

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. IX.

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, MONDAY, AUGUST 15, 1859.

No. 6.

Poetry.

THE FISHERMAN AND HIS WIFE.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

"What joy attends the fisher's life!
Blow, winds, blow!
The fisher and his faithful wife.
Row, boys, row!
He drives no plough on stubborn land,
His fields are ready to his hand,
No nipping frosts his orchards fear,
He has his autumn all the year.
Yeo! heave! ho!

"The husbandman has rent to pay,
Blow, winds, blow!
And seed to purchase every day.
Row, boys, row!
But he who farms the rolling deeps,
Though never sowing, always reaps;
The ocean fields are fair and free,
There are no rent days on the sea.
Yeo! heave! ho!

"Then joy attend the fisher's life!
Blow, winds, blow!
The fisher and his faithful wife.
Row, boys, row!
May favoring breezes fill his sail,
His teeming harvests never fail,
And from his cottage on the strand
Come forth defenders of our land.
Yeo! heave! ho!

THE TWO ROSES.

BY GERALD MASSEY.

Softly stepped she over the lawn,
In vesture light and free:
A floating Angel might have drawn
Her hair from heaven in a glory-dawn,
And her voice rang silverly.
Then up she rose on her tiny tip-toes,
And reached and reached among the boughs;
You are tall and proud, my dainty Rose!
But I have you now, said She.

O so lightly over the lawn,
Step for step went he!
Thinking how, from his hiding-place,
The war of Roses in her face,
Dear Love would laugh to see!
Two arms suddenly round her he throws,
Two mouths, turning one way, close;
You are tall and proud, my dainty Rose!
But I have you now, said He.

MYSTIFICATIONS.

Nearly forty years ago great merriment was excited in Edinburgh by certain personations performed in the highest Whig circles by a young lady, to the perfect deception of all who were not in her secret. In concert with one or two persons, she would leave a drawing-room, and return as a stranger lately arrived, having meanwhile assumed the dress of an old lady, and then she would act and converse for hours in her assumed character without being recognised by a single person not previously aware of the scheme. What added to the piquancy of the performance, her old lady was what is called a character—full of whimsical ideas and oddities, and professedly maintaining the language and dress of a former generation. Of course, such deceptions could not be long kept up in so limited a society; yet it is remarkable how often she imposed upon persons who will know both her and her tricks—even upon individuals who had expressed a wish to see her in some of her characters—the cleverest people being always the most easily imposed upon, and children and dogs the only detectives.

Miss Stirling Graham—for such is the lady's name—has at length been induced by her friends to print, for private circulation, a small volume containing a selection of her most distinguished "mystifications;" and, a copy having come into our possession, we feel called upon by a principle of benevolence towards the public, to break through the restraint which the modesty of the author has imposed, and give, at least, one example of her personations. It shall be one in which the victim was no less eminent a person than Francis Jeffrey, the Editor of the *Edinburgh Review*.

"At the theatre one Saturday evening, in the year 1821, Mr. Jeffrey—afterwards Lord Jeffrey—requested me to let him see my old lady, and on condition that we should have some one to take in, I promised to introduce her to him very soon." Accordingly, on the Monday, having ascertained that he was to dine at home, I set out from Lord Gillies's in a coach, accompanied by Miss Helen Carnegie of Craigo, as my daughter, and we stopped at Mr. Jeffrey's door in George Street between five and six o'clock. It was a winter evening; and on the question, "Is Mr. Jeffrey at home?" being answered in the affirmative, the two ladies stepped out, and were ushered into the little parlour, where he received his visitors.

"There was a blazing fire and wax lights on the table. He had laid down his book, and seemed to be in the act of joining the ladies in the drawing room before dinner.

"The Lady Pitlival was announced, and he stepped forward a few paces to receive her.

"She was a sedate looking little woman, of an inquisitive law-loving countenance; a mouth in which not a vestige of a tooth was to be seen, and a pair of old-fashioned spectacles on her nose, that rather obscured a pair of eyes that had not altogether lost their lustre, and that gave to the voice as much of the nasal sound as indicated the age of its possessor to be some years between her grand climacteric and fourscore. She was dressed in an Irish poplin of silver gray, a white Cashmere shawl, a mob cap with a band of thin muslin that fastened it below the chin, and a small black silk bonnet that shaded her eyes from any glare of light.

"Her right hand was supported by an antique gold-headed cane, and she leaned with the other on the arm of her daughter.

