

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. V.

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, MONDAY, JANUARY 14, 1856.

No. 27.

HARRIS, BOWDITCH & Co.,
Commission Merchants,
RUSSIA WHARF,.....BOSTON.
Particular attention is given to consignments of Vessels and Produce from the British Provinces; and the purchase and shipment of all kinds of Merchandise, with a general Insurance Agency.
September 10.

GLOBE HOTEL,
James W. Cairns,..... Proprietor,
KENT STREET, CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.
Pleasantly situated, and every comfort afforded at moderate cost.
Horses and vehicles, for hire, in connection with the establishment.
September 3.

JAMES MORRIS,
Commission Merchant, General Agent and Auctioneer.
QUEEN STREET,
CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

STEWART & MACLEAN,
Ship Brokers and Commission Merchants,
For the sale and purchase of American and Provincial Produce, and Dealers in Provisions, Fish, Oil, &c.
FERRY LANDING,.....WATER-ST., ST. JOHN, N. B.
REFERENCES—Charlottetown, P. E. I., JAS. PURDIE, Esq., St. John, N. B., Messrs. R. RANKIN & Co.
Oct. 8, 1855. 6m

Commission Merchant & General Agent.
THE undersigned having good Shop, Cellarage and Warehouse room, offers his services as General Agent and Commission Merchant; would attend to the purchase and shipment of Produce, &c.
REFERENCES.—Hon. JAMES PEAKE,
" W. W. LORD,
" D. BREXAN,
" CHAS. YOUNG,
W. B. DEAN, Esq., Am. Cons. Agent,
GEORGE MOORE.
Stratford Hotel, opposite Charlottetown, Nov. 5. 2m.

"Stratford Hotel"
THE above Establishment, which is delightfully situated on the South Side of the Hillsborough, and commands an extensive view of the City and Harbour, IS JUST OPENED, and has superior accommodations for Private Families and Transient Boarders; and the Subscriber trusts, by assiduity and attention to the convenience and comfort of his guests, to merit the continuance and support of the public generally.
There is also good STABLE accommodation on the premises.
October 29. G. MOORE.

Freehold for Sale.
"EGLANTINE POINT," Fortune Bay, formerly owned by EDWARD ABELL, is now offered for sale, of which a good and valid title can be given. For further particulars apply to W. B. DEAN, Registered book 24, page 878. July 23.

Dwelling House and Land near Charlottetown for Sale.

FOR SALE, the newly built and commodious Dwelling House in Charlottetown Royalty, late the residence of the Hon. CHARLES HENSLY, together with eighteen acres of Land adjoining. The distance from Charlottetown is rather less than one mile.
The Dwelling House contains—Dining Room, drawing room, library, two Kitchens, with Store-rooms, &c.; and Nine Bed rooms. There is also Stables, Coach-house, Root-house, Pump, &c., on the premises. The distance from Charlottetown is rather less than one mile.
Also to let from year to year, or for a term of years, as agreed upon, several Pasture Lots in Charlottetown Royalty, near the above Dwelling House.
For Terms of Sale and Lease apply to the subscriber at the Attorney General's Office, Colonial Building, Charlottetown.
July 30. JOSEPH HENSLY.

Public Lands.
THE Commissioner of Public Lands gives notice that persons who have given bonds for the purchase of lands—having had favorable terms offered them—should they not speedily settle their accounts, by calling at the Commissioner's Office, and agreeing to the balance thereon in the terms offered by the Government—render themselves liable to any alteration in these terms which may be thought advisable.
September 17, 1855.

"Alliance Life and Fire Insurance Company" of LONDON
ESTABLISHED BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT 1824.
Capital, Five Millions Sterling.
CHARLES YOUNG,
April 14. Agent for P. E. Island.

NOTICE.
THE Subscriber, being about to make an alteration in his business, notifies all persons indebted to him by Note of Hand or Book Account, that their respective amounts must be paid before the 1st of FEBRUARY next, otherwise they will be sued for without further notice.
ALEXANDER WALKER, Saddler.
Georgetown, Dec. 24, 1855.

For Sale, or to Let,
THAT pleasantly situated COTTAGE and Out-Buildings—together with about seven acres of Land—on the Princetown Road—one mile from Charlottetown: Apply to JOHN S. BREMNER.
Dec. 31, 1855. 3w

THE subscriber being about to leave the Island, requests all persons to whom he may be indebted to furnish their Accounts for settlement; and all those who are indebted to him, will please pay the same to Mr. CHARLES WELSH, who is duly authorized to act as the subscriber's Agent during his absence from the Island.
Dec. 31. 3w WM. WELSH.

