

To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwapt, unhonored and unsung."

"A miser grows rich by seeming poor," says Shenstone,
"an extravagant man grows poor by seeming rich."

Wealth usually ministers to the baser passions of our nature—it engenders selfishness, feeds arrogance, and inspires self-security, and deadens and stultifies the nobler feelings and holier aspirations of the heart. Wealth is a source of endless discontent; it creates more wants than it supplies, and keeps its incumbent constantly craving, crafty and covetous. Lord Bacon says, "I cannot call riches by a better name than the 'baggage' of virtue; the Roman word is better—'impediment.'" For as baggage is to an army, so are riches to virtue. It cannot be spared or left behind, and yet it hindereth the march. "Misery assails riches, as lightning does the highest towers, or as a tree that is heavy laden with fruit, breaks its own boughs, so does riches destroy the virtue of their possessor."

THE EXAMINER.

CHARLOTTETOWN, JULY 7, 1856.

THE ESCHEAT MEETING NEAR ST. ANDREW'S.

A TRAVELLING friend sends us a letter from which we take the following extract, in reference to the Escheat meeting which was to have been held at St. Andrew's on Tuesday last, but turned out to be a complete failure. That old turn-coat, Dr. Jardine, appears to have been at the place appointed for the meeting. We do not deem it necessary to offer the country a word of advice respecting him. A man who so recently and so outrageously deceived his constituents and his party, can hardly be regarded in anything like a favourable light for a very long time to come. His object is, of course, to curry favour with the people, in order that he may have some chance of running an election two years hence. But let him not deceive himself. He will not have the ghost of a chance.

"This (Tuesday, July 1.) being the day appointed for the Escheat meeting at St. Andrew's, I had the curiosity to slacken or suspend my journey further east, in order to see and hear the result of it. You may remember that the day was chilly, windy and rainy,—at least it was so in this direction,—and this state of the weather had, no doubt, the effect of throwing a damper on the spirits of the few infatuated people who still hug the delusion that escheat is a possible and practicable thing. The attendance of people, as you may suppose, was anything but gratifying to the promoters of the meeting,—in fact there was barely sufficient to fill Mrs. Egan's not over-capacious kitchen, in which they took shelter from the rain, to the no small annoyance and inconvenience of that worthy woman. But I doubt very much if there would be anything like a respectable meeting, had the day been one of the finest that ever shone out of the heavens. As it was, it would be folly, nonsense and imposition to style as "a public meeting," the handful of shivering mortals that clustered round Mrs. Egan's hearthstone. The fact is, the votaries, or rather the dupes of escheat, have become most remarkably scarce, and those that remain have little or no heart in the cause. If there was some young and warm blood to guide and inflame them, they would doubtless present a more respectable front; but in addition to the doubtful character of the question which they make a show of supporting, they feel that the character of their leader is still far more doubtful. Mr. Cooper has so long and so scandalously deceived the country, and his California adventures have thrown so much blemish on his name, that even those, as I am told, who were the most zealous among his followers, in former years, speak of him with coldness and even want of respect. The poor old gentleman has outlived his reputation, and is no more fit for a political leader than he would be to lead an army into battle. I observed Mr. McIntosh with his colleague, and though Mr. McIntosh has many good points which the other has not, for instance, he has less obstinacy, more consistency, and is not so far gone, by considerable odds, in the monomania regarding escheat, as Mr. Cooper—yet he has not the qualities to make an endurable impression on any large portion of the public mind; and his subservience to Cooper materially damages his reputation. Amongst the other notabilities of the kitchen gathering were Hon. J. Jardine and J. B. Cox, Esq.—two gentlemen, I am told, who are most eagerly bent upon acquiring legislative honors; but somehow or other, most indeed, if not all the people whom I can converse with, regard their prospects in the senatorial line as very unpromising. Mr. Cox is spoken of as a good neighbour and useful man in giving employment to many people; but he does this not for the people's benefit, but for his own, for the people's labour he gives the people no necessary to his existence. But as for Mr. Jardine, I don't hear a word in his praise,—he is pronounced to be incurably selfish and crafty; and some of his political antecedents are said to be strongly against him.

