

The Examiner

A 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, FEBRUARY 18, 1856.

No. 32.

JOHN HARPER,

Auctioneer and Commission Merchant,
(Queen Street, in Mr. Desbrisay's Buildings.)

Solicits the patronage of the public, and will endeavor to merit the confidence of all who may favor him with business in the above line.
Feb. 11, 1856.

Card.

STEWART & MACLEAN,

Ship Brokers and Commission Merchants,
For the sale and purchase of American and Provincial Produce, and Dealers in Provisions, Fish, Oil, &c.
FERRY LANDING, WATER-ST., ST. JOHN, N. B.
REFERENCES—Charlottetown, P. E. I., JAS. PURDIE, Esq., St. John, N. B., Messrs. R. RANKIN & Co.
Oct. 8, 1855.

GLOBE HOTEL,

James W. Cairns, Proprietor,
KENT STREET, CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.

Pleasantly situated, and every comfort afforded at moderate cost.
Horses and vehicles, for hire, in connection with the establishment.
September 3.

JAMES MORRIS,

Commission Merchant, General Agent and Auctioneer.

QUEEN STREET,
CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

HARRIS, BOWDITCH & Co.,

Commission Merchants,
RUSSIA WHARF, BOSTON.

Particular attention is given to consignments of Vessels and Produce from the British Provinces; and the purchase and shipment of all kinds of Merchandise, with a general Insurance Agency.
September 10.

Notice.

THE subscribers hereby give notice that all Powers of Attorney, or any other orders given by them, are this day revoked, and all parties interested are notified accordingly.
HARRIS, BOWDITCH & Co.
Boston, January 30, 1856. Im Feb. 11.

Notice.

To Tenants on that portion of Township No. 27, known as Mrs. Mann's Estate.

THE Tenants on the above Estate are hereby notified that by Deed of Conveyance, bearing date the 26th day of January last, past, and duly registered in the office of Registrar of Deeds for this Island, all the right, title and interest of Mrs. Isabella Mann, in and to the said Township, and all rent and arrears of rent due thereon, was duly conveyed to J. C. Pope, of Summerside, Esq., and that the said J. C. Pope, by Power of Attorney dated the 31st day of said month of January, duly appointed the Subscriber his Attorney, to demand payments of the said rent and arrears of rent. Now, Notice is hereby given to the said Tenants, that all moneys due by them for rent and arrears of rent, must, without delay, be paid to the subscriber, at his office in Charlottetown, and that in default of payment, legal proceedings will be resorted to for the recovery thereof.
W. H. POPE,
Ch. Town, Feb. 11. Im Attorney for J. C. Pope.

Excellent Stand for business for Sale at Bedouque.

THE subscriber offers for sale the following excellent stand for business, situated opposite Hooper's Corner, Bedouque. There is a piece of ground, with a front on the road of five chains, and two chains deep. There is a new Dwelling House upon it, a story and a half high; it has five comfortable rooms on the first floor, besides a commodious Kitchen and Dairy; the second floor may be laid off in four convenient bed-rooms. A Store adjoins the Dwelling House, measuring 20 x 30, and is well fitted up for business. Another small Dwelling House adjoins the Store, which will be sold with the other property. The Land will be divided into building lots, and sold separately, if so required; or sold all in one block, with the buildings thereon.

The situation of this property, being in the midst of a flourishing and beautiful settlement, and within a very short distance of the rapidly thriving sea-port settlement of Summerside, renders it a very desirable location for the establishment of a Mercantile Business, or a Boarding House. Part of the purchase money may remain on mortgage. Further information respecting terms and other particulars may be obtained on application being made to the subscriber at Charlottetown.
JOHN HARPER.
Charlottetown, January 14, 1856.

Dwelling House and Land near Charlottetown for Sale.

