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This is true Liberty, when Free-born Men, having to advise the Public, may speak free.—EURIPIDES.

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Miscellaneous.

WORDS OF KINDNESS.

BY CAROLINE HOWE.

There was a little word,
A word of kindness born,
That like the carol of a bird
Rang out upon the morn;
And in a spirit sad and lone,
Awoke a soft and answering tone.

Those words, so few and slight,
Were freighted with a power
To pierce the darkness, as at night
When gloom enwraps the hour,
Meekly, yet radiant, from afar
Shines down the silver gleaming star.

O what a light they gave
To cheer the desert way,
As flowers will bloom above a grave
To beautify decay;
Blest, though the blessing they impart,
As heart is blest the blessing heart.

The summer birds may wake
Their songs amid the leaves,
And zephyrs into music break
Upon the summer waves—
But sweeter far than winds or birds
To lonely hearts are gentle words.

If ye have learned their power,
O give them forth like balm,
If ye have not, go forth this hour,
And try their mystic charm;
And joy shall come at your control
The counter-signal of a soul.

RUSSIA AND HER PEOPLE.

"The prevailing passion of the Russian nation," says the historian Alison, "is the love of conquest; and this ardent desire is the unseen spring which impels their accumulated force in ceaseless advance over all the adjoining states. Domestic grievances, how great soever, are overlooked in the thirst for foreign aggrandisement. In the conquest of the world the people hope to find a compensation, and more than a compensation, for all the evils of their interior administration. Every Russian is inspired with the conviction that his country is one day to conquer the world; and the universal belief of this result is one of the chief causes of the rapid strides which Russia of late years has made towards its realization. The meanest peasant in Russia is impressed with the belief that his country is destined to subdue the world."

Such is the nation with which the civilized Powers of Europe are now at war. Two centuries ago this nation was scarcely known beyond the borders of the bleak region which it inhabited on the eastern confines of Europe. How is it that it has now become so formidable as to threaten the peace and liberties of the whole world? The path by which Russia has attained to her present greatness and power has been one of ceaseless aggression and rapine. Since the time of Peter the Great her rapacious sword has scarcely ever been sheathed. Possessing herself in the first instance of Livonia, and of the part where Constadt and St Petersburg now stand, she next extended her borders to the Crimea and the Sea of Azoff. Vast acquisitions from Tartary, larger than the whole German Empire, then spread her dominion over Central Asia. In 1783 her sway was spread over the Crimea, and the vast plains between the Black Sea and the Caspian, as far as the foot of the Caucasus. We then find her advancing towards and occupying the now flourishing harbour of Odessa. The infamous spoliation of 1793 gave her Lithuania. In 1794 her frontier extended to the Vistula, and the provinces embracing nearly half of the whole kingdom of Poland. In 1809 she acquired the whole of Finland, as far as the head of the Gulf of Bothnia. In 1812 her southern frontier reached the Pruth, including the mouths of the Danube. After the late war she was allowed the Grand Duchy of Warsaw. Her frontier in this direction was brought to within 180 miles of Berlin and Vienna. Between 1800 and 1814 the Muscovite eagles were carried over the Caucasus into the beautiful province of Georgia. In 1828 Erivan and Ararat were within her grasp; and the Araxes became the frontier of her Asiatic dominions. Russia's provinces now almost encircle the Black Sea, and her treaty with Turkey, called the Treaty of Unkiar Skeless, which she forced upon the latter Power, upon the occasion of sending troops to protect Constantinople against the victorious troops of Mehemet Ali—this treaty secured the Euxine as a Russian lake, by excluding all foreign vessels of war.

Alison informs us that in the space of sixty-four years, up to 1842, Russia robbed Sweden of one-half of her dominions. Of Poland she took the lion's share, equal in extent to the Austrian Empire. She has seized upon the provinces of European States to an extent equal to Prussia, exclusive of the Rhenish provinces. She has despoiled Asiatic Turkey of an extent equal to the German small States, Rhenish Prussia, Holland, and Belgium. She has robbed Persia of a large province, equal in size to England; and, lastly, she has encroached upon and taken from Tartary a territory equal to European Turkey, Greece, Italy, and Spain combined.

