

THE EXAMINER

A Weekly Journal of Politics, Literature, and News.

"This is true Liberty, when Freeborn Men, having to advise the Public, may speak free."—Euripides

Vol. XV. Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, Monday, August 14, 1865. New Series.—No. 37.

NEW STORES!

Dorchester Street.
Liquors, Molasses, Tea, Sugar,
Flour, Tobacco, Sundry
Groceries, &c.

THE SUBSCRIBER has now in his
New Brick Store, Dorchester Street, Charlotte-
town, the following

Extensive and Valuable Stock

MERCHANDISE.

comprising WINES, BRANDIES, and other LI-
QUORS of the best quality; FRESH GROCERIES
of all kinds; FLOUR, TEA, SUGAR, TOBACCO,
MOLASSES, equal to any articles of the kind in
the market, which he offers to wholesale and retail
customers.

At the lowest prices for Cash.

- 70 Pouchons choice Demerara RUM,
- 70 Hogsheads Holland GIN,
- 6 Hds. Irish and Scotch MALT WHISKY,
- 6 Hds. Pale and Dark BRANDY,
- 6 Hogsheads PORT WINE,
- 6 Hogsheads of SHERRY,
- 100 dozen Edinburgh ALE,
- 100 dozen Guinness PORTER,
- 300 chests and half chests of TEA,
- 10 Hogsheads of SUGAR,
- 30 Pouchons of MOLASSES,
- 500 barrels of FLOUR,
- Bags of Honey Dew TOBACCO,
- 100 boxes Liverpool SOAP,
- 30 boxes of PIPES,
- 1800 JARS, (assorted sizes),

Together with a full assortment of all articles in
the GROCERY LINE, to which he invites the
attention of his friends in Town and Country, who
prefer his goods to any other. His prices are
very low and he is respectfully acknowledged.

OWEN CONNOLLY.
Charlottetown, May 22, 1865.

NEW GOODS

Recent Arrivals from Britain.

THE Importations for SPRING 1865
being now COMPLETED at the

BRITISH WAREHOUSE,

BRITISH & FOREIGN

we solicit the attention of the public to our Stock of

MERCHANDISE.

Now Open for Inspection,

comprising all the

Requisite Articles for family use,

in

Dry Goods, Fancy Goods and Groceries,

&c. &c. &c.

W. & A. BROWN.

June 5, 1865.

ARRIVAL OF

NEW GOODS

AT

Bell's Clothing Store,

QUEEN STREET.

THE subscriber has the honor to announce

to his numerous customers in town and coun-
try, that he has just received, per "UNDINE," a

NEW and SELECT

Stock of Goods,

suited for the PRESENT and COMING

SEASONS, and which he is confident

will give satisfaction in

Style, Quality and Price.

to all who may favor him with their orders.

JOHN BELL,

Merchant Tailor.

May 22, 1865.

IMPROVED PRINTING OFFICE

GEO. BREMNER,

Printer, Book-binder,

AND

STEREOTYPY,

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.,

Having engaged an experienced

BOOK-BINDER

is prepared to execute all orders with

PROMPTITUDE and NEATNESS.

Entrance to Printing Office and

Bindery at Mrs. Bremner's Book and

Stationery Store, Prince Street,

where all orders may be left.

Prince Street, June 5, 1865.

Spring 1865!

LONDON HOUSE.

NEW SPRING GOODS,

CHEAP FOR CASH!

H. HAZARD would respectfully

inform his friends and the public

generally that he HAS JUST RECEIVED a large

and well selected

SPRING STOCK

of

London, Manchester, Glasgow, Bradford

and Birmingham

GOODS,

comprising all the articles required for a general

stock, in

Dry Goods, Hardware, Groceries, &c.

In the latest styles and newest fabrics of

Dress Materials, Mantles, Shawls,

Hats, Caps, Bonnets, Ready-

made Clothing, Cloths, &c.

All of which will be sold at the

Lowest Prices for Cash.

Charlottetown, May 15, 1865.

JOHN BELL,

Merchant Tailor,

QUEEN STREET,

CHARLOTTETOWN.

July 24, 1865.

NOTICE.

MR. E. C. NEWBERY is hereby

authorized to collect amounts due for

professional attendance, &c. and give receipts in

my name. All accounts rendered by him must, to

save further trouble, be settled immediately.

E. C. GAUVREAU.

Charlottetown, 27th February, 1865.

P. S.—E. C. NEWBERY can be seen at Dr.

GAUVREAU'S Office.

LITERATURE.

LEISURE.