Unclaimed Property.
AN ANCHOR, landed from the barque "Sir Alexander," in 1854, is still in the subscriber's possession, unclaimed. The owner can have the same by proving property and paying expenses.
Charlottetown, Nov. 5. W. W. LORD.

Literature.

THE ROPE-WALK.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

In that building, long and low,
With its windows all a-row,
Like the port holes of a hulk,
Human spiders spin and spin,
Backward down their threads so thin,
Dropping, each, a hempen bulk.

At the end, an open door;
Squares of sunshine on the floor
Light the long and dusky lane;
And the whirling of a wheel,
Dull and drowsy, makes me feel
All its spokes are in my brain.

As the spinners to the end
Downward go and re-ascend,
Glean the long threads in the sun;
While within this brain of mine
Cobwebs brighter and more fine
By the busy wheel are spun.

Two fair maidens in a swing,
Like white doves upon the wing,
First before my vision pass;
Laughing, as their gentle hands
Closely clasp the twisted strands,
At their shadow on the grass.

Then a booth of mountebanks,
With the smell of tan and planks,
And a girl poised high in air,
On a cord, in spangled dress,
With a faded loveliness,
And a weary look of care.

Then a homestead among farms,
And a woman with bare arms,
Drawing water from a well;
As the bucket mounts apace,
With it mounts her own fair face,
As at some magician's spell.

Then an old man in a tower
Ringing loud the noontide hour,
While the rope coils round and round,
Like a serpent at his feet,
And again in swift retreat
Almost lifts him from the ground.

Then within a prison-yard,
Faces fixed, and stern, and hard,
Laughter and indecent mirth;
Ah! it is the gallows-tree!
Breath of Christian charity,
Blow and sweep it from the earth!

Then a school boy, with his kite,
Gleaming in a sky of light,
And an eager upward look—
Steeds pursued through lane and field—
Fowls with their snares concealed;
And an angler by a brook.

Ships rejoicing in the breeze,
Wrecks that float o'er unknown seas,
Anchors dragged thro' faithless sand;
Sea fog drifting overhead,
Sea fog drifting overhead,
And with lessening line
Sailors feeling for the land.

All those scenes do I behold,
These and many left untold,
In that building long and low;
While the wheels go round and round,
With a drowsy, dreamy sound,
And the spinners backward go.

(From the Edinburgh Review for October, 1855.)

THE RESULTS OF THE CAMPAIGN.

The War from the landing at Gallipoli to the Death of Lord Raglan. By W. H. RUSSELL. Correspondent of the Times. London: 1855.

(Concluded.)

Our limits on the present occasion forbid us to undertake a review of the last session in the House of Commons, and indeed the task would be neither an agreeable nor a profitable one. But all the infirmities of purpose or judgment which prevailed in the country or in the former Ministry with reference to the war, were represented with tenfold virulence and absurdity in Parliament. An illustrious Prince, whose observations on political affairs are as rare and temperate as they are sensible, publicly remarked that it was an experiment in our history to conduct a great war with the unbounded freedom of discussion this country now enjoys; and it was impossible not to feel that this circumstance exposed our alliances to some peril and gave not seldom an advantage to the enemy. The House of Commons, however, was deaf to this advice. It appeared at one moment ready to transfer the conduct of the war to a committee-room up stairs; and after having pledged itself by an address to the Crown to the full support of the war, it attempted to force on the Government a direct breach of faith with our Allies by refusing to sanction the Turkish loan, and it augmented a hundredfold all the difficulties the nation had to surmount. Meanwhile the demeanour of the nation itself was infinitely more composed, consistent and rational than that of its representatives in Parliament. Out of doors there was no vacillation, and no fear, but a common determination and a manly confidence in the future.

