

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 18, 1858.

No. 15.

Closing Up Sale.

TO be sold by Public Auction, on TUESDAY, 2d November next, at 11 o'clock, at the Brick Store of Mr. THOMAS W. DODD, Pownal Street, the whole of his

Stock in Trade,

amongst which are 250 STOVES, consisting of Franklin, Cooking, for Wood and Coal, Air-tight, Pyramid and Box ditto, with a great variety of other articles. Also, all the SHOP FURNITURE.

For particulars see Handbills.

WILLIAM DODD, Auctioneer.
Isl. & Mon.

October 11, 1858.

GEORGE HOOPER & CO.,

BROKERS AND GENERAL COMMISSION AGENTS,
NO. 6, BROAD QUAY, SWANSEA, S. W.

BEGS to inform the Merchants and Shipbuilders of P. E. Island that they are ready to receive consignments of Vessels and Cargoes of Wood, which they have every hope, from their connection in the Bristol Channel, of effecting speedy sales; and, should the Vessel not sell to advantage, after having tried the whole scope of the Channel, she can take a cargo of Coal or Iron round to the port she prefers, thereby saving a vast deal of expense.

October 7, 1858.

Wanted,

AT the Charlottetown Gas Works, a steady Man, who can write, to act as Fireman. He must be able to give a good reference. Wages to commence at 30s. per week.

WILLIAM MURPHY, Manager.
Isl.

Charlottetown, Oct. 7, 1858.

Dissolution of Co-Partnership.

THE Partnership business heretofore existing and carried on under the style and firm of WELLS & MILLER, is this day dissolved by virtue of an award to me directed by J. W. Morrison, Arbitrator, and Theophilus DesBrisay, Esq., Umpire.

GEORGE W. MILLER.
Ch. Town, August 12, 1858. (R. Gaz. & Ex. 3m. Isl. Im.)

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 McDougal, 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. Isl.

Damsons, Damsons.

50 BUSHELS Prime Nova Scotia DAMSONS, very good, received by last Steamer, which will be sold low by the bushel, gallon or quart by

M. W. SKINNER.
Oct. 11, 1858. Isl.

Important Notice to Emigrants BOUND TO AUCKLAND, NEW ZEALAND.

BY virtue of authority vested in me, as Emigration Agent for the Provincial Government of Auckland, New Zealand, I hereby give public notice that I am prepared to issue Land Orders to all persons, of good character and sober, steady habits, who will undertake, at their own cost, from this Island to Auckland, as follows:—Every adult of the age of 18 years and upwards, will, on his arrival, be entitled to select Forty Acres of Government Land in any part of the Province set apart for special settlement, free of all cost—except Agent's fee (10s. 6d.), to be paid on receipt of the Order, and the expense of survey at the time of taking possession of the land. For every child or servant, over five and under eighteen years of age, taken from this Island to Auckland aforesaid, an Order for Twenty Acres of Land will be issued to the parent, guardian or master at whose cost he or she may be taken—such Order to cost 5s. 6d., each, to be paid here, and subject to the same regulations as those issued to adults. For further information apply, (if by letter, post paid) to

CHARLES BELL, Emigration Agent.

N. B.—Copies of the Auckland Land Regulations will be ready in a few days for distribution to intending emigrants; and pamphlets in further explanation are expected by first English Mail.

Queen Square, Sept. 20, 1858.

From the Auckland Provincial Government Gazette, May 13. PUBLIC NOTIFICATION.

SUPERINTENDENT'S OFFICE,
Auckland, May 11, 1858.

I HEREBY notify, for general information, that by virtue of the authority vested in the Superintendent by the "Auckland Waste Land Act of 1858," I have appointed the undermentioned gentlemen to be Emigration Agents for the Province of Auckland:—

- A. F. Ridgway, London, England,
- James Myers, Southampton, "
- John Paradise, Stamford, "
- Charles O'Rourke, Galway, Ireland,
- Geo. S. Merrill, Castletown, County Sligo, Ireland,
- Robert Greer, Newry, County Down, "
- George Anderson, Liverpool, Scotland,
- James Law, Perth, "
- Thomas H. Lusk, Greenock, "
- F. D. Wright, Toronto, Canada,
- Joseph Emley, M. D., Cape Breton, Nova Scotia,
- Charles Bell, Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island,
- Hudson Jamieson, St. Helena,
- Fredrich John Mullias, Burgdorf.

J. WILLIAMSON, Superintendent.

CITY GROCERY.

NORTH SIDE OF QUEEN-SQUARE.

