

tion from want of hats, boots and clothes. He adds, that 30 more wounded soldiers are expected, and he begs us to collect a sum of money for their use in Moscow. We have done so. They will receive from the English here 843 S. R. to-day. We shall be able to add a little to this, perhaps, in a few days. Every one contributes most gladly, but you will see that we cannot repeat this again. We all feel that the present want of our soldiers arises from the neglect of the officials of the Russian Government. No one can suppose that the Emperor himself would permit it if he knew it."

LATEST NEWS FROM SEBASTOPOL—THE OLD STORY.

VIENNA, April 10.—Authentic intelligence has been received here from Varna up to the 8th April. Nothing had occurred before Sebastopol of importance up to that date. Omar Pasha has not marched on the Alma, as reported. He has, however, occupied two villages about half a league from Eupatoria, and enlarged the circle of his fortifications, so as to shelter an army of fifty thousand men. An Egyptian force of ten thousand men has sailed for Eupatoria. The Turkish brigade has been sent to Batoum. The Russians contradict the news of Prince Menschikoff's death, but they admit that he is seriously ill.

MARSEILLES, April 12.—The last advices from Constantinople state that a third stockade had been formed in the harbour of Sebastopol, by sinking vessels in front of the carénage. Persia is assembling fifty thousand men on the Turkish frontier, and her attitude is still suspicious. It is said that Russia is feeding her with the hopes of the cession of some of the Turkish provinces. Mr. Murray, the English Minister, is ably opposing this influence. We learn from Malta that seven steamers left there on the 2d and 31st inst., for Genoa, to embark the Sardinian contingent. The Vulcan was soon to follow.

BATA CLAVA, March 31.—The Russians have constructed two new batteries, and have converted the ambulances into an advanced hospital. The Allies have also constructed two new batteries. The firing has been slack. It was said positively that the bombardment would commence on the 24 of April. The weather was not so fine; it was very cold. Of seven Russian admirals at Sebastopol at the commencement of the siege, two only now remain.

FINAL DETERMINATION OF THE CZAR.—It is, perhaps, a singular coincidence that we shall receive the intelligence of the final determination of the Czar during the visit to England of the Emperor of the French. The certainty of our having to wage together a great European war may be announced, perhaps, at the very moment that our Queen is investing the Emperor Napoleon with the insignia of the highest honour she has to bestow; or the news of peace may be proclaimed as Victoria and her Imperial Ally pace the transient of Sydenham, surrounded by the arts and works of peace. The instructions of Prince Gortschakoff and M. Topoff cannot reach Vienna before the 15th, and may not arrive there till, perhaps, the 20th. The most probable date is, perhaps, the 17th or 18th, until which day public anxiety must postpone its impatience. Whatever conference may be held previously to that date will have reference to matters of comparatively minor importance.

A great deal of severe fighting has taken place between the French and Russians in the entrenched works in front of the Malakoff Tower. For several weeks, up to the 22d of March, scarcely a night passed in which our Allies were not engaged in sharp conflict with the enemy. Many of those encounters were of an exceedingly obstinate and bloody character; and for some of them the result was so very doubtful a nature as to make it a question whether the Russians did not rather obtain the advantage than otherwise. On the night of the 22d, however, it is certain that the French gained a signal victory.

A despatch from General Canrobert to the French Government contains this gratifying intelligence:—"In the sortie which the enemy made in the night between the 22d and 23d of March, against our works in front of the Malakoff Tower, they were vigorously repulsed, with a loss of two thousand men killed and wounded. Our loss did not exceed six hundred."

The son of the late Abbas Pasha, Viceroy of Egypt, has given £100 to the Patriotic Fund.

We have no accounts of any further movements on the part of the fleet in the Black Sea; but if it be true that the Russians are rapidly repairing their forts at the entrance to the sea of Azof and on the coast of Circassia, we may confidently anticipate that it will not be long before Sir Edmund Lyons pays them a visit.

LORD BAGIN, in one of his despatches, refers to the often reported death of Prince Menschikoff, at Odessa, which he says has been reported at Sebastopol until it is at last believed to be true. Supposing it to be so, no confirmation of the fact has yet been received either in London or Paris. As the Prince, however, was known to be in a very ill state of health at the time he was "relieved" from the command of Sebastopol, and as his subsequent condition of mind cannot have been of the most tranquil kind, it is by no means improbable that his death may really have taken place. As the prime instigator of the war, he will leave no regrets behind him.

