

The Examiner.

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, NOVEMBER 12, 1855.

No. 18.

Poetry.

AUTUMN.

BY KEATS.

Season of mist and yellow fruitfulness,
Close bosom friend of the maturing sun;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatched eaves run;
To bend with apples the mossed cottage trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
With a sweet kernel; to set budding now,
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease,
For summer has o'er-brimmed their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
Or in a half-reaped furrow sound asleep,
Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
Sparcs the next swath and all its twined flowers;
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook;
Or by a cider press, with patient look,
Thou watchest the last oozings hours by hours.

Where are the songs of spring? Aye, where are they?
Think not of them—thou hast thy music, too,
While barred clouds bloom the soft dying day,
And touch thy stables-plains with rosy hue;
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
Among the river shallows, borne aloft,
Or singing as the light wind lives or dies;
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourns;
Hedge crickets sing; and now with treble soft
The red-breast whistles from a garden-croft,
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

Miscellaneous.

A LAUGHABLE STORY.

There lived in Macon a dignified individual whom we will call Jenks. This individual had a pretty favorable opinion of his personal appearance. His fingers were hooped with rings, and his shirt-bosom was decked with a magnificent breast-pin; coat, hat, vest and boots were made exactly to fit; he wore kid gloves of remarkable whiteness; his hair was oiled and dressed in the latest and best style; and to complete his killing appearance, he sported an enormous pair of red whiskers! Of these whiskers Jenks was as proud as a young cat is of her tail when she first discovers that she has one.

I was sitting one day in a broker's office, when Jenks came in to inquire the price of exchange on New York. He was invited to sit down, and a cigar was offered him. Conversation turned on the subject of buying and selling stocks when a remark was made by a gentleman present that he thought, no person should sell out his stock in such and such a bank at that time, as it must get better in a few days.

"I will sell any thing I've got, if I can make any thing on it," replied Jenks.

"Oh, no," replied one, "not any thing; you would not sell your whiskers!"

A loud laugh followed this chance remark; "I would, but who would want them? Any person making the purchase would lose money by the operation, I'm thinking."

"Well," I observed, "I would be willing to take the speculation, if the price could be made reasonable."

"Oh! I'll sell 'em cheap," answered Jenks, winking at the gentlemen present.

"What do you call cheap?" I inquired.

"I'll sell 'em for fifty dollars," Jenks answered, puffing forth a cloud of smoke across the counter, and repeating the wink.

"Well, that is cheap; and you'll sell your whiskers for fifty dollars?"

"I will."

"Both of them?"

"Both of them."

"I'll take them! When can I have them?"

"Any time you choose to call for them."

"Very well—they're mine. I think I shall double my money on them at least."

I took a bill of sale as follows:

RECEIVED of Sol Smith Fifty Dollars, in full for my crop of whiskers, to be worn and taken care of by me, and delivered to him when called for.

J. Jenks.

The sum of fifty dollars was paid, and Jenks left the broker's office in high glee, flourishing five Central Bank Ns, and telling all his acquaintance of the great bargain he had made in the sale of his whiskers.

The broker and his friends laughed at me for being taken in so nicely.

"Never mind," said I, "let those laugh who win; I'll make a profit out of those whiskers, depend on it."

For a week after this, whenever I met Jenks he asked me when I intended to call for my whiskers.

"I'll let you know when I want them," was always my answer. "Take good care of them, oil them occasionally; I shall call for them one of these days."

A splendid ball was to be given. I ascertained that Jenks was to be one of the managers—he being a great ladies' man, (on account of his whiskers, I suppose) and it occurred to me that before the ball took place, I might as well call for my whiskers.

One morning, I met Jenks in a barber's shop. He was adorning before a large mirror, and combing up my whiskers at a great rate.

"Ah! there you are, old fellow," said he, speaking to my reflection through the glass. "Come for your whiskers, I suppose?"

"Oh! no hurry," I replied, as I sat down for a shave.

"Always ready, you know," he answered, giving a final tie to his cravat.

"Come to think of it," I said, musingly, as the barber began to put the lather on my face, perhaps now would be as good a time as another; you may sit down and let the barber try his hand at the whiskers."

"You couldn't wait until to-morrow, could you?" he asked, hesitatingly. "There's to be a ball to-night, you know."

"To be sure there is, and I think you ought to go with a clean face; at all events, I don't see any reason why you should expect to wear my whiskers to that ball; so sit down."

