

# 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. VIII.

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, MONDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1858.

No. 13.

## Valuable Freehold Property.

TO BE SOLD by Public Auction, on SATURDAY, the 9th of OCTOBER next, in front of the Province Building, Charlottetown, at 12 o'clock, that very

### VALUABLE FARM, CONTAINING 75 ACRES,

with a new DWELLING HOUSE erected thereon, at a cost of about £600, the property of the Rev. M. REYNOLDS, situated on the Bedeque Road, about 12 miles from the City. This property is situated in a flourishing settlement, with good roads leading in four different directions from the premises, and is well adapted as a Business Stand, and with a small outlay may be made a beautiful residence for any gentleman desiring a choice Farm. Terms easy, and made known on the day of sale. A. H. YATES, Auctioneer.

Sept. 27, 1858.

## Land, Bank Shares, Gas Shares.

TO be sold by AUCTION on MONDAY the 11th of OCTOBER inst., at 12 o'clock, noon, at the Colonial Building, A valuable piece of LAND, containing about 14 acres, being part of Brighton Farm, (No. 17 on the plan.)

Also—10 Shares in the Capital Stock of Bank of P. E. Island. 5 Shares in Charlottetown "Gas Light Company."

Terms at Sale.

J. & T. MORRIS, Auctioneers. (Mon. & Sat.)

## Schooner for Sale.

JUST launched from the Ship Yard at White Sands, and for sale, a beautifully modelled Schooner 60 tons N. M., and 19 O. M.; length of keel 60 feet, beam 19 feet, depth 8 feet—called the *Ocean Wave*. For terms of sale and other particulars apply to the owner.

HILARY ROBERTS.

White Sands, September 27, 1858.

## Dancing Classes.

MRS. BURRIS begs leave to intimate to her former patrons in the art, and the public generally, that she intends opening her classes on THURSDAY, October 14th, and hopes, from her former success, to merit a renewal of their patronage. A Juvenile Class will be opened same day, from 4 to 6 o'clock, p. m. Charlottetown, Sept. 27, 1858.

## To Let,

The premises in Dorchester Street, lately occupied by Mr. D. A. Barry, consisting of Dwelling House, Shop and Warehouse. These premises are well known as the former residence and place of business of the subscriber. Possession given immediately. Apply to

W. W. LORD.

Charlottetown, Sept. 27, 1858.

## Valuable Property.

TO BE SOLD by Auction, on THURSDAY, the 23rd November next, at 12 o'clock, on the premises, that commodious TWO-STORY DWELLING HOUSE, AND VALUABLE FREEHOLD PROPERTY, owned by Mrs. Joseph McDONALD, adjoining the grounds of the Roman Catholic Church. The House is very convenient and well finished from the ground floor to the attic.

There are likewise on the premises a Stable, Coach and other Out-Buildings, with an excellent Well and Pump in the yard.

These Premises are well adapted for a large family or Private Boarding House. A portion of the purchase money may remain on interest for a term of years, as may be agreed upon. A. H. YATES, Auctioneer.

Charlottetown, September 6, 1858.

## Positive and Without Reserve. Extensive Sale of British and American Merchandise, &c., &c.

TO be sold by Auction at 11 o'clock, on TUESDAY the 12th of OCTOBER, on the following days, at the Subscribers' SALE ROOM, Queen-street:—

10 Cases and 2 Trunks MERCHANDISE, consisting of Dry Goods, Hosiery, Haberdashery, Fans, Ready Made Clothing, Hardware, Cutlery, Ironmongery, &c., &c., &c.

Also—50 Chests Superior Congo TEA, 20 Boxes Cavendish TOBACCO, 7 Cases Brandy, Boxes Soap and Candles, Buckets and Brooms, Oil, Window Glass, Sile Leather, Patent and Common Windlasses, &c., &c.

Terms of Sale.—£10, three months; £20, four months; £50 and upwards, six months.

