

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. V.

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, MONDAY, JANUARY 21, 1856.

No. 28.

HARRIS, BOWDITCH & Co.,
Commission Merchants,
RUSSIA WHARF, BOSTON.
Particular attention is given to consignments of Vessels and Produce from the British Provinces; and the purchase and shipment of all kinds of Merchandise, with a general Insurance Agency. September 10.

GLOBE HOTEL,
James W. Cairns, Proprietor,
KENT STREET, CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.
Pleasantly situated, and every comfort afforded at moderate cost. Horses and vehicles, for hire, in connection with the establishment. September 2.

JAMES MORRIS,
Commission Merchant, General Agent and Auctioneer,
QUEEN STREET,
CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

Card.
STEWART & MACLEAN,
Ship Brokers and Commission Merchants,
For the sale and purchase of American and Provincial Produce, and Dealers in Provisions, Fish, Oil, &c.
FERRY LANDING, WATER-ST., ST. JOHN, N. B.
REFERENCES—Charlottetown, P. E. I., JAS. PURDIE, Esq. St. John, N. B., Messrs. R. RANKIN & Co. Oct. 8, 1855. 6m



"Alliance Life and Fire Insurance Company" of LONDON
ESTABLISHED BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT 1821.
Capital, Five Millions Sterling.
CHARLES YOUNG.
April 14. Agent for P. E. Island.

Dwelling House and Land near Charlottetown for Sale.

FOR SALE, the newly built and commodious Dwelling House in Charlottetown, lately the residence of the Hon. Charles Hensley, together with eighteen acres of Land adjoining. The Dwelling House contains—Dining Room, Drawing Room and Study; two Kitchens, with Store-rooms, &c.; and Nine Bed rooms. There is also a stable, Coach-house, Root-house, Pump, &c. on the premises. The distance from Charlottetown is rather less than one mile. Also to let from year to year, or for a term of years, as agreed upon, several Pasture Lots in Charlottetown, near the above Dwelling House.
For Terms of Sale and Lease apply to the subscriber at the Attorney General's Office, Colonial Building, Charlottetown.
JOSEPH HENSLEY.
July 23.

Freehold for Sale.
THAT we'll know Freehold, of 55 acres, "EGLANTINE POINT," Fortune Bay, formerly owned by EDWARD ABELL, is now offered for sale, of which a good and valid title can be given. For further particulars apply to W. B. DEAN, Registered book 24, page 878. July 23.

Notice.
THE penalty prescribed by law shall be rigidly enforced in future against all persons who deposit snow or any other obstructive nuisance on the City Wharfs, or on the ice made over the docks adjacent thereto.
The subscriber caused to be removed from off the said Wharfs on the close of the navigation five empty casks, as also a wheelbarrow. The owners can have them by paying expenses.
CORNELIUS LITTLE, Wharfinger.
January 14, 1855. 3m.

Regular Trader and first Spring Ship for Charlottetown, P. E. Island.
NEW Clipper Ship "MAJESTIC," M. WALSH, Commander,—500 tons, A. 1, iron keeled and metalled,—has superior accommodations for Cabin and Steerage Passengers, and is in every respect a fast rate conveyance for fine Goods,—has proved herself a fast sailer on her first voyage,—will be despatched from Liverpool on the 1st of April, 1856. For particulars please apply to Messrs. D. GANNON, SOX & Co., 52 South Castle Street, Liverpool; or the owner W. W. LORD, Charlottetown, P. E. Island. Nov. 5, 1855.

Removal.
JOHN TURNER, Cooper, begs to return his thanks to his numerous customers and friends for the very liberal support he has received for the last thirteen years, and would acquaint them that he has removed to upper Prince Street, near the Free Church, and trusts that by strict attention to business to merit a continuance of their favours.
Charlottetown, October 1, 1855. 6m.