He rather sulkily obeyed, and in a few moments his cheeks were in a perfect foam of lather. The barber flourished his

razor, and was about to commence operations, when I suddenly changed my mind.

"Stop, Mr. Barber," I said, "you needn't shave off those whiskers just yet." So he quietly put up his razor, while Jenks started up from the chair in something very much resembling a passion:

"This is trifling!" he exclaimed. "You have claimed your whiskers—take them."

"I believe a man has a right to do as he pleases with his own property," I remarked, and left Jenks washing his face.

At dinner that day, the conversation turned upon the whisker affair. It seems the whole town had got wind of it, and Jenks could not walk the streets without the remark being made by boys, "There goes the man with old Sol's whiskers!" And they had grown to an immense size, for he dared not trim them. In short, I became convinced that Jenks was waiting very impatiently for me to assert my rights to the property. It happened that several of the party were sitting opposite me at dinner, who were present when the singular bargain was made, and they all urged me to take the whiskers that very day and thus compel him to go to the ball whiskerless, or stay at home. I agreed with them that it was about time to reap my crop, and promised that if they would all meet me at the broker's shop where the purchase had been made, I would make a call on Jenks that evening, after he had dressed for the ball. All promised to be present at the proposed shaving operation, in the broker's office, and I sent for Jenks and the barber. On the appearance of Jenks it was evident he was much vexed at the sudden call upon him, and his vocation was certainly not lessened when he saw the broker's office was filled to overflowing by spectators anxious to behold the barbarous proceeding.

"Come, be in a hurry," he said, as he took a seat and leaned his head against the counter for support. "I can't stay here long, several ladies are waiting for me to escort them to the ball."

"True, very true—you are one of the managers, I recollect. Mr. Barber, don't detain the gentleman; go to work at once."

The lathering was soon over, and with about three strokes of the razor, one side of his face was entirely deprived of its ornament.

"Come, come," said Jenks, "push ahead; let the gentleman have his whiskers; he is impatient."

"Not at all," I replied coolly, "I'm in no sort of a hurry, myself; and now I think of it, as your time must be precious at this particular time, several ladies being in waiting for you to escort them to the ball, I believe I'll not take the other whisker to-night."

A loud laugh from the by-standers, and a glance in the mirror, caused Jenks to open his eyes to the ludicrous appearance he cut with a single whisker, and he began to insist upon my taking the whole of my property! But all wouldn't do. I had a right to take it when I chose; I was not obliged to take it all at once; and I chose to take but half at that particular period; indeed I intimated to him very plainly that I was not going to be a very hard creditor; and that if he "behaved himself," perhaps I should never call for the balance of what he owed me!

When Jenks became convinced I was determined not to take the remaining whisker, he began, amid the loudly-expressed mirth of the crowd, to propose terms of compromise—first offering me ten dollars, then twenty, thirty, forty—fifty! to take off the remaining whisker. I said finally, "My dear Sir, there is no use talking; I insist on your wearing that whisker for me a month or two."

"What will you take for the whiskers?" he at length asked. "Won't you sell them back to me?"

"Ah!" replied I, "now you begin to talk as a business man should. Yes, I bought them on speculation; I'll sell them if I can obtain a good price?"

"What is your price?"

"One hundred dollars! must double my money!"

"Nothing less?"

"Not a farthing less; and I'm not anxious to sell even at that price."

"Well, I'll take them," he groaned, "there's your money, and here barber, shave off this infernal whisker in less than no time; I shall be late for the ball."—Knickerbocker.

A YEAR'S EVENTS IN THE CRIMEA.

1854.

SEPTEMBER.

14.—The allied army, 70,000 men, consisting of English, French and Turkish troops, landed at Eupatoria, in the Crimea. It was conveyed in one hundred vessels and escorted by the entire allied fleet of war ships then in the Black Sea. Twelve thousand men were left at Baltschik, (Turkey), with an immense force of artillery.

20.—Battle of the Alma. In this engagement the English brought into action 20,000 men; the French 25,000; the Turks (as estimated by readers and the hints of civilized general officers), 8,000. The Russians had 38,000 men in a good position on the heights across the river, which were stormed and turned by the allies. As a result, the generals stated that the English had 310 killed, 1,818 wounded; the French 318 killed, 1,033 wounded; the Russians 2,480 killed and 4,680 wounded; and the Turks (no official reports regarding their losses), 256 killed and 123 wounded. The lists returned as "wounded" contain all who were lost by accident or in crossing the river, or just after the battle. Amongst the English dead were 96 officers, 114 sergeants and 24 drummers. The French loss in officers was reported as about the same with that of the English. The Turkish loss is not estimated, as the English or French officers did not allude to it, and the Sultan has never made a return, in any way known to Christian readers, in public.

