

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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CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, MONDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1859.

No. 18.



PUBLIC LANDS.

Notice to Settlers on Township 15.

WHEREAS the names of several persons, indebted to the Government on account of Land purchased on the above Township, were, in January last, gazetted for the non-payment thereof, and proceedings suspended until the 1st day of November next; I herewith notify all such persons, that I will attend at the house of Mr. CHARLES RUSSELL, Fifteen Point, on TUESDAY, the 8th day of NOVEMBER next, at 10 o'clock, a. m., to receive all amounts then due, and to institute proceedings against all defaulters. All persons possessing a Licence of Occupation, and entitled to receive a Deed, are requested to make application for the same.

JOHN ALDOUS, Commissioner of Public Lands.
Land Office, October 10, 1859.

SETTLERS AND PERSONS DESIROUS OF PURCHASING LAND ON TOWNSHIP 11.

ARE hereby notified, that the Commissioner of Public Lands will attend at Mr. JAMES HENDERSON'S, Lot 11, on THURSDAY, the 10th day of NOVEMBER next, and following day, to receive all amounts then due, and for the disposal of Lands, a fine tract thereof situate between the Lot 11 Post Road and Western Road being now opened up, and made available to settlers by a road running through the same; and all persons desiring contracts for the making of the said road, are hereby notified, that the same must be well and duly completed previous to the above date, that the Commissioner may inspect and give credit for their several contracts.

NOTICE.—All persons having neglected making their previous annual payment, are informed, that in every case the Statute Victoria 16, cap. 18, will be enforced, unless payment be now made.

JOHN ALDOUS, Commissioner.

Land Office, Oct. 10, 1859.

PUBLIC LANDS.

Townships 33, 39, 40, 41, 42 and 43.

THE Settlers, and all persons under contract for the opening of Roads on the above Townships, are hereby notified, that the Commissioner will attend at MAURICE KENNEDY'S, Lot 38, on Monday, the 21st day of November next, at 11 o'clock, a. m., and from thence proceed to the new line of Road (commencing 17 chains North from Peak's Road, and extending past the end of Sinnott's Road to Jardine's, and thence to St. Peter's Road by the line known as John McEwen's), to examine the work of the several Contractors thereon; previous to which date it is required the work be well and faithfully executed, to entitle them to the credit of their respective contracts. Persons desirous of purchasing farms will find good land, well timbered, on the above new line of Road. On Tuesday, the 22nd, and following day, at Mr. JOHN PHILLIP'S, Lot 39. On Thursday, the 24th at 12 o'clock noon, at CURTIS', Bay Fortune Road, Lot 42, where the several contractors for the opening of the new Road, commencing thereat, are required to attend, when the work will be inspected, and credit given, if well and faithfully performed. On Friday, the 25th, at JOHN SUTHERLAND, Esquire's, Head of St. Peter's Bay. The Commissioner, desirous of avoiding coercive measures, requests all persons on the above Townships, indebted to the Government, either by Bond, Instalment, or Note of Hand, to pay their respective amounts then due, at the places above named, on the 23rd, 24th and 25th days of November next; and all such persons having been previously notified, neglecting to make payment thereon, their Lands will be *Gazetted* in accordance with the Act 16th Victoria cap. 18.

DEEDS.

The Commissioner having several Deeds of Conveyance ready for delivery, all persons who have not received their Deeds are requested to make application for the same at the places and dates above mentioned.

TRESPASSERS.

All persons trespassing on the Government Lands, by cutting Timber, or taking possession of Lands without a Location Ticket, will be dealt with according to law.

JOHN ALDOUS, Commissioner of Public Lands.
Land Office, October 24, 1859.

MOUNT STEWART HOTEL.

SOUTHEAST SIDE MOUNT STEWART BRIDGE. Will be open to receive Travellers after this date.

JAMES McWADE, Proprietor.
Mount Stewart, April 25, 1859.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS.

