

yet unexplained cause, retires from office, but retains his seat as President of the Council.

The intrigues of the Cabral party have so far prevailed in Portugal as to carry the elections in their favour; and, therefore, the hopes entertained of a satisfactory adjustment of the intestine divisions in that country, seem as far as ever from being realised.

## THE EXAMINER.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1847.

### "A GREAT CRY AND LITTLE WOOL"—OR, THE INTERVIEW AND ITS RESULTS.

MONDAY last will be a glorious day in the annals of the Compact Party. Their visages had for weeks before become so wan and worn by fretfulness and despair, as to render them objects of profound commiseration, yet so sulky and sour was every man of them, that the very sky above us wore a drearier and gloomier aspect, than might be looked for at this dark and gloomy period of the year. Compelled as we were, in the performance of our editorial duties, to expose, from week to week, the blunders into which the chief men of the party have been tumbling, we now and then felt inclined to put on some sort of decent grief at the mortifications and misfortunes which their followers and friends have been called upon to endure, when we found them lamentably unequal to the task; and willingly would we have struggled to suppress the hearty laughter which has so often shaken our sides, and set the whole region of Snatcherdom in a roar, when called upon to witness some funny and ridiculous manœuvre of the party, only that they had plunged from one folly into another with such startling rapidity, that it was impossible for any one not affected by their dolefulness to take sufficient time to summon up his compassionate feelings. But Monday "saw another sight"—the TWENTY-SECOND DAY OF NOVEMBER brought the English Mail, and with it, one of the immortal Delegates—the Cassius of the party;—the "beggarly account" of friends he had to greet him, and the solemn silence in which he was received, notwithstanding some of their opponents daring them to cheer,—must be attributed to the melancholy and distrust which pervaded the whole party of the faithful up to that auspicious moment. But when Mr. Palmer unburthened his bosom of the wonderful secret which had a lodgment there—when the intelligence was swallowed in by the gaping mouths and ears and eyes of the chosen champions of Compact ascendancy, that the Delegates had actually succeeded in obtaining an interview with the Secretary for the Colonies!!! the sluices of their sorrow were immediately closed—and joy, and exultation, and glorification spread like a conflagration, rendering them thoroughly wild. Mr. Nelson's blood-red flag floated triumphantly in the breeze, and Mr. Gates's pistol was heard to make no less than three thundering, stunning reports! An interview with Lord Grey! the fact was not to be sneezed at! Everybody of the true mettle declared it should be announced and honoured in all possible ways—and Snatchers were expected to hide their diminished heads, and speak of the astounding fact only in terms the most reverential. Those worthy conservators of Compact rights—the Committee of Correspondence—might be seen at the corners of the streets, discussing the momentous news, every man of them carrying an interrogation on the tip of his nose, which might be translated thus: "Snatchers! did you hear the news? we have triumphed! we have had an interview!" Big Martin was released from his confinement to "the bower," so that his eloquence might be employed on the public thoroughfares in heralding the event; the types of the *Islander* office danced in their cases, impatient to be set up in supplementary sheet; Mr. Ings himself looked inspired, giving the flattest contradiction to the scandalous imputation of imbecility which has been sometimes thrown out against that accomplished gentleman. Joy twinkled in every official eye,—and plunging their hands deep into their breeches' pockets, many a brave public functionary might be heard to utter between his teeth a d—n against Sir Henry and a benediction for the Delegates. In short, there was no end to the rejoicing which the intelligence of an interview produced; it was a god-send; it was a lighting up of the dying embers of Hope in the breasts of the Governor's opponents.

Now, as the Compact Party must have by this time (for four days have passed since the eventful period

of their intoxication)—relapsed into their original steadiness and dullness, we may venture to enquire what they have gained by the interview which is reported to have taken place between Lord Grey and the Delegates? The date of the interview is the 26th ult.—the nomination of Sir Henry's successor was announced in a Despatch received by the Mail of the 19th ult., which Despatch must have been written more than a fortnight before Earl Grey was made acquainted of the important fact, that Messrs. Palmer and Pope had risked the perils of an Atlantic voyage for the honor of an hour's conversation with him. "But," says the *Islander* in its supplement, "the interview was the means of procuring the immediate departure of Sir Donald Campbell for his Government, and Sir Henry's relinquishment of Executive authority." We do not quote precisely the language of the *Islander*, but the editor of that veracious print has sought to convey, after a bungling fashion, the very thing we have here clearly and briefly stated—that the interview produced a change in the mind of Earl Grey. Every intelligent man knows this to be false, and every clear-minded man knows the *Islander's* disregard for truth. In the Gazette of Tuesday appeared a Despatch from Earl Grey, re-printed in to-day's paper, from which we learn that His Excellency Sir H. V. Huntley asked to be relieved at an earlier period than was at first set apart for the coming of Sir Donald Campbell, as, to quote the words of the Despatch, Sir Henry was "unequal to encounter the exposure of a journey from Prince Edward Island in the depth of winter;" and in compliance with the Governor's wish, Lord Grey replies: "I trust, therefore, that it will be an accommodation to you to learn, that in consequence of the difficulty at that season of the year, in crossing the Gulph, Sir Donald Campbell will relieve you in your Government towards the close of the present month, it being his intention to leave England by the Steamboat of the 19th instant." Here, then, is the truth of the matter, beyond all sophistry and cavil—that the Delegates had no influence in the nomination of Sir Donald Campbell, is an indisputable fact—that their interview with Earl Grey did not in the least influence the departure of His Excellency, is clearly corroborated by the testimony of the Colonial Secretary himself.