"Miss Ogilvy might be somewhere on the wrong side of twenty; how many months or years, is of no particular importance. Her figure, of the middle size, was robed in a dress of pale blue, and short enough in the skirt to display a very handsome pair of feet and ankles. On her head she wore a white capote; and behind a transparent curtain of pure white blond, glanced two eyes of darkest hazel, while ringlets of bright auburn, harmonized with the bloom of the rose that glowed upon her cheeks. Her appearance was recherche, and would have been perfectly ladylike but for an attempt at style—a mistake which young ladies from the

country are very apt to fall into on their first arrival in the metropolis. Mr. Jeffrey bowed and handed the old lady to a comfortable *chaise longue* on one side of the fire, and sat himself down opposite to her on the other. But in his desire to accommodate the old lady, and in his anxiety to be informed of the purport of the visit, he forgot what was due to the young one, and the heiress of the ancient house of Pitlival was left standing in the middle of the floor.

"She helped herself to a chair, however, and sat down beside her mother. She had been educated in somewhat of the severity of the old school; and during the whole of the consultation, she neither spoke nor moved a single muscle of her countenance.

"Well," said Mr. Jeffrey, as he looked at the old lady, in expectation that she would open the subject that had procured him the honour of the visit.

"Weel," replied her ladyship, "I am come to take a word of the law frae you.

"My husband, the late Ogilvy of Pitlival, among other property which he left to me, was a house and a yard at the town-end of Kirriemuir; also a kiln and a malt barn.

"The kiln and the barn were rented by a man they ca'd John Playfair, and John Playfair sublet them to another man they ca'd Willy Cruikshank, and Willy Cruikshank purchased a cargo of damaged lint—and ye widna hinder Willy to dry the lint upon the kiln—and the lint took low and kindled the cupples, and the slates flew aff, and a' the flooring was burnt to the ground, and naething left standin' but the bare wa's.

"Now, it was na insured, and I want to ken wha's to pay the damage, for John Playfair says he has naething *ado wi' it*; and Willy Cruikshank says he has naething to *do wi' it*; and I am determined not to take it off their band the way it is."

"Has it been in any of the courts?"

"Oo ay, it has been in the Sherra Court of Forfar; and Sherra Duff was a guid man, and he kent me, and would ha' gien't in my favour, but that clattering creature, Jamie L'Amy, cam in, and he gave it against me."

"I have no doubt Mr. L'Amy would give a very fair decision."

"It was na a fair decision when he ga'e it against me."

"That was told, ye said, and ye dinna gie't in my favour, I'll no be sair pleased."

"Mr. Jeffrey smiled, and said he would not promise to do that, and then inquired if she had any papers.

"Oo ay, I have a great bundle of papers, and I'll come back at any hour you please to appoint, and bring them wi' me."

"It will not be necessary for you to return yourself—you can send them to me."

"And wha would you recommend to me for an agent in the business?"

"That I cannot tell; it is not my province to recommend an agent."

"Then how will Robert Smith of Balharry do?"

"Very well—very good man indeed; and you may bid him send me the papers."

"Meantime her ladyship drew from her pocket a large old-fashioned leather pocket-book with silver clasps, out of which she presented him a letter directed to himself. He did not look into it, but threw it carelessly on the table. She now offered him a pinch of snuff from a massive gold box, and then selected another folded paper from the pocket-book, which she presented to him, saying: 'Here is a prophecy that I would like you to look at and explain to me.'

"He begged to be excused, saying: 'I believe your ladyship will find me more skilled in the law than the prophesie.'

"She entreated him to look at it; and on glancing his eyes over it, he remarked: 'That from the words *Tory* and *Whig*, it did not seem to be a very ancient prophecy.'

"May be," replied her ladyship; "but it has been long in our family. I copied these lines out of a muckle book, entitled the *Prophecie of Pitlival*, just before I came to you, in order to have your opinion on some of the obscure passages of it. And you will do me a great favour if you will read it out loud, and I will tell you what I think of it as you go on."

"Here, then, with a smile at the oddity of the request, and a mixture of impatience in his manner, he read the following lines, while she interrupted him occasionally to remark upon their meaning:

EXTRACT FROM THE PROPHECIE OF PITLIVAL.
When the crown and the head shall disgrace ane another,
And the bishops on the bench shall ga'e a' wrang thegither;
When Tory or Whig
Fills the judge's wig;
When the Lint o' the Miln
Shall reek on the kiln;
O'er the Light of the North,
When the Glamour breaks forth,
As its wild-fire so red
With the daylight is spread;
When woman shrinks not from the ordeal of trial,
There is triumph and fame to the house of Pitlival.