RECEIVED per "PROVIDENCE" and "ARIEL," from

- Hbds Sugar
- Hbds Molasses
- Jamaica Rum
- strong Spirits
- Hbds Holland Gin
- best Cognac Brandy
- Scotch Whiskey
- P. E. Malt do
- Common Whiskey
- Symond's best Port
- Wine
- Sherry Wine
- Madeira do
- Champagne
- Edinburgh Ale
- Pale Ale
- London Porter
- Tea in variety
- Superior Coffee
- Biscuit in variety
- Annapolis Cheese
- Raisins
- Currants
- Dye-stuffs
- Prunes
- Earthen Jars
- Pickles
- Sauces
- Table Salt
- Nuts
- Shelled Almonds
- Confectionary
- Burning Fluid
- Brushes
- Blacking
- Tobacco
- Cigars
- Digby Herrings
- Rice
- Crushed Sugar
- Sweet Oil
- Pale Seal Oil
- Salad Oil
- Spices
- Soap
- Candles
- Washing Powders
- Baking do
- Patent Medicines

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.

TO BE DISPOSSED 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 Grant Street, together with the residence of the Misses STEWART thereon. For particulars apply to

JOHN BALL.
Charlottetown, Sept. 20, 1858.

To all whom it may Concern.

Public Notice.

I do hereby require and demand of Stanford Wells, Marble Worker, three Promissory Notes drawn by me, and payable to the said Stanford Wells, for the sum of one hundred and seventy-five pounds, the said Notes being cancelled by virtue of an award to me directed by J. W. Morrison, Arbitrator, and Theophilus DesBrisay, Umpire; and I do hereby further require and demand of the above named Stanford Wells a full compliance of the above named award, by the payment of all such sum or sums of money due to me by virtue of the above named award, also the payment of all debts contracted by the firm.

GEORGE W. MILLER.
Ch. Town, August 12, 1858. (R. Gaz. & Ex. 3m. Isl. Im.)

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. Braybrick, 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 desirous, can be accommodated with good Stabling.
September 6, 1858. G. W. MILLER.

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.

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 CORN-MEAL
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. 6m

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.

JOHN A. FOWLE & Co.,

Commission Merchants,
NO 11 FOSTER'S WHARF, BOSTON, U. S.
JOHN A. FOWLE, SAMUEL A. FOWLE,
Boston, U. S. April 25. Ch. Town, P. E. I.

To Let, and Immediate Possession Given.

THE STORE in the west end of Grant Street, lately occupied by the subscriber, with two WAREHOUSES, one 23 by 20, the other 40 by 23 feet, attached to it. Also the western tenement of the House immediately below the Store, containing four well finished rooms. For further particulars apply to the subscriber on the premises.

June 21, 1858. W. B. DAWSON.

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.

Cigars! Cigars! Cigars!

HAVANA CIGARS of Superior quality. Wholesale, at the CITY DRUG STORE.

September 13, 1858. W. R. WATSON.

Direct from the Bushes.

BUSHELS of Prince Edward Island HAZEL NUTS for sale by

M. W. SKINNER.
Ch. Town, Sept. 12th, 1858. Isl.

Butler's Catholic Catechism.

FOR sale either by the quantity or by retail at the Examiner Office, Charlottetown.

The Most Rev. Dr. James Butler's Catechism, by the Right Rev. Dr. Milner; together with different prayers, explanations, instructions, &c.

Country retailers supplied to order. March 8.

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.

Pastry, Confectionary, Fancy Biscuits, &c.

THE Subscriber, in addition to his own experience, has engaged a thorough tradesman direct from England, and is now prepared to execute orders of any description in the above line on the shortest notice. The subscriber having greatly increased his expenses, trusts that the Ladies of Charlottetown will favour him with orders, and support so useful an undertaking. Fancy Biscuits fresh and new, daily.

JOSEPH KNIGHT.
Smarndon's Buildings, Great George Street,
September 6, 1858. 5w. pd.

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.

Literature.

SANDALPHON—THE ANGEL OF PRAYER.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Have you read the Talmud of old,
In the legends the Rabbins have told,
Of the limitless realms of the air?
Have you read it—the marvelous story
Of Sandalphon, the Angel of Glory,
Sandalphon the Angel of Prayer?
How erect, at the outermost gates
Of the City Celestial he waits,
With his feet on the ladder of light,
That, crowded with angels unnumbered,
By Jacob was seen, as he slumbered
Alone in the desert at night?

The Angels of Wind and of Fire,
Chant only one hymn, and expire
With the song's irresistible stress—
Expire in their rapture and wonder,
As harp strings are broken asunder,
By the music they throb to express.