Gas Fittings.
JUST arrived per *Sir Alexander*, from London, and for Sale at the GAS WORKS, a quantity of new and handsome FITTINGS.
WILLIAM MURPHY, Manager.
November 19, 1855. 1f.

Coke, Coke.
FOR SALE at the GAS WORKS, a quantity of very superior COKE, at 6d. per bushel, or 16s. per Chaldron; and 15s. per Chaldron if five or upwards be taken.
Gas Works, Dec. 17. WM. MURPHY, Manager.

BOOKS, BOOKS.
THE Subscriber begs to call the attention of the reading Public to his Stock of new and second hand BOOKS, which comprises works on every branch of human knowledge, and in various languages. Ministers and Schoolmasters will find by inspection that they can obtain valuable Works, English editions, at one-third the usual price.
S. WESTACOTT.
Charlottetown, Nov. 12, 1855.

Liquors, Liquors.
BRANDY, GIN, WINE, SPIRITS and RUM, a capital article for Christmas and New Year.
Also—for the same, superior CABBAGES and BLOOM RAISINS, at the Old Store of A. G. SIMS, Queen Street. Dec. 17. 1m

Literature.

LONG AGO.

When at eve I sit alone,
Thinking on the Past and Gone—
While the clock, with drowsy finger,
Marks how long the minutes linger—
And the embers, dimly burning,
Tell of life to dust returning;
Then my lonely chair around,
With a murmur soft and low,
Come the Ghosts of Long Ago.

One by one I count them o'er,
Voices that are heard no more,
Tears that loving cheeks have wet,
Words, whose music lingers yet—
Holy faces pale and fair,
Shadowy locks of waving hair—
Happy sighs and whispers dear,
Songs forgotten many a year—
Lips of dewy fragrance—eyes
Brighter, bluer than the skies—
Odors breathed from Paradise.

And the gentle shadows glide
Softly murmuring at my side,
Till the long unattended day,
All forgotten, fades away.

Thus, when I am all alone,
Dreaming o'er the Past and Gone,
All around me, sad and slow,
Come the Ghosts of Long Ago.

THE MANY THINGS THAT ADAM MISSED.

Adam ne'er knew what 'twas to be a boy,
To wheedle pennies from a doting sire,
With which to bargain for some pleasing toy,
Or calm the rising of a strong desire.
To suck an orange. Nor did he
E'er cast the shuttlecock to battledore,
Nor wore his trowsers ever out at the knee,
From playing marbles on the kitchen floor.
He never skated o'er the frozen rill,
When winter's covering o'er the earth was spread;
Nor glided down the slippery rill,
With pretty girls upon his trusty sled.
He never swung upon his father's gate,
Or slept in sunshine on the cellar door,
Nor wasted chestnuts at the kitchen grate,
Nor spun his humming top upon the floor.
He ne'er amused himself with rows of bricks,
So set, if one fell, all came down;
Nor gazed delighted at the funny tricks
Of harlequin or travelling circus clown.
By gradual growth he never reached the age,
When cruel Cupid first invokes his art,
And stamps love's lesson, page by page,
On the glowing tablets of a youngling's heart.
He never wandered forth on moonlight nights,
With her he loved above all earthly things;
Nor tried to mount old Pindar's rocky heights,
Because he fancied love had lent him wings.
He never tripped it o'er the ball-room floor,
Where love and music intertwine their charms;
Nor wandered listless by the sandy shore,
Debarred the pleasures of his lady's arms.
For Adam—so at least 'tis said
By many an ancient and a modern sage—
Before a moment of his life had fled,
Was fully thirty years of age.

(From the London Illustrated News, Dec. 22, 1856.)

MACAULAY'S "HISTORY OF ENGLAND."