Not satisfied with these nefarious acquisitions, she has now plunged herself into a war with the most civilized nations of Europe, in the desperate hope of further extending her empire to the shores of the Bosphorus, and of planting the throne of her Czars amidst the ruined mosques of Constantinople.

But whilst Russia has thus grown grasping, great, and insolent—whilst she has thus absorbed within herself a territory equal in extent to all the rest of Europe—what is the actual condition of the people over whom her barbarous sway is imposed? We are told that her population amounts in the gross to something like 70,000,000. In what condition do they live? The last number of *Blackwood* contains a paper written by an Englishman, long resident in Russia, which gives us a curious and most valuable insight into the interior life of the Russian people. We select a few passages for the purpose of showing what Russian life really is.

In the first place we are told that "none but nobles have the right to possess serfs, though it does not follow that all nobles possess them, for there is a very large class of poor nobles in Russia who possess nothing, never did possess any thing, and are never likely to possess anything—and these are the most miserable of all the others; for they are nothing; neither peasants nor gentlemen. It will naturally be asked how they became possessed of their nobility? They are for the most part sons of ambitious clerks of churches, &c., whose fathers or friends have taught them to read and write, and

through the interest of some great man got them admitted into some Government office as copying clerks, where they receive a rank after a certain number of years, and become noble, and, of course, their children too, who do as their fathers have done before them—lead a wretched existence, without any prospect of advancement, upon a miserable pittance, unless they have great abilities for plunder, when, by dint of accepting bribes, they get a small sum together. There is no sum so small that they will not accept. You may even offer them articles of wearing apparel—anything; and this latter is too frequently done when the poor suitor has nothing more to offer. I myself have given such small sums as fourpence and sixpence for trifling services which they have seemed reluctant to perform, which has always had the desired effect of accelerating their movements, and saved me the ennui of waiting half-an-hour for them to perform their duty." What a picture does this afford us of a class of nobility! The nobleman who accepts of an old coat to forward a poor man's petition; or who pockets fourpence to expedite a richer man's passport! But if these noble personages are thus contemptible in their public capacity, how do they demean themselves in private life? Hear what the writer in *Blackwood* says upon that point:—"Some of the smaller proprietors, from leading a solitary life, get into habits of beastly intoxication, in which they consume days and nights, while their property goes to ruin. I have even known instances where they have kept casks of spirits in their bedrooms, and been in the habit of crawling on all fours from the bed to the cask—seldom being in a state to walk—drinking out of the tap, and then crawling back again to bed, to sleep till they shall be ready to take another slight refreshment in the same manner. This must seem very much like exaggeration; but I can assure my readers that I advance nothing but the pure truth, and what fell under my own personal observation."

Speaking of the relationship between the nobles and their serfs, this writer tells us that "the corporal punishment of serfs is very common—in fact of hourly occurrence, and very often arbitrarily administered, though, according to law, no proprietor of serfs can give more than fifteen blows with a stick at one time; but this limitation is never attended to, because the peasant can get no possible redress, as the very man to whom he ought to apply in such a case is often a guest at his master's table, and known to be in his pay." In the matter of flagellation a distinction appears to be drawn between domestic servants and peasant serfs—all the servants of a nobleman's household not being necessarily serfs.

"When a servant, however, happens to be a serf and is guilty of anything that may appear to his master against the rules of his house, the police are sent for, and the delinquent is walked off to receive a good flogging—not with the knout, however, but simply with a bunch of rods like a schoolboy; or he is put into solitary confinement, according to the request of his master, no inquiry whatever being made as to why he is punished, if the order for punishment be accompanied by the present of a rouble to the police officer. Men are punished in this way by mistake, and no notice taken of it. The men themselves do not consider it as any disgrace to be flogged, and they even boast of how much they can support."