THE SHARP SKIRMISH BEFORE SEBASTOPOL.

The arrival of the Simois from Constantinople at Marseilles confirms the statement that a skirmish or engagement of more than ordinary importance had been fought under the walls of Sebastopol on the night of the 22d of March. The English lost colonel Kelly, of the 34th; captain Browne, of the 7th; and captain Vickers, of the 97th. Two other officers were wounded, and missing. The French lost 300 in killed, wounded and missing. The French set fire to Sebastopol in two quarters, on the 23d, with rockets. Gen. Canrobert's last preceding despatch, published by the French Government, mentioned that he was endeavouring to advance by regular approaches against the fortified Mamelon now occupied by the Russians in front of the Malakoff Tower, and that repeated, though unsuccessful attempts, had been made by the enemy to interrupt these works. The Malakoff Tower, and the redoubts which now protect it, have all sprung into existence under the eyes of the besieging army; and the interest of the siege turns at the present moment on the fate of a single position, which at the time of our earlier operations presented no serious obstacle to our engineers. No sooner, however, had the superior importance of the Malakoff Tower been ascertained, and works directed against it, than the Russians contrived with great boldness and skill to take up fresh ground on which they have hitherto resisted the attacks of the French army. The French, on the other hand, felt that their honour was concerned in the destruction of a work which had foiled their previous efforts, and the task of reducing it remained, at their desire, chiefly in their own hands. It seems, however, that on the 22d of March the Russians thought it practicable to defeat this attempt by a vigorous sortie, and an engagement ensued in which some portion of our troops must have taken part, since we have unhappily to record the loss of officers of the 34th, the 7th, and 97th British Regiments. The loss of the French is stated to be 600, and, according to the despatch printed by the *Mondeir*, that of the Russians was about 2,000 in killed and wounded. We are not, however, at present informed of any positive result of this engagement, or of the numerous skirmishes which are of nightly occurrence. Great valour and enterprise have been shown on both sides, but it is impossible not to lament with more than ordinary regret the loss of men killed in a nocturnal affray, followed by no other consequence than the repulse of the enemy. We, the besiegers, are still endeavouring to prevent the approaches and resist the attacks of the besieged; and, although every foot of ground is fiercely disputed, the lines of the enemy are gaining on our intrenchments, instead of our gaining on the outworks of the town.

THE WAY THE BRITISH SOLDIERS FIGHT.

The following is an extract from the letter of a private soldier:—"So Ben wants to know more of the way we actually fight. I suppose he has half a wish to experience it, if not too dangerous. Well, this is for him. Our first experience of the enemy was anything but pleasant, being round shot and shell, which quickly took the life of many a brave fellow, and consequently heated the blood of the living, who, after asking permission, flung away their great coats and rushed on to the fight, ours being the only regiment that day that fought with the red coats fully exposed to view—an advantage, I think, for our grey great coats are too much like the Russians to be easily detected from them in foggy mornings. Now, Ben, came the work. When the hill up which we ascended was surmounted, a long line of skirmishers (Russians) were seen. One volley and cheer and then the bayonet, which, for Ben's information, the Russian seldom waits for; if he does, our firelock is brought to that position most ready for use, called the "charge," and first parrying, if required, our enemy's thrust, is driven to the socket through any part of the body we can reach, the upper part the better. Does not that seem dreadful to you at home? and, no doubt, so it is, and cursed be he that causes it. But in battle our feelings are different. The passion to kill and destroy is raised within us; our blood boils for revenge for the comrade that a minute before you have seen ripped open by a shell, or, perchance, whose brains are bespattered on your person. It is then the demon of war is within you, and the work of death is but as sport; for fear goes from you, and but one idea fixes itself in your brain, and that is, that there are enemies in front, and your mission is to destroy; and how the British "missionaries" (no sneer intended) did their work at Inkermann, tell me not I boast if I confide it to history to tell. On returning to camp you first asked yourself, "Am I safe?" and then you wondered how you escaped. You next look round your tent, and, as was the case in mine, saw three poor fellows with bandages on different parts of their persons, with merely, "I see, Jack, you are winged," or "Tom, the Russ has spoiled your countenance to-day," and "How did it happen?" and no more is thought of the matter. Another glance round shows that our number was deficient of two. A little inquiry determines their fate. One was ripped open by a shell, and the other was stretched at full length, and with the exclamation, "Poor fellows! they were good soldiers," the matter is dropped. Every one sets to work to boil a cup of coffee, drinks, rolls his blanket round his head, and sleeps without dreaming that but a mile or so from him lie ten thousand beings that he has assisted in destroying. Such is all a soldier thinks of a bloody fight. In quiet hours after they sit and talk of the event, but not as if it were the extraordinary thing that is ushered throughout the world."

