THE EXAMINER:

A Weekly Journal of Politics, Literature, and News.

"This is true Liberty, when Freeborn Men, having to advise the Public, may speak free."---Euripides.

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Poetry.

THE LOST EXPEDITION.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

Lift—lift, ye mists, from off the silent coast,
Folded in endless winter's chill embraces;
Unshroud for us awhile our brave ones lost!
Let us behold their faces.

In vain—the North has hid them from our sight;
The snow their winding sheet—their only dirges
The groan of icebergs in the polar night,
Racked by the savage surges.

No funeral torches with a smoky glare
Shone a farewell upon their shrouded faces;
No monumental pillar tall and fair
Towers o'er their resting places.

But Northern Streamers flare the long night through,
Over the cliffs stupendous, fraught with peril,
Of icebergs, tinted with a ghostly hue
Of amethyst and beryl.

No human tears upon their graves are shed—
Tears of Domestic Love or Pity Holy;
But snow-flakes from the gloomy sky o'erhead,
Down shuddering, settle slowly.

Yet History shrines them with her mighty dead,
The hero-seamen of this Isle of Britain,
And when the brighter scroll of Heaven is read,
There will their names be written.

THE TWO VILLAGES.

Over the river, on the hill,
Lieth a village white and still;
All around it the forest trees
Shiver and whisper in the breeze:
Over it sailing shadows go
Of soaring hawk and screaming crow,
And mountain grasses, low and sweet,
Grow in the middle of every street.

Over the river, under the hill,
Another village lieth still;
There I see in the cloudy night
Twinkling stars of household ligh',
Fires that gleam from the smithy's door,
Mists that curl on the river-shore;
And in the roads no grasses grow,
For the wheels that hasten to and fro.

In that village on the hill
Never is sound of smithy or mill;
The houses are thatched with grass and flowers;
Never a clock to tell the hours;
The marble doors are always shut,
You cannot enter in hall or hut;
All the villagers lie asleep;
Never a grain to sow or reap;
Never in dreams to moan or sigh;
Silent and idle and low they lie.

In that village under the hill,
When the night is starry and still,
Many a weary soul in prayer
Looks to the other village there,
And weeping and sighing longs to go
Up to that home from this below;
Longs to sleep in the forest wild,
Whither have vanished wife and child,
And heareth, praying, this answer fal:
"Patience! that village shall hold ye a'!"

Miscellaneous.

BELOW THE ATLANTIC.—Soundings in the Atlantic have been particularly pushed forward, and have excited, on account of the telegraph cable, more general interest than any others yet taken. They have revealed the fact that at least two hundred and thirty miles from the coast of Ireland the water is still shallow; or, in other words, that there is another Ireland only waiting to be raised—thus reversing the famous panacea for keeping the country quiet. It is just beyond this, that the true Atlantic begins: the gulf suddenly sinking to nine thousand feet. Thus, Ireland may one day have a coast line as high as the Alps. The whole floor of the Atlantic is paved with a soft sticky substance, called ooze, nine-tenths consisting of very minute animals, many of them mere lumps of jelly, and thousands of which could float with ease in a drop of water, some resembling toothed wheels; others, bundles of spines or threads shooting from a little globule. Some however, are endowed with the property of separating flint from the sea water—which is more than every chemist could do; and there are hundreds of square miles covered with the skeletons of these little creatures. Part of the ooze is doubtless from the clouds of rain dust which rise from the vast steppes of South America in such masses as to darken the sun, and make the animals fly to shelter; and which, after sweeping like a simoom over the country, lose themselves in the "steep Atlantic." No bones have been found of the larger animals, so that the kraken and sea serpent might sleep their last sleep, and leave not a bone or a vertebra to tell the tale. Not a mast or anchor, not a block or strand, not a coin or a keepsake, has been found to testify of the countless gallant ships, and more gallant men who have gone down amid the pitiless waves.—*All the Year Round.*