It would not be difficult to trace to its origin the disorder and disorganisation which so discreditably affected the House of Commons during the last session. If we look back to the circumstances under which it was elected in 1852, an era seems to have rolled away since that occurrence. Lord Derby was Minister; Mr. Disraeli led the House of Commons; the agitation of the free trade contest still vibrated through the country, and that compact band of country gentlemen, who have remained for nearly three years on the left hand side of the Speaker, are the identical patriots who were returned in 1852 to preserve British agriculture and restore protective duties. British agriculture has not altogether perished in the interval, but the occupation of the Country party was gone; and with one or two exceptions, the Tory side of the House has been reduced to the meagre amusement it may derive from Mr. Disraeli's powers of invective. The Liberal party, however, had also lost the bond of union which the cause of free trade had created between statesmen, differing materially in their views on almost all the other questions of government. No leader continued to exercise the influence necessary to combined action. The Government was weak, for the House of Commons was divided, and that assembly which needs courage, firmness and an intelligible plan of action in its chiefs, looked for these qualities in vain.

Such was the condition of Parliament when the war broke

out, and we found ourselves engaged in measures and in debates of the most momentous consequences to the honour and interest of the Empire. In point of liberality and even profusion, no Parliament ever voted the supplies of war with greater readiness, and no limit was placed on the expenditure of the military departments, for to have refused the supplies would have been openly to betray the cause of the nation. But on every other question the House was turbulent and discontented; for it had not acquired confidence in its leader, and Lord Palmerston himself was well aware that, at such a time, this confidence was only to be obtained by military success. In a word, the fate of the Government was staked upon the siege of Sebastopol, and the consolidation of its power may be ranked, we hope, among the results of the campaign. Victory itself is not more precious to the country or more necessary to our national interests, than the restoration of greater stability in the councils of the Executive Government; and there is no one subject to which we can turn our attention at the present time of equal importance to the maintenance of a fixed and definite power at the head of affairs.

We speak without the slightest knowledge of the intentions which may prevail in the higher regions of the State, and we express no more than our own independent judgment and convictions. But we think it evident, that there never was a time at which it more strongly became the duty and the interest of the Ministers of the Crown to appeal to the nation, and to rest their future continuance in office upon a vote of confidence, not of Lord Derby's House of Commons, but of the people. Enough has been done in the last few months to strip of many disguises, to remove much obscurity, to lower some great reputations, and to fix the confidence of the country upon those statesmen who have not wavered in their course. If that confidence be sincere, let us know it. If it be the will of the people of England to prosecute this war to a glorious termination, by an honourable peace, let them repudiate the captious and time-serving, who, from different motives, have lent a practical support to the enemies of their country. Above all, let the experiment be tried of a Parliament elected under a strong unanimous sense of patriotism and of duty, to promote those objects which can only be attained by a degree of forbearance and discipline which the present House of Commons has not displayed. Come when it may—and it is impossible the trial can long be delayed,—it rests with the constituencies of the United Kingdom to pronounce the verdict, and to choose for their representatives men who faithfully reflect the prevailing convictions of the nation. In the changes of modern political society, the members of the House of Commons are taught to look less to their ostensible leader on the front benches, and more to the directing spirit of the country. The divisions, the intrigues, the tricks of faction, and the cabals of personal ambition, lose their value and their force out of doors; and to the great detriment of the House of Commons—we may even add, to the great danger of the Constitution—a suspicion floats over this country, that a public opinion exists amongst us, more enlightened, more firm, more tenacious, than that which can be traced in the discussions of that assembly. Nothing can be more fatal to the existing institutions, and even to the liberties of this country, than such an opinion; and it is a matter of vital interest to the nation that the House of Commons should lose nothing of its dignity and authority in supporting the measures required for the defence and government of the Empire. But if the authority of Parliament has sometimes allowed itself to be usurped by the Press, and if the judgment of the public has been much repudiated and condemned in the conduct of our representatives, the House of Commons are alone to blame for a course of action which threatens to impair its great influence. Within its walls, it is customary for its members to pay a frequent homage to the good taste, the wisdom, and the patriotism of its proceedings. But beyond those walls that Assembly is judged with the same freedom which attends every act of our public men; and the country, conscious of the indispensable conditions of military power, perfectly understands the mischievous consequences at such a crisis of the encroachment of the Legislature on the Executive power. We trust that the next Parliament will raise the character of the House of Commons to a level which should deeply regret to witness, for the sake of that House and of the Government, the recurrence of such a session as the last,—tending as we believe it did to lower the character of our institutions and of many of our statesmen in the eyes of Europe, and materially to aggravate the difficulty of bringing the present war to a successful termination.