(The Light of the North was Mr. Jeffrey—the Glamour was herself; but we must give the Lady Pitlival's own interpretation, as she appeared unconscious of the true meaning.)

"We ha'e seen the crown and the head," she said, "disgrace ane another no very lang syne, and ye may judge whether the bishops gaed right or wrang on that occasion; and the *Tory* and *Whig* may not be very ancient, and yet never be the less true. Then there is the Lint o' the Miln—we ha'e witnessed that come to pass; but what the *Light of the North* can mean, and the *Glamour*, I canna mak out. The twa hindmost lines seem to me to point at Queen Caroline; and if it had pleased God to spare my son, I might have guessed he would have made a figure on her trial, and have brought triumph and fame to the house of Pitlival." I begin, however, to think that the prophesie may be fulfilled in the person of my daughter, for which reason I have brought her to Edinburgh to see and get a guid match for her."

"Here Mr. Jeffrey put on a smile half serious, half quizzical, and said: 'I suppose it would not be necessary for the gentleman to change his name.'

"It would be weel worth his while, sir: she has a very guid estate, and she's a very bonnie lassie; and she's equally related baith to Airlie and Strathmore; and a body in o' r part of the world ca's her the Rosebud of Pitlival."

"Mr. Jeffrey smiled as his eyes met the glance of the beautiful flower that was so happily placed before him; but the Rosebud herself returned no sign of intelligence.

"A pause in the conversation now ensued, which was in-

terrupted by her ladyship asking Mr. Jeffrey to tell her where she could procure a set of false teeth.

"What?" said he, with an expression of astonishment, while the whole frame of the young lady shook with some internal emotion.

"A set of false teeth," she repeated, and was again echoed by the interrogation, "What?"

"A third time she asked the question, and in a more audible key; when he replied with a kind of suppressed laugh: 'There is Mr. Nasmith, north corner of St. Andrew Square, a very good dentist; and there is Mr. Hutchins, corner of Hanover and George Street.'

"She requested he would give her their names on a slip of paper. He rose and walked to the table, wrote down both the directions, which he folded and presented to her.

"She now rose to take leave. The bell was rung, and when the servant entered, his master desired him to see if the Lady Pitlival's carriage was at the door.

"He returned to tell there was no carriage waiting, on which her ladyship remarked: 'This comes of *fore-hand payments*—they make *hant-hand work*. I ga'e a hackney coachman twa shillings to bring me here, and he's awa' without me.'

"There was not a coach within sight, and another had to be sent for from a distant stand of coaches. It was by this time past the hour of dinner, and there seemed no hope of being rid of his visitors.

"Her ladyship said she was in no hurry, as they had had tea, and were going to the play, and hoped he would accompany them. He said he had not yet had his dinner.

"What is the play to-night?" said she.

"It is the *Heart of Mid-Lothian*, again, I believe."

"They then talked of the merits of the actors, and she took occasion to tell him that she patronised the *Edinburgh Review*.

"We read your buke, sir?"

"I am certainly very much obliged to you."

"Still no carriage was heard. Another silence ensued, until it behooved her ladyship to amuse him with the politics of the country.

"We burnt the king's effigy at Blairgowrie."

"That was told," he replied.

"And a pair of dainty muckle horns we ga'e him."

"Not very complimentary to the queen, I should think."

"Here the coach was announced, and by the help of her daughter's arm and her gold-headed cane, she began to move, complaining loudly of a *corny toe*. She was with difficulty got into the coach. The Rosebud stepped lightly after her.

"The door was closed, and the order given to drive to Lord Gillies's, where the party waited dinner for them, and hailed the fulfilment of the *Prophecie of Pitlival*.

"Mr. Jeffrey, in the meantime, impatient for his dinner, joined the ladies in the drawing-room.

"What in the world has detained you?" said Mrs. Jeffrey.

"One of the most tiresome and oddest old women I ever met with. I thought never to have got rid of her; and beginning to relate some of the conversation that had taken place, it flashed upon him at once that he had been taken in."

"He ran down stairs for the letter, hoping it would throw some light upon the subject, but it was only a blank sheet of paper, containing a fox of three guineas.

