

# 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, APRIL 25, 1859.

No. 42.

To Arrive from the West Indies Direct.

Molasses, Sugar, Salt.

BY J. & T. MORRIS.

THE Subscribers will sell by AUCTION, immediately on the arrival of the Brigantine "AFTON," from the West Indies—

40 Puncheons choice MOLASSES,  
8 Hhds. do. SUGAR,  
3,000 Bushels coarse SALT.

The above Salt is suitable for packing Herring and Mackerel for Market.

TERMS OF SALE.—£20 and upwards 6 months' credit on approved joint Notes of Hand.  
April 4, 1859. SAMUEL A. FOWLE & Co.

Valuable Real Property for Sale.

THE following parcels of land will be submitted to public competition, at the Colonial Building, in Charlottetown, on WEDNESDAY, the 27th day of April next, at the hour of 12 o'clock, noon, viz:—

All that valuable piece of ground with the Dwelling Houses and premises built thereon, or thereunto belonging, now in the occupation of Mr. John C. Travers and Mr. Wm. Conroy, fronting 40 feet on Prince Street, with a depth of 84 feet; and being part of Town Lot No. 49, in the 3rd Hundred of Town Lots in Charlottetown.

Also—all that other valuable piece of land with the Dwelling House and premises thereon, formerly the residence of Mr. John Rider, fronting 40 feet on King's Square, and with a depth of 78 feet throughout; and being part of Town Lot No. 82, in the 4th Hundred of Town Lots in Charlottetown.

Also—all that other valuable piece of land with the Dwelling Houses, Steam Mill, Gear, Machinery and Apparatus, and all other buildings and premises thereon, or thereunto belonging, being part of Water Lot opposite Town Lot No. 29, in the 1st Hundred of Town Lots in Charlottetown, and formerly belonging to, and worked by, Mr. John Rider.

And also two valuable plots of ground at Summerside, Township No. 17, in Prince County, and being known as Town Lots Nos. 7 and 8 in Summerside, both fronting on the road leading from St. Eleanor's through Summerside, Lot 7, having a front thereon of 76 feet, and running back 90 feet; and Lot 8, having a front thereon of 70 feet, and running back 90 feet.

All the above property will be sold on the following terms: Twenty per cent of the purchase money to be paid down at the time of sale, the balance of eighty per cent. of the purchase money will be allowed to remain on interest, on security by mortgage of the premises and bond, for a period of two years from the day of sale.

For further terms and particulars enquire of the undersigned Trustees for sale, &c., under a Deed of Release and Conveyance dated the fifth day of December, 1858, executed by John Rider, with other parties therein named, to the undersigned, and duly registered in the Registry Office of this Island.

Dated at Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, the 18th day of February, A. D., 1859.

JOSEPH HENSLEY, } Trustees.  
JOHN LONGWORTH, }

Intestate Estate Sale.

TO be sold by Public Auction, at the Colonial Building, in Charlottetown, on WEDNESDAY, the fourth day of May next, at the hour of twelve o'clock, noon, pursuant to a licence duly granted for that purpose by his Honor the Surrogate and Judge of Probate of this Island, bearing date the ninth day of June, 1857, part of the REAL ESTATE which belonged to the late John Anderson, of Charlottetown, master mariner, deceased, intestate at the time of his death, that is to say: ALL that piece of ground commencing at a distance of eighty-four feet from the corner of King's Square, thence running northwardly forty-two feet along Hillsborough-street, thence at right angles eastwardly eighty-four feet, or until it strikes land in possession of John Rider, thence southwardly forty-two feet, thence westwardly to the place of commencement—comprising one-quarter part of Town Lot No. Eighty-two (82), in the fourth hundred of Town Lots in Charlottetown; and also all that other piece of ground commencing at the northern angle of the said Town Lot, thence running westwardly along Fitz Roy street forty-two feet, thence at right angles southwardly forty-two feet (a little more or less), thence at right angles eastwardly forty-two feet, thence northwardly to the place of commencement—bounded on the east by land belonging to Mr. George Beer, and being part of the said Town Lot No. Eighty-two, in the fourth hundred of Lots in Charlottetown; and of which said Real Estate the said intestate, John Anderson, died seized and possessed in fee simple.

Dated at Charlottetown this 7th day of March, 1859.

CATHERINE ANDERSON,  
Administratrix of Estate of late John Anderson.

STONE CUTTING.

THE Subscriber wishes to make known to the public at large, that he constantly keeps on hand a variety of HEAD STONES, (Marble and Freestone), of different styles and of the best material. He would especially recommend parties residing out of Charlottetown to give him a call and examine the specimens he has on hand, and ascertain the different prices, before paying in advance for work which may not give satisfaction when received.

