

THE DAILY EXAMINER

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THE DAILY EXAMINER

FEBRUARY 8, 1873.

Church and State.

WILLIAM DUNBAR STEWART is the Minister of Public Works in this little Province, and whoever gazes on him in the position he occupies must, if he be of an analytical frame of mind, have a severe problem to solve in the question, "How came he to arrive at that point?" Our Minister of Public Works is the graduate of no university. He claims degrees from no mart of learning set up by the hands of man; this is his boast. He acquired wisdom not in the twilight shadows of monastic piles, but in a quiet domestic nook, whence, after years of dull dreary plodding, he issued forth a philosopher more fully fledged than any specimen that the Halls of Oxford or Cambridge have produced. A complete master of fence in intellectual warfare, his logic is keen, and cuts with the precision of a dissecting knife in the hand of a skilled anatomist. It is true, that his spoken words, when taken down and pondered over, show a strange disregard for English Grammar and the ordinary rules of composition. Past particulars, in the learned gentleman's speeches, are found doing duty for past tenses. But it should be remembered that our Mr. Stewart did not creep up by slow degrees to the eminence he now occupies. "I leave such action," says our philosopher, "to worms, caterpillars, and such like crawling vermin: mine is the eagle's swoop—I fly and perch where I list."

The intellectual superiority of Mr. Stewart being about as universally admitted in this Province, as the superiority of England on sea, our astonishment was great at seeing this intellectual galloper—this great master of fence, decline the gauge of battle thrown down by a clerical Editor of this city, and resorting to an ecclesiastical court to seek vengeance on an opponent. Did we look at the simple fact, that W. D. Stewart had appealed to the Presbytery to obtain an advantage over an opponent, we might be inclined to think that Mr. Stewart's armory was not of that complete character which he vaunts, but it should be remembered, that Mr. Stewart is a man of a religious frame of mind, and prone to make fine distinctions between the Secular and the Spiritual powers. When this is taken into consideration, it will be seen that it is entirely in accordance with a delicate sensibility that Mr. Stewart brings his grievances before an ecclesiastical tribunal. Had the Rev. Stephen Lawson been simply Mr. Lawson, Editor of the *Presbyterian*, our Minister of Public Works would have pounded him to dust in the mortar of inexorable logic. Nothing could be more exemplary than this conduct of Mr. Stewart. In an age when the Spiritual Kingdom and its rights are almost wholly ignored, and by none more so than by philosophers, it is refreshing to find a highly-cultured mind like Mr. Stewart's handing over an offending ecclesiastic to the spiritual power, and telling the Court that he has mercifully spared the transgressor, and leaves him to their justice for sentence. Verily—neither the Bismarcks nor the Cavours had half the magnanimity of our Minister of Public Works—William Dunbar Stewart!

It is rumored that, with a view to soften the obduracy of Mr. Blake's heart and to induce him, at the last Cabinet meeting, to withdraw his resignation until after the session—"when we will all retire with you"—the premier recited the great epic poem commencing:

Let dogs delight &c.;
and that his rendering of the verse
Little birds within their nest agree—
was of a most touching nature, and moved Scott and Huntington to tears. Mr. Blake, however, having regard to the little bit of character still left him, and having no more friends to provide for, answered "nary," and bid them all a fond adieu.

ON DIT.—That the Cabinet meeting at which Mr. Blake was present closed with the lovely hymn:

Friend after friend departs,
Who hath not lost a friend?

"WHISTLING TO KEEP UP THEIR COURAGE."
—The anxiety of the Government organs to explain that there has been no quarrel between the Premier and Mr. Blake, and that their relations have always been of the most affectionate nature. Not the slightest difficulty between them, oh no! There never was.

THE *Northern Light* arrived in Georgetown yesterday afternoon. Mails for abroad will be made up at the Post Office to-morrow (Saturday) morning, and forwarded by train to Georgetown at 4.30 a. m. It is expected that the *Northern Light* will return to Georgetown on Sunday in order to commence again upon the regular days.