FOR SALE, the newly built and commodious Dwelling House in Charlottetown, late the residence of the Hon. Charles Hensley, together with eighteen acres of Land adjoining. The Dwelling House contains—Dining Room, Drawing Room and Study; two Kitchens, with Store-rooms, &c.; and Nine Bed-rooms. There is also Stables, Coach-house, Root-house, Pump, &c., on the premises. The distance from Charlottetown is rather less than one mile.
Also to let from year to year, or for a term of years, as agreed upon, several Pasture Lots in Charlottetown, near the above Dwelling House.
For Terms of Sale and Lease apply to the subscriber at the Attorney General's Office, Colonial Building, Charlottetown.
July 30. JOSEPH HENSLEY.

Freehold for Sale.

THAT well known Freehold, of 55 acres, "EGLANTINE POINT," Fortune Bay, formerly owned by EDWARD ABELL, is now offered for sale, of which a good and valid title can be given. For further particulars apply to
W. B. DEAN,
Registered book 24, page 578. July 23.

For Sale,

THAT excellent stand for public business, known as DAMEREL'S TAVERN, situated on the Georgetown Road, about five miles from Hillsborough Ferry, 36 years of the lease unexpired, and subject to a ground rent of only 20s. per annum. Possession given on or before the first day of April next. For further particulars apply to
CORNELIUS C. N. LITTLE, Jun.
Charlottetown, February 4, 1856.

Coke, Coke.

FOR SALE at the GAS WORKS, a quantity of very superior COKE, at 6d. per bushel, or 15s. per Chaldron; and 15s. per Chaldron if five or upwards be taken.
Gas Works, Dec. 17. WM. MURPHY, Manager.

Gas Fittings.

JUST arrived per Sir Alexander, from London, and for Sale at the GAS WORKS, a quantity of new and handsome FITTINGS.
November 19, 1855. W. MURPHY, Manager.

TEACHER WANTED for De Gros Marsh School, Lot 55. Application to be made to the Trustees.

DONALD MCCORMACK,
DUNCAN MCLEAN,
ANGUS MCCORMACK, Trustees.
Jany. 7.

Literature.

WHAT TO REMEMBER AND WHAT TO FORGET.

BY J. E. CARPENTER.

There is much that we ought to remember,
But more that we ought to forget,
Should we make every month a December,
And know there's a spring to come yet?
Then remember the voice that speaks kindly,
And cherish the words of a friend;
But if passion sometimes urge him blindly,
Forget—he'll not always offend!

In strife who would yield up life's ember,
The dying should know no regret;
The heart that knows what to remember,
Should teach us, too, what to forget.

Remember each vow you have spoken,
Though impulse has lured you away,
A promise that's made to be broken,
Will only lead other's astray;
But if—and your conscience will blame you—
You've done what you've learned to regret,
Repentance has not means to shame you,
Oh! then teach the wrong to forget.

In strife, &c.

Remember a friend's kindly action,
Forget if he's done you a wrong—
There can be no proud satisfaction
In cherishing evil too long!
Remember there's truth, love and beauty,
That the earth, besides thorns, has its flowers,
And that every man has his own duty
To perform in this wide world of ours.

In strife who would yield up life's ember,
The dying should know no regret;
The heart that knows what to remember,
Should teach us, too, what to forget.

PADMAN'S SONG.

Who will be with thee at the rest of Even
(Those sacred hours, so tranquil and so lone),
Gazing with thee upon the dark'ning heaven,
Breathing soft thoughts by tender impulse given,
When I am gone?

Who will be with thee by the murmuring fountain,
Listening to the mellow horn at distance blown;
Or sigh of breeze awaking on the mountain,
Or the wild night-bird all his bliss recounting,
When I am gone?

Day, active day, its aspect ever changing,
With hopes pursued, or needful duties done,
Will lure thro' varied scenes thy spirit ranging,
Till busy thoughts awhile from me are gone,
When I am gone.

But thou wilt miss me in the evening's leisure,
When all the hopes and cares of day have flown;
Who then for thee will search out fancy's treasure,
Or sing to thee in strain of tranquil pleasure,
When I am gone?

