

THE EXAMINER:

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EDWARD WHELAN

This is true Liberty, when Free-born Men, having to advise the Public, may speak free.—EURIPIDES.

[EDITOR AND PUBLISHER]

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Interesting Miscellany.

THE PLURALITY OF WORLDS.

The arguments for plurality of worlds contained in the preceding chapters are so various, and have such different degrees of force, that different views of the subject will be taken by persons who thoroughly believe in the general doctrine. We can easily conceive why some persons may believe that all the planets which have satellites are inhabited, while they deny the inhabitability of those that have none, and also of the sun and the satellites themselves. There are individuals, too, though we doubt their faith in sidereal astronomy, who readily believe that the whole of our planetary system is the seat of life, while they are startled by the statement that every star in the heavens, and every point in a nebula, which the most powerful telescope has not separated from its neighbor, is a sun surrounded by inhabited planets like our own; and that immortal beings are swimming through universal space more numerous than drops of water in the ocean, or the grains of sand upon its shores. But if these persons really believe in the distances and magnitudes of the stars, and of the laws which govern the binary systems of double stars, they must find it equally, if not more difficult to comprehend, why innumerable vast and worlds fill the immensity of the universe, revolving round one another, and discharging their light and heat into space, without a plant to spring under their influence, without an animal to rejoice in their genial beams, and without the eye of reason to lift itself devoutly to its Creator. In peopling such worlds with life and intelligence, we assign the cause of their existence: and when the mind is once alive to this great truth, it cannot fail to realize the grand combination of infinity of life with infinity of matter. In support of these views, we have already alluded to the almost incredible fact, that there are in our own globe hills, and strata miles in length composed of the fossil remains of microscopic insects; and we need scarcely remind the least informed of our readers, that the air which they breathe, the water which they drink, the food which they eat, the earth on which they tread, the ocean which encircles them, and the atmosphere above their heads, are swarming with universal life. Wherever we have seen matter we have seen life; and in whatever spot we see its atoms, whether at our feet, or in the planets, or in the remotest star, we may be sure that life is there—life to enjoy the light and heat of God's bounty—to study his works, to recognise his glory, and to bless His name. Those ungenial minds that can be brought to believe that the earth is the only inhabited body in the universe, will have no difficulty in conceiving that it almost might have been without inhabitants. Nay, if such minds are imbued with geological truth, they must admit that for millions of years the earth was without inhabitants; and hence we are led to the extraordinary result, that for millions of years there was not an intelligent creature in the vast dominions of the universal king; and that before the formation of the protozoic strata, there was neither a plant nor an animal throughout the infinity of space!

During this long period of universal death, when nature herself was asleep, and the sun with his magnificent attendants, the planets with their faithful satellites, the stars in the binary systems, the solar system itself, were performing their daily, their annual, and their secular movements, unseen, unheeded, and fulfilling no purpose that human reason can conceive—lamps lighting nothing—fires heating nothing—waters quenching nothing—clouds screening nothing—breezes fanning nothing—and everything around—mountain and valley, hill and dale, earth and ocean,—all meaning nothing—

"The stars
Did wander darkling in the eternal space,"

To our apprehension, such a condition of the earth, of the solar system, and of the sidereal universe, would be the same as that of our own globe, if all its vessels of war and of commerce, were traversing its seas with empty cabins and freightless holds—as if all the railways on its surface were in full activity without passengers and goods, and all our machinery beating the air and gnashing their iron teeth without work performed. A house without tenants, a city without citizens, present to our minds the same idea as a planet without life, and a universe without inhabitants. Why the house was built, why the city was founded, why the planet was made, and why the universe was created, it would be difficult even to conjecture. Equally great would be the difficulty were the planets shapeless lumps of matter poised in ether, and still and motionless as the grave; but when we consider them as chiselled spheres teeming with inorganic beauty, and in full mechanical activity—performing their appointed motions with such marvellous precision that their days and their years never err a second of time in hundreds of centuries—the difficulty of believing them to be without life is, if possible, immeasurably increased. To conceive any one material globe, whether a gigantic cloud lumbering in space, or a noble planet equipped like our own, and duly performing its appointed task, to have no living occupants, or not in a state of preparation to receive them, seems to us one of those notions which could be harboured only in an ill educated and ill-regulated mind—a mind without faith and without hope, but to conceive a whole universe of moving and revolving worlds in such a category, indicates, in our apprehension, a mind dead to feeling and shorn of reason. But we have been mistaken in thinking that the universe was dead: it was but unborn—the perfect chrysalis, from which the butterfly was to spring. Protozoic forms arose at the divine command—the infant plant, the simple mollusc, the nobler fish, the still nobler quadruped, successively appeared; and man, the image of his Maker, and the work of His hand, was invested with the sovereignty of the globe. The earth, therefore, was made for man, matter for life; and wherever another earth is seen, we are forced to the conviction that it was made like ours for the use of an intellectual race.—Sir David Brewster's "More Worlds than One."

