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EDWARD WHELAN]

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

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Literature.

(FOR THE EXAMINER.)

SONG.—OF THEE.

(ORIGINAL.)

When lovely Morn with smiles
Bids slumbering Nature rise,
And red-eyed Sol adorns
Again the eastern skies,
I wander thro' the lonely forest green,
And muse, while gazing on each varied scene,
Of thee.

When languor crowns the day,
And droop the flowers fair,
And leaves seem hur'd alone
Upon the breathless air,
I sit beneath our oft-frequented bowers,
And think, while looking on each drooping flower,
Of thee.

At twilight's dewy hour,
When balmy breezes sigh,
And evening shadows flit
Across the summer sky,
I leave the heartless world, and seek the grove
That shades thy lifeless form, and speaks of love
Of thee.

When Spring returns with flowers
To deck the withered tree—
To dress in robes of green
Our sweet love-haunted tree,
I wander thro' the woodland paths once more
With step less high, but thoughts as those of yore
Of thee.

When from the downy snow
The leaves are fading fast,
And scenes of beauty rare
Are mingling with the past,
Sally I watch the mournful changing dell
Where long ago I took my last farewell
Of thee.

O lonely seems this world,
Since thou hast left me, love,
To join the happy band
And dwell with God above;
For thou in sorrow dark wouldst solace bring,
Sweet words, which still around my memory cling,
Of thee.

Freetown, July 16, 1857.

A WOMAN'S THOUGHTS ABOUT WOMEN.

SELF-DEPENDENCE.

"If you want a thing done, go yourself; if not, send." This pithy axiom, of which most men know the full value, is by no means so well appreciated by women. One of the very last things we learn, often through a course of miserable helplessness, heart-burnings, difficulties, contumelies and pain, is the lesson taught to boys from their school-days, of self-dependence.

Its opposite, either plainly, or implied, has been preached to us all our lives. "An independent young lady"—"a woman who can take care of herself"—and such like phrases, have become tacitly suggestive of hoydenishness, coarseness, strong-mindedness, down to the lowest dross of bloomerism, cigarette-smoking and talking slang.

And there are many good reasons, ingrained in the very tenderest core of woman's nature, why this should be. We are "the weaker vessel"—whether acknowledging it or not, most of us feel this: it becomes man's duty and delight to show us honor accordingly. And this honor, dear as it may be to him to give, is still dearer to us to receive.

Dependence is itself an easy and pleasant thing: dependence upon one we love perhaps the very sweetest thing in the world. To resign one's self totally and contentedly into the hands of another; to have no longer any need of asserting one's rights or one's personality, knowing that both are as precious to that other as they ever were to ourselves; to cease taking thought about one's self at all, and rest safe, at ease, assured that in great things and small we shall be guided and cherished, guarded and helped—in fact, thoroughly "taken care of"—how delicious is all this! So delicious, that it seems granted to very few of us, and to fewer still as a permanent condition of being.

Were it our ordinary lot, were every woman living to have either father, brother or husband to watch over and protect her, then, indeed, the harsh but salutary doctrine of self-dependence need never be heard of. But it is not so. In spite of the pretty ideals of poets, the easy taking-for-granted truths of anti-woman's-rights educators of female youth, this fact remains patent to any person of common sense and experience, that in the present day, whether voluntarily or not, one-half of our women are obliged to take care of themselves—obliged to look solely to themselves for maintenance, position, occupation, amusement, reputation and life.

Of course, I refer to the large class for which these thoughts are meant—the single women; who, while most needing the exercise of self-dependence, are usually the very last in whom it is inculcated or even permitted. From babyhood they are given to understand that helplessness is feminine and beautiful; helpfulness—except in certain received forms of manifestation—unwomanly and ugly. The boys may do a thousand things which are "not proper for little girls."

And, herein, I think, lies the great mistake at the root of most women's education, that the law of their existence is held to be, not right, but "propriety." A certain received notion of womanhood, which has descended from certain excellent great-grandmothers, admirable in its way, and suited for some sorts of women, but totally ignoring the fact that each sex is composed of individuals, differing in character almost as much from one another as from the opposite sex—some men being womanish, and some women masculine—and perhaps the finest types of either combining the qualities of both—and that, therefore, to deal justly, there must be set up a standard of abstract right, including manhood and womanhood, and yet superior to either. One of the first of its common laws, or common duties, is this of self-dependence.