As regards religion, we are told that "the serfs in general have very limited ideas on that subject, as they, for the greater part, can neither read nor write; they go to church, where they repeat with great devotion, a certain number of Aves and Paternosters in their own language, or rather Slavonic, and cross themselves while the priest is celebrating mass, which is done with more or less pomp according to the occasion, or the riches of the church. If you ask a peasant where is God? he will generally point to the corner of the room where there are hanging one or more coarse, badly executed paintings, representing some of their saints, and which he is firmly persuaded are so many Gods. I have even known some of them who, when they are about to commit a sin, will cover carefully their images, that God may not see what they are about."

Are these the people who are to become the dominant race of Europe? Never, whilst freedom and civilization have a sword to draw.

CORRUPTION OF RUSSIAN NOBLES.—In an article entitled "Life in the Interior of Russia," by the same "Eye-witness" whose deeply interesting paper on the "Internal Sufferings of Russia during the present War" in *Blackwood* for last month, there is, in the current number, the following graphic sketch:—"None but nobles have the right to possess serfs, though it does not follow that all nobles possess them, for there is a very large class of poor nobles in Russia who possess nothing, never did possess anything—and these are the most miserable of all the others; for they are nothing—neither peasants nor gentlemen. It will naturally be asked how they became possessed of their nobility? They are for the most part sons of ambitious clerks of churches, &c., whose fathers or friends have taught them to read and write, and through the interest of some great man got them admitted into some government office as copying clerks, where they receive a rank after a certain number of years, and become nobles, and of course their children too, who do as their fathers have done before them—leading a wretched existence without any prospect of advancement, upon a miserable pittance, unless they have great abilities for plunder, when, by dint of accepting bribes, they get a small sum together. There is no sum so small that they will not accept; you may even offer them articles of wearing apparel—anything; and this latter is too frequently done when the poor suitor has nothing more to offer. I myself have given such small sums as 4d. and 6d. for trifling services which they have seemed reluctant to perform, which has always had the desired effect of accelerating their movements, and saved me the ennui of waiting half-an-hour for them to perform their duty. Some, again, of this class, live by going from house to house in the country. They stay at a house till the master gets tired of them; then he sends them to his nearest neighbour, who does the like."—*Blackwood* for September.

HOSPITALITY OF THE RUSSIANS.—"The Russians in general are very hospitable; and in the country, where they lead a very solitary, monotonous life, are glad to see any one who can procure them a little variety, as they have no sources of amusement whatever except shooting or coursing; but when a man is not a sportsman, even these fail him, for books are very rare, very expensive, and not very interesting, on account of the extreme severity of the censure that is exercised, a really good work is a great luxury, and seldom to be met with in a Russian country-house; hence they are glad to see anybody who can give them a little news, be it ever so stale. But I must give the Russians their due: they are, from the highest to the lowest, very hospitable; a general invitation there always means, in town, that you are expected to drop in two or three times a week about dinner-time, and without being asked, take your seat at the table like one of the family. If you decline staying, they will feel quite hurt; even the very serfs will press you to remain and take dinner with the family. When you are asked to go to the country, you are never expected to give any previous notice of your intended visit, but to go at any time you feel inclined; and you are

sure to meet with a warm reception, and are expected to remain just as long as it may suit your own convenience."—*Blackwood* for September.

WAR.—"Now look aside," said Jerrold, "and contemplate God's image with a musket! What a fine looking thing is war! Yes, dress it as you may, dress it and feather it, dub it with gold, huzza it, and sing swaggering songs about it—what is it, nine cases out of ten, but murder in uniform? Cain taking the sergent's shilling! Yet, O man of war! at this very moment you are not the feathered thing you were; and this little tube, the goose-quill, has sent its silent shores into your huge anatomy; and the corroding iron, even while you look at it, and think it shines so brightly, is eating with a tooth of iron into your sword."