23.—A powder magazine belonging to the Russian army exploded at Perekop, and 430 men were killed.

26.—Marshal Saint Arnaud resigned the chief command of the French army, and left for Constantinople. He was then in bad health, and died a few days after.

OCTOBER.

12.—From the 5th to this day the Russian garrison at Sebastopol had, by bombardment, 120 men killed and 480 wounded. Admiral Korniloff was among the killed.

17.—Renewed bombardment. The allies fired by sea and land on Sebastopol, when the English had 44 men killed and 256 wounded, and the French 30 killed and 186 wounded, on their ships by the Russian fire from the batteries. Russian loss not known—supposed to be trifling.

23.—The Russian garrison in Sebastopol sallied forth and captured a French battery. The French had 64 men killed, and the Russians 20. During the sortie the English had 4 men wounded, the French 76, and Russians 57. Lord Duncannon was taken prisoner.

18.—Two hundred and thirty French killed by the explosion of a siege battery. Four hundred and sixty-five Russians killed by an explosion in the Redan.

25.—Battle of Bala Clava. There were engaged 30,000 Russians, 3,000 English, 4,000 French, and a little more than that number of Turks. The Russians had 1,730 killed, the English 1,100, the French 230, and the Turks about 980. The wounded were not counted by any party. The English Light Cavalry, "the Light Brigade," were nearly annihilated in their charge. Their horses are included among their "killed."

26.—The Russians made a sortie towards Bala Clava from Sebastopol. They numbered 8,000. They had 675 killed. The allied loss was between two and three hundred.

NOVEMBER.

5.—Battle of Inkermann. Here the Russians had from 40,000 to 50,000 men; the English 8,000; and the French 6,480. The English had 462 killed and 2,143 wounded; the French 389 killed and 1,337 wounded; and the Russians 3,014 killed and 3,606 wounded. One hundred and five officers were killed.

6.—A Turkish troop-ship lost in the Black Sea and 701 men drowned.

14.—A terrific storm occurred in the Black Sea. The English lost five war-ships, including "the Prince" and thirty-five merchantmen. About 7,100 lives were lost, and twenty-three other trading vessels were much damaged.

19.—Four hundred of the English and French lost by a second storm in the Black Sea.

25.—Russian sortie from Sebastopol. Forty-three English, 27 French, and two hundred and forty-five Russians killed; wounded not enumerated. The English took nine Russian guns.

28.—Seven hundred Russian powder waggons lost in a snow storm near Perekop, with 7,000 men.

19.—For eleven nights (up to December 13) from this date, the Russians made sorties from Sebastopol on the French trenches. Each night the French lost (in killed) about forty men and the Russians seventy. The French would have thus lost 440 and the Russians 770. No returns of the wounded.

Cholera and fever raged in the allied lines. The commandants estimated their losses from those diseases alone at the rate of fifty men a-day; from November 15th to December 28th, thus running a dead list 4,680.

From November 10th to December 1st, 1,020 Turks had died of disease, and 225 from the effects of wounds. Total Turkish died 1,275.

DECEMBER.

12.—One thousand one hundred sick men of the allied army removed from the trenches and camps to Bala Clava. One hundred English soldiers—Foot Guards and Regiments—died of wounds and diseases.

16.—From this night to 18th, Russians made eight sorties and had 897 men killed, the allies lost 608.

22.—The French had 3,794 sick in the hospital of Constantinople, of whom 1,387 were dangerously wounded.

24.—Four hundred and fifty-six Russians drowned in the Sea of Azoff by the loss of five war-ships.

31.—The Russians had lost 3,090 men in and around Sebastopol in ten days.

1855.

JANUARY.

7.—The English had 4,387 men in the hospitals at Scutari, dying at an average of sixty per day. The Turkish army was being cut off at the rate of forty men a-day.

11.—Forty Russians and seven French killed in a sortie.

13.—Seventy-four Russians, forty-eight English, and twenty-six French killed in a sortie.

15.—Allies lost 101 in a sortie, and the Russians 210.

20.—Russians and French lost 49 men in a sortie.

23.—One hundred and seventy-six French, and fifty-nine killed and wounded in a sortie.

31.—One hundred and eighty-five French killed, and 115 wounded in a sortie. Russian loss not stated.