JOHN CAIRNS,  
Grafton Street, Charlottetown, March 7, 1859. Ex. 3m.

CITY TANNERY.

WEST END OF GRAFTON STREET.

FOR SALE at the above Establishment—  
100 Sides Neat LEATHER,  
200 Calf SKINS,  
200 Sides City, and Country Slaughtered Sole LEATHER,  
800 Sides Buenos Ayres Sole LEATHER, to be ready New Year's.  
N. B. CASH paid for GREEN HIDES.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY, a quantity of HEMLOCK BARK, for which Cash will be paid on delivery at the above Establishment.  
Charlottetown, Dec. 13, 1858. Mon & Pro

CITY STEAM MANUFACTORY.

THE Subscribers take leave to acquaint the citizens of Charlottetown and the Island generally, that having entered into Co-Partnership they are prepared to execute all orders in their line with promptness and despatch.

In consequence of having labour-saving machinery of the latest and most improved kind, they feel confident that they can manufacture articles much cheaper and better than can be imported or made in any establishment in the Island; and also hope that by an uninterrupted attention to business, to secure a share of public support.

Cabinet Making and Upholstering,

of the latest and most durable styles;

SASHES and DOORS

made to order at the above notice.

Also—Planing, Turning, Straight and Sweep Sawing, Iron Turning and Drilling of every description done in a superior manner.

PATRIK HICKEY,  
GARRETT GILLESPIE,  
Ch. Town, Jan. 10, 1859. (Isl. 3m.)

TO LET.

THE 'PAVILION HOTEL.'

TO LET, AND IMMEDIATE POSSESSION given, that eligible situated and well adapted HOUSE and premises lately known as the "PAVILION HOTEL," which, from its standing on the highest ground in the City, and its proximity to the public offices and wharves, renders its situation for a HOTEL the most desirable in the City, for either transient or permanent boarders.

The building comprises on the first floor one large Dining room 25 by 25 feet, one reading or Bar-room 25 by 15 Drawing-room 18 by 15 feet, one large inner Kitchen, outer Kitchen, and large Scullery, with many conveniences, one Pantry, one small Sitting-room, two spacious Halls, and two pair front Stairs, and one pair back Stairs, and Water Closet. On the second floor, one Dining-room 25 by 14 feet, eight Bed-rooms and one large Pantry and Closet; and in the Attic seven Bed-rooms; and having spacious cellars. The house having lately undergone a thorough repair, is in excellent order, and having a good Stable, Coach-House, and out-office, attached.

For terms and particulars, please apply to  
Charlottetown, Dec. 20, 1858. H. HASZARD.

Elections! Elections!

JUST opened for the occasion, one CASK GLENLEVIT WHISKEY (five years old.) It is said this genuine article possesses the wonderful qualities of converting your opponents to your Political views, consequently no aspirant to the Red Benches should be without it. For sale by  
March, 7. N. RANKIN, Great George-street.

COLONIAL LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.

BONUS YEAR.

SPECIAL ATTENTION is directed to the advantage of joining the Company on or before 25th MAY, 1859, as the SECOND DIVISION OF PROFITS will take place as at that date.

The Fund to be Divided will be the Profits which have arisen on the Business of the Company since 25th May, 1854, when the last Division took place.

To entitle parties to Participate in the Division, proposals must be lodged at the Head Office, or at one of the Branch Offices or Agencies at Home or Abroad, on or before 25th May, 1859.

THE COLONIAL was established in 1846, and its present income is Ninety-five Thousand Pounds sterling per annum.

Subscribed capital—ONE MILLION STERLING.  
Constituted by Act of Parliament.  
Agencies in all the Colonies, where Premiums are received and claims settled.

HEAD OFFICE—5 George Street, Edinburgh.

Governor:

RIGHT HONORABLE THE EARL OF ELGIN AND KINCARDINE.

NOVA SCOTIA HEAD OFFICE, HALIFAX.

(50 BEDFORD ROW)

BOARD OF DIRECTORS:

The Honble. M. B. Almon, Banker.

The Honble. W. A. Black, Banker.

Lewis Bliss, Esq.

Charles Twining, Esq., Barrister.

John Bayley Bland, Esq.

The Honble. Alexander Keith, Merchant.

General Agent and Secretary—MATTHEW H. RITCHIE.

Medical Advisers, Charlottetown, P. E. Island:

DRS. HENRY A. & HAMMOND JOHNSON.