A HOME.—If we were to tell numbers of our friends that they don't know what a "home" is, they would grow somewhat indignant—perhaps use hard words. And yet it may be remarked that the number of persons who know what a genuine home is, by experience, is surprisingly few. One man in good circumstances will tell us that he has a fine house of his own, in which every comfort and convenience are provided. He has a wife and children there also, and they give life to the place. Very true. But does he prefer that home, thus furnished and enlivened to every other place in the world? Does he sigh when the hour for leaving comes, and smile when he is permitted to return? Does he love to sit by the cheerful fire and fondle the children, entering into all their little disputes with a curious interest? Does he take particular note of the birds in the cage, and the cat near the fire? If not, he has no home, in the dearest sense of the word. If his mind is altogether absorbed in the dusty ways of business—if he hurries from the house in the morning, and is loth to return at night—if, while he is at home, he continues to think of the journal and the ledger and repulse the advance of the prattling children, he has no home; he only has a place where he lodges and takes his meals.

Ah! happy is he who knows and appreciates the full bliss of home; whose heart is warmed and harmonized by its cheerful influence, and who feels how superior in purity of pleasure are all its enjoyments to the turmoil-delight of out door life.

Thrice happy is such a man. He has discovered the only paradise this world can afford. It is only such a man who can have a deep and sincere pity for the unfortunate creatures, who are hopeless. He regards them as being cut off from the best influence of the earth, and exposed to the action of all the darker waves of life. He feels keenly for him who has no fire-side—no dear ones to welcome him with smiles, and prattle over the history of the day—no tongue to sooth him when heavy cares have troubled the mind and rendered his heart sore; a man is now slow to overthrow in acts of benevolence. A good home is the source of the fountain of charity in the heart.

Our advice to those who have no homes, such as we have described above is, to get them as soon as possible. They can never be contented and substantial citizens, nor thoroughly happy men, until they follow this counsel. Get homes. Fill them with the objects of love and endearment, and seek there for the pure delights which the world besides cannot afford.

WHAT A LOVE FOR NATURAL HISTORY CAN DO.—I may seem to exaggerate the advantages of such studies; but the question after all is one of experience; and I have had experience enough and to spare that what I say is true. I have seen the young man of fierce passions and uncontrollable daring expend healthily that energy which threatened daily to plunge him into recklessness, if not into sin, upon hunting out and collecting, through rock and bog, snow and tempest, every bird and egg of the neighbouring forest. I have seen the cultivated man, craving for travel and for success in life, pent up in the drudgery of London work, and yet keeping his spirit calm, and perhaps his morals all the more righteous, by spending, over his microscope, evenings which would probably have gradually been wasted at the theatre. I have seen the young London beauty, amid all the excitement and temptation of luxury and flattery, with her heart pure, and her mind occupied in a bound full of shells and fossils, flowers and seaweeds, and keeping herself unspotted from the world, by considering the lilies of the field, how they grow. And therefore it is that I hail with thankfulness every fresh book of natural history, as a fresh boon to the young, and a fresh help to those who have to educate them.

A RECEIPT FOR HAPPINESS.—When you rise in the morning form a resolution to make the day a happy one to a fellow-creature. It is easily done; trifles in themselves light as air will do it, at least for the twenty-four hours. By the most simple arithmetical sum, look at the result: you send one person, only one, happily through the day; that is three hundred and sixty-five in the course of the year; and supposing you live forty years only after you commence that course of medicine, you have made 14,600 human beings happy, at all events for a time. Now, worthy reader, is this not simple? It is too short for a sermon, too homely for ethics, and too easily accomplished for you to say, "I would if I could."—*Sydney Smith*.

