

The Examiner.

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Vol. VI. This is true Liberty, when Free-born Men, hating to advise the Public, may speak free.—EURIPIDES. [EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.]

MOON'S PHASES.—DECEMBER, 1856.
First Quarter 4th day, 11h. 14m. evening.
Full Moon 11th day, 3h. 50m. evening.
Last Quarter 19th day, 2h. 30m. morning.
New Moon 27th day, 4h. 32m. morning.

Miscellaneous.

I MET HER IN THE WILD-ROSE DELL.

I met her in the wild-rose dell,
When dews were glittering on the wheat;
And now 'tis heaven for me to tell
The magic beauty of her feet.
They twinkled as she tripped along,
With grace no maiden queen could own;
Her voice was like a bridal song,
Her mouth a rose in sunlight blown!

That dell seemed Paradise to me,
And she its hallowed angel-guest,
Beside whose form I sighed to be,
Like wandering bird beside its nest.
I saw her curl each ripened rose,
Night's jewels in their crimson hold;
And saw each daisy's orb unclose,
Their hearts like drops of starry gold.

And charmed I lingered near each spot,
Where she had but a moment been;
And saw beyond an ivy cot,
That lent a picture to the scene—
The home of beauty and of grace—
That pleased like some remembered thing—
Through which the mind of age can trace,
The charn that first taught love to sing.

For there's a pleasure in the look,
Of all things beautiful on earth;
As on the pages of a book,
Thoughts spring to an immortal birth!
And she the maiden of the dell,
Was beautiful as stars above,
Her brow white as the lily's ball,
Her mouth a ruby cup of love!

THE KNIFE; OR, THE RANSOM.

A few years since, at the base of this mound, a chief reposed, whose daughter was a girl of uncommon beauty; and this beauty was but the external manifestation of a pure and noble spirit. As a matter of course, she had many admirers among the young braves of her nation. Her nature was above the arts of a coquette; and loving one among them all, and only one, she hesitated not to let her preference be known, not only to the Young Eagle who had won her heart, but also to those whose suit she had rejected. Among the rejected suitors one alone so laid it to heart as to desire revenge. He, the Prowling Wolf, was filled with rage, and took little pains to conceal his enmity, though he manifested no desire for open violence. Both these young men were brave, both skilled in the use of weapons, which, far away in the buffalo plains, had sometimes been used in battle; but while Young Eagle was noble, generous in spirit, and swayed by such high impulses as a young savage may feel, the Wolf was reserved, dark and sullen; and his naturally lowering brow seemed, after the maiden had refused him, to settle into an habitual scowl. The friends of the Young Eagle feared for his safety. He, however, was too happy in the smiles of his chosen bride to trouble himself concerning the enmity of another, especially when he knew himself to be his equal both in strength and skill. The happy couple were in the habit of meeting at the top of the mound—Young Eagle armed with a revolver he had received from a white. One summer evening, just as the sun was up, Young Eagle sought the top of the mound for the purpose of meeting his future bride, for their marriage was agreed upon, and the appointed day was near. One side of this mound is a naked rock, which for thirty feet or more is almost perpendicular. Just on the edge of this precipice is a foot path, and by it a large, flat sandstone rock forms a convenient seat for those who survey the valley, while a few low bushes are scattered over a part of the crest of the mound. On this rock Young Eagle sat him down to await the maiden's coming. In a few moments the bushes rustled near him; and rising, as he thought, to meet her, a tomahawk flashed by his head, and the next moment he was in the arms of a strong man, and forced to the brink of a precipice. The eyes of the two met in the moonlight, and each knew that the struggle was for life. Pinned as his arms were by the other's grasp, the Eagle frustrated the first effort of his foe, and then a desperate struggle, a death struggle, followed, in which each was thoroughly maddened. The grasp of the Wolf was broken, and each instantly grasping his adversary by the throat with his left hand, sought his weapon with the right—the one his knife, the other his revolver. In the struggle, the handle of the knife of Wolf had been turned in the girdle, and missing it at the first grasp, ere he could recover himself, the revolver was at his breast and the bullet through his heart. One flash of hatred from the closing eye, and the arm of the dying warrior relaxed; and as the body sank, the Eagle hurled it over the precipice, and in his wrath fired bullet after bullet into the corpse as it rolled heavily down; and, this not satisfying his revenge, he ran round and down the side of the mound, and tore off the scalp of his foe. There had been no witness of the combat, for the young girl did not arrive till its termination, when her lover was scalping his victim. His life was therefore in imminent danger from the justice of his tribe, and he knew that his only chance was to stand upon his defence. This chance arose from the customs of the Indians, that if the murderer escaped the blow of the avenger of blood—the nearest relative of the victim—the family were at liberty to accept a ransom for the life of their kinsman. The Young Eagle at once took his resolution, sustained by the advice of his friends. Completely armed, he took possession of the top of the mound, which was so shaped that while he himself was concealed, no one could approach him by day without being exposed to his fire—and he had two devoted and skillful allies, which, together with his position, rendered him far more than a match for his single adversary, the avenger of blood—the brother of the Wolf. These allies were his bride and a large sagacious hound, which had long been his hunting companion, and had guarded him many a night when camping on the prairies. The girl had in her veins the blood of Indian heroes, and she quailed not. She demanded with lofty enthusiasm to be made his wife, and then, acquainted with every stratagem of savage war, and every faculty sharpened by affection and her husband's danger, she watched

