

THE EXAMINER:

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EDWARD WHELAN

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

[EDITOR AND PUBLISHER]

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Interesting Miscellany.

THE BIRTH OF THE YEAR.

BY FREDERICK TENNYSON.

Let us speak low, the infant is asleep,
The frosty hills grow sharp, the day is near,
And Phospor with his taper comes to peep
Into the cradle of the new born year;
Hush! the infant is asleep;
Monarch of the Day and Night,
Whisper, yet it is not light,
The infant is asleep.

Those arms shall crush great serpents ere to-morrow,
His closed eyes shall wake to laugh and weep;
His lips shall curl with mirth and wreathe with sorrow,
And charm up Truth and Beauty from the deep;
Softly, softly, let us keep
Our vigil! visions cross his rest,
Prophetic pulses stir his breast,
Although he is asleep.

No Life and Death arm'd in his presence wait,
Genui with lamps are standing at his door;
Oh, he shall sing sweet songs, he shall relate
Wonder, and glory, and hopes untold before,
Murmur memories that may creep
Into his ears, of old sublime;
Yet the youngest born of Time
Hear music in his sleep.

Quickly he shall awake, the East is bright,
And the hot glow of the urisun sun
Hath kissed his brow with promise of his light,
His cheek is red with victory to be won.
Quickly shall our King awake,
Strong as giants and arise;
Sager than the old and wise
The infant shall awake.

His childhood shall be froward, wild and thwart;
His gladness fitful and his anger blind;
But tender spirits shall o'ertake his heart,
Sweet tears and golden moments, bland and kind.
He shall give delight, and take,
Charm, enchant, dismay, and soothe;
Raise the dead, and touch with youth;
Oh, sing that he may wake!

Where is the sword to gird upon his thigh?
Where is his armor and his laurel crown?
For he shall be a conqueror ere he die,
And with his kindred wider than his own.
Like the earthquake he shall shake
Cities down, and waste like fire;
Then build them stronger, pile them higher,
When he shall awake.

In the dark spheres of his unclosed eyes,
The sheeted lightnings lie, and clouded stars,
That shall glance softly, as in summer skies,
Or stream o'er thirsty deserts, winged with wars;
For in the pause of dread hours
He shall fling his armor off,
And like a reveller sing and laugh,
And dance in ladies' bowers.

Of times in his Midsummer he shall turn
To look on the dead blooms with weeping eyes;
O'er ashes of frail Beauty stand and mourn,
And kiss the bier of stricken Hope with sighs.
On times like light of onward seas,
He shall hail great days to come,
Or hear the first dread note of doom,
Like the torrent on the breeze.

His manhood shall be blissful and sublime,
With stormy sorrows, and severest pleasures,
And his crown'd age upon the top of Time,
Shall throne him great in glories rich in treasures.
The sun is up, the day is breaking,
Sing ye sweetly—draw near,
Tumultal be the new born year,
And blessed be its waking.

LAMARTINE.

Lamartine is now dependent upon his pen for his daily bread—and his daily charity. He writes an incredible quantity, and receives for his writings incredible sums. He writes, too, with incredible swiftness. The editor of a journal went to him one day to obtain an extract from the *Giron-dins*. Nothing was ready, and he wrote enough to make three columns, in a half hour, while talking with the editor. He improves always, and his histories are chiefly valuable for the music in them. In *Raphael, Genevieve, Toussaint-Louverture, the Histoire de la Restauration, the Constituents*, in every thing, it is the voice of the poet that we love to hear. He ennobbles us, and we love him so much that we only laugh at the crivies when they demonstrate to us the worthlessness of his history. A poet has just as much right to choose the Ottoman Empire as a flower-bed for his theme, provided in treating it he reveals to us something of the true, the beautiful, and the good.

The vanity of M. de Lamartine is as sublime as his nature; his vanity, like his nature again, is kindly. If he loves to receive extravagant praise, he also takes pleasure in bestowing it. A young lady said to him one evening during the reign of democracy, "You are about to be made President of the Republic." "No," he responded, "that belongs to Victor Hugo, I shall be President of the Universal Republic." The large-headed egotist saw, in his splendid dream, all Europe united in one Republic, and himself benignly guiding its destiny. Would that the ambitious never dreamed worse dreams! His vanity, too, has been kindled with the most extravagant praise. One of the most beautiful women of Paris cried out, kissing his hand:—"Franklin said to Voltaire, God and Liberty; I say God and Lamartine." Let no man declare that his head is not to be turned, until he has frequented the salons of the Faubourg St. Germain.