It will be seen that the telegraph again announced the death of the Pope. The news needs confirmation.

Mr. Jones and the Sabbath.

The Kingston *Daily News* publishes the following questions, addressed to its ministerial brethren:—

1. What hour on Saturday night did the Government receive definite information of Mr. Vail's defeat?
2. At what hour was Mr. Vail's resignation received?
3. When did the Cabinet meet to consider the situation?
4. When was Mr. Jones offered the portfolio of the Militia Department?
5. When did Mr. Jones signify his acceptance of the position vacated by Mr. Vail?
6. When was it resolved to have Mr. Jones worn in at Halifax by General O'Grady Italy, the Administrator?
7. Did Mr. Jones start from Halifax to Ottawa on Sunday morning by a special train at the expense of the country? (The Halifax papers say he did.) And if so, when, if not a Sunday, was it resolved by the Government to telegraph him while on his way east to return to Halifax to be sworn in by General O'Grady Italy?

The morning organ at Halifax in reply to the *Presbyterian Witness*, attempts a lame defence by trying to insinuate, without stating, that the charge against Mr. Jones and the Government was a falsehood. But the facts are very plain. Mr. Jones did not hear of Mr. Vail's defeat till nearly ten o'clock. The public meeting was not over till after eleven o'clock. Mr. Jones did not reach the city till nearly twelve o'clock. And it must have been between midnight and three o'clock on the (Sunday) morning that all the telegraphing was done. Mr. Jones took train on Sunday morning. The Cabinet must have had informal meeting, at least on Sunday morning. Mr. Jones travelled all Sunday morning. The Cabinet must have met to decide on the telegram which caused Mr. Jones to come back to Halifax again. And finally Mr. Jones travelled all day Sunday and got back to Halifax by Monday morning early. These facts are notorious. They can be proved by dozens of persons.

It is no use for the Ministerial organs to deny them. The public might be disposed to pardon the offence considering the exigencies of the situation; but the public will not pardon the hypocrisy which attempts to deny the facts after having profited by it. The "organized hypocrisy" at Ottawa is well represented in the organs in Halifax.—*Hc. Herald.*

The "Northern Light."

With regard to the recent perilous position of the "Northern Light," the *Pictou Standard* says:—

"The gulf steamer 'Northern Light' has met with her first trial of this season, and has somewhat ignominiously succumbed to King Frost. On Wednesday last, while rounding a floe some three miles from the mouth of the harbor, she was caught between floating masses, and, in endeavoring to extricate herself, succeeded in jamming herself in such a manner that it was impossible to move in any direction. On Thursday an attempt was made by those on board, after landing the passengers and mails, to cut through the surrounding bergs, but to no avail, and the steamer had to be allowed to rest in quiet, till a gale should disperse the heavy fields holding her in their rigid grasp. The fields imprisoning the vessel were moving shorewards during the closing days of the week, and much alarm existed as to the ship's keel striking the bottom, in which event she would go to pieces; but as yet she has not grounded, and we hope may escape that threatening danger. As, however, the draught of water of the 'Northern Light' is about 18 feet, it will be seen that she is always confronted by the danger of going aground, as well as of being crushed in the ice. There is not now much ice in the gulf, and it is very unfortunate that the steamer should be so firmly fastened in what little there is."

A BOARDING HOUSE on Front Street, St. John, N. B., was the scene of a disturbance that ended in bloodshed on the night of the 4th inst. Thos. Maloney, one of the boarders, had been inciting John Sullivan to fight by giving him a push. Sullivan took no notice at first of the insults. At last Maloney became unbearable, and when he had made a rush at Sullivan, was put down on the floor, and told to be quiet. This was repeated two or three times, then Maloney drew a jack-knife from his pocket, and, opening it, made another rush at Sullivan. Before his intention could be divined the blade entered the face of Sullivan, beneath the left eye, and was not drawn out until a cut had been made extending the entire length of the nose. Maloney attempted to stab him again. But Patrick Hickey jumped between the two men, and caught the knife in his hand, the fingers of which were cut across. Maloney has been arrested. Had it not been for the timely interference of Mr. Hickey, there would no doubt have been something more serious to chronicle.