AGENTS.—Charlottetown—J. LONGWORTH.

Georgetown—W. SANDERSON.

St. Eleanor's—T. HUNT.

Every information regarding the Company's conditions and rates, (which are most favourable to the assured,) will be afforded by  
JOHN LONGWORTH, Agent.  
Charlottetown, April 18, 1859. Sw.

NOTICE.

THE Co-partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned, under the firm of McLellan and Campbell, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. All parties due the said firm are hereby notified to pay the amounts due by them to Alexander Campbell, who is only authorised to collect and discharge the same.

JOHN McLELLAN,  
ALEXANDER CAMPBELL.

According to the foregoing notice, all parties due the late firm of McLellan and Campbell are hereby notified to pay their respective amounts due by them to the undersigned otherwise their accounts will immediately be handed to an attorney for collection.  
ALEXANDER CAMPBELL.  
Summerside, P. E. I., April 11, 1859.

Charlottetown Gas Light Company.

NOTICE is hereby given that the Annual General Meeting of the shareholders in the above Company will be held at the Company's office, on TUESDAY, the 3d day of May next, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon, for the purpose of electing Directors, and the general transaction of business.

By Order, WM. MURPHY, Sec'y.

April 11, 1859.

For Sale,

THAT FARM, consisting of 59 acres, lately occupied by Richard Milford, Esq., situate on Mill Creek, West River. On the Farm is an excellent Dwelling House, as well as new Out-buildings, consisting of Barn, Sheep-house, &c. Within a mile of the Farm are both Grist and Saw Mills, as well as Blacksmiths' Forges and a Cartwright, and a short distance from the shore is a never-failing bed of muscle-mud. For further particulars apply to Mr. William E. Dawson, Charlottetown, or to  
April 18, 1859. (H.) JOHN MILFORD, Royalty.

Lime! Lime!

TO be had at DODD'S KILN, Princetown Road, LIME burnt from British and Provincial Stone.  
FARMERS can be accommodated with a Credit of six months. Orders for the above article left at DODD'S BRICK STORE will be punctually attended to.  
The highest price given for LIMESTONE.  
April 8, 1859. Sw THOS. W. DODD.

Seeds. Seeds.

Fresh Seeds, the growth of 1858.

M. W. SKINNER is now opening a case fresh Garden and Flower SEED, which are the growth of 1858.

It is only necessary to say to his usual customers that these Seeds are from the same Seedmen from whom he has been supplied for the last three or four years, and which have given such general satisfaction.

A large variety of choice Flower Seeds.  
Charlottetown, April 12, 1859. 131

Literature.

GOUGANE BARRA.

BY J. J. CALLANAN.

There is a green island in long Gougane Barra,  
Where Allua of songs rushes forth as an arrow;  
In deep-valleyed Desmond—a thousand wild fountains  
Come down to that lake from their home in the mountains,  
There grows the wild ash, and the time-stricken willow  
Looks chidingly down on the marsh of the billow,  
As, like some gay child that sad monitor scolding,  
It lightly laughs back to the laugh of the morning.

And its zone of dark hills—O, to see them all bright'ning,  
When the tempest flings out its red banner of lightning,  
And the waters rush down, 'mid the thunder's deep rattle,  
Like clans from the hills at the voice of the battle;  
And brightly the fire-crested billows are gleaming,  
And wildly from Mullaigh the eagles are screaming,  
O, where is the dwelling in valley, or highland,  
So meet for a bard as this lone little island?

How oft when the summer sun rested on Clara,  
And lit the dark heath on the hills of Ivera,  
Have I sought the sweet spot, from my home by the ocean,  
And trod all thy wilds with a minstrel's devotion,  
And thought of thy bards, when assembling together,  
In the cleft of thy rocks, or the depth of thy heather,  
They fled from the Saxon's dark bondage and slaughter,  
And wedded their last song by the rush of thy water!

High sons of the lyre, O, how proud was the feeling,  
To think while alone through solitude stealing,  
Though loftier minstrels green Erin can number,  
I only awoke your wild harp from its slumber,  
And mingled once more with the voice of those fountains  
The songs even echo forgot on her mountains;  
And gleaned each gay legend, that darkly was sleeping,  
Where the mist and the rain o'er their beauty were creeping!

Least bard of the hills! were it mine to inherit  
The fire of thy harp, and the wing of thy spirit,  
With the wrongs which like thee to our country has bound me,  
Did your mantle of song fling its radiance around me,  
Still, still in those wilds might young liberty rally,  
And send her strong shout o'er mountain and valley;  
The star of the west might yet rise in its glory,  
And the land that was darkest be brightest in story.