A DANGER LOOMING IN THE WEST.—The attention of Europe has lately been so completely engrossed with the stirring events of the East, that little or no notice has been taken of what has been passing in the West. If we mistake not, however, the day is not very distant when England and France will be called upon to impose on the grasping rapacity of the American Union a similar restraint to that which they are now engaged in placing on the lawless ambition of the Muscovite Czar.

CANADIAN BATTALION FOR THE EAST.—Sidney Herbert, writing as under Secretary for the Colonies, thus replies to an officer of the Montreal Fire Brigades, to undertake military duty for any purpose that might be required. The letter is addressed to Viscount Bury, Civil Secretary.

"It gives me great pleasure to assure you how highly Her Majesty's Government value the offer of services thus made to the Crown, and appreciate that patriotic spirit which has dictated it."

"I cannot but entertain hopes that the assistance thus offered may not be made available, but may, perhaps, originate the formation of a Provincial Battalion, which Her Majesty's Government would be very glad to see organised for service with the British Army in the East."

NAPOLEON III.—As to war, the example of Lucullus of old, and of Cromwell in modern times, would show that its art is no insoluble mystery to an able mind, even when suddenly called for the first time to military duties. But the subject is not thus new, or sudden, or unfamiliar to the present ruler of our warlike allies. He has studied it intensely all his life; his history of Artillery is one of the most remarkable military works ever produced; he is the remodelder of the French army in many particulars, improving even the system of Napoleon; and, in its new construction, that army has been found only too superior to our own; and, finally, to prove that his intellect is not above the minutest practical details, while superintending general arrangements of the most comprehensive nature, he is actually the inventor of some novel instruments of conflict more perfect in their kind than any ever employed before. In truth, whoever has read that short speech which he addressed to the French troops last year at the camp of Helfaut and Boulogne, must have felt—supposing such a reader versed somewhat in these subjects—that Napoleon the Third was a profound and finished master of the principles of the military art. We have no fears for the manner in which he will acquit himself if compelled to take command of a great army in central Europe; on the contrary, we hold it to be not improbable that he will prove himself as illustrious in the field as he has been wise in the Cabinet and glorious on the throne.—*Morning Post*.

HOW ABERNETHY GOT MARRIED.—Have I mentioned the recent death of the widow of the late John Abernethy, the great surgeon? She was well on to eighty. There is a story of the way in which Abernethy got this woman to marry him. Once upon a time he went to church, and was shown into a pew where there were two ladies. He had no prayer-book, and the lady handed him one. They walked out of the pew together, and found at the porch that it was raining heavily. Abernethy offered to take them home in his carriage, which was waiting. They had some chat, in the course of which it came out that they were mother and daughter, not very well off, and widow and daughter of an officer in the army. Abernethy sat them down at their humble dwelling. As he stood at their table he handed his card to the daughter and said:—"Young lady, I am Mr. Abernethy, the surgeon. I have never married, for I never could spare the time. I should like to marry you. If you would simply write me a line on Tuesday, saying whether you will have me, I shall call the next day and take you to church."

He could only spare fifteen minutes in the horse; and when he came out was the accepted of a very pretty woman. They were married on Tuesday, and drove home with her to the stately mansion, of which she thus became the mistress. "My dear," said he, after he had introduced her to some of his friends assembled to receive her, "you must excuse me until three o'clock, for I have to give my lecture at Bartholomew's Hospital, which I cannot omit on any account." They were a very happy couple; and when Abernethy died, in 1831, his widow came in for all his wealth, estimated at something like £100,000.

REMARKABLE DREAM.—Sir Humphrey Davy dreamed one night that he was in Italy, where he had fallen ill. The room in which he seemed to lie struck him in a very particular manner, and he particularly noticed all the details of the furniture, &c., remarking in his dream how unlike anything

English they were. In his dream he appeared to be carefully nursed by a young girl, whose fair and delicate features were imprinted upon his memory. After some years Davy travelled in Italy, and being taken ill there, actually found himself in the very room of which he had dreamed, attended upon by the very same young woman whose features had made such a deep impression upon his mind. The reader need not be reminded of the authenticity of a statement resting upon such authority, eminent alike for truth that would not deceive, and intelligence that could not be deceived.