"There was some little show made of passing resolutions—brought there out and dry, as the saying is, by Mr. Cooper—which had reference to the everlasting escheat question and the payment of Legislative Councils, which was declared to be adverse to Responsible Government. Those great statesmen appear to be ignorant of the fact, that Responsible Government has obtained in Canada, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia for several years, and that in all those Provinces the Legislative Councils are paid in the same proportion as members of the Assembly. There was a resolution also regarding the Election Bill of last Session, condemnatory of it, of course; and the necessary speeches having been made, the interesting business was brought to a close over a big drink—the leaders having clubbed for the purchase of half a gallon of gin; custom to that liberal extent having been deemed compensation sufficient to Mrs. Egan for house-room and fire, and a most generous reward to the patriotic spirits who assembled on the occasion to do battle for escheat. What a great country we live in!"

We had intended to publish in this day's paper some remarks respecting the Libel suits about which Paddy Bearney and Maclean have made so much noise and fuss, but as the rule made in the case of the latter to set aside the special panel, has not yet been disposed of—the Court taking time to consider the matter—we deem it advisable to postpone the publication of our remarks. Maclean made a lengthy affidavit, which was read in Court the other day, as a pretence for believing that he could not get a fair trial from the special jury selected. Maclean, true to his vocation as professional slanderer, libels and calumniates several of the jury, and insinuates a desire on the part of nearly all, to commit perjury; but a case of harder and more unscrupulous swearing was never exhibited than in the affidavit of Duncan himself. This extraordinary document is in type, and was intended to be published, together with the jury list, in connection with our remarks, and will all appear together in our next Number.

Let Paddy Bearney not imagine that he and his peccadillos are forgotten. We intend reserving him for the same gridiron on which the professional slanderer is to be roasted.

The English Mail arrived here on Thursday, with dates to the 21st ult. There is little or no important news in the papers. The circumstance of the dismissal of the British Minister at Washington does not appear to have created much excitement or indignation in England. It was stated by Ministers in Parliament that it was not the intention of the Government to suspend diplomatic relations with the United States.

William Palmer, the notorious Rugeley poisoner, had expiated his crimes upon the gallows.

News by the Mail from England.

ENGLAND AND THE UNITED STATES.

England has no longer a representative in the United States. Mr. Crampton, her Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary at Washington, has received his dismissal from the American Government, and is at this moment in London. The English Consuls at New York, Philadelphia, and Cincinnati, have also been made to share in the same indignity, and have accompanied Mr. Crampton on his return to England.

This, at first sight, is a most offensive proceeding, and one that it would be difficult for the Government of any high-spirited people to submit to. It must be confessed, however, that the Washington Cabinet have laboured hard to strip the act of its offensiveness, and to convert it, if possible, into a means of removing every ground of dispute or misunderstanding between the two countries.

Let us see how the matter stands according to the representations of the American Secretary of State.

In a despatch of the 27th of May, Mr. Marcy instructs Mr. Dallas, the American Minister in London, to express to the English Government the gratification of the President at the conciliatory spirit evinced in the note last received from Lord Clarendon, and to declare that he (the President) accepts as satisfactory "the unequivocal disclaimer, by her Majesty's Government, of any intention either to infringe the law or disregard the policy or not to respect the sovereign rights of the United States." All ground of complaint, therefore, as far as the Government of England is concerned, is admitted to be removed. But not so as regards the representatives of England in the United States. "The President," says Mr. Marcy, "extremely regrets that he cannot concur in Lord Clarendon's favourable opinion of the conduct of some of her Majesty's officers who were, as this Government believed, and, after due consideration of all which has been offered, in their defence, still believes, implicated in proceedings which were so clearly an infringement of the laws and sovereign rights of this country."

The British Government, having refused to accede to the President's request for the removal of these Officers, the American Government, after due deliberation, resolves to dismiss them; but in so doing, the President is represented as "sincerely desirous to keep the diplomatic relations between the two countries upon a most friendly footing."

