

The Examiner.

AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCER.

"This is true Liberty, when free-born men, having to advise the Public, may speak free."—MILTON'S EURIPIDES.

NEW SERIES.]

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND, FEBRUARY 2, 1850.

[VOL. 1.—No. 4.]

LITERATURE.

THE OLD CHERRY TREE.

Here's the old cherry tree, where in boy-hood I sported,
When my heart was as light as the blossoms it bore;
Where the friend that I loved, and the maiden I courted,
Oft sat by my side in the days that are o'er;
On this rude oaken bench, 'neath the bending boughs seated,
While the wild bee was humming its song in the tree,
My brothers and I in the summer were treated
To share with the elders their gossip and tea.

In this season of light, that man's spirit rejoices,
While the old cherry tree looks as gay as a bride,
I could fancy I heard every one of their voices,
That so often have sat on this bench at my side;
Look here are the names of how many now sleeping,
Of parents and kindred, long gone to the tomb;
Yet the old cherry tree, like a true friend,
Is heaping
The shrine of their relics with beauty and bloom.

Every rudely-carved name has some story to tell me;
That true lover's knot I remember it well—
Twas carved on that day when my first grief befel me,
The day of my parting with sweet Isabel!
Yes, here we two parted, and parted for ever;
I have wandered since then, like a pilgrim afar,
And have loved too again with some fervour, but never
Shone love on my heart like its first morning star.

And I'm come back to die in the home of my fathers,
And I sit 'neath the blossoms which mock my decay.
And thus my lone heart all the sad harvest gathers
Offshoots and loves that have long passed away;
Yes, the old cherry tree, where in boy-hood I sported,
And the rude oaken bench they are still in their place;
But the dear household faces, whose welcome I courted,
They have vanished, and left me the last of my race.

From late English Papers.

IRELAND.

THE IRISH ALLIANCE.

A meeting of this body was held at the Music-hall Abbey-street, Dublin, on the 17th Dec. Mr. Martin Burke, T. C. presided.

The chairman referred to the recent negotiations for a union between the old and young Irishmen, and stated that the alliance offered to bind themselves not to violate the law in any particular, but all efforts of union have failed; we are, therefore, left the only alternative, an appeal to the wise and the good to assist us by every legal means in our power to better the condition of the country.

A voice.—A cheer for Meagher and his comrades. (Loud cheering.)

Mr. Duffy proposed the admission of the brothers of John Dillon, and of James E. O'Donoghue—a name that will sound pleasantly to your ears, for he is the brother of a man who has suffered deeply for Ireland.

proposed the admission of the named, after which he referred to the recent conference between the old and young Irishmen, and, in alluding to Mr. John O'Connell's recent

speech in Conciliation-hall, said—in justice to Mr. Duffy, I will say that if in 43. Mr. O'Connell was prosecuted for articles which appeared in the *Nation*, Mr. Duffy was prosecuted for speeches uttered by Mr. O'Connell. (Hear, hear.) Mr. Stritch, after reading passages, said, if Mr. O'Connell was prosecuted for the publication in the *Nation* of that glorious poem, "The Memory of the Dead"—

"Who fears to speak of '93," (loud cheers)—why, Mr. Duffy was prosecuted for some poetry too, not original, but which was repeated by Mr. O'Connell, and I suppose many of you often heard it—
"Oh, Erin, shall it e'er be mine,
To wreak thy wrongs in battle line—
To raise my victor head and see
Thy hills, thy dales, thy people free.
This glimpse of bliss is all I crave
Between my labors and the grave."
(Cheers.)

But Mr. John O'Connell, you must know, has suddenly become a most ripe lawyer, (laughter.) He says, "Let no idle curiosity induce the people to attend the meeting of the Alliance, for I, as a lawyer, tell them that they can be indicted for it." (Laughter.) If the coach was upset in 1848, John O'Connell is the man who upset it. (Hear, and loud cheers.) The illustrious name he bears had an unfortunate influence with the country, and the result was more weakness and disunion.—The country had been called upon to repudiate us, let it adjudicate.

