the Bible as superior to the old one, we can only say we congratulate them on being so easily satisfied.

Another wonderful amendment by which our educational system was to be rendered "perfect" under the new Act—and the only one that remains for us to notice—is the authority given to the Lieut. Governor by the 11th section to close two of the district Schools in Charlottetown. One of these Schools has been closed all the summer, and the closing of the other must shortly follow, if the law be adhered to. The question may be asked, what necessity was there for this restriction of the means of education? Were the Charlottetown youth too highly favoured in this respect; or, wisely solicitous for the happiness of our future men and women, were the Government determined not to have any occasion for imitating the example of the ancient pagan when he rebuked the apostle by saying that too much learning hath made him mad? We are strongly inclined to believe, however, that there was another object in view and that was, to lessen the amount of the grant for educational purposes. This was certainly an admirable way of rendering the system "perfect and efficient!"

But it may be said that the saving in this instance was intended as an offset to the outlay consequent upon the appointment of a Second Master in the Normal School. Well has that appointment been made in conformity with the Act? No, as far as we can learn. There has certainly been no official notice of a new appointment. We know that the Government has been in a peck of troubles in regard to this matter. There are several candidates for the office of second Master. They are, with one exception, the proteges or relatives of those who support the Government. If one be selected all the rest will consider themselves infamously illtreated,—their friends will be disgusted with the Government, and may, in their anger, threaten to join the Liberal Opposition to overthrow the Administration. We think we can venture to say, however, that the Liberal Opposition is strong enough without them. Nevertheless, the Government are sadly bothered in respect to this difficulty. They want the Board of Education to nominate the candidate, and thus incur all the responsibility. The Board feels that it has sins enough of its own to answer for, and declines the responsibility. Meanwhile, the children who should be attending the district school that has been closed are left to wander about the streets—the law relating to the Normal institution is inoperative—the Gubernatorial promise to impart efficiency to every branch of our educational system is sadly disregarded in this case—several interesting young gentlemen with strong political alliances are kept in feverish anxiety—none of them can yet say who shall be the curly headed boy whose province it will be to relieve the first master from the arduous duties of teaching bo-peep and hop-scotch to the unwashed urchins, and polishing up those few gentlemen who may be venturesome enough to undergo an examination at the Board which the law says shall be a "thorough and particular" one. The law allows a holiday in the public schools on every second Saturday in the year. The first master in the Normal School gives a liberal interpretation to the Statute, and wisely doubles the number of his holidays. We don't blame him. He is overworked, and badly paid; and who knows that when he gets an assistant, but that they shall, by their combined intelligence, be able to read the law in such a way as to allow of their giving two holidays in each week instead of one?

The great attraction of the year next to the visit of the Prince of Wales, was *to be* the establishment of a College bearing his name. When the Bill for the College was submitted to the Legislature, it was well known that we were to be honoured with a visit from the Prince; and it was, indeed, expected by many persons that His Royal Highness would be present at the opening of the institution. This would have been the crowning glory to the labours of our statesmen in the cause of education, if all things had turned out well. But Fate decreed that so much honour should not be thrust upon them all in the one year. Whether it was their own stupidity that stood in the way—or the belief that "the time had not arrived" for the opening of the College—or a difficulty in getting two professors, we cannot tell. We only know there is neither College nor Academy in existence. The old institution was closed at an early period of the summer; and the young gentlemen of "the aristocracy," who attended there, and who could not be expected to degrade themselves by going to a district school, have been making wonderful progress in forgetting their unfinished tuition. It is true, indeed, that one of the professors arrived some considerable time ago. He received his appointment in Scotland, and made no delay in coming out; and we suppose he has ere this, experienced the pleasure of drawing his first quarter's salary in this Island, in the possession of which we sincerely wish him joy.

"But if there is a Professor here on a salary, why is he not at work?—why does the building called *the* College remain closed?"

