

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. VIII.

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1858.

No. 10.

Valuable Property.

TO BE SOLD by Auction, on THURSDAY, the 23rd November next, at 12 o'clock, on the premises, that commodious TWO-STORY DWELLING HOUSE, AND VALUABLE FREEHOLD PROPERTY, owned by Mrs. JOSEPH McDONALD, adjoining the grounds of the Roman Catholic Church. The House is very convenient and well finished from the ground floor to the attic. There are likewise on the premises a Stable, Coach and other Out-Buildings, with an excellent Well and Pump in the yard. These Premises are well adapted for a large family or Private Boarding House. A portion of the purchase money may remain on interest for a term of years, as may be agreed upon. A. H. YATES, Auctioneer. Charlottetown, September 6, 1858.

Assignment of Debts.

NOTICE is hereby given that by Deed of this date, I have assigned to the Honorable JOSEPH HENSLEY, all Debts owing to me, in Trust for the payment of creditors; and that all persons indebted to me will please, and they are hereby required, to make payment only to the above named JOSEPH HENSLEY. Dated this 31st day of August, A. D. 1858. JOHN RIGG.

IN accordance with the above notice, I hereby require all parties indebted to the above named JOHN RIGG to make immediate payment to me, at my office, in Charlottetown, of the amounts due from them respectively. JOSEPH HENSLEY. Charlottetown, 31st August, 1858.

Pastry, Confectionary, Fancy Biscuits, &c.

THE Subscriber, in addition to his own experience, has engaged a thorough tradesman direct from England, and is now prepared to execute orders of any description in the above line on the shortest notice. The subscriber having greatly increased his expenses, trusts that the Ladies of Charlottetown will favour him with orders, and support so useful an undertaking. Fancy Biscuits fresh and new, daily. JOSEPH KNIGHT. Brandon's Buildings, Great George Street, September 6, 1858.

Books, Groceries, &c. &c. &c.

REMOVAL.

THE Subscriber begs leave to inform the public that he has REMOVED to the Store formerly occupied by Mr. Boyrick, Queen-street, where he has on hand his usual stock of BOOKS, STATIONERY, &c., together with a quantity of GROCERIES, all of which will be sold low for cash. Customers desirous, can be accommodated with good Stabling. September 6, 1858. G. W. MILLER.

Valuable Household Furniture, Glassware, Chinaware, Piano Forte, Music Books, Flowers, &c. &c.

TO BE SOLD, by Auction, at 12 o'clock, noon, on TUESDAY, the 21st September, at "GLEN STEWART," the residence of WILLIAM STEWART, Esq., one mile from the Ferry, the remainder of his valuable HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE, consisting of— Sofas, Tables, Chairs, Morocco Curtains, Carpets, Stoves, Chests Drawers, Bedsteads, Dressing-Tables, Dressing-Glasses, Wash-stands, Feather Beds, Glassware, Chinaware, Plated Ware, Handsome Dinner Services, Dish Covers, Pantry-ware, Kitchenware, &c.; also, 1 very excellent Piano Forte, Music Stool, Canterbury, Music Books, 3 years Illustrated News, (bound complete), a choice lot of Geraniums, &c., &c. Terms.—25, three months; £10 and upwards, six months credit. J. & T. MORRIS, Auctioneers. August 30, 1858. Mon & Isl.

NEW GOODS—SPRING 1858.

THE subscribers have received, per ship "ISABEL," from Liverpool— 120 Packages British and Foreign Merchandise, 10 Tons Iron, which, with Stock on hand, will be sold at their usual low prices for prompt payment. Present importation consists of— 20 chests prime Congou TEA, 9 trunks Ladies' Boots & Shoes, 2 cases Ready-made Clothing, 4 cases Towns' Hats & Caps, 2 do Millinery, 2 do Straw and Silk Bonnets, 3 do containing Parasols, Muslin dresses, Shawls & Mantles, 1 do Ribbons, 1 case Gloves, 1 do Hosiery, 1 do summer Clothes, Gambroons, Drills, &c, 1 do Floor Cloth, 1 case Flannels and Woollens, 50 boxes "London" Soap, 1 case Starch, 1 chest Indigo, 15 bundles Spring Steel, 10 tons Bar Iron. Ch. Town, May 24, 1858. D. G. & S. DAVIES.

