

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, DECEMBER 19, 1859.

No. 24.

CITY GROCERY.

NORTH SIDE OF QUEEN-SQUARE.
FALL 1859!!

JUST RECEIVED from HALIFAX, and the United States, and has on hand:—

| | | |
|------------------------------|--------------------|------------------|
| Hbds Sugar | Tea in variety | Blacking |
| Jams b ^c Molasses | Superior Coffee | Tobacco |
| Jamaica Rum | Biscuit in variety | Cigars |
| strong Spirits | Annapolis Cheese | Digby Herrings |
| Hbds Holland Gin | Raisins | Rice |
| best Cognac Brandy | Currants | Crushed Sugar |
| Scotch Whiskey | Dye-stuffs | Sweet Oil |
| P.E.I. Malt do | Prunes | Pale Seal Oil |
| Common Whiskey | Barthen Jars | Salad Oil |
| Symond's best Port | Pickles | Spices |
| Wine | Sauces | Soap |
| Sherry Wine | Table Salt | Candles |
| Madeira do | Nuts | Washing Powders |
| Champagne | Shelled Almonds | Baking do |
| Edinburgh Ale | Confectionary | Patent Medicines |
| Pale Ale | Burning Fluid | |
| London Porter | Brushes | |

And a great variety of other small and useful articles too numerous to mention. Cash paid for good clean Timothy Seed.

HUGH FRASER.

December 5, 1859.

Evening Class Tuition!

A. McNEILL respectfully invites the attention of the young Ladies and Gentlemen of this City to his evening Classes for instruction in Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, Book-keeping, English Grammar, Dictation, Composition, Geography, History, &c.

Terms and arrangements adapted for the reception of only a select and limited number of pupils.

To secure admission, an early application is required. Class open, four evenings each week, from 8 to 10 o'clock. Particulars made known at the School Room, Hillsborough Square.

Charlottetown, Dec. 5, 1859.

GEORGE DOUGLAS,

Kent Street, - - - - - Charlottetown,
RESPECTFULLY SOLICITS THE ATTENTION OF PERSONS visiting the City, and the public generally, to his very large and extensive assortment of FASHIONABLE

FURNITURE,

Consisting of—Tets-a-Tets, Sofas, Lollings and Lounges; Chamber Sets, highly finished; Grained and Painted do., very cheap; Drawing Room, Parlor and Extension Tables, Bureaus, Sinks, Light Stands, Whatnots, Teaports, Hat Stands, Towel Racks, Cris, Cradles, Bedsteads, all styles and prices; Mattresses, Bolsters and Pillows; Window Cornices, Bands, Curtain Fixtures, Tassels and Chord; Drawing Room, Parlor and Dining Room Chairs; Arm, Looking, Invalid, and Reclining Chairs; Cane and Wood Seat do., of every description; Office Chairs and Cushions, Looking-glasses and Pictures; Gilt and Dark Mouldings for Picture, Portrait and Photograph Frames, and a great variety of FURNITURE, too numerous to mention,—all of which have been selected with great care, and will be sold at very low prices.

For anything in the above line, call and examine GOODS and PRICES before making a selection.
Kent street, (adjoining the residence of Hon. G. Coles,) Dec. 5, 1859.

C. C. VAUX,

Glasgow House, - - - - - Queen Street.
Mantles and Cloaks,

(from 6s. 6d.)

COBURGS and ALPACAS, (from 9d. per yard)
FLOWERED and STRIPED DRESSES, (from 7s 6d per dress)
HATS and CAPS, (a good assortment)
BOOTS and SHOES, in great variety,
Ready-made COATS, VESTS and PANTS, very cheap,
RUBBERS and FELT BOOTS, (all prices)
RIBBONS, BONNETS and FLOWERS,
GLOVES and HOSIERY,
FANCY GOODS and HABERDASHERY.

