

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 11, 1856.

No. 31.

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.

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.

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.



"Alliance Life and Fire Insurance Company" of

LONDON

ESTABLISHED BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT
1824.
Capital, Five Millions Sterling.
CHARLES YOUNG,
April 14. Agent for P. E. Island.

Excellent Stand for business for Sale at
Bedeque.

THE subscriber offers for sale the following excellent stand
for business, situate opposite Hooper's Corner, Bedeque.
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 Summerville,
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 HARPEL.

Charlottetown, January 14, 1856.

Dwelling House and Land near Charlotte-
town for Sale.

FOR SALE, the newly built and commodious Dwelling
House in Charlottetown, near 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 for 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.
JOSEPH HENSLEY.
July 30.

Freehold for Sale.

WHAT well known Freehold, of 55 acres, "EGLANTINE
POINT," Fortune Bay, formerly owned by EDWARD ANELL, 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 878. July 23.

For Sale,

THE 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.

Cash for Hides,

WANTED TO PURCHASE, at the "Euston Street Tan-
nery,"—1,500 HIDES, for which the highest price in
cash will be paid on delivery.
Always on hand, a large assortment of superior CALF
SKINS, and sides of Neat's and Grain Leather.
Charlottetown, Jan. 14. 5w. H. C. TROWAN.

ADMINISTRATION NOTICES.

PERSONS having legal demands against the Estate of the
late Mrs. CHARLOTTE DAWSON, Cottage Tavern, Saint
Peter's Road, are hereby notified to render their Accounts,
duly attested, within three calendar months from this date;
and all persons indebted are hereby requested to make im-
mediate payment to Mr. HENRY W. LOBBAN, at the Auction Mart,
Kent Street.
H. W. LOBBAN, Executors.
D. REDDIN,
City of Charlottetown, Oct. 22, 1855. R. G. & Isl.

ALL persons having legal demands against the Estate of
JOHN DAWSON, late of Charlottetown, carpenter, deceased,
intestate, are hereby required to furnish the same without delay; and all
persons indebted to the said Estate are hereby required to make im-
mediate payment to the undersigned.
CATHERINE MINTO, Executrix & Executor
JOHN RIDER, de bonis non.
Charlottetown, January 17, 1856. R. G. & Ex. 4i.

Literature.

LIGHT.

The following exquisite poem, by William Pitt Pammer,
was some years ago pronounced by one of the most eminent
European critics to be the finest production of the same length
in our language:

From the quickened womb of the primal gloom
The sun rolled black and bare,
Till I wove him a vest for his Ethiop breast
Of the threads of my golden hair;
And when the broad tent of the firmament
Arose on its airy spars,
I pencilled the hue of its matchless blue,
And spangled it round with stars.

I painted the flowers of the Eden bowers,
And their leaves of living green,
And mine were the dyes in the sinless eyes
Of Eden's virgin queen;
And when the fiend's art on the trustful heart
Had fastened its mortal spell,
In the silvery sphere of the first born tear,
To the trembling earth I fell.

When the waves that burst o'er a world accursed,
Their work of wrath had sped,
And the Ark's lone few, tried and true,
Came forth among the dead,
With the wondrous gleams of my bridal beams,
I bade their terror cease,
As I wrote on the roll of the storm's dark scroll,
God's covenant of peace.

Like a pall at rest on a senseless breast,
Night's funeral shadow slept—
Where shepherd swains on the Bethlehem plains
Their lonely vigils kept—
When I flashed on their sight the heralds bright
Of Heaven's redeeming plan,
As they chanted the morn of a Saviour born—
Joy, joy to the outcast man.

Equal favor I show to the lofty and low,
On the just and unjust I descend;
E'en the blind whose vain spheres roll in darkness and tears,
Feel my smile the blest smile of a friend,
Nay, the flower of the waste by my love is embraced,
As the rose in the garden of kings;
At the chrysalis bier of the worm I appear,
And lo! the gay butterfly wings.

The desolate morn, like a mourner forlorn,
Conceals all the pride of her charms,
Till I bid the bright hours chase the night from her flowers,
And lead the young day to her arms;
And when the gay rovers seek Eve for his lover,
And sink to her balm repose,
I wrap the warm vest by the zephyr-fanned west,
In curtains of amber and rose.