We women are, no less than men, each of us a distinct existence. In two out of the three great facts of our life, we are certainly independent, and all our life long are accountable only, in the highest sense, to our own souls and the Maker of them. Is it natural—is it right even, that we should be expected—and be ready enough, too, for it is much the easiest way—to hang our consciences, duties, actions and opinions, upon some one else—some individual man, or some aggregate of mankind yelped society? Is this society to draw up a code of regulations as to what we are to do, and what

not? Which latter is supposed to be done for us; if not done, or there happens to be no one to do it, is it to be left undone? And, alack, most frequently whether or not it ought to be, it is.

Every one's experience may furnish dozens of cases of poor women suddenly thrown adrift—widows with families, orphan girls, reduced gentlewomen—clinging helplessly to the skirts of every male relative or friend they have, sinking pitifully year after year, eating the bitter bread of charity, or compelled to bow an honest pride to hardest humiliations—every one of which might have been spared them by the early practice of self-dependence.

I once heard a lady say—a tenderly-reared and tender-hearted woman—that if her riches made themselves wings, as in these times riches will, she did not know anything in the world that she could turn her hand to, to keep herself from starving. A more pitiable, and, in some sense, humiliating confession, could hardly have been made; yet it is that not of hundreds, but of thousands, in England.

Sometimes exceptions arise: here is one: Three young women, well-educated and refined, were left orphans, their father dying just when his business promised to realise a handsome provision for his family. It was essentially a man's business—in many points of view, decidedly an unpleasant one. Of course, friends thought "the girls" must give it up, go out as governesses, depend on relatives, or live in what genteel poverty the sale of the good-will might allow. But "the girls" were wiser. They argued: "If we had been boys, it would have been all right; we should have carried on the business, and provided for our mother and the whole family. Being women, we'll try it still. It is nothing wrong; it is simply disagreeable. It needs common sense, activity, diligence and self-dependence. We have all these; and what we have not, we will learn."

So these three elegant and well-informed women laid aside their pretty feminine uselessness and pleasant idleness, and set to work. Happily, the trade was one that required no personal publicity; but they had to keep the books, manage the stock, choose and superintend fit agents—to do things most difficult, not to say distasteful to women, and resign enjoyments that, to women of their refinement, must have cost daily self-denial. Yet they did it; they filled their father's place, sustained their delicate mother in ease and luxury, never once compromising their womanhood by their work, but rather ennobling the work by their doing of it.

Another case—different and yet alike. A young girl, an eldest sister, had to receive for step-mother a woman who ought never to have been any honest man's wife. Not waiting to be turned out of her father's house, she did a most daring and "improper" thing—she left it, taking with her the brothers and sisters, whom by this means only she believed she could save from harm. She settled them in a London lodging, and worked for them as daily governess. "Heaven helps those who help themselves!" from that day this girl never was dependent upon any human being; while during a long life she has helped and protected more than I could count—pupils and pupils' children, friends and their children, besides brothers and sisters-in-law, nephews and nieces, down to the slenderest tie of blood, or even mere strangers. And yet she has never been anything but a poor governess, always independent, always able to assist others—because she never was and never will be indebted to any one, except for love while she lives, and for a grave when she dies. May she long possess the one, and want the other!

And herein is answered the "cui bono?" of self-dependence, that its advantages end not with the original possessor. In this much-suffering world, a woman who can take care of herself can always take care of other people. She not only ceases to be an unprotected female, a nuisance and a drag on society, but her working-value therein is doubled and trebled, and society respects her accordingly. Even her kindly male friends, no longer afraid that when the charm to their vanity of "being of use to a lady" has died out, they shall be saddled with a perpetual claimant for all manner of advice and assistance, the first not always followed, and the second often accepted without gratitude—even they yield an involuntary consideration to a lady who gives them no more trouble than she can avoid, and is always capable of thinking and acting for herself in all things—so far as the natural decorum of her sex allow. True, these have their limits, which it would be folly, if not worse, for her to attempt to pass; but a certain fine instinct, which, we flatter ourselves, is native to us women, will generally indicate the division between brave self-reliance and bold assumption.