The Organ of the Delegates is a mean and miserable tactician. When the Mission has proved to be one of the most wretched speculations ever undertaken by sane men, the *Islander* imagines that the best way to apologise for the absurdity of the whole proceeding, is to promulgate the most extravagant falsehoods. Whoever may have been instructed to lead the Clique Party in the absence of Mr. Pope, we recommend him to take some steps, to prevent any further discussion by the *Islander* on the subject of the Mission. Mr. Collard has brought his party—(we mean the gentlemen who support the Delegation)—into so many false, ridiculous, and pitiable positions, by his attempts to throw dust in the eyes of the public, that truly and sincerely we feel surprised at their want of penetration. Could they see an inch beyond their noses, they could not long be ignorant of the fact that Mr. Collard's scribblings only make their follies and mistakes the more apparent and unpardonable. Their ignorance, or infatuation, or whatever else it may be, is, however, no concern of ours; the greatest evil we can do the party against whom we have to contend, is to hope, that their praises and their slanders may long continue to be written by—Mister Collard.

"Here break we off at this unhallowed name,  
Like Priests of old when words ill-omened came."

### RECONSTRUCTION OF THE COUNCIL.

Amongst the many changes to be effected at the commencement of Sir Donald Campbell's career, we were told by the *Islander* last week, that the first shall be a reconstruction of the Councils,—just as if His Excellency is to be put into the traces the moment he is sworn in, and Messrs. Pope and Collard are to drive him wheresoever they please. Eighteen months ago, the *Islander* could not think of remodelling the Councils—they, (and particularly the Executive), were at that time composed of very handsome materials. Mr. Pope had the credit of being Prime Minister—Mr. Palmer Chancellor of the Exchequer, whilst the late Mr. Brecken was looked upon as Lord President,—so matters went on tolerably well. But when Mr. Pope was hurled from his high estate—when Mr. Palmer said he would and

he would not resign, and when inexorable Death put a period to the administrative responsibilities of Mr. Brecken, the *Islander* people began to cast their eyes about, and in great tribulation they discovered, that the interests of the Clique were not fully represented at the Executive Board, for three gentlemen had been put into the vacant seats, holding the most perverse antipathies to the ascendancy of "the ancient family." So Big Martin set his wits to work, and remembering with throbbing brows that it was at one time popular to call out for a change in the Councils, adopts that cry which his party long ago condemned as treasonable and rebellious.

Sundry and ludicrous have been the tactics of Mr. Collard. Whilst he did the *Constitutionalist*—(and he did it in more points than one)—Responsible Government was taken under his protection; but instead of showing any affection for poor Responsible Government, he pinched and cuffed the bantling, precisely as a bad and tyrannical nurse would treat a helpless child, and sensible people at once declared that he was not fit to have charge of it. Shortly after he was taken into service at the *Islander* office, he made a desperate effort to call up the ghost of Escheat, and gave vent to a lackadaisical whine, as a reproach on the apathy with which the advocates of Escheat are now supposed to regard the measure. In this also the "literary man" failed. Nobody believed him to be sincere; for indeed his sympathies in reference to Escheat betrayed no marks of sincerity; and since no converts could be made by this manœuvre, the *Islander* became very solemn and taciturn about a question which had many a time called forth its spleen—for none of us have forgotten that the people in whose behalf the *Islander* makes its weekly spluttering, only a few months ago turned pale at the very name of an Escheator, and shunned him as they would a mad dog. Then, says Mr. Collard, we shall revive the cry for a reconstruction of the Council,—and in giving utterance to his griefs upon this matter, we give him some credit for sincerity, and will go so far as to state, that we are as anxious for a remodelling of the Executive Council as he is, because there are some gentlemen in that Body who have no constitutional right to be there, inasmuch as they have no seats in the Legislature; and if they cannot be removed by any other means than a total overthrow of the whole Council, we are ready to give our sanction to its extinction. Let a new batch of Councillors be then chosen—but chosen from the party who possess the confidence of the People, as indicated by the majority of the Assembly, and not from a little circle in Charlottetown, where the parties are remarkable for nothing more than their connection with the Compact.

The great amount of English news, and the valuable comments of a portion of the British Press, on some of the passing events of the Old World, inserted in this week's *Examiner*—have obliged us to omit several editorial articles intended for to-day.

The wonderful display made by two of the Delegates, in Liverpool, before a Concert Party alledged to have been given in that City, has not escaped our observation. Although many funny things have been done by the Delegates,—(and we have had our own share of laughter at their expense)—we scarcely expected to find them implicated in a scheme for "raising the wind."

The *Islander* makes a vast amount of political capital out of some remarkable observations which appeared in late No. of the *Halifax Sun*. Our friend Dick observes greater respect for the motto of his paper than the *Printer* of the *Islander*. He tells us that the *Sun* "shines for all;" so it would appear; while the *Islander* says it is "influenced by none," giving the lie to the assertion every week of its miserable existence. But somehow or another, the *Halifax luminary* has undergone a total eclipse. We presume the affair will give rise to a quibble with the astronomers. We don't pretend to be learned in the matter, yet we shrewdly suspect that Dick on his return to Halifax, has been caught in a fog.

RESPIED.—William Chesswell, who was found guilty of a most brutal crime in the County of Kent, N. B., and sentenced to be hung on the 2d inst., has received a respite from the Provincial Executive for three months.

THE SMALL POX has made its appearance at Woodstock and Fredericton.