and warned, and shielded him with every art that the roused spirit could suggest, and which could be practiced.

The brother of the Wolf prowled about the fortress night and day. In the daytime, to ascend the mound far enough for action would be to place himself, helpless and without care, within the range of the young warrior's rifle, and at night he could not even put his foot upon its base without the baying of the hound giving his master warning. He at length hit upon a stratagem; and by careful observation of his young wife, who was frequently going and coming, that she might supply her husband with food, and succeeded in imitating her dress, walk, and manner so completely, that he hoped to deceive both dog and man. His scheme was skillfully executed. The dog wagged his tail, and his master spoke to the avenger as his wife when there were only a few feet between them; but suddenly the gallant hound, discovering his mistake, threw himself with a yell upon the throat of the enemy, and bore him to the ground. The Young Eagle now deprived him of his weapons, and pinioned his arms; but the next moment, from an impulse of generosity, he set him free, and sent him home armed as usual.

This was the turning-point of the savage drama. The shedder of blood surrendered himself to the justice of the tribe to offer a ransom, or if that was rejected, to lay down his life without resistance. At the day appointed, the parties met in an open space with hundreds to witness the scene around.—The Eagle, all unarmed, was first seated on the ground, then by his side was laid down a large knife with which he was to be slain if the ransom was not accepted. By his side sat his wife, her hand clasped in his, while the eyes even of old men were dim with tears. Over against them, and so near that the fatal knife could be easily seized, stood the family of the slain Wolf, the father at the head, by whom the question of life or death was to be settled. He seemed deeply moved, and sad rather than revengeful. A red blanket was now produced and spread upon the ground. It signified that blood had been shed which was not yet washed away, the crimson stain remaining. Next a blanket of blue was spread over the red one. It expressed the hope that the blood might be washed out in heaven, and remembered no more; and last a blanket purely white was spread over all, significant of a desire that no where in earth or in heaven a stain of blood should remain, and that every where, and by all, it should be forgiven and forgotten.

These blankets, thus spread over, were to receive the ransom. The friends of Eagle brought goods of various kinds, and piled them high before the father of the slain. He considered them a moment in silence, and then turned his eyes to the fatal knife. The wife of the Eagle threw her arms around her husband's neck, and turned her eyes imploringly full on the old man's face, without a word. He had stretched his hand towards the knife when he met that look. He paused—his fingers moved convulsively, but they did not grasp the handle. His lips quivered, and then there was a tear in his eye. "Father," said the brother, "he spared my life." The old man turned away. "I accept the ransom," he said, "the blood of my son is washed away. I see no stain now on the hand of the Eagle, and he shall be in the place of my son."

A YOUNG LADY DRAWN IN A LOTTERY.—We extract the following from a letter from Paris, published in the New York Daily Times:

Nearly a year ago a young lady in France, named Sophie Van Behr, conceived the singular idea of disposing of herself in marriage by means of a lottery. She was thirty years old, tired of a life of celibacy, and in despair of not finding a husband with enough means at his command to suit her views, she announced, therefore, that her handsome but rather mature person should be disposed of on the following terms: She created a lottery with 500 shares of a thousand francs each. Subscribers were to present themselves in person, in order that she might decide on their acceptability as husbands. The subscribers of course were to be single men. The subscriptions were to be placed in the hands of a notary as fast as made, and the drawing was not to take place till all the shares were taken, that is, when the sum of half a million francs was complete.

