

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, OCTOBER 24, 1859.

No. 16.



PUBLIC LANDS.

Notice to Settlers on Township 15.

WHEREAS the names of several persons, indebted to the Government on account of Land purchased on the above Township, were, in January last, gazetted for the non-payment thereof, and proceedings suspended until the 1st day of November next; and whereas all such persons, that I will attend at the house of Mr. CHARLES RICHMOND, Fifteen Point, on TUESDAY, the 8th day of NOVEMBER next, at 10 o'clock, a. m., to receive all amounts then due, and to institute proceedings against all defaulters. All persons possessing a Licence of Occupation, and entitled to receive a Deed, are requested to make application for the same.

JOHN ALDOUS, Commissioner of Public Lands.
Land Office, October 10, 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 fine tract thereof situated 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.

American and European

EXPRESSES!

EXPRESSES made up twice a week to all parts of the Provinces of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and to the principal cities in Canada and the United States, at the AGENCY OFFICE, corner of Water and Queen Streets, opposite the Bank.

Mr. B. DAVIES informs the public that he is acting Agent for Gunnison & Co.'s Colonial and American Express, as well as for Fuller's North American and Trans-Atlantic Express.

The arrangements on both lines being completed, Parcels and Merchandise of every description can be forwarded to all parts of the Provinces, the United States, and to Europe.

The Express forward Goods consigned to their care, addressed to Canada and the United States, in much less time than is taken up in transporting thither letters by Her Majesty's Mails.

Ch. Town, Oct. 17, 1859. 3m.

A CARD.

DR. YOUNG can be consulted at his Chambers, daily upon the various branches of his Profession.

Charlottetown, Sept. 26, 1859. 3m.

SWABEY & ROBERTS

Expect daily by the "Gazelle,"

300 GALLONS unsweetened LONDON GIN, the first ever imported here, which they will sell as pure as imported, at 12s. per gallon. ALSO—

PORT WINE, SHERRY,
CHAMPAGNE, Case BRANDY,
OLD TOM, WHISKEY,

Bottled Ale & PORTER.

TEA and other GROCERIES, all of the best quality that can be procured for Cash in London. October 14.

Hides, Sheepskins, and Leather.

SIX PENCE per lb., CASH, 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. Isl. & 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 win unreservedly 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. 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, 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 an evacuant medicine, Scrofula 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.

IT SAVED MY LIFE.—Such is the repeated testimony of hundreds of persons of all ages, with regard to the magic effect of Perry Davis' Pain Killer. When every medicine fails this seems to possess a perfect charm over the various diseases incident to mankind. Sold by druggists generally.

Holloway's Ointment and Pills should be the never-neglected accompaniment of the family medicine chest. They combine in their united agency, the cure of nearly all the external and internal disorders to which men or women are subject. Their effect is not partially to remove, but to thoroughly expel disease.

Literature.

LITTLE WILLIE WAKING UP.

BY REV. E. H. SEARS.

Some have thought that in the dawning,
In our being's freshest glow,
God is nearer little children
Than their parents ever know,
And that, if you listen sharply,
Better things than you can teach,
And a sort of mystic wisdom
Trickles through their careless speech.

How it is I cannot answer,
But I know a little child,
Who among the thyme and clover
And the bees, was running wild,
And he came one summer evening,
With the ringlets o'er his eyes,
And his hat was torn in pieces,
Chasing bees and butterflies.

"Now I'll go to bed, dear mother,
For I'm very tired of play!"
And he said his "Now I lay me,"
In a kind of careless way.
And he drank the cooling water
From his little silver cup,
And said gaily, "When it's morning
Will the angels take me up!"

Down he sank with roguish laughter
In his little trundle-bed,
And the kindly god of slumber
Showered the poppies o'er his head.
"What could mean his speaking strangely?"
"Ask'd his musing mother then—
"O, 'twas nothing but his prattle;
"What can he of angels ken?"

There he lies, how sweet and placid!
And his breathing comes and goes
Like a zephyr moving softly.
And his cheek is like a rose;
But she leaned her ear to listen
If his breathing could be heard:
"Oh," she murmured, "if the angels
Took my darling at his word!"

Night within its folding mantle
Hath the sleepers both beguiled,
And within its soft embracings
Rest the mother and the child;
Up she starteth from her dreaming,
For a sound hath struck her ear—
And it comes from little Willie,
Lying on his trundle near.

Up she springeth, for it strikes upon
Her troubled ear again,
And his breath, in louder fetches,
Travels from his lungs in pain,
And his eyes are fixing upward
On some face beyond the room;
And the blackness of the spoiler
From his cheek hath chased the bloom.