The sciences of Chemistry and Medicine have been taxed their utmost to produce this best, most perfect purgative which is known to man. Innumerable proofs are shown that these Pills have virtues which surpass in excellence the ordinary medicines, and that they are safe and pleasant to take, but powerful to cure. Their penetrating properties stimulate the vital activities of the body, remove the obstructions of its organs, purify the blood, and expel disease. They purge out the foul humors which breed and grow distemper, stimulate sluggish or disordered organs into their natural action, and impart a healthy tone with strength to the whole system. Not only do they cure the every-day complaints of every body, but also formidible and dangerous diseases, and that they are the best of human skill. While they produce powerful effects, they are at the same time, in diminished doses, the safest and best physic that can be employed for children. Being sugar-coated, they are pleasant to take; and being purely vegetable, are free from any risk of harm. Cures have been made which surpass belief were they not substantiated by men of such exalted position and character as to forbid the suspicion of untruth. Many eminent clergymen and physicians have lent their names to certify to the public the reliability of my remedies, while others have sent me the assurance of their conviction that my preparations contribute immensely to the relief of my afflicted, suffering fellow-men. The Agent is pleased to furnish gratis my American Almanac, containing directions for their use and certificates of their cures, of the following complaints:—

Costiveness, Bilious Complaints, Rheumatism, Dropsy, Heartburn, Headache arising from a foul stomach, Nausea, Indigestion, Morbid Inaction of the Bowels and Pains arising therefrom, Flatulency, Loss of Appetite, all Ulcerous and Cutaneous Diseases which require an evacuant medicine, Scrofula or King's Evil. They also, by purifying the blood and stimulating the system, cure many complaints which it would not be supposed they could reach, such as Deafness, Partial Blindness, Neuralgia and Nervous Irritability, Derangement of the Liver and Kidneys, Gout, and other kindred complaints arising from a low state of the body or obstruction of its functions.

Do not be put off by some unprincipled dealers with some other pill they make more profit on. Ask for AYER'S PILLS, and take nothing else. No other they can give you compares with this in its intrinsic value or curative powers. The sick want the best aid there is for them, and they should have it.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. AYER, Practical and Analytical Chemist, Lowell, Mass.
PRICE 25 CTS. PER BOX. FIVE BOXES FOR \$1.

Holloway's Pills.—Why pine and suffer from wasting disease, when this marvellous remedy is at hand, and within the reach of all? It is infallible in all complaints of the stomach, the liver, and the bowels, and eradicates as well as suppresses the aching disease.

Buy Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for Coughs. Ayer's Sarsaparilla for Scrofulous complaints, and Ayer's Pills for all the purposes of a Purgative Medicine.

I am at some loss in my own mind what to say in relation to Perry Davis' Pain Killer. It really seems to be possessed of the power of magic beyond the comprehension of the human mind. The increased sales in this State are truly astonishing.

A. W. HATCH, Druggist, Milwaukee.

Poetry.

WITHERED FLOWERS.

Strange are the memories, oh, withered flowers,
That to my heart ye bring in wordless speech;
Brightly as sunshine falls on distant towers
And gilds their outlines—of the past ye teach.

For from my childhood and its sunny pleasures,
As with a key, ye turn the lock of years,
Ye lift the lid, and bring forgotten treasures
Before these eyes that watch the store with tears.

Have ye a mirror in your withered petals,
Wherein I read the history of my youth,
That ye give back like glass or polished metals
A thousand visions fraught with light and truth?

Again I view my home at quiet even;
The sparrows hopping on the gabled eaves,
Windows illumined by the crimson heaven,
Varnished with joy and framed with quivering leaves.

I seem to hear the murmur of the river,
As it flows on beneath the arching bridge;
To see the moonlight with its white-hued shiver,
Lying in bands upon the pebbly ridge.

And, stranger still, I have the self-same feeling
That traced the letters of my old romance:
The glow of love, o'er all around me dealing
One hue of joy—that old forgotten trance.

A moment since, and some unknown connexion
Gave me a strange reality of bliss:
I pressed another's hand in dear affection;
I felt my forehead glow beneath a kiss.

Now—but the light is vanished from my spirit,
A cloud conceals the splendour of my sky.
How could I build on mortals who inherit
The common fate—to live—to love—to die!

For they are dead, those loved ones. Life is fleeting,
And steals away the props on which we trust;
Leaving one only hope of future meeting,
A stamp for memory, and a heap of dust.

Leaving affections like these withered flowers,
That we may hold and turn with reverent hands;
And thoughts that picture out the glorious hours,
Of which these figures are but shadowed bands.

THE LEGEND OF BARNEY O'CARROLL.

(From Blackwood's Magazine.)

Out there where the big waves are breakin',
An' dancin' an' foam in like mad,
On a beautiful warm autumn evenin'
Was strollin' a young fisher-lad;
For the place where the say is now foam in'
Was then just as bare as your hand;
An' where that blue wather is curlin'
Was only a broad yellow strand.