Mr. Magrath proposed the following resolution:—That the congratulations of the Irish Alliance are hereby tendered to Richard Grattan, Esq., M.D., on being the first Irishman assailed by the Whig Government since the renewal of the national movement; and our firm assurance that the unconstitutional aggression of the executive will confirm him in the affection and confidence of the Irish people.

Mr. Johnstone seconded the motion which was adopted.

Mr. Duffy next addressed the meeting, and said, for the future he would ask them to judge of the Alliance by the work done.

Mr. Burke was then moved from the chair, and Mr. Johnstone, an artisan, was called thereto; thanks were voted to the former chairman, and the meeting separated.

AN EMIGRANT SHIP ON FIRE.

NARROW ESCAPE OF FOUR HUNDRED PERSONS.—The *Tay* (with the West Indian mail) brings an account of the total loss of the emigrant ship *Caleb Grimshaw*, Capt. Hoxie, by fire, 16 miles S. E. of the Island of Flores, one of the Azores. The emigrants, 399 in number, with the crew, were providentially saved from destruction. The cry of "fire" was raised about 8 o'clock on the night of the 12th ult. The decks were immediately flooded. On raising one of the fore hatches the fire was discovered abreast of the chain locker. The heat was so intense that no one could live below, and the immense quantities of water poured into the ship by the crew and passengers generated steam, and the heat at length became insufferable. But this was the only means by which the ship was kept from being rapidly consumed. The boats were towed astern of the burning vessel for five days and nights filled with poor emigrants bewailing their fate, while about sixty were on a raft, when a ship was seen bearing towards them, and which proved to be the barque *Sarah*, Captain Cook, bound from London to New Brunswick, in ballast. As soon as the Captain of the *Sarah* saw the signal of distress he immediately approached the *Caleb Grimshaw*, but was only able to get on board during the night of the 17th three boatsfull of passengers, owing to the wind blowing hard. The next day, the 18th, he got on board about 150 passengers. Night approaching, and the wind still increasing, he was obliged to lay to. On the 19th there was a very heavy sea, and no more could be got off. On the 30th about 10 persons who had escaped were now settling down, and the upper deck was working each day.

turn and relieve those who were on board at work, as by this time there was no more water or provisions to be got without raising the hatches. The mainmast was now settling down, and the upper deck was working each way. On this day the ship floated to the leeward of Flores into smooth water, and during the night all the passengers that remained on board were got off. Before the crew left, they lifted the hatches, and immediately the ship burst into a terrible blaze. The escape of all the persons, 399 in number, was almost miraculous, the ship being on fire for eight days and nights! Nothing but the continual flooding of the ship prevented her from being burnt to the water's edge, and every soul on board perishing before relief could be had. The men and crew worked like heroes. The conduct of the master of the *Sarah* was beyond all praise. For three days and nights did he hover about the burning ship, amidst the most tempestuous weather, taking every opportunity to lower his boats to save some of the passengers. Nothing could exceed his heroism or humanity. To him under Divine Providence, the untappy emigrants owe their preservation. Although perpetually obliged by the tempestuous wind and heavy sea to leave them apparently to a dreadful fate, he always endeavoured to keep in sight, and cheer their aching hearts with a prospect of escape. The *Sarah* arrived at Fayal with the crew and passengers of the *Caleb Grimshaw* in safety. The passengers had lost every thing on board, and were perfectly destitute, for they had the greatest difficulty to get food from the burning ship to keep them alive.—Capt. Hoxie chartered the *Sarah* to take the passengers to New York. The *Sarah* had not left Fayal when the *Tay* took her departure, but the American Consul was using the most strenuous efforts to arrange everything for her leaving. The *Caleb Grimshaw* belongs to Messrs. Grimshaw of Liverpool. The origin of the fire was not known.—*Lon. N. News.*

AWFUL CATASTROPHE NEAR KILRUSH.—On Wednesday week from four to five hundred paupers attended the Kilrush union, in order to seek admittance at the workhouse or outdoor relief. But alas! their supplications were fruitless, and after spending the day (a most inclement one) in a miserable state of suffering, they were obliged, when evening came, to return unrelieved to their homes, some of these being from eight to ten miles distant from Kilrush. Within two miles of this town there is a ferry, about 200 yards wide, over which a number of these starving creatures were obliged to cross. Too many crowded in the boat at once and she sank on the passage, when about 40 men, women, and children, perished, five only being saved! Up to Thursday morning, there had been 31 bodies recovered, and many are still missing. Language fails to describe the sad state of this doomed union. The guardians have neither funds nor credit, and are in debt £18,000. There are 12,000 paupers actually starving.

THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS DESCENDED FROM THE JEWS.

Many persons suppose that the idea that the American Indians are descended from the ancient Jews, is a novel one. This is not the fact. Many writers have suggested this opinion. Among others, James Adair, Esq., who had resided among the North American Indians fifty years, and paid particular attention to their language, laws, customs, manners, dress, ceremonies, &c., and whose account of them was published in London, 1775, seems fully convinced of the fact himself; and if his arguments do not convince others, they will at least stagger irregularity. The following extract from the contents of his work will shew the course he takes to establish his opinion.

"Observations and arguments in proof of the American Indians being descended from the Jews—
1.—Their division into tribes.
2.—Their worship of Jehovah.
3.—The... a Theocracy.
the ministrations of

- 5.—Their Language and Dialects.
- 6.—Their manner of counting Time.
- 7.—Their Prophets and High Priests.
- 8.—Their Festivals, Fasts, and Religious Rites.
- 9.—Their Daily Sacrifice.
- 10.—Their Ablutions and Anointings.
- 11.—Their Laws of Uncleaness.
- 12.—Their Abstinence from unclean Things.
- 13.—Their Marriages, Divorces, and Punishment of Adultery.
- 14.—Their several Punishments.
- 15.—Their Cities of refuge.
- 16.—Their Purifications and Ceremonies preparatory to War.
- 17.—Their Ornaments.
- 18.—Their manner of Curing the Sick.
- 19.—Their Burial of the Dead.
- 20.—Their Mourning for the Dead.
- 21.—Their raising Seed to a departed Brother.
- 22.—Their choice of Name adapted to the circumstances and the times.
- 23.—Their own traditions, the accounts of our English writers, and the testimonies which the Spanish and other authors have given concerning the primitive inhabitants of Peru and Mexico.

Under each of these heads, the author gives us such facts, as a forty years' residence among them, at a time when their manners, customs, &c., had not been greatly corrupted or changed by intercourse with Europeans, had enabled him to collect; and he assures us, they are "neither disfigured by fable nor prejudice." The rest of his work is taken up with accounts of the different nations among whom he had been, with occasional reflections on their laws, &c.—*Turnbull's Indian War, Ed. 1846.*

NATIVE WINES.—The Pennsylvania Inquirer states that vineyards are springing up everywhere in that State. In the county of Berks 60,000 gallons of wine are made per annum. At the Syracuse Fair specimens of American champagne, manufactured in the immediate neighbourhood, also a specimen of port wine, so called, manufactured from a native grape found in the vicinity of Columbus, Ga., were exhibited. No spirits or any kind of colouring matter was mixed with it.

AN EMPIRE FOUNDED BY A SPIDER.—As Mahomet and his friend Abubekar sat in a dark corner of one of the caves of Thor, on the third morning after they had betaken themselves to the place of concealment, they saw their enemies approach the mouth of the cavern.

"What shall we do?" whispered the trembling Abubekar, "it is in vain to attack them, for we are but two."
"There is a third with us," said Mahomet, calmly: "God."

The pursuers, concluding from a spider's web across the opening into the recess, that no one could have recently passed in or out, withdrew, and the hidden fugitives shortly afterwards made their escape and saved their lives. Mahomet subsequently founded an empire, which in eighty years extended its dominion over more kingdoms and countries than the Romans had subdued in eight hundred. But the spider that wove the cobweb was the real founder of the Mahomedan dynasty, and wrought a more extreme change in the destinies of the world than Alexander or Xerxes.