Never more his "Now I lay me"
Will be said from mother's knee,
Never more among the clover
Will he chase the bumble bee;
Through the night she watched her darling,
Now despairing, now in hope;
And about the break of morning
Did the angels take him up.

COMING HOME FOR A WIFE.

(Concluded.)

V.—HOW THE BAR GOT THE BETTER OF THE BUSH.

"I say, De Rohan," said I as we walked back to the Temple, "what's come to you lately? You snap poor Tom off so deucedly short, he must find the difference since ten years ago. What's the reason?"

"The reason is that I hate him," said Willie fiercely; "yes, hate is my bitterest enemy the man I have loved since boyhood. Good Heavens! that a woman, a girl like that, who, tenfold one, cares not a straw for either him or me, should come and part us, and make feud between two men, such true and tried friends as we have been. I love Vivia—love her passionately, more than life; I have struggled against it, fenced myself against her fascinations, but I cannot help it. I love her now and for ever; and I tell you, when I think of his winning her—he who can no more appreciate or understand her than this pavement can—when I think that she will give herself to him for the sake of the gewgaws of wealth and position—that he with his gold can buy the joys I by my mad folly have let slip, I swear to you, Mount, that I could strike out of my path the man I once loved so well, with as little compunction as I would crush a worm."

This fiery avalanche of words nearly stunned me. "My dear Willie!" I involuntarily exclaimed.

"You are surprised, Mount? Not more than I am," said Willie with a short laugh. "If any one had told me that a girl I didn't know four months ago would break the friendship between me and Tom, I would have given them the lie to their face!"

"No, I'm not surprised," said I, "for I know by myself what we all come to some time or other. But in the name of all the gods, Willie, why the deuce, if you care so much for Vivia, do you let her be carried off before your very eyes?"

"Because £400 a year would have no chance against £2000 if the £2000 be offered first," said he between his teeth. "Besides I first put Tom on the scent; it is only due to him to give him play to succeed if he can. But for my folly in proposing her to him he might never have thought of her, and if she choose to accept him, neither he nor she shall ever know I grudge him the toy he has bought with his wealth."

He paused. I heard his loud quick breathing, and as the light of a lamp fell on his face, it was tired, worn and deathly pale. "But if Vivia's fond of you? and I would bet a good deal she is," said I.

He seized my arm with an iron gripe. "Hush, hush! give me no hope, or I shall lose all control over myself. If she loves me, and be worth loving, she will not marry Tom, being indifferent to him, had he the wealth of all the diggings. But I will not hope, I will not suffer myself to dwell on it, for all women are alike; and why should I expect her to be different from all her sex, and reject what from her cradle

she has of course been taught to value? I cannot expect it. I will not, dare not hope it."

We had reached his chambers; he bid me a hasty good night, and went in at his own door.

The day after we were going to Sydenham, to "bid the darling Palace good by," as Maude said, and Tom and Willie were to meet us there, in the Alhambra Court. To the Court of Lions came Tom, but without De Rohan; he hadn't seen him, he said, all that morning; and Vivia, who'd been silently looking after every distant hat with black whiskers under it, grew pale and distraite, and, joining my mother, left Helen to amuse poor Tom, who looked exceedingly blank thereat.

"What's come to Vivia?" I asked Maude, as we strolled together into the Rosery. Her spirits are so variable; sometimes they are unnaturally wild, and at others she's as silent as possible."

"Well," whispered Maude confidentially, "I'm afraid she cares a good deal too much about that friend of yours."

"What, Tom?" said I disappointed and annoyed, to say truth, for I didn't care about Goring, poor old fellow, as I did about Will.

"Tom? No!" repeated Maude disdainfully. "He's a good-natured agreeable man enough, but he hasn't the fascination of that clever, charming Mr. De Rohan; for clever and charming he is, though I think he behaves very capriciously to Vivia, seeking her one day, and scarcely speaking to her the next. No man has a right to do that; he should know his wishes one way or another."

"Quite right, my young philosopher," said I; "but perhaps Willie can't do what he wishes."

"Then he should tell her so," said Maude; "and let them sorrow over it together. It isn't so pleasant to have to think that a man idolises you, and the next that he doesn't care about you more than about his cigar-ash. I've tried it, monsieur, so I can tell you."

Here our conversation took a personal turn, and—to the shame of my friendship be it spoken—I forgot De Rohan's happiness in my own. About six we came suddenly upon him; he had just come in, looking tired and ill, as men do "look" who've sat up half the night smoking over anxious and bitter thoughts.

"Where is"—he was going to say Vivia; but, instead, said—"the rest of the party?"

"I don't know," laughed Maude. "We have not seen any of them. Where have you been? Mr. Goring came in proper time."