WHY DON'T YOU ADVERTISE?—To those who are complaining of the severity of the times, we address this inquiry: Why don't you advertise? It is just the thing to help you out of your difficulties—to relieve you from existing embarrassments—to save you. There is no mistake about it, and the demonstrations which have been made within our own observation within the last seven years, by those who have advertised extensively, prove the fact that advertising is the sure road to fortune. Do you say you've not the means to meet the expense, and cannot afford to do it? You cannot afford not to do it! There is the difficulty. If you have not the means make haste to get them—send a lot of rusty goods to auction—or try your credit. Your increased sales and additional

profits will enable you not only to pay your advertising bills, but save you from destruction, and inspire confidence in your creditors and the public. But should this expectation not be fully realised, you can hardly be worse off than you now are. "Nothing risk, nothing win." You know that large fortunes have been made by advertising—and you also know that no man ever advertised extensively and thoroughly that did not succeed. Spend \$500 a year in advertising and it will bring you in \$5,000. Try it! Those who are doing business must advertise or fall! It is true, advertising may not save all who are embarrassed, for there are some whom *even* advertising, however potent, cannot now save; but it will save many—all who are not hopelessly insolvent—it will save hundreds who are doomed to certain failure without it. There is no sense in standing idle—no sense in brooding over existing ills—the true way is to commence a war upon them—and do it through the means and agency of the Press, which is truly and emphatically "the mighty lever of the business world," and you know it. Advertising is the grand remedy. "Cast your bread upon the waters," and in a short time it will return to you again. We ask no man to advertise for the sake of the Press, but for his own sake—to save himself from bankruptcy, and his family from penury and want. The Philadelphia merchants and manufacturers are advertising vastly more than ours are, and the consequence is their trade is better than ours. Many of our business men appear to be paralyzed; they are panic-struck and trembling in their shoes. They are wondering what is to become of them, instead of laying hold of the lever which alone can save them—ruin stares them in the face! To all such we say, advertise—advertise at once; let it be the first thing you do. If you are *too far gone*, it may not save you. It is, in fact, the only thing you can do and hope to weather the storm. Then be about it at once; the engine can be set in motion. The experiment is worth trying, is it not? It is the last chance of the business men who are in distress for more and better customers. Why should any one hesitate to resort to it?—*New York Tribune.*

CANROBERT IN LOVE.—A romantic story is current relative to an attachment which General Canrobert is known to entertain to the daughter of one of our generals who fell on the 5th of the desperate battle of Inkermann. Previous to the departure of the French general with the army for the East, he had an interview with the young lady in Paris, and urged his suit with his characteristic enthusiasm. It is said that the interview was satisfactory, and the gallant general left expressing a chivalrous determination of winning a marshal's baton, and thus becoming more worthy of the much prized English beauty. Sebastopol has, however, proved fatal to the father of the young lady; but the same officer who brought the distressing intelligence was also entrusted with a message from the wounded Canrobert to the lady, in utter ignorance of her bereavement, dilating on his brightened prospects as one step towards his implied promise of rendering himself worthy of her hand.

BLANKETS FOR THE WAR.—The woollen manufacturers in the neighbourhood of Heckmondwike, in consequence of the Government orders in course of execution, continue pretty busy, most of the manufacturers being tolerably well employed. An order for 20,000 horse blankets was recently received by one firm, the whole of which was executed in a little more than three weeks. An order for 30,000 pairs of blankets, of a superior quality, and, we believe, destined for the seat of war in the East, was also received some time since from a private firm, and speedily completed.

SCOTTISH JUSTICE.—A poor man, half a century ago or more, was attempting to violate the game laws by shooting a deer, the penalty for the offence being a fine of five pounds, or, in default of funds, thirty lashes. He gave half the deer to a neighbor, who had the meanness afterwards to complain of him, in order that half must go to the informer and half to the king. The offender was convicted and fined accordingly, but pleaded that he had no money. "Weel mon," said the magistrate, "we maun ha'e the lashes then." The poor man submitted. The magistrate then said to the sheriff, "Tak that mon, the informer, till you're king, and gie him fifteen lashes, which will be his half, and when King George comes over we'll gie him his half. Half till the informer and half till the king."

