

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, NOVEMBER 14, 1859.

No. 19.



PUBLIC LANDS.

Townships 33, 39, 40, 41, 42 and 43.

The Settlers, and all persons under contract for the opening of Roads on the above Townships, are hereby notified, that the Commissioner will attend at MAURICE KENNEDY'S, Lot 38, on Monday, the 21st day of November next, at 11 o'clock, a. m., and from thence proceed to the new line of Road (commencing 17 chains North from Peak's Road, and extending past the end of Sinnott's Road to Jardine's, and thence to St. Peter's Road by the line known as John McEwen's), to examine the work of the several Contractors thereon; previous to which date it is required the work be well and faithfully executed, to entitle them to the credit of their respective contracts. Persons desirous of purchasing farms will find good land, well timbered, on the above new line of Road.

On Tuesday, the 22d, and following day, at Mr. JOHN PRELANS, Lot 39. On Thursday, the 24th at 12 o'clock noon, at CERRIS', Bay Fortune Road, Lot 42, where the several contractors for the opening of the new Road, commencing thereat, are required to attend, when the work will be inspected, and credit given, if well and faithfully performed. On Friday, the 25th, at JOHN SUTHERLAND, Esquire's, Head of St. Peter's Bay. The Commissioner, desirous of avoiding excessive measures, requests all persons on the above Townships, indebted to the Government, either by Bond, Instalment, or Note of Hand, to pay their respective amounts then due, at the places above named, on the 23d, 24th and 25th days of November next; and all such persons having been previously notified, neglecting to make payment thereon, their Lands will be *Gazetted* in accordance with the Act 16th Victoria cap. 18.

DEEDS.

The Commissioner having several Deeds of Conveyance ready for delivery, all persons who have not received their Deeds are requested to make application for the same at the places and dates above mentioned.

TRESPASSERS.

All persons Trespassing on the Government Lands, by cutting Timber, or taking possession of Lands without a Location Ticket, will be dealt with according to law.

JOHN ALDOUS, Commissioner of Public Lands.
Land Office, October 24, 1859.

SETTLERS AND PERSONS DESIROUS OF PURCHASING LAND ON TOWNSHIP 11.

ARE hereby notified, that the Commissioner of Public Lands will attend at Mr. JAMES HENDERSON'S, Lot 11, on THURSDAY, the 10th day of NOVEMBER next, and following day, to receive all amounts then due, and for the disposal of Lands, a *free tract* thereof situate between the Lot 11 Post Road and Western Road being now opened up, and made available to settlers by a road running through the same; and all persons having contracts for the making of the said road, are hereby notified, that the same must be well and duly completed previous to the above date, that the Commissioner may inspect and give credit for their several contracts.

NOTICE.—All persons having neglected making their previous annual payment, are informed, that in every case the Statute Victoria 16, cap. 18, will be enforced, unless payment be now made.

JOHN ALDOUS, Commissioner.
Land Office, Oct. 10, 1859.

MOUNT STEWART HOTEL.

SOUTHEAST SIDE MOUNT STEWART BRIDGE. Will be open to receive Travellers after this date.

JAMES MCWADE, Proprietor.
Mount Stewart, April 25, 1859.

Hides, Sheepskins, and Leather.

THE highest CASH price will be paid for GREEN HIDES. Prime SOLE LEATHER at 1s. 9d. per pound. Highest price paid for SHEEPSKINS at the CITY TANNERY, West end of Grafton Street.

October 17, 1859. Is. & Mon.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS.

The sciences of Chemistry and Medicine have been taxed their utmost to produce this 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 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 disoluted 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, Headache arising from a foul stomach, Nausea, Indigestion, Morbid Inaction of the Bowels and Pains arising therefrom, Flatulency, Loss of Appetite, all Ulcerous and Cutaneous Diseases which require an evacuant medicine, Scrofala 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 Nervous Irritability, Derangement of the Liver and Kidneys, Gout, 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 and 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.

Holloway's Ointment and Pills.—A mere list of the experimental medicines used by "the profession" would fill many volumes. Yet the greatest of modern surgeons and chemists, Majendie, has told us that not one of these can be uniformly relied on as a specific. On the other hand, it is claimed for Holloway's remedies that in nine cases out of ten they cure those upon whom the whole "regular materia medica" has been expended in vain. From the testimony—voluntarily, authentic, and emanating from all nations—this would seem to be true. There can be no question, we think, that all eruptive and ulcerous disorders, and affections of the stomach, liver, and bowels, yield to their purifying and regenerative influence.

