

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.

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MOON'S PHASES.—SEPTEMBER, 1856.
First Quarter 7th day, 11h. 18m. morning. E.
Full Moon 14th day, 9h. 29m. morning. N.W.
Last Quarter 21st day, 1h. 9m. morning. E.
New Moon 28th day, 11h. 9m. evening. N.

Literature.

THE FLOWERS' PETITION.

We flowers and shrubs in cities pent,
From fields and country places rent,
(Without our own or friends' consent),
In desperate condition,
Yet on no wilful outrage bent,
Do humbly here petition.

Whereas, against our silent wills;
With loss of sun and purring rills,
Cooped up in pots, on window sills;
In rickety old boxes,
The city's breath our beauty kills,
And makes us gray as foxes.

Condemned in walks of brick and lime,
In narrow beds of clay and slime,
To open our buds and shed our prime—
We need some kind defender;
We pray, oh, let us live our time!
As we are very tender.

Oh, cheat us not of Heaven's dews,
Nor air (however stale) refuse;
God knows 'tis little we can use,
So choked are all our vitals;
Nor slightest care will we abuse,
Nor fail in fond requests.

We'll breathe our delicate perfumes;
We'll glad your eyes with choicest blooms;
But do not shut us up in rooms,
Or stifling, crowded places—
The sky in clouds and light assumes
To us far lovelier faces.

Our sooty and bedraggled fate,
(Our evergreens turn chocolate),
Do we ascribe to spite or hate?
No! we are sure you love us;
Yet, half ashamed, we beg to state
We love the sun above us.

Then treat us in your gentle ways,
And next unto the sun's own rays,
With beauty's homage, incense praise,
We ever will adore you,
And to the ending of our days
In grateful silence bless you.

—Household Words.

NEW WORKS.

From the Crimean Expedition. By BARON DE BAZANCOURT.

BATTLE OF THE ALMA.

Placed upon a hill the marshal sees the whole of the movements of his army; he follows with his eye his valiant troops, dispersed upon different points, and climbing under a murderous fire, the acclivities of the Alma. Oh! my brave soldiers! cried he often. Worthy sons of Austerlitz and Friedland! He wishes to be everywhere at once; for danger is everywhere. He is no longer the sick man exhausted by his suffering. The noise of battle has revived his strength; his look flies with his thought. He hears Bosquet's cannon; he sees the 3rd Division climbing the last acclivities; he sees the battalion of the 1st crowning the heights, and marching through a torrent of grape; but he also sees, advancing against them, formidable masses; and all around him, bullets bound and shells burst. He foresees, he divines, that it is upon this point, attacked simultaneously by those two Divisions, that the heat of the battle must now be concentrated; that it is there that the Russians will fight with desperation. He sends orders to General Forey (who placed at first on the right of Prince Napoleon's Division, to connect it with the right of the English, had proceeded under fresh orders, with his Division of reserve, towards General Bosquet),—to despatch one of his Brigades to General Canrobert, and to proceed himself, with the other, to the extreme right. The General rapidly traversed, with General de Lourmel's Brigade, the village of Almatamak, and crossed the river; while d'Aurelle's Brigade puts itself in motion, to rejoin the 1st Division. This latter Brigade passes before the little Mamelon, upon which the Commander-in-Chief is placed, surrounded by all his staff. Directly the marshal perceives General d'Aurelle, he cries aloud: General, go and place yourself, without loss of an instant, at the disposition of Canrobert, who has so much to do up there! I count upon you, d'Aurelle! The latter, for answer, waves his kepi in the air, shouts Vive l'Empereur! and dashes forward in the direction which is indicated to him.

CAPTURE OF MENSCHIKOFF'S CARRIAGE.

No one could describe the irresistible dash of the troops, during this memorable day, or that warlike ardour which boiled in the veins of the soldiers and officers. What heroic traits, what sublime deaths, have remained obscure and unrecorded! During the battle, when the marshal galloped from one point to another, the wounded, as he passed, half rising and seeking to draw themselves towards him,—while waving in the air their mutilated arms, cried: We have them, marshal! we have them! The enthusiasm of battle blended with the enthusiasm of victory. It was the first time that the cannon of France had thundered in this war. The enemy, astounded, retreated without endeavouring to interrupt our march, and without even defending those other passes, which have been made to cost us much blood. The distinctive genius of the French and English nations, and the individual character of each people, were strikingly manifested on this occasion. While our soldiers and our artillery dashed forward, borne on by an irresistible impulse, surmounting all obstacles, and climbing with desperate activity the steepest precipices; our allies in admirable line-of-battle, marched with their usual step, extinguishing the fire of the formidable position which they had to carry, with slackening or accelerating their march, and facing every difficulty in front rather than seeking to attack in flank. An heroic error, which inscribes glorious names upon the page of history, but inscribes them upon the records of the dead. A little episode, of which much has been said, terminated the battle. It was the capture of the carriage of Prince Menschikoff. The Russian army was in retreat; the

