

# The Examiner.

AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCER.

"This is true Liberty, when free-born men, having to advise the Public, may speak free."—MILTON'S EURIPIDES.

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## LITERATURE.

### SEAWEED.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

WHEN descends on the Atlantic  
The gigantic  
Storm-wind of the equinox,  
Landward in his wrath he scourges  
The toiling surges,  
Laden with seaweed from the rocks:  
From Bermuda's reefs; from edges  
Of sunken ledges,  
In some far-off, bright Azore;  
From Bahama, and the dashing,  
Silver-flashing  
Surges of San Salvador;  
From the tumbling surf, that buries  
The Orkneyan skerries,  
Answering the hoarse Hebrides;  
And from wrecks of ships, and drifting  
Spars, uplifting  
On the desolate, rainy seas;—  
Ever drifting, drifting, drifting  
On the shifting  
Currents of the restless main;  
Till in shelter coves, and reaches  
Of sandy beaches,  
All have found repose again.  
So when storms of wild emotion  
Strike the ocean  
Of the poet's soul, ere long  
From each cave and rocky fastness,  
In its vastness,  
Floats some fragment of a song:  
From far-off isles enchanted,  
Heaven has planted  
With the golden fruit of Truth;  
From the flashing surf, whose vision  
Gleams Elysian  
In the tropic clime of Youth;  
From the strong Will, and the Endeavour  
That forever  
Wrestles with the tides of Fate;  
From the wreck of Hopes far-scattered  
Tempest-shattered,  
Floating waste and desolate;—  
Ever drifting, drifting, drifting  
On the shifting  
Currents of the restless heart;  
Till at length in books recorded,  
They, like hoarded  
Household words, no more depart.

### Taking Toll.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Mr. Smith kept a drug shop in the little village of Q—, which was situated a few miles from Lancaster. It was his custom to visit the latter place every week or two, in order to purchase such articles as were needed from time to time in his business. One day, he drove off towards Lancaster in his wagon, in which, among other things, was a gallon demijohn. On reaching the town, he called first at a grocer's, with the inquiry,  
"Have you any common wine?"  
"How common?" asked the grocer.  
"About a dollar a gallon. I want it for antimonial wine."  
"Yes, I have some just fit for that, and not much else, which I will sell at a dollar."  
"Very well. Give me a gallon," said Mr. Smith.  
The demijohn was brought in from the wagon and filled. And then Mr. Smith drove off to attend to other business. Among the things to be done on that day was to see a man who lived half a mile from Lancaster. Before going on this errand, Mr. Smith stopped at the house of his particular friend, Mr. Jones. Mr. Jones happened not to be in, but Mrs. Jones was a pleasant woman, and he chatted with her for ten minutes or so. He was about stepping into the wagon, when he was called back by the grocer's boy, who told him that the gallon demijohn

was a little in his way, and so, lifting it out, he said to Mrs. Jones,

"I wish you would take care of this until I come back."

"O, certainly," replied Mrs. Jones, with the greatest pleasure.

And so the demijohn was left in the good lady's care.

Some hours afterwards, Mr. Jones came in, and among the first things that attracted his attention was the strange demijohn.

"What is this?" was his natural enquiry.

"Something that Mr. Smith left."

"Mr. Smith from Q—?"

"Yes."

"I wonder what he has there?" said Mr. Jones, taking hold of the demijohn. "It feels very heavy."

The cork was unhesitatingly removed, and the mouth of the vessel brought in close contact with the smelling organ of Mr. Jones.

"Wine, as I live!" fell from his lips.— "Bring me a glass."

"Oh no, Mr. Jones, I would not touch his wine," said Mrs. Jones.

"Bring me a glass. Do you think I'm going to let a gallon of wine pass my way without exacting toll? No—no. Bring me a glass."

The glass, a half-pint tumbler, was produced, and nearly filled with the execrable stuff—as guiltless of grape-juice as a dyer's vat—which poured down the throat of Mr. Jones.

"Pretty fair wine that, only a little rough," said Mr. Jones smacking his lips.

"It's a shame!" remarked Mrs. Jones, warmly, "for you to do so."

"I only took toll," said the husband laughing. "No harm in that I'm sure."

"Rather heavy toll, it strikes me," replied Mrs. Jones.

Meantime, Mr. Smith having completed most of his business for that day, stopped at a store where he wished two or three articles put up. While these were in preparation, he said to the keeper of the store.

"I wished you would let your lad Tom step over for me to Mr. Jones's. I left a demijohn of common wine there, which I bought for the purpose of making into antimonial wine."

"O, certainly," replied the store-keeper. "Here, Tom!" and he called for his boy.