MONROTON is fast becoming a town of importance. Its Treasurer's accounts just published show that the Town Council have a penchant for getting into debt. The total receipts during the past year from all sources including a balance of \$214 from the previous year, were \$3,953.23, while the expenditures amounted to \$6,193.53, leaving \$2,223.30 to be added to the ordinary assessment for the present year. The estimated expenditure for this year is put down at \$9,777, and the revenues at 2,750, leaving \$7,027 to be raised by assessment.—*Times.*

THE *London News* states that John O'Leary, former editor of the *Irish People*, has been permitted temporarily to revisit Ireland for private affairs, on parole and on condition that he will abstain from politics.

MEMBERS OF THE SNOW SHOE CLUB.—There will be a tramp to-morrow (Saturday) evening, starting from the Skating Rink at 8 o'clock.

Wreck of the "Metropolis."

A BRIEF DISASTROUS VOYAGE.

The history of the sailing of the *Metropolis* from Philadelphia and the mission of civilization in which she was engaged is already familiar to the readers of the *Herald*. She was heavily laden with railroad iron and machinery and had also a living freight of 260 persons, including three females. After discharging her cargo at Delaware Breakwater, the weather became heavy. A strong northeasterly gale sprang up which tried the ship severely, and in the very beginning of her voyage both passengers and crew began to entertain serious misgivings as to the seaworthiness of the vessel. On Wednesday night she sprang a leak. This created a panic, which was in part subdued by a vigorous use of the pumps. All hands went to work at them with that energy which is only imparted by despair, but, despite their efforts, the water increased in the hold. She began to fill rapidly.

CAPTAIN ANKERS' BLUNDER.

The pumps failing to keep her clear, Captain Ankers proceeded to lighten the ship by throwing overboard all the heavy material possible. Still the water continued to rise, and death began to stare the panic-stricken passengers in the face. The leak increased and the pumps proved powerless to keep the vessel clear. Captain Ankers then headed the course of the ship to that haven of refuge for disabled vessels, Hampton Roads, but as fate would have it he mistook the reckonings.

BROADSIDE TO THE SURF SHE STRIKES.

The fires were then nearly out, but the vessel still bore on until it became a terrible necessity with the captain to run her ashore, in the hope of at least saving some of the precious lives of the passengers and crew. At last the fearful but much wished for moment arrived, and the *Metropolis* struck the shore in the vicinity of Whales Bank light, on the Curruck Beach, about twenty-five miles south of the above-mentioned light, and between Life Saving Stations Nos. 4 and 5.

FEARFUL STRUGGLE FOR LIFE.

Then ensued a terrible scene of panic, terror and confusion, such as only those who have had the experience of a shipwreck can imagine. Just before the ship beached she shipped a heavy sea, which carried away her engine-room bulkhead and forward cabin. The sea poured into the vessel in an awful volume, and totally extinguished her fires. She was then a helpless monster, utterly powerless to stand the seas that swept over her, and beyond all human skill to manage. At about a quarter to seven o'clock on Thursday, her course being about south south-west, the *Metropolis* struck.

DEATH HASTENED BY DESPAIR.

She broached broadside to the beach, which caused every succeeding sea to sweep her decks, carrying into the settled foam the unfortunate passengers almost by the score. During all this agonizing scene of terror and suspense a man on horseback was seen in the dim light on the shore waving his hat, which gave some faint promise of assistance, at which the living passengers eagerly grasped. But, alas, no help came. Many who had held on to life, finding the expected aid not at hand, gave up in despair and sank to rise no more.

LIFE-SAVERS MISNAMED.

The terrible moments, which seemed to the survivors like ages, wore on until about seven o'clock, when at last the life-saving crew put in appearance. But they were unable to render any assistance. They were merely idle-lookers on at the havoc of death among the wild waves, which seemed to sing a requiem to the despairing mortals who were so rapidly drowning. The most that these inefficient government employees did was to pull some of the most fortunate out of the surf who had washed ashore on some particle of the wreck available at the moment.