Not quite a year elapsed before the shares were all taken. The drawing recently took place in the office of the notary, who held the subscriptions and the money, in presence of two magistrates. A thousand numbers were placed in an urn, the subscribers being numbered in order as their names were inscribed. The urn was thoroughly shaken up, a blind hand was thrust in and No. 449 withdrawn. The happy individual who subscribed No. 449 was a Tunisian General, who had already occupied the public attention by his oriental caprices. But the lady was neither frightened at the turban, nor the beard, nor the religion, nor of the harem of the happy barbarian, who hastened to marry her, and to pocket his five hundred thousand francs. The happy couple have left for Tunis, where they will reside.

A SHARP JURY.—A few years ago, when the famous reform measure the "County Court" system was in vogue, there was a trial called on in one of the interior counties of Michigan. A jury was called, the case was heard, and twelve wise men withdrew to deliberate. After a short absence, they returned into court and took their seats. The roll being called, the Judge asked them if they had agreed upon a verdict?

Foreman. Young man, we have.
Judge. Well, sir, for whom do you find?
Foreman. For ourselves.
Judge. What do you mean, sir?
Foreman. We mean that we have found a verdict for one of the parties, which you can have by paying our fees.
Judge. But, sir, you have been regularly empanelled, and are bound to deliver your verdict now, and look to the county for your pay.
Foreman. Now, Judge, don't talk so. Its no use, I'll be hanged if you can have the verdict until you pay us our fees. We understand how to get our pay in the County Court, but this one horse court we don't understand.

One of the Dukes of Ormond, when Lord Butler, promised his Chaplain, the Rev. Joseph Somebody, a good living; but on succeeding to the estates forgot the promise. The first time the Chaplain preached before the Duke he selected as his text, "yet did not the Chief Butler remember Joseph, but forgot him." The living came the next week.

An English cockney at the Falls of Niagara, when asked how he liked the Falls, replied:—"They're handsome—quite so; but they don't quite answer my expectations; besides, he got thoroughly vetted and lost my 'at." His power to look at 'em in an engraving, in 'ot weather, and in the 'ouse,

READING ONE'S OWN PAPER.—We believe that as a general thing, our Observers are as honorable men as can be found anywhere. Occasionally we meet with instances of a different character. Now and then a wo-begone moneyless epistle, makes its advent to our office, from some subscriber who hasn't paid a cent for his paper for years, but which concludes with the laconic injunction—"Stop my paper." On such occasions we are tempted to soliloquize somewhat as follows: "My paper," eh? Why, man, you haven't owned a paper for years! You have taken a paper, and read a paper, but was it your paper? Your paper, forsooth! Why, the very ink that erases your name from the subscription list was paid for with other people's money! Stop your paper! Why, you might as well talk about stopping the revolution of your earth—or commanding your sun to stop the supply of your daylight? Go to—man! "Pay what thou owest," and the next time thou writest to an editor for a discontinuance, be sure that thy request is accompanied with enough of money to render "stop my paper," other than a mere figure of speech. So much for the soliloquy. Now for the contrast. We have just opened a letter, from a subscriber whom we have never seen, but who is obviously an honest man. It is a model letter. Thanks to our kind friends, we are receiving many such. He says: "I must apologize for not sending the money before. I have been a reader of the Examiner for many years. I have always paid in advance until the present year. I find that I do not feel right when I take your paper out of the office. I send you fifteen shillings, which you will please place to my credit. I shall then have the pleasure of reading my own paper."

A PALPABLE HE.—The following item is taken from the Memphis Christian Advocate, and is emphatically a good hit: An invalid once sent for a physician, and after detaining him for some time with a description of his pains, achas, &c., he thus summed up: "Now, doctor, you have humbugged me long enough with your good-for-nothing pills and worthless syrups; they don't touch the real difficulty. I wish you to strike at the cause of my ailments, if it is in your power to reach it."

"It shall be done," said the doctor, at the same time lifting his cane and demolishing a decanter of gin that stood on the sideboard.

