

The Examiner

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, DECEMBER 10, 1855.

No. 22.

A Card.
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A. L. CUTLER,
Wholesale Dealer in
PAINTS, OILS AND WINDOW GLASS,
Drugs, Medicines & Dye Stuffs.
Manufacturer of Coach, Furniture, Piano-forte and Damar or
Zinc VARNISHES.
No. 43 INDIA STREET, BOSTON, MASS.
October 22, 1855. 2m

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 3.

WILLIAM ROUGHAN,
Commission Merchant and General Agent,
GIBBORNE & HENDERSON'S WHARF,
ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND.

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

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.

Valuable Farm for Sale.
AN excellent FARM, consisting of 75 acres of Freehold
Land, on the Easy Vale Road, Lot 65, twelve miles from Char-
lottetown, (40 acres of which are cleared) with a large DWELLING
HOUSE, newly erected and completely finished, is now offered for sale,
with immediate possession. For particulars apply to
May 28. JOHN KENNY, Central Academy.

Freehold for Sale.
THAT well known 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
Registered book 24, page 878. W. B. DEAN, July 23.

**Dwelling House and Land near Charlotte-
town for Sale.**

FOR SALE, the newly built and commodious Dwelling
House in Charlottetown, Royalty, late 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
Stables, Coach-house, Root-house, Pump, &c., on the premises. The dis-
tance 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 Royalty, near the above Dwelling
House.
For Terms of Sale and Lease apply to the subscriber at the Attorney
General's Office, Colonial Building, Charlottetown.
July 30. JOSEPH HENSLEY.

Public Lands.
THE Commissioner of Public Lands gives notice that per-
sons who have given bonds for the purchase of lands—having had
favorable terms offered them—should they not speedily settle their
accounts, by calling at the Commissioner's Office, and agreeing to the
balance thereon in the terms offered by the Government—render them-
selves liable to any alteration in those terms which may be thought
advisable. September 17, 1855.

Notice.
ALL persons are hereby cautioned against trespassing on
those lands situate on Lot or Township No. 46, the property of
Captain Byrne, the heirs of Mrs. Taylor and of Miss Gun Cunningham,
and lying between the western boundary of Major Crooke's land, and
the eastern boundary of Lot 45. Any person or persons so found
trespassing, will be prosecuted with the utmost rigour of the law.
ROBERT STEWART,
Agent for Captain Byrne, the heirs of Mrs. Taylor
and Miss Gun Cunningham.
Charlottetown, April 23.

Notice to Tenants.
THE subscriber requests all persons indebted to him for
Rent, or arrears of Rent, on his part of half Lot or Township No.
37, to pay the same forthwith. He is also prepared to lease or sell any
part of the above property—his titles being now duly recorded; and
takes this opportunity of notifying that any person or persons found
trespassing on the above property, will be prosecuted to the utmost
rigour of the law. Also, the Tenants on the Estates under the manage-
ment of the subscriber, viz:—on Lot or Township No. 26—the property
of Messrs. Thomson; on Lot or Township No. 36—the property of
Messrs. Haythorne; and on Lot or Township No. 49—the property of
Messrs. Haythorne;—as no arrears will be allowed to remain due after
the first of January, 1856.
MILL VIEW, Nov. 15, 1855. JOHN R. BOURKE.
E. I. H. G.—1a.

Poetry.

THE QUEEN'S LETTER.

There came a tale to England, 'twas of a battle won;
And nobly had her warriors that day their duty done.
They fell like leaves in autumn; yet 'mid that fearful scene,
Their last shout was for England, their last breath for their
Queen.

There came a tale to England of suffering, want and woe—
Of the night watch in the trenches, of the "sortie" by the
foe—
Mid pain and stern, and sickness, with no rest, no pause
between;
And there was grief in England, from the humblest to the
Queen.

Then wrote the Queen of England: (and God's blessing on
her pen!)
"Oh! tell those noble wounded, those sick, patient, suffering
men,
There's not a heart in England can feel a pang more keen.
That day and night her own loved troops are thought of by
their Queen."

Then rose a shout through England, from them 'twas wafted
o'er,
From those sick, wounded soldiers, and it rang from shore to
shore—
From ALMA, BALAKLAVA, and from INKERMANN it came—
"God bless the Queen of England! Again we'd do the same!"

TELL ME YE WINGED WINDS.

Tell me ye winged winds,
That round my pathway roar,
Do you not know some spot,
Where mortals weep no more?
Some lone and pleasant dell,
Some valley in the west,
Where, free from toil or pain,
The weary soul may rest?