horse-batteries of the reserve had gone to the front to oppose the charges of cavalry, which were apprehended on the part of the Russians, and by which, no doubt, they would seek to cover their retrograde movement. The Commandant de la Bousiniere was in *en batterie* in this position, when he saw a carriage drawn by three horses abreast, come into view, at about 600 yards distance. This carriage was coming in a straight line, and at the utmost speed of its horses. Directly the persons who accompanied it recognised the French artillery, they endeavoured to alter their course; but the Commandant pursued them instantly with twenty artillerymen, thinking they might be bringing a courier from Sebastopol, and overtook the carriage, when it was not more than 100 yards from the Russian squadrons; from whom a rising ground had at first hidden the various incidents of this scene.

If, says the baron, the English cavalry, commanded by Lucan, had become bewildered in the marshes of the Alma, they would have been of immense service at the close of the battle; and in his journal, St. Arnaud remarks:—If I had more cavalry, Prince Menschikoff would no longer have an army; but —. The remainder of the sentence is not published; but we do not think, if known, it would prove very complimentary to Lord Lucan. The allies march on Sebastopol, and the baron thus describes the sufferings of

THE DYING MARSHAL.

This long and wearisome day had cruelly fatigued the marshal, and he had suffered from more violent attacks of cholera. Doctor Cabrol, whose devotion never slackened for a single day or a single hour, still struggled against this terrible disease with energy and pertinacity. The marshal exerted himself beyond his strength, in order to keep himself informed concerning the army, of which he was the chief; to occupy himself with its well-being, to give orders and anticipate the chances of a perilous situation; but the disease subdued the energy of even his will, and his ideas were extinguished in their conception, and his words upon his lips. During the night the exhaustion of his forces became such, that Dr. Cabrol expressed the greatest anxiety to Colonel Trochu, the private secretary and first aide-de-camp of the marshal. There was now a sad task for the colonel to fulfil; one of those painful and difficult missions, for the accomplishment of which, strength is found only in the consciousness of duty. It was still night, when the colonel entered the tent of the marshal. To the excessive weakness, there had succeeded a sort of nervous excitement. His heavy eyelids were raised occasionally, revealing a glance in which shone only a feverish light. Death had already stamped its fatal impression upon that bold visage, the paleness of which had now become fearful. Monsieur le marechal, said the colonel, abruptly, and making a violent effort of self-command, Doctor Cabrol has made himself master of your disease, and you will conquer this as you have conquered other things; but you suffer too much, marshal, to continue to occupy yourself with the innumerable details of your command. This constant anxiety is painful to you; and the moment has arrived (a sad moment, but one of imperious necessity) when you must, in order to obtain that repose which is so necessary for you, remove all anxiety from your mind. The marshal gazed steadfastly upon the colonel. Yes, said he, a moment afterwards; I understand you. Send for General Canrobert. It was then four o'clock in the morning. The colonel sent immediately for the general, who reached the tent of the Commander-in-Chief, before five o'clock. He was at once admitted. The marshal was greatly exhausted. Upon hearing some one enter his tent, he turned his head and perceiving General Canrobert, said to him in a feeble voice: you have made me acquainted, general, with the instructions of His Majesty, which confides to you the Command-in-Chief of the army, in case my health should force me to abandon it. From to-day, take the command. In surrendering it into your hands, general, I feel less regret at resigning it. The general was much affected. Who should have been so, before this aspect of death? Before this silent grief of the soldier, whose strength thus deserted him in the hour of battle? He bowed and expressed, in a few simple but nobly-conceived words, his regrets, shared by all, that the condition of the marshal did not permit him to retain his command. The marshal gave him his hand; and this was all.

St. Arnaud embarked for France on board a French steamer. The following is the description of

SAINT ARNAUD'S DEATH.