Mr. Macaulay's anxiously-expected continuation of his "History of England" has at length appeared. Before entering into any criticism of a work which, whether critics praise or caviat at it, will take its place among the English classics, let us narrate, as one of the greatest literary incidents of the time, the extraordinary bustle and "potter" which it seems to have created in the book-selling trade. We learn from a daily contemporary that—
"The public have called for 30,000 copies—or, to put it plainly, 60,000 volumes—of a work which previously they had not beheld a single page. Its fortunate publishers, we learn, have been embarrassed to meet this unusual demand. Their arrangements have been unprecedented. A chamber of considerable dimensions has been set apart for the packing of so many thousand volumes at a time, and several other rooms have been cleared to receive these in relays. We are unable to state the extraordinary number of carts, men, and horses required for the simultaneous delivery of so many volumes, but which have tested to the utmost the narrow capacity of Paternoster-row. These are the material incidents of the appearance of this coveted work; but its expected issue has suspended other literary ventures; it has disturbed all publishing and book-selling arrangements, and devoured for a time the promise of authorship."
Mr. Macaulay commences his third volume with the proclamation of William and Mary, in 1689, and concludes his fourth with the signature of the Peace of Ryswick, in 1687. The two godly volumes of 1,500 pages and upwards comprise a period of not quite nine years. At this rate when will Mr. Macaulay complete the History, which he promised to bring down to a period within the remembrance of men still living? Never. The work will remain a fragment—a colossal one, it is true, but still a fragment,—and not a work of art; an attempt to do a great thing, resulting in a failure, from the miscalculation of the means to the end. To accomplish the task which Mr. Macaulay set himself, upon the scale in which he has hitherto wrought upon it, would, if he carried down his history to the French Revolution of 1789, (a period of ninety-two years from the Peace of Ryswick) demand no less than twenty-two volumes, in addition to the two which he has just published. "Art is long and life is short." Had Mr. Macaulay thirty working years yet before him, and if he were the fortunate possessor of the *mens sana in corpore sano*, for the whole of that time, he could scarcely accomplish the mighty labour. We may be positively certain, however, unless he have large stores in reserve—unless he have already completed a dozen or so of volumes, that the great work will stop short of its promised fulfilment; and that a History of England, worthy of the name, yet remains to be written. G. B. N. still sits upon the imperial throne of history—unapproached if not unapproachable—and Macaulay, who challenged him in his seat, and aspired to rival him in power and majesty, and completeness, must be contented to rank beneath him.
And yet Mr. Macaulay has ability equal to the task. He has a ready pen, an admirable style, a picturesque and glowing imagination, a creative power sufficient to revivify the dry bones of the past, and marshal them, like beings of flesh and blood, in solemn and gorgeous pageant, for the delight and instruction of living men; and he has the comprehensive mind and philosophic judgment to draw from history the lessons it ought to teach, and to mould the future by the errors, as well as by the virtues, of the past. But all these gifts have been

rendered of less avail than they might have been, by one pervading fault—that of diffuseness. The temptation of a picturesque incident is too great for Mr. Macaulay to resist. The steady flow of History is continually impeded that he may toy as he goes with a flower or with a ruin by the wayside, that he may show how great a master of composition he is, and that, if he so willed it, he might be greater as poet and novelist than he chooses to be as historian. But such is the charm of these interpolations, that the reader scarcely wishes them absent, though he has often to go back for pages to catch up the abandoned clue of the narrative, and to know where he was, before the tricky enchanter led him from the broad highway into the flowery gardens, the branching avenues, and the perpetual mazes that board the road, far away from the stations and landmarks of true history, to the more beautiful but less satisfactory regions of pure romance. And this is not the only fault which has led Mr. Macaulay to extend his book beyond the limits he allotted for it, and beyond the limits of a lifetime to carry to completion. He enters too largely into minutiae, and is often as prolix as a contemporary reporter, describing in a daily or weekly newspaper the events of his own time. At the very outset of his third volume we meet the following passage, which exemplifies the fault we mean:—

"Garter King-at-arms, after making proclamation under the window of Whitehall, rode in state along the Strand to Temple Bar. He was followed by the Maces of the two Houses, by the two Speakers, Halifax and Powle, and by a long train of coaches filled with noblemen and gentlemen. The magistrates of the City threw open their gates and joined the procession. Four regiments of militia lined the way up Ludgate-hill, round St. Paul's Cathedral, and along Cheap-side. The streets, the balconies, and the very housetops were crowded with gazers. All the steeples from the Abbey to the Tower sent forth a joyous din. The proclamation was repeated, with sound of triumph, in front of the Royal Exchange, amidst the shouts of the citizens.

