Lord Elgin proceeded to his great work in China, thinking of anything rather than that he should again be welcomed by his friend Canning on those steps of Government House, and taken into Council over the same desk, about the affairs of the same empire. There had been great changes in less than five years. Lord Elgin had established the new relations between China and our country; and Lord Canning had saved our Indian empire. Their old friend had sunk into his grave, interested to the last in their great achievements when his own were over, and were apparently misjudged and almost rejected.

There were other changes as both painfully felt.

Lady Canning's voice and face were absent. She had sunk under the climate, and partly perhaps from the consequences of the suspense and agony of the year of rebellion. Her husband was not like the same man. His spirit was broken when he lost her; and Lord Elgin saw this in his face at their meeting.

Once more—knowing that it was for the last time—the friends exchanged confidence. They spent many hours in discussing the interests of the hundreds of millions of human beings whom the one was turning over to the rule of the other. Lord Elgin's hope was that his friend would still be, for a time, an effectual aid to India and to him in Parliament; and though they would hardly meet again, they might yet work together at the same great task. Still, he must have had misgivings that all was over when he looked upon the haggard face and wasted form which sanguine people said would be restored by the voyage.

It was a great and memorable administration—that of Lord Canning. Many of us were fully aware of it; and it was generally appreciated much less imperfectly than that of Lord Dalhousie. Not only was public attention more earnestly directed to India than ever before; but India, having come under parliamentary government, had converted an anomalous and external kind of interest into a national one. No expectations were too high of the honours that would be awarded to the first Viceroy of India, as soon as he should have recruited enough from the fatigues of his return to appear in public. But, while his friend in India was looking for the news of Lord Canning's reception, and of the beginning of his services to India in parliament; and while we were waiting to see him come out in our streets and parks, he was slipping away. Before he could receive the first instalments of the national acknowledgments, he was dead. When his friend at Calcutta was hoping for some revival of his strength, however temporary, the news came of a funeral in Westminster Abbey, and of the long and noble train of great citizens who were eager to follow the son of George Canning to his grave.

Amidst the overwhelming cares and pressing business of his Indian rule, Lord Canning had lost nothing of the keenness of feeling with which he thought of the Englishwomen and their young daughters who filled the horrible tombs at Cawnpore. He took a deep interest in the plans for laying out the grounds round the well, by which the graves of the soldiers who perished were to be enclosed with the hideous one of the ladies and children, and the whole made a monument of the year of tribulation. It was reserved for the friend who had mourned over the calamity with him to fill his place at the consecration of this monument; and this was done by Lord Elgin on the 11th February last.

Each friend has always been worthy of the other in the thorough devotedness to duty and the national service which gives heroic composure to the statesman in office, as well as the general in command. As Lord Elgin stood "like a statue" on the upper pavement of the well, in the sight of all the people, his countenance and bearing were as calm as Lord Canning's were in his daily rides in 1857, when the people looked in his face for a reflection of the news from the upper country, and always saw grave composure. But there was sorrow in the heart of the survivor, as there had been in his who was gone. There was sorrow in all hearts, no doubt;—in all within the enclosure, and, we are assured, in those of the natives outside. But Lord and Lady Elgin were mourning others than those who were buried there. They were thinking of the brave-hearted and unselfish woman who lay in her grave at Calcutta, and of her husband under the pavement of Westminster Abbey. To them at such a moment it must have seemed as if they had more to do with death than with life. Something of this is disclosed in the address of Lord Elgin on the evening of the great day of the opening of the East Indian railway line to Benares, when he remarked on Lord Canning having proposed the health of Lord Dalhousie at the opening of a former portion of the line. He referred briefly, and evidently because he could not help it, to the relations which had existed between the three friends of a lifetime. "It is a singular coincidence," he said, "that three successive Governors-General should have stood towards each other in this relationship of age and intimacy." The singular condition of welfare at which India is evidently arriving shows that the circumstance is as happy as it is remarkable.

Gleanings from late Papers,

THE DEATH OF STONEWALL JACKSON.

The Richmond *Enquirer* of the 13th inst. publishes the following account of the circumstances under which Stonewall Jackson was wounded:

General Jackson having gone some distance in front of the line of skirmishers on Saturday evening, was returning about 8 o'clock attended by his staff and part of his couriers. The cavalcade was in the darkness of the night mistaken for a body of the enemy's cavalry, and fired upon by a regiment of his own corps. He was struck by three balls, one through the left arm, two inches below the shoulder joint, shattering the bone and severing the chief artery; another ball passed through the same arm between the elbow and wrist, making its exit through the palm of the hand; a third ball entered the palm of the right hand about its middle, passing through and breaking two bones. He was wounded on the plank road, about fifty yards in advance of the enemy. He fell from his horse, and was caught by Captain Wormley, to whom he remarked, 'All my wounds are by my own men.' He had given orders to fire at anything coming up the road, before he left the lines. The enemy's skirmishers appeared ahead of him, and he turned to ride back. Just then some one cried out, 'cavalry charge!' and immediately the regiment fired. The whole party broke forward to ride through our line to escape the fire. Captain Boswell was killed, and carried through the line by his horse, and fell among our own men. Colonel Couchfield, Chief of the Staff, was wounded by his side. Two couriers were killed. Major Pendleton, Lieutenants Morrison and Smith escaped uninjured. General Jackson was immediately placed on a litter and started for the rear. The firing attracted the attention of the enemy, and was resumed by both lines. One litter-bearer was shot down, and the General fell from the shoulders of the men, receiving a severe contusion, adding to the injury of the arm, and injuring his side severely.

The enemy's fire of artillery on this point was terrible. General Jackson was left for five minutes, until the fire slackened, then placed in an ambulance, and carried to the field hospital at Wilderness Run. He lost a large amount of blood, and at one time told Dr McGuire he thought he was dying, and would have bled to death, but a tourniquet was immediately applied. For two hours he was near pulseless from the shock. As he was being carried from the field, frequent enquiries were being made by the soldiers, 'Who have you there?' He told the doctor, 'Do not tell the troops I am wounded.'