To these considerations may be added the argument (though it is one of secondary importance in our eyes), that a dissolution of Parliament, and an appeal to the nation, is the most complete practical answer to the cry for what is termed Administrative Reform. The public are supremely unjust when they challenge the Government to employ men of higher ability, of greater energy, and in the vigour of youth in high offices, for it is not the Government which gives servants to the State, but the public, and more especially the constituencies of England, which regulate and limit the choice of the Government. The first condition to high political office in this country, and even to the secondary political offices, is a seat, and a secure seat, in the House of Commons. To this accidental circumstance must be added, consistent political conduct, competent abilities, a certain independence of position—for the English people despise and mistrust trading politicians—and the personal qualities of a statesman. Take at any time the House of Commons, as it is now constituted, divide it in halves between the party of the Ministers and that of the Opposition, remove from it the incompetent, the indolent, the men engaged in professional life, the men engaged in vast private undertakings which they cannot sacrifice for the ephemeral distinction of office, and how many members of that House remain from whom a Minister can, with confidence select thirty or forty statesmen to fill the chief offices in the State? If the country be not better served than it is, and if it be true, which admits of some doubt, that in this country private undertakings are better managed than public departments, the fault rests with the House of Commons, or rather with the constituencies, which make the House of Commons what it is. Those constituencies are sufficiently intelligent and powerful to make the House of Commons faithfully represent, and even exceed, their own standard of intelligence and ability; and it rests with them to determine, on the occasion of a general election, who are the men destined not only to compose the Legislature, but to carry on the government of the country. We would most earnestly urge this consideration upon the serious attention of our readers, because we are not without hopes that the next elections may witness an increase in that moral power which most deserves to be represented in the Parliament of England. Is a man to be returned because he is rich, or because he is of an old family, or because he is chairman of the railway company, or sent down to a borough by the Reform Club, or the Carlton, or some charlatan versed in the clap-net of the day, but utterly unfit to deal with the great interests of the nation? Or is he to be chosen by the voice of his fellow-citizens because they place confidence in his character and talents, knowing him to be a fit man to aid the deliberations of Parliament, and capable of taking an active part in the conduct of public affairs? The former alternative gives you a Parliament of dullards and of jobbers, who, when called upon to take office, cover their party with ridicule and the Government itself with contempt. The latter alternative can alone place within reach of the public service a Parliament of statesmen.

If the importance of this distinction were felt as it ought to be, for it affects the vital interests of the nation—if the sacred nature of this duty were not degraded to the brutality of a party conflict and sometimes lost altogether in bribery and corruption—if, in short, the constituencies of England would recollect that the maxim of 'the right man in the right place,'

applies in the first instance to their own representatives,—an election, and the elective assembly, would assume a very different character. Instead of a candidate, fit or unfit, seeking to win a seat, we should see an intelligent body of electors seeking a candidate, and choosing him not for his accidental position or his impurity, but for the qualities which fit him to discharge the greatest trust that can be confided to him by the citizens of a free State. At the present time more especially the choice of the representatives of the people in the House of Commons becomes a duty of the highest obligation, for it will determine not only the temporary ascendancy of this or that party in the State, but the position which the British Government and the British Nation are to maintain in Europe. Not all the sacrifices of a revenue doubled by loans and war-taxes—not all the valour of our armies and fleets—and the sagacity of our diplomacy or the zeal of Ministers, can compensate for the inherent weakness of a Government wanting the strength of stability,—that strength, in short, which the House of Commons and the people of England can alone confer. So strongly do we feel on this point, that we do not shrink from a declaration that any Minister who will preserve our alliances, cultivate our resources and conduct the war with energy and judgment, deserves the public confidence; and that those politicians who can from factious or personal motives lend themselves at such a time to the practices of opposition are guilty of treason to their country. Upon a dissolution of Parliament the country would have the remedy for these backslidings in its own hands; and we cannot doubt that the returns would establish that the Administration which has had the good fortune and the merit to bring the present campaign to a successful result, continues to enjoy the confidence of the nation.

THE THIRD BOWL.

"Draw your chair close up. Put your feet on those skins. You will find them soft and warm. Light another pipe, and fill your glass, Philip. It is a bitter night. My old bones shudder when I hear the wind wail over the house and through the oak-tree. Capital punch, that! John has a knack at the article that I have rarely seen equalled—never surpassed. He is a prince of servants, is John, if he is black. I have had him with me now—let me see, it must be thirty years, at least—it is thirty-two years next Christmas week, and I have never quarrelled with him, and he has never quarrelled with me. A rare history for master and man. I think it is because we love each other's weaknesses, and here he comes.