THE ADVERTISING ROOMS OF THE LONDON TIMES.—How silent is the room; scarce any sound but the clink of money and the low uttered fiats of these throned arbiters of advertisers' fates. Of no avail remonstrance here; the advertisement has hardly reached their hands—scarce has time enough elapsed to skim it over, before the quiet utterance of their judgment; if one should venture to remonstrate at the charge, his lines are given back, and the next comer served; no words—they have no time for words; the first decision is the final one; we mean of course in the busier portion of the day—from eleven till two. And how use doth breed in a man; these peremptory officers of the *Times* rarely or never err; seldom will the printed lines fail to bear out their charge; their practised eye fathoms the mysteries of every conceivable caligraphy, and like seers of the mighty press, a field of the type rushes back on their sight, soon as their wild orbs rest upon the scrawl. And how the piles of advertisements grow by their side. As they take them, they give a printed acknowledgement to the advertiser, and he then beholds his composition, impaled with others, which have preceded, upon a wire. As we look into the business of this office, we wonder where it is to end. Although in the London season, when the town is full, the *Times* issues, not unfrequently, ten pages of closely printed advertisements, of six columns each, and each column a long one; yet there are always on hand enough for several days to come; an advertiser cannot expect to see his lines in print for three days, and sometimes a week from the period that he gives it in.

PERSEVERANCE.—Demosthenes, that poor stuttering son of a butler, became the most famous orator of the ancient time. Virgil, the son of a baker, was the most celebrated of Latin poets. Æsop, the son of a slave, and almost a slave himself, managed to acquire imperishable fame. Thomas Wolsey, the son of a butcher, became cardinal in the church of Rome, and next to the King in his day, the most powerful person in the British dominions. William Shakspeare, also the son of a butcher, yet one of the most famous poets the world has ever beheld. Oliver Cromwell rose from a comparatively humble station to the Protector of the English Commonwealth. Benjamin Franklin was a journeyman printer in his early days; he afterwards became one of the most celebrated philosophers and statesmen. William Guilford, the editor of the Quarterly Review, was in youth an humble shoemaker's apprentice, and for want of paper was obliged to work his algebraic problems with an awl. Robert Burns, ploughman of Ayreshire, Scotland, was afterwards the greatest of Scotch poets. James Cook, for a long time a common seaman, but afterwards commander on voyages of discovery, sailed three times round the world. Jeremy Taylor was a barber's boy, and afterwards a D. D. Thomas Tedford, the great civil engineer, was once a shepherd's boy. Inigo Jones was first a journeyman carpenter, and afterwards the chief architect of his age. Halley, the astronomer, was the son of a poor soap-boiler. Haydn, the composer, was the son of a poor wheelright. Henry, the chemist, was the son of a weaver. Smeaton and Rennie, both eminent engineers, were both of them at one time merely makers of mathematical instruments. And when you have read the lives of all these, ask yourself whether perseverance had not as much to do in making these men great as any other quality which they possessed.

INFIRMITIES OF THE GREAT.—Handel, Milton, and Delille were blind; Lucretius, Tasso, Swift, Cowper, Rousseau and Chatterton, are melancholy cases of insanity.

Richelieu had occasional attacks of insanity, in which he fancied himself a horse; he would prance round the billiard-table, neighing, kicking out at his servants, and making a great noise, until, exhausted by fatigue, he suffered himself to be put to bed and well covered up. On awaking, he remembered nothing that had passed.

Shelly had hallucinations. Bernardin St. Pierre, while writing one of his works, was "attacked by a strange illness"—lights flashed before his eyes; objects appeared to double and in motion; he imagined all the passers-by to be his enemies. Heine died of a chronic disease of the spine. Metastasio early suffered from nervous affections.

Moliere was liable to convulsions. Pagalini was cataleptic at four years old. Mozart died of water in the brain. Beethoven was *bizarre*, irritable, hypochondriacal. Donizetti died in an asylum. Chatterton and Gilbert committed suicide. Chateaubriand was troubled with suicidial thoughts; and George Sand confesses to the same. Sophocles was accused of imbecility by his son—but this was after he was eighty. Pope was deformed; and according to Atterbury he had *mens curva in corpore curvo*. He believed that he once saw an arm projecting from the wall of his room.

Cromwell had fits of hypochondria. Dr. Francis was unquivocally insane. Dr. Johnson was hypochondriacal, and declared that he once distinctly heard his mother call to him, "Samuel!" when he was many miles distant. Rousseau was certainly insane. Saint Simon is said to have committed suicide under circumstances indicating insanity. Fourrier "passed his life in a continued hallucination." Cardan, Swedenborg, Lavater, Zimmermann, Mahomet, Van Helmont, Loyola, St. Francis Xavier, St. Dominic, all had visions. Even Luther had his hallucinations; Satan frequently appeared, not only to have inkstands thrown at his sophistical head, but to get into the reformer's bed and lie beside him. Jeanne d'Arc gloried in her celestial visions.