Family Groceries,

Of all kinds, and of the best quality, at this Establishment.
Dec. 12, 1859. Mon 1m

SPECIAL NOTICES.

AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS.

The sciences of Chemistry and Medicine have been taxed their utmost to produce the best, most perfect purgative which is known to man. Innumerable proofs are shown that these Pills have virtues which surpass in excellence the ordinary medicines, and that they win unprecedentedly upon the esteem of all men. They are safe and pleasant to take, but powerful to cure. Their penetrating properties stimulate the vital activities of the body, remove the obstructions of its organs, purify the blood, and expel disease. They purge out the foul humors which breed and grow distemper, stimulate sluggish or disordered organs into their natural action, and impart a healthy tone with strength to the whole system. Not only do they cure the every-day complaints of every body, but also formidable and dangerous diseases that have baffled the best of human skill. While they produce powerful effects, they are at the same time, in diminished doses, the safest and best physic that can be employed for children. Being sugar-coated, they are pleasant to take; and being purely vegetable, are free from any risk of harm. Cures have been made which surpass belief were they not substantiated by men of such exalted position and character as to forbid the suspicion of untruth. Many eminent clergymen and physicians have lent their names to certify to the public the reliability of my remedies, while others have sent me the assurance of their conviction that my preparations contribute immensely to the relief of my afflicted suffering fellow-men.

The Agent is pleased to furnish gratis my American Almanac, containing directions for their use and certificates of their cures, of the following complaints:—

Costiveness, Bilious Complaints, Rheumatism, Dropsy, Heartburn, Goutiness, Headache arising from a full stomach, Nausea, Indigestion, Morbid Inaction of the Bowels and Pains arising therefrom, Flatulency, Loss of Appetite, all Ulcerous and Catarrhal Diseases which require purifying the system, Scrophulous or King's Evil. They also, by purifying the blood and stimulating the system, cure many complaints which it would not be supposed they could reach, such as Deafness, Partial Blindness, Neuralgia and Nerve Irritability, Derangement of the Liver and Kidneys, Heat, and other kindred complaints arising from a low state of the body or obstruction of its functions.

Do not be put off by some unprincipled dealers with some other pill they make more profit on. Ask for AYER'S PILLS, and take nothing else. No other they can give you compares with this in its intrinsic value or curative powers. The sick want the best aid there is for them, and they should have it.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. AYER, Practical and Analytical Chemist, Lowell, Mass.

PRICE 25 CTS. PER BOX. FIVE BOXES FOR \$1.

Dyspepsia can be and is cured by the use of Perry Davis' Pain Killer. This is the most wonderful and valuable medicine ever known for this disease, its action upon the system is entirely different from any other preparation ever known. The patient, while taking this medicine, may eat anything the appetite craves. Sold by all medicine dealers.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT.—The immigrant to the settlements of the West should never be unprovided with these two curatives. They combine in themselves the whole list of drugs that are recommended from the pharmacopoeia of the practitioner, and are both alterative and inviolable. 22

Literature.

DIRGE.

Young maiden, though hast left the earth,
Too beautiful thou wert to stay;
Till now I never knew thy worth,—
We love things best when past away.
This world was all too vain for thee,
Its cares and strifes thou could'st not bear;
Thou wert an angel unto me,
And memory holds thee ever dear.

Thy life lent like a moment seemed,
And I was joyous by thy side;
For o'er my soul thy beauty beamed,
Far too divine for earth to hide.
Thou'rt gone, and I am left to mourn,
To walk thy favoured paths alone;
Oh! madness, there is no return,
Bird-like for ever thou hast flown.

It seems that while we linger here,
Time robs us day by day of charms;
And while some pleasure hovers near,
Death clasps it in his icy arms.
A blessing comes and quickly goes,
Leaves home like some deserted nest;
And memory clings to where it rose,
And loves its first great loss the best.