After the reaction a consultation was held between Drs. Black, Coleman, Walls and McGuire, and amputation was decided upon. He was asked, 'If we find amputation necessary shall it be done at once?' He replied, 'Yes, certainly, Dr. McGuire—do for me whatever you think is right.' The operation was performed while he was under the influence of chloroform, and was borne well. He slept on Sunday morning, was cheerful, and in every way was doing well. He sent for Mrs. Jackson, asked minutely about the battle, spoke cheerfully of the result, and said: 'If I had not been wounded, or had an hour more of daylight, I would have cut off the enemy from the road to the United States Ford, and we would have had them entirely surrounded, and they would have been obliged to surrender or cut their way out. They had no other alternative. My troops sometimes may fail in driving the enemy from a position, but the enemy always fail to drive my men from a position.' This was said smilingly. He complained this day of the fall from the litter, although no contusion or abrasion was apparent as the result of the fall. He did not complain of his wounds; never spoke of them unless asked. On Sunday evening he slept well. On Monday he was carried to Chancellor's house, near Guinness's depot. He was cheerful; talked about the battle—gallant bearing of General Rhodes, and said that his Major General's commission ought to date from Saturday, the grand charge of his old Stonewall brigade, of which he had heard: asked after all his officers. During the day talked more than usual, and said: "Men who live through this war will be proud to say 'I was one of the Stonewall brigade' to their children." He insisted that the term Stonewall belonged to them, and not to him.

During the ride to Guiness' he complained greatly of heat, and, besides wet applications to his wounds, begged that a wet cloth be applied to his stomach, which was done, greatly to his relief, as he expressed it. He slept well on Monday night, and ate with relish the next morning. On Tuesday his wounds were doing very well. He asked, 'Can you tell me, from the appearance of my wounds, how long I will be kept from the field?' He was greatly satisfied when told they were doing remarkably well. He did not complain of any pain in his side, and wanted to see the members of his staff, but was advised not. On Wednesday his wounds looked remarkably well. He expected to go to Richmond this day, but was prevented by rain. This night, while his surgeon, who had slept none for three nights, was asleep, he complained of nausea, and ordered his boy, Jim, to place a wet towel over his stomach. This was done. About daylight the surgeon was awakened by the boy saying, 'The General is in great pain.' The pain was in the right side, and due to incipient pneumonia and some nervousness, which he himself attributed to the fall from the litter. On Thursday Mrs. Jackson arrived, greatly to his joy and satisfaction, and she faithfully nursed him to the end. By Thursday evening all pain had ceased. He suffered greatly from prostration. On Friday he suffered no pain, but prostration increased.

On Sunday morning, when it was apparent that he was rapidly sinking, Mrs. Jackson was informed of his condition. She then had free and full converse with him, and told him he was going to die. He said: 'Very good, very good. It is all right.' He had previously said: 'I consider these wounds a blessing. They were given me for some good and wise purpose. I would not part with them if I could.' He asked of Major Pendleton: 'Who is preaching at headquarters to-day?' He sent messages to all the generals. He expressed a wish to be buried in Lexington, in the valley of Virginia. During delirium his mind reverted to the battle-field, and he sent orders to Gen. A. P. Hill to prepare for action, and to Major Hawks, his Commissary, and to the Surgeons. He frequently expressed to his aids his wish that Major-General Elwell should be ordered to command his corps. His confidence in Gen. Elewell was very great, and the manner in which he spoke of him showed that he had duly considered the matter.

SPEECH OF MR. ROEBUCK IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

In the House of Commons a debate was inaugurated by Mr. Roebuck, who said he wished to ask a question of great importance to the West India trade, and to call attention to the conduct of Admiral Wilkes. He proceeded:

I wish to make a few observations before I put my question, which relates to the proceedings of Admiral Wilkes. When the American war broke out, I think the large majority of the leading minds of England felt a shock of pain at the quarrel between the various States. I may say for myself the shock was very strong, for all my early notions had been that in America a great experiment was about being made on the subject of government. I thought that they entered on that experiment in a way that mankind never yet had seen, and that if fortune prevailed in their favor, it would be shown that men had now proved worthy of governing themselves. When, therefore, the news came that that experiment was at an end—for it is at an end—I say my heart failed me, for then I was compelled to acknowledge that men, under the most favorable circumstances, proved unworthy of governing themselves. My feelings were in favor of the North; but, as time went on, their conduct was such as proved them not only unfit for governing themselves, but unfit for the courtesies and for the community of the civilized world. ["Oh, oh," and "Hear, hear."] Oh, yes, Sir, I know there are degenerate Englishmen who do take the part of the North against their own country—[Oh, oh]—and whenever a matter is coming into collision between America and England, their voices are raised on the side of America. [Oh, oh.] I can perfectly understand those cries. I am very glad that it touches the honorable gentleman. [Cries of "Order."] I want to know where I am out of order. It would appear, sir, that this question of mine is creating a sensation. The conduct of the North American Disunited States has been such as is humiliating to the people of England. [Hear, hear.] The noble lord has hitherto shown himself to be the friend of the honor, the dignity, and the prosperity of England. [Hear, hear.] He never showed that more than by his conduct as head of the Government in the circumstances of the Trent. [Hear, hear.] We had been subject to every species of violent language, not of insinuation, but of accusation; and we were threatened with war, and King Cotton was to be the power to humiliate us. Well, King Cotton has failed. [Hear.] We then resented an act of flagrant, insolent overbearing. [Hear, hear.] We called them to account, and they truckled in their answer. [Hear, hear.] Well, sir, now again another insult is given, and by the same man who perpetrated that deed with respect to the Trent. A vessel leaves the English shore. There is a gentleman opposite, the member for London, (Mr. Crawford,) who says he has seen her papers, and that her cargo is harmless. She was bound for a neutral port—[hear]—she was seized by an American man-of-war, and taken into an American port, and the expectations of an English merchant in his honorable trade are utterly destroyed by the conduct of the American Government. [Hear.] It is that conduct I call on the noble lord to resent. [Hear, hear.] Not only was that done, but persons calling themselves English merchants have applied to the American Minister for a permit to allow them to carry on their trade. [Hear, hear.] That permit was granted; and why? Because the ship was laden with and carried out arms to Mexico, to be used against our ally of France. Since then other men, calling themselves English merchants, applied to the same authority for the same permit. They have been refused, because they were not carrying out arms to aid the Mexican Government. That permit had been refused: and now I would say that Mr. Adams, the American Minister, is the Minister for Commerce in England. [Hear, hear.] Now, I would put it to the noble lord, who has hitherto shown himself alive to the dignity and honor of England, and I would ask him whether the Government, of which he is the head, has come to any determination upon the matter, and whether he will tell Parliament now what the determination is. Sir, I know the consequences of the act he may resolve upon. It may lead to war; and I, Sir, speaking here for the English people, say I am prepared for war. [Oh, oh.] That language may strike the heart of the peace party in this House, but it will strike the heart of the insolent people who govern America now, and we shall have justice done to the honor and dignity of England, and the commerce of this country will no longer be subject to the overbearing domination and insolence of an upstart race like that. [Hear, hear.] I repeat the question now, whether the Government of which the noble lord is the head have formed any determination to make remonstrances to the Government of America, and if so, whether he is prepared to state what that course of proceedings is? [Hear.]

