

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, MARCH 28, 1859.

No. 38.

NEW STORE!

British Warehouse Queen's Square.

THE subscriber, having re-commenced business in the premises formerly occupied by Mr. JARDINE McLEAN, takes the earliest opportunity to inform his friends and the public generally, that he has just received per ship *Isabel*, from Liverpool, his FALL SUPPLY of

BRITISH DRY GOODS,

suited to the season.

—ALSO—

72 Chests TEA,
60 Half chests do.,
100 Boxes SOAP,
10 Bags RICE,
Porto Rico and Crushed SUGAR,
Currants, Raisins, Pickles,
And superior Salad Oil,

which will be sold at the lowest prices for Cash.

WILLIAM BROWN.

Charlottetown, October 21, 1858.

Grain, Grain.

THE highest price given for BARLEY and OATS at

Coles'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.

MESSRS. STANFIELD & LORD beg to inform the Farmers of Prince Edward Island, that after this date their NEW MILL at TRYON will be ready for Dyeing, Fulling and Dressing Cloth, having spared no expense in fitting up. The services of Mr. Lippincott, of Picton, being secured as manager, they guarantee to finish work in the best possible manner, on the usual terms.

Mr. H. CALBECK, of Sydney Street, Charlottetown, will receive Cloth, and attend to its being forwarded with despatch. Tryon, July 27.

Carpentering & Rugs.

FOR SALE at cost and charges at the Subscriber's Room, Queen's Square—

A large assortment of Carpeting in WOOL and HEMP. —ALSO—
A quantity of Handsome HEARTH RUGS,
Persons in want will find it to their advantage to call and purchase. WILLIAM DODD, Auctioneer.
Charlottetown, December 20.

NOTICE.

THE Subscriber begs respectfully to notify his customers, and the Public generally, that from this date his business will be conducted solely on the

CASH PRINCIPLE.

and he embraces the present opportunity of thanking all who have hitherto favored him with their custom, and now solicits a continuance of their support under the Cash system, the adoption of which he is confident will be found to be a mutual advantage. W. R. WATSON,
Charlottetown, January 17, 1859. City Drug Store.

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.

Elections! Elections!

JUST opened for the occasion, one Cask GLENLEVIT WHISKY (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.

For the benefit of all concerned
THE Subscriber, intending to close his present business, hereby requests all persons indebted to him to make immediate settlement of their Accounts. All Accounts not settled by the first of March will be placed in the hands of an Attorney without distinction.
As the subscriber does not intend to remain within the limits, all persons having any claims against him had better look out.

FOR SALE,
A quantity of Saddle and Harness Mounting, Whips, &c. Also—Pasture Lot 202, within the Royalty, about two miles from Town, on the North River Road, with a new Barn thereon, 35 x 25. Also, part of Lot 291, fronting the above, and running down to the Creek, where may be obtained any quantity of Sawwood, &c. for Manure.
JOHN STUMBLEES
1st Cw
Charlottetown, January 17, 1859.

NOTICE.

THE Subscriber having been appointed AGENT to the Right Hon. Lord Viscount Melville, K. C. B., by Power of Attorney, bearing date the 20th November, 1858, hereby notifies the Tenants on Lots or Townships Nos. 29 and 53, that all Rent and Arrears of Rent, due on said Estate, are to be paid to him, and no other person.

JOHN R. BOURKE.

Mill View, Dec. 27, 1858. 3m

TO LET, THE 'PAVILION HOTEL.'

TO LET, AND IMMEDIATE POSSESSION given, that an 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 cellage. 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 H. MASZARD.
Charlottetown, Dec. 20, 1858.

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 Fitz Roy street forty-two feet, 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.

Chebucto Warehouse.

JUST RECEIVED, per schr. "ROMP"—
2 hhds. strictly prime Porto Rico SUGAR,
3 puns. Porto Rico MOLASSES. For sale by
Nov. 22, 1858. P. W. HYNDMAN.

NOTICE.

ALL persons indebted to me by promissory note or otherwise, in respect of my business recently carried on in Charlottetown, are hereby required to make immediate payment to JOHN LONOWORTH, Esq., my Attorney. In case of delay legal means will be resorted to without further notice.
Cascumpec, Dec. 13, 1858. JAMES REID.

NOTICE TO THE LADIES.

ONE of those handsome, high toned PIANO FORTES, manufactured by one of the best makers, GILBERT, of Boston, will be sold so very low that it will be an advantage to any one wishing a good article to purchase it.
GEORGE DOUGLAS,
Furniture Warehouse, Kent Street, March 7, 1859. Ex 4i

HOME MANUFACTURE

Ought it to be Encouraged.

