

# The Examiner.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF POLITICS, LITERATURE AND NEWS.

EDWARD WHELAN]

This is true Liberty, when Free-born Men, having to advise the Public, may speak free.—EURIPIDES.

[EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

Vol. VIII.

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, MONDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1859.

No. 33.

## CHEBUCTO WAREHOUSE.

THIS subscriber has, in connection with his business in Halifax, opened a WHOLESALE WAREHOUSE and GENERAL COMMISSION AGENCY, Head of Queen's Wharf, and next door to J. & T. MORRIS. Advances made on consignments. Produce, Fish, &c., forwarded. Insurance effected, &c.

### Just received per "Ocean Bride,"

100 barrels extra-Southern FLOUR,  
100 do Canada do  
50 do fresh-ground CORNMEAL,  
50 boxes RAISINS, 10 chests TEA,  
20 do Pipes, 10 boxes Havana Cigars,  
250 gallons BRANDY, 10 boxes Cavendish TOBACCO,  
10 boxes Cavendish TOBACCO,  
10 boxes Cavendish TOBACCO,  
10 boxes Cavendish TOBACCO,  
10 pieces SATINETTE (consignment),  
Patent and common Windlass Gear,  
50 barrels prime Labrador HERRINGS,  
6 do Pilot BREAD.

For sale cheap by P. W. HYNDMAN.  
Charlottetown, Nov. 22, 1858.

## NEW STORE!

### British Warehouse Queen's Square.

THIS subscriber, having re-commenced business in the premises formerly occupied by Mr. JARVIS McLEAN, takes the earliest opportunity to inform his friends and the public generally, that he has just received per ship *Isabel*, from Liverpool, his FALL SUPPLY of

### BRITISH DRY GOODS,

suited to the season.  
—ALSO—  
72 Chests TEA,  
60 Half chests do.,  
100 Boxes SOAP,  
10 Bags RICE,  
Porto Rico and Crushed SUGAR,  
Currants, Raisins, Pickles,  
And superior Salad Oil,  
which will be sold at the lowest prices for Cash.

WILLIAM BROWN.

Charlottetown, October 21, 1858.

## Carpeting & Rugs.

FOR SALE at cost and charges at the Subscriber's Room, Queen's Square—

A large assortment of Carpeting in WOOL and HEMP.  
—ALSO—  
A quantity of Handsome HERRING RUGS,  
Persons in want will find it to their advantage to call and purchase.  
WILLIAM DODD, Auctioneer.  
Charlottetown, December 20.

## Chebucto Warehouse.

JUST RECEIVED, per schr. "ROMP"—  
2 bbls. strictly prime Porto Rico SUGAR,  
3 puns. Porto Rico MOLASSES. For sale by  
Nov. 22, 1858. P. W. HYNDMAN.

## CITY GROCERY.

### NORTH SIDE OF QUEEN-SQUARE.

Fall, 1858.

JUST RECEIVED per "Victoria" from HALIFAX, and for sale by the subscriber:—

Hubs Sugar	Ten in variety	Blacking
Puns b't Molasses	Superior Coffee	Tobacco
Jamaica Rum	Biscuit in variety	Cigars
strong Spirits	Annapolis Cheese	Digby Herrings
Hubs Holland Gin	Raisins	Rice
best Cognac Brandy	Currants	Crushed Sugar
Scotch Whiskey	Dye-stuffs	Sweet Oil
P.E.I. Malt do	Peanes	Pale Seal Oil
Common Whiskey	Earthen Jars	Salad Oil
Symond's best Port	Pickles	Spices
Wine	Sauces	Soap
Sherry Wines	Table Salt	Candles
Madeira do	Nuts	Washing Powders
Champagne	Shelled Almonds	Baking do
Edinburgh Ale	Confectionary	Patent Medicines
Pale Ale	Burning Fluid	
London Porter	Brushes	

And a great variety of other small and useful articles too numerous to mention. Cash paid for good clean Timothy Seed.  
HUGH FRASER.

November 29, 1858.

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## NEW AND IMPROVED NOVA SCOTIA

### COOKING AND OTHER STOVES.

JUST ARRIVED, an assortment of New and Improved strong and substantial COOKING and other STOVES, warranted Nova Scotia castings—and not Yankee—with large Metal Bases, to suit Farmers, and made to save wood and time, so valuable at all seasons. Will be sold at the manufacturer's prices this season, in order to establish the quality and advantages of these Valuable Stoves—these being among the first importations to this Island. Can now be seen in operation at the Store of the Agent for this Island, at Orwell, Orwell, December 13. PATRICK STEPHENS.