"I have been engaged all day," he answered; "but I saw he wined at Tom's name like a hound at sight of the whip. Willie soon left us, thinking, I dare say, that he was de trop; and as he told me afterwards, strolled listlessly about, I going to meet Vy, and yet dreading it. As he passed the great winged bulls into the Egyptian Court, he came suddenly on her. She was standing there with Tom, who was leaning down over her. Willie says, that if he'd a pistol in his hand, he could have shot his best friend dead like any dog, in the fierce misery of the moment; and I don't doubt it."

"And will nothing change your determination, Vivia?" Tom was saying, his voice very hoarse and low. "I will stay in England; live wherever you wish, do whatever you wish, if you will only try to—"

Vivia put out her hand with a gesture, entreating him to be silent. "Hush, hush! pray don't—it is no use, you only pain me."

"Tell me only one thing, do you care for any one else?" asked Tom, eagerly.

Vivia's head drooped; she blushed scarlet, and tears started into her eyes.

Tom knew what it meant, and he turned away without another word; his gay, good-humored face as white as death, he brushed past Willie like a madman, and went hurriedly out of the court. A miracle had come to pass—a girl who wanted a home refused £2,000.

Willie strode up to her, half wild, too, with conflicting passions. "Is it possible, Vivia—tell me the truth—you have rejected him?"

"Yes, yes," said Vivia, passionately. "Do you think so meanly of me as to dream that I was to be bought by money? Low as you hold women, I should have thought you might have known—"

Willie interrupted her vehement language by pressing her wildly to his heart and kissing the lips that had sealed poor Tom's doom. "Thank God—thank God!" he murmured. "Vivia, you will not send me after him?"

She didn't send him after Tom. Willie was not a man to be sent away by any woman; and we were admiring the transept by moonlight, when he and Vy at length saw fit to join us—Willie's dark eyes glistening with the warmth and tenderness that had so long lain slumbering in his heart for want of the right touch to waken it. His family, as I've told you, weren't worthy of him; the women he'd met had been frivolous, worldly, and heartless, as the generality of women unhappily are. People hadn't understood him—had liked him for his conversational powers and attractive manners, and looked no further. So Willie had kept all his deep feelings locked up out of sight, and only those who, like Vivia, loved him, by their love and power to see all that lay hid from ordinary eyes in his warm and generous nature.

Poor Tom! who'd been so very sure of winning a wife the moment he did a girl the honour of asking for one! He was more cut up about it than I should have thought he ever would be about anything; but I couldn't feel half for him as I might have done otherwise, because I was so delighted for Willie.

"It serves Mr. Goring perfectly right," Maude averred. "What business had he to suppose that, just because he happened to have some money, he could buy any girl he liked with a wedding-ring, as easily as he could buy a moorsham or a terrier? I only hope it may take his vanity down a little."

"But I know somebody," interrupted Vivia, with an arch glance at De Rohan, "who was quite as bad about women, and worse."

"And who hasn't got punished at all, you mean," laughed Willie. "Poor old Tom! I could have shot him last night, I can pity him now. But there's one thing, with his light temperament it won't go as hard with him as it would have done with me, I'm afraid. Really, my pet, you're as destructive to men's peace as the Sicilian Syrens: we shall have to label you 'Dangerous,' and shut you away from society!"

Vivia laughed.

"But you deserved to be punished for your horribly sceptical opinions. The idea of putting yourself on a level with Tom, if he'd had a million a year, and you only a pri-

vate's pay! Money will not make the man, monsieur, to every woman, and I'm not sure that I shall forgive you for believing that £2000 a year would win me over, whether or no I cared for the honor. And," said Miss Vy, putting her head on one side, and looking at Willie with a mischievous tenderness calculated to drive him still more mad about her, which, Heaven knows, was needless!—"and if Mr. Goring really wished to win, he should have been more careful in choosing his ambassador, for all the gold out of the diggings, to my mind, isn't worth one of those dear, dark curls of yours."

Whereat, Willie, of course, vowed more gratitude for the frank compliment than any mortal could pay in a lifetime, and thought what a blessed chance it was that, among the rank weeds of society he'd been wont to mow down with such ruthless sarcasm, this little wild flower had sprung up for his special benefit.

He was quite right—it didn't go so hard with Tom as it would have done with him; but I suspect that Tom felt it much more than he'd confess, though he carried it off with a laugh at his own expense, and quoted—

"If she be not fair for me,
What care I how fair she be."

"Well," said he one night, when we were three alone, "we've lived to see a miracle, Willie, and 'pon my life it's as hard to swallow as Balaam's talkative quadruped. Unless I'd seen it, I wouldn't have believed in a young lady who wouldn't snap at a golden bait. The next time I try the matrimonial line, I'll be obliged to you, De Rohan, to keep out of the way, for if they catch sight of you they won't look at me. I think I'd better make up to Maude. I like the family."