But serene in the rapturous throng,
Unmoved by the rush of the song,
With eyes unimpassioned and slow,
Among the dead angels, the deathless
Sandalphon stands listening, breathless,
To sounds that ascend from below—

From the spirits on earth that adore,
From the souls that entreat and implore,
In the frenzy and passion of prayer—
From the hearts that are broken with losses,
And weary with dragging the crosses
Too heavy for mortals to bear.

And he gathers the prayers as he stands,
And they change into flowers in his hands,
Into garlands of purple and red;
And beneath the great arch of the portal,
Through the streets of the City Immortal,
Is wafted the fragrance they shed.

It is but a legend, I know—
A fable, a phantom, a show
Of the ancient Rabbinical lore;
Yet the old medieval, strange superstition,
The beautiful strange superstition,
But haunts me and holds me the more.

When I look from my window at night,
And the welkin about is all white,
All throbbing and panting with stars,
Among them majestic is standing
Sandalphon the angel, expanding
His pinions in nebulous bars.

And the legend, I feel, is a part
Of the hunger and thirst of the heart,
The frenzy and fire of the brain,
That grasps at the fruitage forbidden
The golden pomegranates of Eden,
To quiet its fervor and pain.

A TRAVELLING ACQUAINTANCE.

It is highly important to those who travel from London to Edinburgh in a day, and who cannot read or go to sleep in a railway carriage, to secure for themselves an agreeable travelling companion.

Having to take this journey—very often, and labouring under the above disadvantages as I do, the practice of looking out for eligible fellow passengers, at King's Cross or Euston Square, has made me pretty perfect in my judgments. The most cursory of glances suffices to convince me of Who's Who, in the nine. A. M., in the case of four-fifths of its live stock, whose rank and situation I can approximate to with the fidelity of a collector of income-tax, and whose very opinions I can often predicate without giving them the trouble of opening their lips.

Four-fifths of the human race—or, at all events, of so much of it as travels in the first-class by railway—can be assorted in about half-a-dozen pigeon-holes, and when you have seen a specimen of each description, you have seen all, the rest being but duplicates.

Club-fogy, army-swift, man of business, country gentleman, parson, and individual with a grievance; very nice people all, without doubt, and may they live a thousand years at the very least, but just conceive an eleven hours' journey in the same carriage with any one of them! Of the gentler sex, I say nothing, save Bless their hearts, and may they never grow a day older! For as to being shut up for eleven hours with the same female, I am very sure that the honour would be altogether too much for me.

My sphere of choice, then, being thus narrowed to one-fifth of the human race (male) who travel in first-class carriages, and my eye being, as I have said, unerring, I generally choose the carriage which is occupied by the most intelligent man in the train. I never indeed made a mistake, that I can remember, but once, when, at the same instant in which I deposited myself and my carpet bag in a carriage, the individual whose appearance had captivated me, walked straight out of it with his hands in his pockets.

On Tuesday, the twentieth of July last, I had occasion to set out northward, as usual, from Euston Square. I was a little late and hurried, and there was not a very varied collection of passengers to choose from. As I walked hastily by the side of the already occupied carriages, the unthinking guard would, in his impatience, have twice consigned me to durance vile—once in company with a whole juvenile family, who had already commenced eating and smelling of ham sandwiches, and once with no less than five Caledonians, only waiting for an Englishman that they might begin to diatribe upon the perfections of their native land. I cast myself into the last through-carriage in despair, and without so much as looking before me. It was probable that my luck would be better; it could hardly, as may be imagined, at all events, be very much worse.

Beside myself, the carriage had but one other occupant, a young man of an altogether gentlemanly appearance, except, perhaps, that his clothes looked suspiciously new, and his hat somewhat too glossy. He was not reading the Times so intently but that he could spare a scrutinising glance at the new arrival, as I rannned my carpet-bag under the seat with my hands, and kept a sharp look-out, under my right arm, on him. When I rose, he was again buried in—yes!—in the advertisement sheet. The gentleman, then, had probably some good reason for concealing his talent for observation. Nobody who is not in want of a situation gets wrapped up

in an advertisement sheet: and my companion, I felt sure, was in want of no such thing. His profession, whatever that might be, had been settled long ago, and the fishing-rod and guide-book which reposed over his head disclosed a young gentleman with money to spare, who was about to take a summer holiday among the trout streams of the north. One circumstance which occurred just after we started, persuaded me that he must needs be a lawyer (and, indeed, as afterwards turned out, his pursuits did somewhat partake of the nature of that calling) so much did it smack of ready reasoning and practised acuteness. Leaning out of the window as the train began to move, the wind carried away his glossy hat, whereupon, instead of sitting down forlornly, and muttering Good gracious! or Confound it! the young man seized upon his hat-box and launched that after the missing property.