Even so with thee, my dearest one;
Thy looks neglected round me lie;
I scarce believe that thou art gone,
So young thou wert to droop and die.
Yet so it is, and I must make
Thy absence now one source of thought;
In mourning for some loved one's sake,
We learn from death what life ne'er taught.

LITTLE KINDNESSES.

"Tennis fugiens per graminis cretus."
Look how a slender rivulet steals along,
In windings devious, through a meadow's grass,
Its waters all too scant to raise a song
Of murmurous pleasure unto all that pass:
Wherefore with lowly aim it doth but seek
The thirsting herbage to refresh unseen;
Whereat each tiny leaf and floweret moek
Doth clothe itself with sweets and livelier green.
So the Good Heart, who hath no store of wealth,
His poorer brethren to enrich withal,
Doeth his little kindnesses by stealth,
That so the world may not perceive at all.
Nor should we know the virtues which he hath,
Save for the brightening looks that mark his humble path.

THOMAS HOOD, THE YOUNGER.

THE YOUNG ENGLISHMAN.

[We copy the following story from a new work, "The Arabian Days' Entertainment," just issued, in 1 volume, price \$1.25, by Messrs. Phillips, Sampson & Co., of Boston. Neither the title nor the commencement of the story give any intimation of the secret humor which pervades the whole after the secret is known, or of the excellent moral to be drawn from it. This is but one of many others which make up the book, and well deserve the name of Entertainments.]

My Lord Sheikh, in the southern part of Germany lies the little city of Grunwiesel, where I was born and bred. It is small, as all cities are in that country. In the centre is a little market-place with a fountain, an old guildhall on one side, and round the market the houses of the justice of peace and the more influential merchants; and a couple of narrow streets hold all the rest of the inhabitants. All know each other; every one knows what happens everywhere else; and if the priest, the burgomaster, or the doctor, has an additional dish on his table by dinner time it is known to the entire city. In the afternoon the ladies go to each other's houses, paying visits as they call it, to talk, over strong coffee and sweet biscuits, about this great event; and the general conclusion arrived at is that the priest must have invested in a lottery and won money sinfully, or the burgomaster have taken a bribe, or the doctor have received money from the apothecary on the condition of writing expensive prescriptions. You may imagine, my Lord Sheikh, how disagreeable a circumstance it must have been for so well-regulated a place as Grunwiesel, when a man arrived there, of whom nobody knew whence he came, what he wanted, or how he lived. The burgomaster, to be sure, had seen his passport,—a paper which every one is obliged to have among us—

"Is it so unsafe in your streets," interrupted the Sheikh, "that you require to have a firm from your sultan to inspire robbers with respect?"

No, my lord, answered the slave;—these papers are no protection against thieves, but are made necessary by the law, which requires that it must be known everywhere who is who. Now, the burgomaster had examined the passport, and had declared, at a coffee party at the doctor's, that it was certainly correctly vised from Berlin to Grunwiesel; but he feared there was something behind, for the man had a very suspicious look about him. The burgomaster had great authority in the city, so it is no matter of surprise that in consequence the stranger came to be regarded as a very doubtful character. His mode of life did not tend to disabuse my countrymen of this opinion. He hired a house for his exclusive use, put into it a cart-load of strange looking furniture, such as furnaces, sand-baths, crucibles and the like, and lived henceforward entirely alone. Nay, he even did his own cooking, and his house was entered by no human being, except one old man of Grunwiesel, whose duty it was to buy his bread, meat, and vegetables. Even this person was only admitted to the lower floor, where the stranger met him to receive the purchases.

I was a boy of ten years of age when the stranger took up his residence in our city; and I can call to mind, as plainly as if it had happened but yesterday, the excitement the man occasioned in the place. He never came of an afternoon, like other people, to the bowling-green; never of an evening to the tavern, to talk of the times over his pipe and tobacco. In vain did the burgomaster, the justice, the doctor, the priest, each in his turn, invite him to dinner or tea; he invariably begged to be excused. In consequence of all this, some regarded him as a desperado; some thought he must be a Jew; and a third party declared with great solemnity that he was a magician or sorcerer. I grew to be eighteen, twenty years old, and still the man was always called in the city "The Stranger."