CITY GROCERY.

NORTH SIDE OF QUEEN-SQUARE. RECEIVED per "PROVINCENCE" and "ARIEL," from Halifax, and has on hand— Hnds Sugar, Tea in variety, Blacking, Pun's b't Molasses, Superior Coffee, Tobacco, Jamaica Rum, Biscuit in variety, Cigars, strong Spirits, Annapolis Cheese, Digby Herrings, Hnds 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, Earthen 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, and a great variety of other small and useful articles too numerous to mention. Cash paid for good clean Timothy Seed. December 14, 1857. HUGH FRASER.



"Alliance Life and Fire Insurance Company" of LONDON. ESTABLISHED BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT 1824. Capital, Five Millions Sterling. April 14. CHARLES YOUNG, Agent for P. E. I.

Literature.

[From the Atlantic Monthly for August, 1858.]

THE ROMANCE OF A GLOVE.

"Halt!" cried my travelling companion. "Property overboard!" The driver pulled up his horses; and, before I could prevent him, Westwood leaped down from the vehicle, and ran back for the article that had been dropped. It was a glove,—my glove, which I had inadvertently thrown out, in taking my handkerchief from my pocket. "Go on, driver!" and he tossed it into my hand as he resumed his seat in the open stage. "Take your reward," I said, offering him a cigar; "but beware of rendering me another such service!" "If it had been your hat or your handkerchief, be sure I should have let it lie where it fell. But a glove,—that is different. I once found a romance in a glove. Since then, gloves are sacred." And Westwood gravely bit off the end of his cigar. "A romance? Tell me about that. I am tired of this endless stretch of sealike country, these regular ground-swells; and it's a good two-hours' ride yet to yonder headland, which juts out into the prairie, between us and the setting sun. Meanwhile, your romance?" "Did I say romance? I fear you would hardly think it worthy of the name," said my companion. "Every life has its romantic episodes, or, at least, incidents which appear such to him who experiences them. But these tender little histories are usually insipid enough when told. I have a maiden aunt, who once came so near having an offer from a pale stripling, with dark hair, seven years her junior, that to this day she often alludes to the circumstance, with the remark, that she wishes she knew some competent novel-writer in whom she could confide, feeling sure that the story of that period of her life would make the groundwork of a magnificent work of fiction. Possibly I inherit my aunt's tendency to magnify into extraordinary proportions trifles which I look at through the double convex lens of a personal interest. So don't expect too much of my romance, and you shall hear it. "I said I found it in a glove. It was by no means a remarkable glove,—middle-sized, straw-colored, and a neat fit for the hand, in which I now hold your very excellent cigar. Of course, there was a young lady in the case;—let me see,—I don't believe I can tell you the story," said Westwood, "after all!" I gently urged him to proceed. "Pshaw!" said he, after kindling his cigar with a few vigorous whiffs, "what's the use of being foolish? My aunt was never diffident about telling her story, and why should I hesitate to tell mine? The young lady's name,—we'll call her simply Margaret. She was a blonde, with hazel eyes and dark hair. Perhaps you never heard of a blonde with hazel eyes and dark hair? She was the only one I ever saw; and there was the finest contrast imaginable between her fair, fresh complexion, and her superb tresses and delicately-traced eyebrows. She was certainly lovely if not handsome; and—such eyes! It was an event in one's life, Sir, just to look through those luminous windows into her soul. That could not happen every day, be sure! Sometimes for weeks she kept them turned from me, the ivory shutters half-closed, or the mystic curtains of reserve-drawn within; then, again, when I was tortured with unsatisfied yearnings, and almost ready to despair, she would suddenly turn them upon me, the shutters thrown wide, the curtains away, and a flood of radiance streaming forth, that filled me so full of light and gladness, that I had no shadowy nook left in me for a doubt to hide in. She must have been conscious of this power of expression. She used it so sparingly, and it seemed to me, acutely! But I always forgive her when she did use it, and cherished resentment only when she did not. "Margaret was shy and proud; I could never completely win her confidence; but I knew I knew well at last, that her heart was mine. And a deep, tender, woman's heart it was, too, despite her reserve. Without many words, we understood each other, and so—Pshaw!" said Westwood, "my cigar is out!" "On with the story!" "Well, we had our lovers' quarrels, of course. Singular, what foolish children love makes of us!