"In the evening every window from Whitehall to Piccadilly was lighted up. The state rooms of the palace were thrown open, and were filled by a gorgeous company of courtiers desirous to kiss the hand of the King and Queen."

The passage might serve as a model for a description of the visit of the Emperor Napoleon or of the King of Sardinia to London in the year 1856, and might have appeared, with the necessary changes of name and incident, in the *Spectator* or the *Leader* of three weeks ago.
Let us, however, be thankful for what we have received, and are still likely to receive, from this great and brilliant writer. We are so pleased to have his companionship through the reigns of James II. and William and Mary, and anticipate so much delight and instruction from his pen, when we meet him, as we trust we soon shall, in the reign of Queen Anne; that we feel a disappointment when we know that we cannot reasonably expect to have the guidance of his picturesque intellect and sound judgment in the days of the Georges; and that his work must remain like the Cathedral of Cologne, unfinished and unfinishable.

DEATH OF SAMUEL ROGERS, AUTHOR OF THE "PLEASURES OF MEMORY."

The Nestor of our poets is no more. Samuel Rogers, "the Bard, the Beau, the Banker," died on Tuesday last, at his house in St. James's-park, overlooking the Green-park, in his ninety-fourth year—an age beyond which the laws of nature seldom suffer life to be extended. He was the living link between the era of Johnson and Goldsmith and our own. He was not much of a poet: he was a correct and pleasing writer with only one note, but that note was sweet and suggestive. His age has been, we observe, variously stated. We remember to have been present when the late Marquis of Northampton was the cause of Mr. Rogers revealing his age at his own table. "You will recollect Mr. Gray very well?" said the somewhat talkative Marquis. "No," was the reply, somewhat sharply, for the old man would fire up impatiently. "No, I never saw Mr. Gray. I was celebrating my eight birthday on the day that Mr. Gray died." Now, as Gray died on the 30th July, 1771, Mr. Rogers was consequently born on the 30th July, 1763.

The only English poet who attained an age of nearly equal duration with that attained by Mr. Rogers was the poet Waller. Waller was born in 1665, two years after the death of Queen Elizabeth. He sat as a member of Parliament in the reign of James I. He was a member of the celebrated Long Parliament of Charles I. He sung the Panegyric of Oliver Cromwell, and celebrated the restoration of Charles II. He was also alive at the coronation of King James II.; and, if his life had been spared barely beyond another year, would have witnessed the abdication of James and the accession of William and Mary. He was like Mr. Rogers in other respects than his poetry. He was a man of wealth, and he was a wit. Waller at eighty was still the delight of the House of Commons. Rogers at eighty-eight was still the delight of the most fashionable dinner tables in Tyburnia and Belgravia. The sayings of Waller have deservedly found a place in some of the best volumes of our *Ana*; and the repartees of Rogers are likely to find a celebrity that is equally enduring.

Two very different men appeared as poets in print for the first time—the Ayrshire Ploughman and the Lombard-street Banker. In the year 1785 appeared at Kilmarnock that volume of "Poems, chiefly in the Scottish dialect," which will live as long as the English language; and in the same year appeared in London, "An Ode to Superstition," since properly included in the numerous reprints of the poems of its author. Burns published his octavo volume by subscription among the weavers of Kilmarnock, whilst Rogers took (as we have heard him relate) his poems to Cadell in the Strand and left a cheque to pay for the cost of publication. Very different indeed were the lives in the flesh of the two men who thus commenced together their lives in poetry. Burns has been dead sixty years. Rogers has consequently outlived the poet he commenced the race of fame with by that number of years. Nay, more: nearly seventy years have passed since he who died within this very week took his first ode and his cheque to the Murray of those days of publishing.