## MOLASSES, SUGAR, TEA, &c.

THE SUBSCRIBER OFFERS FOR SALE at small advance on cost—  
18 Puncheons choice Porto Rico MOLASSES,  
2 Hubs do do SUGAR,  
2 do Holland's GENEVA,  
20 Chests Congou TEA,  
30 Boxes Liverpool SOAP,  
2 Cases MATCHES,  
Also—A lot of Carpeting and Hearth Rugs, very cheap.

WILLIAM DODD.

Queen Square, January 10, 1859.

## ARCHIBALD WHITE,

Blacksmith, Machinist, &c.

RETURNS thanks to the Inhabitants of Charlottetown and the Island generally for the liberal custom he has received for the last six years, and begs to acquaint them that he has removed his Workshop to King's Square, opposite the Store of Messrs. BEER & SON, where he respectfully solicits a continuance of their patronage.

He is prepared to execute—on liberal terms and at the shortest notice—

Forging and Turning for Machinery of all descriptions. CAST-STEEL AXES WARRANTED OF THE BEST QUALITY; Carriage, Sleigh and Ship Work always on Hand. Charlottetown, Nov. 29, 1858. 3m

MESSRS. STANFIELD & LORD beg to inform the Farmers of Prince Edward Island, that after this date their NEW MILL at TRYON will be ready for Dyeing, Fulling and Dressing Cloth, having spared no expense in fitting up. The services of Mr. Lippincott, of Picton, being secured as manager, they guarantee to finish work in the best possible manner, on the usual terms.

Mr. H. CALDWELL, of Sydney Street, Charlottetown, will receive Cloth, and attend to its being forwarded with despatch. Tryon, July 27. 1f

## Poetry.

### THE POWER OF THE DEAD.

BY MARY ANNE BROWNE.

Say not their power is o'er,  
Although their lips be mute, their limbs be still;  
With might, unknown before,  
Those silent forms the living heart may thrill.

Who stands beside the bed,  
Where rests the icy corpse within its shroud,  
Nor feels a secret dread,  
With which its soul ne'er to the living bow'd?

The lowliest son of earth,  
The veriest babe that death hath smitten down,  
Hath to a realm gone forth,  
To those who gaze upon them all unknown.

An awful mystery, sealed  
From their sad eyes that weep beside their bier,  
To them have been revealed,  
To their unprisoned souls made plain and clear.

They are the constant sign  
Of God's great truth—the dead, both great and small,  
Confirm his word divine,  
That all have sinned, and death hath passed on all.

They are the seed from whence  
The harvest of the Lord shall fill the earth,  
When his omnipotence  
Shall bring the myriads from her bosom forth.

Say not their power is o'er;  
Even when mingling in the lowly dust  
For them our spirits pour  
An offering forth, in holy hope and trust.

Where is the place of graves  
We deem not hallowed? There is sanctity  
In every wind that waves  
Its grasses tall, or stirs its willow-tree.

Where'er some lonely mound  
Tells of the spot where mortal relics rest,  
At once that spot of ground  
Our hearts with unseen holiness invest.

Say not they have no power!  
Perhaps they were our enemies in life,  
But now hath come an hour  
When endeth all the tumult and the strife.

Another mightier hand  
Hath still'd the opposer—anger now may cease;  
Who can the truth withstand,  
That with the dead our hearts should be at peace?

And for the loved and lost,  
Their memories move us as naught else may move;  
When wildly tempest-tost  
They to the soul as guiding stars may prove.

And many a gentle word  
Of precious counsels, all too long despised,  
By memory may be stirr'd,  
Now to be thought upon, and weigh'd and prized.

And when the wayward heart  
Doubts how it shall some dark temptation shun;  
They may decide its part—  
"So will they do, for so would they have done."

Say not they are no more,  
Those who the heart with reverence thus can fill;  
Say not their power is o'er,  
When thus its traces are around us still!

### A MIDNIGHT ADVENTURE.

Females often possess presence of mind and power of self-control under circumstances of imminent peril, which almost seem foreign to their nature, and beyond the endurance of a delicate physical organization. A striking instance of self-command, by a lady whose fears must have been powerfully excited, and whose life of affliction had probably never before given her nerves any severer test than is incident to the vexations of domestic cares, is given in *Chambers's Journal* of last month. We copy the adventure, premising by way of explanation, that the lady was the daughter of a rector residing in a quiet English country village, and was upon the eve of marriage:—

The wedding-day was to be on the morrow of that on which our adventure happened. Grand preparations were made for the wedding; and the rector's fine old plate, and the costly gifts of the bride, were discussed with pride and pleasure at the Hare and Hounds, in the presence of some strangers who had come down to a prize-fight, which had just taken place in the neighbourhood.