From 28th December, 1854, to 27th of January, the Russians said they had lost:—

Killed or disease of wounds, 7,301

Died of which, or accident, 4,919

Total, 11,320

Of others wounded and prisoners they had also, 15,443—Total, others of combat, 26,762.

FEBRUARY.

The English army in the Crimea had dwindled down to 12,000 men. The Russian army in the Dobrudsha was being swept off at the rate of fifty men a-day by fever and cholera.

The Turks in the Crimea were dying in large numbers, but no returns were made.

13.—Thirty-five Russians killed in a sortie, and 5 French.

17.—Battle of Eupatoria. The Russians had 20,000 infantry and 6,000 cavalry. The Turks and British fleet defended the place. Russian loss 260 killed and 1,140 wounded. The Turks had 150 killed, but wounded not stated. British loss none.

MARCH.

1.—Allied fire re-opened on Sebastopol.

12.—The Russians fired from the heights of Bala Clava on the allies.

14.—The Turkish cavalry made an advance from Eupatoria, but was repulsed by the Russians, and lost 35 men.

17.—The Russians routed an advance of the Turkish infantry from Eupatoria, and killed 60 men; Russian loss 14 killed.

The French attacked the Russian redoubts, before Sebastopol, but were repulsed, losing 160 men.

22.—Russian sortie from Sebastopol. They had 498 killed and 1,000 wounded. English and French loss reported as only "slight."

23.—Tremendous sortie of the Russians. They had 760 killed and a large number wounded. French had 350 killed, including two officers, and the English 430 killed, including four officers.

APRIL.

9.—Three hundred and forty allied guns opened fire on Sebastopol.

13.—Severe sortie engagement. Loss on all sides 1,000 killed and 2,380 wounded.

24.—Loss of a Sardinian Frigate with eight men.

MAY.

1.—The French took the Russian rifle pits. French loss 380 killed, and had (about) 600 wounded. Russians killed, 468, and wounded (supposed) 2,000.

2.—Allied advance upon Russian works of counterapproach. Severe engagement, but losses not reported.

3.—Russians attempted to retake their works, but were repulsed with "great loss."

10.—Two severe Russian sorties on the right line of the allied attack, were repulsed with "great loss on all sides."

11.—Another desperate sortie by the Russians.

12.—Sortie on the British right line. Over one hundred English killed. Russian loss much greater.

19.—The English, French, Turks and Sardinians had 220,000 men operating in the Crimea.

23.—The French carried on a severe fight with nearly the entire garrison of Sebastopol, who were defending a place *des armes* near the Quarantine Bastion. The French took part. The battle lasted all night, but the losses were not given.

24.—The French carried the remaining portion of the works. The Russians had 2,500 men *hors de combat*, and the French (17 battalions), nearly as many.

The allied squadron entered the Straits of Kerch and commenced the destruction of all the houses, food supplies, public buildings, &c., near which the ships could reach.

28.—Up to this day the allies in the Sea of Azoff had committed great ravages.

JUNE.

5.—Seven English sailors killed by the Russians at Hango.

6.—Another bombardment of Sebastopol. The French made a fierce attack on the Mamelon.

7.—Capture of the Mamelon and White Towers, after a dreadful fight. Russian loss 4,360; French 4,000 men *hors de combat*; English 150 men and 11 officers killed, 510 wounded and 15 missing.

14.—The allies, in the Sea of Azoff, had taken Kerch, Arabat, Anapa, Genitchi, Barliansk, Mariopol and Taganrog. Most of them were burned, the inhabitants plundered and the country devastated.

18.—Assault on the Mamelon and Redan by the French and English. They were repulsed. French loss, 37 officers killed, 19 desperately wounded and 17 prisoners; 1,544 men killed and missing, and 1,644 gone to ambulances. English officers killed, 19; wounded 74; men killed and wounded, 1,589. Russians lost—killed, 2 general officers and 78 men, and 4,194 wounded.

JULY.

10.—Fourth bombardment of Sebastopol.

14.—Russian sortie on the French.

16.—Another sortie. Estimated losses of these operations, —Allies, 2,000 killed and wounded; Russians, 5,000.

AUGUST.

11.—Bombardment of Sweaborg, 45 Russians killed and 260 wounded.

16.—Battle of Traktir-Bridge. French loss—9 officers and 318 men killed; 8 officers and 1,163 wounded. Russians—3 generals and about 3,000 men killed, with over 5,000 wounded. English loss, none. Sardinian loss, 500 men *hors de combat*.