Pain Killer.—We are willing to vouch for the efficacy of Perry Davis' Pain Killer, notices of which have appeared in this paper for nearly a year past. We have bought it for our own use, and having been benefited by it, take pleasure in this voluntary testimony to it.—Bellevue Falls Times.

Literature.

THE RELIQUES OF THE LOST.

"A large boat; within her were two human skeletons... a small Bible, interlined in many places, with numerous references in the margin."—CAPTAIN McCLENNON'S JOURNAL.

Our stout hearts brave the ice-winds bleak,
Our keen eyes scan the endless snow;
All sign or trace of those we seek
Has past and perish'd long ago.

O, flash of hope! O, joyous thrill!
Onward with throbbing hearts we haste,
For looming through the ice-fog chill
A lonely boat is on the waste!

Sad recompense of all our toil,
Wrung from the iron realms of frost,
A mournful, but a precious spoil,—
A reliquary of the lost.

Here lie the arms, the sail, the oar,
Dank with the storms of winters ten,
And by their unexhausted store
The bones that once were stalwart men.

Their last dark record none may learn;
Whether in feebleness and pain,
Heart sick they watch'd for the return
Of those who never came again.

Or if amid the stillness drear
They felt the drowsy death-chill creep,
Then stretch'd them on their snowy bier,
And slumber'd to their last long sleep;

He only knows, whose Word of Hope
Was with them in the closing strife,
And taught their spirits how to cope
With agony that wins to life—

He only knows, whose Word of Might
Watch'd by them in their slow decay,—
Sure pledge that Death's long polar night
Should brighten into endless day:

And when the sun with face unveil'd
Was circling through the summer sky,
With silent words of promise hail'd
The symbol of Eternity.

Welcome, dear relique! witness rare!
Faithful as if an angel wrote:
Though Death had set his signet there,
The Lord of Life was in the boat.

THE STORY OF DICK DUFF.

(From "Legends of the Black Watch," by James Grant.)

Dick Duff, the lieutenant of our light company in 1812, was one of the happiest fellows in the British service. He sang and was merry from morning till night, and was occasionally uproarious from night till morning; and not even all the horrors of the retreat from Burgos could repress his flow of spirits. Moreover he was the terror of innkeepers, and made the lazy hostleros and keepers of posadas attend to his various commands with a celerity that astonished themselves; for Dick Duff could swear with marvellous fluency in Spanish, and five other foreign languages; he had served at Malta, in Egypt, and Holland; and was wont to boast that he had acquired the whole vocabulary of the oaths. This was highly necessary, Dick was wont to allege, "lest in a casual war of words with any ragamuffin on whom one might chance to be billeted, an officer and gentleman might have the disgrace of being put down by the saucy piquant of a rascally foreigner."

Dick had joined the service as a full private, in the year 1800, having been forced into the ranks by his chief or landlord. He was the second son of a respectable sheep farmer on the mountains of Mull, where his forefathers resided for ages. His elder brother Hamish, when a child, had been swept out to sea, while playing among the fisher-boats on the beach, and was drowned; the grief and dismay of his parents, who formed a wandering Scottish priest, Father John of Douay, had foretold his birth, and predicted his future usefulness and greatness in the church. His mother, an old Catholic of the house of Keppoch, looked on his elder child as blessed by Heaven, and in the fulness of her heart she dedicated it to the then oppressed Church of her forefathers, in token of which she had tied to his neck a valuable amulet.

Their landlord, like many other Scottish feudatories in the year 1800, became desirous of appearing a person of importance in the eyes of the government; to this end he resolved to raise a kilted regiment among his tenants, and on procuring a letter of service, immediately called upon them for their sons.

These tidings caused some consternation in Argyshire, a county from which every war, prior to 1800, had swept at least four thousand of its best men, few of whom ever survived to return.

The aged father of Dick appeared with others before their feudal tyrant, who threatened to deprive every parent of his farm, if his sons delayed or declined to volunteer for the service; and this can easily be done, as the Highland crofter has seldom a written lease to show, believing that the old hereditary cabin of his forefathers is his, as much as the air he breathes, or the heather he treads on.

"Duncan Duff," said the laird, who had already donned the uniform of colonel, "I am raising a regiment for the king's service, and must have your son Dick; he is a stout, active fellow, and here is the bounty."