THE RIVAL DANSEUSES.—Miska Hauser, the violinist, thus describes an exciting scene which he recently witnessed in Melbourne, Australia:—"The curtain rose. A French dancer—an elegant, supple young lady, of no great beauty, but much expression, and apparently on good terms with herself—appeared in the scene in her short lace dress, received by a burst of applause, and by the martial trumpets of the archestra. But from the other side came a youthful, blooming Spanish creole, with beautiful eyes: large and soft; her complexion rosy, her figure tall; in fact the impersonation of Terpsichore. She bowed modestly—and the enthusiasm of the public, surprised by her beauty, manifested itself in vehement cheers. The two dancers struggled for the palm of victory in a graceful Tarantula. Like glittering butterflies, they whirled round, accompanied by music and applause. The mercurial Parisienne made use of her most seductive wiles, of her most refined *pirouttes*, of her most enchanting attitudes; but the Creole seemed patronized by the Graces themselves. Thundering applause encouraged her; and, so often as she came forward with her graceful modesty, nosegays, and rings and bracelets were thrown at her feet. The French lady struggled with her last strength against the triumph of her rival, until, disheartened and exhausted, she fell to the ground. The creole approached her with compassion to raise her, when suddenly the Parisienne darted up and with looks full of hate and fury boxed the ears of her rival. The audience hissed and hooted, while she exclaimed with much passion "The wretch tripped me!" The poor Creole declared with dignity that she was innocent of the meanness; but a vulgar word which was slipped out of the lips of the French dancer against her suddenly roused all the passions of the South in her bosom, and a singular struggle began. The two excited ladies rushed upon each other, and wrestled and tore, and pulled one another's hair, whilst the thunders of the gallery made the whole atmosphere vibrate. I never saw a more natural performance. The better class of the public did not interfere, but seemed rather to be amused by these Olympic exercises, until the Creole, bleeding and fainting, was carried away from the scene. Some officers, who, from a box, had witnessed the scene, were revolted at the conduct of the Parisienne, and sent for the police to arrest her, but her friends collected and resisted the constables. A riot ensued; they jumped across the orchestra; the fiddles and bass viols were broken; the ladies were fainting; children crying; and I took to my heels with my fiddle, and ran away without stopping until I reached my hotel.

MAKING VINEGAR.—Vinegar, according to a writer in the Genesee Farmer, is cheaply made. We publish his recipe: "To eight gallons of clear rain water add three quarts of molasses; put into a good cask, shake well a few times, then add two or three spoonfuls of good yeast cakes. If in summer, place the cask in the sun; if in winter, near the chimney, where it may be warm. In ten or fifteen days add to the liquid a sheet of brown paper, torn in strips, dipped in molasses, and good vinegar will be produced. The paper will, in this way, form what is called the "mother," or life of vinegar.

AN ARKANSAS FATHER'S ADVICE TO HIS SON.—There is a genuine humor in the idea that an Arkansas man finds the most natural expression, even of parting advice to his son, in the language of the card-table, and the manner in which the terms of the game "euchre" are there fitted in the game of life is very ingenious:

"Bob, you are about leaving home for strange parts. You're going to throw me out of the game, and go it alone. The odds is against you, Bob; but remember also that industry and perseverance are the winning cards; they are the bowers. Book larnin' and all that sort of thing will do to fill up with like small trumps, but you must have the bowers to back 'em, else they ain't worth chucks. If luck runs agin you pretty strong don't cave in and look like a sick chicken on a rainy day, but hold your head up and make 'em believe you're flush of trumps; they won't play so hard agin you.

"I've lived and travelled around some, Bob, and I've found out that as soon as folks thought you held out a weak hand, they'd buck agin you strong. So when you're sorter weak, keep on a bold front, but play cautious, be satisfied with a p'int. Many's the hand I've seen euchred 'cause they played for too much. Keep your eyes well skinned, Bob; don't let em 'nig' on you; recollect the game lays as much with the head as with the hands. Be temperate, never get drunk, for then no matter how good your hand, you won't know how to play it; both bowers and the ace won't save you, for there's sartin to be a 'miss deal' or something wrong.

"And another thing, Bob, (this was spoken in a low tone) don't go too much on the women; queens is kinder poor cards; the more you have of them the worse for you; you might have three and nary trump. I don't say discard 'em all; if you get hold of one that's a trump, it's all good, and there's sartin to be one out of four. And above all, Bob be honest; never take a man's trick wot don't belong to you; nor 'slip' cards, nor 'nig,' for then you can't look your man in the face, and when that's the case there's no fun in the game, it's regular 'cut throat.' So now, Bob, farewell: remember wot I tell you, and you'll be sure to win, and if you don't, sarves you right if you get 'skunked!"