CROOKED ALTOGETHER.—According to one of Cole's M. S. a pamphlet published in 1703 has the following odd title:—"The Deformity of Sin cured; a sermon preached at St. Michael's, Crooked-lane, before the Prince of Orange, by the Rev. J. Crookshanks. Sold by Mathew Denton, at the Crooked Billet, near Cripplegate and by all other booksellers." The words of the text are—"Every Crooked path shall be made straight;" and the Prince before whom it was preached, was deformed in person.

We want Reform, but not alone
In voting at Elections—
We want, as may be quickly shown,
Reform in all directions.

The girls whose lengthy garments trail
Through mud, and wet, and snow too,
Should try Reform, and so curtail
The frightful lengths they go to.

The bonnet should protect the head,
Not shoulders, from the weather;
Reform it, girls; as Shakespeare said,
"Reform it altogether."

The city needs Reform, they say,
In watering and draining;
Of squandering money day by day,
Folks also are complaining.

AN UNBELIEVING CONGREGATION.—It is related of Bishop Ravenscroft that when, on one occasion of his reading prayers in a country village, the people gave no audible response to his pronunciation of the Apostles' Creed, he deliberately paused, and asked in solemn tones, "Am I the only man here present who believes in God?"

UNDESERVED INJURY.—When Henderson was introduced to Dr. Johnson in Bolt Court, the conversation turned on dramatic subjects. Henderson asked the doctor's opinion of the new tragedy of "Dido" and its author. "Sir," said Johnson, "I never did the man an injury, yet he would read his tragedy to me."

A LITERAL COMPLIANCE.—A goler had received strict orders not to keep any prisoners in solitary confinement. Once when he had but two in charge, one escaped, and he was obliged, in consequence, to kick the other out of doors, to comply with the regulations.

MATRIMONIAL PEPPER.—Scolding is the pepper of matrimony, and the ladies are the pepper boxes! So says an old foggy bachelor. We would give his name, but are afraid that the peace of the neighbourhood might be disturbed by the noise of a broom handle.

GEOGRAPHICAL.—"Class in middle-aged geography, stand up. What is a pyramid?"—"A pile of men in a circus, one on top of 'other." "Where is Egypt?"—"Where it allers was." "Where is that, you young vagabond, you?"—"Dunno, sir."

An Englishman observed a stone roll down a staircase. It bumped on every stair till it came to the bottom; there of course it rested. "That stone," said he, "resembles the national debt of my country; it has bumped on every grade of the community, but its weight rests on the lowest."

The butler of Lord Bruxfield gave up his place because his Lordship's wife was always scolding him. "Lord!" exclaimed his master, "ye've little to complain of; you may be thankfu' ye're not married to her."

DIFFERENT KINDS OF MONEY IN RHYME.
Aeri money defies the human breast,
Har money soothes the soul to rest,
Cere money, words to men addressed,
Testi money, evidence to attest,
Patri money, evidence of bequest,
Matri money, state to make you blest,
Ready money, what many love the best.

It is an extraordinary fact that when people come to what is commonly called high words, they generally use low language.

GEORGE HUDSON, THE RAILWAY KING.—To show how low the Railway King has fallen, we copy from a late London paper the following account of a scene in the Bankruptcy Court, before Commissioner Goulburn, on the 7th October last:—"Mr. Johnson, for assignees, applied for the sanction of the Court to a compromise which the assignees proposed to make with reference to a bill of exchange for £1000, bearing the names of Mr. George Hudson and Mr. Mould, railway contractors, and for which they had been offered £150. The Commissioner: Hudson! Hudson! What Hudson is it?—Mr. Johnson: The celebrated George Hudson, the late Railway King. The Commissioner looked incredulous. Mr. Johnson assured the court that it was rightly informed. The Commissioner: Is it come to this that his acceptance for £1000 is to be compromised for £150? Mr. Johnson: The assignees consider themselves very fortunate in getting that sum. His Honor: Well, if the official assignee and the trade assignee concur in thinking it a beneficial compromise, let it be so. Mr. Johnson: That is really the opinion."

It thus seems that £150 is considered a good settlement of a debt of £1000 from George Hudson, the millionaire! He to whom men and women of the highest rank in England a few years since bowed obsequiously, is now totally insolvent. The wealth to which homage was thus paid, was not acquired by honorable means, and like all ill-gotten gains, it has fled from the guilty possessor. Can anybody still doubt—"That honesty is the best policy?"