From my sentinel steep by the night-brooded deep
I gazed with unslumbering eye,
When the cygnure star of the mariner
Is blotted from out the sky;
And guided by me through the merciless sea,
Though sped by the hurricane's wings,
His compassless, dark, lone, weltering bark
To the haven home safely he brings.

I waken the flowers in their dew-spangled bowers,
The birds in their chambers of green,
And mountains and plain glow with beauty again
As they bask in their national sheen.
O, if such the glad work of my presence to earth,
Though fitful and fleeting the while,
What glories must rest on the home of the blest,
Ever bright with the Deity's smile.

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

Courtship under Difficulties.

A HUMOROUS HISTORY.

FROM THE GERMAN OF FERDINAND STOLLE.

(Continued.)

Miss Emily was gradually becoming as odious to me as her
galloping pistol-firing sister. Her father scolded, but his words
were mere wind, as regarded their effect upon Dieffenbach,
who was far too much engrossed with her amputation to care
a copper for paternal chidings. Again putting forward the
abominable hand, she began to explain, in scientific phrase,
the nature of the injuries, and the necessity of its removal,
when Frager lost all patience, and ordered her immediately to
remove the abominable thing from his sight. Emily carefully
wrapped up her hand in the cloth and left the room.

"The deuce take me," growled the counsellor, "if I know
what is come to her to-day. She does not generally intrude
her surgical learning. The successful amputation must have
turned her head. Well, let's think no more of it, but return
to our dinner."

To dinner, with what appetites we might. I could not
swallow a bit. I had dined for a week—on that horrible dead
flesh. Presently in came Emily and sat down to table.
"Fall to, my friend," said the hearty and hospitable
Frager, who saw that I did but play with my knife and fork,
and put nothing into my mouth. "This fillet of roebuck is
done to a turn."

Desirous to conceal the fact that the amputated hand had
cut off my appetite, I took out my handkerchief and held it
to my mouth.

"What is the matter?" asked the counsellor. Dieffenbach
looked inquiringly at me.

"I have a tooth that pains me," I replied.

"Do you suffer from a decayed tooth?" hastily inquired
Emily.

One lie begets another. "At times," I answered, "when
eating, one of my double teeth is very apt to ache."

"We must have it out," said Dieffenbach, in a tone of
decision that made me tremble for the safety of my thirty-two
sound grinders. And up she jumped, and hurrying into the
next room, returned instantly with an instrument-case.

"Pray give yourself no trouble on my account, Miss Emily,"
I said; "the pain already diminishes."

"We must have it out," repeated Emily, firmly. "A bad
tooth is like a bad conscience, it may be stilled for a moment, but
never rests. You are never sure of being an hour free from
pain."

"I am really extremely obliged to you," said I deprecatingly,
and observing with horror that the desperate dentist drew
from her case a hideous instrument, in form something between
a boat-hook and a corkscrew

"At least allow me to examine your teeth."

"Must really decline," I replied, setting my jaws firmly
together. "If I once open my mouth," I thought to myself,
"this demon is capable of breaking every bit of ivory I have
in it." And I muttered a host of excuses, which sufficiently
showed my aversion to operations on the teeth. Dieffenbach
did not seem to listen to me, but drew an arm-chair to the

window, and bade the servant bring in a basin and water.
Then, with an angelic smile, she invited me to sit down in the
chair.

"Satan himself," thought I, "must have brought me to
this house;" and straightway I declared that I could not con-
sent to submit to any operation, and that, as to tooth-drawing,
it was clean against my principles.

"I will do nothing at all to your mouth," replied Emily;
"but the teeth are one of my favourite studies, and I beg you
will allow me to examine yours."

I thought it rather an odd wish, but I did not like to re-
fuse, lest she should think me a coward. I did make some
further objections—would not give her the trouble, and so
forth; but all this was of no use. I at last had to sit down
in the chair by the window, and open my mouth. Just as I
did so, the counsellor left the room. My heart sunk within
me; I was now completely in the power of this fiend and her
forceps. She took a sort of probe, and scraped and poked
about my mouth in a manner that was anything but agreeable.
I endured the pain, however, and said nothing. Then she
took some other instrument, and scraped and scratched again.
The sufferings of Job can hardly have exceeded mine.