Grand is the leisure of the earth;
She gives her happy myriads birth,
And after harvest fears no death,
But goes to sleep in snow-wreaths dim.
Dread is the leisure up above,
The while He sits, whose name is Love,
And waits, as Noah did, the dove,
To wit if she would fly to him.

He waits for us while, homeless things,
We beat about with bruised wings,
On the dark floods and water-springs,
The rimmed woods, the desolate sea;
With open windows from the prime,
All night, all day, he waits sublime,
Until the fulness of the time
Decreed from his eternity.

Where is our leisure? Give us rest!
Where is the quiet we possessed?
We must have had it once—were blest
With peace, whose phantasms yet entice.
Sorely the mother of mankind
Langued for the gardens left behind;
For we will prove some yearning blind,
Inherited from Paradise.

HOW MY HAIR BECAME GRAY.

CHAPTER I.

We had been reading "The Prisoner of
Chillon," and after we had finished that
most exquisite poem, one of our party, a
sprightly young girl, a cousin of mine, re-
peating the opening lines—

"My hair is gray, but not with years;
Nor grew it white
In a single night.

As men have grown from sudden fears—"

"I wonder," she asked, "if anybody's hair
ever turned white from fear? I don't be-
lieve it. Gracious! anything so horrible as
to effect that sudden change would kill me out-
right. I feel my hair bristling this minute
at the thought."

"I laughed, but making no reply, she
turned to me.
"I declare, Maggie, now I think of it,
your hair is as white as snow, and has been
as long as ever I remember you. May be
you saw a ghost, or something dreadful that
made it so. You know I don't mean to
say," she continued, looking round the party
with a malicious twinkle in her laughing
eye, "that you are just now too young to be
gray; but let me see. I think it is ten years
since we came from India, and that I first
met my sober cousin Mag, and positively
then you were as white as you are to-day,
and I quite remember, as a little child, at
that time wondering that you did not wear
a wig."

"I have been gray," I replied quietly,
"since I was seventeen years of age."

"You don't mean to tell us so!" "Well
now!" and some such expressions, broke from
nearly the entire group simultaneously.

"Come now, like a dear, good Maggie as
you are," exclaimed my cousin, who had in-
troduced the topic, seating herself suddenly
on a stool at my feet, and clasping me round
the knees, "tell us all about it. What was
it? How did it happen?"

"We were a pleasant party that evening
I was on a visit at the time with my cousins,
who lived in a pretty place in Devonshire.
Just then 'twas winter, and we were gather-
ed round the fire, and had been, as I have
said, listening to one of our number who
read out Lord Byron's poem. The ques-
tion thus put to me, and the topic that
started it, awoke a train of troubled thought
that had long slumbered, and called back
days that, for the most part, were bright
and happy, save for one terrible episode
that made me shudder as it was forced
with more than ordinary vividness upon my
recollection. I remained musing and look-
ing into the fire for a few minutes, until my
restless cousin roused me up by an energetic
push.

"Come, Mag, don't go to sleep; how
did your hair get gray? Did it grow so
naturally?"

"No," I answered at length, "it did not.
I could answer your first inquiry in the
affirmative, and tell you that it is quite
true; great fear can effect the marvelous
alteration, and that in a very short time."

"I spoke, I believe, in a solemn tone,
though not intentionally, and it was in a
subdued, half-frightened voice that I was
again impromptu to tell them what had
happened. Some one proposed to put out
the lamp, but my cousin, who had laid her
head in my lap to listen, starting up, ex-
claimed, "For mercy's sake don't! I'm in
a tremor already. I couldn't stay in the
dark. It must be an awful business this."

"I told them, then and there, that one pas-
sage from my past life; and a few days
after, while it was still fresh upon my mind,
I committed it to paper, as I thought it
might possibly interest others too, and I
felt that I might perhaps more readily
banish the unpleasant memories evoked,
that wandered now with such disturbing
force through my brain, once I had put the
whole thing down in black and white. I
am not going to write a regular autobio-
graphy, and will therefore refer to my per-
sonal history only in so far as it may be
necessary to illustrate the incident I am
relating:—

"I was the only child of an officer, and
was born in India, and seemed so tender
a plant that the physicians at once ordered
me to be taken to Europe, as the only
chance for saving my life. My mother, I
have heard, was distracted at the necessity
thus imposed, the more so as she could not
accompany me, for my father was at the
time in indifferent health, and it was impos-
sible for her to leave him, and an applica-
tion that he made for permission, as an in-
valid, to return was refused; consequently
there was nothing for it but to send me
home under as careful an escort as could be
procured, and this was provided for in the
person of my own nurse, who had been for
a long time a servant in my mother's family,
while as care-taker of both, a young man
accompanied us, a black, of the name of
Parks.