THE MAN WITH THE WHEEL-BARROW.—Boston, Nov. 7.—Major Ben Porely Poore, late Fillmore candidate for Congress, in the 6th district, arrived in the city this afternoon, with his wheel-barrow and barrel of apples, which he had wheeled all the way from Newbury, 36 miles, in two and a half days. The job was in fulfillment of a bet with Colonel Furbank, Fremont State Senator elect, that Fillmore would get more votes in Massachusetts than Fremont.

The Major, wheeling his apples, was escorted up State street, about 2 o'clock, by the Fillmore Clubs of Boston and Charleston, a military company, and mounted cavalcade of citizens. The novelty of the performance collected many thousands, and the Major was greeted with tremendous and tumultuous applause on all sides. He delivered the apples on the steps of the Tremont house, where both gentlemen delivered congratulatory speeches, mounted on the barrel. Probably 10,000 people were present.

THE ROGUES OF COURTSHIP.—It may appear startling, but perhaps the greatest duplicity in life is the season of courtship. Affection is a most arrant traitor, and, like the rapt astronomer, whilst gazing on the stars we fall into a pit. We deceive ourselves in our regard of another, and we deceive another in the false representation of ourselves. We put on our best garments without at all suspecting the holiday dress of our companion. Suitors in each other's eyes are as perfect as those once were who now lie in churchyards—*affectionate brothers, dutiful sons, and sincere friends.* "Rogues all," have a prescriptive title to this language when they are six feet in the earth, and all suitors claim as equal an estate when over head and ears in love.

DISCOVERY OF A ROMAN VILLA.—The remains of a Roman villa, which promises to be a very interesting one, have just been found near Linley Hall, Shropshire, the seat of the ancient border family of More. The site, near upon the boundary line of Wales, is not far distant from the mining districts of the parish Shelve, where numerous traces of the Roman lead mining operations are still visible, and pigs of lead with the name of the Emperor Hadrian stamped upon them have been found at no great distance from Linley.

A CONJURER CHECKMATED.—A professor of magic, who recently gave an entertainment in an English seaport, was bragging pretty largely of his sleight-of-hand feats in the public room of one of the hotels, after his performance was over. A gentleman present offered to bet him that he would make everything on the table disappear in less than a minute. The professor at once booked the wager, when the other screwed out the gas. The disappearance was complete, and the professor confessed himself "sold."

THE FASHION OF NATURE'S DRESS NEVER CHANGES.—There is one fashion that never changes. The sparkling eye, the coral lip, the rose leaf blushing on the cheek, the rounded form, the elastic step are always in fashion. Health, rosy, bounding, glad some health, is never out of fashion; what pilgrimages are made, what prayers are uttered for its possession! Falling in the pursuit, what treasures are lavished in concealing its loss or counterfeiting its charm!—*Milliner's Guide.*

MODEST.—An exchange paper says:—"A clergyman at the South in sending a sermon for publication in the National Preacher, observes incidentally—"I should have no objection to your obtaining for me the title of D. D. from some Northern College. I am a very popular man at the South, and I think it would have a tendency to harmonize the North and South."

ORIGIN OF "A BRICK."—When you say, in a phrase which is now Americanized, such and such a man is "a brick," do you think of, or do you know the origin of it? It is this: An eastern Prince, on being asked, "Where are the fortifications of your city?" replied, pointing to his soldiers, "every man you see is a brick!"

The Duke of Marlborough being indisposed, was pressed by his Duchess to take some medicine; she, with her usual warmth, added, "I'll be hanged if it don't prove serviceable." Dr. Garth being present, said, "Do take it then, my Lord, for it must be of service one way or other."

"No man," said a wealthy but weak-minded barrister, "should be admitted to the bar who has not an independent handed property."—"May I ask," said Curran, "how many acres makes a wisacre?"

NEW YORK LADIES.—A writer in a New York paper speaks of a lady who wears upon one dress a full mile of fringe trimming! Another young lady in New York has adorned a single dress with 750 yards of ribbon.

DELICATE ATTENTIONS.—In the tenth century to eat out of the same plate, and drink out of the same cup, was considered a mark of gallantry, and the best possible understanding between a lady and gentleman.