"Have the goodness to wash out your mouth," said the
operator, handing me a glass of water. I did as I was bid,
and discovered to my horror, that my gums had bled profusely.
"Nothing more dangerous," said this infernal Dieffenbach,
"than to have the gums growing too low down upon the teeth.
I have separated them a little."

"Small thanks to you," thought I and hoped, with a sigh,
that my tortures were at an end. Not a bit of it. Emily
again rummaged in her instrument-case.

"I will not trouble you any more," I said, closing my
mouth.

"Only one moment," said the determined dentist, and in an
instant thrust some hideous piece of mechanism into my mouth,
and grappled a tooth. Before I knew where I was, blue lights
danced before my eyes, and I felt as if my jaw was breaking.

The next moment a magnificent double tooth, with two pro-
digious fangs, was waved in triumph before my eyes.

"It must have come out very soon," quoth Dieffenbach,
with imperturbable calmness; "decay had begun, and would
shortly have spread to the other teeth, and caused you great
pain."

I was more dead than alive. My tongue convulsively sought
the horrible gap left by my departed and irreplaceable grinder.

"You have two other double teeth that will not last you
long," continued Emily; "if you please, we will take them
out at once, to save further trouble. My hand is in, and I
should be of opinion to have them out." She flourished her
diabolical implement, but I shouted with terror, and sprang
from the chair as if a scorpion had stung me.

"As you please," said Emily with a charming smile, and
gathering together her instruments, left the room with a
gracious gesture, leaving me spitting blood and musing over
this new and most abominable adventure. Never was any
sutor so infamously treated. Nearly shot through the head
by one lady, and having his teeth wrenched out by another,
I gazed sorrowfully at the recent occupant of my mouth,
which had never caused me a moment's pain, when the coun-
sellor, who sat by my side, and who had reached, hastily
entered the room and inquired what was the matter.

"Your daughter," replied I, in no very friendly tone, "has
been pleased to extract, in spite of my resistance, a perfectly
sound tooth from my mouth; an exploit from which I am far
from obliged to her."

"Perfectly sound," said Frager, shaking his head; "there
I must beg to differ from you. Emily understands teeth, and
is incapable of such a mistake. You should rejoice, instead
of lamenting. At the price of a momentary pang, you have
been saved from much suffering. The operation has been
highly successful, thanks to my daughter's skill. If you com-
plain now, what would you have done had your jaw been
broken, as sometimes happens in tooth-drawing? But you
must need repose. A short siesta will do you no harm. If
you will accompany me, I will show you your room."

I gladly accepted the offer, well pleased to leave at last a
refuge from Nimrod's gun and Dieffenbach's instruments.
My host led the way to a comfortable and well-furnished
apartment, wished me a pleasant nap, and departed. Left
alone, I fell to musing on the events of the day, and as I gazed
through the window on the beautiful landscapes without, I
thought to myself what a pity it was that such a charming re-
sidence should be rendered intolerable by the vagaries of the
owner's daughters. The old gentleman was far too indulgent
—very weak indeed—and seemed to think Dieffenbach had
done me a great service by robbing me of one of my teeth. I
made up my mind soon to depart. I would wait to have a
look at Oken, that my uncle might not be able to say I had
not complied with his wish that I should see all the three
daughters. As to stopping a week, it was out of the question.
Before that time elapsed I should lose a leg or an arm at the
hands of Dieffenbach, or be laid low by the bullets of Nimrod.
More beautiful girls I had never seen, and doubted that his
presence there is no security for life and limb? My thoughts
turned to the youngest sister, Ernestine. Judging from her
portrait, she was of a softer mood than her elders. Her father's
account of her partiality to spiders and other vermin was not
very encouraging, but at any rate with her one risked neither
death nor mutilation.