The loud wind softened to a whisper low,
And sighed for pity as it answered "No!"
Tell me thow mighty deep,
Whose billows round me play,
Know'st thou some favored spot,
Some island far away,
Where weary man may find
The bliss for which he sighs,
Where sorrow never lives,
And friendship never dies?

The loud waves rolling in perpetual flow,
Stopped for a while, and sighed to answer "No!"
And thou, sereneest moon,
That with such holy face
Dost look upon the earth,
Asleep in night's embrace,
Tell me, in all thy round
Hast thou not seen some spot,
Where miserable man
May find a happier lot?

Behind the cloud the moon withdrew in weep,
And a voice, sweet but sad, responded—"No!"
Tell me, my secret soul,
O! tell me Hope and Faith,
Is there no resting place
From sorrow, sin and death?
Is there no happy spot,
Where mortals may be blessed,
Whose grief may find a balm,
And weariness a rest?

Faith, Hope and Love—best boosts to mortals given,
Waved their bright wings, and whispered—"Yes! in Heaven!"

Miscellaneous.

The following letter was written by Frederick Lucas a short
time before his death to Father Tom O'Shea. It is so beau-
tiful, breathing throughout the sentiments of a Christian
gentleman and true Patriot, that we make room for it, although
it has already appeared in several of the papers on this side of
the Atlantic.—
STAINES, September 28.

MY DEAR FATHER TOM—I don't know whether I am glad or
sorry that your notion of my disorder is so mistaken. The
truth is, that it is pretty fairly spread over most of the organs
of my body; that I am now suffering under enlarged heart,
bronchitis, congestive liver, inert kidneys, a stomach that re-
fuses food, asthma that forbids sleep, and, to crown all, the
dropsy. As Sidney Smith says in one of his letters—"I have
seven or eight complaints, but in all other respects I am per-
fectly well." In plain and sober seriousness, my dear Father
Tom, I have given up all hope of life, have received the last
sacraments, and though, perhaps, not immediately to die, for
this is in God's hand, yet I have now no other business than
to make the best preparation I can for the Judgment Seat of
the Almighty, and to request all the prayers of my friends to
help me through the fearful passage, which I hope may be
from death to life.
Thank God, I have no wish to live. I ask for no prayers
for restoration to health. I have never valued life very much,
and now less than ever. Dear Father Tom, it would be a
great pleasure to me to see you again before I die. We have
fought many a battle together at your immediate peril, and I
have never found in you less than the courage of a hero, per-
fect unselfishness, zeal untiring, and a devotion to the cause of
God and the poor, which it will be difficult to surpass. Now,
when, perhaps, I am presently to stand face to face with my
Creator and Redeemer, I esteem it an honour to have fought
so often by your side, and, though I do not regret for a mo-
ment that my exertions have tended to shorten my life, I do
most bitterly regret that your nobleness and heroism have
brought on you so sad a persecution. However, my dear
Father Tom, let me say to you, and to your friends of
your diocese, not to be downcast or disheartened. As sure as
God is in Heaven, your cause is the cause of truth and honour,
and when your last hour comes, you will all feel what con-
solation it gives a man never to have flinched in the worst of
times—as I may say of you—or given way in the public ser-
vice to selfish personal considerations.

My dear Father Tom, I would give a little world to press
your hand once more, and to receive your blessing. Make my
kindest adieux to all our friends, particularly to Father Koeffe,
your good brother, the Archdeacon, Father Aylward—our
friends in Tipperary, and my most worthy and venerated
friend, the Archdeacon of Rathkeale.
Your business as far as it depends on my statement, is not
yet quite complete. I am sorry for it, but I have done my
best, and I have left such instructions as I hope will turn to
the best account what I have been able to do. If I die you
will hear through one of my friends how the matter stands;
at present I can add no more than that I am,
My dear Father Tom,
Most affectionately yours,
F. LUCAS.

The Preston Guardian publishes in its last issue a letter
from an Irishman—a Connaught Ranger:—
"88th Regiment, Camp of Sebastopol,
September 13, 1855.