WHY THE ROMANS WENT TO BED EARLY.—In one of the late London papers we find the following reason why, by De Quincy:

"They went to bed early in those ages, simply because their worthy mother earth could not afford them candles. She, good old lady, or good young lady, (for geologists know not whether she is in that stage of her progress which corresponds to grey hairs, or to infancy, or a 'certain age') she, good lady, would certainly have shuddered to hear any of her nations inquiring for candles. "Candles, indeed!" she would have said, "who ever heard of such a thing? and with so much excellent daylight running to waste, as I have provided gratis! What will the wretches want next?" The Romans, who saw no joke in sitting round a table in the dark, went off to bed as the darkness began. Everybody did so. Old Numa Pompilius himself was obliged to trundle off in the dusk. Tarquinus may have been a very superb fellow; but I doubt whether he ever saw a farthing rush-light. And though it may be thought that plots and conspiracies would flourish in such a city of darkness, it is to be considered that the conspirators themselves had no more candles than honest men; both parties were in the dark."

Correspondence.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EXAMINER.

Sir,—I observe by *Hazard's Gazette* of last week that the party who call themselves Sons of Temperance have thought proper to bring my name prominently before the public, in reference to what I said in my place in the Legislature on the petition praying for an Act to be passed similar to the Maine Liquor Law. I have also noticed an address to His Excellency the Lieutenant-Governor, on the same subject, which contains the grossest misrepresentations of what I did say on the occasion referred to. In that address I am charged with having sought to create religious animosities. Now, sir, I think this charge comes with a very bad grace from some of the worthies whose names are appended to the address—some, especially, who has let no opportunity pass in which he might safely arouse the worst feelings in the breasts of Roman Catholics, by reviling their religion, and relating the most disgusting anecdotes of Catholic priests—and he has done this, too, not only in the pulpit, but in the presence of those who have signed the address, and who are members of the Sons of Temperance is connected with the Know-Nothings of the United States. It may be so. But there is no doubt that the principles and feelings of some of the prominent "Sons" in this community are nearly akin to those for which the Know-Nothings are distinguished. Several of them are Orangemen, and many others belonging to the Order of the Sons have done all in their power to establish an Orange Lodge in this town. If I am to judge from the resolutions and address in *Hazard's Gazette*, the parties who have got them up would deal more arbitrarily with me than did the parties in the State of Maine who "tarred and feathered the priest." Though the Sons may be a secret body, and may be protected by a guard at their rendezvous, their foul slander and abuse of persons who differ with them is too notorious, and they cannot but expect that such conduct will be severely reprobated whenever an opportunity offers. As regards one gentleman who cuts a prominent figure at these secret meetings, and whose name appears to the address, I think Her Majesty's Government would be doing only an act of justice to the over-lax people of England if that extremely officious person were sent out to the Black Sea, and compelled to do something in the navy for the heavy pay he derives from it. If he has not pluck enough to fight any of his country's battles, or to do some other useful service, let him throw up his commission;—but I think his idle propensities in this quarter should be checked, and some better employment found for him than attacking Ministers of the Church, when they do not happen to preach sermons suitable to his taste, and trumping up false and malicious charges against the local Government on every trivial occasion, as well as interfering at the elections, with the view of reinstating an old Obstructive party who opposed all liberal concessions to the people. The "Sons" appear to be annoyed at my having connected them with the Tory party in this Island. I would be glad to see them shamed out of their hostility to the Liberal party, but the mere raising up a few of that party who happened to vote in favour of their position, is no sign of repentance or reform. Did they prove they were not connected with the Tory party at the late general election, when they opposed every liberal candidate, including those whom they do not make the object of their praise? Did they not employ, previous to that election, two of the most unpopular characters in the Island, to go about the country, under the cloak of preaching Temperance, circulating the most atrocious falsehoods against liberal candidates, and arousing religious prejudices in the minds of ignorant Protestants, for the same purpose? This they cannot deny, it has been too often and too intelligently proved. They pretend to be Liberals, or rather seem to be so, at the time of the term Tory. At the institution of the Order in this Island, I believe there were some liberals in their ranks. They, however, with two or three exceptions, have been driven out by the arbitrary proceedings of the majority, as well as the few Catholics who first joined the Order, with the exception of one, who is retained as a sort of cat's-paw to the combination. I will not trouble you, Sir, with any further notice of the trade of abuse directed against me by the so-called Sons of Temperance. Let my speech in the House of Assembly answer for itself when it appears in the regular way; and let them then see whether there was any occasion for all the noise that has been made about it, or whether I deserve all the abuse I have received on account of that speech. I am, however, so regardless of this abuse, that should the Maine Law petition again come before the House of Assembly, and I be there to express my opinion, it is most likely I will repeat the sentiments I have lately uttered regarding the Sons of Temperance. I remain, sir, yours very truly, GEORGE COLES.