I too shall be gone; but my name shall be spoken  
When Erin awakes, and her fetters are broken;  
Some Minstrel will come, in the summer eve's gleaming,  
When freedom's young light on his spirit is leaming,  
And bend o'er my grave with a tear of emotion,  
Where calm Erin-Breeze seeks the kisses of ocean,  
Or plant a wild wreath, from the banks of that river,  
O'er the heart and the harp that are sleeping for ever.

HERBIANIAN HOSPITALITY.

BY CHARLES LEVER.

"You have never been in Castle Connell, Hinton? Well, there is a wild, bleak line of country there that stretches away to the westward, with nothing but large, round backed mountains, low boggy swamps, with here and there a miserable mud hovel, surrounded, may be, with half an acre of potatoes or bad oats; a few small streams struggle through this on their way to the Shannon, but they are brown and dirty as the soil they traverse; and the very fish that swim in them are brown and smutty also.

In the very heart of this wild country, I took it into my head to build a house. A strange notion it was, for there was no neighbourhood and no sporting; but somehow I had taken a dislike to mixed society some time before that, and I found it convenient to live somewhat in retirement—so that if the partridge were not in abundance about me, neither were the process servers; and the truth was, I kept a much sharper look-out for the sub-sheriff than I did for the snipe.

Of course, as I was head and ears in debt, my no was built something very considerable and imposing; and to be sure, I had a fine portico, and a flight of steps leading up to it; and there were ten windows in front, and a grand balustrade at the top, and faith, taking it all in all, the building was so strong, the walls so thick, and the windows so narrow, and the stones so black, that my cousin Darcy Mahon called it Newgate; and not a bad name either—and not another it ever went by; and even that same had its advantages, for when the creditors used to read that at the top of my letters, they'd say—"Poor devil! he has enough on his hands; there's no use troubling him any more." Well, big as Newgate looked from without, it had not much accommodation when you got inside. There was, it is true, a fine hall flagged; and out of it you entered what ought to have been the dinner-room, thirty-eight feet by seven-and-twenty, but which was used for herding sheep in winter. On the right hand there was a cozy little breakfast room, just about the size of this we are in. At the back of the hall, but concealed by a pair of folding doors, there was a grand staircase of old Irish oak, that ought to have led up to a great suite of bedrooms, but only conducted to one, a little crib for myself. The remainder were never plastered nor floored; and, indeed, in one of them, that was over the big drawing room, the joints were never laid, which was all the better, for it was there we used to keep our hay and straw.

Now, at the time I mention, the harvest was not brought in, and instead of its being fall, as it used to be, it was mighty low, so that, when you opened the door above stairs, instead of finding the hay up beside you, it was fourteen feet down beneath you.

Newgate was a beautiful house; and although the sheep lived in the parlor, and the cows were kept in the blue drawing-room, Darby Whaley slept in the boudoir, and two bull dogs and a buck goat kept house in the library—faith, upon the outside it looked very imposing; and not one that saw it from the high road to Ennis—and you could see it from the road for twelve miles in every direction—didn't say—"That Mahon was a snug fellow; see what a beautiful place he has of it there?" Little they knew that it was safer to go up the "Reeks" than my grand staircase, and it was like rope-dancing to pass from one room to another.

Well, it was about four o'clock in the afternoon of a dark louring day in December, that I was treading homewards in no very good humour; for except a brace and half of snipe, and a grey plover, I had met with nothing the whole day. The night was falling fast, so I began to hurry on as I could, when I heard a loud shout behind me, and a voice called out—

"It's Bob Mahon, boys. By the hill of Seariff, we are in luck!"

I turned about, and what should I see but a parcel of fellows in red coats—they were the Blazers. There was

Dan Lambert, Tom Burke, Harry Eyrie, Joe M'Mahon, and the rest of them, fourteen souls in all. They had come down to draw a cover of Stephen Blake's, about ten miles from me; but, in the strange mountain country, they lost the dogs—they lost their way and their temper; in truth, to all appearances, they lost everything but their appetites. The horses were dead beat too, and they looked as miserable a crew as ever you set eyes on.

"Isn't it lucky, Bob, that we found you at home?" said Lambert.

"They told us you were away," said Burke.

"Some said that you were grown so pious, that you never went out except on Sundays," added old Harry with a grin.

"Begad," said I, "as to the luck, I won't say much for it; for here's all I can give you for dinner;" and so I pulled out the four birds and shook them at them; "and as to the picky, troth, may be you'd like to keep a fast with as deroted a son of the church as myself."