Sale positive and no reserve.

J. & T. MORRIS, Auctioneers. (Mon. & Sat.)

Ch. Town, Sept. 20, 1858.

## For Sale,

THAT valuable Leasehold Property, situate in Grand Tracade, on Lot 35, containing one hundred and sixty-nine acres, with a valuable Marsh, cutting about six tons of Hay, or thereabouts; Lease for 999 years.

Also—Fifty acres of Commons, which cannot be taken from the above during the term of the lease.

The whole fronting on the entrance of Tracade Harbour, and the rear bounded by the Winter River, which makes it a valuable situation for business, vessels being able to load both at front and rear. Sixty acres are now under tillage. Building stuff, longers and firewood in great abundance on the land. It is also contiguous to Cod, Herring, Salmon, or Gaspeaux fishing grounds. Also a Dwelling house 32 x 22, with good cellar and chimneys, and out-buildings clearings being now in excellent order. Rent £10 2s. 6d. per annum. Possession can be given at any time from this date. For further particulars apply to Hon. CHARLES YOUNG, Charlottetown, or Mr. ROYAL McDONALD on the premises.

March 20, 1858.

## Books, Groceries, &c. &c. &c.

### REMOVAL.

THE Subscriber begs leave to inform the public that he has REMOVED to the Store formerly occupied by Mr. Brody, Queen-street, where he has on hand his usual Stock of BOOKS, STATIONERY, &c., together with a quantity of GROCERIES, all of which will be sold low for cash.

Customers who have, can be accommodated with good Stabling. September 6, 1858. G. W. MILLER.

## Grain, Grain.

THE highest price given for BARLEY and OATS

## Coler's Brewery and Distillery.

Constantly on hand at prices cheaper than can be purchased in the Market, the best of Rum, Brandy, Gin, Whiskey, and a superior article of old Malt Whiskey. Also—X. XX, and XXX Ale. Ch. Town, Feb. 16, 1857.

## Bone Dust and Gypsum.

THE subscriber has received a quantity of the above valuable MANURES from the Crushing Mills of Mr. FRIAR, of Wallace, N. S. and offers them for sale on liberal terms.

May 31, 1858.

W. W. IRVING.

## Salt, Flour, Corn-meal & Groceries.

2500 BUSHELS Liverpool SALT, 200 Barrels extra CANADA FLOUR, 100 Barrels CORN-MEAL, 100 Bags do.

And a choice assortment of Family GROCERIES, just received and for sale low for cash only, at

BELL'S PROVISION STORE, Market-square.

Charlottetown, June 14, 1858.

## FOR SALE AT THE

### CITY DRUG STORE,

BERMUDA ARROWROOT Hecker's Farina, Clark's Corn STARCH, Mott's Prepared Cocoa and Broma, Ground Spices, Ground Rice, Pearl Barley and Split Peas. W. R. WATSON, Charlottetown, Sept. 13, 1858.

## Flour, Flour.

200 BARRELS No. 1 superfine Canada FLOUR, for sale. Enquire at the store of A. H. Yates, or at the subscriber's residence,

STEPHEN SWABEY.

Charlottetown, September 13, 1858.

TO BE LET, for one, two or three years, or longer term, as may be agreed upon, "GLEN STEWART," directly opposite Charlottetown, with about 50 acres of LAND, 24 of which are under cultivation. Also, a good GARDEN. Application to be made to the Proprietor, W. STEWART, Esq., south side of Charlottetown Ferry, Lot 48. July 26, 1858.

## TO BE DISPOSED OF BY PRIVATE SALE,

ONE OF THE MOST VALUABLE AND beautifully situated properties in this city, having a front of 115 feet on Queen Square, and 154 feet on Grafton Street, together with the residence of the Misses STEWART thereon. For particulars apply to JOHN BALL, Charlottetown, Sept. 20, 1858.