—rendering us sensitive, jealous, exacting, in the superlative degree. I am sure, we were both amiable and forbearing towards all the world besides; but, for the powerful reason that we loved, we were bound to misinterpret words, looks, and actions, and wound each other on every convenient occasion. I was pained by her attentions to others, or perhaps by her preference of a book or a bouquet to me. Retaliation on my part and quiet persistence on hers continued to estrange us, until I generally ended by conceding everything, and pleading for one word of kindness, to end my misery. "I was wrong—too quick to assent, too ready to concede. No doubt, it was to her a secret gratification to exercise her power over me; and at last I was convinced that she wounded me purposely, in order to provoke a temporary estrangement, and enjoy a repetition of her triumph. "It was at a party; the thing she did was to waltz with a man whom she knew I detested, whom I knew she could not respect, and whose half-embrace, as he whirled her in the dance, almost put murder into my thoughts. "Margaret," I said, "one last word! If you care for me, beware!" "That was a foolish speech, perhaps. It was certainly ineffectual. She persisted, looking so calm and composed, that a great weight fell upon my heart. I walked away; I wandered about the saloons; I tried to gossip and be gay; but the wound was too deep. "I accompanied her home, late in the evening. We scarcely spoke by the way. At the door, she looked me sadly in the face—she gave me her hand; I thought it trembled. "Good-night!" she said, in a low voice. "Good-bye!" I answered, coldly, and hurried from the house. "It was some consolation to hear her close the door after I had reached the corner of the street, and to know that she had been listening to my footsteps. But I was very angry. I made stern resolutions; I vowed to myself that I would win her heart, and never swerve from my purpose until I bring her heart, and never swerve from my purpose until I had wrung out of it abundant drops of sorrow and contrition. How I succeeded you shall hear. "I had previously engaged her to attend a series of concerts with me; an arrangement which I did not now regret, and for good reasons. Once a week, with famous punctuality, I called for her, escorted her to the concert-room, and carefully reconducted her home,—letting no opportunity pass to show her a true gentleman's deference and respect.—conversing with her freely about music, books, anything in short, except what we both new to be deepest in each other's thoughts. Upon other occasions, I avoided her, and even refrained from going to places where she was expected,—especially where she knew that I knew she was expected. "Well," continued Westwood, "my designs upon her heart, which I was going to wring so unmercifully, did not meet with very brilliant success. To confess the humiliating truth, I soon found that I was torturing myself a good deal more than I was torturing her. As a last and desperate resort, what do you think I did?" "You probably asked her to ask your forgiveness." "Not I! I have a will of adamant, as people find, who tear away the amiable flowers and light soil that cover it; and she had reached the impenetrable, firm rock. I neither made any advances towards a reconciliation nor invited any. But I'll tell you what I did do, as a final trial of her heart. I had, for some time, been meditating a European tour, and my interest in her had alone kept me at home. Some friends of mine were to sail early in the spring, and I now resolved to accompany them. I don't know how much pride and spite there was in the resolution—probably a good deal. I confess I wished to make her suffer—to show her that she had calculated too much upon my weakness—that I could be strong and happy without her. Yet, with all this bitter and vindictive feeling, I listened to a very sweet and tender whisper in my heart, which said, 'Now, if her love speaks out—now, if she says to me one true, kind, womanly word—she shall go with me, and nothing shall ever take her from me again!' The thought of what might be, if she would say that