Barve, too, is Lamartine, as well as generous, laborious, and vain. Real courage alone enabled him to face the enraged populace at the Hotel de Ville. When he was *Charge d'Affaires* at Florence, an Italian Colonel abruptly entered his room one morning, and demanded whether he had written

certain lines in the *Dernier Chant du Jeune Homme d'Harold*—one of Lamartine's poems. The lines bitterly lamented the degeneracy of the Italians. The Colonel read the offensive passage, and demanded the poet to efface them, or he would himself efface them with his sword. The author calmly responded: "I sometimes yield to a prayer, but never to a threat." They fought in the very garden of the Embassy, and Lamartine received a wound so grave that he was for some weeks between life and death.

Lamartine is now over sixty years of age. He is tall, erect and thin; has large hands and feet; large bones, a large two-story head, an ample, noble forehead; looks somewhat gaunt and toilworn; there is in his face poetic sublimity rather than keen intellectuality; speaks with a slightly plaintive, slightly hollow, deeply musical, sonorous voice; smiles benignly, courteously, gravely, almost majestically, upon his company; talks just as he writes—eloquently, copiously, easily,—s'écriant pleasantly upon passing incidents, listening rather graciously, and returning every man's thought to him better said; takes praise as a matter of course, and returns it out of pure good humour. He is rather negligent in dress, loves to sit in a sloping posture, to put his left hand in his breeches pocket and hold up his right hand with the thumb alone extended. One day at the Hotel de Ville he was unexpectedly called upon to respond to a deputation of Freemasons. He spied on their flag the words *Liberte, Egalite, Fraternite*, and, taking those as the key note, improvised a piece of music as ravishing as a hymn of Pergolesi. So at his own fire-side, a word will set him going. I was at his house one evening when a well known journalist entered. "There comes the news," said Lamartine, and talked half an hour upon the present state of Europe, delighting everybody.

The private life of Lamartine has been worthy of all praise. If he has been vain enough among men, he has been humble before God. He has been a spiritualist in literature as M. Cousin has been a spiritualist in philosophy. As we have seen, he has been generous even to profligality. Like a true poet, he clothes everything with his imagination and fancy; hence he has been practical in nothing—least of all in politics. Speaking from the heart to the heart, he has been able to move men, but has not had the wisdom to devise plans for their guidance in every day life. His open parse, open heart, and open mouth, have blessed hungry multitudes, while no one had cause to complain of his hatred. *Spirituelle* beauties, the worthy descendants of those that once reigned in the Hotel de Rambouillet, have complained that he is a Plato who does not people the Republic. This, as matters go, especially at Paris, is no small praise. Things look promising, and we hope the day has already dawned when the priests of literature are to be also priests of God, instead of priests of Satan; when the muses are to encourage souls towards Heaven, instead of luring them towards perdition.

HENRY THE NINTH OF ENGLAND.