"They amused themselves with the relation; but it was not until the day after that he found out from his valued friend Mrs. George Russell who the ladies really were. He laughed heartily, and promised to aid them in any other scene they liked to devise, and he returned the fee with the following letter:—

"Letter from Mr. Jeffrey to the Lady Pitlival, returning the fee of three guineas.

"Dear Madam—As I understand that the lawsuit about the malt-kiln is likely to be settled out of court, I must be permitted to return the fee by which you were pleased to regard my services for that interesting discussion; and hope I shall not be quoted along with the hackney coachman in proof of the danger of *fore-hand payments*. I hope the dentists have not disgraced my recommendation, and that Miss Ogilvy is likely to fulfil the prophesie, and bring glory and fame to the house of Pitlival; though I am not a little mortified at having been allowed to see so little of that amiable young lady.

"With best wishes for the speedy cure of your corns, I have the honour to be, dear madam, your very faithful and obedient servant,
F. JEFFREY.
92 George Street, April 21, 1821."

To have imposed upon Mr. Jeffrey only two nights after he had told the young lady that he would like to see her in character, was certainly a brilliant stroke. One cannot, at the same time, but admire his gentlemanly patience during the visit, and his good-humoured letter returning the fee.

Imposture or personation has doubtless its laws like every thing else. Mr. William Clerk, advocate, had been completely taken in with the old Lady Pitlival at an evening party, and spoke of nothing else for a week. At length a friend hinted that it might be Miss Stirling. That he said was impossible, "for Miss Stirling was sitting by the old lady the whole of the evening." There must have been a latent or unconscious impression of the actual person in his mind, all the time that the ideal was occupying it.

The volume contains some specimens of poems and songs, of a degree adding much to the claim which we now feel inclined to advance, that there should be an edition of *Mystifications* for the service of the public.

Gleanings from late Papers.

STORY OF THE SPIDER AND THE SNAKE.—I will not attempt to say where instinct leaves off or knowledge begins, but, perhaps I may as well, by way of illustration, tell a story, though most of you have undoubtedly heard it, and many were witnesses to this wonderful sagacity on the part of the spider in stringing a snake up by the neck. The great thing in the whole affair was in putting his web over the mouth of the snake, which was done with as much skill as a first class mechanic could have nuzzled a dog to prevent his biting. The web was secured around the snake's neck, and then hoisting was commenced, at the rate of one quarter of an inch in 24 hours, by thickening and twisting up the web. The snake was first discovered by a merchant under his counter, where he had undoubtedly been carried with sawdust which had been put in several weeks previous, to prevent the mud from being tracked about the store. When the reptile was first discovered by the merchant, he took a club to kill it, but he observed that it seemed to be fast without seeing what held it. The web being too small to be seen by the naked eye. After he became satisfied, through a magnifying glass, that the creature was fastened, he next discovered that the web was around its neck, and fastened to the under part of the shelf. They were watched closely, day by day, until the snake

died; the spider had raised the head of the snake from the floor slowly, but surely, each day, and when that work was finished he commenced biting the snake about the head, sufficient to draw the blood, which could be seen with a glass. Each time the snake was speared he would jump and spring so as to stretch the web several inches. I travelled fifty-two miles, and made two journeys to see this most wonderful performance.

MASSACRE OF EUROPEANS IN BORNEO.—A correspondent at Batavia has forwarded to Messrs. James Finlay & Co., of Glasgow, the following intelligence:

"We have the greatest regret in informing you that we have, by the arrival of the Dutch Government steamer *Ardjano*, from Banjarmasin, on the 21st instant, received the most disastrous tidings regarding the coal mine establishment of Kalungair, which has by some accounts been entirely, by others only partly, destroyed by an insurrection among the native subjects of the Sultan of Banjarmasin; but, saddest of all, the whole of the European employes have been brutally murdered, without leaving one to tell the tale. The tragedy was enacted on the 18th of the month, and attended with horrors not exceeded by anything which occurred even at Cawnpore. The particulars you will find described in a circular addressed to the shareholders by the directors of the company. Reinforcements of troops are being sent in all haste from this and Samarang, with three or four steamers, which will be no doubt sufficient to restore peace and order in the country, and we trust may arrive in time to save the remaining Europeans at Banjarmasin and neighbourhood.