I would gladly have smoked a cigar, my custom of an after-
noon, but the state of my gums rendered it impossible. I was
quite exhausted by the various extraordinary adventures that
in so short a time had occurred to me, and I felt inclined to
sleep. The afternoon was very warm, so I pulled off my coat
and laid myself down in my shirt-sleeves on a soft and ex-
cellent sofa. Sleep soon closed my eyes, but it was neither a
pleasant nor a refreshing slumber. The incidents of the day
were reproduced and exaggerated in my dreams. First came
Louisa, and shot my nose completely off, as if it had been the
beak of a popinjay at a shooting-match. Then Emily ap-
peared with a horrible screw, which she insisted on passing
through my head. The dream was a succession of ghastly
visions, each one more painful and oppressive than its pre-
decessor. I tossed about and groaned, and perspired with
terror, but my persecutors would not leave me. After Nimrod
had shot a hole right through my body, so that the sun shone
through, and the landscape behind me was visible to those in
front, Dieffenbach approached me, wearing a string round her
neck, on which were strung my thirty-one remaining teeth.
So that I was as toothless as an old man of a hundred, and
grievously did I bewail myself. But my sufferings were not
over. Dieffenbach produced a long slender sharp-pointed in-
strument of polished steel, and insisted upon operating upon
me for disease of the heart. I naturally protested against
this, and made a desperate defence, but all was in vain: in-
visible hands seized me, fettered me, so that I could not stir;
my breast was bared, and with a fiendish length, my persecutor
drove the iron into my heart. Thereupon I screamed out loud
—and awoke. My dream was not all a dream, although it
seemed one to me for some seconds after I opened my eyes.
Emily stood before me, a lancet in her hand; my arm was
bandaged, and from the vein a dark-red streamlet gushed into
a basin, held by a maid-servant.

"Merciful heavens!" I exclaimed, already weakened by the
loss of blood, "what is all this?"

"Hush, hush!" said my murderer, for such I now held
her to be; "keep yourself quiet, or you will bring on fever."

"You want to bring me to my grave,"

"By no means. By this prompt bleeding I have probably
saved you from it. Not aware that you were installed in this
apartment, I accidentally entered, and found you in a high
fever, quite delirious. There was nothing for it but the lancet.
See how feverish your blood is."

I saw nothing, but I felt weak. I let my head fall back
upon the sofa-cushion and closed my eyes. "Bled to death,"
thought I to myself, and stirred not, for I was quite resigned
to my fate, and convinced that there was no chance of my
escaping alive from Wiesenthal. I rather think my senses
left me. At least I remember little of what passed, until, an
hour and a-half later, I found myself walking in the grounds
with Frager. I walked but slowly, for the blood-letting had
really weakened me.

"I go too fast for you," said the counsellor, who observed
that I had difficulty in keeping up with him; and he slackened
his pace. "My poor friend," he continued, "you little
thought when you started on a pleasure-trip to Wiesenthal,
that you would leave some of your blood behind you. I
cannot imagine what evil spirit has taken possession of my
daughters. I assure you that they are the gentlest kind-
hearted creatures in the world."

I ascribed this astonishing statement to paternal blindness,
and, to avoid contradicting my host, I held my tongue.

"You must have been in real danger," said Frager,
apologetically. "Emily has excellent judgment and a quick eye,
and certainly would not have bled you had it not been neces-
sary; and to lose a few ounces of blood never does any one
harm."

I began to lose all patience with this absurd old counsellor,
who took his daughters' mad freaks for so many proofs of
skill and wisdom. I believe if they had cut my head off he
would have maintained them to be perfectly justified by the
precarious state of my health. I examined myself to see if
there were anything about me that could possibly afford
Dieffenbach a pretext for another operation. Commencing
with my head, I travelled down to my feet, and rejected to
find that, with the exception of my tortured mouth and
punctured arm, everything was in a perfectly natural and
healthy state. There was nothing to justify any further
practice of surgery upon my unfortunate person. I resolved
to be extremely on my guard, and to lock the room door
whenever I was alone.