PROROGATION OF THE CANADIAN LEGISLATURE,

The Quebec *News* gives the following account of what transpired in the Canadian Assembly on the day before the prorogation, 11th inst.:—

"The greatest excitement prevailed in the Assembly-room this afternoon, to ascertain the course to be adopted by the ministry after the important division of last Friday morning. Every available inch of standing room in the galleries was taken up. The Premier was in his place, after the routine proceedings were disposed of, and informed the House that it was the intention of His Excellency to grant a dissolution, but before Parliament would be dissolved, he hoped the House would grant a supply, and allow the business to proceed, such bills as were of a private nature and in an advanced stage, to be disposed of.

Hon. Mr. Cartier then informed the Premier that the seats of the Lower Canadian ministers were vacant, and as several rumors were prevalent with regard to these gentlemen, he hoped the House would receive some explanation on the matter, as to whether it was the intention of the ministry to reconstruct the Cabinet or appeal to the country as they were.

Hon. J. S. McDonald thought the question highly improper, and if they required the presence of those gentlemen they had better send a search warrant for them, and perhaps it would have the effect of ensuring their attendance.

The Clerk of the House then read the first order of the day.

Hon. Mr. Cartier then moved an adjournment.

A lengthened debate followed on this motion, in which the leading members on both sides of the House took part.

Hon. Mr. Drummond, who acted as spokesman for the government, was unfortunate in his allusion to the Militia Bill. He asserted that "the best armament for Canada was—no armament at all."

The Hon. J. H. Cameron delivered a most manly speech, in which he demanded proper explanations from the ministry, and until such were given it was the intention of himself and the party to which he belonged, to refuse a vote of supply. They were determined to compel ministers to act constitutionally. He took the member for Rouville severely to task for his unguarded expression respecting the armament of Canada.

Messrs. Cartier, Brown, Dunkin, and Galt, also addressed the House, when the adjournment was carried on a division of 55 to 44.

The Quebec *News* of the 13th says:

"The Parliament of yesterday is no more. The proclamation of the Governor General is all that is necessary to dissolve it into thin air. We fancy it would be found that many of those who sat on the ministerial benches yesterday, and cheered when the message from His Excellency to attend the Legislative Council was received, entertained far different sentiments if their inmost thoughts were known. Some strange faces will be seen on those benches when Parliament re-assembles."

A general election is imminent. It will probably take place immediately. The opposition did not ask it; it was thrust upon them as a threat; but now that it is a reality they are ready to accept it, and we have no doubt that the result will be far from gratifying to their enemies. So far as Lower Canada is concerned there need be no fear. It will do its duty. The city of Quebec will send back its old members with renewed confidence.—The country may find a substitute for Mr. Evanturel, and we hear the names of several gentlemen spoken of as likely to oppose him. In counties below Quebec opposition will be offered to every member who has been recreant to his former principles. The campaign will be a vigorous and sprited one."

The same journal speaking of a reconstruction of the Government, says:

"There is no doubt that the remainder of the Lower Canadian section of the cabinet have followed the example of Mr. Sicotte, and tendered their resignations to His Excellency. Who are to be their successors or of what material are they to be composed? Not only the Lower Canadian section but the Upper Canadian also will be completely changed. The Post-master General will receive notice to quit to-day, and Mr. Howland retires of his own will. What is to be done with McGee? Can he not be provided for in some way, while so many fat judgeships are given away to others of his colleagues?"

MEW CANADIAN MINISTRY.—A special telegram has been received announcing that the Canadian Legislature was dissolved on the 18th instant, the writs for a new election being made returnable July 3rd. The Government has been reconstructed and the new Ministry sworn in. It is composed as follows:—Attorney General, West, Mr. J. S. Macdonald; Crown Lands, Mr. McDougall; Receiver General, Mr. Howland; Postmaster General, Mr. Howatt; Provincial Secretary, Mr. Blair; Solicitor General, Mr. Wallbridge; Attorney General, East, M. Dorion; Minister of Finance, Mr. Holton; President of Council, M. Thibideau; Minister of Agriculture, M. Letellier. The Chief Commissioner of Works and Solicitor General, East, have not yet been appointed. It is thought that the Ministry will not be sustained at the polls.

From both Denmark and France there are tidings of war preparations in connection with the Polish revolt. It is stated that all the Danish vessels of war are about to be put in commission; that 6,000 men will be put under arms, and that the mobilisation of the Danish army is imminent. In the harbor of Cherbourg there are now seven ships of war fully armed, which, it is said, are about to be sent to the Swedish port of Carlskrona; and the *Opinion National* shows that France and Sweden alone might, at a very small cost of men and money, emancipate Poland, restore Finland and Sweden, and render Russia harmless to Europe.