That night Adelaide, who occupied a separate room from her sister, sat up late—long after the household had retired to rest. She had had a long interview with her father, and had been reading a chapter to which he had directed her attention, and since had pecked up her jewels, &c. She was consequently still dressed when the church clock tolled midnight. As it ceased, she fancied she heard a low noise like that of a file; she listened, but could distinguish nothing clearly. It might have been made by some of the servants still about, or perhaps it was only the creaking of the old trees. She heard nothing but the sighing of the winter winds for many minutes afterwards. House-breakers were mere myths in primitive Thyndon, and the bride elect, without a thought of fear, resumed her occupation. She sat gazing on a glittering set of diamonds, destined to be worn at the wedding, when her bedroom door softly opened. She turned, looked up, and beheld a man with a black mask, holding a pistol in his hand, standing before her.

She did not scream, for her first thought was for her father, who slept in the next room, and to whom any sudden alarm might be death, for he was old, feeble, and suffering from heart complaint. She confronted the robber boldly, and addressed him in a whisper—"You are come," said she, "to rob us. Spare your soul the awful guilt of murder. My father sleeps next to my room, and to be startled from his sleep would kill him. Make no noise, I beg of you."

The fellow was astonished and cowed. "We won't make no noise," he replied, sullenly, "If you give us everything quietly."

Adelaide drew back and let him take her jewels—not without pang, for they were precious love-gifts, remarking at the same time, that two more masked ruffians stood at the

half-opened door. As he took the jewel-case and watch from the table, and demanded her purse, she asked him if he intended to go in her father's room. She received a surly affirmative: "He wasn't going to run a risk and leave half the tin behind!" She proposed instantly that she should go herself, saying: "I will bring you whatever you wish, and you may guard me thither, and kill me if I play false to you." The fellow consulted his comrades, and after a short parley, they agreed to the proposal; and with a pistol pointed at her head, the dauntless girl crossed the passage and entered the old rector's room. Very gently she stole across the chamber and removing his purse, watch, keys, and desk, gave them up to the robbers who stood at the door. The old man slept peacefully and calmly; thus guarded by his child, who softly shut the door, and demanded if the robbers were yet satisfied.

The leader replied that they should be when they had got the show of plate spread out below, but that they couldn't let her out of sight, and that she must go with them. In compliance with this mandate, she followed them down stairs to the dining-room, where a splendid wedding breakfast had been laid out to save trouble and hurry on the morrow. To her surprise the fellows—eight in number when assembled, seated themselves and prepared to make a good meal. They ordered her to get them out wine, and to cut her own wedding cake for them; and then seated at the head of the table, she was compelled to preside at this extraordinary revel.

They ate, drank, laughed, and joked; and Adelaide, quick of ear and eye, had thus time to study, in her quiet way, the figures and voices of the whole set.

When the repast was ended, and the plate transferred to a sack, they prepared to depart, whispering together, and glancing at the young lady. For the first time Adelaide's courage gave way, and she trembled; but it was not a consultation against her, as it proved. The leader, approaching her, told her that they did not wish to harm—that she was "a jolly wench, reg'lar game," and they wouldn't hurt her, but that she must swear not to give an alarm till nine or ten the next day, when they would be off all safe. To this she was of course obliged to assent, and then they all insisted on shaking hands with her. She noticed during this ceremony, that one of the ruffians had only three fingers on the left hand.

Alone, in the despoiled room, Adelaide, faint and exhausted, awaited the first gleam of daylight; then, as the robbers did not return, she stole up to her room, undressed and fell into a disturbed slumber.

The consternation of the family next morning may be imagined; and Adelaide's story was still more astounding than the fact of the robbery itself. Police were sent for from London, and they, guided by Adelaide's lucid description of her midnight guests, actually succeeded in capturing every one of the gang, whom the young lady had no difficulty in identifying, and swearing to, the "three fingered Jack" being the guiding clue to the discovery. The stolen property was nearly all recovered, and the old rector always declared, and with truth, that he owed his life to the self-possession and judgment of his eldest daughter.

The only ill effect of the great trial to her nerves, was a disposition, on the part of the young heroine, to listen for midnight sounds, and start uneasily from troubled dreams; but time and change of residence soon effected its cure.