We beg of you, gentle reader, not to be so impatient, asking two questions at a time, and we shall satisfy your curiosity as far as we can.

The law requires that there shall be *two* Professors, and that the building known as the Central Academy, "shall be fitted up, repaired, completed, and furnished" suitable "for the purposes of a College." But it happens that there is only one Professor; and the public may be inclined to think that there is just one too many when he receives a salary of £300 a year for doing nothing so far. Furthermore, the building has not been "fitted up." It is in the same dingy, dirty dilapidated condition it was when the Bill passed, dignifying it with the name of a College. It requires the services of the mason, the carpenter and the painter; and surely those services might have been given to it during the long summer months that have passed away. But the Government cherishing, perhaps, something like Burns's sympathy for the mouse turned up by his plough,

> "An bleak December's win's ensuing,
> Baith snell and keen,"

had not the heart to disturb the rats from fattening on the rich things left in the pantry and cellar of the old Central Academy by the luxurious and sumptuous gentleman who had lately charge of it.

When the present School Visitor exercised his awful authority in that old building, and imparted, by his genius and learning, a classic air to its crumbling walls he showed that keen, Scottish common sense which does always fall to the lot of genius, of establishing a close connection between the useful and ornamental. While copious streams of knowledge, tinctured with the milk of human kindness issued from his lips upstairs, an animal of the bovine species, snugly domiciled in the cellar, dispensed milk of a richer quality for the nourishment of the gustatory powers of *some* of the juveniles above. Who knows but that the building has been again used as a Cow stable, since it was evacuated by Mr. Kenny, and that this is one of the reasons why the Prince of Wales College is *non est*?

It was announced in the *Gazette* last week that *the* College would be opened to-day, under the sole management of Professor Inglis. We thought it would be a queer kind of a College, with only one Professor, in an old rattle-trap of a building; but the *Protestant* of Saturday last came to our relief, and announced in a semi-official manner, that the notice in the *Gazette* was all gammon—that the Trustees of this famous institution "are convinced of the impracticability of putting the College into successful operation as the law now exists," —that in place of a second Professor, a Master will be appointed under Professor Inglis at a salary of £200 a year, and that the institution will not be opened until after the Christmas holidays. So that after all, the great College is to be nothing better than the old Academy, with the disadvantage to the community of having had it closed for several months, during which many youth have been diverted from their educational pursuits, if they have not entirely abandoned them.

We intended to say something more in connection with our educational system, but we have already taken up more space than we assigned ourselves. The patience of our readers is not exempt from that law of nature which prescribes a limit to all sublunary things; and if we were not ourselves tired of the subject, regard for the feelings of our readers should caution us to desist; but we cannot resist the temptation of saying, in conclusion, a few words touching the excellent observance of the new law, which, accordieg to the preamble, "provides for a more thorough and particular examination of School Teachers, so as that efficiency and merit may be properly recognized and encouraged."

The following questions and answers which passed between "the Board" and some candidates for the office of Teacher, shortly after the new law came into operation, will shew how easily the Board are satisfied as to the efficiency of the Teachers, the candidates having in every case received the necessary certificates:—

Board—Why does water run down a hill?
Candidate—Because it cannot run up a hill.
Board—What form of Government obtains in England?
Candidate—A Republican form.
Board—What Roman General first invaded Britain?
Candidat—Titus!
Board—Who was Washington?
Candidate—An American General.
Board—What was his profession before he became a General?
Candidate—An Emperor.
Board—What important City is situated at the mouth of the Mississippi?
Candidate—The City of Massachusetts.
Board—How did the American Colonies obtain their independence?
Candidate—By treachery.
Board—Explain this.
Candidate—Why, the Americans filled a number of empty barrels with stones, and rolled them down upon the British soldiers, and destroyed every man of them.

With respect to another question of which we have been informed, it is hard to say which evinced the most stupidity, the question put by the learned member of the Board or the answer given to it by the Candidate. We are bound to say that the questioner was not an Irishman, though Sir Boyle Roche himself never made a greater Bull.