Perhaps the line is easiest drawn, as in most difficulties, where duty ends and pleasure begins. We should respect one who, on a mission of mercy or necessity, went through the lowest portions of Gilead or the Gallowgate; we should be rather disgusted if she did it for mere amusement or bravado. All honor to the poor sempstress or governess who traverses London streets alone, at all hours of day or night, unguarded except by her own modesty; but the strong-minded female who would venture on a solitary expedition to investigate the humors of Cremorne Gardens or Greenwich Fair, though perfectly "respectable," would be an exceedingly condemnable sort of personage. There are many things at which, as mere pleasures, a woman has a right to hesitate; there is no single duty, whether or not it lies in the ordinary line of her sex, from which she ought to shrink, if it is plainly set before her.

Those who are the strongest advocates for the passive character of our sex, its claims, proprieties and restrictions, are, I have often noticed, if the most sensitive, not always the justest or most generous. I have seen ladies, no longer either young or pretty, shocked at the idea of traversing a street's length at night, yet never hesitate at being "fetched" by some female servant, who was both young and pretty, and to whom the danger of the expedition, or of the late return alone, was by far the greater of the two. I have known anxious mothers, who would not for worlds be guilty of the indecorum of sending their daughters unaccompanied to the theatre or a ball—and very right, too!—yet send out some other woman's young daughter, at eleven, p. m., to the stand for a cab, or to the public-house for a supply of beer. It never strikes them that the doctrine of female dependence extends beyond themselves, whom it suits so easily, and to whom it saves much trouble; that either every woman, be she servant or mistress, sempstress or fine lady, is to receive the "protection" suitable to her degree; or that each is to be educated into a self-dependence, which will at least enable her to hold the balance of justice even, nor allow an over-declivity for one woman to trench on the rights, conveniences and honest feelings of another.

We must help ourselves. In this curious phase of social history, when marriage is apparently ceasing to become the common lot, and a happy marriage the most uncommon lot

of all, we must educate our women into what is far better than any blind clamour for ill-defined "rights"—into what ought always to be the foundation of right—duties. And there is one, the silent practice of which will secure to them almost every right they can fairly need—the duty of self-dependence. Not after any amazonian fashion; no mutilating of fair womanhood in order to assume the unnatural armor of men; but simply by the full exercise of every faculty, physical, moral, and intellectual, with which Heaven has endowed women, severally and collectively, in different degrees; allowing no one to rust or lie idle, merely because their owner is a woman. And, above all, let us lay the foundation of all real womanliness by teaching our maidens from their cradle that the priceless pearl of decorous beauty, chastity of mind as well as body, exists in themselves alone; that a single-hearted and pure-minded woman may go through the world, like Spenser's Una, suffering, indeed, but never defenceless; foot-soe and snatched, but never tainted; exposed, doubtless, to many trials, yet never either degraded or humiliated, unless by her own act she humiliates herself.

For Heaven's sake—for the sake of "womanhood," the most heavenly thing next angelhood, as men tell us when they are courting us, and which it depends upon ourselves to make them believe in all their lives—young girls, trust yourselves; rely on yourselves! Be assured that no outward circumstances will harm you while you keep the jewel of purity in your bosom, and are ever ready with the steadfast, clean right hand, of which, till you use it, you never know the strength, though it be only a woman's hand.

Fear not the world: it is often juster to us than we are to ourselves. If in its harsh jostlings the "weaker goes to the wall"—as so many allege always happens to a woman—you will almost always find that this is not merely because of her sex, but from some inherent qualities in herself, which, existing either in woman or man, would produce just the same result, usually more pitiful than blamable. The world is hard enough, for two-thirds of it are struggling for the dear life—"each for himself, and de'il tak the hindmost;" but it has a rough sense of moral justice after all. And whosoever denies that, spite of all hindrances from individual wickedness, the right shall not ultimately prevail, impugns not merely human justice, but the justice of God.

The age of chivalry, with all its benefits and harmfulnesses, is gone by, for us women. We cannot now have men for our knights-errant, expending blood and life for our sake, while we have nothing to do but sit idle on balconies, and drop flowers on half-dead victors at tilt and tourney. Nor, on the other hand, are we dressed up dolls, pretty playthings, to be fought and scrambled for—petted, caressed, or flung out of the window, as our several lords and masters may please. Life is much more equally divided between us and them. We are neither goddesses nor slaves; they are neither heroes nor semi-devils; we just plod on together, men and women alike, on the same road, where daily experience illustrates Hudibras's keen truth, that

The value of a thing
Is just as much as it will bring.

And our value is—exactly what we choose to make it. Perhaps at no age since Eve's were women rated so exclusively at their own personal worth, apart from poetic flattery or unmanly depreciation; at no time in the world's history judged so entirely by their individual merits, and respected according to the respect which they earn for themselves. And shall we esteem ourselves so meanly as to consider this unjust? Shall we not rather accept our position, difficult indeed, and requiring from us more than the world ever required before; but from its very difficulty, rendered the most honorable?