THOSE who have a desire to do so can purchase at the CITY TANNERY
Prime Sole LEATHER for one shilling and ninepence a pound, which is less than it can be imported from foreign markets for.
March 7, 1859. Mon & 1st

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 shortest notice.
—Also—Planing, Turning, Straight and Sweep Sawing, Iron Turning and Drilling of every description done in a superior manner.
PATRICK HICKEY,
GARRETT GILLESPIE.
Ch. Town, Jan. 10, 1859. (Isl. 3m.)

Freehold Property for Sale.

THE subscriber offers for sale his FARM, situated on Georgetown Road, Lot 52, King's County, containing 55 acres of SUPERIOR LAND, 20 acres of which are cleared and in a good state of cultivation, the remainder is well wooded with hard and soft wood, together with a Dwelling House and Barn.
Possession given on the 1st of May next. Apply to the subscriber, on the premises, or to JAMES McLAREN, Esq., New Perth.
RICHARD McAVOY.

Lot 52, January 31, 1859.

NEW AND IMPROVED NOVA SCOTIA COOKING and OTHER STOVES.

JUST ARRIVED, an assortment of New and Improved strong and substantial COOKING and other STOVES, warranted Nova Scotia castings—and not Yankee—with large Metal Boilers, to suit Farmers, and made to save wood and time, so valuable at all seasons. Will be sold at the manufacturer's prices this season, in order to establish the quality and advantages of these Valuable Stoves—these being among the first importation to this Island. Can now be seen in operation at the Store of the Agent for this Island, at Orwell.
Orwell, December 13. PATRICK STEPHENS.

ON CONSIGNMENT FROM LIVERPOOL & BOSTON.

Tea, Sugar, Molasses, Flour, Gin, Brandy, Wines, Tobacco, Sole Leather, Soap, Buckets, Brooms, Nails, Crackers, &c.

THE Subscribers have received on consignment, per *Isabel* and *Eglantine*, the following Goods, which they offer cheap for cash, viz—
200 Bbls superfine FLOUR, 25 boxes C. TOBACCO,
10 Hds Holland GIN, 50 sides Sole LEATHER,
Casks superior BRANDY, 100 gross Card MATCHES,
Casks (4 Diamond Port WINE) 50 boxes Liverpool SOAP,
Casks Sherry WINE, 25 doz Buckets & BROOMS,
Bbls ALE & PORTER, 20 Half Bbls CRACKERS,
5 Hds Bright SUGAR, 30 bags NAILS,
Hhds Muscovado MOLASSES, Boxes Blue, Starch, INDIGO,
24 Brass CLOCKS, &c., &c., &c.
J. & T. MORRIS.
Queen's Street, January 10, 1859. 1st

MOLASSES, SUGAR, TEA, &c.

THE SUBSCRIBER OFFERS FOR SALE at small advance on cost—
18 Puncheons choice Porto Rico MOLASSES,
2 Hhds. do do SUGAR,
2 do Holland's GENEVA,
20 Chests Congou TEA,
30 Boxes Liverpool SOAP,
2 Cases MATCHES,
—A lot of Carpeting and Hearth Rugs, very cheap.
WILLIAM DODD.
Queen Square, January 10, 1859. 1m

Literature.

LIFE.

BY FLORENCE M'CARNEY.

Ah! little they know of true happiness, they whom satiate
fills.
Who, flung on the rich breast of luxury, eat of the rankness
that kills.
Ah! little they know of the blessedness toil-purchased slum-
ber enjoys.
Who, stretch'd on the hard rack of indolence, taste of the
sleep that destroys;
Nothing to hope for or labour for; nothing to sigh for, or
gain;
Nothing to light in its vividness, lightning-like, bosom and
brain;
Nothing to break life's monotony, rippling it o'er with its
breath;
Nothing but dulness and lethargy, weariness, sorrow, and
death.
But blessed that child of humanity, happiest man among
men,
Who, with hammer or chisel or pencil, with radder or plough-
share or pen,
Laboureth ever and ever with zeal through the morning of
life,
Winning home and its darling divinities—love-worshipped
children and wife.
Round swings the hammer of industry; quickly the sharp
chisel rings;
And the heart of the toiler has throbbings that stir not the
bosom of kings.
He the true ruler and conqueror, he the true king of his
race,
Who nerveth his arms for life's combat, and looks the strong
world in the face.

TO A SISTER.

BY EDWARD EVERETT.