Tom came, and the store-keeper said to him,

"Run over to Mr. Jones's and get a jug of antimonial wine which Mr. Smith left there. Go quickly, for Mr. Smith is in a hurry."

"Yes, sir," responded the lad, and away he ran.

After Mr. Jones had disposed of his half a pint of wine, he thought his stomach had rather a curious sensation, which is not much to be wondered at, considering the stuff with which he had burdened it. "I wonder if that is really wine?" said he turning from the window at which he had seated himself, and taking up the demijohn again. The cork was removed and his nose applied to the mouth of the huge bottle.

"Yes it's wine; but I'll vow it is not much to brag of." And the cork was once more replaced.

Just then came a knock at the door. Mrs. Jones opened it, and the store-keeper's lad appeared.

"Mr. Smith says, please let him have

the jug of antimonial wine he left here."

"Antimonial wine!" exclaimed Mr. Jones, his chin falling, and a paleness instantly overspreading his face.

"Yes, sir," said the lad, taking up the demijohn to which Mrs. Jones pointed with her finger, and departing without observing the effect his appearance had produced.

"Antimonial wine!" fell again, but huskily from the quivering lips of Mr. Jones. "Send for the doctor, Kitty, quick! Oh! How dreadful sick I feel. Send for the Doctor, or I'll be a dead man in half an hour!"

"Antimonial wine! Dreadful!" exclaimed Mrs. Jones, now as pale and frightened as her husband. "Do you feel very sick?"

"Oh yes. As sick as death!" and the appearance of Mr. Jones by no means belied his words. "Send for the doctor instantly or it may be too late."

Mrs. Jones ran first in one way and then in another, and finally had presence of mind enough to tell Jane, her single domestic, to run with all her might for the Doctor, and tell him that Mr. Jones has taken poison by mistake.

Off started Jane at a speed outstripping that of John Gilpin. Fortunately the Doctor was in his office, and he came with all the rapidity a proper regard to the dignity of his office would permit, armed with a stomach-pump and a dozen antidotes. On arriving at the house of Mr. Jones, he found the sufferer lying upon a bed ghastly pale, and retching terribly.

"Oh, Doctor! I'm afraid it's all over with me," gasped the patient.

"How did it happen? what have you taken?" inquired the Doctor, eagerly.

"I took by mistake, nearly half a pint of antimonial wine."

"Then it must be removed instantly," said the Doctor; and down the sick man's throat went one end of a long, flexible, india rubber tube, and pump! pump! pump! went the doctor's hand at the other end. The result was very palpable. About a pint of reddish fluid, strongly smelling of wine, came up, after which the instrument was withdrawn.

"There!" said the Doctor, "I guess that will do. Now let me give you an antidote," a nauseous dose of something or other was mixed up and poured down to take the place of what had just been removed.

"Do you feel better now?" inquired the Doctor, as he sat holding the pulse of the sick man, and scanning with a professional eye, his pale face that was covered with a clammy perspiration.

"A little," was the faint reply. "Do you think all danger past?"

"Yes I think so. The antidote I have given you will neutralize the effect of the drug, as far as it has passed into the system."

"I feel as weak as a rat," said the patient, "I am sure I could not bear my own weight. What a powerful effect it had!"

"Don't think of it," returned the Doctor. "Compose yourself. There is no danger to be apprehended whatever."

The wild flight of Jane through the streets and the hurried movements of the Doctor, did not fail to attract attention. Inquiry follows and it soon became noised that Mr. Jones had taken poison.

Mr. Smith had finished his business in Lancaster, and was just stepping into his

wagon, when a man came up to him and the storekeeper, who was standing by,

"Have you heard the news?"

"What news?"

"Mr. Jones has taken poison."

"What?"

"Poison!"

"Who? Mr. Jones?"

"Yes. And they say he can't live."

"Dreadful! I must see him."

And without wanting further information, Mr. Smith spoke to his horse, and rode off at a gallop for the residence of his friend. Mrs. Jones met him at the door looking very anxious.

"How is he?" inquired Mr. Smith in a serious voice.

"A little better, I thank you. The Doctor has taken it off his stomach. Will you walk up?"

Mr. Smith ascended to the chamber where lay Mr. Jones, looking as white as a sheet. The Doctor was still by his side. "Ah my friend!" said the sick man, in a very feeble voice, as Mr. Smith took his hand, "that antimonial wine of yours has nearly been the death of me."

"What antimonial wine?" inquired Mr. Smith, not understanding what his friend meant.

"The wine you left here in the gallon demijohn."

"That wasn't antimonial wine."

"It was not?" fell from the lips of both Mr. and Mrs. Jones.