Life was utterly worn out in this frame which had so long struggled to retain it. At about two o'clock, Dr. Cabrol thought that the fatal hour had arrived. Then all sad and silent, the devoted friends who had determined not to abandon the marshal, assembled round the bed of death. With them were the captain and the first lieutenant of the vessel. The marshal had recovered that calmness, that serenity, which God, in his infinite mercy, gives to the dying. The expression of suffering, which till then had contracted his emaciated features, had disappeared. He threw a long and tranquil regard around the little cabin, which was slightly rocked by the motion of the sea; thanked, in a few words, those who surrounded him, and whose tears sufficiently spoke their grief; then all on earth being finished, his thoughts were directed solely to Heaven. He closed his eyes—no doubt to call up the images of absent loved ones, to whom his heart sent a last adieu—and at times broken exclamations escaped from his lips: Oh! the Emperor! Oh! my poor Louise! This silence in the midst of the surrounding immensity was sad and solemn; a supreme picture of death, placed by the hand of God between the sky and the sea! Not a breath but that which came from on high! not a movement but that of the waves! The marshal opened his eyes for the last time, and then closed them slowly; his head declined; a feeble sigh issued from his bosom, and all was over. This was on the 29th of September, at four o'clock in the evening.

HONOUR AND COURTESY.

Captain de Dampierre, orderly-officer of General Bosquet, returning in the evening from the place of disembarkation, lost his way and got near the Russian quarters. Being surprised by a post of Cossacks, he suddenly turned in a contrary direction, spurring his horse to a gallop, as did also those who accompanied him; but his horse was killed by a shot, and Captain de Dampierre fell into the hands of the enemy. Being brought before a Russian general, he begged him to inform the French advanced posts, that he was a prisoner, but not wounded, that his family and his friends might not be anxious about him. The Russian general, with a courtesy which we take pleasure in acknowledging, replied

that he had the fullest confidence in the word of a French officer, and that he was quite free to bear tidings of himself to the French camp, if he would pledge his honour to return immediately. M. de Dampierre consented; and but a few hours had elapsed, when he returned within the lines of the Russian advanced posts, to fulfil his promise and resume his captivity.

KAUNITZ.

THE AUSTRIAN STATESMAN.

Kaunitz was one of the most singular men who have lived. Sprung from an original Slavonic race, he rose like a meteor in the official sky of Austria. In him the ponderous but sterling and steady Austro-German character, was, in a most peculiar manner, blended with the mercurial versatility of the French man of the world. . . . He was, besides, the most remarkable mixture of great and petty qualities. Just as in an almost fabulous degree he had all the foibles of gallantry and vanity, he also was eminently possessed of the very sort of routine and diplomatic skill that was best fitted for the world in which he lived. During the whole of his life, he paid particular attention to his toilet, which was at all times to him an affair of paramount importance. He was always dressed in good taste, and on particular occasions, even with magnificence; but he did not much concern himself about conforming to the prescribed regulations of costume. From the very beginning of his being in power, writes Baron Fürst, Kaunitz placed himself above the court etiquette. With the Spanish costume he wore white (instead of red) stockings, and made his appearance with a bag to his wig, and with a large muff. Although he had been told to comply with existing customs, he would not always do so. He was everywhere, except when at court, accompanied by a large bull-dog. His wig was a remarkable article of the description, with a profusion of curls, which, to cover every wrinkle on his forehead, ran across it in a zigzag line. He seems to have been the inventor of the fantastic art of powdering practised also by the famous Prince de Ligne, who used to walk to and fro through a double line of servants, each of whom had a different shade of hair-powder, white, blue, yellow, and pink, to throw at his wig, which after this operation, exhibited what was considered to be the perfection of evenness and colouring.

Kaunitz was exact and methodical in all his doings. In the morning and evening of every day he arranged his writing-table with the strictest symmetry, putting pens and pencils, piece by piece, parallel to each other; also, whilst dictating to his secretary, he would frequently wipe the dust from the vases, picture-frames, and chests in his room. Every evening he noted down on a paper all that he intended to do on the following day. . . . Every morning he awoke at nine o'clock, and began to work with his secretaries from eleven to twelve; remaining all the while in bed, as his chamber was also his principal room of business. Even Joseph, when emperor, came to him there. Kaunitz very rarely read or wrote anything himself, but had always some one to read to him, and dictated everything. Whilst listening or speaking, he sat stiff and immovable. Equally stiff and erect was his gait, even in his eightieth year. His manner of saluting was also very characteristic; it was scarcely more than a nod, his friends being at the same time acknowledged with a paternal smile, and all the rest with the air of a protector. He always spoke slowly and deliberately, looking as Charles V. used to do, either upwards or fixedly before him. He never under any circumstances betrayed, either by his gait or by his speech, any inward emotion, however strongly he might feel it. Many who lived with him for years have stated that, like Louis XIV., he had never been seen to laugh.