A correspondent writing about a king who does not appear in the history of England, announces that he possesses a medal bearing the representation in bold relief of a head, apparently that of an ecclesiastical, the circumference being—"HEN. IX. MAG. BRIT. FR. ET. HIB. REX. FED. DEF. CALD." On the reverse is a large cross supported by the Virgin; a lion sorrowfully crouches at her feet, with eyes directed as it seems to the crown of Britain, lying on the ground. Behind to the right, is a bridge, backed by hills and Cathedral, probably St. Peter's at Rome. On this side the inscription is, "NON. DISPERIT. HOMINUM. SED. VOLUNTATE. DEL. AN. MDCLXXVIII." The manner in which this medal came into the possession of an Englishman was somewhat singular. At the time when an English army was serving in the Calabrias, and assisting Ferdinand the Fourth of Spain against Bonaparte, a British officer happened to get separated from his regiment, and, while wandering near Canne in Basilicata, in dread of immediate capture (since he was in the rear of Massena's lines), he sought protection at a handsome villa by the roadside. He was hospitably received by a venerable man, who proved to be a Cardinal. The curiosity of the refugee being excited by the interest which the Italian dignity appeared to take in the welfare of the British, he ventured to demand whom he might have the pleasure of addressing; the reply was simply "Your King!" When the officer had recovered from his surprise, the Cardinal presented him the medal; and from him it came to the writer. It was one of those struck upon the death of Prince Charles, to commemorate the imaginary accession to the crown of England of Henry Stuart, the Cardinal Duke of York, in whom the direct line of the Stuart race terminated; and who now sheltered the fugitive soldier. It is well known that this prelate was, until the day of his death, the secret idol of many in whom the last hopes for the restoration of the kingdom of Great Britain to the family of the Stuarts were centred. He was the second son of the Pretender, and was born at Rome on the 26th of March, 1725. When twenty years of age, in the much celebrated "forty-five," he went to France for the purpose of heading 15,000 French infantry, which assembled at Dunkirk to invade England, and re-establish the Stuarts on the throne. But, after the battle of Caluodan, the contemplated invasion of England was abandoned. Henry retraced his steps to Rome, and took orders, and seemed to have laid aside all worldly views. His advancement in the Church was rapid, for, in 1747, he was made cardinal by Pope Benedict the Fourteenth. He lived in tranquillity at Rome for nearly fifty years; but in 1798, when French bayonets drove Pope Pius the Sixth from the pontifical chair, Henry Stuart fled from his splendid residence at Rome and Frascati. His days were now days of want; his only means of subsistence being the produce of a few articles of silver plate which he had snatched from the ruin of his property. Infirm in health, a houseless, almost penniless wanderer (Napoleon having robbed him of his estates), he endeavored, at the age of seventy-three, to seek refuge in forgotten obscurity. George the Third was informed of the Cardinal Duke's poverty and pitiable situation by the kindly interference of Sir John Cox Hippesley. It is said that the king was much moved by the distressing recital; and in 1800 Lord Minto was ordered to make a remittance of two thousand pounds, with an intimation that the Cardinal might draw for two thousand pounds more in the following July. It was also made known to the Cardinal that an annuity of £400 was at his service, so long as his circumstances required it. He was spared seven years to enjoy this munificent pension, and died at Rome in 1807, in the 83d year of his age. He was buried by his father and brother at Frascati. His tomb, sculptured by Canova, bears as inscription the name of Henry the Ninth. The Cardinal Duke, down to the very day of his death, although in the receipt of a munificent pension from England, was in communication with several noblemen, who still indulged the hope of placing him upon the throne of Great Britain. Among the Cardinal's

papers were discovered letters from active partisans both in Ireland and Scotland; but the English government wisely took no notice of these awkward revelations. Had they done so, many men of high rank and great influence would have been brought to a severe account.—*Household Words*.

FERDINAND AND ISABELLA.

The following spirited sketch of these Spanish sovereigns, whose reign has been immortalized by the genius of Prescott, we take from Lamartine's "Memoirs of Celebrated Characters," a work recently translated and published in this country: "Nature seems to have endowed them with beauty, quality and excellencies of mind and body different, but nearly equal, as if one was intended to supply what was wanting in the other for the conquests, the civilization and prosperity which were in store for them. Ferdinand, a little older than Isabella, was a skilful warrior and a consummate politician. Before the age when sad experience is teaching others to understand men, he could see through them. His only defect was a certain coldness and suspicion, arising from mistrust, and closing the heart to enthusiasm and magnanimity. But these two virtues, on which he was to some extent wanting, were supplied to his counsils by the tenderness and genius of the full-hearted Isabella. Young, beautiful, admired of all, adored by him, well-educated, pious without superstition, eloquent, full of enthusiasm for great achievements, of admiration of great men, of faith in great ideas, she stamped on the mind and policy of Ferdinand the heroism which springs from the heart, and the love of the marvelous which arises from the imagination. She inspired—he executed. The one found her reward in the fame of her husband; the other, his glory in the affection of his wife. This double reign, destined to become of almost fabulous import in the annals of Spain, only awaited, in order to immortalize itself among all reigns, the arrival of the destitute foreigner of Genoa, who came to beg admittance within the palace of Cordova, with the letter of a poor friar in his hand. * * * Ferdinand listened to Columbus with attention, Isabella with enthusiasm. From his first look and his first tones, she felt for this messenger of God an admiration amounting to fanaticism—an attraction which partook of affection. Nature had given to Columbus the personal recommendations which fascinate the eye, as well as the eloquence which persuades the mind. It might have been supposed that he was destined to have for his first apostle a queen, and that the truth with which he was to enrich his age, was to be first received and fostered in the heart of a woman. Isabella was that woman. Her constancy in favor of Columbus never wavered before the indifference of her court, before his enemies, or his reverses. She believed in him from the day she first saw him—she was his proselyte on the throne, and his friend even to the grave."