Be happy in the day's meridian splendor;
Take up each flower that on thy path is strown;
But still at eve to me thy heart surrender;
Call back our love in memory true and tender,
When I am gone.

(From Blackwood's Magazine for December, 1855.)

Courtship under Difficulties.

A HUMOROUS HISTORY.

FROM THE GERMAN OF FERDINAND STOLLE.

(Concluded.)

Never have I passed two more irksome hours than those that elapsed before bedtime came. The counsellor proposed a cigar. I caught at the idea. With a glowing Havannah in my mouth, I felt as if I should be safer from the assaults of that cobra de capello, or whatever else it was, that Oken kept beside her, like a greyhound in leash, ready to let slip upon her game. I vowed to myself to smoke the beast to death if possible. Again I was to be balked.

"Bless me, papa!" cried the naturalist, "you forget that my pet cannot bear smoke. Can you?" she said, raising to my infinite alarm, the lid of the snake-inhabited hamper.
"True, my dear," placidly replied her father, "I did not think of it; and, turning to me, "Excuse me, my dear friend, he added, "but the little animal really cannot endure tobacco."

It is had enough to be henpecked, but to be chickpecked, to be the slaves of three daughters, and they possessed of the devil, appeared to me the lowest depth of human degradation. So, because a wretched viper objected to the fragrant vapour of a cigar, I was to be deprived of my after-supper smoke. For a moment my impulse was to kick the counsellor, jump upon the basket, and bolt from the house; but calmer thoughts succeeded, and I sat resigned, merely secretly wishing that Oken and the snake were sitting *tete-a-tete* in a Libyan desert or a Louisiana swamp, and that I was a hundred leagues from Wiesenthal. I had suffered so much all day that my moral energy was completely gone. I was overwhelmed by the rapid succession of unpleasant events. I started at every noise, expecting to see Nimrod or Dieffenbach, or both of them, enter the room and perpetrate some fresh assault upon me. Nimrod would of course begin snuffing the candles with pistol-balls; and Dieffenbach, as soon as she observed my state of nervous excitement, would insist upon blisters and mustard-plasters, and perhaps upon a little more phlebotomy. Hitherto I had but one sister at a time to deal with. But if they formed a triple alliance, and set upon me in concert, I was lost, without hope of rescue. Fortunately neither of the elder sisters made their appearance, and at last the youngest, to my great relief, took up her basket and departed. No sooner was she gone than Frager, according to his custom, tried to remove the disagreeable impression she had made upon me. One got accustomed in time, he said, to her strange tastes and stranger pets, and when once she was married she would give up her researches in natural history, and settle down into an excellent wife. I was quite sick of the simple old creature's infatuation and apologies, and begged to be allowed to go to bed.

"At last," said I to myself, on finding myself alone in my room, "I shall have a little repose after the heat and burthen of the day, after all my dangers and adventures." So tired was I that I immediately undressed, blew out the lights and sought my bed. Pulling back the clothes, I stepped in, and much more hastily jumped out again. I had come upon some hard substance which moved between the sheets. If I was not greatly mistaken, it was a live tortoise. Whilst I deliberated whether I should cry murder, sleep on the sofa, or dress and leave the house, something bit my great toe with such violence that I actually yelled with agony. A gigantic