THE UNMANAGEABLE WITNESS.—Witnesses are often exceedingly stupid, but we don't know whether this witness ought to be called stupid or not. He was before Baron Martin. It was desired to get from him an exact account of a certain conversation without the "says I" and "says he," but the council could not make him comprehend the form in which he was wanted to make his statement. So the court took him in hand. "Now, my man, tell us exactly what passed." "Yes, my lord, certainly. I said that I would not have the pig." "Well, what was his answer?"—"He said that he had been keeping the pig for me and that he—" "No, no, he did not say that—he could not have said it. He spoke in the first person." "No, I was the first person that spoke, my lord." "I mean this—don't bring it in the third person—repeat his exact words." "There was no third person, my lord—only him and me." "Look here, my good fellow, he did not say HE had been keeping the pig; he said "I have been keeping it." "I assure you, my lord, there was no mention of your lordship's name at all. We are on two different stories, my lord. There was no third person; and if anything had been said about your lord-ship I must have heard it." So the court had to give it up, though the witness was only too ready to tell all he knew.

A minister of Crail had been long annoyed by the drowsy propensities in church of a farmer, one of his parishioners, "one David Cowan, in Treustrie;" and remonstrating on the subject, had his patience conciliated by two cart-loads of coals which the offender engaged to drive to the manse door. Nevertheless, a few Sundays afterward, Mr. Cowan, soon after the commencement of the sermon, fell into a sound sleep as formerly; and not only so, but made so much noise as to disturb the sitters near him, and the minister. Mr. Glass bore with it for a while; but at last, being able to stand it no longer, desired the people in the north loft—*Anglice* gallery—to "wauken David Cowan." David, awaking suddenly, and forgetting where he was, asked the minister "if he didn't drive two cart-loads of coals to the manse last week, to let him *sleep*." "True,' replied the minister, "but I did not agree to let you *snore!*"

THE MAYOR'S NEST.—There is a good anecdote told of Robbie Johnston, who, in the year 1769, was Provost of Dundee. His services being required on a certain occasion, a messenger was despatched to his house, who, upon asking for the Provost, was told by the guidwife that he was "awa' to the hill for a pockfu' o' whins." Off scamped the gallant to the "whin hill," and soon the Provost appeared, and throwing down his faggot, pulled off his bonnet, and wiping the sweat from his bald pate, said, "Janet, where's ma wig. I'm to sit in judgment the day."—"Your wig!" quo' Janet; "did I ever hear sic a man!: How can you get your wig? D'ye no ken the hen's laying in't?"

The degrees of crime are thus defined: "He who steals a million is only a financier. Who steals a half million is a defaulter. Who steal's a hundred thousand is a rogue. Who steals fifty thousand is a knave. But he who steals a pair of boots or a loaf of bread is a scoundrel of the deepest dye, and deserves to be lynched.

STRONG WRITING.—The *Edinburgh Review* says: There is a school of writers now in existence who appear equally incapable of descending to common-place language and of rising above commonplace thoughts. They describe the "prison-world" of an age, or the "hearth-life" of a class. They "have something fierce to say, to whoever displeases them. The world "sets its ghastly teeth" at their heroes, and their heroes in reply "scowl at the century," "clench the fist savagely," and "fight out their life-battle," with other similar contortions. We earnestly recommend these gentlemen to consider what they have to say, and say it plainly. They may rely upon it that a dwarf looks none the taller for standing on his head.

"My dear, what shall we name Bab?" "Why, husband, I've settled on the name of Peter." "O, don't," he replied; "I never liked Peter, for he denied his master."—"Well, then," replied the wife, "what name do you like?" "I should like the name of Joseph." "O, not that," replied she, "I can't bear Joseph, for he denied his mistress!"

HELD THE STAKES.—A fellow on the race course was staggering about with more liquor than he could carry. "Hallo! what is the matter now?" said a chap whom the inebriated individual had just run against. "Why, hic, why, the fact is, a lot of my friends have been betting liquor on the race to-day, and they have got me to hold the stakes."

CLUBS FOR NEWSPAPER.—"Tommy, my son, what in the world are you going to do with that club?"

"Send it to the editor of course."

"But what are you going to send it to the editor for."

"Well, cause he says that if anybody will send him a club, he will send them a copy of his paper."

