The Examiner.

AND SEMI-WEEKLY INTELLIGENCER.

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

New Series. CHARLOTTETOWN, SEPTEMBER 14, 1850. Vol. I: No. 65

The Showman Outwitted.

A SKETCH OF THE PRIMITIVE MENAGERIE.

The menagerie was in town.

A rare concurrence was an exhibition of the wild beasts, lions, tigers, polar bears, and ichneumons, in Baltimore; at the early day of which we are writing, yet they came occasionally, and this time were visited by old Nat Whatly, a jolly, weatherbeaten boatman, well known in Baltimore as an inveterate joker, who never let any one get to the windward of him. He was, furthermore, a *stutterer* of the first class.

Nat visited the menagerie.

As he entered, the showman was stirring up the monkeys and tormenting the lion, giving elaborate descriptions of the various propensities and natural peculiarities of each and all.

"This, ladies and gentleman, this, I say, is the African lion. A noble beast he is ladies and gentlemen, and is called the king of the forest. I have often heard that he makes nothing of devouring young creatures, of every description, when at home in the woods. Certain it is, that no other beast can whip him."

"M-m-mister," interrupted Whatly, "do-do y-you say he ca-ca-cant be whipped?"

"I duz," said the man of lions and tigers.

"Wha-at'l you b-b-bet I ca-ant fetch a cri-tter what'l whip him?"

"I ain't a bettin' man, at all. I don't object to take a small bet to that effect."

"I'll b-b-bet I ca-an f-f-fotch somethin' that'll w-whip him. Whats-say to a hundred-d-d-dollars?"

Now there were several merchants in the crowd who knew Wheatly well, and were fully convinced that if the bet was made, he was sure of winning. So he had no difficulty in finding "backers," one of whom told him he would give him ten gallons of rum if he won.

The menagerie man glanced at his lion. There he crouched in his cage, his shaggy mane bristling, and his tail sweeping, the very picture of grandeur and majesty. The bribe was tempting and he felt assured.

"Certing sir, I have no objections to old Hercules taking about with any creature you may fetch."

"V-ve-very w-well," said Nat. "It's a bet"

The money was planked up, and the next right was designated for the terrible conflict. The news was spread over Baltimore, and at an early hour the boxes of the spacious theatre were filled—the pit being cleared for the affray.

Expectation was on tip-toe, and it was with impatience the crowd awaited the arrival of Wheatly. He at length entered, bearing a large bag or sack on his shoulders, which, as he let it fall upon the floor, was observed to contain some remarkably hard and heavy substance.—The keeper looked at it with indignation.

"Th-th-there," said Nat, pointing with his finger at the bag.

"Well, what is it?" asked the man, with increasing astonishment.

"Th-th-that, l-ladies and gentleman," said Nat, gestulating like a showman, "is a wh-wh-whimbamper!"

"A whimbamper?" echoed the keeper, "that's certainly a new feature in zoology and anatomy. A whimbamper! Well, let him out and clear the ring, or old Hercules may make a mouthful of both of you.

The keeper was excited.

Accordingly Nat raised the bag, holding the aperture downwards, and rolled out a huge *snapping turtle*, while the cheers and laughter of the audience made the arches ring.

"There he is!" said Wheatly, as he tilted the whimbamper over with both his hands, and set him on his legs. The snapper seemed unconscious of his peril.

The keeper was about leaving the room, when he swore that his lion should not disgrace himself by fighting such a pitable foe.

"V-very well," said Nat, "if y-y-you ch-choose to g-give me the hu-u-hundred ——"

"But it's unfair!" cried the showman.

The audience interposed and insisted upon the fight. There was no escape, and the showman reluctantly released the lion, making himself secure on the top of his cage.

The majestic beast moved slowly around the ring, snuffing and lashing, every person held his breath in suspense. Lions are prying beasts and this one was not long in discovering the turtle, which lay on the floor a huge and inanimate mass. The lion soon brought his nose in close proximity to it, when the turtle, not thinking, popped out its head and rolled it's eyes, while a sort of wheeze issued from its savagerous mouth. The lion jumped back, turned, and made a spring at the critter, which was now fully prepared for his reception. As the lion landed on him, the turtle fastened his terrific jaws upon the lion's nostrils, rendering him powerless to do harm, yet with activity of limb, he bound around the circle, growled, roared, and lashed himself, but the snapper hung on, seeming to enjoy the ride vastly.

"Go it, whimbamper!" cried Wheatly, from the boxes.

The scene was rich.

The showman was no less enraged than the lion. Drawing his pistol, he threatened Nat with terrible threats, that if he didn't take his turtle off, he'd shoot him.

"Ta-ta-take him off yourself!" shouted Nat, in reply.

At this critical moment, by dint of losing a portion of his nose, the lion shook his dangerous foe from him, and clearing the space between him and the cage with a bound, he slunk quietly in to chew the bitter cud of defeat and pain.

It was a fair fight, all declaring that the whimbamper was the victor. The money paid was over to Nat, who left the theatre delighthed at the success of his whim. The next morning he carried his turtle to the market and sold him.

So this valiant champion, after conquering the king of beasts, served to make a dinner for Baltimore epicures.

All that is herein written, is supposed to be true, though highly colored, and is doubtless "green in the memory" of many old citizens of the monumental city.—*Odd Fellow.*

ADVANCEMENT OF THE ARTS—ROBERT PEEL.