crawfish clung to my foot. I kicked about in so desperate a manner that I at last shook the creature off, and I heard it go with a crack against the wall. I fled to the sofa. A horrible thought assailed me. What if Frager, through absence of mind, had ushered me into Oken's museum and menagerie. This appeared to me the more probable that on all sides I heard strange sounds, as if numerous creatures were crawling, trotting, singing and humming around me. Something flew up to me with a buzz and a bounce, and caught in my hair. I clutched at it, and shuddered as I found in my grasp a beetle as big as a sparrow. I dashed it furiously from me, and had the satisfaction of hearing it smash against some hard substance. Scarcely was I rid of the beetle when I was bitten sharply in the calf of the leg. I put down my hand, but the creature had done his work and gone, leaving a severe smarting irritation. I knew not whether it was he or one of his friends who the next instant made an onslaught upon my ankle. I began to hunt about for the match-box, that I might at least see my enemies. I sought in vain, and was quite unable to conjecture the nature of the monsters that, during my search, pinched, bit and stung, and assailed me in every conceivable manner. Once or twice I trod with my bare foot on hideous reptiles, whose cold slimy touch made me leap into the air. My capers would doubtless have diverted any who saw them, but to me it was no laughing matter. No martyr of ancient times or victim of the *vehementer* ever suffered more than I did in that chamber of horrors. The monsters that congregated on the bottom of the sea can hardly surpass in variety the inmates of that room. The darkness and my excited imagination further embellished them. Presently I heard a hiss. "A snake, by all that's horrible!" said I to myself, "about to coil around and devour me." And I set up such an infernal clamour, shouting and cursing, like Ajax when wounded, that I must have been audible half a mile round the house. To add to the turmoil, in my eagerness to escape from something which I heard coming after me with a sort of clapping noise, I upset the table. Several large boxes which stood upon it were opened by the fall, and I immediately perceived a great increase of animation around me. I continued to storn like a lunatic. It was all one to me whether anybody in the house slept or not. The awful row I kept up at last roused the counsellor, who made his appearance in his dressing-gown, candle in hand. He at once saw the cause of the disturbance.

"Hang the girl!" he cried; "she will soon fill the whole house with her zoological collection."

I put myself in mind of pictures I had seen of Adam on the sixth day of the creation, surrounded by all manner of beasts and creeping things. Frager led the way to another room, which as yet was not invaded by Oken's vormin.

"You have nothing to fear here," said my host; and added, "to his system of making the best of everything, 'you will sleep all the better for your little misfortunes.'"

"Heaven grant it!" sighed I, and thought that I should have slept quite well enough without them. After searching the whole room, under the bed, in the drawers and closets, and satisfying myself that no specimens of natural history, either alive or dead, were there, I again got between the sheets—this time without encountering a tortoise, but not the less determined to fly Wiesenthal at cocker. With this wholesome resolve I stretched myself out and went to sleep, as I presume the tortoise did in the bed originally destined for me.

Scarcely had Aurora, with her rosy fingers,
Tinged the hill-tops and bathed the plain in dew,

when I was afoot and packing. Whilst thus occupied, I reflected that, under all the circumstances, French leave was decidedly the best leave for me to take, otherwise I should have a regular fight with Frager, who would never let me depart. When I halted for the night, I would write him a letter, telling him that, with the best will in the world, I had been unable longer to endure the eccentricities of his charming daughters. I would put it to him as gently as possible, so as not to hurt his feelings; and I felt sure that when he reflected on all I had gone through under his roof, he would not feel surprised at my abrupt departure. Nor could my uncle blame me, when I told him of my tribulations, and related the conduct of the three mad women.

Whilst pondering on all these things, I completed my packing. I made sure that nobody would be stirring in the house at that early hour, and at any rate that the ladies would be deep in their feather-beds. I was deliberating whether I should bravely shoulder my portmanteau or leave it to be sent after me, when the door burst open, and to my immense consternation, in strode Nimrod, a brace of duelling pistols in her hand.

"Merciful heavens!" said I to myself, "torture begins again. It must be owned that these amiable demons go to work early."

Without salutation or ceremony Nimrod strode up to me.

"Your conduct last night," she said, "your ill-treatment of my sister's property, and barbarity to several of her pets, are an insult to the family and demand atonement. I have taken the business into my hands. We will exchange shots."

"Are you out of your mind?" cried I impatiently.

"You will soon see that," replied Louisa, coldly and decidedly. "Answer me. Is it you who broke the claw of that rare specimen of the lobster tribe? Is it you who threw the horned beetle with such violence against the wall that the poor creature is still unable to walk or fly? And are you the delinquent who upset the cases in which colonies of spiders, earwigs and centipedes had long led a tranquil and happy life? Do you confess all these offences?"