TELEGRAPH THROUGH THE OCEAN.—The Scientific American is authorized to state, that one of our Gutta Percha manufacturers stands ready to lay down, and guarantee its integrity for ten years, a line of perfectly insulated wires covered with Gutta Percha, across the ocean, for a sum not to exceed three millions of dollars, to be completed in twenty months from date of contract, (under any forfeiture that may be required.) This grand scheme will receive the attention of Congress at an early day. He is ready to lay down a similar line on the under-ground plan, from the Mississippi to the Pacific, to be completed within three years from the date of contract.

How to Plead.—The *New York Spirit of the Times* describes one Hiram

Higgins, a rude Tennessee settler, being charged with assault and battery on the person of David Hughes. "Why Judge," said Higgins, when asked if he pleaded guilty, or not guilty? "Why Judge, you've knowed me long enough, I reckon, to know that I never done nothin' to be guilty of, never was guilty and never will be guilty in my own born nat'ral born life. I don't know what you mean by *sault* and *battery* nuther; but ef you means to ax ef I licked David Hughes, and licked him good too, I ses, at wunst an without an other word, I did; and I'll do it agin."

A CURIOUS AND USEFUL INSTRUMENT. One of the best improvements of modern times, is the application of the principles of Camera Obscura for the purpose of assisting the hand in drawing. This has recently been accomplished and reduced to practical use by the invention of a small instrument called the Camera Lucida. This is so constructed, that by an arrangement of lenses, which cannot become disorderd, a beautiful representation of a landscape, a human face, or any object of which one desires to preserve an imitation, is thrown down on paper before the operator, and he has only to trace with a pencil the figures before him, to obtain an exact and elegant drawing. Any one, young or old, however unused to drawing can thus produce beautiful resemblances of natural objects without trouble or previous instruction. The use of this instrument has been found of much advantage to the young, as it tends to encourage them in the practice of drawing, and thus develop their taste for it; at the same time it teaches them that nature is the best copy.

Mechanics who desire to produce a representation of any machine, can easily do so by using this instrument. In like manner, buildings and views of all kinds may be speedily produced. The Camera Lucida is made and sold by Messrs. Munn & Co., publishers of the Scientific American, New York. They can be forwarded safely to any part of the United States.—*New York Sun.*

A MODERN CANNIBAL.—"Do you see that fellow lounging there doing nothing?" said Owen to Jenkins, the other day. "Yes, how does he live?" "Why he's a cannibal—he lives on other people."

WOMAN'S AFFECTION.—The heart of woman is a fountain of everlasting love; without love it dies, with love alone it rests contented. It carves some object on which to pour the pent-up floods of its affection. The object may be fantastic, the passion may be curiously distorted; but the craving must be satisfied in some way. Observe how in old maids this distorted affection, cut off from its natural channel, manifests itself in the extravagant attachment to some cat or parrot; this has its ridiculous side, but it is also a poetical one, for it is a symbol of that undying love women were created to perpetuate.—*Ranthrope.*

A jolly husband not a thousand miles from Bangor, who was out on a "bit of a spree," was saluted by his better half on his return with: "Oh you hard hearted wretch!" the husband meekly replied that he didn't think that his heart could be very hard for he had been "soaking it," for the last forty-eight hours.

THE PATRIARCH AND THE ARCHBISHOP.—When we had smoked our pipes awhile, and all the servants had gone away, I presented a letter of the archbishop of Canterbury. It was received in due form, and, after a short explanatory exordium, was read aloud to the Patriarch, first in English, and then translated into Greek. "And who?" quoth the Patriarch of Constantinople, the supreme head and primate of the Greek Church in Asia, "who is the Archbishop of Canterbury?" "What," said I, a little astonished at the question. "Who," said he, "is the Archbishop of Canterbury?" "Why, the Archbishop of Canterbury." "Archbishop of what?" said the Patriarch. "Canterbury," said I. "Oh!" said the Patriarch; "Ah! yes; and who is he?" Here all my friends and myself were taken aback sorely.—*Visit to Monasteries of the Levant.*