"Please yourself, Duncan," resumed the feudatory; "I have only to warn you that another person has made my factor an advantageous offer for your farm, and your son's enlistment or his disobedience will materially influence me in considering the said offer."

"My croft, sir! Have not I and my fathers been here under your family for four hundred years and more; and is not our blood the same?"

"Stuff! I tell you that I must have a thousand men, and cannot spare your son."

"I had another son, sir—a poor child who was drowned in his infancy; had he lived, one should have gone to battle, and one remained—but God deals hardly with me."

"I care not," was the dogged reply; "men I want, and men I shall have!"—for the letter of service gave the laird an opportunity to nominate all his officers, nearly fifty in number.

So Dick became a soldier in the laird's regiment, and as the old man could not remain on his little farm alone, he became a soldier too, in his sixtieth year, and on the long dusty marches in Holland poor Dick was often seen carrying the knapsack, firelock, and canteen of his brave old father, whom he buried with his own hands after he was killed by the French at the battle of Alexandria, where he and twenty others perished in a rash attempt to rescue their chief, the colonel, who was there wounded and taken prisoner. Dick's promotion was rapid, and, after passing through the intermediate ranks, he found himself, by his own merit, a lieutenant in the High-land regiment of this obnoxious laird in the year 1805; and

his reason for leaving it and exchanging into ours was a mishap that happened to him in Glasgow.

His corps had been quartered for a year in the barracks of the Gallowgate in the capital of the west, and Dick, who was decidedly convivial, and scandal whispered of somewhat nocturnal habits, and having, moreover, a high appreciation of the virtues of Glasgow punch, was in the habit of going home every night in the happiest mood of mind; and on more than one occasion was assisted by the friendly arm of the watchers and warders of the civic guard, or of the corporal of the patrol.

The regiment marched for Edinburgh, changing quarters with the brave old Pompadours, who were called from the color of their facings resembling Madame's gown; but Dick, having obtained a month's leave between returns, resolved to enjoy himself a little longer among his old haunts, and remained behind, exulting in freedom from duty and the exclusion of muffin.

A week after the regiment marched, Dick Duff found himself propped against a lamp-post in the High-street, with very vague ideas of his own name, rank and residence, and seriously weighing in his own mind whether the pavement and row of lamps extending to the right, or those that lay to the left, led to the barracks, for his faculties were so cloudy that he had become utterly oblivious as to the circumstance of his being on leave, in plain clothes, and living at a west-end hotel.

After long and serious pondering, Dick instinctively discovered the right way by old habit, and proceeded somewhat deviously, of course, through the delightful locality known as "the Saughtmarket," and along the Gallowgate, until he found himself before the dark gate of the barracks, and heard the familiar step of the great-coated sentry pacing slowly to and fro inside. Here he kicked with vigour, and struck up his favorite mess-room song:

"Who knows but our girls—
(We have known stranger things!)
When once they've got feathers,
May make themselves wings;
And like swallows in winter,
May soon take their flight;
And for lovers of 'ours,'
Bid their husbands good night!"

"Hollo! gate—gate!" shouted Dick, sprawling against it with outstretched hands.

"Who comes there?"
"Friend; particular friend of yours, my boy—very."
The drowsy sergeant of the guard unfastened the barrier, and sulkily passed a lantern once or twice across the face of the visitor, till it was knocked out of his hand by Dick, who exclaimed:

"D—n it, sir, what d'ye mean? Light me to my quarters."

"I beg pardon, sir," said the sergeant, who thought Dick might be one of the staff; but the lantern was extinguished, so our friend resumed his song, and stumbled on alone to the old staircase, with which he was quite familiar; and ascending by mere force of habit to his room, found the door-handle on the right as usual, and entered.

"All right," muttered Dick, "all right. Here's the bed-post—and the candlestick should be here."

But he could neither find candles nor matches, and resolving to "row" his man in the morning, he threw off his clothes and tumbling headlong into bed, was soon sound asleep.

Now it happened that the proprietor of the aforesaid quarters was the officer of the main-guard, who, as the next day proved Sunday, was to come off duty at eight o'clock, a. m., and duty at the hour of seven his servant entered to prepare a fire and lay breakfast. Hearing a vehement snore proceed from his master's bed, the servant drew back the curtains, and, to his no small surprise, discovered the dark, sun-burnt, and well-whiskered visage of a stranger, whom he immediately awoke; but not without considerable difficulty and after reiterated efforts.

