

THE EXAMINER.

VOL. 4.

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, THURSDAY, MARCH 20, 1879.

NO. 54.

THE DAILY EXAMINER

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W. L. COTTON, J. W. MITCHELL,
Manager. Office Sup't.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND RAILWAY.

TIME TABLE NO. 11.

Winter Arrangement.

ON AND AFTER

MONDAY, DECEMBER 30th, 1878.

Trains Going West.

STATIONS.	No. 1. Express.	No. 3 Mixed.
Georgetown	Dp 8.10 am	
Cardigan	" 8.35 "	
M. Stewart Jun	ar 9.55 "	
Royalty Jun.	dp 10.05 "	
Ch'town	" 11.20 "	
Royalty Jun.	dp 8.00 am	Dp 3.30 pm
N. Wiltshire	" 8.20 "	" 3.50 "
Hunter River	" 9.12 "	" 4.45 "
Breadalbane	" 9.30 "	" 5.03 "
County Line	" 10.08 "	" 5.41 "
Kensington	" 10.18 "	" 5.51 "
Summerside	" 11.00 "	" 6.30 "
Wellington	ar 11.30 "	ar 7.00 "
Port Hill	dp 2.40 pm	
O'Leary	" 3.32 "	
Alberton	" 4.16 "	
Tignish	" 5.33 "	

Trains Going East.

STATIONS.	No. 2 Express.	No. 4 Mixed.
Tignish	Dp 7.00 am	
Alberton	" 7.45 "	
O'Leary	" 8.47 "	
Port Hill	" 10.05 "	
Wellington	" 10.48 "	
Summerside	ar 11.40 "	
Kensington	dp 2.30 pm	Dp 8.45 am
County Line	" 3.00 "	" 9.15 "
Breadalbane	" 3.40 "	" 9.57 "
Hunter River	" 3.50 "	" 10.08 "
N. Wiltshire	" 4.28 "	" 10.47 "
Royalty Jun.	" 4.45 "	" 11.02 "
Ch'town	" 5.40 "	" 11.55 "
Royalty Jun.	ar 6.00 "	ar 12.15 pm
Mt. Stewart	dp 2.55 "	
Cardigan	" 3.15 "	
Georgetown	ar 4.30 "	
	dp 4.40 "	
	ar 6.00 "	
	ar 6.25 "	

SOURIS BRANCH.

Going West. Going East.

STATIONS.	No. 5 Mixed.	No. 6 Mixed.
Souris	A. M. Dp 7.00	P. M. Dp 4.40
Harmony	" 7.23	" 5.22
St. Peters	" 8.42	" 5.54
Morell	" 9.13	" 7.12
Mt S'tw't. Jnc.	ar 9.55	ar 7.35

C. J. BRYDGES, WM. McKECHNIE,
Gen. Sup. Gov. Railways Supt. P. E. I. R.
Ch'town, Dec. 27, 1878.
p ne ar h pres kea sp sj ap 6i

MAIL NOTICE.

MAILS to be forwarded via Cape Traverse will be closed at this office daily—Sundays excepted—at 8 o'clock p. m.

The mail for Great Britain, by Canadian Packet sailing from Halifax on Saturdays, will be closed here on Wednesdays at 8 o'clock, p. m.

The mail for Great Britain via New York will be closed on Thursdays at 8 o'clock, p. m. Mails for all places West of Charlottetown receiving Mails by Railway Train or Postal Car, will be closed daily at 7 o'clock a. m.

Mails for Georgetown and Souris East, also for all places on the route to those points, will be closed daily at 2 o'clock, p. m.

Post Office open from 8 a. m., till 8 p. m.
A. A. MACDONALD, Postmaster.

Post Office, Charlottetown,
20th Feb., 1879.

DR. CREAMER,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Kent Street, Charlottetown,
(Three doors from Dr. Johnson's).
ENTRANCE BY SIDE DOOR.
Oct. 15-3m



Examiner Office!

1879.

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Persons having relatives or friends abroad cannot do better than send them THE WEEKLY EXAMINER.

A few Advertisements only, received

J. W. MITCHELL, W. L. COTTON,
Office Sup't. Manager.

MR. BYRNES ADDRESS,
Delivered at the Concert Given by
the Benevolent Irish Society,
in Aid of the Poor, on St.
Patrick's Night.