Yes, dear one, to the envied train
Of those around thy homage pay;
But wilt thou never kindly deign
To think of him that's far away?
Thy form, thy eye, thine angel smile,
For many years I may not see;
But wilt thou not sometimes the while,
My sister dear, remember me?

But not in Fashion's brilliant hall,
Surrounded by the gay and fair,
And thou the fairest of them all,—
O, think not, think not of me there!
But when the thoughtless crowd is gone,
And hushed the voice of senseless glee,
And all is silent, still and lone,
And thou art sad, remember me.

Remember me—but loveliest ne'er,
When in his orbit fair and high,
The morning's glowing chariot
Rides proudly up the blushing sky;
But when the waning moonbeam sleeps
At moonlight on that lonely sea,
And nature's pensive spirit weeps
In all her dews, remember me.

Remember me, I pray—but not
In Flora's gay and blooming hour,
When every brake hath found its note,
And sunshine smiles in every flower;
But when the falling leaf is seen,
And withers sadly from the tree,
And o'er the ruins of the year
Cold Autumn weeps, remember me.

Remember me—but not to join
If happy some thy friends should praise;
'Tis far too dear, that voice of thine
To echo what the stranger says.
They know us not—but shouldst thou meet
Some faithful friend of me and thee,
Softly, sometimes, to him repeat
My name, and then remember me.

Remember me—not, I entreat,
In scenes of festal week-day joy,
For then it were not kind or meet,
Thy thought thy pleasure should alloy;
But on the sacred, solemn day,
And, dearest, on thy bended knee,
When thou for those thou lovest dost pray,
Sweet spirit, then remember me.

Remember me—but not as I
On thee forever, ever dwell,
With anxious heart and drooping eye,
And doubts 't would grieve thee should I tell;
But in thy calm unclouded heart,
Where dark and gloomy visions flee,
Oh there my sister, be my part,
And kindly there remember me.

A PARADOXICAL EXPERIENCE.

It was certainly a dull, little dinner-party. Of the four guests two of us were men between fifty and sixty, and two of us were youths, between eighteen and twenty; and we had no subjects in common. We were all intimate with our host; but were only slightly acquainted with each other. I think we should have got on better if there had been some ladies among us; but the master of the house was a bachelor, and except the parlour-maid, who assisted in waiting on us at dinner, no daughter of eve was present to brighten the dreary scene. We tried all sorts of subjects, but they dropped in the most disastrous manner, one after the other. The elder gentlemen seemed to be afraid of committing themselves by talking too freely within hearing of us juniors; and we, on our side, restrained our youthful flow of spirits and youthful freedom of conversation, out of deference to our host, who seemed once or twice to be feeling a little nervous about the continued propriety of our behaviour in the presence of his respectable guests. To make matters worse, we had dined at a sensible hour. When the bottles made their first round, at dessert, the clock on the mantelpiece only struck eight. I counted the strokes; and felt certain, from the expression of his face, that the other junior guest, who sat at one side of me at the round table, was counting them also. When we came to the final glass, we exchanged looks of despair. "Two hours more of this! What on earth is to become of us?" In the language of the eyes, that was exactly what we said to each other.

The wine was excellent; and I think we all came, separately and secretly, to the same conclusion—that our chance of getting through the evening was intimately connected with

our resolution in getting through the bottles. The Port was of some famous vintage, I forget which; the Madeira was forty years old; the Claret was a present from Bordeaux. As a matter of course, we talked wine. No company of Englishmen can assemble together for an evening without doing that. Every man in this country who is rich enough to pay income tax, has, at one time or other in his life, effected a very remarkable transaction in wine. Sometimes he has made such a bargain as he never expects to make again. Sometimes he is the only man in England, not a peer of the realm, who has got a single drop of a certain famous vintage which has perished from the face of the earth. Sometimes he has purchased, with a friend, a few last left dozens from the cellar of a deceased potentate, at a price so exorbitant that he can only wag his head and decline mentioning it—and, if you ask his friend, that friend will wag his head and decline mentioning it also. Sometimes he has been at an out-of-the-way country inn; has found the sherry not drinkable; has asked if there is no other wine in the house; has been informed that there is some "sourish foreign stuff that nobody ever drinks;" has called for a bottle of it; has found it Burgundy, such as all France cannot now produce; has cunningly kept his own counsel with the widowed landlady, and has bought the whole stock for "an old song." Sometimes he knows the proprietor of a famous tavern in London; and he recommends his one or two particular friends, the next time they are passing that way, to go in and dine, and give his compliments to the landlord, and ask for a bottle of the brown sherry, with the light blue—as distinguished from the dark-blue-seal. Thousands of people dine there every year, and think they have got the famous sherry when they have got the dark-blue-seal; but—and, by no means, let it go any farther—the real wine, the famous wine, is the light blue seal; and nobody in England knows it but the landlord and his friends. In all these wine-conversations, whatever variety there may be in the various experiences related, one of two great first principles is invariably assumed by each speaker in succession. Either he knows more about it than any one else—or he has got better wine of his own even than the excellent wine he is now drinking. Men can talk together, sometimes, without talking of women, without talking of horses, without talking of politics; but they cannot assemble to eat a meal together without talking of wine; and they cannot talk of wine without assuming to each one of themselves an absolute infallibility in connection with that single subject, which they would shrink from asserting in relation to any other topic under the sun.