Though covered in, as it were, with an outward show of French loppety and affectation, this extraordinary man had in him a most substantial ground-work of sterling German earnestness and solidity. He hated all superficiality in business, and performed well and carefully whatsoever he undertook. He not only was capable of thorough-going and intense exertion, but the whole of his life was devoted in reality to deep thought and strenuously sustained work; and all his domestic arrangements, his daily diet, and tender care for his health, were merely intended as means for maintaining in him that ease and freedom of mind which he conceived to be necessary for his graver purposes.

Some curious traits are given us of the prince's domestic habits, which may be noticed on account of their singularity. He kept a very great house in Vienna, but the company which he entertained were not allowed to interrupt his daily routine, or any way interfere with his personal comfort. He every day kept an open table, covers being laid in the earlier part of his career for twelve, afterwards for sixteen or eighteen guests. But as he used to send his invitations only on the same day, and very late, at an hour when most people had accepted elsewhere, it would sometimes happen that only a few persons sat down with him. . . . The table was most exquisitely supplied; but the guests, according to the statement of the English tourist Swinburne, were expected not to touch certain particular dishes of the desert which were reserved for the prince's own use. Swinburne asserts that, when he once neglected the warning which had been given on that score, Kaunitz sucked with him for several days. . . . If the prince accepted an invitation in any other house, his host, whatever might be his rank, had to allow Kaunitz's cook to supply the principal dishes of his master—who, in this respect, went so far as to have the wine, the bread, and even the water sent to him from his own house. Every one submitted to these conditions, as otherwise Kaunitz would not come at all. This peculiarity was not exactly owing to a dread of being poisoned, but to his anxious care for his health, as he was always fearful lest he should eat anything that might disorder his stomach. After the meal, whether at home or dining out, Kaunitz would take from his pocket his famous apparatus for cleansing his mouth, and with the greatest unconcern, use it before the whole company for at least a quarter of an hour, during which operation he made all sorts of disagreeable noises. This apparatus consisted of a complete and most varied set of instruments; as, for instance, several small looking-glasses, to examine the teeth back and front, linen rags, brushes, and other contrivances. Once, when he was preparing to do this at the table of the French ambassador Baron Breteuil, the latter said to his guests: "Levons nous, le prince vent être seul." The prince, who was then left alone, used his instruments in solitude; but from that time he never did again.

It is a singular thing respecting Kaunitz, that he never enjoyed fresh air; he was of opinion that it did not agree with him. His rooms and carriages were accordingly closed from its intrusion; and when, during the most oppressive heat of

the dog-days, he sometimes sat for a short time in an arm-chair in his garden, or walked a few steps from his residence to the royal palace, he always carefully covered his mouth with a handkerchief. His humour or infirmity in this respect was well understood and provided for by his imperial mistress. When he came to Maria Theresa, who had generally one or more windows open, and who, without any danger to her health, could sit for hours in the strongest draught, all the windows were immediately closed as soon as "the prince" was announced. Besides his dislike to fresh air, Kaunitz took no exercise, save in the shape of a game at billiards and a brief ride on horseback. His horsemanship was marked by his usual eccentricity. Every afternoon before dinner he rode three horses, each for the same number of minutes, in the riding-school, which in winter was lighted up with a profusion of lamps. He kept horses from all parts of Europe. Only in the very warmest weather he ventured to take a ride in a bosquet in his palace-garden at Mariahilf. He had different suits of clothes, regulated according to the temperature of the day, to prevent his catching cold. In all the rooms of his house, thermometers were hung, to regulate the heat of the stoves. . . . But Kaunitz was never ill, and reached the ripe age of eighty-four years. If ever he was at all indisposed, he cured himself with an electuary which he had brought from Paris, and of which he had a new supply sent to him by every courier.