INDICATIONS AND TREATMENT.—A. M. Feuillel was travelling in a steamboat at a time when an explosion took place. M. F. was transfixed by an iron spit seven feet long. The spit went in at the abdomen and passed out at the back, so that there was three feet of the spit in front and three feet of the spit behind. M. F. was conveyed to the nearest hotel. His position demanded all the resources of art. A surgeon was accordingly sent for, who on arriving felt the patient's pulse, and asked him where he was suffering. "In the abdomen," replied the wounded man. "Indeed! How did it happen to you?" The patient thereupon detailed the sad incident of his being transfixed. The surgeon shook his head, and resumed: "Are they subject to this incident, sir, in your family?" "No," replied the patient, "not that I know. My father and mother are very old, and have never been spitted. So with regard to my brothers and sisters, and my uncles and aunts." "Very well, sir. I required that information in order to give a correct prognosis. You experience, I suppose, considerable difficulty in lying on your back?" "Yes, sir; it is indeed impossible." "It is not any easier for you to lie on your stomach?" "I experience precisely the same difficulty." "It must, therefore, be much easier for you to lie on your side?" "That is the only position I can lie in." "That will suffice, sir. It only remains to determine upon the treatment. Here the indications are very precise: either we can leave the spit, but then you will most likely die of inflammation; or we can extract it, but then it is not probable that you will survive the operation. Science, sir, has its limits; your fate is in your own hands; you must decide for either one treatment or the other."—*The Wits of Paris*; *Bentley's Miscellany*.

THE ITALIAN MYTH.—There exists in the popular mind a floating myth of a handsome, whiskered Italian who sings charmingly, plays on the guitar, and has done nothing else from time immemorial. "Art," we are told, "has all along been Italy's morbid and self-deceiving substitute for virtue and industry," which means that Italy became a great commercial nation, carried on vast trade, and amassed immense wealth, by writing sonnets and painting pictures. This does not seem very likely, and it is not requisite to refer to history in order to know that Italy took the usual means to make money; she worked hard for it, and made art as much a substitute for industry as England and America do just now. She was indeed singular in this; that great in commerce, she was also great in every art and science; and the fertility of her genius cannot detract from the gravity of her history; her arts were the reward of her toil and the fruit of her luxury. The Sonnets of Petrarch, the "Commedia" of Dante, the "Gerusalemme" of Tasso, no more acted as substitutes for industry in Italy than the dreams of Shakespeare and Milton's "Paradise Lost" in England. The merchant sent for his ships, or counted his gold in his marble palace, and the poet sang in the valley of Vaucuse, in the exile of Ravenna, or in the dungeon of Ferrara; but what had one to do with the other, save that commerce thrived best, and that poetry was sweetest, when the country was prosperous and free.

To make a pair of large and handsome Cashmere shawls requires the labor of 12 or fourteen men for half a year. The late Runjeet Singh, the chief of Lahore, gave five thousand rupees for a pair of those shawls, the patterns of which represented his victories. The animals from which the material is obtained are covered by nature with two kinds of coat for clothing; the one fine, curly, generally grey, and impart to the skin a down more or less thick, as if to guard it against cold and damp; the other coarse, lank and giving a general color to the animal; and as it is only the inner and fine coating which is used for the fine shawls, the quantity produced is limited, and therefore higher priced.

## THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

From the London Times, Jan. 13.