Well, the fisher-boy, Barney O'Carroll,
Was hot—he ken'd for a dip;
An' as he was peelin', he should you!
He seen a most charmin' young slip
In a state that was mighty provokin'—
She'd only stepped out of her clothes;
An' there she was singin', while comb in'
Bright hair that flowed down to her toes.

"Blur an' agers," ses Barney, "what is she?
Or where does she come from at all?
Be the mortal, I'll ax iv she's married—
Iv she isn't I'll give her a call."
So stalin' up close to the coleen
He hid her the time o' the day;
When turnin' she glanced at bould Barney,
An' pop! she was under the say.

"She's only a mermaid," thought Barney,
An' ponderin' shoreward he goes,
As he picked up a green cloak, exclaimin',
"She'll surely come back for her clothes."
"Oh! give me my cloak," cried a sweet voice,
That seemed to come up from the wave—
But Barney ran home like a say-lark,
The cloak an' his body to save.

That night there was tempest, an' Barney
Put off with some lads to a wreck;
But only one beautiful maiden
Remained of the crew on the deck.
She was saved by the courage of Barney;
An', as a reward for her life,
Became, ere the autumn fruit withered,
His fond an' endearin' young wife.

Now all things were thrivin' with Barney,
Not forgettin' "herself" an' twin boys;
But the fool couldn't keep his tongue quiet;
An' by way of expandin' his joys,
He told her about the fair mermaid,
An' how he tuk care of her cloak;
"The story," says she, "your boathook,
Is no more nor a bottle o' smoke."

"O that I may lose you this mornin',
But it's truth that I'm tellin' to you."
"Why, then, show me the cloak," ses the darlin',
"For I'm sure it's a thing you can't do."
"Arrah, can't I?" ses he; "just come this way,
An' say did you o'er see the match
For complacency, an' splendor an' beauty,
With what I've above in the thatch?"

He stepped on a three legged creeper,
An' just where the thatch met the wall,
Tuk down what appeared a tay-caddie,
With its varnish an' paintin', an' all;
An' he opened the lid—when his fut slipped,
An' ses, he came down on the flure—
Then, I'm tould, that the look that she gev him
Was what you might call kill or cure.

"O be all the salt waves in the ocean!"
Ses Barney—"Don't curse," ses the wife;
"For the time I have to stay with you, Barney,
Let us have no hot wather, nor strife;
You have been very kind to me, darlin'—
But this cloak o' mine you tuk away."
"Oh, murder!" cried Barney, "twas you, then,
That spoke to me out of the say."

"Troth it was," ses she; "I am the mermaid
That called to you out o' the wave—
What's more, I'm the beautiful creathur
You ken thro' the tempest to save."

An' as long as my cloak you kep from me,
A mermaid I ne'er more could be."
"Oh! iv I knew that, I'd have pledged it,"
Ses Barney—"Acushla machree!"

"You're no mermaid at all—sure no mermaid
Or other maid ever had boys—
Here childer!"—he turned for a moment
Consavin' he heard a quare noise—
A noise like the boom o' the ocean
When gently it kisses the shore.
Now Barney has pressed to his fond heart
The sweet wife he ne'er shall press more.

"Farewell, I must lave you, acushla—
Don't you hear how they call me away?"
Ev'ry thread of her green cloak that minit
Melted into a wave o' the say!
An' surgin', an' singin' such music—
No wild harp was ever so sweet—
Came a throop of young mermen an' mermaids,
An' bore her clans off ov her feet!

The nate little cottage had vanished,
An', floatin' away in a shell,
Went herself an' the childer—poor Barney
Could hardly spake more nor "Farewell—
Won't you lave me one boy for a keepsake?"
But afore he had said one more word,
Each child left the side o' the mother,
And changed to a lovely say bird!

An' foldin' their bright wings, an' nestlin'
On Barney's hand, shoulder, and breast—
Just as iv they were still his dear young ones,
He kissed them; while fondly he pressed
The sweet gentle things to his sad heart,
An' kissed them again; then away
With the mother an' mermen an' mermaids
The little birds flew o'er the say!

"Why, thin, Barney, what ails you, you spalpeen?
An' what's this you have in your fist?—
A bottle! or course, nothin' in it—
No, nor in this thuddeen that you've kissed.
Or what (an' the tide makin' swiftly),
Possessed you to lie on the strand?"
"I was lookin' at somebody drinkin',
An' so I like wather at hand!"

"But ov all the strange sights an' adventures
That ever you heard—an' they're true—
I seen,"—and he ris up and tould me
The story I've just tould to you.
"An'," ses he, "what do you think about it?"
"An'," ses I, "dhrank or not, you're the same;
An' you're tale, if not true, sure it's pleasant,
An' not at all bad for a dhrame!"