With all this fastidious habit, we are told, no one ever understood better than Kaunitz did the art of making life pleasant to himself and to others; no one ever took such anxious care of his life. It seemed as if he thought that, with due caution, he might almost live for ever. He never appears to have concerned himself about the final change which must some day come. Whatever could remind him of dying, was to be carefully kept in the background. All the persons usually about him were strictly forbidden to utter in his presence the words "death" and "small-pox." He had not himself been afflicted with this disorder; but he had been shocked by it in the case of the empress. His readers received from him in writing an earnest injunction to eschew the use of those two obnoxious words. The wags would have it that even the "inoculation" of trees was not to be spoken of, because it reminded him of the inoculation of the small-pox. His birth-day also was never to be alluded to. When the referendary Von Binder, for fifty years his friend and confidant, died, Xaverius Raitz, the prince's reader, expressed himself in this way: "Baron Binder is no longer to be found." The prince, after some moments' silence, replied: "Est-il mort? Il estait cependant assez vieux." Binder was a year and a half younger than Kaunitz. To another of his readers, Secretary Harrer, at that time a man of sixty, he once said: "Mais comment est-il possible, que de jeunes gens, comme vous, oublient des choses pareilles?" The news of the death of Frederick the Great reached him in this way: his reader, with apparent absence of mind, told him that a courier had just arrived from Berlin at the Prussian ambassador's with notifications of King Frederick William. Kaunitz sat for some time stiff and motionless in his arm-chair, shewing no sign of having understood the hint. At last he rose, walked slowly through the room, then sat down and said, raising his arms to heaven: "Alas! when will such a king again ennobel the diadem?" When the Emperor Joseph died, the valet returned to Kaunitz a document, which the emperor was to have signed, with the words: "The emperor signs no more." The death of his sister, Countess Questenberg, Kaunitz only knew when he saw his household in mourning. In like manner, he once remained unacquainted with the recovery of one of his sons from severe illness, until the convalescent came in person to call on him: Kaunitz himself had never been to see him during his illness. To an old aunt of his he once sent from his table one of her favorite dishes—four years after her death!

MATRIMONIAL BILL OF EXCHANGE.

A merchant, in Jamaica, originally from London, having amassed a princely fortune in that island, concluded with himself that he could not be happy in the enjoyment of it unless he shared it with a woman of merit; and knowing none that would suit his fancy, he resolved to write to a worthy correspondent of his in London. He knew no other style than that which he used in his trade; therefore, treating affairs of love as he did his business, after giving his friend, in a letter, several commissions and reserving this for the last, he went on thus:—

"Item, seeing I have taken a resolution to marry, and that I do not find a suitable match for me here, do not fail to send me per next ship bound hither, a young woman of the qualification and form following: as for portion I demand none; let her be of an honest family, between twenty and twenty-five years of age, of middle stature, and well proportioned; her face agreeable, temper mild, character blameless, health good, and her constitution strong enough to bear the changes of the climate, that there may be no occasion to look out for a second, through lack of the first soon after she comes to hand, which must be provided against as much as possible, considering the great dangers of the sea. If she arrives and conditioned as abovesaid, with the present letter indorsed by you, or at least an attested copy thereof, that there may be no mistake or imposition, I hereby oblige and engage myself to satisfy the said letter by marrying the bearer at fifteen days' sight. In witness whereof, I subscribe," &c.

The London correspondent read over, reread, and again read the odd article which put the future spouse on the same footing with the bales he was to send to his friend; and after admiring the prudent exactness of the West Indian and his laconic style, in enumerating the qualifications which he insisted on, he endeavored to serve him to his mind. After many inquiries, he thought he had found a lady fit for his purpose in a young person of respectable family, but with no fortune, good humoured, and politely educated, well shaped, and more than tolerably handsome. He made the proposal to her as his friend had directed, and she, having no subsistence but from a fretful old aunt who gave her a great deal of uneasiness, accepted it.

A ship bound for Jamaica was then fitting out at Bristol; the lady went on board the same, together with the bales of goods, being well provided with all necessaries, and particularly with a certificate in due form, and endorsed by the correspondent. She was also included in the invoice, the last article of which ran thus:—"Item, a maid, twenty-one years of age, of the quality, shape, and conditioned, as per order, as appears by the affidavits and certificates she has to produce."

The documents which were considered necessary to so very exact a business man, as the future husband, were an abstract