My politeness was clean gone. I had come to consider Nimrod as a man, and should as soon have thought of putting on white kid gloves to saddle a horse, as of using towards her that intemperate tone and those guarded expressions one usually adopts with the gentler sex.

"May the devil fly away with the whole brood!" cried I, perfectly exasperated at being called to account for my defence against the menagerie.

"Follow me, sir," said Louisa; "such expressions as these can be washed out only with blood. Come, sir!"

"Nonsense!" I replied; "I do not fight duels with young ladies."

"Ha!" cried Nimrod, stepping up close to me, with raised pistol and an unwholesome sparkle in her eye; "Nonsense, did you say? Afraid, I suppose. But it won't do. Follow me, sir."

"I tell you again that I will not. How can I answer to God and my conscience for having levelled a pistol at you?"

"Need not to level it without you choose. Fire in the air. I am the aggrieved party and will fire at you."

"A thousand thanks."

"For the last time I ask if you will follow me? If not, I declare you the greatest coward that ever trod the earth and called himself a man."

"As you please."

"Yes, but that is not all. You shall carry away a mark that will remind you, your life long, of your conduct this day."

"A mark," said I to myself; "what does the assassin mean? She is capable of any crime." And I confess I felt uneasy. Louisa came nearer and nearer, her pistol raised, her countenance threatening. In her eye there was something deadly and alarming. I began to retreat. As I drew back, she advanced, taking step for step with me, her pistol aimed at my head, her finger, as it seemed to me, actually pressing the trigger. I could hear it no longer.

"Fiend!" I exclaimed, "for Heaven's sake leave me in peace. I am about to quit this inhospitable house."

"You are going away?" cried Louisa, in a strangely joyful tone, and sinking the muzzle of her pistol.

tone. "It was not your uncle's desire alone, but views of your own, that brought you to Wiesenthal. You wished to marry me or one of my sisters."

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed, "marry you? I should as soon think of marrying a Minnie rifle. Never dreamed of such a thing, I assure you. Besides, I am engaged to be married already."

"What!" cried Louisa, perfectly overjoyed. And she threw the pistol away, and herself almost into my arms.

"What! you are engaged to be married? Why did you not say so before?"

"I was not asked the question," replied I, quite taken aback by the sudden embrace and change of mood.

"You would have saved yourself a deal of unpleasantness, poor fellow!" continued Louisa. "I would not have shot at you, nor would Ernestine have tormented you with her snake, nor Emily have let your blood and drawn your tooth."

"I should have been well pleased to have been spared the last operation," said I.

"You would have found us all very amiable, good-tempered girls."

"I have no doubt of it, since you say so; but I really do not understand—"

"I will explain," said the transformed Nimrod, who each moment became gentler and more charming. "It is a secret; but we, too, are engaged to be married."

"All three?"

"All three. Notwithstanding our rather masculine tastes, we are women at heart."

"I am glad to hear it."

"Are you? And surprised, too, apparently. Well, never mind; you will learn to know us better. But our father, kind and indulgent though he be, is a great deal too practical in love matters. He thinks too much about what he calls 'good matches,' and unfortunately the men of our choice do not come under that head. One is a lieutenant with nothing but his pay, the other a clergyman without a living, the third an artist, whose pictures nobody buys."

"May I venture to inquire which of the three the beautiful Louisa has honoured with her preference?"

"The clergyman!" I repeated, perfectly astonished.

"You think me rather too wild to be a parson's wife?"

"Well," I replied, as her sharp-shooting exploits recurred to my mind, "A preacher of peace and a daring sports-woman—"

"Love levels everything," returned Louisa, with enchanting frankness. "And do you think I cannot be gentle when I please?"

"I think that to you nothing is impossible."