VERY PRESSING.—A young girl, who had become tired of single blessedness, wrote to her true swain as follows:—

Deer Gim, cum rite off, ef you air cummin a tawl, Ed. Collings is ensisting that I shall hev him & kisses me so contineually that eye kan't hold out much longer, but will hev 2 kave in yourne etsetery. BETZEY.

A facetious boy asked one of his playmates how a hardware dealer differed from a bootmaker? The latter, somewhat puzzled, gave it up. "Why," said the other, "because the one sold the nails, and the other nailed the soles."

YOUNG LADY.—"Oh, I'm so glad you like birds; which kind do you admire most?" Old Squab—"Well, I think a goose with plenty of stuffing is about as nice as any."

Oh, dinna paint her charms to me,
I ken that she is fair;
I ken her lips might tempt the bee—
Her een with stars compare.
Such transient gifts I ne'er did prize;
My heart they could na win;
I dinna scorn my Jeannie's eyes—
But has she ony tin?

A country editor announces, in the following terms, that he has suspended specie payment: "If any man wants to see stars, and appreciate one of the uses to which brickbats may be perverted, let him approach our vicinity with an account.

"P. S.—We keep a pile of bricks in our sanctum, and carry one in our hat."

LOGIC.—Of the Edinburgh University an anecdote is recorded, in which the son of a Baronet, who resided not far from town, acted a conspicuous part. He was called up by the worthy Professor of the time, and asked the question, "Can a man see without eyes?"

"Yes, sir," was the prompt answer.

"How, sir,' cried the amazed Professor, "can a man see without eyes? Pray, sir, how do you make that out?"

"He can see with *one*," replied the ready-witted youth; and the whole class shouted with delight at his triumph over metaphysics.

Correspondence.

ENGLISH MISRULE IN IRELAND.

(*concluded.*)

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EXAMINER.

I beg to call the particular attention of the tenants of this Island to some of the fruits of the landlord system in Ireland—a system which some of our local petty tyrants appear desirous of perpetuating in this Colony. The Rt. Rev. John Wilson Croker, in his work on the state of Ireland, tells us that "rents in that county are *not a portion* of the produce, but *nearly the whole of it*; that the actual cultivator is seldom better paid than by scanty food, ragged raiment, and a miry hovel." In the *Times* of the 25th Oct., 1839, we find the following:—"*More misery is crowded into a single province in Ireland than can be found in all the rest of Europe put together. To this pass are things come, in order to benefit a small knot of haughty, unfeeling, rapacious landlords, the well-being of millions is disregarded, famine and misery stalk through the land, and all good government in Ireland is rendered impossible, and government of any kind impracticable, except through the medium of a military force.*"

The next witness is Mr. Sadler, who represented the Duke of Newcastle in the House of Commons. In a work on the evils of Ireland, second ed. p 161, he says:—"Is a system which can only be supported by brutal force, and which is kept up by constant blood-shedding, to be perpetuated for ever? Are we still to garrison a country to protect the property of those whose conduct occasions all the evils under which the country has groaned for centuries—property which has been created in such a manner that it would not be worth a day's purchase were the proprietors its sole protectors; but the presence of a large body of military and police enables them to conduct themselves with as little apprehension as remorse? The possessions of the whole empire would be lost to their owners were such conduct general: and are these so meritorious a class that they are to be protected in the audacious outrage of all those duties, upon the direct and reciprocal discharge of which the whole frame of the social system is founded? If they persist in this course let them do so at their own peril; the British soldier is too noble a being to be degraded into the exactor of enormous rents," &c.

The next authority to which we shall appeal is the *Quarterly Review*, Dec. 1835, p. 145, which says:—"*In Ireland alone is to be found a population abandoned to the elements of chance, or rather of the legal owners of the soil, who are protected by an armed police, and a strong military garrison in the exaction of unheard of pecuniary rents from a destitute tenantry—rents which are only paid by the exportation of the great bulk of the food raised in the country, leaving to those who grow it a bare subsistence, eked out with weeds.* WE FEARLESSLY ASSERT THAT THERE RESTS NOT SO FOUL A BLOT UPON THE CHARACTER OF ANY OTHER GOVERNMENT. *The wretchedness of the mass of the people has no parallel on the face of the globe, in any nation, savage or civilized A population of eight millions left to live or die, as it may happen—the people starved, dissipirited, naked, and beggarly—*THE PRODUCE OF WHOSE INDUSTRY IS SWEPT OFF TO OTHER LANDS, *to be sold for the exclusive benefit of men whom the law invests with the unconditional ownership of this fair portion of God's earth, and with the power of absolutely starving its inhabitants; and this law we expect this unhappy population to cherish, venerate, and implicitly obey.* SHAME! SHAME! *we repeat.*" And we add, shame on that degraded wretch who has said "the famine arises, in a great measure, from the indolence and improvidence of the Irish themselves;" shame on the individual who prostitutes his journal to the propagation of such vile slander! and shame on those in high places who allow a servant of the Government to be a direct participator in such foul infamy!