I am requested by our esteemed President and the Committee of Management to address you this evening. I regret that they had not chosen an abler mind and a more gifted tongue for this important duty. But if I fail in doing justice to the theme that I have chosen, it will be but one more misery added to Ireland's already too lengthy catalogue.

LOVE OF COUNTRY.

is a desire implanted in the human heart by the hand of the creator. Even in uncivilized life the savage exhibits a veneration for the soil over which his infancy has wandered. And the recital of the deeds of his forefathers in the songs, legends and ballads of his nation will sometimes cause uncontrollable emotion. At night in the wigwam an aged chieftain telling the

DEEDS OF VALOR.

performed by some intrepid brave on the field of carnage in the day of invasion and spoil will cause the savage bosom to heave with sympathy, and kindle in the untutored soul the fire of unquenchable revenge. When the youthful Indian is told that the ancient oaks at which he was accustomed to gaze from his childhood, were once sprinkled by the blood of the illustrious warriors of his tribe; that the mountains beneath whose shadows he wooed his dusky mate were the resting places of his

FEARLESS ANCESTORS;

that the stream over which he paddles his light canoe once reflected the faces of the great men of his race, a spirit is awakened which nothing can destroy. Even in northern countries where nature exhibits her wildest and most uninteresting side, love of country is as strong as if their hills were clad with the vine, as if their forests sported in eternal green. It was

LOVE OF COUNTRY.

that caused Moses, the great Hebrew prophet and legislator—the man whom God had selected to lead his chosen people from the land of bondage—to kill an Egyptian who had smitten an Israelite. The prophet looked this way and that way; his breast filled with indignation; tears rolled down his cheeks, at the thought of the distressed condition of his countrymen. He raised his powerful arm, and the minion of Pharaoh rolled in death upon the sand. For love of country, Judas Maccabees, the soldier priest, gathered the Jewish warriors and scattered the ranks of Antiochus under the walls of the sanctuary, made desolate as a wilderness. The same spirit

FILLED THE SOUL.

of Ehud of Israel, when he smote Eglon of Moab, and then, with trumpet-call from the mountains, cried out, "Follow after, for the Lord hath delivered your enemies, the Moabites, into your hands." Jael, the wife of Heber, the Kenite, pierced the enemy of her people through the temple, and Deborah, the prophetess, sang a song of triumph over the glorious event. What spirit animated the bosoms of the gallant Spartans, defending the pass of Thermopylae? What spirit nerved the arm of the fearless Leonidas, when performing the deeds of

MILITARY PROWESS.

that remain to this day as the most exalted example of undying patriotism? Love of the land that bore them. But the most splendid instance recorded in history of a heart yearning with love for his native land, is that of the illustrious Roman General Caius Marius. He was exiled from his country. He could not return to her. One day he sat alone in the sunshine thinking of the time that the Roman people elected him to the Consulship, thinking of the time that he came home from the wars with the laurel wreath upon his brow and the trophies of his victories by his side. Whilst in this reverie, thinking of the

INGRATITUDE OF HIS COUNTRYMEN,

a messenger arrived from the Praetor commanding him to quit the Province. For a time the old man was silent. The messenger, becoming impatient, asked what reply he would make the Praetor. The old general, the man who had saved Rome, spoke and said, "Tell him that you saw Caius Marius sitting an exile among the ruins of Carthage." William Tell, wandering over his native mountains with the wrongs of his country so vividly fixed in his mind that, in the full tide of his patriotic heart, he resolved that the land should be free from end to end. Free as the eagles are—free as the breeze that fans the mountain crags. He told the tyrant of Uri that he had no respect for the cap upon the pole at Atofi, that if the arrow but touched a single hair of the head of his darling boy another would sink deep into

THE MONSTER'S HEART.

Hofer, the Tyrolean patriot, when he saw the foot of the conqueror on the neck of his country, roused the peasantry of his native land and compelled the aggressor to restore the Austrian rule under which they lived. The cold and empty teachings of philosophy assert that any nation that has lost its independence deserves to be oppressed. This is nothing but varnished sophistry. Follow the reasoning and behold the frightful conclusions to which it will lead. Poland, in her death, struggles against the

tyrant of the north, who has taken from her the Crown of Sobieski and the

BANNER OF THE CROSS.