April 30, 1855.

THE EXAMINER.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I., APRIL 30, 1855.

THE GREAT "INDIGNATION" MEETING.

THE Nineteenth of April in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty-five gave birth to a great event in the history of the little Pellington of P. E. Island. Let none of our readers irreverently smile at the faithful chronicle we are about to give of the great Indignation Meeting which took place at the august capital of Prince County on the evening of that memorable day. How can the siege of Sebastopol compare with it in importance? Why should we think of the Vienna Conference, upon which hangs the destinies of nations, while contemplating the awful consequences that are to follow the ebullition of wrath on the part of the "intelligence and respectability" of St. Eleanor's? The marching and countermarching of armies in the east of Europe—the pomp and circumstance, and the terrors of war in the Crimea—the intricate diplomacy of Cabinet Councils—the anticipated invasion of Cuba—the expected rupture between Spain and the United States on that account—all these, and such seemingly important occurrences in the great busy world must be forgotten now, to use the language of an elegant and classical chronicler, that "the sleeping Hercules of my country's liberty has awakened" in the renowned village of St. Eleanor's. We stop the press in breathless anxiety, and with an awful sense of the responsibility imposed upon us, to furnish materials for the future historian of Prince Edward Island, when he proceeds to give to our admiring posterity a faithful narrative of the great Indignation Meeting. We will suppose that that narrative will be drawn up in the following manner:—"A certain J. J. Fraser, who held the office of Postmaster at St. Eleanor's, the annual emoluments of which amounted to about £6 7s 10d sterling, having thought proper to offer a very factious and senseless opposition to the Government of the Colony, by doing his little possible to oppose the return of a principal officer of that Government, in which opposition he displayed a lamentable want of influence, was invited to explain the reason for such opposition: whereupon the said J. J. Fraser addressed two letters to the Government, in which he laboured hard to palliate his conduct, and to appease the displeasure of the Government, in order that he might be allowed to retain his little office; but nevertheless, from excess of ignorance, avowed that he thought he had a

right to say and to do whatever he pleased against the Government, or any official connected with it, and at the same time he himself a servant of that Government. The authorities, not being able to subscribe to the extraordinary doctrine thus laid down by Mr. J. J. Fraser, and finding that he was incorrigible, and determined to persist in his reckless course of opposition, intimated to him that he was dismissed from the public service;—that the Post Office, with its annual emoluments of £6 7s 10d sterling were transferred to another who would have a better conception of his duties as a public servant. As soon as this startling announcement reached St. Eleanor's, "the intelligence and respectability" of that place became dreadfully alarmed;—notices for a public meeting were immediately issued;—it is said, but the authority upon which this assertion is given is not authenticated, that the chief mercantile establishments were closed for several days; while some writers aver; that if such establishments were closed, it must have been for the want of customers, and some of the chronicles of the time represent the panic as wearing a very terrific aspect amongst a small knot of disappointed office-holders, and persons who imagined they had some influence in the community, but were painfully undeceived as soon as they had submitted their pretensions to the test of public opinion. The dismissal of J. J. Fraser greatly affected this class—for days and nights they prowled about the village and infested the taverns, with clenched fists and lowering eyebrows—rendered somewhat hideous by liberal potations of a vile liquid which was fashionable in that age under the name of "white-eye"—breathing death and destruction to the Government. The public meeting at length took place on the 19th April—the "indignation" was strong, and if the impartial historian should suffer himself to be influenced by the ill-natured reports of cotemporary writers, he might add that the comfortable public house kept by a worthy old gentleman named Ness, close by the place of meeting, contributed greatly to strengthen the indignation. The meeting, however, was a triumphant one—it consisted of about fifty individuals—its chairman was a person who had been dismissed from office as well as Fraser, and therefore a fellow-feeling made him wondrous kind,—the resolutions were proposed and seconded by others who had been dismissed from office, and others too who had been rejected at the hustings. Only one person, who manifested a cruel want of sympathy in poor Fraser's loss of office, expressed dissent to the resolutions, and were it not that he had taken refuge in the gallery of the meeting-house, afar from the indignant sympathiser, he would have been severely punished for his temerity. As it was, indignation was vented against him in sundry terrific yells. The resolutions having been passed, in which the Government was of course duly censured for its "tyrannical" conduct—and the Chairman having been eloquently thanked for his impartial services, and "mine host at the inn" honoured with another call—the account of the meeting was posted off to the capital of the Island, and printed in a certain paper called the *Islander*, which was in little or no repute in its own day, and of which there is not now a single copy extant—the proceedings herein noted being gathered from other and more trustworthy sources.