17.—Sebastopol again bombarded.

SEPTEMBER.

Grand closing scenes of the terrific drama. Fall of Sebastopol. See details in the news by the steamers.

WHAT A LAWYER SHOULD BE.—It is the observation of the greatest master of civil and political wisdom, as well as of eloquence, that modern times have produced, I need not mention his name, for both his name and the observation that I am about to quote, are probably familiar to all who hear me; it is his observation that although the study of the law tends more than that of any other science, or indeed than that of all sciences, to quicken and invigorate the intellect, it does not tend to open and liberate the mind, exactly in the same proportion. There is reserve and courtesy in the form of expression, but the meaning evidently is, that the tendency of the law is to narrow the intellect which it sharpens, and even when thus explained, the truth of the observation, I fear, is not to be denied; but it is only true when the study of the law is exclusively pursued. Unfortunately there is a saying, which has been current in our profession, for a century or two past, which with many has the authority of a maxim, that the law is a jealous mistress and demands an absolute and entire devotion; in plain words, that in order to become a lawyer, all other tastes, pursuits and studies, must be wholly abandoned. It is a false and somewhat worse than foolish maxim, and when it is adopted and acted upon, when the studies of those who seek to become lawyers, are thus limited and exclusive, narrowness of mind, illiberality, prejudices, bigotry, are the inevitable consequences. How then are these consequences to be prevented? how is this unfortunate tendency of the study to be met and counteracted? how are the minds of lawyers to be redeemed from that superstitious attachment to rules and forms, which they are taught to idolize, as containing in themselves the perfection of human reason? I reply that there is but one remedy; I reply that it is only by the earnest, thoughtful and effectual study of that literature of power, that the minds of lawyers can be raised to the level of their duties, to the level of those high functions, which, in this country, they are so generally called on to discharge. It is thus, and thus only, that advocates and counsel will or can become jurists, legislators or statesmen, not in name merely, but in reality and truth. It is not indeed necessary that lawyers should be chemists or geologists, or mathematicians or astronomers; but it is necessary that they should be deeply versed in history, and in the lessons which it teaches, that they should be fully instructed in moral and intellectual philosophy, that they should master the truths which political economy, in modern times, has discovered and established; that they should be thoroughly acquainted with the laws of revenue, currency and commerce; that they should understand the true principles of government, and have studied politics, not as a trade, but as a science. These are the studies that can alone emancipate the minds of lawyers from the narrow prejudices which the exclusive study of the law is sure to generate. These are the studies that can alone endow them with a capacity for these large and comprehensive views of human affairs, of the exigencies and promoting those interests, which, as jurists, legislators and statesmen, they ought to possess. These are the studies which can alone prepare and fit them to understand and deal with, and aid in solving those social problems which are daily acquiring a more pressing and fearful importance, and which in our own country, at this time, threaten the perpetuity of our union, and the peace and happiness of the nation.

A letter from the Crimea tells the following tale:—

"Vultures are very numerous in the Crimea. They smell the powder and await the coming of the fight to throw themselves on their victims. After one of the recent combats an English officer was found on the battle field, who had just expired, pressing in both arms one of these birds of prey, dead, like himself, and which he had crushed in a last effort of agony."

VALUE OF EDITORIAL TIME IN SYDNEY.—The author of an article in a late number of *Chambers' Journal*, descriptive of life in Australia, thus describes his visit to an editor in Sydney:—At my first call, I came to the palace-like house, the ground floor occupied by the printing office. On the first floor, among other advertisements, I found a tablet, informing visitors, that the editor cannot be spoken with unless paid for his valuable time; accordingly everybody without exception is advised to buy a ticket of admission at the door of the waiting room—one hour costing 10s.; half-an-hour 6s.; fifteen minutes 3s. Such were the contents of this singular price current of time.

General Osten-Sacken, whose military career extends over 48 years who has assisted at more than 100 battles and combats, in which he has usually been found in the first ranks, has never received even the slightest wound.

A lawyer in Ferrara recently died, making his own soul heir to his whole estate, 6,000,000 francs, which were to be expended in masses for its repose!

The value of foreign goods imported into the port of Boston during the week ending 10th inst. amounted to \$702,410. The total value of importations for the quarter ending September 30th, was \$10,542,527.

Official returns show that up to September, 208,000 Officers, Non-Commissioned Officers and Privates, with 38,000 horses, have been embarked at Marseilles and at Toulon for the East, since the commencement of the war.