The day was near its close when we returned to the house,
where we found the supper-table spread. The young ladies
were all absent. Heaven only knew in which direction Nim-
rod was out shooting, Dieffenbach amputating, and Oken
collecting spiders. I must confess to a greater wish to see
Oken than Minnie, perhaps, would altogether have approved.
At any rate, with her I should not be in bodily danger. She
would hardly attempt to impale me on a corking-pin, like a
beetle or a butterfly. I was very glad her two sisters did not
make their appearance. To me their presence would have em-
bittered the meal. We waited a while, expecting their arrival,
and the counsellor, who could not but remark or suppose that
the impression made upon me by the occurrences of the
morning was not particularly favourable, filled up the interval
with praises of his daughters, lauding the excellence of their
hearts, and pointing out how much better it was that they
should have been suffered to grow up half wild in the country
than that they should have been exposed, without the guidance
and protection of a mother, to the corrupt atmosphere and
dangerous refinements of the town. When upon this theme
Frager was inexhaustible. I never saw a man so much in
love with his own children. At last he declared he would wait
no longer for the girls, and we began supper. We had been
at table about a quarter of an hour, when the door opened,
and Oken, long-expected, came at last. Very different was
the impression she made upon me to that produced by her
sisters. She was quite as pretty, but gentle and amiable in
countenance and manner. She did not run past me, like Nim-
rod and Dieffenbach, as if I had been a part of the furniture,
but bowed her head gracefully and courteously, apologised for
her tardy arrival, and added that had she known I was at
Wiesenthal, the most interesting researches in natural history
should not have withheld her from returning home to
welcome me. I was delighted to find her so pleasing a contrast
to her sisters, and, but for thoughts of Minnie, I should at
once have admitted myself vanquished by her charms. She
was tastefully dressed—her hair just a little blown about by
the evening breeze. In her hand she carried a covered basket,
which she placed upon a chair beside her when she sat down.
The conversation turned on natural history. Out of com-
plaisance, and to win her good opinion, I feigned a lively in-
terest in the science, about which I had never in the least
troubled my head. We were a most harmonious trio. Coun-
sellor Frager was in the seventh heaven. It was clear to the
worthy man that Ernestine and I were born for each other.
For my part, I forgot the disasters of the morning, and basked
in the smiles of the lovely naturalist, who by this time was
deep in the latest discoveries respecting amphibia. Con-
cerning these I neither knew nor cared anything, but I pre-
tended profound attention, and gazed with delight on the
lovely mouth that spoke so learnedly. It was quite a little
lecture on reptiles. Presently Ernestine opened the basket
beside her, and the next moment an extraordinary object
writhed and danced within a few inches of my face. Its ap-
pearance was so sudden that I did not at the instant recognise
its nature, but when I did, I thought I should have fallen
from my chair with terror. A living and very lively snake
stretched out towards me its horrible head and forked tongue.

"Here you have a most beautiful specimen of the —"
She wound up the sentence with some Latin name of a snake.
I was almost beside myself. From my infancy upwards I had
held serpents of every kind in extraordinary respect. Oken
detected my discomposure. "What!" she exclaimed, laugh-
ing scornfully, "you would pass for a naturalist, and are
afraid of a snake? Impossible!"

And the accursed head, with its quivering tongue and bright
beadlike eyes, drew nearer and nearer, Oken seeming to en-
joy my manifest uneasiness.

"For Heaven's sake!" I cried, "take away that horrible
creature."

"I see nothing horrible in it," quietly replied Ernestine.
"Observe how gracefully its body undulates." And again the
reptile writhed itself just before my nose. I jumped up
and retreated. Ernestine followed me, snake in hand.

"I have never been able to understand," began the idiotic
counsellor, in a doctored tone, "whence arose the peculiar
aversion with which men regard all kind of reptiles."

"The deuce you have not!" cried I, still retreating from
Oken and her odious pet. "The aversion is not very difficult
to account for. For my part, I abhor the creatures!"

"Pshaw!" said Ernestine angrily; "you are a counterfeit
naturalist." And thereupon she slapped me across the face
with the snake. I could not restrain a cry of horror and dis-
gust. Then she returned to her seat, and put the vermin into
its basket.

In my estimation the counsellor's third daughter had now
fallen into the same category with her sisters. Frager, who
saw that I was unable to conquer my innate horror of snakes,
had ordered his daughter to discontinue her unseemly jest; but
the poor old gentleman's authority was evidently at a discount
that day, and Oken, with diabolical malignity, had continued
to torture me until the perspiration rolled off my forehead.

"Now may Old Nick fly away with all three of you," said
I to myself, as I passed my handkerchief across my dark brow,
"You have seen the last of me at Wiesenthal. At daybreak
I pack up my traps and leave this place of torment,
worse than a cell of the inquisition, or a dungeon in Front de
Boeuf's Castle. A nice place to come a wooing!—snakes,
bullets and tooth-drawing!—pleasant welcome for a sutor!"

The evening wore wearily away. Miss Oken, having as-
certained that I was no naturalist, adopted her sisters' system,
and treated me with profound contempt; in fact, she hardly
seemed aware of my presence. For my part, the sympathy
with which she had at first inspired me had completely vanished.
Frager was quite put out by the change in his daughter's
demeanour, and of course cast the blame of it on me. "I