word, and of what must be, irrevocably, if her pride held out, shook me mightily. But my resolution was taken: I would trust the rest to fate. "On the day of the last concert I imparted the secret of my intended journey to a person who, I felt tolerably sure, would rush at once to Margaret with the news. Then, in the evening, I went for her; I was conscious that my manner towards her was a little more tender, or rather a little less so, than usual; that night that it had usually been of late; for my feelings were softened, and I had never seen her so lovely. I had never before known what a treasure I was about to lose. The subject of my voyage was not mentioned, and if she had heard of it, she accepted the fact without the least visible concern. Her quietness under the circumstances chilled me—disheartened me quite. I am not one of those who can give much safe, famous love, or cling with unreasonable, blind passion to an object that yields no affection in return. A quick and ethical method of curing a fancy in persons of my temperament is to teach them that it is not reciprocated. Then it expires like a flame cut off from the air, or a plant removed from the soil. The death-struggle, the uproaring, is the painful thing; but when the heart is thoroughly convinced that its love is misplaced, it gives up, with one last sigh as big as fate, sheds a few tears, says a prayer or two, thanks God for the experience, and becomes a wiser, calmer—yes, and a happier heart than before." "True," I said; "but our hearts are not thus easily convinced." "Ay, there's the rub. It is for want of a true perception. There cannot be a true love without a true perception. Love is for the soul to know, from its own intuition—not for the understanding to believe, from the testimony of those very unreliable witnesses, called eyes and ears. This seems to have been my case—my soul was aware of her love, and all the evidence of my external senses could not altogether destroy that interior faith. But that evening I said—I believe you now, my senses! I doubt you now, my soul!—she never loved me!" So I was really very cold towards her—for about twenty minutes. "I walked home with my—we were both silent; but at the door she asked me to go in. Here my calmness deserted me, and I could hardly hold my heart while I replied— "If you particularly wish it." "If I did not, I should not ask you," she said; and I went in. "I was ashamed and vexed at myself for trembling so—for I was in a tremor from head to foot. There was company in the parlors,—some of Margaret's friends. I took my seat upon a sofa, and soon she came and sat by my side. "I suppose," said one, "Mr. Westwood has been telling Margaret all about it." "About what? Margaret inquired,—and here the truth flashed upon me—the news of my proposed voyage had not yet reached her! She looked at me with a troubled, questioning expression, and said,— "What is it that is going to happen. Tell me what it is." "I answered—Your friend can best explain what she means." "Then out came the secret. A shock of surprise sent the color from Margaret's face; and raising her eyes, she asked, quite calmly, but in a low and unnatural tone,— "Is this so?" "I said, 'I suppose I cannot deny it.' "You are really going?" "I am really going." "She could not hide her agitation. Her white face betrayed her. Then I was glad, wickedly glad, in my heart,—and vain enough to be gratified that others should behold and know I held a power over her. Well—but I suffered for that folly. "I felt hurt," she said, after a little while, "because you have not told this. You have no sister," (this was spoken very quietly,) "and it would have been a privilege for me to take a sister's place, and do for you those little things which sisters do for brothers who are going on long journeys." "I was choked;—it was a minute before I could speak. Then I said that I saw no reason why she should tax her time or thoughts to do anything for me. "Oh, you know," she said, "you have been kind to me,—so much kinder than I have deserved!" "It was unendurable—the pathos of the words! I was blinded, stifled—I almost groaned aloud. If we had been alone there our trial would have ended. I should have soothed her to my soul. But the eyes of others were upon us, and I steeled myself. "Besides," I said, "I know of nothing that you can do for me." "There must be many little things:—to begin with, there is your glove, which you are tearing to pieces." "True, I was tearing my glove—she was calm enough