## Pay Day has come.

ALL persons indebted to the subscriber will please call and settle immediately. All Bills over due must be paid by the FIFTH of OCTOBER, after that date they will be given to an Attorney for collection, without further notice.

GEORGE DOUGLAS.

Furniture Warehouse, Kent Street, Sept. 20, 1858.

WANTED TO BORROW, £300 or £500, on Freehold Property;—a good premium will be given. Apply to P. HICKET & Co. Charlottetown, P. E. I. Sept. 13, 1858.

## Eligible Pasture and Building Lots.

FOR SALE, 10 LOTS within the City, containing a TOWN LOT each; also, 10 immediately adjoining the City, (free of City taxes), of 1 acre each. Apply to THEOPHILUS DESBRISAY.

Charlottetown, August 23, 1858.



## "Alliance Life and Fire Insurance Company" of

### LONDON

ESTABLISHED BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT 1824

Capital, Five Millions Sterling.

April 14. CHARLES YOUNG, Agent for P. E. I.

## CITY GROCERY.

NORTH SIDE OF QUEEN-SQUARE.

RECEIVED per "PROVIDENCE" and "ARIEL," from

Hull, and has on hand—

Hills Sugar Tea in variety Blacking

Pans of Molasses Superior Coffee Tobacco

Jamaica Rum Biscuit in variety Cigars

strong Spirits Annapolis Cheese Digby Herrings

Hills Holland Gin Raisins Rice

best Cognac Brandy Currants Crushed Sugar

Scotch Whiskey Dye-stuffs Sweet Oil

P. E. I. Malt do Prunes Pale Seal Oil

Common Whiskey Earthen Jars Salad Oil

Symond's best Port Pickles Spices

Wine Sauces Soap

Sherry Wine Table Salt Candles

Madeira do Nuts Washing Powders

Champagne Shelled Almonds Baking do

Edinburgh Ale Confectionery Patent Medicines

Pale Ale Burning Fluid

London Porter Brushes

And a great variety of other small and useful articles too numerous to mention. Cash paid for good clean Timothy Seed.

December 14, 1857. HUGH FRASER.

## Removal.

THE Subscriber has removed to the new building on the site of his old stand in Water Street, where he offers for sale,

Chests and half Chests TEA,

Barrels of FLOUR and MEAL,

Kegs and Boxes of Fig and Fat TOBACCO.

GEORGE F. C. LOWDEN.

Charlottetown, August 2, 1858. (Sat. 2 a.)

## NEW GOODS—SPRING 1858.

London House, Established 1820.

THE subscribers have received, per ship "ISABEL," from

Liverpool—

120 Packages British and Foreign Merchandise, 10

Tons Iron,

which, with Stock on hand, will be sold at their usual low

prices for prompt payment. Present importation consists of—

20 chests prime Congo TEA 9 trunks Ladies' Boots & Shoes

2 cases Ready-made Clothing. 4 cases Townend's Hats & Caps

2 do Millinery. 2 do Straw and Silk Bonnets

3 do containing Parasols, Muslin dresses, Shawls & Mantles

1 do Ribbons, 1 case Gloves, 1 do Hosiery

1 do summer Clothes, Gambroons, Drills, &c

1 do Floor Cloth, 1 case Flannels and Woollens

50 boxes "London" Soap, 1 case Starch, 1 chest Indigo

5 bundles Spring Steel, 10 tons Bar Iron.

1 Ch. Town, May 24, 1858. D. G. & S. DAVIES.

## Butler's Catholic Catechism.

FOR sale either by the quantity or by retail at the Exam-

iner Office, Charlottetown,

The Most Rev. Dr. James Butler's Catechism.

to which is added the SCRIPTURAL CATECHISM, by the Right

Rev. Dr. Milner; together with different prayers, explanations,

instructions, &c.

Country retailers supplied to order. March 8.

## JOHN & ROBERT SCOTT,

KENT-STREET, CHARLOTTETOWN.