THE CREDIT SYSTEM IN REFERENCE TO NEWSPAPERS.—In no department of human industry is credit so universal, so unreasonable, so unjust and oppressive, as in connexion with the publication of newspapers. No farmer, mechanic, manufacturer, or merchant, would for a moment think of giving credit on their productions or goods as Printers are generally required or expected to do. Were either of the former to be urged to credit entire strangers scattered over a surface of many hundred miles, varying from \$2 to \$20 for one or five years, and then to send collectors to traverse the whole country to collect the outstanding debts, at a cost of at least twenty, or twenty-five per cent., they would suppose the person who made the suggestion was a fool, or that he supposed they were insane. Yet such is the position of the Newspaper Proprietor, and this is not the exception but the rule! His business is principally of this kind—advance payments being the exception. The losses not only incident to the collection of debts but by deaths, removals, failures and dishonesty, are necessarily great, and all have a tendency to cripple and destroy the Press—more particularly that which is really free and independent—the Press that does not depend upon sectarian support, but which relies upon the support of the friends of liberty and truth among all parties. The Newspaper Credit System is as irrational as it is unjust. There can be no security for a free and independent Press without free and independent pecuniary support, nor can any one, in this period of prosperity and cheap journals, assign any good reason for not paying their Newspaper always in advance. The wages of a common labourer, for one or two days, will pay his paper for the year—why, then, should substantial farmers, merchants and mechanics neglect a duty so obvious and important? The payment of \$2 each by 5,000 subscribers, can give inconvenience to no one; but the want of \$10,000 by the Proprietor of a newspaper, whose workmen's wages, paper, &c., make a constant drain upon his means, is a serious, if not a ruinous inconvenience. Any paper of established character deemed worthy of support should invariably be paid for in advance; and we hope the day is not remote when every newspaper of any standing will refuse to issue a single number to subscribers unless pre-paid.

A TOAST BY A PRINTER.—At the Franklin Festival, recently held in Lowell, the following sentiment was proposed, and most heartily responded to by the company:—"The Printer—the master of all Trades. He beats the farmer with his Hoe;

the carpenter with his rule, and the mason in setting up tall columns; he surpasses the lawyer and doctor in attending to his case, and beats the parson in the management of the Devil."

LAW AND JUSTICE.—Nelson, before going into action, used to tell his captains that, as amid the smoke of the war there was great liability to mistake, and it was almost impossible to see the signals, he would give them one universal order for their guidance, to which all lesser ones were to be subjected; that is, the captain who laid himself close alongside the enemy's ship, and took it, was always obeying orders.

MEAN HEIGHT OF THE ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC OCEAN.—The *Panama Star* says:—On the authority of Col. Lloyd and Capt. Falmer, who, in 1827, by order of Bolivar, made a series of levels from Panama to Chagres, it has been very generally believed that there existed a difference of mean level between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, and many ingenious theories have been devised to account for this (supposed) fact, and elaborate deductions in favour and against the practicability of a ship canal have been drawn therefrom. The difference of the mean height of the two oceans were stated to be 3-52 feet—the Pacific Panama, being that much higher than the Atlantic, at Chagres. It has been lately decided by Col. Totten, after a series of careful tidal observations taken here, and in Aspinwall (Navy Bay), and connected by accurate levels along the line of railroad, that the mean height of the two oceans is exactly the same, although, owing to the difference in the rise of tide at both places, there are of course times when one of the oceans is higher or lower than the other, but the mean level, that is to say, their height at half-tide, is now proven to be exactly the same. There is no doubt that Colonel Lloyd's error arose from imperfection in his instruments, and the difficulty he labored under in taking a large number of observations, in which mistakes are peculiarly liable to occur.

TIME OF INVENTIONS.