Let us not be afraid of men; for that, I suppose, lies at the root of all these amiable hesitations. "Gentlemen don't like such and such things." "Gentlemen fancy so and so unfeminine." My dear little foolish fellows, do you think a man—a good man, in any relation of life, ever loves a woman the more for esteeming her the less? or likes her better for transferring all her burdens to his shoulders, and pinning her conscience to his sleeve? Or, even if he did like it, is a woman's divinity to be man—or God?

And here, piercing to the Foundation of all truth—I think we may find the truth concerning self-dependence, which is only real and only valuable when its root is not in self at all—when its strength is drawn not from man, but from that Higher and Diviner Source whence every individual soul proceeds, and to which alone it is accountable. As soon as any woman, old or young, once feels that, not as a vague sentimental belief, but as a tangible, practical law of life, all weakness ends, all doubt disappears; she recognises the glory, honor, and beauty of her existence; she is no longer afraid of its pains; she desires not to shift one atom of its responsibilities to another. She is content to take it just as it is, from the hands of the All-Father; her only care being to so fulfill it, that while the world at large may recognise and profit by her self-dependence, she herself, knowing that the utmost strength lies in the deepest humility, recognises, solely and above all, her dependence upon God.

Cleanings from late Papers.

THE MUTINY IN INDIA.

DEFEAT OF THE MUTINEERS AT FERROZPORE AND LUCKNOW.—The 45th and 57th Regiments at Ferropore, the 9th, which garrisoned the stations of Allypore, Mynpooree, and Etawah, portions of the 13th, 48th, 71st Native Infantry, and two troops of the 7th Cavalry at Lucknow, have followed the example set them by the Meerut revolters. At Ferropore the mutineers were attacked by the 61st Foot, the 10th Cavalry, and artillery with such effect that the 57th Native Infantry at once laid down their arms and the 45th, after losing many of their number, fled in confusion. The 9th Native Infantry made no attempt to murder their officers, contenting themselves with the plunder of the treasuries. At Lucknow the mutiny broke out in the same manner as at Meerut, commencing with the burning of almost every thatched house near the native lines. But Sir Henry Lawrence was ready for the explosion. He at once turned out with her Majesty's 32nd Foot, a battery of artillery, and that portion of the 7th Cavalry which remained faithful, and attacked the insurgents: the latter were not only defeated, but pursued for 30 miles. Several of their number were killed and a few taken. These latter have since met the fate which they deserved, by being blown from guns—a death more calculated than any other to strike terror into the native mind. In the course of this *enroute* we have to deplore the loss of about a hundred Europeans, including five officers, whose names have not yet, with one exception, been announced. The exception is Brigadier Handcomb, a fine old soldier: the particulars of his death have not yet been

received. It has since been ascertained that the mutineers, after leaving Lucknow, bent their steps towards Sectapore, hoping to gain over the sepoy's stationed there. On their arrival before the place, however, they found the 41st Native Infantry and the 9th Irregular Infantry drawn up to receive them. They at once beat a retreat, and moved, it is supposed in the direction of Delhi. In the meanwhile the insurgents in that city have been busily engaged in strengthening their position. By the arrival of stragglers from other mutinous regiments, and the disaffected from all parts of India, their numbers have increased, it is said, to twenty thousand. They have appointed Lall Khan, a Subadar of the 2d Cavalry, their general-in-chief, with Baldeo Singh, a Subadar of the 20th ultimo, as their second in command. Their first step was to proclaim the Emperor of Delhi, or his son, King of India; their second to fortify themselves. They had ample means at their disposal for this purpose, a large siege train and immense stores of powder. The possession of these resources seems to have inspired them with a confidence which gradually increased as they found themselves unmolested. On the 23rd ult., they sent out a strong party with five guns to guard the bridge over the little river Hindua. They entrenched themselves on the heights near the river with no ordinary skill; but on the following day they were attacked by a portion of the European force from Meerut, and were almost to a man shot down. As a matter of course, their guns and position fell into our hands.