Board—What is the *overland* route from Charlottetown to Boston in Massachusetts?
Candidate—By Shediac, thence to Pictou, and by Halifax, and afterwards by Steamer to Boston.

We could easily increase the number of questions and answers of a like nature, if space permitted; and we could shew that the simplest questions in history, geography, and the present state of affairs in Europe and America, elicited no answers at all, when the candidate had not the boldness to set the bench or table in a roar by giving answers as wide of the mark as any of the foregoing. We have to repeat that the candidates who thus distinguished themselves were considered worthy of receiving certificates, in proof of their "efficiency and merit," and are now in receipt of public money under the provisions of that law which authorised "a thorough and particular examination" of their fitness for the office of teacher.

ORANGEISM IN IRELAND.

The Orangemen of Belfast are evidently jealous of the great notoriety which their brethren in Canada attained on the occasion of the Prince's visit to Kingston. The latter have made themselves immortal by their achievements. The existence of Orangemen in Western Canada was, indeed, known for a very long time; but so quiet had they become before the Prince's arrival in America, that the race, it was supposed, was gradually yielding to the progress of civilization—or becoming extinct like the aborigines of the forest. We knew they were in the land, but they did not stalk before the public in their native barbarity until their intellects got addled by the exciting scenes of the Prince's visit. Previous to that event it would be as rare to see a bold, brazen-faced Orangeman, flaunting in strips of yellow cotton, as a Mohawk or an Ojibbewa flourishing a tomahawk, or performing a war dance through any of our principal cities. We believe there were, and are yet, some offshoots of the race in Charlottetown, but they are timid and harmless, and don't care to be seen much abroad. It is only since the accession of the present Government they go together at stated periods, in an out of the way building, from which they hang out a dirty flag on the anniversary of the Battle of the Boyne and Gunpowder Plot. But it was reserved for their more fearless fellows in Kingston to show that the breed could not be thoroughly made to succumb to christianizing influences; and they have succeeded in attracting the notice of the press of Europe and America to as great an extent as any thing that has occurred during the present year.

The Belfast Orangemen do not seem to have relished this monopoly of notoriety. Why should they not be stared at, and talked of, and written about as well as the Canadian fellows? They are just as ready and as able to get up a row on pretence of supporting "liberty, loyalty and Protestantism" as any worshipper of the "pious and immortal memory" that ever practised the Kentish fire, or humanely offered to wade knee deep in Popish blood; and they have taken the first occasion that offered to give practical proof of their ability in this line. But, unfortunately, there was no Prince before whom they could show off. However, there was a Bishop of their own Church—of their own Diocess—of purely orthodox Anglican creed; and his Lordship was treated with such distinction as could leave him no reason to envy the Prince of Wales on account of the respect and loyalty shown to his Royal Highness by the Orangemen of Canada. An account is given of the interesting affair in the London *Times* of the 17th November. We append it to these remarks and we subjoin an admirably written leading editorial in the same paper, in reference to it, by which, if we mistake not, the Orangemen of Belfast will become as famous for ruffianism as their brethren of Kingston are.

THE ORANGEMEN OF BELFAST AND THEIR BISHOP.