"Why, no! It was only wine that I had bought for the purpose of making antimonial wine."

Mr. Jones rose up in the bed.

"Not antimonial wine?"

"No."

"Why, the boy said it was."

"Then he didn't know anything about it. It was nothing but some common wine which I had bought."

Mr. Jones took a long breath. The Doctor arose from the bedside, and Mrs. Jones exclaimed—

"Well, I never!"

Then came a grave silence, in which one looked at the other doubtfully.

"Good day," said the doctor, and he went down stairs.

"So you have been drinking my wine, it seems," laughed Mr. Smith, as soon as the man with the stomach-pump had retired.

"I only took a little toll," said Mr. Jones, back into whose pale face the color was beginning to come, and through whose almost paralysed nerves was again flowing from the brain a healthy influence.

"But don't say anything about it.— Don't for the world!"

"I won't on one condition," said Mr. Smith, whose words were scarcely coherent, so strongly was he convulsed with laughter.

"What is that?"

"You must become a teetotaler."

"Can't do that," replied Mr. Jones.

"Then I can't promise."

"Give me a day or two to make up my mind."

"Very well. And now good bye; the sun is nearly down, and will be night before I get home."

And Mr. Smith shook hands with Mr. and Mrs. Jones, and hurriedly retired, trying, but in vain, to leave the house in a grave and dignified manner. Long before Mr. Jones had made up his mind to join the teetotalers, the story of his taking toll was all over the town, and for the next two or three months he had his own

time of it. After that, it became an old story.

### DO YOU REALLY THINK HE DID?

I waited till the twilight,  
And yet he did not come;  
I strayed along the brook side,  
And slowly wandered home;  
When who should come behind me,  
But him I would have chid;  
He said he came to find me—  
Do you really think he did?

He said, since last we parted,  
He'd thought of nought so sweet,  
As of this very moment—  
The moment we should meet,—  
He showed me where, half shaded,  
A cottage home lay hid:  
He said for me he made it—  
Do you really think he did?

He said when first he saw me,  
Life seemed at once divine;  
Each night he dreamt of angels,  
And every face was mine;  
Sometimes a voice, in sleeping,  
Would all his hopes forbid;  
And then he wakened weeping—  
Do you really think he did?

### SHAKING HANDS.

As a means of defence, the Englishmen use the clenched fist, and not the dagger as Spaniards and Italians. They consider this a more manly, noble, and as being more at hand when wanted a more efficient power. But for the friendship, as its most heartfelt expressions, the worthiest, manliest, and sincerest sign of feeling, they give the open hand to us.— Indeed, this English hand-shaking, when immoderate, as it sometimes is, has a somewhat comical effect. But it has its bright side also; for in this custom— hearty, strong, and sometimes rough— we see expressed the deep fraternal sympathy of these great nations. Bodily union, as far as the junction of the ten fingers can effect it, is a beautiful symbol of that of the soul, and almost all nations have adopted two hands clasped together as the emblem of mutual brotherhood and aid. There is a language, silent, indeed, but ever variously expressive in this custom. Think but upon its degrees; the pressure, the grasp, the hands held, twisted within each other, given or shaken; all, from woman's gentle touch which seems to linger as a feeling, to man's nervous strong retention. Mark those who, unacquainted with each other, or possibly estranged, offer the hand as a mere act of outward courtesy. How restrained is their action! How motionless, unfeeling, insensible! Like oil upon water, one hand rests within another; how readily they depart, each glad to escape from his hypocritical communion! On the contrary, when long-tryed friends, who have been separated for years, again meet, with what haste and warmth of feeling do they not grasp the hand; how short but hearty is their salutation. "Well met!" They seem riveted together as the links of a chain, true and inseparable, with hearts for any fate. And when we bid "Farewell," does not our hand rest folded within another's motionless, yet thrilling with gentlest touch? for sorrow and affliction have soft, restraining feelings, which refuse to yield the hand so often clasped in love until the last moment of separation.

PROFESSIONAL COURTESY.—At the conclusion of the late Kilkenny sessions, the assistant-barrister, Mr. Nicholas Purcell O'Gorman, made some strong observations upon the indecorous conduct of attorneys of his court "who did nothing," he said, "but sneer at him, endeavour to cast ridicule upon him. But I'll bear it no longer," exclaimed the enraged judge, "as this very night I shall write off and insist on being transferred to another county." "Does your worship think," said Mr. Michael Hymself to the irate law dispenser, "that a memorial signed by all the attorneys of this court backing your application, would be of any assistance in obtaining your object?" A look of peculiar ferocity was the only response to the generous interrogatory.