APPOINTMENT AND DEPARTURE OF SIR COLIN CAMPBELL TO COMMAND THE INDIAN ARMY.—It was on Saturday only that the Government received intelligence of the death of General Anson, who appears to have been struck down by cholera—at Kurnaul, says one account, at Unbulah, says another—while hastening to the scene of action. General Sir Henry Somerset is the officer next in seniority to General Anson, and he will therefore assume the acting command until the arrival of instructions from England. On Saturday afternoon only was the post offered to Sir Colin, with the question, "How soon could he start?" Most men would have considered that "next mail" would have been a prompt and satisfactory answer. Sir Colin Campbell, to his honor, with the simplicity and ardour of a true hero, replied, "Tomorrow morning! Stop the Marseilles boat, and I'll catch her, and I can get all I want in Calcutta as well as in London." The gallant veteran therefore left on Sunday evening for the scene of former triumphs, where, under Sir C. Napier, in command of a brigade, he took part in that immortal Scinde campaign, one of the most brilliant achievements of our Indian military history.

Lieutenant-General Sir Colin Campbell entered the army in 1808, as an ensign in the 9th Regiment of Foot. He served in the Walchern expedition, and throughout the peninsular campaigns, having been present, among other engagements, at the battles of Vimiera, Corunna, Barossa, and Vittoria, and at the siege of San Sebastian. He received two severe wounds at San Sebastian, and was again severely wounded at the passage of the Bidasoa. He then proceeded to North America, and served there during 1814 and 1815. He was subsequently employed in the West Indies, having been attached to the troops which quelled an insurrection in Demerara in 1823. In 1842 he embarked for China, in command of the 9th Regiment of Foot, which he headed during the storming of Chinkiangfoo and the operations in the Yang-tzi-Kiang, which led to the signature of the peace of Nankin. His next field of service was India, where he greatly distinguished himself in the second Punjab campaign, under Lord Gough, in 1848 and 1849. Throughout that campaign he commanded a division of infantry, which was engaged at the battles of Chillianwallah and Goojerat, and the other affairs with the enemy; and he took an active part after the battle of Goojerat in the pursuit of Dost Mahomed and the occupation of Peshawar. He was among the wounded at the battle of Chillianwallah, and in consideration of his distinguished services in the campaign he was appointed Knight Commander of the Bath. He subsequently held the command of the troops in the district of Peshawar, and during the years 1851 and 1852 he repeatedly undertook successful operations against the Moomunds and other turbulent tribes of mountaineers in the neighborhood of Peshawar and Kohat. He afterwards returned to England, and proceeded to Turkey in command of a brigade of infantry. His brilliant services throughout the operations in the Crimea, during which he commanded the Highland Brigade and the Highland division, are fresh in the recollection of every one. His services during the Russian war were rewarded with promotion to the rank of lieutenant-general and the grand crosses of the Bath, the Legion of Honour, and the Sardinian Order of Maurice and St. Lazare. He has recently held the important office of inspector-general of infantry, which he has now quitted in order to assume the supreme command in Bengal at a time when the actual and contingent dangers arising from the mutinies in the Bengal native army render it necessary to employ a general officer possessed of the highest vigour, activity, and capacity, and acquainted with the nature of Indian service and the peculiarities of the native soldiery.

A STEAM SQUADRON FOR INDIA, AND MARINES FOR CHINA.—A steam squadron is to be sent to India. As the exigencies of the service have already absorbed the number of seamen actually voted, it is intended to apply to Parliament for an additional vote of 2,000 seamen. The advantage of a steam squadron in the Indian Seas is, of course, undeniable, but it must not be forgotten that the presence of one European Regiment in Upper India would outweigh that of a steam-ship in the Bay of Bengal. The primary value of these steamships for this emergency is as transports. They cannot bring their guns to bear upon the mutineers, who will most assuredly not select the sea-coast as the scene of their operations. A considerable force of artillery is to be despatched by the most rapid conveyance at hand; and in this arm, as it appears from the reports forwarded home, the Bengal establishment is, unfortunately, deficient. With regard to the regiments actually ordered to the scene of hostilities—Independently of the regiments which have been moved from the other presidencies and from the Persian Gulf upon the disturbed districts—the force which had been appropriated to the Chinese operations has been intercepted at Point de Galle by summons from Lord Canning, and this measure has received the entire approval and confirmation of the authorities at home. In order to fill up the vacuum in the China service caused by the withdrawal of these troops, it is proposed to despatch a battalion of Marines to Hong-kong with the least possible delay. The service required is essentially one of an amphibious character, to be best performed by a force which can act either by land or by water, as occasion may require. It is an affair of rivers and creeks,