MY DEAR ———— Having now some leisure after the fall
of this mighty fortress to send you and my former companions
of the Ordnance Survey some slight account of the taking
thereof, I will commence by stating that on the 5th, a tremen-
dous cannonade commenced; 2,000 large pieces of ordnance,
200,000 men on both sides, made a dreadful noise. It was a
grand combat, which continued until about noon on the 8th,
when the French darts like lightning upon the Malakoff, and
in about ten minutes the tri-color floated on its summit. Then
we were ordered to go to it. We jumped from our lairs with
the spring of tigers, and had about nine chains to go in the
face of the Russian guns, vomiting death upon us. Many a
hero was sent before his Maker in that distance; but nothing
daunted, we crossed the trench, though it will ever remain a
mystery to me how I got over. I found myself upon the par-
apet with my comrades falling in scores around me. Oh!
the sensations I felt I shall never forget. My brain was on
fire. I felt as if I was made of India rubber, and was bullet
proof. On we rolled, like a torrent swollen with rain, driving
the foe before us, until our career was stopped by an intrench-
ment in the rear of the Redan; at the back of which there
was a forest of bayonets and mountains of cannon, and we
were cruelly decimated by volleys of grape, &c., not more
than a dozen of us returning to the apex of the Redan, where
we were again added to a few of the 97th and 23rd, and
headed by the gallant Colonel Windham, to whom might
justly be applied the epithet, 'brave of the brave.' Before,
however, we had advanced twenty yards, there was scarcely
six of us left. Returning, we joined our brethren, and kept
up the unequal contest until two o'clock, without supports.
We then clearly saw that it was madness to remain longer.
I believe I was the last man who left the Redan, and I may
thank the practice I had on the Ordnance Survey in topping
hedges and crossing ditches for my safety. I made a bound
and crossed the ditch at a spring. I have since measured it
and it is six yards wide. I had then to run a distance of 200
yards, with bullets flying about me as thick as hail. Thanks
be to God, I reached the trench without a scratch, but minus
my cap and one boot. At present there is great grumbling
in camp. Some regiments tell us that had they been there,
they would have been able to stand their ground. Now, I
boldly affirm that it would have been as great a piece of in-
sanity to have remained as it was of the 300 Spartans who
remained at the pass of Thermopylae. Oh! but the night
scene it is impossible to describe. Conceive something similar
to Bulwer Lytton's description of the destruction of Pompeii,
or, to quote the words of Napoleon on the burning of Mos-
cow:—"It was a spectacle of red rolling flames like immense
waves of the sea, alternately bursting forth and elevating
themselves to skies of fire, and then sinking into flame below.
It was the most grand, the most sublime, and the most terrific
sight the world ever beheld." I was among the ruins yester-
day, and you know I am fond of curiosities. I had two large
antique vases under my arm, when I was accosted by a French-
man, and taxed with cowardice. I dashed the vases to the
ground, and hurled the Frenchman and his looking glass after
them. In my wrath I certainly should have injured him had
it not been for the interference of an English gentleman. In
about two hours after this incident I joined a group in camp
who were discussing the merits or demerits of the assault.
A Scotchman gave it as his opinion that if the Highland
brigade had been selected as the storming party, the fate of
the day would have been different. He also hinted, in the
subtle way of the Scotch, something that amounted to the
charge brought by the Frenchman. I burst into tears and re-
plied to his argument by a regular knock down. I had the
satisfaction of thrashing him right well. The fact of the
matter is, that the Highland brigade have hardly fired a shot
during the campaign. They were off at Balaklava in smug
quarters during the winter. Through the kindness of a noble
young Englishman who has seen better days, I have had an
opportunity of seeing the Times all along, and I perceived
after the battle of the Alma that the Highlanders got all
the honour of the day. In point of fact, they were hardly
engaged at all. Whether by accident or design I know not,
but the 88th and other Irish regiments are always placed in
front. The 88th were the first to cross the river at the Alma.
We fought like heroes at Inkermann, and we worked like
horses all the winter in the trenches. You will recollect in
1840, the night you and I were detained on the top of Slieve-
naman by the mist. We then deplored our hard fate; but
it was nothing in comparison to a night in the trenches here.
We had a priest attached to our regiment since it landed,
and I am proud to record that no bigotry has been manifested
towards the priests. It could not, however, be otherwise, for
their love and care for the poor Irish have been superior to
anything that I can describe. I anticipate glorious results
from this war. In the first place, that wretched race, the
Mahometans, will be obliterated out of Europe; and, in the
second, the English and Scotch officers will have seen enough
of the French army, who, to a man nearly, profess the old
faith. They have likewise witnessed how we (the Irish) have
fought, and if they should still consider that our fathers and
brothers should be insulted on account of their faith, gratitude
will have fled from England.

THE PANAMA RAILROAD.