"My hat-box," he explained in answer to my stare of amazement, "has got my Edinburgh address in it, but my hat has not. The one is of little use without the other, and it is probable, since we have barely left the station, that they will both be found and forwarded to me by the next train." Here was an original! Here was a grand exception to five-fifths of the human race who travel in first-class carriages! I nudged myself at the notion of having secured so promising a companion, and that, too, after such a couple of previous escapades.

"But how do you know?" I urged, because I had nothing better to say, and was determined, at all risks, not to suffer the conversation to drop; "how do you know that somebody won't steal them?"

"I don't know," replied the other, with a contemptuous dryness, "but I do not think it probable; the articles would fetch so small a price that the reward would be likely to be quite as remunerative as the swag itself, and, of course, without the risk."

The swag! Did anybody who travels first-class ever hear such an expression? I was a good deal piqued, also, at the tone of annoyance in which he spoke, and I replied, tartly: "I don't understand thieves' logic nor the language either."

"Ah, I do," responded my companion, carelessly. And he resumed his paper.

We had passed Rugby, and were flying through the dark domains of King Coal, before either of us again broke silence. "Come," cried my bare-headed acquaintance, suddenly, "there is no occasion for us two to quarrel; only nothing puts me so out of temper as to see a man proud of his ignorance. Now, you are a keen, long-headed fellow enough, I can see, but you don't know anything."

"Perhaps not," I replied, still annoyed by the man's manner, and at the unaccustomed position of second fiddle in which I found myself; "but I have really no ambition to learn thieves' logic."

"What a type of the respectable classes of this country you do afford," mused the other coolly, "in this your excessive obstinacy and conceit. You have no ambition to learn, and yet, I dare say, that you, yourself, are concerned, either directly or indirectly, in endeavouring to diminish crime, and put down the profession of roquetry. You help to elect a member of parliament who votes upon social subjects; you subscribe to benevolent associations, for the moral rescue of criminals; you consider the convict question to be an exceedingly important one, and yet you—" Here this irreverent individual absolutely burst out laughing. "What would you think of a doctor, now, who had prescribed for a patient into the particular feature of whose case he had really no ambition to inquire?"

"I am not a doctor!" I roared, out of all patience; "and I wish all the thieves in England were to be hung to-morrow."

"The country would be very sadly de-populated," replied the other, impassively: "you and I would certainly never meet again."

"This is downright insult," I exclaimed, with indignation; "I shall take care to change carriages and company at the very next station."

"Nay, sir, I meant no offence," responded my companion, gravely; "I referred only to myself as being doomed to be cut off in the flower of my days, if your wishes should be carried into effect. I have been a pickpocket from my very cradle; and," added he, after a pause, "I am thankful to say that I have not been altogether unsuccessful in my vocation."

I was startled for an instant by the man's seriousness, and instinctively—although he was at the other end of the compartment—looked for his wicked hands. They were lying in his lap before him, neatly gloved, one of them still holding the paper.

"Ah," he said smiling, and at once comprehending my glance, "these are nothing. They are merely my white gloves, my outside respectabilities, my ostentatious charities, my prayers before my business proceedings. We have our little hypocrisies, like the commercial world. See here," he rose up to his full height, and the two lemon-coloured aristocratic hands fell on the floor with a third. "Here are my natural digits, as he continued, producing another set of digits ungloved, and not particularly clean; "nobody can suspect a man of picking pockets who always keeps his hands before him, and reads the City Article in the Times."

"You were reading the advertisement sheet," I said, intensely interested, but still inclined for contradiction.

"Yes, sir," he retorted, "because I saw that pretence of that kind to a person of your intelligence would be futile. I always change my tactics with my company."

I began to feel very tenderly for this poor fellow, whom doubtless circumstances had driven to his present dreadful calling, but whose mental endowments had evidently fitted for far better things.

"But why," I urged, "not have picked my pocket, my good young man?"

"Because, sir," he answered, "I am now bent on pleasure, and not on business, unless something very enticing should come in my way; open and unreserved conversation, too, such as I felt I could indulge in with you, is to me one of my situations" (the poor fellow sighed) "too rare a happiness to be easily forgone; besides," he added, re-assuming his natural tone, "you don't carry your bank-notes in your pocket at all."

I felt myself glowing all over as red as beetroot or boiled lobster, but I managed to articulate as calmly as I could, "Bank-notes! ah, that's a good joke. I very seldom have anything of that kind to carry, I'm sorry to say."

"Yes, but when you have?" interrogated the other, slyly. "Well, sir, when I have, what then?" I retorted with assumed carelessness.

"Why, what a strange place," remarked he, very slowly and impressively; "your neckcloth seems to be keeping them safe!"