Mr. William Kemmis, who was for forty years Crown Solicitor for the Leinster Circuit, and also for the County and City of Dublin, states: "That three fourths or more of the crimes committed in Tipperary are produced by the landlords turning the tenants out of possession." Lord Powerscourt gives us, in page 127 of his pamphlet, (*The Merits of the Whigs*), the following extract of a speech delivered by the Very Rev. Mr. Laffan, at a dinner in Thurles, where Lord Lismore presided, in Nov., 1838:—

"There is no man who abhors the crime of murder more than I do; but I know that those murders *are the offspring of oppression.* I can tell your Lordship that there are savages in broad-cloth as well as in frieze. It may not be believed by men like your lordship, who have kindly hearts in their bosoms; but what would *your lordship* think of the man who would go to the cabin, and *turn out a woman who was on the eve of childbirth, and who afterwards was delivered in* THE OPEN AIR! *What, my lord, must be the feelings of the husband of that poor woman? Such scenes, my lord, are not of unfrequent occurrence in this County.*"

The following are some other instances of grinding tyranny. "The Rev. Michael Keogh states that 174 families were ejected by one landlord, Mr. Cosley, (Lewis, 80). Mr. Cahill, Civil Engineer, mentions 1126 persons as being evicted in another place (Lewis, 84.) *A great many of them died of hunger*" (ibid). Mr. Blackburn says: "Lord Stradbrook's agent, attended by the Sheriff and several to assist him, went upon the lands and dispossessed the numerous body of occupants. *They prostrated the houses* The number of persons thus deprived of their homes was *very large.* I am sure there were *above forty families*—persons of all ages and sexes, and in particular, A WOMAN IN THE EXTREMITY OF DEATH. (H. C. 1832. Lewis 79.)

"It might be correct, according to the principles of political economy, to remove the people from their small holdings, in order to throw their possessions into one large farm. The giving notice to ninety or one hundred families to quit their possession, and then turning them loose upon the world, might be the means of insuring the better management of gentlemen's estates, and might be true according to the principles of political economy; but it was not true according to the dictates of moral principle and Christian duty, that the landlords were under no obligation to provide a settlement elsewhere for those they had driven from their homes, and thrust loose upon the world."—(*Morning Chronicle*, June 16th, 1840.)

"The Committee of 1830 state in their first report (p. 8.) that 'the condition of the tenantry who are ejected, is order to promote the consolidation of farms, is most deplorable. It would be impossible for language to convey an idea of the state of distress to which they have been reduced. A vast number of them perish of want" (H C. 1830): after having undergone, as is stated in the same report, 'misery and suffering such as no language can describe, and of which no conception can be formed without actually beholding it'—misery and suffering the remembrance of which prevented Van Raumer from going to sleep, even after his departure from Ireland, and which compelled Mr Curwen to declare that 'all the waters of oblivion could never wash out the traces which the scenes of war which he had witnessed in Ireland had impressed upon his mind.' (Obs. vol. 2, p. 255.)

Let us hear the indignant eloquence of the late learned, upright, and independent Judge Fletcher:—"What," exclaimed this noble hearted patriot, "what is the wretched peasantry to do? Hunted from the spot where he had first drawn his breath—where he had first seen the light of heaven,—incapable of procuring any other means of subsistence,—can we be surprised that being of unenlightened and uneducated habits, he should rush upon the perpetration of crimes, followed by the punishment of the rope and the gibbet? Nothing remains for them thus harassed, thus destitute, but with a strong hand to deter the stranger from intruding upon their farms, and to extort from the weakness of their landlords—from whose gratitude and good feelings they have failed to win it—a sort of preference for the ancient tenantry." (*Pamphleteer*, vol. iv. p 785.)