"Hallo, Tom! I hope you won't," said I, "for I've a weakness for that young lady."

"By Jove!" whistled poor Tom. "Well, Helen, then?" I laughed outright. "Helen's engaged to a man out in India. He's coming for her this winter."

"Was ever man so unlucky!" sighed Tom. "Why, all the streams have been whipped before me. I'll go back to the Bush; women are seven to one there, and they can't be so deucedly hard to get. I did think of taking your mother rather than have none, for she's an amiable old lady, but I overheard her last week say that Mr. Goring was nice enough, but William De Rohan was a dear—her acme of praise and adoration, as everybody knows, and I won't enter the lists with Will again, if I know it."

But though Tom thus made jest at his disappointment, he was very down in the mouth about it, and not being stoic enough to stay and see Willie's clysmus, soon went off to the moors to try if he could stalk and shoot his sorrow away; but he says he will go back to the Bush, and I suspect it will be as he came—a bachelor. As for myself I am very happy—I must say happier than I ever thought I should be; and I as for Willie—dear old fellow—he beats me, if possible, for if your deep, intense natures do get hold of love at last, it's wonderful how strong it is, and how they appreciate it when they get it returned to 'em. Vy spurs him on and gives him an interest in everything. Willie can work with all the energy and vehemence of his nature now he's got an object to work for—all the high spirits of his boyhood have come back, and I don't believe there would be a single shadow on his present and his future, if, in the race for the gold Cup of happiness, the Bush could have stood winner as well as the Bar.

Gleanings from late Papers.

RELIGIOUS HYSTERIA.

The spread of the religious epidemic for some time prevailing in Cister, and the unabated violence of its symptoms, seems to have attracted the professional attention of many able and learned men on both sides of the Channel, who naturally desire to save their respective denominations from the contagion, or if that be not wholly practicable, to know how to mitigate its effects. The Bishop of Winchester and other dignitaries of the English Church are said to have made recent pilgrimages to the scene of so much moral and physical suffering; and the General Assembly of the Free Kirk of Scotland, after due inquiry, are reported to have come to a unanimous resolution, somewhat equivocal, perhaps, in its wording, but sufficiently significant of their reluctance to lend any specific sanction to the deplorable delusion. The members of the Congregational Union have, we understand, taken a manlier and prompter tone, and counselled their brethren against any paltering with what a great historian has well described as the infinitely subtle and unappreciable gradations by which self-deception passes into voluntary fraud. But the best and ablest service that has been rendered on the occasion is that which we have to acknowledge at the hands of the Archdeacon of Meath, who in a spirit highly commendable seems to have applied himself soon after the breaking out of the disease to a patient and critical examination, on the spot, of every painful phase of its development. Early experience as a town missionary amongst the most afflicted and degraded classes of the community had led him to the careful study of that widespread but too much neglected root of female maladies, hysteria. He had deemed it his duty to master not only all the medical symptoms of the disease in all its Protean forms, but the varied moral and social incidents commonly predisposing thereto; and being a man evidently impressed with the highest sense of moral obligation, he seems to have waited for no dilatory conclusions on the part of others, but spontaneously to have devoted much time and labour to making a careful analysis of the actual condition of things, in the counties of Down and Antrim, on which he grounds his earnest and touching appeal to the judgment of the community at large. Under the name of a general Revival in Religion, a system of intense excitement has been organised throughout the districts above referred to, and congregations seem to be equally moved by a common impulse, unlike anything we have been accustomed to witness in these countries, and comparable only to what was some years ago not infrequently in the less civilised States of America. The ordinary method of teaching is on the one hand laid aside by the minister, and a system of vehement exhortation to "escape and begone" from the pending wrath to come is substituted, until the tragic iteration of the appeal has wrought in the minds of the hearers a sort of spiritual panic, amounting to something little short of delirium. On the other hand, the congregation being prepared by the intensity of individual self-consciousness, gives way, on the first suggestion, to frenzied movements and exclamations. Far from restraining either, the minister earnestly encourages both. The men, who seldom wholly lose their self-possession, serve to swell the chorus of terror; but the women become more easily physical victims of their fears. With spasmodic gesticulations and piteous cries for mercy, they fall down in a kind of cataleptic fit. Then it is the triumphant pastor breaks forth into thanksgiving, as for a direct manifestation of Divine power. The congregation are then told to pray for the repetition of the miracle in other instances; and the fervid anticipation thus created, as a matter of course realises itself. Half-a-dozen helpless women have been thus "smitten" in the course of a single hour. It is announced beforehand that