There are in Prussia 11 million Protestants, and 7 million Catholics. The Protestants have 23,200 Primary Schools, the Catholics only 19,500. To maintain the proportion the Catholics ought to have 4,760 more Primary Schools than they have. There are 8,364 Protestant Churches, and 6,329 Protestant Pastors in Prussia, or 1 Pastor to 1,700 Protestants. There are 5,499 Catholic churches and chapels in Prussia, and 3,474 Parish Priests and 2,600 Curates, or one Priest to 1120 Catholics. In the Duchy of Nassau there are 237,000 Protestants and 211,000 Catholics.

CORRESPONDENCE,

WOODBROOK, May 16, 1863.

MY DEAR SIR;

The *Monitor* of the 7th instant, which was sent to me by a friend, contains a communication, signed L., which, if left unanswered, might lead those unacquainted with my family in Ireland to believe the following foul slander:—

"Did he ever know of an Orangeman killing any of them? No, he never did, unless at Vinegar Hill, Castlecomber, or the battle of Ross, where his father went with his Company, (for he held a Captain's commission). After the battle was over, the roll was called, and Captain Warburton was missing. Some time afterwards they found him hid in a pig sty! So ever after he went by the cognomen of "Cowardly Warburton." I have seen him hissed through the streets of Mount Mellick, and the people crying out "Huzza for cowardly Warburton, that ran away from the battle of Ross."

Any one acquainted with the History of Ireland during the Rebellion knows perfectly well that no one holding the rank of an officer and a gentleman would be tolerated in society for one moment were he branded with the name of Coward. Capt. Warburton, however, after the Rebellion, was appointed a Justice of the Peace for the King's and Queen's Counties, and subsequently to the high office of Deputy Lieutenant of the former County, which appointments he held until his death, eight years ago.

If "L" will read Sir Jonah Barrington's works, (and I believe Sir Jonah was as *good* an Orangeman as any here,) he will find the toast which I quoted in the Assembly, and he will find also that it was drunk by the very religious Orangemen on *their bare knees*. If he wishes for further information, he can apply to any member of our Orange Government for Hansard's Debates of 1835 and 1836, which are to be found in the Legislative Library. He will there find the debates in the House of Commons on the Orange question, and the opinion of as good Protestants as "L" on the subject. I would advise him also to read Dr. Madden's United Irishman, where he will find day and date for many of the atrocities committed by Orangemen in Ireland.

For my own part, I place Orngemen, Ribbonmen, Defenders, Rockites, Blackfeet, Whitefeet, &c., all in the same category; and were any of these Lodges established on the Island, (and the action of the present Government with regard to Orangeism will, in all probability, be the means of establishing them,) I would call them by as hard names as I would Orange Lodges. I may add, I do not thank "L" for his praise of Col. Warburton, for I regard his praise or censure in the same light.

Previous to the late election, I was told that a shopkeeper named Rogers stated, at a public meeting at Cascumpec, that if I had not sold Lot 11 to the Government for Sir Hunt J. Walsh, the latter would have deprived me of his agency, as I had drawn upon him for large sums of money, without authority for doing so. I immediately wrote to Sir Hunt, stating what had taken place. He sent me the enclosed answer, which was intended for publication; but thinking afterwards that the slander was beneath my notice, I intended to let the matter drop, until I saw L's letter, (he should have added i e to the L.) However, as the dead has been so wantonly assailed, I think it only right to have the letter published; and I shall feel obliged by your inserting it in your paper, together with this communication.

I remain yours very truly,
JAMES WARBURTON.

Hon. E. WHELAN.

"BALLYKILCAVAN, STRADBALLY,
"*Queen's County, March 5, '63.*

"MY DEAR SIR:

"When your letter reached me, I was confined to my bed, having undergone a serious surgical operation, and this is the third day that I have been able to move into another room. I lose no time in replying to your letter, premising that I have not the letter *before me, not being able to* lay my hand upon it, and wishing not to delay my answer to what I must call a shameful and groundless calumny. So far from having any reason to complain of your acts as agent to me and my brother on Lot 11, P. E. Island, I am certain you did every thing in your power to render the Lot productive, and to conduct the sale of it to my advantage. If you wish for any more particular testimony to the above effect, let me hear from you, stating heads distinctly you would like to have answers to, and I will satisfy your friend who doubts your integrity that he is mistaken.

"With regard to the position of your family in this country, and their character, I can only say that they stand in the first rank of Country proprietors and gentlemen, and as such have been for a very long period highly respected. Your grandfather was Aide-de-Camp to General Wolfe at Quebec; and on his return from foreign service, represented this County for many years; and I am informed your late brother left his family amply provided for as to the younger branches, and that his son has a rental of nearly £4,000 per annum. I hope this, which I can assure him is plain matter of fact, will be sufficient to satisfy your ill informed friend.

"Wishing you every happiness,
"I am very truly yours,
"HUNT J. WALSH.

"To Hon. JAMES WARBURTON."

(FOR THE EXAMINER.)

MR. EDITOR;

SIR,—Our scurvy politicians have here lately played one of their scurviest tricks. Mr. James Reid, the Jailor, has served the public long and faithfully. He has performed the unpleasant and difficult duties of his office in such a manner as to obtain the good-will and the gratitude of the unfortunates who have from time to time been in his custody and under his care. He has always received from those in authority the character of being an honest and efficient public servant. The propriety of his general deportment, and the high esteem in which he is held, have given to his situation a respectability which it did not always possess, and which it is not likely to retain. But length of service, faithfulness in the performance of duty, and private virtue are not considered qualifications for public employment by a faction whose moral cowardice and tyranny are such as not to permit in any one, the most remotely dependent upon it, the smallest approach to freedom of speech or independence of action. The only claims recognised by the present Government are abject servility and unscrupulous partizanship. They must drive slaves, not command servants. What matters it to the public what the political opinions of the Jailor of Prince County Jail are, provided the duty is well performed. That government must have come to a most contemptible pass who would fear the influence and punish the opposition of so humble an individual.