The cause of the insurrection proceeds in no way from dislike to the mines, where the greatest peace and contentment have always prevailed, but to a long-brooding disaffection of the natives of Banjarmasin to their Sultan, who had been maintained on his throne mainly by the protection of our Government, contrary to the will of the people, and as it would appear, in disregard of the legitimate right of succession of another prince named Hidayal, who was at the same time the favourite of the people. This disaffection among the people excited to revolt and murder by some Mahomedan priests lately returned from Mecca, is supposed to have been the cause which has led to the sacrifice of so many precious lives, already amounting, so far as known, to 50 or 51 in number. Among these four German missionaries, three of their wives, and nineteen children, are stated to have fallen victims to the knives of the assassins."

THE BULL THAT KILLED NELSON.—The fatal shot that deprived England of her greatest naval hero was fired (contrary to the received account) at random from the top of the *Redoubtable*, by a French soldier named Robert Guillemaud, who escaped unwounded, and when his ship struck, was taken on board the *Victory*. The fatal bullet was not discovered until the *Victory* reached Spithead. It had struck the fore part of the hero's epaulette and entered his left shoulder. It then descended obliquely into the thorax, fracturing the second and third ribs, and after penetrating the left lobe of the lungs and dividing a large branch of the pulmonary artery, entered the left side of the spine, passed through the muscles of the back, and lodged there. A considerable portion of the gold lace, pad, and silk cord of the epaulette, with a piece of coat, were found attached to it—whilst the gold lace was so firmly fixed as though it had been inserted into the metal whilst in a state of fusion. The ball together with the lace was mounted in crystal and silver, and presented by Capt. Hardy to Mr. (afterwards Sir W.) Beattie, the surgeon of the *Victory*, who died in 1842.

THE GREAT EASTERN.—This vessel has been getting on wonderfully during the last few weeks. The three iron masts rise 122 feet above the upper deck, and have a diameter of 3 feet 6 inches for a height of 70 feet, when they decrease gradually to 2 feet 6 inches at the cap. The three wooden masts, which are also in their places, are not built masts, but are single "sticks." The fore and main masts are 140 feet in height, and they are 24 feet in diameter at the deck; the jiggermast is 122 feet in height, and of the same diameter. The trees which formed these masts were New Zealand pines. The ship is built in water-tight compartments; and so completely water-tight are they that a few days since the foremost one was filled with six thousand tons of water, pumped into it from the river, and not a drop escaped into any adjoining portion. The object in pumping this mass of water into the fore part of the ship was to bring her down at the bows, and raise the stern while they fixed the screw. This weight brought her down till, said one of the men, "her nose touched the water." She went down eleven feet forward, and was raised seven feet aft; a portion of her keel was, in fact, raised out of the water; and yet so strongly and so rigidly is she built that under this enormous strain the ship did not deflect an inch. The engines for working the paddles, it is said, may be completed in a week. Every thing is in its place, cylinders, and pistons, and governors. The engine for working the screw is in the same state of forwardness, and on Thursday week the steam was got up for the first time in the boilers of the screw engines. The masts which had been expended on the ship up to the time of its memorable launch amounted to £640,000. The whole expenditure on the ship up to the time of its going to sea will be £970,000, and probably some incidental charges and contingencies will bring the whole up to the round sum of £1,000,000.—*London paper.*

EXTRAORDINARY PRICES FOR WINES.—The cellar of the late Mr. Ricketts, of the Grove, Bristol, near Bristol, was submitted to public competition lately. The extraordinary age of some of the wines and the superior vintages of the whole collection attracted buyers from all parts of the kingdom. The following are among some of the prices obtained:—Port, thirty-one magnums (two full quarts each), sold at £3 6s. per bottle. They were of the vintage of 1820. Eight dozen of 1812 port sold at £16 10s. per dozen (ordinary bottles) and two dozen at £18 10s.; nine dozen of 1815 (another quality) at £11 per dozen, and twenty-three dozen ditto at £12. Twelve dozen of 1834 port realized £10 per dozen, and some old hock of 1790, £7 5s. per doz. The principal purchasers came from Liverpool and Manchester.

THE NEW MAP OF ITALY.—Lombardy has hitherto been divided administratively into nine provinces or delegations, viz: Milan, Pavia, Lodi-Cremona, Cremona, Como, Mantua, Sondrio, Brescia, and Bergamo. The fortified towns of Mantua and Peschiera form part of the province of Mantua. The fortress of Pezzighetta is comprised in the province of Cremona. After the annexation of Lombardy to Piedmont