"But isn't that Newgate up there?" said one.

"That same."

"And you don't mean to say that such a house as that hasn't a good larder and a fine cellar?"

"You're right," said I, "and they're both full at this very moment—the one with seed potatoes and the other with Whitehaven coals."

"Have you got any bacon?" said Mahon.

"Oh, yes," said I, "there's bacon."

"And eggs," said another.

"For the matter of that, you might swim in butter."

"Come, come," said Lambert, "we're not so badly off after all."

"Is there whiskey?" said Eyrie.

"Sixty-three gallons that never paid the king sixpence!"

As I said this they gave three cheers you'd have heard a mile off.

After about twenty minutes, we went to the house, and when poor Darby opened the door I thought he'd faint; for, you see, the red coats made him think it was the army, coming to take him away, and he was running away to raise the country when I caught him by the neck.

"It's the Blazers! you old fool," said I. "The gentlemen are coming to dine here."

"Hurroo!" said he, clapping his hands upon his knees—

"There must be great distress entirely down about Nenagh, and them parts, or they'd never think of coming up here for a bit to eat."

"Which way lie the stables, Bob?" said Burke.

"Leave all that to Darby," said I; "for ye see he had only to whistle and bring up as many people as he liked—and so he did too; and as there was room for a cavalry regiment, the horses were soon bedded down and comfortable; and in ten minutes' time we were all sitting pleasantly round a big fire, waiting for the rashers and eggs."

"Now if you'd like to wash your hands before dinner, Lambert, come along with me."

"By all means," said he.

The others were standing up, too; but, I observed, that as the house was large, and the ways of it unknown to them, it was better to wait 'till I'd come back.

"This was a real piece of good luck, Bob," said Dan, as he followed me up stairs; "capital quarters we've fallen into; and what a snug bed-room you have here."

"Yes," said I carelessly; "it's one of the small rooms—there are eight like this, and five large ones, plainly furnished, as you see; but for the present, you know—"

"Oh, begad! I wish for nothing better. Let me sleep here—the other fellows may care for your four posters with satin hangings."

"Well," said I, "if you really are not joking I may tell you that the room is one of the warmest in the house,"—and this was telling no lie.

"Here I'll sleep," said he, rubbing his hands with satisfaction, and giving the bed a most affectionate look. "And now let us join the rest."

When I brought Dan down, I took up Burke, and after him M'Mahon, and so on to the last; but every time I entered the parlor, I found them all bestowing immense praises on my house, and each fellow ready to bet he had the best bedroom.

Dinner soon made its appearance; for if the cooking was not very perfect, it was at least wonderfully expeditious. There were two men cutting rashers, two more frying them in the pan, and another did nothing but break the eggs, Darby tunning from parlor to kitchen and back again, as hard as he could trot.

Do you know that many a time since, when I have been giving venison and burgundy and claret enough to swim a life boat in, I often thought it was a cruel waste of money; for the fellows weren't half as pleasant as they were that evening on bacon and whiskey!

I've a theory on that subject, Hinton, I'll talk to you more about another time! I only observe now, that I'm sure we all overfed our company.

My guests were, to do them justice, a good illustration of my theory. A pleasanter and a merrier party never sat down together. We had good songs, good stories, plenty of laughing, and plenty of drink; until at last poor Darby became so overpowered, by the fumes of hot water I suppose, that he was obliged to be carried up to bed, and so we were compelled to boil the kettle in the parlor. This, I think, precipitated matters, for, by some mistake, they put punch into it instead of water, and the more you tried to weaken the liquors, it was only the more tipsy you were getting.

About two o'clock, five of the party were under the table, three more were nodding backwards and forwards like insane pendulums, and the rest were mighty noisy, and now and then rather disposed to be quarrelsome.

"Bob," said Lambert to me, in a whisper, "if it's the same thing to you, I'll slip away and get into bed."

"Of course, if you won't take any more. Just make yourself at home; and as you don't know the way here—follow me!"

"I'm afraid," said he, "I'd not find my way alone."

"I think," said I, "it's very likely, but come along."

I walked up stairs before him; but instead of turning to the left, I went the other way till I came to the door of the large room, that I have told you already was over the big drawing room. Just as I put my hand on the lock, I contrived to blow out the candle, as if it was the wind.

"What a draught there is here," said I; "but just step in, and I'll go for a light."

He did as he was bid; but instead of finding himself on my beautiful little carpet, down he went fourteen feet into the hay at the bottom. I looked down after him for a minute or two, and then called out—

"As I saw doing the honors of Newgate, the least I could