How long the inevitable wine-talk lasted, on the particular social occasion of which I am now writing, is more than I can undertake to say. I heard so many other conversations of the same sort, at so many other tables, that my attention wandered away wearily; and I began to forget all about the dull little dinner party, and the badly-assorted company of guests of whom I formed one. How long I remained in this not-over-courteous condition of mental oblivion, is more than I can tell. But when my attention was recalled, in due course of time, to the little world around me, I found that the good wine had begun to do its good office. The stream of talk, on either side of the host's chair, was beginning to flow cheerfully and continuously; the wine-conversation had worn itself out; and one of the elder guests—Mr. Wendell—was occupied in telling the other elder guest—Mr. Trowbridge—of a small fraud which had been lately committed on him by a clerk in his employment. The first part of the story I missed altogether. The last part, which alone caught my attention, followed the career of the clerk to the dock of the Old Bailey.

"So, as I was telling you," continued Mr. Wendell, "I made up my mind to prosecute, and I did prosecute. Thoughtless people blamed me for sending the young man to prison, and said I might just as well have forgiven him, seeing that the trifling sum of money I had lost by his breach of trust was barely as much as ten pounds. Of course, personally speaking, I would much rather not have gone into court; but I considered that my duty to society in general, and to my brother merchants in particular, absolutely compelled me to prosecute for the sake of example. I acted on that principle, and I don't regret that I did so. The circumstances under which the man robbed me were particularly disgraceful. He was a hardened reprobate, sir, if ever there was one yet; and I believe, in my conscience, that he wanted nothing but the opportunity to be as great a villain as Fauntleroy himself."

At the moment when Mr. Wendell personified his idea of consummate villainy by quoting the example of Fauntleroy, I saw the other middle-aged gentleman—Mr. Trowbridge—colour up on a sudden, and begin to fidget on his chair.

"The next time you want to produce an instance of a villain, sir," said Mr. Trowbridge, "I wish you could contrive to quote some other example than Fauntleroy."

Mr. Wendell, naturally enough, looked excessively astonished when he heard these words; which were very firmly and, at the same time, very politely addressed to him.

"May I enquire why you object to my example?" he asked.

"I object to it, sir," said Mr. Trowbridge, because it makes me very uncomfortable to hear Fauntleroy called a villain."

"Good heavens above!" exclaimed Mr. Wendell, utterly bewildered. "Uncomfortable!—you, a mercantile man like myself—you, whose character stands so high everywhere—you uncomfortable, when you hear a man who was hanged for forgery called a villain! In the name of wonder—why?"

"Because," answered Mr. Trowbridge, with perfect composure, "Fauntleroy was a friend of mine."

"Excuse me, my dear sir," retorted Mr. Wendell, in as polished a tone of sarcasm as he could command—"but of all the friends whom you have made in the course of your useful and honourable career, I should have thought the friend you have just mentioned would have been the very last to whom you were likely to refer, in respectable society—at least by name."

"Fauntleroy committed an unpardonable crime, and died a disgraceful death," said Mr. Trowbridge. "But, for all that, Fauntleroy was a friend of mine; and in that character I shall always acknowledge him boldly to my dying day. I have a tenderness for his memory, though he violated a sacred trust, and died for it on the gallows. Don't look shocked, Mr. Wendell. I will tell you, and our other friends here, if they will let me, why I feel that tenderness, which looks so strange and so discreditous in your eyes. It is rather a curious anecdote, sir; and has an interest, I think, for all observers of human nature, quite apart from its connection with the unhappy man of whom we have been talking. You young gentlemen," continued Mr. Trowbridge, addressing himself to us juniors, "have heard of Fauntleroy, though he sinned and suffered, and shocked all England, long before your time?"