\*\*\* The standing policy of the United States is presumed to be enshrined in the principles of James Monroe, who, from 1817 to 1825 was President of the great Transatlantic Confederacy. The "Monroe doctrine" forms a staple of American Diplomacy, and is produced on all fitting occasions as a solemn text for the summary determination of argument. For all this, we doubt very much whether one person in a thousand knows what the Monroe Doctrine means, and this lack of information indeed is perfectly natural, for the Doctrine says one thing and means another. \*\*\* In the mouth of Young America the "Monroe Doctrine" implies that no European Power has any real business on the American Continent, or at any rate on its northern portion. The sufferance extended by Mr. Monroe to existing institutions is by them applied to existing interests. They abstain from any proposal of actual ejection, but they look upon "America" as pertaining to "Americans," invest themselves with a reversionary interest in all the States, to be realized sooner or later by "manifest destiny," and protest with the utmost vehemence against any act calculated to extend, enforce, or confirm the interest still retained by other Powers. Such as exist may be allowed to die out without violent extinction, but nothing must be done to invigorate or renew them, and nothing suffered which may resemble an admission that any European Government has any title to interfere with affairs on the other side of the Atlantic. For this new doctrine it is plain, from what we have said, that President Monroe's authority cannot truly be pleaded, and the extravagance of its pretensions, all authority apart, is certainly considerable. What is North America, and how is it divided? The area of that enormous continent embraces about 8,000,000 square miles. Of that territory we are the actual and lawful possessors of more than a third. The dominions of the British Government cover about three millions of square miles: those of the United States about the same, or a little more. Of the rest Russia has about half a million, Denmark rather less, and France just a footing on some fiery islands. Deducting the occupied lands of the Arctic Regions, we find more than one-half of all North America in the possession and occupation of European States—a possession uncontroverted in its legality, and traceable, in fact, to exactly the same title as that of the Americans themselves. With what justice, then, can it be pretended, in the face of such notorious facts, that American matters are beyond the sphere of our legitimate interference? Does the ownership of a Province like Canada carry with it no interest in the affairs of the North American Continent? If the Americans have a California, have not "we a British Columbia? We say nothing of British Honduras, British Islands in the Gulf, or British Guiana on the Southern Main. We take North America alone as usually understood, and, as almost half its territories are our undisputed property, it is surely a somewhat arbitrary doctrine which would exclude us from its politics as an alien or intruding Power. We are, however, perfectly aware of what might be alleged on behalf of American pretensions. We know that the citizens of the Union represent nearly five-sixths of all Americans, though they may not hold five-sixths of all America. We know that the population of one of their great cities exceeds that of the Hudson's Bay territories altogether. We know that they have raised their State to an equality with the greatest Powers of the Old World, and we do not quarrel with the "destiny" which may be predicted as the natural sequel of such astonishing progress. But it is rather too much to say that we, with half North America in our lawful possession, must abstain from meddling in North American affairs, and it is a still stranger measure to found such a doctrine on the simple principles of political fraternity propounded by President Monroe. What Mr. Monroe said was, that the political system of the then Allied Powers—such a system, in fact, as we now see illustrated in Italy,—should never be extended to the American Continent if the United States could prevent it. To that doctrine England assented at the time, and would give her hearty support now; but such a policy contains nothing to deprive us of a voice in affairs where our interest might be almost as great as those of the Union itself. Happily both would be identical wherever they were rightly understood.

THE ST. LAWRENCE AND THE CANALS OF CANADA.—The enormous increase of wealth and population, having its basis on the ample resources and natural richness of the fertile region of the St. Lawrence and the great American lakes, evinces a rapidity and steadiness of growth in every department of material prosperity belonging to no other country of the same extent in the world. The trade of the Western lakes, which in 1841 was valued at £13,000,000, in 1851 had risen to £60,000,000, and in 1856 was valued at £122,000,000, exclusive of the cost of vessels and profits of the passenger trade. The surplus waters of these lakes are all tributary to the River of St. Lawrence. Canada possesses this great natural highway between the interior of the American Continent and the Atlantic, and holds the ocean key to lakes and rivers on which is carried a commerce amounting already to the enormous aggregate sum of £130,000,000. From the earliest settlement of Upper Canada in 1790 until the opening of the Erie Canal, almost every article consumed or produced, as far to the eastward as Utica, was conveyed to and from the ocean by the natural outlet of the St. Lawrence. In 1825 the Erie Canal, connecting Lake Erie with the Hudson River, was constructed by the Americans, and the entire trade of the West was diverted to New York. An early movement was made in Canada to regain this trade, but many years elapsed before the Welland Canal, connecting Lake Erie and Ontario, was opened. But its traffic has continued to increase from year to year, until it has far outstripped that of the Erie Canal. The Canadian Government has up to this time completed five canals, with a uniform depth of 10 feet, and locks 200 by 45 feet. By means of these internal improvements a vessel drawing ten feet can be taken from Fond du Lac, on Lake Superior, to the Gulf of St. Lawrence—a distance of nearly 2200 miles. The principal American Lake cities that supply this great canal commerce have risen from 42,000 population in 1840 to 170,000 in 1850, and 350,000 at the present time. The commerce of the United States is necessarily tributary to the Welland Canal, which is one of the finest hydraulic works ever undertaken. The Rideau Canal, which has its mouth at Kingston, unites Ontario, and consequently the St. Lawrence, to Ottawa. In going down, the largest steam-boats boldly shoot the rapids; but the dangerous channel does not require to be taken by the merchant vessels, for which the canals suit well enough for descending as well as going up. The Canadian canals have placed the inexhaustible resources of the West within the reach of the Montreal traders, and they are nearer to the lakes, and can carry between them and tide-water cheaper and quicker than any other city in America.—*Shipping and Mercantile Gazette*.