Carriage and Sleigh Builders, &c. &c. &c.

Carriages and Sleighs always on hand, and built to order, at

the shortest notice. Carriage and Sleigh Trimming done with

neatness and despatch.

Now on hand a variety of new and second-hand Carriages,

for sale at reduced prices. The public are requested to call and

see them before purchasing elsewhere. 1y May 3, 58.

## Poetry.

### A NIGHT SCENE.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Oh River, gentle River, gliding on,  
In silence, underneath this starless sky!  
Thine is a ministry that never rests,  
Even while the living slumber. For a time  
The meddler, man, hath left the elements  
In peace; the ploughman breaks the clouds no more;  
The miner labors not, with steel and fire,  
To rend the rock; and he that hews the stone  
And he that fells the forest; he that guides  
The loaded wain, and the poor animal  
That drags it, have forgotten, for a while,  
Their toils, and share the quiet of the earth.

Thou pausest not in thine allotted task,  
Oh dorkling River! through the night I hear  
Thy wavesle rippling on the pebbly beach;  
I hear thy current stir the rusting sedge  
That skirts my bed; thou intermittest not  
Thine everlasting journey, drawing on  
A silvery train from many a mountain brook  
And woodland spring. The dweller by thy side,  
Who moored his little boat upon thy beach  
Though all the waters that ophore it then  
Have slid away o'er night, shall find, at morn,  
Thy channel filled with waters freshly drawn  
From distant cliffs, and hollows where the rill  
Comes up amid the water flags. All night  
Thou givest moisture to the thirsty roots  
Of the little willow and o'erhanging plane,  
And cherishest the herbage on thy bank,  
Speckled with little flowers; and sendest up  
Perpetually the vapors from thy face,  
To steep the hills with dew, or darken heaven  
With marching clouds that trail the abundant showers.

Oh River, dorkling River! what a voice  
Is that thou utterest while all else is still!  
The ancient voice that, centuries ago,  
Sounded between thy hills while Rome was yet  
A weedy solitude by Tiber's stream!  
How many, at this hour, along thy course,  
Slumber to thine eternal murmurings,  
That mingle with the utterance of their dreams!  
At dead of night the child awakes and hears  
Thy soft, familiar dashing, and is soothed,  
And sleeps again. An airy multitude  
Of little echoes, all unheard by day,  
Faintly repeat, till morning, after thee,  
The story of thine endless goings forth.

Yet there are those who lie beside thy bed,  
For whom thou once didst rear the bowers that screen  
Thy margin, and didst water the green fields,  
And now there is no night so still that they  
Can hear thy lapse; their slumbers, were thy voice  
Loud as the ocean's, it could never break  
For them the early dawn. For their eyes,  
Opens upon thy bank, nor, for the clouds  
Glitter the crimson pictures of the dawn  
Upon thy bosom, when the sun goes down.  
Their memories are abroad—the memories  
Of those who last were gathered to the earth—  
Lingering within the homes in which they sat,  
Hovering about the paths in which they trod,  
Haunting them like a presence. Even now  
They visit many a dreamer in the forms  
They walked in, ere, at last, they wore the shroud;  
And eyes there are that will not close to dream,  
For weeping and for thinking of the grave,  
The new made grave, and the pale one within.  
These memories and these sorrows all shall fade  
And newer sorrows come and dwell a while  
Beside thy border, and, in turn, depart.

On glide thy waters till at last they flow  
Beneath the windows of the populous town,  
And all night long give back the gleam of lamps,  
And glimmer with the trains of light that stream  
From halls where dancers whirl. A dimmer ray  
Touches thy surface from the silent room  
In which they tend the sick, or gather round  
The dying; and a slender, steady beam  
Comes from the little chamber in the roof  
Where, with a feverous crimson on her cheek,  
The solitary damsel, dying too,  
Plies the quick needle till the stars grow pale.  
There, close beside the haunts of revel, stand  
The blank, unlighted windows, where the poor,  
In darkness and in hunger, wake till morn.  
There, drowsily, on the half-conscious ear  
Of the dull watchman, pacing on the wharf,  
Falls the soft ripple of thy waves that strike  
On the moored bark; but guiltier listeners  
Are near, the prowlers of the night, who steal  
From shadowy nook to shadowy nook, and start  
If other sounds than thine are in the air.