Gleanings from late Papers.

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.—Men seldom think of the great event of death until the shadow falls across their own path, hiding forever from their eyes the traces of the loved ones whose living smile was the sunlight of their existence. Death is the great antagonist of life, and the cold thought of the tomb is the skeleton of all feasts. We do not want to go through the dark valley, although its passages may lead to paradise; and, with Charles Lamb, we do not want to lie down in the muddy grave even with kings and princes for our bedfellows. But the fiat of nature is inexorable.

There is no appeal or relief from the great law which dooms us to dust. We flourish and we fade as the leaves of the forest, and the flower that blooms and withers in a day has not a firmer hold upon life than the mightiest monarch that ever shook the earth with his footsteps. Generations of men appear and vanish as the grass, and the countless multitude that throngs the world to-day will to-morrow disappear as the footsteps on the shore.

In the beautiful drama of Ion, the instinct of immortality, so eloquently uttered by the death-devoted Greek, finds a deep response in every thoughtful soul. When about to yield his young existence as a sacrifice to fate, his beloved Clemanthe asks if they shall not meet again, to which he replies: "I have asked that question of the hills that look eternal—of the clear streams that flow forever—of the stars, among whose fields of azure my raised spirit hath walked in glory. All were dumb. But while I gaze upon thy living face, I feel that there is something in the love that mantles through its beauty that cannot wholly perish. We shall meet again, Clemanthe."

A YOUNG LADY'S PASTIME IN PARIS.—A Paris correspondent of the Perth Amboy Journal says that there is a new fashionable epidemic raging in the French capital, a sort of a young ladies' work, the result of which will last for many generations.

The process is this: You buy a set of porcelain (Sèvres if you choose) as expensive or cheap as your taste or your purse will admit of; on these you paint heads, landscapes, flowers, or whatever you fancy, with paints prepared for the purpose. Then you send it to the baker, who bakes it three times, who so fixes the colors that they become permanent, and last as long as the china. I have seen a complete tea set painted by a young lady, which could not be painted for a thousand dollars. Every plate, cup, saucer, preserve dish and cake basket, was different and very beautiful. Of course the baker must thoroughly understand his business, for a minute too long in the oven, or the oven too hot, may destroy all. An artist who had spent many months painting a piece for the exhibition at the Palais d'Industrie, among the collections of living artists, had it cracked in the oven by want of sufficient care. The porcelain plate alone had cost some hundred dollars. Not long since a baker fell asleep and broke \$8000 worth of porcelain, for which he was obliged to pay, and consequently ruined. I do not know if you have porcelain bakers in the United States, but if you had you would find this far preferable to many other pastimes in vogue.

MUSIC IN ENGLAND.—There is no country where one may hear better music than in England, yet that country has never produced a great composer. Handel was a German and Haydn was born near Vienna. England has never created a school, or style peculiar to itself. The glories of the sixteenth century will always charm, just as the Irish melodies do; but they are mere fragments of the simplest kind, and have nothing in them tending to high eminence. The English know this; and they prove their good taste by never playing their own music, and by only playing the best music of other countries.

A SAD CASE.—Joseph Petit, a hard-working warehouse man of New Orleans, was entrusted with \$705 to deposit in a bank. He took a drink on the way, a second and a third. While intoxicated he lost \$400 gambling. His widowed mother took the remainder, sought his employers and obtained their forgiveness for her son. He, meanwhile, was in prison; but it was intended to release him after a severe admonition. Remorse and shame, however, were too much for him. The frenzied man butted his head against the walls of his cell with such violence that his skull was fractured, and he was found dead by the jailor.

A REPRESENTATIVE.—A young urchin, employed to cleanse a chimney of a house in Macclesfield, and having ascended to the "summit of his profession," took a survey. This completed, he prepared to descend, but mistaking the flue, he found himself on his landing, in the private study of a limb of the law, whose meditations on some abstruse point were put to flight. The sensation of both parties it is impossible to describe; the boy, terrified lest he should be punished, stood riveted to the spot, and the lawyer, struck dumb, started from his seat, the very image of horror, but spoke not. Sooty, however, soon found a tongue, and in accents, which only increased the terror of the man of law, cried out—
"My father's cummin' directly."

This was enough; the presence of such an equivocal being, so introduced, unnerved his heart; with one bound the affrighted lawyer flew down stairs, and in his kitchen sought refuge from the enemy.