to observe it! That made me angry. "Give it to me; I will mend it for you. Haven't you other gloves that need mending?" "I, who had triumphed, was humbled. My heart was breaking,—and she talked of mending gloves! I did not omit to thank her, I coldly arose to go. "Well, I felt now that it was all over. The next day I scoured my passage in the steamer in which my friends were to sail. I took pains that Margaret should hear of that too. Then came the preparations for travel—arranging affairs, writing letters, providing myself with a compact and comfortable outfit. Europe was in prospect—Paris, Switzerland, Italy, lands to which my dreams had long since gone before me, and to which I now turned my eyes with re-awakening aspirations. A new glory arose upon my life, in the light of which Margaret became a fading star. It was so much easier than I had thought to give her up, to part from her! I found that I could forget her, in the excitement of a fresh and novel experience; while she—could she forget me? When lovers part, happy is he who goes! alas for the one that is left behind! "One day, when I was busy with the books which I was to take with me, a small package was handed in. I need not tell you that I experienced a thrill when I saw Margaret's handwriting upon the wrapper. I tore it open,—and what think you I found? My glove! Nothing else. I smiled bitterly, to see how neatly she had mended it; then I sighed and said, 'It is finished!' and tossed the glove disdainfully into my trunk. "On the day before that fixed for the sailing of the steamer, I made farewell calls upon many of my friends,—among others, upon Margaret. But, though the perversity of pride and will, I did not go alone,—I took with me Joseph, a mutual acquaintance, who was to be my *compagnon de voyage*. I felt some misgivings, to see how Margaret had changed; she was so softened, and so pale! "The interview was a painful one, and I cut it short. As we were going out, she gently detained me, and said,— "Did you receive—your glove?" "Oh, yes," I said, and thanked her for mending it. "And is this all—all you have to say?" she asked. "I have nothing more to say—except good-bye." "She held my hand. 'Nothing else?' "No—it is useless to talk of the past, Margaret; and the future—may you be happy!—Good-bye!" "I thought she would speak; I could not believe she would let me go; but she did! I bore up well, until night. Then came a revulsion. I walked three times past the house, wofully tempted, my I've and my will at cruel warfare; but I did not go in. At midnight I saw the light in her room extinguished; I knew she had retired, but whether to sleep, or weep, or pray—how could I tell? I went home. I did not close my eyes that night. I was glad to see the morning come, after such a night! "The steamer was to sail at ten. The bustle of embarkation; strange scenes and strange faces; parting from friends; the ringing of the bell; last adieus,—some, who were to go with us, hurrying aboard, others, who were to stay behind, as hastily going ashore; the withdrawal of the plank,—sad sight to many eyes! casting off the lines, the steamer swinging heavily around, the rushing irregular motion of the great, slow paddles; the waving of handkerchiefs from the decks, and the responsive signals from the crowd lining the wharf; off at last,—the faces of friends, the crowd, the piers, and, lastly, the city itself, fading from sight; the dash of spray, the freshening breeze, the novel sight of our little world detaching itself and floating away; the feeling that America was past, and Europe was next;—all this filled my mind with animation and excitement, which shut out thoughts of Margaret. Could I have looked with clairvoyant vision, and beheld her then, locked in her chamber, should I have been so happy? Oh, what fools vanity and pride make of us! Even then, with my heart high-strung with hope and courage, had I known the truth, I should have abandoned my friends, the voyage, and Europe, and returned in the pilot's boat, to find something more precious than all the continents and countries of the globe, in the love of that heart which I was carelessly flinging away." Here Westwood took breath. The sun was now almost set. The prairie was still and cool; and the heavy dews were beginning to fall; the shadows of the green and flowered undulations filled the hollows, like a rising tide; the headland, seen at first so far and small, was growing gradually large and near; and the horses moved at a quicker pace. Westwood lighted his cigar, drew a few whiffs, and proceeded. "We had a voyage of eleven days. But to me an immense amount of experience was crowded into that brief period. The fine exhilaration of the start,—the breeze gradually increasing to a gale; then horrible sea-sickness, homesickness, love-sickness; after which, the weather which sailors, love, games, gaiety and flirtation. There is no such social freedom to be enjoyed anywhere as on board an ocean steamer. The breaking up of old associations, the opening of a fresh existence, the necessity of new relationships,—this fuses the crust of conventionality, quickens the springs of life, and renders character sympathetic and fluid. The past is easily put away; we become plastic to new influences; we are delighted at the discovery of unexpected affinities, and astonished to find in ourselves so much wit, eloquence, and fine susceptibility, which we did not before dream we possessed. "This freedom is especially provocative of flirtation. We see each fair brow touched with a halo whose colorate the reflection of our own beautiful dreams. Loveliness is tenfold more lovely, bathed in this atmosphere of romance; and manhood is invested with ideal graces. The love within us rushes, with swift, sweet heart-beats, to meet the love responsive in some other. Don't think I am now artfully preparing your mind to excuse what I am about to confess. Take these things into consideration, if you will; then think as you please of the weakness and wild impulse with which I fell in love with— "We will call her Flora. The most superb, captivating creature that ever ensnared the hearts of the sons of Adam. A fine olive complexion; magnificent dark auburn hair; eyes full of fire and softness; lips that could pout or smile with incomparable fascination; a figure of surprising symmetry, just voluptuous enough. But, after all, her great power lay in her freedom from all affectation and conventionality—in her spontaneity, her free, sparkling, and vivacious manners. She was the most daring and dazzling of women, without ever appearing insolent or repulsive. She walked with such proud, secure steps over the commonly accepted barriers of social intercourse, that even those who blamed her and pretended to be shocked were compelled to admire. She was the belle, the Juno, of the saloon, the supreme ornament of the upper deck. Just twenty—not without wit