When Rogers made his appearance as a poet, Lord Byron was unborn—and Byron has been dead thirty-one years! When Percy Bysshe Shelley was born, Rogers was in his thirtieth year—and Shelley has been dead nearly thirty-four years! When Keats was born, "The Pleasures of Memory" was looked upon as a standard poem—and Keats has been dead thirty-five years! When this century commenced, the man who died but yesterday, and in the latter half too of the century, had already numbered as many years as Burns and Byron had numbered when they died. Mr. Rogers was born before the following English poets—Scott, Southey, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Byron, Moore, Campbell, Bloomfield, Cuninghame, Hogg, James Montgomery, Shelley, Keats, Wilson, Tom Hood, Kirke White, Lamb, Joanna Baillie, Felicia Hemans, E. E. L., and he outlived them all. Our oldest living poets are Walter Savage Landor, born 1776; Leigh Hunt, born 1784; and Barry Cornwall, born 1790.

We have said that Mr. Rogers was famous for his conversational powers, for his short smart stories, and his sarcastic criticisms; and we now learn with pleasure that the Rev. Alexander Dyce is about to give us a volume of such gatherings from the breakfast-table and dinner-table at St. James's-place. Mr. Dyce was a never-failing guest at the Tuesday breakfasts, and had to endure, in common with others, incessant repetitions of the same stories from his host. He will not, however, tell the same story twice in print; and his wallet of queer and pithy stories is well-stored.

(From Harper's Magazine.)

THE OLD MAN'S REVENGE.

When Adam Stevenson died there was grief in all the country around. It was not only the old men who had been companions of his youth and growth, and had seen him rise from boyhood to manhood, and change from the prime of life to the feebleness of age. Nor was it only the old women who had been young with him, and remembered the joyful scenes of years long gone, but children, even young children, whose years to his age were but as months, looked lovingly for his face, and wept that they should see it no more.

He was a good old man. The stamp of honesty was on his very countenance, and benevolence and charity shone out of his kindly eyes. No one could say that he had ever heard of an evil deed done by Adam Stevenson, and many lips related the good deeds of the old man with words of earnest praise.

So that when in the solemn March night, above the wailing winds, they heard the passing-bell sound over the hills and forests, they counted the strokes, ten and a pause, ten and a pause, until the eighty were summed up, and the last two were as if the bell had named him aloud, for every one within sound of the old church spire knew that he was fourscore and two, and now knew that he was gone to his reward.

To those who listened to that passing-bell it told a varied history in the brief moments that its sound occupied: a long tale swiftly but impressively told. There was but one man in the parish who understood the first stroke; but one man who could remember the first ten years of the life of the old elder. That man was John Moreton, whose years now numbered seventy-nine, and whose farm adjoined the farm of Adam Stevenson. He knew the story of those long years so well, that the bell but reminded him of those scenes of boyhood, and every vibration was a story of young joys. And the old man had soft and pleasant memories as the sound went on, but as length his thoughts grew bitter, and long before the thirtieth year was reached he was reviewing his hate and enmity, that did not change nor diminish until the whole long life was summed up, and the last stroke told him that his old enemy, as he believed him, lay dead in his old house. And then John Moreton turned him in his bed, and a grim smile settled on his wan and wrinkled countenance—a fiendish smile it was, too—and he slept for the first time in sixty years without thoughts of revenge to make him wakeful.