A POOR MAN'S WISH.—I asked a student what three things he most wished. He said, "Give me books, health and quiet, and I care for nothing more." I asked the miser, and he cried, "Money—money—money." I asked the pauper, and he faintly said, "Bread—bread—bread!" I asked the multitude around, and they lifted up a confused cry, in which I heard the words, "Wealth, fame and pleasure." I asked a poor man who had long borne the character of an experienced Christian. He replied, "All that I wish is health, wisdom, and to have a constant love for my Maker and Redeemer."

THE RULING PASSION.—We read in the *Courier de la Girarde*, "An old soldier feeling his end approaching, and wishing to die like a good Christian, sent for a clergyman to administer to him the rites of the Church. After having attentively listened to the exhortations of his confessor, and received extreme unction, he asked him with a feeble voice, 'Can you tell me, reverend father, if Sebastopol is taken?' The clergyman, astonished at such a question from a dying man, answered that as yet there was no positive account of its fall. The sick man continued, 'The reason I ask the question is, as I am about to depart for the other world, it would have given me great satisfaction to be able to announce the good news to Marshal St. Arnaud.' At these words his head fell back on the pillow, and after half an hour's suffering the poor soldier breathed his last."

A FAST COUPLE.—A large double-fisted masculine appearing woman arrived in this place from Kingston, C. W., on Friday 22nd ult. On Saturday she fell in with a shoemaker of this place—was courted, won and married, the ceremony being performed by I. G. Stillwell, Esq. Sunday the parties went on a spree, quarrelled and fought. Monday the dissatisfied groom, squired the esquire and demanded a divorce, but was informed that his request could not be complied with. He returned to his spouse and made up the family jar, and continued to live with her through Tuesday. Wednesday a soldier arrived here from Kingston, and claimed the new made bride as his property he having taken her for better or for worse, previously to the above recorded transaction. Our shoemaker was of course obliged to surrender his claim, and on Thursday the soldier and his

truant wife returned to their home in Kingston. Thus it will be seen our shoemaker has passed through all the stages of matrimonial trials in the brief space of five days, and is now a grass widower: verily this is a fast age.—*Ogdensburg Sentinel.*

SUICIDE BY A SHIP CAPTAIN.—Yesterday forenoon the Coroner held an Inquest on the body of Captain Maylor of the Amazon, now in port, who committed suicide during the previous night, by shooting himself through the body. It appeared in evidence that the deceased had been in a very despondent mood for the last few days, on account of a great loss he occasioned the owners of the vessel by paying too high a price for the freight home. About 4 o'clock yesterday morning the second mate was disturbed in his berth by the discharge of firearms, and on rising to ascertain the cause he found the Captain almost lifeless from a pistol shot wound in his left breast. Dr. Fitzpatrick was immediately sent for, but before he could arrive life was extinct. A verdict of 'Temporary Insanity' was returned by the Jury.—*Quebec Chronicle.*

RAPID PASSAGE OF A NEW CLIPPER.—On Monday, the "medium clipper" *Dreadnought*, Captain Samuel, one of Messrs. A. Taylor and Co's "St. George's line," of New York packets, arrived here, after making the passage in thirteen days eleven hours and fifteen minutes, allowing for difference of time and eight hours' detention at the bar.—The *Dreadnought* has thus made the shortest eastern and western sailing passages on record, and it is no wonder, therefore, that she is a very favourite vessel with passengers. The *Dreadnought* has made four voyages in eleven months, a proof that her success is not attributable merely to the accident of good weather.

SPIKING GUNS.—Spikes are about four inches long, and of the dimensions of a tobacco-pipe: the head flat; a barb at the point acts as a spring, which is naturally pressed to the shaft upon being forced into the touch hole. Upon reaching the chamber of the gun it resumes its position, and it is impossible to withdraw it. It can only be got out by drilling—no easy task, as it is made of the hardest steel, and being also somewhat loose in the touch hole, there is much difficulty in making a drill bite as effectually as it should do.

OUT OF EMPLOYMENT.—Over 15,000 persons are out of employment in New York, and the distress is very great. A proposition has been made in the City Council to appropriate \$10,000 for the relief of the poor.