It happened, one day, that some people came to the city with a collection of strange animals. The troop which showed itself on this occasion in Grunwiesel was distinguished by the

possession of a monstrous orang-outang, nearly as large as a man, which went on two legs, and knew all sorts of cunning sleights of hand. It chanced that its performance took place in front of the stranger's house. When the drum and fife sounded, he made his appearance, at first with visible vexation, behind the dark, dust-begrimed window of his residence. Soon, however, he grew more amiable, and, opening his window, to everybody's astonishment, looked out and laughed heartily at the orang-outang's gambols. Nay, he paid so large a piece of silver for the entertainment that the whole city talked of it.

The next morning the collection of animals went on their way. They had scarcely made a league on their journey, when the stranger went to the post-house, demanding, to the postmaster's amazement, a post chaise and horses, and set forth by the same gate and on the same road taken by the menagerie. The whole city was furious at not being able to learn whither he was going. It was night when the stranger again returned to the gate in the post-chaise. A person was sitting with him in the vehicle, with his hat pressed closely down over his face and his mouth and ears bound in a silk handkerchief. The gate-keeper considered it his duty to speak to the second stranger, and demand his passport. His answer was surly, and he growled out in some unintelligible language.

"It is my nephew," said the stranger politely, putting several silver coins into the gate-keeper's hand; "he understands very little German. What he said just now was swearing at our being delayed here."

"Ah! if he is your nephew, sir," answered the gate-keeper, "of course he can enter without a passport. He will live in your house, no doubt?"

"Certainly," said the stranger; "and will probably remain with me a long while."

The gate-keeper made no further opposition, and the stranger and his nephew passed into the city. The burgomaster and the whole town were much displeased with the conduct of the gate-keeper. He should at least have taken notice of the nephew's language; it would then have been an easy matter to decide to what nation he and his uncle belonged. The gate-keeper asserted, in reply to these complaints, that it was neither Italian or French, but had sounded a good deal like English; and, unless his ears had deceived him, the young gentleman had said distinctly, "Kos-biff!" By this the gate-keeper helped himself out of his scrape, and, at the same time, assisted the young man to a name, for nothing was talked of now in the city but the young Englishman.

The young man, however, was no greater frequenter of the bowling-green or the tavern than his uncle was; but he furnished the people much food for conversation in another way. It happened now, not unfrequently, that in the hitherto silent house would be heard a frightful uproar and shrieking, so that the passers-by would stop before the house in crowds, and gaze up at the windows. The young Englishman would be seen dressed in a red frock and green trousers, his hair erect, and his appearance indicating terror, running with great speed through the rooms, from window to window, the old stranger pursuing him with a hunting whip in his hand, and often falling to overtake him. But it sometimes seemed to the crowd below that he had succeeded in catching the young man; for they could hear, issuing from the rooms above, cries of anguish and sounds of blows. The ladies of the city took such deep concern in this cruel treatment of the youthful stranger, that they induced the burgomaster at last to take some notice of the affair. He wrote a letter to the strange gentleman, in which he alluded in vigorous terms to his harsh treatment to his nephew, and threatened him, in case similar scenes continued to transpire, with taking the unfortunate young man under his especial protection.