Glass windows were first used in	1189
Chimneys in houses,	1246
Lead pipes for conveying water,	1225
Tallow candles for lights,	1290
Spectacles invented by an Italian,	1290
Paper first made from linen,	1302
Woolen cloth first made in England,	1331
Art of painting in oil colors,	1410
Printing invented,	1447
Watches made in Germany,	1470
Variation of the compass noticed,	1543
Pins used in England,	1510
Circulation of human blood discovered by Harvey,	1619
First newspaper published,	1630
First steam engine invented,	1649
First cotton planted in the U. S.,	1763
Steam engine improved by Watt,	1767
Steam cotton mill erected,	1785
Stereotype printing, in Scotland,	1785
Animal magnetism, by Mesmer,	1785
First Sabbath School in England,	1789
Electro magnetic telegraph, Morse,	1832
Dangerous process invented,	1839

DEATH AND ROMANCE.—The Coroner held an inquest yesterday on the body of Joseph Hill, whose death by suicide we mentioned yesterday morning. On the inquest some interesting facts were developed which we were unacquainted with previously, and which lend a most romantic interest to the affair. Early in June last, Mr. Hill's wife died in childbed, and the mother and child were buried in a lot in the German Protestant graveyard. Daily since then he has visited the grave, often spending hours there. He had enclosed the lot with a fence and profusely ornamented it with flowers. On Saturday morning he visited it for the last time, and after tracing on the tombstone an inscription with a pencil, laid down upon the grave and blew his brains out with a pistol. The inscription was in German, of which the following is a translation:—

"How soon are the ties of love rent asunder?
"Dearest, how fondly have I loved thee!
"I lost my all—you may know now that I love her still.
"My heart is too sad—therefore, oh! death! fulfil my fate,
and soon unite me to her, and to love's eternal rest.
"I depart from the sweet habit of existence.
"It is at the grave alone man learns the true value of love."
—*St. Louis Democrat*.

THE GLASS AND THE MAINE LAW.—Quaker young ladies in the Maine Law States, it is said, still continue to kiss the lips of the young temperance men to see if they have been tampering with liquor. Just imagine a beautiful young girl approaching you, young temperance man, with all the dignity of an executive officer, and the innocence of a dove, with the charge:—"Mr. —, the ladies believe you are in the habit of tampering with liquor, and they have appointed me to examine you according to our established rules—are you willing?" You nod acquiescence. She gently steps close to you, lays her soft white arm around your neck, dashes back her raven curls, raises her sylph-like form upon her tip-toes, her round snowy, heaving bosom against your own, and with her angelic features, lit up with a smile as sweet as heaven, places her rich, rosy, pouty, sweet, sugar, molasses, butter, eggs, strawberry, honeysuckle, lily, baby-jumper, rosebud, cream, tart, apple-pie, peach-pudding, apple-dumpling, ginger bread, nectar lips against yours, and—(Oh! Jerusalem! hold us!) bussess you, by crackey!! Hurrah for the gals and the Maine Law, and death to all opposition—*American paper*.

A SAVAGE.—A man was taken before the magistrates, at Saiford, for a brutal assault. It came out in evidence that he had thrown down another man, and whilst both were on the ground he had worried his antagonist much as a dog would have done, biting a piece from his cheek.

CHINESE BARBERS.—The barbers in towns of China go about ringing bells to get customers. They carry with them a stool, a basin, a towel, and a pot containing fire. When any person calls them, they run to him, and planting their stool in a convenient place in the street, shave the head, clean the ears, dress the eyebrows, and brush the shoulders; all for the value of little more than a halfpenny. They then ring the bell again, and start in pursuit of another customer. What would our English barbers say to this custom?

McNutt and Brown running opposite ways round a corner, struck each other. "Oh, dear," said McNutt, "how you made my head ring!" "That's a sign it's hollow," said Brown. "Don't yours ring?" said McNutt. "No." "That's a sign it's cracked."

A good anecdote is current about the first interview between the two allies at Windsor. When the French party had retired to their apartments, Empress Eugenia remarked that the queen, making every allowance for the Guelph features, was not at all handsome; but Napoleon replied sternly, "She has seven children." At the same time Prince Albert expressed his admiration of Eugenia's beauty to the queen, and Victoria turned proudly round, saying, "She has no children!"