"Was there ever in the world such a state of affairs? The dispeopling of estates is going on wherever it can be effected! that is to say, the people who have committed no offence, except that of coming into existence at the command of nature, are put to death whenever it can be done,—obliged, in the language of a Committee of the Legislature, above quoted, '*to die of want*'! 'A righteous man,' says the inspired writer, 'regards the life of even his beast.' But the Irish landlords, in the language of Job, 'cause their naked tenantry to lodge without clothing, so that they have no covering in the cold, and that they are wet with the showers of the mountains, and embrace the rock for want of shelter.' They take away the sheaf from the hungry—from those who make oil within their walls; and who tread their wine presses, but suffer thirst'; who fatten their bullocks, but never taste beef; who tend their wheat crops, but never eat bread; who till their potatoes, and are themselves obliged to live upon weeds! Such are the landlords who now, as in the time of Swift, 'sacrifice their oldest tenants to gain a penny an acre,' and who, upon considerations of expediency and convenience to themselves, put the tenants even to death by thousands; who take advantage of the deplorable necessities of the population to extort from them a promise of rents which the whole produce of the land is frequently insufficient to pay; and who, after having under so diabolical a contract, extorted the last farthing which was attainable, by 'squeezing the cabins, clothes, blood and vitals' of the tenantry, devote them by expulsion to starvation, with as little ceremony, and as little remorse, as a scullion experiences in hunting out a rambling rat"! *Monthly Chronicle*, No. xxxii. p. 331.

Gracious heavens! can the annals of any country in the wide world, whether Christian or pagan, present any thing half so cruel or atrocious as that which is unfolded in the unparalleled persecutions, the barbarous, Satanic tyranny which have been for centuries exercised against the Irish? Have cruelties one thousandth part so monstrous ever been perpetrated by the governments of Austria or Italy, against the excesses of which we hear so much said by 'howling fanatics' and mouthing philanthropists, as have been committed in an integral part of the British empire, and under the sanction of British law? Even at the present time are there not wafted across the Atlantic from the persecuted and down trodden Pastry, the heart-rending wailings and lamentations of the starving widow and the perishing orphan, whom a ruthless, mitred tyrant has, by the aid of the military, mercilessly evicted from their happy homes, which have been by him levelled to the ground? Do we not read even in the *Times* of Bishop Plunket figuring to the world "in the unseemly character of a wholesale evictor, collecting 'red armies' and 'black armies,' and pulling down houses over the heads of their aged and long settled occupants. . . . Sending his myrmidons over the country, armed with picks and crow-bars, to pull down houses and turn people out of doors in this dreary month of November?"

No language can adequately pourtray the refinement of cruelty with which Ireland has been treated during these three centuries. The facts almost stagger belief, and the recital makes our very blood freeze in our veins. What are we to think of a penal code which forbade Catholics to open schools for the education of their children; which set a price upon the heads of Irish priests, and hunted them down like wild beasts; which double taxed, ground down with unheard of extortions, and openly despoiled Catholics of their property; which authorized the apostate son to drive his grey headed father from the paternal roof, if he refused to turn Protestant in his old age; and which relentlessly pursued religious non-conformity with fine and imprisonment, with fire and sword? What are we to think of a policy which necessarily induced ignorance and poverty, and then sneered at both? What are we to think of a government which adopted the systematic policy of first driving the Irish Catholics into revolt, by intolerable exactions and cruelties, and then despoiling them of their property, and butchering them in thousands; which has given to landlords the power of dismissing whole villages full of people—turning them adrift in a condition more destitute than the beasts of the field—of expelling women sometimes *in the act of death*, and sometimes, to the unutterable shame of humanity, in the very *act of parturition!*—of burning and levelling the cottages of the labourers—of destroying even the very food of the tenants—and in the exercise of uncontrollable despotism, of establishing the very head quarters of hunger in a country which Bacon described as "endowed with all the dowries of nature"?

We cannot attempt to go into lengthy details concerning the suffering of Ireland under British misrule. The recital would fill volumes. That sad story is familiar to the most of our readers. There is not one generous heart in the civilized world which it has not touched in its tenderest chords, and stirred to its very centre. Oft has the poor exile from Erin, as he wandered a stranger in some distant and uncongenial clime, sat down and wept when he remembered how the beautiful Island of his birth has been marred and made desolate by the hands of the oppressor; even as the captive Israel of old once wept on the waters of Babylon, at the remembrance of the beloved Sion from which the arm of violence had rudely torn him, and whose glories had been scattered by the hand of the spoiler. It was a sad day for Ireland when the Saxon first set foot on her green and lovely soil. It was for her the beginning of all her sorrows. Saxon misrule, continued through long centuries, has strewn her surface with ruin and desolation, in the midst of which a poor, miserable, starving peasantry, the children of the former lords of the soil, subsist and move along, like spectres through desolate and abandoned castles. In the graphic language of Mr. Lester: "To a distant observer that beautiful Island appears like a city of ruins in the saddened light of evening. Her glory and her strength seem departed forever. But it is not of the poetry of the past the lover of Ireland must speak. Her lords never sang in strains so mournful and pathetic as the sad lullaby of the mother over her famishing child. The complaint of poverty and the cry of suffering are more heart-breaking than her most plaintive melodies. Her woes and her dishonor move not the heart of her oppressors, but they are noted by the God of the poor."