Now, we shall endeavour, in all seriousness, to offer a few remarks about this "indignant meeting" and the resolutions adopted thereat. We observe, by the way, that the last resolution is as follows:

Resolved, That the proceedings of this meeting be published in the Island newspapers.

We are under no obligation to publish them, and would treat the whole affair with the contempt which such things merit, but we have some wish to satisfy public curiosity about a matter even so small as this "indignant meeting." And we will do more than publish the "proceedings." We shall give some account of the parties who figure in them.

In the first place, we beg to say that we subscribe heartily to the principle which the Government has enunciated—a principle, in fact, without regard to which no Government can long be conducted—namely, that no public servant shall place himself in opposition to the Administration, and at the same time retain his situation. The late Sir Donald Campbell carried this principle out in the case of the late Mr. Nash when he was Barrack-master in Charlottetown. Sir Donald understood that Mr. Nash intended to vote against the then Solicitor General, Mr. Palmer; and he intimated to the former gentleman, that if he persevered in his intention he would report him to the authorities at home, and have him removed. This was carrying the principle too far, perhaps, because Mr. Nash was not an officer of the local Government. Sir Alexander Bannerman, again, conveyed a similar hint to Captain Orlebar, when that gentleman stepped aside, as he often does, from Her Majesty's service to mingle in the strife of local parties, and opposed Sir Alexander's Government. The hint was serviceable at the time, but probably it will have to be repeated. That Mr. J. J. Fraser only held the paltry office of Postmaster at St. Eleanor's, and therefore ought to be excused, is nothing at all to the purpose. The principle is just the same as if he held the Post office at Charlottetown. Will any one tell us that Mr. Owen would be justified in coming out and canvassing against the return of an officer who presided over a department quite as important as that over which he himself presides? If he did he should be dismissed; but Mr. Owen has too much sense to do anything of the kind. Now, if Mr. Fraser really wanted to make a display of his vaunted independence, and to manifest his dislike of Mr. Clark and the Government which he serves, he should have resigned the Post office before he canvassed a single vote. He might then boast of his independence. But what does he do? He goes about the country trading an officer of the Government—endeavouring to get his constituents to reject him, in order to weaken the Government, and misrepresenting that Government as corrupt and tyrannical, and applying to it every foul epithet which he can use. What is he all this time? Nothing more nor less than a servant of the power he abuses. He had no patent for his office—he knew he could not hold it independently of the Executive; and when reminded of the impropriety of his conduct, does he resign? No, but he makes a whining apology, and at the same time declares his determination to do as he has done, leaving the Government no alternative but to dismiss him. Had he not been dismissed, what would be the consequence? Why, every petty officer in the country might defy the Government of the day to remove him. If Fraser thought the Government bad, corrupt and tyrannical, as he now says it is, then he was a wretched slave to hold office under it as long as he did.

These remarks will also apply to Mr. James Campbell, who anticipated dismissal by resignation; and who, in resigning his office of Commissioner of Small Debts, has made some serious charges against other public officers, which we think he ought to be made to prove, or bear the consequences. This individual, in a burst of virtuous indignation, says he deems it "a compromise of his principles to hold any appointment under the present Government," and says he would have resigned before he did, but waited to be dismissed. There must be something very pleasant in being dismissed from a Government situation when he was so very anxious for it, and it is really a pity that his wishes were not gratified. Perhaps he expected, and is sorely disappointed at not receiving, the honors of martyrdom, like the famous Postmaster, should have kept his virtuous indignation corked up during the time he was glad to serve "the present Government" as Deputy Sheriff, as well as Small Debt Commissioner. The Government is the same as it has been for the past six months; and we must say that we think six months is a pretty long time for a gentleman of a very