The dismissal of Mr. Reid and Mr. Arbuckle's appointment form a singular and complete contrast. Mr. Reid serves the public for a long series of years with great fidelity and gives perfect satisfaction to his employers. Mr. Arbuckle is appointed to one of the most important offices in the gift of the Government, and during the whole term of his incumbency shamefully neglects the duties of that office: Mr. Reid is *rewarded* by dismissal from his situation, and Mr. Arbuckle is punished by being again appointed to an office, the duties of which he has proved himself incompetent to perform. Mr. Reid is condemned in spite of his good works; but Mr. Arbuckle's *faith*, and his faith alone, has saved him. If ever a man was condemned by public opinion, that man was Mr. Arbuckle. His indolence and inattention were matters of ridicule and reprobation in every school district on the Island. But what do the Government care for public opinion or even common decency, when an Orangeman, a Free Churchman, and a No-Popery howler is to be provided for? Whatever interest suffers, he must be taken care of.

Those who hold any public employment, from the highest to the humblest, will now take warning by the fate of the Jailor of the Prince County Jail, and derive encouragement and instruction from the official career of the Visitor of Schools for the eastern section of the Island. They now see that fitness for office and faithfulness in the performance of duty are qualifications wholly disregarded by the dispensers of public patronage in this country, and that time-serving, fawning, brawling bigotry and untiring fussy industry in election contests are the only means of securing and retaining their favour.

Yours, &c.
SPECTATOR.

Prince County, May 13th, 1863.

(FOR THE EXAMINER)

MR. EDITOR;

I enclose a picture drawn by a master's hand. Its wonderful resemblance to a certain individual in this community cannot fail of striking your readers. Instead of being drawn by an English artist some forty or fifty years ago, it might have been the work of a native painter, done in the year of grace 1863.

We in these latter days have seen conversions quite as sudden, though not quite so miraculous as that of the apostle Paul. We have seen the eager advocate of 'Catholic rights' and the professed admirer of the Catholic religion changed, almost in the twinkling of an eye, into the furious persecutor of Papists, and the zealous denouncer of the 'errors and superstitions of Popery.' We have seen the man who to-day is the warm friend of Catholic bishops, priests, and laymen, to-morrow turned into their bitterest enemy and most violent reviler. We have seen him who this week publicly expresses the most sovereign contempt for bigots of every class and of every creed, change the very next into their most unscrupulous advocate and most subservient tool. The estimate that a clergyman of the Church of England (the Rev. Sydney Smith) and an honest man formed of such conversions may be seen in the following extract, which I advise your readers carefully to peruse a second and even a third time.

Yours, &c.
A PROTESTANT.

Prince County, May 13th, 1863.

"If a man were to accept a guinea upon the condition that he spoke all the evil he could of another whom he believed to be innocent, and whose imprisonment he knew he should prolong, and whose privations he should increase by his false testimony, would not the person so hired be one of the worst and basest of human beings? And would not his guilt be aggravated if, up to the moment of receiving his *aceldama*, he had spoken in terms of high praise of the person whom he subsequently accused? Would not the latter feature of the case prove him to be as much without shame as the former evinced him to be without principle? Would the guilt be less, if the person so hired were a man of education? Would it be less, if he were above want? Would it be less, if the profession and occupation of his life were to decide men's rights, or to teach them morals and religion? Would it be less by the splendour of the bribe? Does a bribe of £1000 leave a man innocent whom a bribe of £10 would cover with infamy? You are of a mature period of life, when the opinions of an honest man ought to be and are fixed. On Monday you were a barrister or a country clergyman, a serious and temperate friend to religious liberty and Catholic emancipation. In a few weeks from this time you are a bishop, or a dean, or a judge, (or Executive Councillor)—publishing and speaking charges and sermons against the poor Catholics, and explaining away this sale of your soul by every species of falsehood, shabbiness, and equivocation. You may carry a bit of ermine on your shoulder, or hide the lower moiety of the body in a silken petticoat—and men may call you Mr. Dean, or My Lord (or The Honorable); but you have sold your honor and your conscience for money; and, though better paid, you are as base as the witness who stands at the door of the judgment hall, to swear whatever his suborner will put into his mouth, and to receive whatever he will put into his pocket."

(FOR THE EXAMINER.)

TO THE HONBLES. GEORGE COLES, EDWARD WHELAN, JOSEPH WIGHTMAN, EDWARD THORNTON, JAMES WARBURTON, &C. &C., THE UNCOMPROMISING, CONSISTENT, AND INDEPENDENT LEADERS OF THE LIBERAL PARTY IN PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

Since Athens' Thirty Tyrants reign'd,
And cruel Selfishness bore sway,—
(And since that time two thousand years
In changeful course have passed away,)—

No land or state has e'er been curs'd
With such assumption, cant, and guile,
As those which moody fanatics
Have thrown in power within this Isle.

The change they heralded, they said,
Would one of Righteousness be found;
Unselfish men should rule the state,
And worth in offices be found.

But how delusively they taught,
How knaves have prosper'd by their lies,
How triumphs vile Hypocrisy,
Now strike the least discerning eyes.

An Orange Conclave, strong in power,
In all our Councils darkly reigns;
And they who made may yet unmake;
Hence dread of Orange votes constrains.

Hence L——h, B——n, D——s must
From such as P——e receive the law;
And ev'n of such vile, crawling things
As scorn'd A——e stand in awe.

Yet, as of old, Thrasybulus
The Tyrant's selfish power o'erthrew;
So, here, a new Thrasybulus
Our strength and freedom shall renew.

Nor W——'s pen, nor W——'s tongue,
Shall weary of the patriot strife;
And Coles's master mind and will
Shall war, unwearied, to the knife—

Till tyrant hypocrites o'erthrown,
And won, for Liberty, the fight,
Once more we shall, as Christian men,
In bonds of brotherhood unite.

Knaves prosper now; and, for a time,
Their pride and power will flush and grow;
But all, ev'n in their flush, shall die:
The canker's at the root below.

Then let the pharisaic clique
Their measure of iniquity
Fill to the brim, and vainly boast,
Inwrapped in false security.

Their deeds, their deeds, to them shall be
The doom of death upon the wall;
And, cup in hand, Belshazzar like,
When most exultant, they shall fall!