"John, another bowl of the punch, if you please. What, not another! Certainly, man, I must have it. This is only the second, and Philip, yonder, has drank half, of course. Not drank any! You don't mean to say that he has been drinking nothing but that vile claret all the blessed evening? Philip, you dog, I thought you knew my house-rules better than that. But you always would have your own way.

"One more bowl, John—but one. It shall be the last; and John, get the old Maraschino, one of the thick black bottles with the small necks, and open it gently. But you know how, old fellow, and just do your best to make us comfortable.

"How the wind howls! Philip, my boy, I am seventy-three years old, and seven days over. My birth-day was a week ago to-day.

"An old bachelor! Yea, verily. One of the oldest kind. But what is age? What is the paltry sum of seventy years? Do you think I am any older in my soul than I was half a century ago? Do you think, because my heart beats slower, that my mind thinks more slowly, my feelings spring up less freely, my hopes are less buoyant, less cheerful, if they look forward only to weeks instead of years? I tell you, boy, that seventy years are a day in the sweep of memory; and once young forever young, is the motto of an immortal soul. I know I am what men call old, I know my cheeks are wrinkled like ancient parchment, and my lips are thin, and my head gray even to silver. But in my soul I feel that I am young, and I shall be young till the earthly ceas and the unearthly and eternal begins.

"I have not grown one day older than I was at thirty-two. I have never advanced a day since then. All my life long since that has been one day—one short day; no night, no rest, no succession of hours, events, or thoughts has marked any advance.

"Philip, I have been living forty years by the light of one memory—by the side of one grave.

"John, set the bowl down on the hearth. You may go. You need not sit up for me. Philip and I will see each other to bed to-night, John. Go, old fellow, and sleep soundly.

"Phil, she was the purest angel that flesh ever imprisoned, the most beautiful child of Eve. I can see her now. Her eyes raying the light of heaven—her brow, white, calm, and holy—her lips wreathed with the blessing of her smile. She was as graceful as a form seen in dreams, and she moved through the scenes around her as you have seen the angelic visitors of your sabbath move through crowded assemblies, without effort, apparently with some superhuman aid.

"The child of wealth, she was fitted to adorn the splendid house in which she was born and grew to womanhood. It was a grand old place, built in the midst of a growth of oaks that might have been there when Columbus discovered America, and seemed likely to stand a century longer. They are standing yet, and the wind to-night makes a wild lament through their branches that sounds mournfully above her grave.

"I must pause to recall the scenery of the old familiar spot. There was a stream of water that dashed down the rocks a hundred yards from the house, and which kept always full and fresh, an acre of pond, over which hung willows, and maples, and other trees, while on the surface the white blossom of the lotus nodded lazily on the ripples with Egyptian slowness and languor.

"The old house was built of dark stone, and had a massive appearance, not relieved by the sombre shade in which it stood. The sunshine seldom penetrated to the ground in the summer months, except in one spot, just in front of the library windows, where it used to lie and sleep in the grass, as if it loved the old place. And if sunshine loved it, why should not I?

"General Lewis was one of the pleasantest, old-fashioned men, now quite gone out of memory, as well as out of existence. He loved his horses, his dogs, his place, and his punch. He loved his nephew Tom, wild, uncouth, rough cub as he was; but above horses, dogs, or house, or all together, he loved his daughter Sarah, and I loved her too.

"Yes, you may look at me as you will, Phil Phillips, I loved Sarah Lewis, and, by all the gods, I love her now as I loved her then, and I shall love her if I meet her again where she has gone.

"Call it folly, call it boyish, call it an old man's whim, an old man's second childhood, I care not by what name you call it; it is enough that to-night the image of that young girl stands before me splendidly beautiful in all the holiness of her young glad life, and I could bow down on my knees and worship her now again.

"Why did I say again? For forty years I have not ceased to worship her. If I kneel to pray in the morning, she passes between me and God. If I would read the prayers at evening twilight, she looks up at me from the page. If I would worship on a Sabbath morning in the church, she looks down on me from some unfathomable distance, some unapproachable height, and I pray to her as if she were my hope, my heaven, my all.

"Sometimes in the winter nights I feel a coldness stealing over me, and icy fingers are stealing about my heart, as if to grasp and still it. I lie calmly, quietly, and I think my hour is at hand; and through the gloom and through the mists and fogs that gather over my vision, I see her afar off, still the same angel in the distant heaven, and I reach out my arms to