Imagine the surprise of the burgomaster when he saw the stranger entering his doors for the only time in ten years. The old gentleman excused his conduct towards his nephew on the plea of the peculiar directions of the parents of the young man who had entrusted him with his education. He stated that the youth was in most respects clever and intelligent, but that he learned languages with great difficulty; that he wished so earnestly to make his nephew an accomplished German scholar, that he might afterwards take the liberty to introduce him to the society of Grunwiesel, and the progress made by him was so discouraging, that on many occasions there was no better course to pursue than to beat it into him by a suitable castigation. The burgomaster expressed himself perfectly satisfied with this explanation, recommended a little more moderation in the infliction of chastisement, and reported in the evening at the beer-saloon, that he had rarely met, in his whole life, a better informed and more agreeable gentleman than the stranger. "The only pity is," he added, "that he goes so little into society; but I think, as soon as his nephew can speak a little German, he will visit our circle oftener."

By this single incident the opinion of the city was completely changed. They regarded the stranger as a well-bred man, felt a desire to cultivate his acquaintance, and considered it to be perfectly in order, when now and then a frightful shriek was heard to issue from the desolate house. "He is giving his nephew a lesson in German," the Grunwieselians said, and went on without paying further attention to the matter. Three months passed by, and the tradition in German seemed to have come to a close; but the old man went a step further. There lived in the city an old, infirm Frenchman, who gave lessons in dancing to the young people. This man the stranger summoned to his house, and told him that he desired him to teach his nephew to dance.

There was nothing, the Frenchman secretly declared, so wonderful in all the world as these dancing-lessons. The nephew, a tall, slim, young man, with rather short legs, made his appearance, he said, in a red frock, his hair nicely curled, wide trousers, and white gloves. He spoke little, and with a foreign accent, and seemed, in the beginning, rather intelligent and docile; but he frequently broke out into the most ridiculous leaps, dancing the wildest *tours*, in which he made *entrechats* which surpassed all the dancing masters he had ever seen or heard of. When it was attempted to check his extravagances, he would pull off the delicate dancing-shoes from his feet, throw them at the Frenchman's head, and run round the chamber on all fours. At the noise, the old gentleman would rush out of his room, in a large, red bed-gown, and a cap of gold paper on his head, and lay his whip heavily over his nephew's shoulders. The nephew would at once begin to bow in the most frightful manner, spring on the table and high book-cases, and even on the upper sashes of the windows, and talk all the time a strange foreign language. The old gentleman would give him no respite, but, seizing him by the leg, would pull him down, beat him soundly, and draw his neck-cloth tighter

round his neck by the buckle; after which the nephew would become mannerly and sober again, and the dancing-lesson go on quietly to its close.

These dancing-lessons very nearly killed the old Frenchman; but the dollar which he regularly received and the good wine which the old gentleman brought out, always took him back to his pupil, often as he resolved never to set foot in the hateful house again.

The people of Grunwiesel looked on these things very differently from the Frenchman. They settled in their own minds that the young gentleman possessed great talents for society; and the ladies in the place all congratulated themselves—suffering as they did from a great lack of gentlemen—on the acquisition of so vigorous a dancer for the coming winter.

One morning, the maids, returning from market, described to their masters and mistresses a singular incident. They had seen an elegant carriage standing before the stranger's house, and a servant in rich livery holding the step. Two gentlemen had entered the carriage, the servant sprung into the boot behind, and the carriage—only imagine it!—drove straight off to the house of the burgomaster.

Everywhere people were in raptures with the two strangers, and regretted only that they had not made their acquaintance earlier. The old gentleman showed himself to be a well-bred, sensible man, who laughed a little, to be sure, in everything he said, rendering it difficult to know whether he was in jest or earnest; but who talked of the weather, the scenery, and the pines to the cave in the mountain, so politely and shrewdly that every one was delighted. But the nephew! He bewitched everybody; he won all hearts. As for his exterior, it was impossible to call him exactly handsome. The lower part of his face, especially his jaw, projected too far, and his complexion was extremely dark; while occasionally he made the most remarkable grimaces, shutting his eyes, and snapping his teeth together queerly; but people found the shape of his features exceedingly interesting. "He is an Englishman," people said; "they are all so. We must not be too particular with an Englishman."