May 16th, 1863. PHILOS.

The Examiner.

Charlottetown, May 25th, 1863.

THE COL. SECRETARY'S SPEECH ON THE ORANGE BILL.

WE have published in this paper some portion of the debate on the Orange Bill, just as it made its appearance in print, with the characteristic slowness of the Reporter, Mr. Elder Laird. A further portion appears in the *Islander* of last Friday, of which we may make some use hereafter; but our present object is to call public attention to a few passages in a speech from Secretary Pope, published in a paper of which he is the well known editor, and which, on that account, must be regarded as authentic. The Speech was delivered on the second reading of the infamous Orange Society Bill. The Bill is, to all intents and purposes, a Government measure;—Pope was, and is, an officer of the Government—an officer who possesses, in fact, unusual powers as Chief Clerk of the Executive Council and Secretary for the Province. It is quite fair to assume, then, that in these capacities he echoes the sentiments of the Lieut. Governor and all the members of the Executive Council. And, therefore, we shall regard his speech as a state document, as an embodiment of the views of Governor Dundas, Messrs. Palmer, Gray & Co., rather than as an expression of opinion from an unpopular and unprincipled charlatan like W. H. Pope; and will attach some importance to it accordingly.

The Speech of the Secretary principally consists of a blasphemous attack on the Sacrament of Penance, on the antiquity and importance of which, as a part of Catholic faith, we shall not comment. Mr. Pope pretends to have read one or two Catholic theological works in Latin; and from distorted interpretations of some portions of these works, he impudently undertakes to pronounce an opinion that the Confessional *may* be made the scene of great immoralities between the priest and females who may have recourse to the sacrament. The Reporter has shrunk from the task of putting in print the blasphemous and filthy language attributed to Mr. Pope in his comments on the Confessional, and which he has not denied. In fact, if we must be somewhat plain, this dirty calumniator glories in having used a metaphor in which he likened the Confessional to a place where stud horses and brood mares are brought together.

"In the sense in which I used it, Sir," he says, "I would again use it, and strong as it is, it would come far short of adequately illustrating the horribly foul and disgusting matters which may legitimately (!!) form subjects of conversation between Priests and every woman who enters the confessional."

After pretending to read several passages from the theological works of Dens and Ligorio, the Secretary remarks:—

"The passages to which I have referred, and they are purity unsullied when compared with other passages contained in the works of Dens and Ligorio, prove most conclusively that in the Confessional women may be subjected to "demoniacal outrage."

Previously to making the quotations above referred to, the Secretary says:

"Sir, I wish it to be distinctly understood that I do not presume to say that the subjects to which I allude are in this country discussed in the Confessional. I only wish to convey the idea that they may be."

Now, this is a very extraordinary style of argument to be used for the support of an Orange Bill: "Dens says that certain questions *may* be discussed in the Confessional between the priest and the penitent. I don't say they *are* discussed: but they *may* be; and they *may* lead to "demoniacal outrage!" What, in the name of common sense, has Dens or the Confessional to do with passing an Orange Bill? The sacrament of penance does not interfere with Protestant interests in the slightest degree. Nobody wants the Orange Secretary to confess *his* innumerable sins; and if there are any passages in the work of Peter Dens that can be so distorted as to suggest impure thoughts to his mind, we certainly don't envy him the entertainment he may derive from them. But are there no other books from whose pages he might satisfy his craving for libidinous contemplations and reflections? We think he might turn over many of the pages of the Old Testament and find "scope and verge enough" for such reflections. Works on Physiology—"sure guides" for young practitioners in Medicine and Surgery—may also supply this want. The Old Testament and Doctors' books are far more readily obtained than Peter Dens' Theology, which one person in a million has never seen—which even few clergymen of the Catholic Church have seldom seen—without which the Sacrament of Penance was administered for hundreds of years before it was written—and which even Mr. Pope admits *may not* be discussed in the Confessional in this country. The Old Testament is accessible to every one. Would even the shameless Secretary like to read some chapters of it in the presence of females? Would Mr. Pope like to exhibit to his female acquaintances all the engravings in physiological works, and catechise them on some matters therein described? Yet we have never heard that the indispensable science of physiology should be held in abhorrence because some of the works which treat of it are not suitable for general perusal, and are calculated to suggest impure thoughts to impure minded readers. The Old Testament speaks of certain abominable sins in very plain language, by no means calculated to refine and elevate the sentiments of persons like Mr. Pope who may be in quest of such mental food as will feed lascivious desires; but no one, we think, will suggest that the Bible should be closed to indiscriminate perusal on that account.

In worrying his virtuous mind about the immoralities which *may* be practised in the Confessional—and there is no proof that anything of the kind has happened in that sacred place—did it never occur to the Orange Secretary that gross immoralities may, and have been practised at other places set apart for religious purposes by pious men—such as "Love Feasts," "Camp Meetings." "Revivals," &c., where "dear sisters in the Lord" are sometimes put through a course of evangelical training much more dangerous to their souls than anything that could be whispered in their ears from the pages of Peter Dens?

Mr. Pope, in his speech, reverts to the old story *regarding an endowment of St. Dunstan's College* by the present Government. He denies most positively that he ever advocated an endowment of the College on any other condition than that it should be divested of its denominational character. He says:—

"I have been accused of having offered the Romish Bishop, in Charlottetown, a grant to his College in return for political support. This is untrue. All I ever promised the Bishop, was to use my exertions to procure for his College a share of the School grant, provided such College should be conducted as is the Prince of Wales College—that is, should not be conducted as a sectarian institution."

The *Monitor*, of a late date, alluding to this subject, says:—

"At that time, Bishop McIntyre and his priests appointed Nicholas Conroy, Esq., M. P. P. their agent to complete the negotiations for the transfer of the Roman Catholic laity to the Conservative party."