A BOLD PREFERENCE.—The Rev. Mr. — an eccentric preacher in Michigan, was holding forth not long since in Detroit. A young man arose to go out, when the preacher said:—"Young man, young man, if you'd rather go to hell than hear me preach, you may go." The sinner stopped, reflected a moment, and saying, respectfully, "Well, I believe I would." He went out.

A pretty girl attended a ball out West, recently, doctored off in a short dress and pants. The other ladies were shocked. She quietly remarked that if they would pull up their dresses about the neck, as they ought to be, their skirts would be as short as hers!

SALARY OF THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.—The Lord Mayor has an allowance of £7000; it is generally cited as £8000, but is barely so much. It is variable, even to the extent of £1000 a year, more or less, owing to a portion of it being derived from the dues on fruit. His household at the Mansion House consists of 23 gentlemen, and he has a good retinue of servants. He has to provide his own horses, and has to find a carriage and horses for the Lady Mayor. The expenses of the mayoralty usually exceed the allowance by £5000.

IRELAND.

THE CLEARANCES ON THE DERBY ESTATES.

The *Clonmel Chronicle*, of a recent date, supplies some facts which, it says, may tend to enlighten the public mind upon the subject of Lord Derby's dealings with his Tipperary tenantry. The following is a condensed statement of the additional information:—

"The Coogley estate, one the smallest in the parish of Doon, contained at the time of the murder but 14 tenants, and there has not been much difficulty in discovering who among them have taken part in trying to detect the criminal, and who have endeavoured to screen the murderer, and avert the retributive arm of justice by setting about false reports, calculated only, and no doubt artfully designed, to mislead the magistracy. Where, we would now ask, did the false intelligencers of the press find their 'hundreds of families' that were soon to be set adrift upon the world? The few that are to leave have at least no such present doom before them as that predicted by their sympathizers: they need not seek the workhouse as their sole retreat, for they are all in affluent circumstances, owing (which of them can deny?) to the unmitigated generosity of their noble landlord, and to his sense of justice in carrying out at his own expense all the permanent improvements on the estate, and leaving the tenant with all his capital to expend in cultivating the land for his own profit. Lord Derby did more than this. In the agreements entered into with the tenantry it was the invariable custom upon the estate to insert tenant right clauses, securing to them the value of the crops and unexhausted manural improvements to the land.

"When during the years of famine, the estate was covered with but squatters and labourers on the bog, and those poor people petitioned Lord Derby to send them to America, their petition was granted, and, free of expense to themselves, they were enabled to emigrate, and many of them by their industry have since reaped the fruits of this liberality. All the land then taken up was levelled over, put into excellent order, and given to the present tenants at low rents, and without their contributing anything by fine or otherwise to the cost of reclaiming it. The occupiers of these holdings are well aware of the profit which their tenancies secured them—nor are they ignorant of how largely that profit exceeded the advantage which the noble earl himself derived from the estate. But when murder has stained this field of a landlord's generosity, is it to be reasonably expected that he should continue to them the means of profitable resource, to his own disadvantage, if they conspire to conceal the murderer? Did no other feeling than mere gratitude prompt the recipients of his lordship's bounty, they should long since have come forward to denounce the criminal by openly disclosing the hidden facts of the outrage. It is idle to say that they are ignorant of the reason why the unhappy Crowe was victimised, for it is made the subject of conversation, and rather freely discussed in the neighbourhood. Some of the tenants are known to be cognizant of important evidence, and if they do not come forward and instruct their families to answer questions on the subject of what they have seen and heard, but would rather prefer keeping on good terms with the party whom Crowe offended than retaining their farms, it is their own choice, and no cruelty on the part of Lord Derby, who has called on them to decide for themselves.

"But what more has the Earl of Derby done to show his anxiety to benefit his tenantry and to establish the friendly link that should ever subsist between the landlord and tenant classes, irrespective of political or religious considerations? To the parish priest of Doon his lordship gave a site for a chapel, and also a cheap farm and a free turf bank. The bog being very small, to no other person, not even to his agent, was a similar favour granted; and besides all this, the noble lord built and kept up two schools for the parish, though, as we have already stated, his estate was the least extensive in Doon. But the foul perpetrators and co-concours of the dreadful outrage proceeded to the completion of their murderous purpose, reckless of past liberality, of future retribution! One word more as to the justice of the step which Lord Derby has taken. Possessed of an enlarged sympathy and an honorable feeling, the Earl of Derby would be the last to inflict an injustice. Time is given to all the suspected tenants to clear