Towards his old uncle he was very submissive; for whenever he began to jump too vivaciously about the room, or as he seemed particularly inclined to do, draw his feet up under him on his chair, a single stern glance from the old man served to bring him to order at once. And how could one be angry with the young man, when his uncle, in every house, said to the lady, "my nephew is a little raw and ill-bred, madam; but I anticipate much from the mollifying effect produced by your society, and I implore your forgiveness for any gaucheries he may happen to be guilty of."

Thus was the nephew at length introduced to the gay world, and all Grunwiesel spoke of nothing else for the two following days but this great event. The old gentleman renounced his habits of retirement, and seemed to have wholly altered his modes of thought and life. In the afterwards he went, with his nephew, to the cave in the mountain, where the more important citizens of Grunwiesel drank beer and rolled ninepins. Here the nephew showed himself a skillful master of the game; for he never threw less than five or six balls. Occasionally a strange humour seized him. It happened, more than once, that he rushed like an arrow down among the ninepins with one of the balls, making a dreadful racket, and when he made a spare or a ten-trike, the fancy sometimes came over him to stand erect on his nicely-curved head, and extend his leg high into the air; or, if a carriage happened to pass, before one knew what he was about he would be seen sitting on the top of the vehicle, making the most ludicrous grimaces, and, after riding on a short distance, return, with prodigious leaps and bounds, to the party he had quitted.

The old gentleman, at such incidents as these, was wont to beg ten thousand pardons of the burgomaster and the other gentlemen, for his nephew's eccentricities. They, in reply, would laugh, ascribe such conduct to his youthful spirits, declare they had been just the same in their youth, and admire the young sprig, as they called him, immensely.

In this way the nephew of the stranger came, before long, to be held in high favour in the city and environs. No one could recall ever having seen a young man like him in Grunwiesel before; and he was, indeed, the strangest apparition which had ever visited their borders. No one could accuse him of cultivation, of any possible kind, except, perhaps, a little dancing. Latin and Greek were both Greek to him. At a round game at the burgomaster's house, it once fell to his lot to be obliged to write something, and it was found that he could not even sign his name. In geography he made the most stupendous blunders; for he made no hesitation in locating a German city in France, or a Danish one in Poland. He had read nothing; he had studied nothing; and the priest often shook his head significantly over the dreadful ignorance of the young gentleman. Still, in spite of this, everything he said and did was held to be excellent; for he was impudent enough to insist always on being right, and the last words of every remark he made were: "I understand this much better than you."

The scenes of his greatest triumphs, however, were the Grunwiesel balls. No one danced so perseveringly, none so vigorously as he; no one made such bold, such graceful jumps. His uncle dressed him for such occasions in the newest and handsomest fashions; and, although it was impossible to make his clothes fit, yet everybody considered his dress charming. The gentlemen, to be sure, took offence at these balls, at the new style which he introduced. Hitherto the burgomaster had always opened the ball in person, and the most highly-born young men exercised the right of regulating the rest of the dances; but since the young Englishman's arrival, a total change had been brought about. He would seize the prettiest girl by the hand without leave or license, take his place with her in the figure, manage everything precisely as he pleased, and constitute himself, without ceremony, lord, master, and king of the ball. But as the ladies found these matters extremely elegant, the young man dared not venture on resistance, and the eccentric nephew retained unopposed his self-assumed dignity and rank.

Such was the behaviour adopted by the nephew at balls and parties in Grunwiesel. As it is too often the case in other matters, bad habits come into vogue much easier than good ones, and a new and striking fashion, especially if it be ridiculous, has ever something in it highly attractive for a young, who have not yet formed an accurate or sensible judgment of themselves and the world. So it was in Grunwiesel with the nephew and his extraordinary manners. For, when the younger world perceived that the young stranger won more admiration than he incurred rebuke for his awkward habits, his loud laughter, and his insolent answers to his seniors, and that these passed merely as evidences of his spiritual nature they thought to themselves: "Nothing is