

The Examiner.

AND SEMI-WEEKLY INTELLIGENCER.

"THIS IS TRUE LIBERTY WHEN FREE-BORN MEN—HAVING TO ADVISE THE PUBLIC—MAY SPEAK FREE."—MILTON'S EURIPIDES.

Now Series.

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POETRY.

THE BRIGHT SIDE THE RIGHT SIDE.

Oh! let's look, if we can, to the bright side,
Tho' the dark one seems nearest us still;
For be sure that that side is the right side,
If it helps us through sorrow and ill,
Though the cloud that has threaten'd may
blind us,
When we'd hoped to have seen it go past,
It will not be the worse if it find us
Still trying to hope to the last.

Oh! the heart, that with manful endeavour,
Still hopes in the midst of its woes,
Is the heart of a hero, and ever
Makes sunny the path where it goes;
Then each cloud though it angrily lowers,
Has a silvery lining beneath—
And the thorns that lie hid in the flowers,
Only brighten the tints of the wreath.

So let's look, if we can, to the bright side,
Though the dark one seems nearest us still—
For be sure that that side is the right side,
If it helps us through sorrow and ill.

MISCELLANY.

A GOOD SHOT.—"It is now," said Von Wyk, "more than two years since, in the very place where I stand, I ventured to take one of the most daring shots that ever was hazarded. My wife was sitting within the house near the door, the children were playing about her, and I was without, busied in doing something to a waggon, when suddenly, though it was mid-day, an enormous lion appeared, came up, and laid himself quietly down in the shade, upon the very threshold of the door! My wife, either frozen with fear, or aware of the danger attending any attempt to fly, remained motionless in her place, while the children took refuge in her lap. The cry they uttered attracted my attention, and I hastened towards the door; but my astonishment may well be conceived, when I found the entrance to it barred in such a way. Although the animal had not seen me, unarmed as I was, escape seemed impossible; yet I glided gently, scarcely knowing what I meant to do, to the side of the house, up to the window of my chamber, where I had set my rifle in the corner close by the window, so that I could reach it with my hand: for the opening was too small to admit of my having got in; and still more fortunately, the door of the room was open, so that I could see the whole danger of the scene. The lion was beginning to move with the intention of making a spring. There was no longer any time to think; I called softly to the mother not to be alarmed, and, invoking the name of the Lord, fired my piece. The ball passed directly over the hair of my boy's head, and lodged in the forehead of the lion, immediately above his eyes, which shot forth, as it were, sparks of fire, and stretched him on the ground, so that he never stirred!"

THE LAST PINCH.—A clergyman attended a culprit on the scaffold; after the usual prayers, he asked as a matter of course—

"And now, here I bid you farewell, is there anything I can do for you, my poor soul?"

"Yes, sir," answered the pinioned one eagerly, "you can be of the greatest comfort to me: just put your hand in my waistcoat pocket, you will find a paper of snuff—do open it and give me a pinch,

I can't help myself. I'd do as much for you if you were in my situation, and I'll feel obliged to you as long as I live."

The good divine, vexed not a parting soul by saying anything about the sin and folly of such a request at such a moment, nor the unfitness of the office proposed for one of his cloth. He administered this last consolation, and as he retired, heard the condemned sinner exclaim—

"Now I am happy."

A moment more, and, as the newspapers say, he was "launched into eternity." Truly the ruling passion is strong in death.

A NEW SCOTCH CATECHISM.—Schoolmaster: "Who was David?"

Boy.—"The man who slew the muckle giant with a sling and a stone."

Schoolmaster.—"Whose son was David?"

Boy.—"The son of Jesse."

Schoolmaster.—"Who was Jesse?"

Boy.—"The Flower o' Dumblane!"

A STRANGER CHALLENGED.—What right, we should like to know, has the word "party" to come in and usurp the place of the good old word "person"? There is no such thing as a person or an individual now. The abstract idea of a human being is for the present to be described as "a party." We used to regard the word party long ago as usually a plurality—an assemblage. For example, a marriage-party, a dinner-party, a whist-party. Now the idea is concentrated into a single person. We hear of a party thrown from a curriole, and think of a number of people hurt in consequence; when, behold, the party is only one, and he escapes with a few bruises about the head. A house is also for sale, and the agent tells us that several parties have been enquiring after it; as if people came in troops, when the fact is, they came by single spies at the most. A waiter at our hotel tells you that there are several parties in the public-room: you go in, expecting a crowd, when behold there are only three gentlemen, each sitting at a separate table, and the whole making a sufficiently meagre show.

There is a provoking dubiety in all this, and the more provoking that it is unnecessary, seeing that there can be no objection to the use of the proper word person. The misuse of the word party took its rise a few years ago in mercantile circles. It is often, of course, necessary in such quarters to speak of bargains or negotiations, in which case there are always two parties concerned. Here the word is rightly used, whether there are one or more on each side. It may be A and B, against C, when of course A and B form the one party in the affair, and C, singly by himself, the other. Mercantile men, having so often occasion to speak of individuals in this way as parties, came at length to lose sight of this distinction between the two, and used the word party for individual on all occasions, whether right or wrong. This, however, should be resisted in literature, and even in conversation, as a vulgarism; and we proclaim war against it accordingly.—*Chamber's Edinburgh Journal.*

A NEW WAY OF GAINING A LIVING.—On the boulevards of Paris there is to be seen a woman, who makes money by experimenting on the sensibilities of the fair. The veneration which French ladies hold for the swallow, that precious messenger of spring, and of good omens, is well known. The woman spoken of moves their hearts and loosens the strings of their purses by means of these sweet little birds. About the promenading

hour of the afternoon, on the Italian boulevard, she goes with a cage in which are contained five or six swallows; these she exhibits to passers by, particularly to the ladies, when compassion is immediately excited on seeing the efforts of the fluttering little prisoners to be free. "Would you like to let one go," says the woman, "it will only cost you two pennies." As may be supposed, many avail themselves of the pleasure, pay their two pennies to the woman, receive in their hands the bird, and then enjoy the satisfaction of seeing it fly away at liberty. In this way, one by one, the cage is emptied, and the woman goes home, where she finds her swallows already arrived before her. The birds having been trained, take advantage of their liberty only to return directly to the habitation of their mistress. The next day she commences the same comedy anew.