A preacher, advertising herself as "Miss Sarah Pellet, a graduate of Oberlin," delivered a discourse on Sunday in this city, taking for her text the words—"Stand up, I myself am also a man." If Pellet is a man, what right has he to advertise himself as a woman?—*New York Observer.*

PARLIAMENTARY COURTESY.—When Mr. Canning, in his ministerial capacity, was being annoyed at some of Mr. Hume's obstinate and blundering charges against public men, he declared that the member for Montrose was continually making allegations which he never succeeded in proving; whereupon Mr. Hume retorted indignantly that the right hon. gentleman himself was the greatest "allegator" in the House of Commons.

The London and foreign contractors for Minie rifles are exerting themselves to the utmost to make up the deficiency caused by the apathy of the Birmingham gunmakers, who are now several thousand stand of arms in arrears. Contracts have been entered into for the supply of a number of rifle carbines, it being the intention of the government to arm two light cavalry regiments (which will be termed the Light Dragon riflemen), with this formidable weapon.

It is stated in the London Times, that the British government is now paying at the rate of three millions of pounds sterling per annum for the charter of steamers alone, besides furnishing them with fuel.

A thief being caught robbing a bank, when asked what he was doing, answered, only taking notes.

The editor of an Ohio paper publishes the names of subscribers who pay up, under the head of 'Legion of Honor.'

The young lady who caught the gentleman's eye is requested to return it.

We admire women because of their beauty; respect them of their intelligence; and love them—because we can't help it.

"Miss Julia, allow me to close those blinds; the glare of the sun must be oppressive."

"You are very kind, sir, but I would rather have a little sun than no air at all."

In lieu of attaching 'Esq.' to men's names now, the letters 'S. P.' are substituted, signifying 'Some Punks.'

THE BATTLE OF INKERMANN. FURTHER PARTICULARS.

THE MURDER OF COL. CARPENTER AND COL. HALY.

The greatest atrocity marked the conduct of the Russians towards the officers of Adams's Brigade who fell into their hands. Poor Colonel Carpenter, as he lay on the ground badly wounded, was bayoneted by a ruffian who, not content with that act of ferocity, clubbed his musket, and beat the gray-haired man with it on the head till he left him senseless. The Colonel lived but a few hours after he was taken to his tent. Colonel Haly, of the 47th, was treated in the same way, as he was stretched in his blood in front of his shattered regiment. The men on both occasions rushed in and carried off their officers and bayoneted the Russians who had used them so barbarously. Major Powell, who was in command of the 49th, was killed as he fell to the earth, and his murderer, who is an officer, is in our hands a prisoner of war. Colonel Mackinnon, would, no doubt, have lived but for bayonet wounds received while lying on the ground. His leg was broken, and he was so weak from loss of blood that he died under the operation of removing it. Sir R. Newman was stabbed all over. Russian officers were seen passing their swords through the bodies of our men as they writhed in agony on the ground, and pointing to their men to bayonet them as they passed. Such are the armies of the Czar! These are the men to whom the Kings of Europe

are to be indebted for their thrones, and it is to such allies that Prussia would give the hands of those whose ancestors fought under the Great Frederick!

MIRACULOUS ESCAPES.

In the 88th Regiment, Major Maxwell's horse was shot under him, in front of the enemy's column. Lieutenant Crosse and Lieutenant Haynes were surrounded by a body of Russians, who attacked them with the bayonet, although they were both wounded. Mr. Baynes miraculously escaped. Mr. Crosse was surrounded by four Russians, who thought to make sure work of him. He shot the two in front of him with his revolver, and a private named Houlaghan rushed out of the ranks, shot one of his remaining assailants dead, bayoneted the other, and, taking up Mr. Crosse in his arms, ran back with him to the rear of the regiment and placed him in safety.

THE SLAUGHTER IN THE SANDRAG BATTERY.

The carnage at the Alma did not present anything like the scene round the Sandrag Battery, which lies on a steep descent towards the Tchernaya. The piles of dead here were frightful. Upwards of 1,200 dead and dying Russians lay behind and around and in front of it, and many a bearskin cap and tall English Grenadier lay there, too, with frequent corpses of French Chasseurs and infantry soldiers. At one time, while the Duke was rallying his men, a body of Russians began to single him out, and to take shots at him in the most deliberate manner. A surgeon of a cavalry regiment, Mr. Wilson, 7th Hussars, who was attached to the brigade, perceived the danger of His Royal Highness, assembled a few men of the Guards, led them to a charge, and dispersed the Russians. The Duke's horse was killed in the course of the fight. At the close of the day, he called Mr. Wilson in front of the regiment, and publicly thanked him for having, in all probability, saved his life.