The *Northern Whig* gives a full account of the disreputable conduct of an Orange mob towards the Bishop of Down and Connor at a meeting of the Propagation Society in Belfast on Monday night. It was well-known (says the *Whig*) that the Orangemen intended to insult their Bishop by preventing him taking the chair, and placing Dr. Miller there in his stead, in consequence of the antipathy which they entertain towards him for having inhibited the Rev. Mr. Potter from preaching in the parish church on an Orange anniversary. Immediately upon the Bishop making his appearance, accompanied by a number of ladies, the deputation, and about 20 clergymen, he was received with tremendous groaning and hooting, which was kept up for several minutes. Dr. Miller was received with the warmest enthusiasm, for which he gracefully bowed, seemingly overcome with the honour. A voice, "Down with the Bishop!" (Tremendous groans.) Another voice, "Don't dare to go into that chair—you'd disgrace it!" (Hisses and groans.) "Order, order." (Kentish fire.) "Put the Pope out of him." (Kentish fire.) "He is a Puseyite!" "No, h—l with the Pope!" (Groans.) The Bishop took the chair. A voice, "Put him out—out with him!" "No Puseyite." "No surrender." "Throw him out of this." (Tremendous cheering and Kentish fire.) "Three cheers for Dr. Miller." (Cheers.) "Groans for the Puseyite." (Tremendous groans.) Dr. Miller here rose on his feet simultaneously with the Bishop. A voice, "Hear Dr. Miller." Another Voice, "You'll beat him, Miller, my boy." (Cheers and Kentish fire.) The Bishop here looked round him and faced the raging storm. Nearly the whole audience got on their feet and hissed. This lasted fully five minutes. The Bishop, "I call upon Dr. Miller to open the proceedings"—A voice, "There will be no proceedings opened till you leave that." (Cheers.) The Bishop, "To open the proceedings by prayer." (Groans.) A Voice, "Will you go out of that at once? No more of your gammon." (Kentish fire.) Here the groaning continued for about two minutes. The Bishop (as understood:) "You just needed one more exhibition to ruin you, and you have got it." A Voice, "What is that he says? What are you saying?" (Shouting and groaning.) This went on for a long period, the Bishop being assailed with such cries as "He is a nuisance; away with him." His Lordship during the time this whole scene of scandalous insult was progressing, looked steadily upon the raging mass of faces, apparently deeply moved. At length he rose, as if to say something. His brother and several ladies implored him to leave, which he did, in their company, after a last look at the savage scene before him. Four-fifths of the clergymen on the platform accompanied the Bishop. The members of the deputation remained behind. Their object being accomplished in a scene which baffles description, a long round of Kentish fire, intermingled with such epithets as "The Pope is gone;" "The Puseyite is chased;" "Down with him;" "Away with him;" brought this part of the performance to a close, by a man shouting, "They're a parcel of scandalous ruffians; they're well away." (Great cheering.)

A resolution was then passed, condemning his Lordship's inhibition of Mr. Potter; and the vicar, Dr. Miller, took the chair from which his diocesan had been rudely expelled.

The Propagation Society's deputation then quitted the building, and

Dr. Miller addressed the crowd. He said—A little agitation has passed over your minds, and if anything can allay that agitation it is the spirit of prayer. I would ask you now to put away from you every agitated feeling, and draw to the Throne of Grace. Join with me now, this great meeting, in approaching God in prayer. The vicar, having offered up a prayer, said, —You have placed me in a position that I do not covet under the circumstances, but I felt that when you called upon me to take this place, and to engage in the exercise of prayer, that it was my duty to do so. Duties are ours; events are God's. I do not wish to refer to what has passed but a few minutes ago, or call it to your recollection. Painful feelings have been evoked. I believe in my heart there is not a man or woman that I see before me that does not love our church, for I see the same faces before me at the anniversary of every meeting of this society, established by the glorious William. (Cheers and Kentish fire.) But circumstances have arisen, and circumstances have caused a change; and, if there be a man in the face of creation that more than an other regrets that change, it is the humble individual that now addresses you; and I will say that, of all the clergy in the diocese, or in Ireland, there is no man reveres and respects episcopacy more than myself. It may be said that you have this evening been carried away with bad feeling—that you allowed a little bad feeling to get the better of you; but, my friends, let it go forth on the wings of the wind that Protestants cannot allow their principles to be interfered with. (A Voice, "No Pope, no Puseyism.") I must confess that the minds of the people of Belfast are agitated about this solemn litigation which is impending. (A Voice, "You'll win,") (Applause.) Every thought is on the tiptoe of expectation about it, and I must say that of our Bishop. (A Voice, "A Popish bishop") it was not wise or judicious in him to come here to preside over a Protestant meeting. (Kentish fire.) I trust there is not a man in this room to-night who would say a harsh word against the orders of our church, that there is not a man in this room to-night that would give way to a loose expression about the sacred office of the episcopate; and I believe every man in this room to-night would like to see that office made subservient to the promulgation of good and true Protestant principles. (Applause.) Now, my friends, let us in this grave assembly of grave and solemn men try to let no unkind word pass our lips.