IN THE WRONG POCKET.—A capital joke is told of a candidate for Governor of a Western State. During a speech of his, he began to descant upon the extravagance of the age; declaring himself to be one of the plain yeomanry; an old silver *bull's eye* that cost him but ten dollars was all the watch he ever carried, and it was plenty good enough for him, and to illustrate the fact the judge put his hand into his pocket and drew forth—not a silver *bull's eye*—but a magnificent gold repeater! The shouts of the crowd can be better imagined than described, while the would-be governor made a most precipitate retreat. The fact is, the silver watch was carried for electioneering purposes, and in the excitement of speech-making, when he went to draw it forth he put his hand in the wrong pocket!—*Ex.*

"IS YOUR NAME BROWN?"—Capt. W. tells an amusing occurrence witnessed by him last week on board the "Ocean," on her passage down. An oddish and somewhat purblind gentleman, pacing up and down the upper saloon, stopped in front of a large, full-length mirror, and after gazing at the figure presented, for a moment or two, inquired, in a very deliberate tone—"Is your name—Brown?" No answer. Question repeated, louder—"Is your name—BROWN?" Still no answer. Question again repeated, louder still—"IS YOUR NAME—BROWN?" Still no answer. "Well," said the questioner, "you are either no gentlemen, or cursed deaf!" The saloon was in a roar.

NEW CURE FOR DRUNKARDS.—Dr. Schreiber, or Stockholm, has succeeded in curing drunkards of their bad habits. He insulates the patient, gives him brandy and water to drink, prepares all his food with brandy and water, and mixes these with his tea and coffee. At the end of a few weeks the regimen produces an uncontrollable disgust, and repugnance. A physician should, however, watch the operation for fear of apoplexy and cerebral congestion. One hundred and thirty idle soldiers were so treated with perfect success.

Insanity from an undue indulgence in reading fiction is found to be one of the leading causes which fill Insane Asylums. An Albany paper says:—A young lady in this city has become partially insane from excessive reading of novels. She now imagines herself a heroine, and her friends have to watch her closely to prevent her jumping off the dock, that somebody may have a chance to romantically save her.

GOOD ADVICE.—An eastern editor says. Never let people work for you gratis. If you do, you will never get out of their debt in all eternity. Two years ago a man carried a bundle for us to Boston, free of cost. The consequence is that we have been lending him two shillings a week ever since.

ETIQUETTE.—When the Duke of Argyle was one night at the theatre, in a side box, a person entered the same box in boots and spurs. The Duke arose from his seat, and, with great ceremony, expressed his thanks to the stranger, who, somewhat confused, desired to know for what reason he received those thanks, when the Duke gravely replied, "For not bringing your horse with you."

Phonography spells words as they are pronounced. Thus: *Heelux welineer froket*, when rendered into the Anglo-Saxon means, "he looks well in a frock coat."

Dobbs, the portrait painter, says that every thing should be in character. For instance, search-warrants should be on "tracing paper," and wedding notices on "fools-cap."

It is said that a celebrated English duchess, on being told that she must be bled or she would die, assumed the usual prerogative of her sex, and replied, "I won't be bled; and I won't die;" and she didn't.

NOTA BENE.—A young gentleman just becoming imbued with the humanities, and ever ready to display his lore, on being asked by the gentleman who flattered himself with being his progenitor, if he would be helped to some more beans, replied—"Not a single bean, sir, or as the Romans had it, not-a-bene."

LAST TRIBUTE TO BEANS.

"You may break, you may ruin the pot if you will,
But the scent of the bean-juice will hang round it still."

EPIGRAM ON A LADY SHREW.

They tell me that your brow is fair,
And unsurpassed by none;
To me the cause is very clear—
You brow-beat every one.

A maiden lady of forty, in reply to the ironical question why she did not enter into the holy state of matrimony said,— "Why, by waiting, I may get one of the best of husbands; and if I get a bad one, I shall have reason to rejoice that I have not long to live with him!"

A SEASONABLE CONUNDRUM.—Why is a drunkard hesitating to sign the pledge like a sceptical Hindoo? Because he is in doubt whether to give up the worship of the *Jug-or-not*.

Mrs. Partington says, that nothing displeases her so much as to see people who profess to expect salvation, go to church without their purses when a collection is to be taken.

A PRIEST AND HIS FLOCK.—On Monday next, three of Mr. Cook's ships, the Ticonderoga, Loodianah, and Chasca, will sail from this port for New Orleans with a remarkable party. It consists of 1,200 Irish farmers and peasants from the county Wicklow and Wexford, with their wives and children, who are accompanied by their priest, the Rev. Mr. Hoare, and who intend settling on land which they have purchased in the valley of the Mississippi. The emigrants include about four hun-