During the early part of last century, calico printing was not known in England. This kind of goods derived its name from Calcutta, from which place they were taken to England. Among the men in England who took a lively interest in her rising manufactures, was the Grandfather of Robert Peel, a small but industrious farmer of Blackburn, in Lancashire. He was the inventor of the card cylinder for carding cotton, and then he taught himself to print cotton cloth—cutting his own block—making his own colors, printing the goods, and then his wife and daughters set to work and ironed them. This was a clumsy way to finish calicoes, but it was the only way known then, and there was abundant sale for them, however coarse their finish. But the old farmer was not satisfied with this slow process, and no doubt he was a considerate man, for he set his inventive faculties to work and invented the Mangle, which at once relieved his wife and daughters of their severe toil, and finished his goods much quicker and better. He afterwards got other machinery for finishing, kept it secret and produced the best finished goods then in the English market, and he was soon at the head of an extensive business and possessed of great wealth, for he was prudent and economical also. His son, the father of Sir Robert, greatly assisted him, and he became a very rich man. He was also a man of great ingenuity, and is accredited as the inventor of printing calicoes with patterns engraven on a copper revolving cylinder, covered with a blanket. This was an improvement for great speed over the block printing, but the styles of block printing long and successfully competed with all other kinds, and only for the successive quarrels between the printers and their employers, would still be a good and extensive business.—In France block printing is still carried on quite extensively. It is stated that Sir Robert Peel's father purchased the secret of making *resist paste* from a person named Grouse, for £25, and that he realized fifty thousand times that sum out of it. This paste is printed on white cloth, the cloth then dyed, and afterwards washed, when all those parts which have been covered with the paste appear white—the white and blue common calico patterns. This is the way the Peels made their money.—*Scientific American.*

THE LOTTERY OF GENIUS.

Although many a flower is doomed to "waste its sweetness on the desert air," still some meet with a genial hand that trains them until, full with a fresh fragrance, they cast around them their odour from the blushing beauty with which they are encircled. It is true that such is the versatile fate that awaits genius, and hence it is delightful to see it fostered to maturity, receiving its full reward and conferring pleasure on all that come within its genial influence. This reminds us of the extraordinary history of one of the leading men of our days. When Lord Panmure was a young man he with others of his own rank, indulged in all the harmless freaks in which youths generally indulge. But amongst others Lord Panmure and his colleagues took great delight in upsetting apple and gingerbread stalls. The morning after one of their exploits an old woman waited upon Lord Panmure for compensation for injuries done her stall by its being upset. The compensation was instantly paid, and the old lady was departing highly pleased, when Lord Panmure, calling her back, asked if he could do more for her. She replied in the affirmitive, saying that he would do her a great favour by sending to school her little boy, who was a smart sharp lad. Her request was complied with, the boy was sent to school, and when he grew to manhood he filled high and responsible appointments, and is now one of the most influential members of the House of Commons—that "smart sharp lad" is now "Joe Hume."

News by the last English Mail.

ARRIVAL OF THE ASIA.

The Steamship Asia arrived at Halifax on Monday last in 8¾ days from Liverpool. The Island Mails were received here as usual on Thursday evening.

LOUIS PHILIPPE, late king of the French, died at Claremont on the 26th ult. He, on being made acquainted with his probable demise, dictated a conclusion to his memoirs, which had been delayed four months. He then summoned his family, and discharged every duty of religion with Christian resignation. His family and the attached attendants of the household, were present at his death.

Louis Philippe was born at Paris, Oct. 6, 1773, and was son of the Duke of Orleans, known to the world by the *sobriquet* of Philippe Egalite. Madame de Genlis has eulogised his early character. In 1791 he was appointed to the command of the 14th Dragoons, and the first act of his authority was saving the lives of two clergymen from the fury of the mob. A similar act of courage was displayed by him, in saving from drowning an engineer—for which he was presented with a civic crown at Vendome.

In August, 1791, the young Duke de Charteris quitted Vendome for Valenciennes, and made his first campaign in the war with Austria during the next year. The revolution was in the mean time hastening to a crisis.—The decree against the Bourbon Capet race being repealed, alarmed the Duke, and he besought his father to seek refuge on a foreign shore. These remonstrances producing no effect, he returned to his post in the army. The execution of the Duke of Orleans soon after, verified the anticipations of his son. Seven months after this event, the Duke de Charteris and General Damorier were summoned before the Committee of Public Safety, and knowing the sanguinary nature of that tribunal, both fled towards the frontiers. In spite of pursuit, they escaped into the Belgian Netherlands, then in the possession of Austria. Here he was invited to enter the service of Austria, but honorably refusing to take up arms against his country, he went to Aix la Chapelle, thence to Switzerland, and subsequently, after an imprisonment of three years, embarked for America. He purposed embarking at Hamburgh, but being destitute of funds, was obliged to proceed to Copenhagen, travelling on foot through Norway and Sweden, and reaching the North Cape in August, 1795.

The terms upon which he consented to embark for the United States were, that the condition of his mother should be ameliorated, and that his younger brothers would be allowed to join him. He finally left the Elbe in Sept. 1797, and 27 days after reached Philadelphia. In the following November he was joined by his two younger brothers. Soon after he visited Mount Vernon, and became intimate with General Washington. They subsequently proceeded to Havana, but not meeting with respect from the Spanish authorities, they left for the Bahamas. They afterwards left New York for England, and arrived at Falmouth in February, 1800. They received much attention—living in retirement at Twickenham. Learning that the Duchess of Orleans was detained in Spain, they proceeded to Minorca in a British frigate, but their design was frustrated, and they again returned to England. Shortly after the Duke de Montpensier died, and the health of the Count Beaujolais beginning to fail, they embarked for Malta, at which place the latter died, and was interred in the church of St. John de Valetta. The survivor now left Malta and went to Sicily, where, in 1809, he was married to the Princess Amelia.

On the abdication of Napoleon, in 1814, he quitted Sicily, and arrived in Paris on the 18th May, where he was immediately installed in his former honours. The return of Napoleon in 1815 disturbed his tranquility, and he proceeded to take command of the army in the north. This