Oh, glide away from those abodes that bring  
Pollution to thy channel, and make foul  
Thy once clear current. Summon thy quick waves  
And dorkling eddies; linger not, but has e,  
With all thy waters, haste thee to the deep,  
There to be lashed by shifting winds, and rocked  
By that mysterious force which lives within  
The sea's immensity, and wields the weight  
Of its abysses, awaiting to and fro  
The billowy mass, until the stain, at length,  
Shall wholly pass away, and thou regain  
The crystal brightness of thy mountain springs.

—Harper's Monthly.

### (FOR THE EXAMINER.)

#### LINES TO MY DAUGHTER.

My child, my child, my bright, my fair, my own, my only child!  
Thou only fount of gushing love in passion's stormy wild!  
Thou only bond, 'twixt life and death, that links me to mankind!  
Thou only star that beams upon my gloomy night of mind!

Had we, my child, a calm retreat, unsought by friend or foe,  
Far from the strife and ills of life, thy days would smoothly flow,  
Like a rill in lonely loneliness, that puris by ocean's side,  
Unruffled by the storms that toss his wildly-tormented tide.

The music of thy childish glee, thy beauty's witching power,  
Would chase the phantoms of the past from evening's thoughtful hour;  
Thy small, soft hand across my brow, on this wild-throbbing vein,  
Would soothe the troubled thoughts that stir my hot and fever'd brain.

Oh! this soul with many a giant wrong hath grappled fearfully,  
Since last thy mildly-beaming eye hath smelt its love on me;  
Their burning trail is on my heart, in barrenness and gloom,  
And flowers of love and hope have died that never more may bloom.

'Gainst slander's foul and furious bolts I've wildly waved alone,

When scarce the boldest friend would dare a friend's regret to own;  
I've thought with courage, sullen pride, cool, lofty, calm disdain,  
To ease their venom at my heart, their madness in my brain.

Yet still one lovely isle is left, amid life's boisterous surge,  
To which each scattered rag of hope and feeling must converge;  
The bleak, bare desert of my heart has still one fruitful tree  
Which bears aloft, in fadeless bloom, undying love to thee.

Dark was the fate, my darling babe, that hovered o'er thy birth,  
And wild the storm that ushered in thy pilgrimage on earth;  
Baptised in tears thou wert, my love, and lulled with broken sighs,—  
God grant that upon morn so dark a brighter noon may rise.

They say that strange bright tears would start and tremble down thy cheek,  
And clouds of seeming sorrow shade thy brow ere thou could'st speak,  
As if through nature's hidden, deep, mysterious, awful line,  
The pangs that crush thy father's breast had touched a chord in thine.

Oh! how my spirit yearns to see that sweet young face once more,  
For memory vainly strives to trace the semblance that it wore;  
It tells of arched and dimpling lips, blue eyes and lofty brow,  
While busy fancy darkly strives to paint those features now.

But oft when silent night descends with shadows and with dew,  
And pleasant memories of the past in dreams arise to view,  
Then comes the meek angelic face to brighten my despair,  
And I feel thy breath upon my cheek, thy hand among my hair.

Come thus my guardian angel, come, on every lonely night,  
And brighten up my sorrow with thine image mild and bright,  
For oh! my heart is heavy, and my hopes are sinking low,  
And I feel so lone without thee, dear, whichever way I go.

St. Eleanor's, Sept. 20, 1858.