"Who are you?" grumbled Dick; "and what the devil do you want?"

"What do you want here?"

"Where, old fellow?"

"In my master's bed."

"Master's bed, you scoundrel!" stammered Dick; "how dare you intrude into an officer's room? be off, or I shall send you to the shop in a minute."

And so, Dick Duff, believing that he had settled the little mistake satisfactorily, again composed himself to sleep, while the servant hurried to the main-guard to acquaint his master that "a thief was in possession of his bed and quarters." These tidings promptly brought up the officer with his sword in his hand, and a file of the guard at his heels.

Dick was once more aroused, and wrathfully, too, from his slumbers, to find by his bedside two soldiers and an officer *cap-a-pie* in a strange uniform.

"What do you mean, fellow, by this unwarrantable intrusion?" asked Dick, with great dignity.

"Who are you, sir?" asked the officer in a louder key.

"You'll soon find that out—off with you, sir, or by heavens I'll parade you where you won't like it. I have a pair of saw-handled pacifiers that are the deuce for hitting at fifteen paces."

"What the devil are you about in my quarters?"

"Your quarters?"

"Yes, sir, my quarters," thundered the Captain of Pompadours.

"Come, now—I like that."

"D—n it, sir!"

"Don't get excited, old fellow; is not this number three stair, four room?"

"Yes, of course it is."

"Then allow me to insinuate, sir, that you are drunk—very drunk, in uniform too—disgraceful; consider yourself under arrest. Sir, these quarters are mine—you will retire, if you please."

And Dick, who was still very groggy, again addressed himself to sleep. Trembling with anger, the Pompadour for a moment doubted the evidence of his own senses; but seeing all his own luggage and property in the room, and being certain that his brain was not turning, though the cool impudence of Duff confounded him, "Corporal of the guard," said he, in a stifled tone of anger, "Handuff! this insolent fellow, and march him to the cells."

"Handuff—the devil," shouted Dick.

This imperative order made him spring up, and at that moment the recollection of the change of barracks, his month's leave, and the last night's potations, flashed upon him. Unhappy Dick was sobered in a moment, and his countenance fell, and he turned to explain—to apologise; but the Pompadour would listen to nothing. Our friend was ignominiously hauled from bed, hastily dressed, roughly handcuffed, and despite all his assertions that he was "an officer—an officer and a gentleman," etc., etc., he was marched to the guard-house, into which he would have been thrust had not a staff-officer, the friend with whom he had supped overnight, passed in at that moment and recognized him.

The officer explained, Dick expostulated, the Pompadour was sulky; but after fiery threats, mutual apologies and expressions of friendship for life were exchanged, Dick dined that evening at the mess, of which he was made an honorary member; but the story "found vent," with a hundred absurd additions, and Dick was so much quizzed about it by the small wits of his own corps, that he exchanged into Ours, and joined us about the time Corunna was fought.

CAUGHT IN HIS OWN TRAP.—Once two ministers of the Gospel were conversing on extemporaneous preaching.

"Well," said the old divine, waxing warm, "you are ruffing yourself by writing your sermons and reading them off."

Your congregation cannot become interested in your preaching; and if you were called upon to preach unexpectedly, unless you could get hold of an old sermon, you would be completely confounded."

The young divine used all his eloquence, but in vain, to convince the old gentleman that the written sermon expressed his own thoughts and feelings, and if called upon, he could preach extemporaneously.

"As we are of the same faith," said the young minister, "suppose you try me next Sabbath morning. On ascending the pulpit you can hand me a text from any part of the Bible, and I will convince you that I can preach without having looked at the text before I stood up. Likewise; I must be allowed the same privilege with you, and see who will make the best of it."

The idea seemed to delight the old gentleman, and it was immediately agreed upon.

The following Sabbath, on mounting the pulpit, his senior brother handed him a slip of paper, on which was written: "And the ass opened his mouth and spake;" from which he preached a glorious sermon, chaining the attention of his delighted hearers, and charming his old friend with his eloquence.

In the afternoon, the young brother, who was sitting below the pulpit, handed his slip. After rising and opening the Bible, the old man looked sadly around—"Am I not thine ass?" Pausing a few minutes, he ran his fingers through his hair, straightened his collar, blew his nose like the last trumpet, and read aloud—"Am I not thine ass?" Another pause, in which a deadly silence reigned. After reading the third time—"Am I not thine ass?" he looked over the pulpit at his friend, and in a doleful voice, said—"I think I am, brother."