The question being thus narrowed down to an issue, not between the two Governments, but between the American Cabinet and the English officials, Mr. Marcy proceeds to argue his case with considerable ability. He claims for the American Government the right to judge of the evidence given upon the recruitment question; and he draws from it a conclusion different from that drawn in London. He also furnishes additional cumulative proof, and "he does not doubt that when this new evidence shall be brought under the consideration of her Majesty's Government, it will no longer dissent from the conclusion arrived at by the President." He discusses at great length the general character of the evidence, and insists that though possibly the character of some of it may be open to objection, yet that in the main the imputation upon Mr. Crampton of having persisted in the endeavour to draft recruits from the American soil, after notice duly given by the American authorities that the proceeding involved an infraction of the neutrality laws and sovereign rights of the United States, was fully and completely substantiated.

Mr. Marcy puts the case against Mr. Crampton in these terms: "He knew the proceedings were, from the commencement, exceedingly offensive to this Government, and that it was devoting its active energies to arrest them. He was bound to know—he could not but know, what was notorious to all the world—that through the months of April, May, June and July, the recruiting agents in various parts of the United States—and conspicuously in Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Cincinnati—were keeping up a most unseemly contest, with the law officers of the United States; and that, at least as early as May, the illegality of the proceedings had been pronounced by the Federal Courts in New York and Philadelphia; and yet, notwithstanding this, he permitted the unlawful acts in question to go on without check until the month of August." For thus giving countenance to these illegal proceedings he is distinctly responsible. But his accountability extends yet further, for the same documents show that the official suggestion to the British Government of the untoward scheme of obtaining recruits in the United States came from the correspondence of Mr. Crampton, and of the Consuls at New York, Philadelphia and Cincinnati, and that to Mr. Crampton was the superintendence and execution of the scheme committed; and thus it is, that he who directed had power to stop the proceedings—and thus from early March until August he is found busily engaged in superintending the enlistment, partly in the United States and partly in Canada and Nova Scotia, and in issuing instructions to the agents engaged in that enterprise. It does not suffice for Mr. Crampton now to say that he did not intend to commit or participate in the commission of any infringement of the laws of the United States. He was the directing head of the long-continued infringement of the law. It was under superior authority from him that acts of continuous violation of law were perpetrated by the inferior agents. Some of those agents are proved, by his own letters, to have held direct intercourse with him; and at every stage of inquiry in the numerous cases investigated by the American Government there is reference, by letter and oral declaration, to the general superintendence of Mr. Crampton. His moral and legal responsibility are thus demonstrated. With full information of the stringency of the laws of the United States against foreign recruiting, with a distinct perception of its being all but impossible to raise recruits here without infringing the laws, and with a knowledge of the condemnatory judicial proceedings of April, and May, at New York and Philadelphia, yet he persisted in carrying on the scheme until August, when its obstinate prosecution brought on a most unpleasant controversy between the United States and Great Britain; and it is not the least of the causes of complaint against Mr. Crampton, that by his acts of commission in this business, or in failing to advise his Government of the impracticability of the undertaking in which he was embarked, and the series of illegal acts which it involved, and in neglecting to observe the general order of his Government, and stop its recruiting here the moment its illegality was pronounced by the proper legal authorities of the United States, he was recklessly endangering the harmony and peace of two great nations, which, by the character of their commercial relations and by other considerations, have the strongest possible inducements to cultivate reciprocal amity."

These, it must be confessed, are very grave and serious charges; and unless Mr. Crampton, who is now in England, can succeed in satisfying Lord Clarendon that they are without foundation, they must be taken as justifying in a great measure the otherwise gratuitously offensive step which the American Cabinet has decided on adopting.

From the statements made in our own Parliament, we learn that it is not the intention of her Majesty's Cabinet to retaliate upon the American Government by dismissing Mr. Dallas. "Her Majesty's Government," said Lord Palmerston, in reply to an interrogatory put to him by Lord John Russell, "duly considering all the various bearings of the matter, have not deemed it their duty to advise her Majesty to suspend diplomatic intercourse with the American Minister at this Court. We are therefore prepared again to enter into communications with him upon any matters which concern the interests of these two great countries." When the Prime Minister of England, speaking in his place in Parlia-

ment, feels it incumbent upon him to declare that he has not deemed it his duty to advise his sovereign to resent in any way an act of great indignity towards her crown, we fear there can be but one inference drawn from it, namely, that the insult has been provoked by the negligent folly or blundering incapacity of our own diplomatists. It must, indeed, be confessed that this is but too probable; for, as a contemporary has very truly remarked, we have within the last ten years, owing to the deplorable inefficiency of our diplomatic service, been obliged to submit to more insults, to pocket more affronts, to make more apologies, to admit more errors, than any other nation in a century. Within that period we have seen Sir Henry Bulwer ignominiously expelled from Spain and Mr. Crampton civilly dismissed from America; we have made every species of blunder, floundered into every species of scrape, and got out of them as ill as we got into them.