STRUGGLE FOR LIFE PRESERVERS.

With the striking of the ship commenced a scene which defied description. No order could be heard, and, if heard, no one was willing to obey. The one feeling that each one must save himself or drown mastered every other. A rush was made for the life preservers, of which there was a full supply on board. A struggle ensued of the strong against the weak for the coveted articles. In the end, however, none of the preservers could be obtained, nearly all of them being washed overboard by the tremendous seas that swept the ship before they could be used. The angry waves each moment decimated the hopeless sufferers, who, for the most part, entirely unused to life on shipboard, knew not where to seek protection or to avail themselves of opportunities of safety which occurred to more experienced persons.

THE CAPTAIN'S EFFORTS TO SAVE PASSENGERS.

Captain Ankers and most of his officers stood by the ship as long as possible. The survivors speak of his efforts as being almost superhuman during the time the ship was struggling with the gale, while she was disabled and drifting helplessly to certain destruction and after she had struck upon the treacherous sands. The wreck broke up fast.

Captain Ankers manfully did his duty, giving orders, helping and cheering everybody. He was about the last man to leave the ship. He hoped against hope, expecting snorer from the shore. Had he received this, many precious lives would have been saved and few would have been lost.

The fate of Captain Ankers was for some time unknown to those on shore, and it was by them supposed that he had gone down with the ship when she finally went to pieces, but he subsequently made his appearance, to their great relief, having been washed ashore several miles northward of the stranded vessel.

Latest accounts from the wreck bring the news that at least 140 men are men are known to have been saved. This leaves about 70 who are believed to have been drowned.—*N. Y. Herald.*

New Advertisements.

TENDERS.

MAYOR'S OFFICE,
Charlottetown, Feb. 8th, 1873.
TENDERS for PRINTING & BINDING 300 Copies of "The City Bye-Laws" will be received at the Mayor's Office until noon of FRIDAY, 15th inst. Samples of paper, type, and binding can be seen at this Office.
WM. B. MORRISON,
City Clerk.

Feb. 8—51

GREAT BANKRUPT SALE.

The Stock in Trade of the Estate of
S. KEITH & CO.

WILL BE SOLD AT A

TREMENDOUS SACRIFICE.

Worsted Coatings,
Beavers, Pilots,
Broad Cloths,
Tweeds,
Ready-made Clothing,
GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS
AND HATS,

WILL BE SOLD REGARDLESS OF COST.

Clothing Made to Order
AS USUAL.

C. V. MCGREGOR,

Assignee.

N. B.—Coat, Vest, and Pant
Makers wanted immediately.

C. V. MCG.,

South Side Queen Square.

Ch'town, Feb. 5, 1873—2m 2aw

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1873 and Amending Acts.

In the matter of SYLVANUS KEITH, an Insolvent.

ALL persons indebted to the above Insolvent are hereby notified to pay their accounts to me, and to me only.

C. V. MCGREGOR,

Assignee.

Charlottetown, P. E. I. Island, Feb. 5, 1873—tf

RARE CHANCE.

GREAT BARGAINS in high turned and Box Sleighs.
Carriage and Sleigh repairing and Painting solicited. Charges moderate, at

PETER H. TRAINOR'S,

Kent St., opposite the Rocklin House.

Ch'town, Jan. 17, 1877.—4i

Ch'town Woollen Factory Co. ANNUAL MEETING.

THE Annual Meeting of the above Company will be held on TUESDAY, the 26th February, at SCOTT'S HALL, Kent Street, at 2 o'clock, p. m., for the election of Directors, and the transaction of other business.

All Shareholders should be present or represented by proxy.

ALBERT SIMPSON,

Secy & Treasurer.