under which were led embattled hosts against the cruel and merciless Turks, should be forever in chains. Whose heart does not swell when Poland raises her arm to strike down the oppressor and win back the ancient glories of Sarmatia? No heart but the heart of a slave can behold or think of such things without sending up a prayer to the God of battles for success upon the Polish arms. Glorious, gallant Poland, fighting for her ancient honor, fighting for that national liberty which is the birth-right of every nation, fighting for that proud position which she once held amongst the

KINGDOMS OF THE EARTH,

may the spirit of freedom rest upon her banners; may the arms of her warriors be clothed with thunder in the day of desolation and blood! What a melancholy task is his who seeks for the records of Poland on the historical tablet for the last fifty years! The nation that once carried its conquests as far as Dacia, made the Dvian tremble, and chased the flying Spahi beyond the Danube; the king who once paternally planned his country's weal; the nobles who once, at the signal of foreign invasion, appeared clad in brass and steel; the peasant, who bared his brawny breast and stood in the last ramparts of his country—where are their names recorded? "What a proud moment was that which promised to be so propitious when the hopes of the country were, after a long interval of death-like silence, awakened—but awakened to slumber again perhaps in eternal sleep.

THE GIANT WARRIOR OF CORSICA.

spread before the Poles a golden vision—the invincible Poland with the name of liberty. At the head of his myriad men of war, he said to the Polish mother: "That son who is in the cradle shall be free—Poland shall be free."

"Greece, but living Greece no more."

"roused from the lethargy of slavery to the activity of freedom, called back the spirit that slumbered at Marathon." The lovers of Grecian eloquence, learning and song wept with joy when it became known that the Greeks were determined no longer to rely upon foreign assistance, but to rouse in themselves the invincible

COURAGE OF THEIR FATHERS.

The sword of Byron leaped from the scabbard, and the author of the "Isles of Greece" placed himself at the head of a Phrygian Phalanx, composed of the countrymen of Achilles.

The student knows that no nation on the face of the globe has a grander history than Ireland. Let him go back upon the highways of the past, and he will find that, before Greece emerged from a state of barbarism, before Romulus laid the foundation of Imperial Rome, before the Saxon had ceased to paint his body and to live in the holes and caverns of the earth,

IRELAND WAS AN ENLIGHTENED AND PROSPEROUS COUNTRY.

It would be fruitless for me to attempt to give you to-night even a condensed account of her ancient greatness. Ireland is, by some, considered a nation for ever at war, or, at least, in a revolutionary condition. Those who so consider her are not accurately acquainted with her history; there was a time when Ireland had continual peace; there was a time when the sound of chains was not heard at her feet; there was a time when her own liberty-loving children could walk in the air of freedom over her own soil unhindered by the blade of the tyrant or the breast of the invader. This was in the

DAY OF HER PRIDE.

and youthful strength. This was when her kings ruled a brave, generous, noble people before the crown of the conqueror had seared her virgin brow; before her sceptre passed to the Norman or Saxon. Ireland, heroic, illustrious Ireland, how I love to talk of thy glories. There is an indescribable charm and fascination in thy very name. The mind loves to dwell upon associations that call up memories of the time when the unchained spirit of liberty produced

POETS, SAINTS, ORATORS AND WARRIORS.

The majestic sublimity of thy hoary mountains, the sylvan sanctity, secluded groves, the placid surface of thy winding rivers fill the mind with thoughts of the beautiful and the grand. The round towers, the hill of Tara, the plains of Clontarf—where Brian smote the Dane—are magnificent images of eternal grandeur and power. It was on Tara's old hill, before the hall erected for the reception of the monarchs of Erin, that St. Patrick first preached to the Irish people the doctrines of Christianity. No mailed warriors heralded his coming; no richly decorated walls awaited his presence; no soft music stole upon the breeze to invite the traveller and to proclaim that a great man was about to begin

A MIGHTY WORK.

With the odor of sanctity on his head, with the words of truth upon his lips, with that strength which is given to those who rely upon the promises of the everliving God, he preached the Gospel of the Savior and converted the monarchs of the Gem of the Sea. History tells how that faith has been preserved. The destruction of all that men hold dear, the confiscation of their property, the separation of the husband from the wife, the wife from the husband, the enactment of the penal code, the annihilation of the

ancient landmarks of history, the demolition of their

STATLEY CATHEDRALS,

could not destroy the faith of Erin received from St. Patrick. For 1,400 years that faith has remained white and uncorrupted through disaster and persecution, through the wreck of empires and the change of kingdoms. And, Oh! may it remain fair and unsullied until the cloud-capped towers and the gorgeous palaces receive the Omnipotent command that mortality is no more.