Mr. Pope says it is "untrue" that there was any stipulation about political support. Who are we to believe? One contradicts the other. The fact is, that both the Orange Secretary and the *Monitor* are liars. Pope dared not have proposed any condition, such as he refers to, in his interviews with the Bishop on the subject of the College grant. He sought and obtained *many* interviews with his Lordship on that subject; and if he had *once* suggested such an absurd thing as to divest St. Dunstan's College of its denominational character for the sake of £300, or any sum of money which our paltry Government could afford, he would be politely bowed out of the Episcopal Residence without a moment's delay. It was not in the power of his Lordship to entertain the proposition of divesting the College of its denominational character. Mr. Pope knew this very well; and he knows that he wilfully and deliberately states an untruth, when he says that he proposed such a thing to the Bishop, at the time his Lordship began to listen to his deceitful overtures, for such a proposal would most certainly have promptly ended all interviews between the parties.—As for the other untruthful assertion by the *Monitor*, it was never in the power of any Bishop, or any individual, to transfer the Catholic laity *to the Conservative party*. The Catholic laity in this Island are, and have been always too firmly attached to Liberal principles to join the Tories, *for any consideration*, or under any influence. His Lordship the Bishop of Charlottetown respects his character and his high position too much ever to think of such an absurd and improbable thing; and, moreover, we believe and hope his Lordship has had, and still has, as little regard for the so-called "Conservative party" as any of the laity ever had.

There is only one more passage in the Orange Secretary's speech which we shall notice. It is the concluding sentence. Governor Dundas has read it, we have no doubt, and has approved of it highly. It is as follows:—

"In conclusion, Mr. Speaker, British Ministers may pander to Papists in Great Britain. I shall resist Popish ascendancy in this Colony, although I should stand alone."

Any person who knows the meaning of the word "pander" must admit that it is very opprobrious and offensive—particularly inapplicable to noblemen and gentlemen holding the high position of *the Queen's Imperial advisers*; and the use of it by the Colonial Secretary was a gross violation of etiquette and decorum. If it had been uttered by any member in the Opposition, it would have called forth a reprimand from the Speaker's chair. But we cannot be surprised at any thing which falls from the foul and disloyal lips of Orangemen. That fraternity grossly insulted the Queen's eldest son, and at one time intrigued to depose the Queen herself; they consider it, therefore, no doubt, a very small matter to traduce the Queen's Ministers in the foulest manner.

There is something intensely ludicrous in Pope's vaunt that he is ready to stand alone in resisting "Popish ascendancy." The Government of England, he thinks, favours such "ascendancy," and he is determined to fight the Government of England, if need be, single-handed. He is a wonderful fellow, indeed! But before going to the trouble of putting his revolver in his belt—for that is the only warlike instrument, we believe, of which he has learned the use—would it not be as well to enquire from what point we are to apprehend "Popish ascendancy" in this Colony? The Legislature, the Executive, and the various public employments, are entirely free from the influence of "Papists." Even when we had a Catholic Governor, and a thoroughly Liberal Administration, under which the Catholics, though not favoured, were not *proscribed*—the Catholics never sought for any influence, as Catholics. The cry about "ascendancy" is now, as it ever has been, the shibboleth of knaves, bigots, and political tricksters, raised to palliate their rascality, intolerance and dishonesty.

THE PRISON MINISTERS' BILL—CATHOLIC CHAPLAINS.

WE published in the last EXAMINER Lord Palmerston's Speech in the House of Commons *on the second reading of the* "Prison Ministers' Bill," under which Catholic clergymen will be employed and paid by the State to minister to the spiritual wants of Catholic prisoners in the jails of England and Scotland. The debate on that occasion appears to have been a very remarkable one—was characterised by great excitement—by an unusual display of bigotry on the part of the Spoonerites, and by an overwhelming manifestation of disgust on the part of the Commons at the folly and intolerance of the bigots. The following graphic description, taken from a London paper, of the manner in which the debate was conducted, will be interesting to our readers. At a Public Meeting in Charlottetown, a few weeks ago, Mr. Speaker Haviland undertook to lecture the audience, in very dictatorial terms, for having manifested some displeasure at sentiments which fell from one of the speakers. Mr. Haviland averred that unlimited freedom of speech was a privilege accorded in every British assembly. The little incident about Mr. Whalley and the Orange, described below, may be amusing to our great constitutional authority, if he should see it; but it will be apt to give him a bad opinion of the conduct of the House of Commons:—

Sir G. Grey's opening speech was sensible and statesmanlike. Mr. Gore Langton's, which followed on the opposite side, was temperate but somewhat confused. Then came Mr. Henley, grave, yet not without a dash of playfulness, and eminently clear, straightforward, and practical. Lord E. Howard spoke with evident sincerity and heartiness, and much to the point. His facts were all-important; but would have told better if names and places had been added. He was a little long, but the expressions of impatience which arose were instantly crushed by a storm of more respectful cries, the result of those feelings towards his high character and hereditary claims—which Mr. Disraeli afterwards so eloquently described. One or two small speeches followed, especially one from a very young gentleman, who did not seem to have mastered his subject. Then came Disraeli, the orator of the debate: for the rest were but gentlemanly talkers. He rose amid some manifestations of impatience, which his solemn manner and facile eloquence speedily hushed. The finishing stroke to our success was put by the light-hearted Premier who, with characteristic tact, infused into his argument in favour of the bill, a due amount of anti-Catholic pleasantry. It was evident, both from the appearance of the house, and from the tone of the debate, that the Government wished well to the measure; but the strong point in our favour was in the union of parties, as indicated by the speeches of the two opposite leaders. Col. Wilson Patten, himself a magistrate, spoke for us, and threw into the scale the weight of his influence as representative of one of the most important districts in the Kingdom.

But now came the most curious feature of the evening. Mr. Newdegate, unappalled by loud cries of "divide, divide," rose to vindicate his Protestantism. With ponderous solemnity, as if addressing a congregation rather than the assembled Commons, he enunciated the well-known common places of his party. The house grew more and more impatient, but did not altogether refuse to listen to him. It is impossible not to think him sincere, and sincerity is always respectable. But what shall I now say of his successor in the debate, Mr. Whalley? I have no doubt he is sincere too; but, anyhow, the house would not endure him. Such a storm of shouts as followed his successive attempts to gain a hearing, words must fail to describe. The noise resembled the surges of the ocean, whose roar is only lulled to be renewed. The unfortunate speaker could never advance beyond the first half of a sentence. The tide receded just so far as to let the head of his sentence show itself, and then swept the body away with its resistless fury. In vain did he exhibit his heroic indifference by drawing from his pocket an orange and applying it to his lips; worse than in vain did he produce a paper—for this was but a signal for louder cries, mingled with provoking invitations to "sing." The baffled reporters in the gallery folded their arms in hopeless indolence, and the speech which was to crush the Pope, is still an unaccomplished fact.