From the Montreal Gazette.

PROHIBITORY LIQUOR LAW.

We publish to-day a letter on the working of the Maine Law in Maine, from the special Correspondent of the Toronto "Leader." The facts stated we commend to the consideration of the advocates of the Maine Law in this Province. We are intimately acquainted with the writer, and believe his statements may be relied on. We are aware that he went specially to make inquiries on the subject, and are perfectly satisfied of his impartiality. His statements are at least susceptible of easy refutation if untrue, and if the advocates of the Maine Law are not prepared to accept the consequences of them, we trust that in the place of frothy and worthless declamation, they will shew us in a legitimate manner wherein the error consists. We are opposed to the principle of the Maine Law, but we are ready to give all due consideration to any facts that may be urged in its favor.

Assuming the statements of the Correspondent of the Leader to be true, which we shall do until they are controverted, we would put this question to the advocates of prohibitory liquor laws: Whether it is worth while to make legislative enactments that will be encouraged to fail of their purpose, and not only that, but encourage systematized breaking of the law as well as perjury? We hold it to be an unsound principle of legislation to enact laws that will not command common respect. Wilfully to break laws is a crime and a sin in morals, and the state by the making of bad laws should not hold out temptation for the commission of either; or it would create worse evils than those sought to be removed.

THE "MAINE LAW" IN MAINE.

From the Special Correspondent of the Leader at Portland.

PORTLAND, MAINE, December, 1854.

The State of Maine, and especially the city of Portland, are on all occasions quoted as examples of the successful working of a law designed to put an end to the manufacture, sale, and use of spirits, wines, porter, beer, and whatever else, used as a beverage in other places, is capable of producing intoxication. Whenever, beyond the limits of this State, a doubt is expressed about the efficacy of such a law, a large class of persons deem it a sufficient reply to refer to the State of Maine, as an example. As Maine is generally regarded as presenting the most triumphant example of the working of what is called the principle of prohibition, so Portland is usually looked upon as the city of all others, where the greatest degree of success has been obtained. There are those who claim for Portland the honour of inventing a legal restraint, amounting to prohibition, upon the use of beverages which, used in excess, contain the power of producing intoxication. Such a claim argues a remarkable unacquaintance with notorious facts. The colony of Georgia prohibited the introduction of spirits; and the law remained in force two years, when, being found totally inefficient, it was repealed. But not only does Maine claim the honor of this invention; there lives in Portland a gentleman, named Neal Dow, who claims the scheme for prohibiting the sale of liquors, wines, porter, and ale, as an invention of his own. He claims to have set on foot the movement that resulted in the enactment of the Maine anti-liquor law and its subsequent adoption, with some modifications, in Massachusetts, Vermont, Connecticut, and Michigan. This claim has never been openly disputed; but I understand that a lawyer, who now resides in Cincinnati, does contest it and contends that it is his thunder which is so boastfully used by Mr. Dow. Be this as it may, no one doubts that in Portland, above all other places, the greatest exertion has been used to carry out the law in that stringent and restrictive spirit in which it was enacted. No one contends that better examples of its working can be found than in the city of Portland. In fact, whenever an example of the success of the law is attempted

to be adduced, Portland is always the place pointed to. Here the modern system of prohibiting the sale of exhilarating beverages claims to have been invented. Here it was born, cradled and nurtured under the anxious, watchful eye of the far-famed Neal Dow. Here the parent still lives to watch over the progress of his offspring. Here, where the "Maine Law" is the dividing line between political parties; where mayors are elected or rejected in reference to the opinions they hold on this subject; here of all the places in the world do prohibitionists look for facts to establish the practicability of their theory. The prohibitionist literature of the United States and Canada indicates the idea that there, if no where else, the success of the law is beyond a doubt. Mr. Dow has himself visited your city to assure you of the success of the scheme of prohibition in Maine; of its superabundant success in Portland. Who that heard him in St. Lawrence Hall does not remember the tone of confident enthusiasm in which he announced the success of prohibition in Portland. It is equally true that these confident statements have not been allowed to pass without question.