It was strange that there should have been one man to call Adam Stevenson his enemy. Certainly the old elder did not return the hate. It was impossible for him to do so, for his heart was all love. But John Moreton was a man of relentless disposition, whose soul was utterly callous to all the finer sensibilities of human nature, and his entire life had been devoted to nursing the idea that he had cause to hate his neighbour. The origin of his bitterness few now living knew. It was buried with many other things in the past, and with those who knew it best, in the old church-yard—the old church-yard, that solemn place where so many joys and so many sorrows, so many forgotten pleasures and so many enmities are gathered and kept for the day of awaking.

But the country story, told from father and mother to son and daughter, was this: Alice Gray was the fairest girl in all the country. It was strange to think of her as once young and beautiful whom all had known as feeble, weary and old. But she was once very lovely in all the glory of brown tresses and blue, deep eyes, and cheeks of sunset roses; and all the young men loved her, and, as must always be the case, she loved only one, and that was Adam Stevenson.

Why, most of all his rivals, John Moreton took to heart this success of Adam, does not appear; but that he did so every one knew, for from the day that Adam Stevenson and Alice Gray were married he declared his enmity to them and their house, and he never withdrew the declaration. Years served but to deepen the hatred, and the kind and forbearing conduct of its objects added to its fury.

It is difficult to imagine this growth of hatred in the human heart. That it is possible, too many instances like the one before us show.
As he grew older, John Moreton found the necessity of a wife to take care of his farm; and he married the daughter of a wealthy neighbour, who, on the death of her father, inherited his farm, which, added to that of her husband, made them the most wealthy people in the county. One son was the only fruit of their union, born not long after the birth of Adam Stevenson's second child, who was also a son, and who, by the death of his elder brother, became the heir to the estate of his father. But neither of the sons appeared likely to come soon into the property of his father, and they were sent at about the same period of time to New York, each to the care of a friend, where they were brought up to business; and at the period of the death of Adam Stevenson they were merchants in New York, and comparatively wealthy, and had married wives who were cousins.

John Moreton passed some years of his life with his son in the city, where he acquired those habits and ways of thinking, and acting which distinguish the citizen from the countryman, and which authorised him, as he supposed, to look down on his more homely neighbours.

His wife died when she was fifty years old; died in the old farm-house, with no companion to close her eyes save only her cold, calm husband. It could not have been difficult for her to leave him. There was no love between them, and he had been harsh, and even unkind; so that, when she closed her eyes on life, there was no lingering, no opening them again to look on a beloved countenance, no smiling back a kind farewell to eyes that could not smile, no reaching back of longing hands to feel the lacteal gland and take its soft pressure with her in the dark journey.

Nor were there any tears when she was dead; but, having buried her, her husband leased the farm, reserving only a right to a room and a home when he chose to occupy it, and took up his abode with his son in the city, where he assumed the position of a wealthy citizen.

I know not what sharp transaction between them commenced the enmity which the younger Moreton had for Joseph Stevenson. Each was very like his father, and, therefore, I take it for granted that the wrong was, as usual, on the side of the Moretons, and a subsequent transaction made the enmity perpetual. It occurred somewhat in this wise: Moreton had sold Stevenson a bill of goods amounting to some ten thousand dollars. The sale was made verbally, and in that rapid manner with which New York merchants are familiar. The terms were one-third cash, and the balance at three and six months, and the goods were shipped, as per order, the same day. Next morning Moreton sent Stevenson a memorandum of the transaction, stating its terms at half cash and half at three months. The latter was somewhat astonished at the new version, which was inconvenient as well on account of his lack of funds as the fact that the shipment of the goods would operate effectually to prevent their return, and an annulling of the transaction.

He knew well that Moreton was very short; and on finding him peremptory in his terms and disposed to be insolent, he gave up any idea of opposing him, and devised a scheme of punishment which was very simple and very satisfactory. He raised funds on his own paper at the ordinary discount, and went to a broker in Wall street.

"Is John Moreton's paper in the street?"
"Plenty of it."
"At what rate can I get it?"
"Two per cent. a month."
"Can you get me any?"
"I think I can."
"Do so."
"When?"
"Now. I will wait for it."