J. McL.

## Gleanings from late Papers.

### MUTILATIONS AND ATROCITIES IN INDIA.

The following are extracts from Dr. Duff's book, intitled "The Indian Rebellion: Its Causes and Results."—"An eye-witness to the brutal conduct of the mutinous Sepoys at Allahabad, and who himself had a narrow escape from their ruthless hands, thus writes:—'A next day English neighbour of mine was visited one night by a gang of upwards of two dozen sepoy, fully equipped with destructive arms. On the hue and cry being given, I went up to the terrace of my house, and saw with my own eyes the rascals cutting into two an infant boy of two or three years of age, while playing with his mother; next, they hacked into pieces the lady; and subsequently, most shockingly and horribly, the husband.' The writer made his escape by a backdoor, and by means of a bamboo he managed to cross the Ganges and make his way, through multiplied difficulties, to Benares. Afflicting evidences of the villainies that have been practised are ever and anon coming up. The other day, in the neighbourhood of Benares, a detachment of Europeans fell in with twenty-one sepoy in disguise, who wished to pass themselves off as poor villagers that had been 'looted'—that is, plundered. On searching their persons, however, each of them had about 70 rupees in cash, besides gold and silver jewels covered with blood, showing but too clearly the brutal way in which they must have been taken off our poor murdered countrywomen. At one of the stations a lady, in panic terror, had hidden herself in an obscure corner of the house. Through a chink in the wall she saw the bleeding head of one of her children rolled as a ball across the floor, and, on emerging from her hiding-place, beheld the fragments of another scattered about! Here is another variety of incident in the terrible tragedy now enacting in the North-West, as related by an eye-witness:—'An officer and his wife were attacked by many sowars, or mutineers of native cavalry. The officer singly shot dead seven of them on the spot, and at last was overcome by a number of the rebels. Instead, however, of allowing himself to be disgraced by the sounder's, under the pressure of the awful emergency, he first killed his wife, and then put an end to his own life.' Similar as to its main object was another case, of which certain information has reached us. A small party of gentlemen, with a young lady lately resident in Calcutta, and well known to some of us, effected their escape to an isolated house, where they were hard pressed by the ferocious mutineers. In case of their being eventually overpowered by numbers, they entered into a mutual though dismal agreement to kill the lady, to save her from the brutal outrages of the murderers, and then to sell their own lives as dearly as they could. The troops at Setapore, in Northern Oude, after the bloody butchery they had committed there, proceeded towards Mubundie. They met on the road the refugees from Shahjehanpore, and the civil officers of Mubundie fleeing from the latter place; all of whom they deliberately slaughtered, save one—Captain Orr, who witnessed the horrible scene."

### THE NEW BRITISH GOLD FIELDS.

A TRIP TO VANCOUVER—THE PLEASANT VOYAGE FROM SAN FRANCISCO.

Left San Francisco on Thursday, the 24th of June, at 4 1/2 p. m. and arrived in Esquimaux Harbour, near Victoria, on the following Tuesday, at 6 in the morning—distance, 800 miles. The steamer was so crowded with gold-hunters, speculators, merchants, tradesmen, and adventurers of all sorts, that exercise even on the quarter-deck could only be looked by the general forbearance and good-nature of the crowd. The voyage from San Francisco to Vancouver's Island, which in a steamer is made all the way within sight of the coast, is one of the most agreeable when the voyager is favoured with fine weather. The navigation is so simple that a school-boy could sail a steamer, for a series of 18 headlands which jut out into the ocean all along the coast of California, Oregon, and Washington Territory, serve as landmarks to direct the mariner in his course. All he has to do is to steer from one to another; from Point Reyes outside the Golden Gate to Point Arena, the next in succession, and so on till he comes to Cape Pteryx, upon rounding which he enters the Straits of Fuca towards the end of his voyage.

### THE GIANTIC WOODS OF THE NEW WORLD.

The northern portion of the coast of California and the