We must wait, however, until the parties whose conduct is arraigned have been heard in their defence, before we pronounce judgement upon a matter which, as at present exhibited to us, appears to touch the national dignity and honor in a very painful degree.—*News of the World.*

EXECUTION OF WILLIAM PALMER.

William Palmer was executed at Stafford precisely at eight o'clock on Saturday morning.

The prisoner made no confession. The drop was erected in front of the gaol, and a strong body of police, assisted by 130 special constables, kept order. An immense concourse of persons was assembled. They began to pour into the town on Friday evening at dusk.

Shortly before 8 o'clock on Saturday morning the bell of the prison chapel was tolled at measured intervals, and at a few minutes before the appointed hour the prisoner, accompanied by the Rev. Mr. Goodacre, the gaol chaplain; Lieutenant-Colonel Dyott, the high sheriff; Major Fulford, the governor; Mr. Hand, the under-sheriff; Mr. Hutton, chief constable of the county, and the officers of the gaol, made his appearance in front of the scaffold.

The prisoner appeared self-possessed to the last. The fatal preliminaries having been arranged, the prisoner joined the reverend chaplain in prayer; and in an instant the bolt was drawn, and the culprit ceased to exist. He appeared to suffer very little.

It is computed that 50,000 persons witnessed the spectacle.

Palmer denied the justice of his sentence to the last, but in a manner which left the impression on all who heard him that he had something on his mind which he would not disclose. Contrary to all usage, he was hung in the prison dress, but that was not intended as an indignity, and simply arose from the circumstance that the clothes in which he was tried were left in London, and no others had been since supplied to him. His bearing in the last supreme moment of his life elicited the amazement of all who witnessed it. When the fatal hour arrived, and the melancholy procession was formed which conducted him from his cell to his doom, he marched along with a jaunty air and tripping gait, and, though the distance he had to traverse was considerable, he maintained this bold front to the last, stepped lightly up the stairs leading to the gallows, took his place on the drop, and confronted the vast multitude below, not without emotion, but without anything like bravado. The work of the executioner was coolly and skillfully performed, and the culprit died in a few moments and almost without a struggle.

Barriers were erected at intervals in the different thoroughfares leading to the gaol to lessen the pressure of the crowd, and 100 of the County Constabulary, under the direction of Mr. Hutton, the chief constable, were stationed in companies at all the salient points in the vicinity, to maintain order, assisted by 150 special constables, sworn to act on the occasion. It rained heavily and incessantly nearly the whole night. So early as 9 o'clock on Friday night a great crowd, in spite of the rain, had taken up all the best positions in front of the barriers, with the intention of remaining until morning, but the comfortless state of the weather gradually wore out their patience, and before midnight they had almost wholly dispersed, while for an hour or two afterwards only a few policemen were to be seen on the ground. As the morning advanced, however, the people poured into the town in great force, and kept constantly increasing as the hour fixed for the execution drew near.

In the dead of night the scaffold, a huge moveable machine, was drawn up in front of the entrance of the prison, and placed in position.

About 7 o'clock on Friday night Thomas and George Palmer, the brothers of the culprit, visited him for the last time, accompanied by Miss Palmer, his sole surviving sister, and the interview lasted several hours. The prisoner had declined to retire to rest until Smith came on Friday night, and from that circumstance and the anxiety he had shown to have him sent for, it was supposed that he had some important communication to make to him; but it was not so. On going into the cell, the Governor informed Palmer that if he had anything confidential to say on family affairs to Mr. Smith, he (the Governor) would keep it a secret. The prisoner replied that he had not, and he hoped the Governor would lose no time in publishing all he said. He also added, all he had to say was to thank Mr. Smith for his great exertions—the officers of the prison for their kindness to him—and that Cooke did not die from strychnine. Major Fulford expressed a hope that in his then awful condition he was not quibbling with the question, and urged him to say "Aye" or "No," whether or not he murdered Cooke. He answered directly that Lord Campbell "summoned up for poisoning by strychnine." The Governor retorted, it was of no importance how the deed was done, and asked him to say yes or no to the question.