ITS COST OF LIFE.
An American named Tomes has recently published a work
entitled "Panama in 1855," from which we extract the fol-
lowing passage, descriptive of the awful waste of life among
the poor Chinese, while working on the Panama Railway:—
"A ship arrived, and landed on the Isthmus some eight
hundred, after a fair voyage from Hong Kong, where these
poor devils of the Flowery Kingdom had unwittingly sold them-
selves to the service of the Railroad, perfectly ignorant of the
country whither they were going, and of the trials which
awaited them. The voyage was tolerably prosperous, and the
Chinese bore its fatigues and sufferings with great patience,
cheered by the prospect of reaching the foreign land, whither
they had been tempted by the glowing description of those
traffickers in human life, who had so liberally promised them
wealth and happiness. Sixteen died on the passage, and were
thrown into the sea. No sooner had the eight hundred sur-
vivors landed, than thirty-two of the number were struck
down prostrate by sickness; and in less than a week after-
wards, eighty more laid by their sides. The interpreters who
accompanied them attributed this rapid prostration to the
want of their habitual opium. The drug was then distributed
among them, and with the good effect of so far stimulating
their energies, that two-thirds of the sick arose again from
their beds, and began to labour.
"A Maine Opium law, however, was soon promulgated,
on the score of the immorality of administering to so perni-
cious a habit, and without regard, it is hoped, to the expense;
which, however, was no inconsiderable item, since the daily
quota of each Chinese amounted to fifteen grains, at the cost
of at least 15 cents. Whether it was owing to the deprivation
of their habitual stimulus, or the malignant effects of the
climate, or home-sickness, or disappointment, in a few weeks
there was hardly one out of the eight hundred Chinese who
was not prostrate and unfit to labour. The poor sufferers let
the pick and the shovel fall from their hands, and yielded
themselves up to the agony of despair. They now gladly
welcomed death, and impatiently awaited their turn in the
ranks which were falling before the pestilence. The havoc of
disease went on, and would have done its work in time; but
as it was sometimes merciful and spared a life, and was de-
liberate, though deadly, the despairing Chinese could wait no

longer: he hastily seized the hand of death, and involuntarily
sought destruction in its grasp.

"Hundreds destroyed themselves, and showed, in their
various modes of suicide, the characteristic Chinese ingenuity.
Some deliberately lighted their pipes, and sat themselves down
upon the shore of the sea, and awaited the rising of the tide
—grimly resolved to die—and sat and sat, silent and unmoved
as a storm-beaten rock, as wave rose upon wave, until they
sank into the depths of eternity. Some bargained with their
companions for death—giving their all to the friendly hand
which, with a kindly touch of the trigger, would scatter their
brains, and hasten their doom. Some hung themselves to the
tall trees by their hair, and some twisted their queues about
their necks, with a deliberate coil after coil, until their faces
blackened, their eyeballs started out, their tongues protruded,
and death relieved their agony. Some cut ugly, crotch-
shaped sticks, sharpened the ends to a point, and thrust their
necks upon them until they were pierced through and through,
and thus mangled, yielded up life in a torrent of blood. Some
took great stones into their hands, and leaped into the depths
of the nearest river and clung, with resolute hold, to the
weight which sunk them, gurgling in the agonies of drowning,
to the bottom, until death loosened their grasp, and floated
them to the surface, lifeless bodies. Some starved themselves
to death—refusing either to eat or drink. Some impaled
themselves upon their instruments of labour—and thus, in a
few weeks after their arrival, there were but scarce two
hundred Chinese left of the whole number. This miserable
remnant of poor, heart-sick exiles, prostrate from the effects
of the climate, and bent on death, being useless for labour,
were sent to Jamaica, where they have ever since lingered out
a miserable beggar's life."

AMERICAN SERVICE TO RUSSIAN BELLIGERENTS.—It will be
recalled that the Schooner Caroline E. Fouts, from Hono-
lulu, bound to Hakadodi the way of Simoda, changed her route
on arriving at the latter place for the purpose of conveying to
Petropaulowski a Russian Admiral and sailors who had been
wrecked on the coast of Japan, near Simoda.

The Captain, who was also the owner, got a bonus of \$2,000
for the voyage, and offered his seamen \$6 a month increase
in their wages, but they refused to work for that; and re-
quired also, as the vessel took arms and ammunition as well
as men, that the captain should give them a written instru-
ment holding them harmless in case of capture. This being
denied, they refused to work the ship, when they were put
on bread and water, and the vessel manned by the sailors of
the Russian Admiral. On their arrival at Petropaulowski
they were taken into custody by Russian soldiers at the in-
stigation of their own captain, and confined in a damp and
unhealthy prison, without bedding for the space of four or five
days. The alternative was finally presented them of being
sent into the interior or going to duty on the vessel. They ac-
cepted the latter alternative, returning with the vessel to
Japan, and thence to San Francisco.