This extraordinary outrage was wound up with the Doxology and Benediction.

THE BISHOP OF DOWN AND THE ORANGEMEN.

(*From the London Times, November* 17, 1860.)

After all, there is nothing so refreshing as the indigenous and savage. Art fights out nature, the town beats the country, and civilization shuts up barbarism, till *there is nothing* left of the old old-world. The very weeds find favour in our eyes, in this dreary desert of professional horticulture. Does not one's inner heart jump with a strange delight when one hears of wolves carrying off small children in Normandy, a bear having bruised and eaten a Parisian gent in the Pyrenees, and after having been traced in the Wandle, a whale having been choked with London sewage at Gravesend, a shark caught at Ramsgate, or an eagle shot in Virginia Water. Even a simple murder, or a highway robbery of the genuine old type, carries one back to the dear old days of Finchley and Hounslow. Could one but be persuaded that the black-eyed girl who offers to tell your fortune was not a native of Southampton, it would be a very pleasant relief to our odious Anglo-Saxon race. There ought to be an Aborigines Protection Society to secure from any vulgar intermixture, and from justice-law, all the Britons, Celts, Phœnicians, Danes, and all the oldest inhabitants of these isles. Our posterity A. D. 2000 will reproach us for the decay, as we do the last age for the departure of bustards from our downs and salmon from our rivers. So it is simply in the interest of a curious race, and for the better preservation of the breed, that we call attention to a splendid appearance of Orangemen at Belfast last Tuesday, in full force and feather, and with all the habits of the species evidently unchanged. The sword dance of the Highlands is nothing to an Orange performance. In these days, indeed, national manners are sadly venal. For a few shillings' worth of red cloth, glass beads, or iron nails you can see an Indian war dance, a human sacrifice at Dahomey, or a man killed, trussed, spitted, roasted, and eaten in the Feejee Isles. For a shilling you can see Bosjesmans or Ojibbeways do all the poor creatures are capable of doing. But an Orange performance is of a much more genuine character. It is as good as a bull fight with good bulls and good horses. So we are not all polished off into the barber's blocks or wax dolls that the University Commission, the committee of Education, and Mechanics' Institutes, would make us. Lord Brougham and Sir John Kaye Shuttleworth will leave some of the real article behind them; and we may still hear as good howls and yells, grins and grimaces, with other natural exhibitions of teeth and claws, as one goes to see in the Zoological gardens.

It appears the Bishop of Down had interdicted an individual of the species from the performance of certain characteristic feats in the pulpits of his diocess at the annual rites of the Orange Cult. The man in question was not a beneficed or licensed clergyman of the diocess, and therefore, according to the law of this country, could be interdicted on sufficient grounds. If, for example, a strange clergyman chose to sing a comic song in the pulpit, the Bishop, we should hope, might dismiss him without the cost of a lawsuit. The Orangemen of Belfast, however, would brook no such slight on their species, and resolved to take the earliest opportunity of mobbing the Bishop, and letting him know who would be master. No doubt, they felt encouraged by the example of their congeners in Canada, and very reasonably thought that if the others had baited a Prince there could be no such great harm in bullying a Bishop. Coming, too, just after old Gunpowder-day, and the discontinuance of the special service, they thought this a good opportunity for supplying the omission. So, when the Bishop presented himself in the Music-hall of Belfast, surrounded by clergy, to exhort the Protestants of that city and diocess to send to all nations the Gospel