Palmer said he had nothing more to add. He was quite easy in his conscience, and happy in his mind. This is the Governor's version of the conversation; but upon the material point Mr. Smith stated, just after leaving the convict, that what Palmer said to him was, "I am innocent of poisoning Cooke by strychnine, and all I ask is, that you will have his body examined, and that you will see to my mother and boy."

This unfortunate child, it may be remarked, was seen engaged in an innocent gambol with his nurse at a window of his grandmother's house at Rugeley overlooking the public road, wholly unconscious of his father's fate, and little reckoning that on the morrow his own orphanage would be completed. The brother and sister lingered in his cell until nearly midnight, when they embraced him for the last time with an intensity of agony it were difficult to describe.

The convict retired to rest early in the morning, and slept two hours and a half, when he was visited again by Mr. Goodacre, the chaplain; between 5 and 6 he had some tea, but without eating anything with it. The chaplain saw him repeatedly until the hour of his execution, accompanied by the Rev. Mr. Sneyd, a clergyman in the neighbourhood, who had visited him once or twice during the week. Shortly after 7 he had another cup of tea, and to the turnkey who gave it him, and who asked him how he was, he replied he was quite comfortable. As he was about to leave his cell for the last time, he said, in reply to the High Sheriff, that he denied the justice of his sentence, and asserted that he was a murdered man. These were about the last words he uttered. The prison bell tolled forth the hour of his irrevocable doom, and in a few minutes he had forfeited his life for a foul and atrocious murder, with which his name will ever be identified in the criminal history of this country.

ANOTHER ACCOUNT.

The last act of the Rugeley tragedy has been played out;

William Palmer, the chief actor in it, having paid the penalty of his crimes upon the scaffold. The seats erected in the gardens opposite the prison were crammed by seven o'clock; and although females were not numerous, many were observed there, often contending resolutely for a good seat, while many a face familiar at "the Corner," and almost "native to the Turf," might be seen, the owner of which, it is more than probable, had often won or lost money on Palmer's horses, or in betting with that unfortunate man. Perhaps no criminal of celebrity was ever executed in so inconvenient a place, so far as the facility for obtaining a view more than ten feet wide, and although the street either way extends a very considerable distance, there was only available space for a comparatively few persons—perhaps five or six thousand, the view of the scaffold either way being intercepted by the towers of the jail. There is also a small street opposite the scaffold from which a view could be obtained. The scaffold, a huge affair, somewhat resembling an agricultural machine, contrary to the usual custom in small country towns, is not built upon the top of the prison, but it is brought out in the front so as to encroach upon the road, and thus circumscribe the points occupied by the spectators. It is moveable, and was brought from the jail about four o'clock in the morning. Thus crushed together, the crowd must have suffered terribly, but nevertheless, and despite the rain which fell fast at intervals, there was no disposition manifested to leave the spot till the execution should have taken place. Of all those who entered Stafford, probably not one-fourth obtained even a glance of the gallows until after the execution. The whole district may be said to have poured forth the greater portion of its adult population upon the occasion, while Rugeley, without exaggeration, may be represented as having visited Stafford *en masse* to see the last, or hear the last, of that great criminal whose deeds alone have given to their hitherto unknown town, in the eyes of the world, "a local habitation and a name."

The general impression amongst the authorities is that Palmer was advised not to confess, in order that his memory may have the benefit of the doubt, &c., and for the sake of his son.