Ch'town, Jan. 31, 1873—3in

THE WEEKLY EXAMINER.—Persons having relatives or friends abroad, and desiring to keep them informed concerning P. E. Island, cannot do so in a better or cheaper way than by subscribing to THE WEEKLY EXAMINER. Sent, postpaid, to any address in Great Britain, the United States, or the Dominion, on receipt of One Dollar.

Selected Story.

A WINNING GAME.

CHAPTER III.—CONTINUED.

Now, the day before, Mrs. Hun's great friend, Miss Gossyp, had called for the first time since their return, and Mrs. Hun had told her how intimate they had become with Charlie.

"Rather slow and dull, is he not?" asked Miss Gossyp.

"Not at all, dear," replied Mrs. Hun. "Mr. Castleton is a very nice, lively fellow."

"CASTLETON! my dear. Surely not that young man! Why, Durham is the name. The uncle quarrelled with Charlie Castleton quite four years ago, and can't bear to hear his name mentioned. I knew he was in the army, but he has not a rap except his pay, and a little his mother had."

Here was a nice mess; but Mrs. Hun was equal to the occasion. How thankful she was that things were no worse.

From an *Army List* they found out he was a two-battalion regiment, and that the "real" nephew was with one battalion in Ireland, while Charlie and the other were in Malta.

Having found out all this, then, when the servant brought Charlie's card, Mrs. Hun was prepared with her course of action. She would let the young man say his say, and then put his conduct before him in all its enormity. She was outwardly much more calm than poor Charlie, whose love was too strong to let him be cool. After a little he spoke:

"Mrs. Smith, I love your daughter, and I want your permission to ask her to be my wife. I am not a rich man!" — But Mrs. Hun's calmness left her at this point. She could not stand this, so she burst out:

"Sir, I consider your conduct has been unworthy the office you hold. It is true you did not say, in as many words, that your expectations were such as to entitle you to seek my daughter's hand, but you never said anything to disabuse us of such a belief. Instead of being able to support a wife as my daughter has been accustomed to be, I find you are almost penniless, and have been cast off by your uncle. Of course, I refuse your request."

Mrs. Hun had lost her temper, and had shown her hand too much, but she did not mind that, as she thought plain speaking always best.

"May I see your daughter?"

"No; besides it would be useless, as her answer would be the same as mine. Of course, all further intercourse between us must cease. Good morning." And Mrs. Hun sailed away upstairs to pour out her sorrows to Theodosia.

Charlie was more vexed at the delay her folly would cause than angry at Mrs. Hun. Of course, when old Smith was about again, all would be right. He called once again, but it was "Not at home," so he trusted to meeting the old boy again when he got well.

One day, in the Park, Charlie saw Bessie and her father driving slowly along. The old man looked very ill, and Bessie was worn-looking, too,—probably with nursing her father, Charlie thought. To his amazement, when the old man noticed him, he turned his head, and stared fixedly in the opposite direction in the most marked way. He looked very uncomfortable, but he did it as a stern duty that ought to be done. Bessie gave Charlie a very cold bow, for which she could have boxed her own ears immediately after. "What must he think of me!" she thought. "How much I must feel it, he'll think. Why did I make any difference to him?"

What Charlie thought is hard to say. It is so hard to find that one's pet porcelain idols are only common clay after all. That Mrs. Hun would cut him because he had not £10,000 a year he quite expected, but he had looked for better things from Bessie and her father. Poor Charlie said some very cynical and bitter things in the next few days.

Now the explanation of their conduct is simply this: Charlie had asked Mrs. Hun for "her daughter," and of course she thought he meant Theodosia; therefore she told them all that he had proposed for Theo. Theo was supremely indifferent, but poor Smith "could not have believed it of him" after his attentions to Bessie—poor Bessie who sobbed so at her father's soft words that night, and thought, while she hid her blushes on his breast, that all sunshine had gone out of life for her.

(Concluded in our next.)

BUTTER.

I HAVE ON HAND a small Consignment of Choice BUTTER, which I will sell cheap for CASH.

A. SIMPSON.

Ch'town, Feb. 7—3i

BUY THE DAILY EXAMINER, for the latest news—local and telegraphic.