A TEACHER.

Jan. 16, 1861.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EXAMINER.

SIR—In cities drains or sewers are very necessary to carry off into cess-pools the impurities, which, if allowed to accumulate, would be injurious to the health of the citizens. It appears to me that the editor of the *Monitor* has borrowed from *the draining system* the idea of *making* his paper a *cloaca maxima*, or large cess-pool, into which all the moral impurities allied to "literary" libertinism flow through various canals, called correspondents. This is no doubt a benefit to our community—for if these impurities were allowed to accumulate amongst the citizens the whole moral atmosphere would be corrupted by fetid exhalations. It may answer pretty well to have the canals partially open, so that we may be on our guard against those parts which are likely to be poisoned with the noxious effluvia; but it seems to me that there is room for improvement in the system. The "Monitor man" should try and keep both the cess-pool and the canals leading thereto somewhat more closed—for no sooner does the *Monitor* appear each week than a most intolerable fetid stench pervades a portion of the moral atmosphere, particularly in the vicinity of the canals, and continues until the "abomination" is evaporated. As a great part of the corrupted matter which flows into the *cloaca* appears to have been "skimmed from the stinkpots" of Orangeism, it is no great wonder that the fumes thereof are intolerably disgusting.

It has been said that the *Monitor* is the *organ* of the Government, but I am inclined to believe that his Excellency does not read the editorials and communications which appear in that infamous paper; for surely he is too much of the gentleman knowingly to allow one of his officials to be disgracing his Government by publishing outrageous, beastly, disgusting attacks on private character.

A writer in the *Monitor* has lately been making a series of attacks on Mr. E. Roche. The last of the onslaughts ridicules Mr. Roche up and down, represents him as totally unfit to discharge the duties of his profession; it even goes so far as to say that he passed his examination in a very unsatisfactory manner. As Mr. Roche has passed the 2nd or highest class, one of two things is certain—either the members of the Board, including the Rev. George Sutherland, acted very dishonestly in allowing Mr. Roche to pass if he were not qualified; and, therefore, should be ignominiously dismissed from their situations for having betrayed the confidence reposed in them by the public; or, otherwise, "A Normal School Student" is a defamatory scribbler, who is dangerous to society—a mendacious slanderer, whose very touch is pollution to the gentleman or the Christian. That the latter is the case we have every reason to believe, from the following irrefragable testimonies of four different School Visitors regarding the efficiency of Mr. Roche. In the *Royal Gazette* of the 4th Feb'y., 1858, which contains Mr. Stark's Report, we find the following:—"Pownal, Charlottetown, E Roche, James Kelly, assistant. Register 126; Reading 126—Very good, with superior intelligence; Writing 60—Specimens fair; Arithmetic 60—Very creditable in all the professed rules. Grammar, 20, very good; Geography, 51, excellent knowledge shewn; Dictation, 14; Algebra, 2; Geometry, 2, very good. Remarks. Very great improvements in point of order and general arrangements; *the proficiency of the pupils reflects much credit on the Head Master.*"

In the *Royal Gazette* of June 24th, 1858, Mr. McNeill says: "Pownal—Edward Roche and John Roche, Highest Class. Reading, Spelling, &c., 108, above average attainments; meaning or passages well analyzed; Writing 67, mediocre; Arithmetic, 52, very expert, including the higher rules; instruction thorough; Grammar, 40, correct; rules generally well applied; Geography, 46, all well acquainted with outlines; Dictation, 17, fair; 53, derivations and roots; Algebra, 3. Remarks. Taught with *skill* and *ability*; with a very numerous attendance, maintained in good order by stringent discipline. Recitation practised, and worthy of imitation by other schools of the city."

Mr. Irving, in his Report for 1858—1859, says of Mr. Roche and his School, "Pownal, Charlottetown; Edward Roche, Teacher; Second or Highest Class. Register, 147; present, 86; average daily attendance, 105. Reading, 147; 5 classes; well taught—scope and meaning of lessons duly comprehended; analysis good. Writing, 73; generally good—some spe-