When told by his solicitor that Sir George Grey had refused to grant a reprieve, Palmer's face grew suddenly pale, and was some minutes before it recovered its usual florid expression. To talk of making peace with his Maker, under such circumstances as those in which Palmer found himself on Friday, appears an absurdity; for throughout the day, his cell was never empty for any length of time—visitor succeeded visitor in rapid succession; and the mind of the unhappy man must have been too much occupied with them and their conversation to fix his attention upon the things that appertain to another world. The day was fully taken up by the things of this life—the night only remained for religion and repentance. And night was devoted to sleep. As all along, he ate well by day and slept well by night, and upon being woken on Saturday morning about 5 o'clock, took his breakfast, and made his gallows toilet with an unwavering serenity. There was no sign of repentance about him—no thought, apparently, of confession, possibly no feeling, not even the slightest of compunction or remorse. Breakfast over, the chaplain made his appearance in the cell, to offer the final consolations of religion to the condemned, who was still quiet and resigned; and shortly afterwards came in the Sheriff and other officials, in whose company Palmer walked to the press-room, where he met Smith, the hangman (from Dudley), and submitted as quietly to the final preparations for his execution as if he had been under the hands of a valet dressing for a dinner-party. In that sad place some of his relations met him. They had told him on the previous night that they would see him no more, alive or dead, and, save a few brief words of parting courtesy, he said nothing to the Sheriff, chaplain or any one. When the bell commenced to toll he started, and I hear, sighed, and then, upon receiving an intimation from the Sheriff, took his place in the procession to the gallows, and ascended the scaffold with a firm and nervous step, just casting one look around him as he reached the fatal spot. Palmer, after a brief prayer with the chaplain, turning to the hangman, had the rope put round his neck, and the long cap drawn over his face. He then shook hands with his executioner, said, in a kind, low voice, "God bless you!" and as the last word issued from his lips, the bolt was withdrawn, the drop fell, and, after a slight convulsion of the limbs, he hung lifelessly from the gallows. So well had everything been managed by the hangman, so nicely had the fatal cord been adjusted, and so clear was the fall of the drop, that death was all but instantaneous.

UNITED STATES.

EXPLOSION OF A LOCOMOTIVE—THREE MEN SERIOUSLY INJURED—TRAIN WRECKED.—The locomotive Lorain, drawing the westward going Express train on the Cleveland and Toledo Railroad, when about three miles from the West Side station, blew up with terrific force, wrecking the engine and tender, injuring the baggage and foremost passenger car, and breaking the right leg of R. N. Allen, master mechanic, below the knee, cutting the tendons of one hand, and cutting and bruising his head, and seriously if not mortally tearing and scalding the engineer, F. Thayer, and fireman, T. Lemen. The train consisted of three passenger and one baggage car. When near the plank road crossing two miles to the westward of the station, cows were discovered on the track, the train stopped, and men sent forward to drive them off. The train proceeded, and when in a cut some eight feet deep, the boiler exploded.—The wreck shows that the bottom of the fire box blew down, making a hole some two or three feet in the ground, and that the crown plate was torn up. The locomotive ran on the length of the train, and was thrust to the left nearly bottom side up, and end for end diagonally up the embankment, and its trucks torn off. The tender was also reversed, minus its trucks, and left, at right angles with the locomotive. The baggage car was driven past the tender, torn from its trucks, and left with its fore end half way up the right bank; the first passenger car was also pressed from its forward trucks, and its end stuck in the left bank. The rear cars were uninjured. Three or four rails were torn up.—Allen and Thayer were both found near together, over a fence, and some forty feet from the place of explosion. Some idea of the terrific force of the explosion may be gained from the above description of the wreck after it occurred. A passenger said it was like the sound of the discharge of a heavy cannon. The lantern of the engine was thrown several feet forward, and the water and steam, as it was thrown up the bank, wet the earth and covered the fence on both sides with mud; various parts of the grate and fire box were torn in pieces and scattered along the track. The cause of the explosion is yet a matter of mere conjecture, but doubtless the stopping the train at the cross road effected it.—*Cleveland Herald, June 16.*

There were several tragedies in New Orleans on Saturday night, 14th June. Michael Higgins, a clerk in a cotton house, residing in Eighth-street, came home about 11 o'clock, intoxicated. He had been playing cards in a neighbouring coffee-house, and when he entered his house he found his wife and infant child in bed. He told his wife if she did not get up and get him some water, he would kill her. She, alarmed, sprang out of bed and out of the door. She closed the door after her, and he instantly seized a double-barreled shot gun, and placed the muzzle against the door, fired. The load entered the wife's abdomen, riddling her person in a horrid manner. Dr. White was instantly called for, but no human efforts could save her life. She was only 21 years old. She had been married several years and had had several children; the youngest only about fourteen months old, survives. Higgins was arrested.