STRANGE FREAKS OF A MILLIONAIRE.

William Beckford, one of the most remarkable men of modern times, was the only son of Alderman Beckford, of London, who died when his son was only ten years of age, bequeathing him West Indian and other property which yielded an income equal to half a million dollars a year. Young Beckford's mental powers were good, and no pains were spared in cultivating them by a refined education. Sir William Chambers instructed him in architecture, while the great Mozart taught him music. At twenty-one, with the income of a prince, and accumulations in ready money to the amount of about a million sterling, he launched upon the world. The great talent of promoting happiness was placed within his reach; but he threw the golden opportunity away. Proud and haughty, the youthful Beckford withdrew from the active business of life, and retiring to Portugal there devoted himself to a life of luxurious ease. The first outlay of his wealth there was in the erecting of a gorgeous palace. During his residence in Portugal he visited under the royal sanction, some of the wealthy and luxuriant monasteries of that country. It is difficult to convey an idea of the pomp and splendour of this journey, which resembled more the cavalcade of an eastern prince than the tour of a private individual.

"Everything," he himself says, "that could be thought or dreamed of, for our convenience or relaxation was carried in our train—nothing was to be left behind but care and sorrow."

"The ceiling of my apartment in the monastery," he adds, "was gilded and painted, the floors spread with Persian carpets of the finest texture; the tables decked with superb ewers and basins of chased silver."

The kitchen in which the dinner was prepared is thus described:

"A stream of water flowed through it, from which were formed reservoirs containing every kind of river fish. On one side were heaped up loads of game and venison, on the other side were vegetables and fruits in endless variety. Beyond a long line of stores extended a row of ovens, and close to them hillocks of wheaten flour, finer than snow, blocks of sugar, jars of the purest oil, and pastry in various abundance."

The dinner which followed these preparations was served in a magnificent saloon, covered with pictures, and lighted up with a profusion of wax tapers in sconces of silver. "The banquet," he adds, "consisted of rarities and delicacies of every season, and from distant countries." Confectionary and fruits awaited the party in a room still more sumptuous, where vessels of Goa bligree, containing the rarest and most fragrant spices, were handed round. Such was Beckford's mode of life during this journey.

Returning, at the commencement of the present century, to his native country, Beckford again abandoned himself to the selfish enjoyment of his wealth. Taking a capricious dislike to a splendid mansion on his estate, which had been erected by his father at a cost of \$1,400,000, he ordered it to be pulled down. He resolved that, Phoenix like, there should arise from its ruins a building which should surpass in magnificence all that had hitherto been known in English art. Fonthill Abbey, once one of the wonders of the West of England, was the result of this determination. Whole galleries of that vast pile were erected, solely for the purpose of enabling Beckford to emblazon on their windows the crest of the families from which he boasted his descent. The wonder of the fabric, however, was a tower of colossal dimensions and great height, erected somewhat in the manner and spirit of those who once reared a similar structure on the plains of Shinar. "Go to, let us build a tower whose top may reach unto Heaven; and let us make us a name."

To complete the erection of Beckford's tower, 400 men were employed both night and day, through an entire winter, the torches used by the nocturnal workmen being visible to the astonished travellers at miles distant. Beckford's principal enjoyment was watching the erection of this structure. At nightfall he would repair to some elevated part of his grounds, and there in solitude would feast his senses for hours with the singular spectacle presented by the dancing of the lights, and the reflection of their glare on the surrounding wood. The building was indeed Beckford's idol—the object for which he lived. He devoted the whole of his energies to make it realise the most fascinating visions of a vain imagination. The tower was finally erected, but, as might have been expected, the mortar and cement used had no time to set properly, ere a violent gale of wind brought the vast structure to the ground. Merely remarking that he should have been glad to witness the sublime fall of such a mass of materials, he gave orders for the erection of another tower of 276 feet in height; this also fell to the ground in 1835. After the completion of the abbey, Beckford's conduct was still more extraordinary. A wall, nearly two miles in circumference, surrounded his mansion, and within this circle scarcely any visitors were allowed to pass. In sullen grandeur he dwelt alone, shunning converse with the whole world. Majesty itself was desirous of visiting this wonderful domain, but was refused admittance. Strangers would disguise themselves as servants, as peasants, or as pedlars, in the hope of catching a glimpse of its glories. Nor