The debate was altogether very satisfactory. The points of our cause were, I think, all brought out, and the usual objections well treated. Our own members judged wisely in not meddling with so very "pretty a quarrel," and in leaving the matter in the hands of those whose advocacy was free from all suspicion of undue bias. The importance of the measure was greatly overrated by its opponents, but as an act of tardy justice, we may rejoice on this augury of its success, and feel gratified by the liberality evinced on both sides of the house.

We copy from the London *Times* the following article in reference to the Bill above referred to. It is pleasant to read in the leading journal of the world sentiments so just and tolerant as this article contains. We are at a loss to imagine what course the Orange bigots of this Island will adopt in view of the Christian and charitable spirit towards Catholics, which now happily presides over the Councils of our Sovereign, and illustrates the deliberations of Parliament. Will some adventurous Orangeman propose a scheme for crushing the *Times*—deposing Lord Palmerston, Sir George Grey, the Duke of Newcastle, and the rest of the Cabinet—for reconstructing the House of Commons, and reinforcing the number of the stupid and fanatical followers of Whalley and Newdegate? It must be a painful reflection to the Orange Spoonerites of this Island that their anti-Christian, disloyal, and uncharitable principles are not likely to find much favour on the other side of the Atlantic:—

There is a class of sayings in all mother tongues to the effect that the worse leads and the better follows. In the mixed teams one sees abroad, while the shaft horse is a colossus, the leader is a mule or an ass. Accordingly, those terrible questions under which acute politicians see "the point of the wedge," or the "snake in the grass," usually relate to the unfortunate, the neglected, and the criminal. The point of the wedge showed itself last night, happily not yet at the very heart and core of the old British oak, but in some of its sap and rotten wood. "The Prison Minister's Bill" is a proposition to appoint and pay Chaplains for other than Church of England prisoners when they are sufficiently numerous, and after a severe debate it went through its second reading with no very triumphant majority. Besides pairs, 152 Liberals and Roman Catholics thought it their duty to support Sir G. Grey, and a compact phalanx of 122 ultra Protestants voted against the bill. The majority is probably sufficient to carry the bill through the Lords, but the division is close enough to show how little real zeal there is for consistency or fairness, even for the improvement of criminals, when the least glimpse of a great horror has once occupied the soul. In the abstract, and in the simple and natural view of the case, the 3,000 Roman Catholics in our prisons and the 1,500 in our convict establishments require spiritual care quite as much as their Protestant fellow criminals, and are too considerable a body to be passed over. We are bound to do for the Roman Catholics just what we do for the Protestants, not leaving it to their choice whether they will receive Pastoral visits or not, but sending the Chaplain to them, and leaving upon their own heads the responsibility of rejecting him. So long as we confine our attention to the poor wretch absolutely in our grasp, and shut up body and soul from all other influences, we cannot dispute that we must get at his conscience as best we may. Every consideration of humanity and religion brings us to this point. We pride ourselves on the care we take of the prisoner. We keep him warm, sweet, and dry; we sustain his spirits with plenty of wholesome food; we give him moderate work to exercise and amuse him; we cheer him with the hope of release before his time, and flatter ourselves that we send him out a wiser, and better, and stronger, and happier man. We then compare our prisons with those which Howard visited, and which the old Bourbons kept up wherever they reigned. The real difference is that our prisons sustain life, and those prisons were only the plausible means of a more cruel death than that of the scaffold. But we cannot do all this without going a step further. As we take the body under our care, so have we taken the soul—the soul of the Papist as well as the soul of the Protestant. This duty, too, we must discharge on our own established and now national principles of religious toleration and equality.

It is the fact of our having the entire charge of these poor creatures that leaves us really little choice in this question. No doubt that charge is troublesome and disagreeable. It is much easier and cheaper to shoot, to hang, or to starve criminals, or to let them rot and forget them. Not only is it easier, but in some places you must either destroy the class, or be destroyed by them. We, on the contrary, are undoubted masters, and can do what we please with the criminal, only at a rather inconvenient cost and trouble. Such responsibility cannot be discharged without doing all we can for the souls whose ill-conditioned state has brought them to this pass. The very utmost that could be said in reply to these plain considerations last night was that prisoners might have the Priest if they wished. This is as much as to say that the responsibility of spiritual correction and improvement rests on the prisoner, not on the authority which has put him in prison. Yet we do not leave Protestant prisoners to choose for themselves. We send them the Chaplain whether they wish it or no. Soldiers are under our care, and, accordingly, we give them Roman Catholic and Presbyterian as well as Church of England Chaplains. Being free, they can demand Chaplains of their own persuasion. The only reason upon which we could refuse to prisoners what we grant to soldiers, is that they are not free, and are, therefore, at our mercy. But that is a plea which the nation cannot entertain for a day. We must do our best with these poor creatures. Nobody pretends that they are best left alone, or that the Church of England Chaplain will have much chance with them, or that it is even fair to give him either the monopoly of access, or the practical advantage arising from being the authorised and paid official. As a general rule, nothing is well done that is not paid for. The most zealous Priest will flag before long if his services are not acknowledged as services usually are. He may be glad to see this prisoner or that, if he can take his choice; but he will not undertake all the Roman Catholics in a prison, with all the variations of character and condition certain to be found in it. So, if the work is to be really done, it must not be left to an unpaid amateur, doing what he pleases because he pleases to do it.

But is not this the point of the wedge, and are not further concessions certain to follow? So thought 122 gentlemen last night, and a good many more, counting the pairs. It must be admitted that one thing leads to another, and as this measure