THREE MINES SPRUNG BY THE RUSSIANS.

A little before the retreat of the enemy I had ridden up to an advanced picket-house of ours, which commands a view of the French lines and of our right attack. I found there Mr. Layard, M. P., who is still an anxious and eager amateur out here, and a group of officers, looking down from the front on the town, which was smiling freshly in the returning sunshine, and talking of an expected assault by the French. Suddenly a sharp, crashing rattle of musketry, which came distinctly to our ears through the roar of the cannon, was heard on the left towards the Flagstaff Battery, in front of the French lines. Through the glass I could see the caps of some French troops, who were advancing from the last parallel by a wall, which seemed to be inside the town. "Hurrah," was the cry, "the French are in the place!" In a moment afterwards the Russians could be made out running as hard as they could from the rear of the Flagstaff Battery down towards the houses at the side of the first harbour, and ere three minutes elapsed one! two! three! up shot pillars of dust and dark smoke into the air. The Russians had sprung three mines inside the work. In less than two minutes more the two more mines were sprung. The musketry ceased and the smoke cleared away, revealing a mass of ruins and broken timbers, and beams of cottages, and presently the guns in front of the Flagstaff Battery opened on the French, and destroyed all our hopes that there had been a successful assault. The Russians had made a sortie, and traversed two parallels ere they were repulsed, and the French following them closely to the town. It is feared that the Russians fired the mines to prevent pursuit, fearing they might enter the place along with them.

LIEUTENANT HOARE'S RUSSELL SALUTE.

In the valley behind the Russian well saluted could see the Russian infantry retiring over the road at a good pace, in tolerable order, while their retreat was further protected by a strong body of cavalry drawn up on a mound in rear of the guns. A few rockets were directed against the cavalry by our men in the batteries, but they did no execution that I could see. Our admiration was soon excited by the splendid fire of our two 18-pounders. They were firing at about 1,500 yards, but their shot went right between the enemy's guns, smashing horses, men, and carriages at every round. "Bravo, they're limbering up!" And so they were, leaving five tumbrils, one broken gun carriage, 27 dead horses, and 13 dead men behind them, on a very small space of ground. Again they halted, unlimbered, and fired a few rounds, but their 24's and 32's were soon silenced by our 18's and at 1:30 they were retreating after their infantry into Sebastopol. Lieutenant Hoare, in his Lancaster Battery, had prepared a parting volley for both. He removed his gabions and sandbags, got a good "open" on the road, and whenever a body of men or horses came in view upon it, bang went the long fello, and the ponderous cone of iron whistled among them, ripping the column from end to end, and straying the road with dead.

GOOD USE OF THE REVOLVER.

The revolvers carried by our officers saved their lives on several occasions this day. When Captain Nicholson, of the 77th, was lying on the ground he was bayoneted by a Russian. The Colonel immediately shot the scoundrel dead. Ensign Butts, of the 77th, was taken prisoner by a Russian, who made him hide himself in the bush as his regiment went past, by keeping his cocked firelock to his head. The young fellow watched his chance, and shot him dead with his revolver, getting off in safety to rejoin his regiment.

A SOLDIER'S LETTER.

The following extracts from a letter from a native of Hereford, now a brave serjeant in the Guards, will be read with interest:—"The enemy at one time completely surrounded us. We were then in a pretty fix, and I made sure it was all over. However we were determined not to be taken prisoners. With respect to myself, I did not know whether it was best to fire at those in front or rear; but this was very soon decided, for I caught sight of a fellow in front taking aim, as I thought, at me. I did not wait to bring my firelock to the shoulder, but pulled the trigger, and down went my friend, who had intended me the same compliment. The Russians in our rear were within 20 yards of us, and those in front about 30 yards; so you may depend we were not in a very pleasant position. However we had but one alternative, and that was to charge those in front of us, which we did, and very soon made the Russians take to their heels. Just at this time a reinforcement came up, when we gave a good British cheer, and after them we went again. Our men got almost close to the enemy; but not having time to load their firelocks, they actually picked up stones and threw at them. I have had a very narrow escape this time, a ball passing through the caps of my coat (we fought in great coats) and another through my havresack, which was slung upon my shoulder. After we had driven the enemy back, the large