Next to the introduction of Christianity the most memorable event in Irish history is the invasion of the country by Henry II. of England. But resistance to the invader has been consistent and connected in every age. Their

FAITH IS FERVENT.

in the ultimate triumph of Ireland's rights against her oppressor. They are not disheartened because of the sad heritage of seven centuries of woe. They feel that liberty is more than seven centuries old. Imperishable, indestructible, it lives, and is a living power potent to arm a nation and to inspire the hero and the martyr to conquer and to die. This feeling, for some wise purpose, is inherent and inextinguishable in the Irish race. Creations like the mirage, reproducing the forms and outlines of things which had a being.

SHE FORGETS NOT HER WRONGS.

The manacle irritates, but does not enslave her. For each generation of Irishmen has protested, according to the fashion of the times, against the enslavers of their land. Irritation—not enslavement! Resistance and revolt follow in the regular order of cause and effect. One is crushed out in blood; its heroes, in their fall, throw dust to Heaven. From the dust sprung up their avengers. The peculiarities of the times fashion the resistance into shape. From O'Connor to Silken Thomas, from Silken Thomas to Red Hugh, from Red Hugh to Owen Roe, from Owen Roe to Sarsfield, from Sarsfield to the Volunteers, from the Volunteers to Emmett, from Emmett to O'Connell, from

FROM O'CONNELL TO THE MEN OF FORTY-EIGHT,

from the men of forty-eight to Larkin, Allen and O'Brien, the martyrs of Manchester, no gap in her history—no generation of men lived and died without furthering that connected resistance that comes hereditary to the present generation through the dreary length of seven centuries of war and turmoil. Length of years, blood, tears, defeat, could not extinguish the traditional faith in Ireland's future nationality. It is the first and earliest lesson taught the Celtic race. No change of condition effects it. In the cot of the peasant, in the hut of the pauper, in places and stations where a ray of comfort cannot penetrate, this faith is taught and nurtured, and even while I speak it has

MILLIONS OF BELIEVERS

from England to India, from Greenland to the Mississippi. In fact, wherever the Celt has a resting place this faith has a believer and a prophet. Two and a half centuries ago Montjoy, Elizabeth's Lieutenant, delivered to his Royal mistress a land of carcasses and ashes. "Ireland is now to a very certainty pacified," exclaimed Elizabeth. According to Spencer, the eagle swept fearless over her plains, the wolf howled in the streets of her deserted cities, the ravenous dogs gnawed the bones of her slain.

THE SHOUT OF TRIUMPH

ascended from the stronghold of her enemies at her fall, and great were their rejoicing. Her life was crushed out, she slept the sleep that knew no waking. So thought her enemies. So thinking, the first Charles threatened to confiscate the whole Province of Connaught. But, in his time, over forty years had passed away, and she that was thought dead lived again. From the ashes of her sons started up armed champions, men asked if the prophecy of Ezekiel was not realized. If life was not breathed into the whitened bones of her slain. Then ensued a desolating and unrelenting war for

TEN YEARS THE CONTESTED LASTED.

A period forever resplendent in Irish history by the signal victory of Beaulieu, won by that Great captain, Owen Roe O'Neill. Then Cromwell took up the gage of battle, the stearnest and most cruel of Ireland's foes. In two years he completed, as he thought, the final conquest of Ireland. To use the emphatic and popular language of the day, the Irish were all sent "to Hell or Jamaica." Her bravest were then dead at Drogheda, Wexford and Limerick. By every hill-side and in every ravine, the bones of her sons lay unburied. In the sweltering cane-brakes of Jamaica; in the Tobacco Plantations of Virginia, her living were scattered.

A NEW RACE

was planted on the soil, and henceforth Ireland was to be easily governed. In two score years after Cromwell's butcheries Ireland was again in the field erect as ever, with front unblanching, led by Sarsfield, one of her bravest sons, who performed prodigies of valor at Aughrim, and made Limerick as notable to the Celt as Thermopylae to the Greek.

WHAT MEANETH THIS?

Is it that she is fated to suffer, never to win, never to come forth with the laurel wreath of the conqueror? No! No! The earth cannot suck in the blood shed so profusely for her on a thousand battlefield; it