Upon their arrival at the latter port, they brought an action
without delay in the United States Court against the Schooner
for an increase of wages; and the Court decided in their favor,
giving them \$100 per month from the time of deviation in the
voyage.

LITERARY PROFITS OF MR. DICKENS.—The proceeds of Mr.
Dickens' last serial, *Bleak House*, are understood to have fallen
little short of £13,000; and large as that amount assuredly is,
it is, probably, not over the mark. The sale is assumed to
have varied from thirty to forty, averaging thirty-five the usual
per month, which, at half the selling price, leaving the other
half to defray expenses, would be, in round numbers, £10,000
for the twelve months, on the monthly parts alone; and the
parts extend to twenty. Then the advertisements were charged
at from six to ten guineas the page, according to the position,
and the best proof that the monthly edition exceeded thirty
thousand, is the circumstance that the advertisements would
often be found omitted in circulation; the agreement with the
advertiser being that when that issue was reached, his an-
nouncement should be withdrawn. The reason for this is ob-
vious, as no very elaborate calculation of the price of paper,
&c., is requisite to show that there must be a point at which
profit on the advertisement would be absorbed in the cost of
production. Next comes the sale of the work in volumes, the
price of which keeps up prodigiously. Of no author are there
fewer bargains to be met with on the old book-stalls than Box.
Bound or unbound, piece-meal or entire, if you want him you
must pay properly for him, and age deteriorates little from his
market value. This is the true test of a genuine popularity,
and, applied to most others, is a fatal one indeed. You may
meet with "Harry Lorrequer," and the like, by the hundred
weight, handsomely bound, uncut, lettered, plates, and all the
rest of it, at no great advance on waste paper price; but
with "Dickens," "Dombey," and "Chuzzlewit" never;
while such is the charm of the illustrations, always from the
same pencil, that large numbers of the London edition continue
to be sold in the United States, notwithstanding the ten
thousand specimens of home manufacture in that model repub-
lic of reprinters. That brings us to speak of priority of pub-
lication there, by transmitting portions in advance of the
period of sending here, a privilege that constitutes a fruitful
source of revenue to the author, despite the dexterity of his
Transatlantic pirates, owing to the absence of international
copyright. Another source still is the right of translation;
for which purpose, likewise, the sheets are forwarded in ad-
vance to Germany, Prussia, &c., so as to keep the publication
as nearly simultaneous as may be there and here. Putting all
these particulars together, it will not appear very incredible
that the aggregate should be somewhere about what has been
stated, equivalent to the salary of the Governor-General of
India, when the expenses of that mahogany-coloured function-
ary are liquidated, saying nothing of the difference in Dickens'
favour in respect to his liver.—*Correspondent of the Liverpool
Albion.*

THE EFFECT OF WAR ON LITERATURE.—It has been observed
that a season of rich and rare fertility in the works of imagi-
nation and taste has usually followed immediately on the ter-
mination of an important conflict, in which the sentiment of
patriotism was energetically called forth. The tremendous
struggle of Greece, and in the foremost place of Athens, to pre-
serve its existence from the overwhelming Asiatic despotism, was
no sooner decided, than the heroes of Salamis treated the
tragic drama, and Aeschylus led in a numerous band of poets
to the lyric theatre, whose genius was not less remarkable for
its fecundity than for the vigour and originality of its produc-
tions. In modern times, the city republics of Italy and Ger-
many were encouraged to use the vernacular tongues of
Europe in the strains of inspiration, by their successful asser-
tion of civic freedom against the powerful monarchies and
feudalisms which were near them; and the most florid,
although not the most pure and genuine development of poet-
ical talents in Southern Europe, probably owed some of its
vitality to the alert and active spirit which the protracted con-
tests in the Mediterranean and in Hungary, against the Otto-
man invader, had tended to excite. English literature,
besides sharing these influences with the rest of the world, re-
sponded nobly to every serious demand upon the valour of
Englishmen, in the political relations of this kingdom. Chau-
cer and Gower, the earliest names in the list of properly
English (as distinguished from merely English or Anglo-
Saxon) writers, make their appearance in the age of Cressy,
and Poitiers; the reign of "good Queen Bess," whose
subjects dispersed the armada of Spain, was characteris-
tically adorned by Sydney and Spenser, and was re-
vered immortal by one other, one of the greatest and lov-
eliest of human minds; who was accompanied in his mission by
many other potent artists in the regions of fancy and of the