In this state of the controversy, nothing but an appeal to undeniable facts will or ought to have weight with the public. The prohibitionist leagues have confined their literary efforts to the production of self-laudatory rhetoric and abstract arguments. They have either eschewed or misrepresented the actual working of the law. The Canadian Legislature has affirmed the principle of prohibition; without enquiry into the success of the examples they are copying; and although a Committee of Temperance was appointed, it was not instructed to enquire into the working of the law in these States, and especially in the State of Maine. In this state of the case when the Legislature is groping its way in the dark, the public has no source of information on which it can rely, but an impartial press that will collect and represent the facts in their true light, without the bias of prejudice one way or the other.

If there is one fact which is more than all others universally admitted, it is the great evil arising from excess in the use of intoxicating beverages. To that abuse we owe the greater portion of the crimes that afflict society and disgrace and degrade individuals; and every one admits that if this cause could be removed the resulting crimes would cease.

When I have heard the success of prohibition in Maine, and especially in its chief city of Portland, affirmed, I have always felt a strong desire to see the assertion corroborated by a corresponding condition of criminal statistics. If the prohibitory law really secured the object of its enactment—the suppression of the manufacture, sale and use of spirits, wines, porter and ale, the criminal statistics ought to exhibit a resulting decline. If they do, the best possible evidence of the practical success of the law would be given. If they do not, then all the rhetoric in the world will not suffice to disguise the failure of prohibition. To this infallible test, then, I resolved to appeal; and the result is of the most astounding character. That there might be no possible room to cavil about the accuracy of the statistics, I resolved to search the records of the courts in order to note the fluctuations of crime since the celebrated "Maine Law" went into operation, in July, 1851. For judicial purposes, the city of Portland is united with the county of Cumberland; one municipal court serves the joint purposes of both. From the official records of that court I obtained the following statistics; showing the number of persons annually charged with crimes and offences from the year previous to the enactment of the "Maine Law" to the 21st of this month, the day on which I examined the judicial records:

Years,	No. of persons charged with crimes and offences.
1850 (the year before the law passed)	495
1851 (Law in force from July)	523
1852	642
1853	627
1854 (to Dec. 21)	734

Thus, then, the number of persons charged with crimes and offences, in the city of Portland and the county of Cumberland is situated, rose from 495, in 1850, the year before the law went into operation, to 734, on the 21st December, 1854, when the year had ten days to run. The law prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors has been three and a-half years in operation; and the progress of crime so far from being arrested has gone on increasing in a geometrical ratio, having far outstripped that of the population. In 1850, Portland contained 20,000 inhabitants; in 1854 it has 25,000; showing an increase of twenty-five per cent in four years. The increase of crime, in the same period, has been nearly fifty per cent. But it may be said, there may be some other explanation of these astounding figures: that these crimes do not necessarily argue the existence of drunkenness; but that they may have occurred in spite of the forced but exemplary sobriety of the people. This theory, however, does not rest upon facts. The judicial records show that somehow men do drink to excess in this model city of forced abstinence; that in the police office charges of drunkenness are daily preferred; and what is more extraordinary still that the number of persons charged with this offence in 1854 is greater than it was the year before the prohibitory law was enacted. On this point also I examined the judicial records before quoted; with the following result. In 1850, the year before the "Maine Law" was enacted, two hundred and six persons were charged with drunkenness, or with being common drunkards; while two hundred and sixty-eight had been charged with the same offence to the 21st December in the present year. But the actual increase of drunkards in the city of Portland and county of Cumberland is greater than ever these figures indicate. The actual number of persons accused of drunkenness, in 1850, the year before the "Maine Law" went into operation, is exaggerated in the records of the courts; owing to the practice which then existed of classifying as "common drunkards" vagrants sent before the court on workhouse warrants; a practice which has since fallen into disuse. Nor do these figures show the whole number of drunkards arrested during the present year; for many who are taken to the marshal's office during the night are released in the morning. We have thus official evidence of the astounding fact that the number of public drunkards in this city and county of Cumberland in which it is situated, is considerably greater after three and a-half years operation of the "Maine Law" than it was before the law was enacted.

In some months of the present year, the number of public drunkards arrested has been much greater than in others. The month of July was the one in which excess in the use of liquor showed the worst results; about ninety persons or nearly an average of three a day having been charged with that offence. It is a reasonable supposition that intoxicated persons take greater care to guard against arrest now than