"When it is to please *him*—nothing!" she answered, with a touch of the old Nimrod energy. The next instant the woman resumed the ascendant. She cast down her eyes, and blushed divinely at the confession that had escaped her. Then, recovering herself: "Not a word, I entreat, to my father of what I have told you. He would never forgive us. We pray to Heaven day and night to improve the circumstances of the men of our choice, for whose sake we have already driven more than one woeful from Wiesenthal. When a danger of that kind approaches, we form our plans, and if one of us does not succeed in repelling it, another surely does. Confess whether, even if you had not already given away your heart, you would have sought one of us as a wife after yesterday's adventures?"

"Not if you had had provisos for your dowry," was my uneviled but honest reply.

"Many thanks," said Louisa, laughing. "An excellent proof of the efficacy of our measures."

I now had to tell my new friend about my love affairs, and how it was that I found myself nearly in the same position as herself, since my uncle had no idea of my attachment to Minnie, the poor widow's daughter. To make a long story short, I was introduced over again to Dieffenbach, who no longer menaced my masticators, or flourished a lancet, and to Oken, now unaccompanied by her viper, and I found the three sisters as amiable as I the day before had thought them detestable. I was obliged to promise to remain a few days longer at Wiesenthal. To confirm our alliance, prove my forgiveness, and heap coals of fire upon the heads of my tormentors, I volunteered to undertake the delicate task of interceding with the counsellor, and declared that I would not leave the house until he had given his consent to his daughters' marriage with the men they preferred. Upon receiving this promise, the sisters were near killing me with kindness and caresses. It was no small thing I had pledged myself to perform, but, thus encouraged, I felt myself equal to any difficulty. We held a council of war, and that same day the siege began. I worked hard in the trenches, was repeatedly under fire, and had to repel several smart sorties. On the first day I made little progress, but, encouraged by the imploring looks and hoarse words of the female besieging army, I persisted, and held my ground. Frager proved an obstinate old fortress. Fond though he was of his daughters, and generally indulgent and easy-going, in some things he was stubborn as any mule. However, on the evening of the second day I had opened a breach, and on the third I headed the storming party. Thereupon the enemy hung out the white flag, and asked for a day's truce. This was granted, but a strict blockade was maintained. The truce expired, the storming party again advanced, capitulation ensued, and general rejoicings celebrated our triumph.

The betrothal of the three sisters was now officially announced, and the customary festival was to take place in a fortnight. I was to be there, and to bring Minnie with me. For, as a good deed rarely goes unrewarded, Frager, my conquered foe, undertook to intercede with my uncle and obtain his consent. And so, after another happy day at Wiesenthal, I departed, a tooth the poorer than on my arrival, but radiant with victory and rich in hope.

It was long since I had seen my worthy uncle laugh so heartily as at the narration of my adventures with the counsellor's daughters. It put him into such a fine humour that when Frager, true to his promise, made his appearance a day or two later, he had much less difficulty than I expected in obtaining his consent to my union with Minnie. A fortnight afterwards, a happy party was assembled at Wiesenthal; I made the acquaintance of the parson, the dragon, and the painter, and was obliged to admit that Nimrod, Dieffenbach and Oken had shown both good taste and good judgment in their choice. My day's adventures at Wiesenthal were of course again brought upon the tapis, and were a source of never-ending mirth. The three young men who, indirectly, were the cause of my misfortunes, cordially consoled with me. But Dieffenbach, the operator, declared (and let this be the moral of my tale), that the loss of the tooth was but a just punishment for going to look at other women when I was already a pledged and accepted lover; a sentiment in which her sisters and Minnie (especially the latter) most cordially concurred.

Before a year was out, there were four weddings at Wiesenthal. Since then, two more years have elapsed, bringing on their wings various changes, most of them for the better. Although I did not marry exactly as my uncle wished, he did not the less make me his partner. Nimrod, engrossed with gentler cares, is no longer a sporting character; much to the satisfaction of her husband, who has a pleasant country living. Dieffenbach has long since retired from medical practice, and the dragon, now a captain, is quartered a few miles from Wiesenthal. Oken pets a baby instead of a snake. The painter has thrown away his unprofitable palette, has taken to agriculture, and lives with his father-in-law, whose estate he manages. Such are the satisfactory results of my "Courtship under Difficulties."