"My destination was with my aunt, Mrs.
Osborne, who was a widow in very inde-
pendent circumstances, and my father's only
sister. At that time she resided at a beau-
tiful place called Blackwater Lodge, on the
river of the same name, and that was situ-
ated just outside, little more than a mile
distant from the romantic and beautiful
town of M—, in the south of Ireland.

"Our household at the lodge, at the date
to which I refer, consisted of the housemaid
Susan, an excellently good young woman,
who was held in great esteem by my aunt,

and was a special favourite of mine; the
cook, Mrs. Gwynne, an old and faithful
follower of the family; with Parks the
black, who had come over with me from
abroad, and who, while my nurse returned
to India, readily consented to engage in my
aunt's service, and very soon settled down
into the trusted domestic.

"I must say a few words about this re-
markable personage. I have no idea of his
origin, or where my father had picked him
up, but I have heard he thought very highly
of him. While he had all the negro stamp
of appearance, such as the woolly head, jet
black complexion, thick lips, with brilliant-
ly white teeth, he had nothing of the accent,
and spoke English with as clear and correct
an intonation as though he had been born and
reared in Great Britain. He professed the
Protestant religion, which, as all the other
servants were Roman Catholics, made him,
joined with his color, an object of half fear,
half dislike. My aunt came soon to regard
him with the highest esteem, and trusted him
implicitly. He acted as butler and coachman,
and superintended in general all mat-
ters within and without; in fact, was a sort
of major-domo in aunt Osborne's establish-
ment. I cannot say for myself that I ever
cared very much for Parks; as a child, I
knew I delighted in him; used to rub my
hands through his woolly curls, and try to
pull out the hairs, and often compelled him
to submit to sundry abusions on his face,
to see if I could at all wash him white,
while he occasionally relaxed, for my bene-
fit, from his uniform staid and sober de-
portment (for tall, and full in form as he
grew older, he was a very model of servan-
tic propriety), and endeavored to win im-
itations of the blacks' broken patois and
peculiarities of manner, in which he mar-
vellously excelled. But it was as I passed
into riper years that I somewhat got to dis-
like Parks. His manner, though always
respectful, was often too domineering and
rebellious; and probably Susan the housemaid's posi-
tive hatred of him, which she took no
trouble to conceal, may have strengthened
the feeling. One unfavourable phase of his
character Susan constantly harped on—his
extreme closeness.

"The old black screw; he'd boil his
mother to make candles of the tallow!" she
would say.

"His wages were very liberal, and I knew
were drawn to the day, and lodged in the
bank, for I had heard aunt remark on this
habit; and the housemaid often dwelt with
irritation on all he'd squeeze out of his
weekly allowance, and the meanness of his
ways, she said, to save a halfpenny. We
had one other servant, an outside man, who
did up the horses, took care of the yard and
stables, and occasionally worked in the
garden, with a helper under him.

"At the time with which I am just now
concerned, a middle-aged person of the
name of Brien—Timothy Brien—held this
post of half stableman, half gardener, and
lived with his old mother in a small gate-
house that was one of the enclosures to
Blackwater Lodge; for comparatively small
as was the residence, it commanded two ap-
proaches, the one, at the termination of
which the garden always lived, was gener-
ally called the Laurel Walk, and led more
directly to the town; the other, though un-
provided with the appendage of a lodge,
formed the more frequent carriage-way to
and from the house.

"As I have already said, the situation of
my aunt's residence was most beautiful, the
picturesque and far-famed Blackwater river
nearly at the foot of the lawn. Through the
trees that skirted the entire grounds ad-
vantageous openings had been made that af-
forded exquisite views of mountain, wood,
and richly cultivated level country, while
immediately around the house the planting
was thick and tastefully arranged. The
Laurel Walk, which was a favourite pro-
menade, was to the left of the residence,
and from it branched off two other walks or
passages, one to the back premises of the
residence, the other to the gardens; in fact,
it was as agreeable a retreat as could well
have been found, sequestered enough for all
convenient privacy, yet sufficiently near a
very fair town to prevent one feeling lonely.

"About the period of which I write, when
I was just seventeen, the country around us
was terribly disturbed; indeed the whole
south of Ireland was in a flame of disaffec-
tion. The Whiteboys, as they were called
with us, elsewhere the Terryls, were en-
rolled and organized in alarming numbers.
I remember often seeing them, on light
nights, from the upper windows, with white
bands round their hats, that gave them the
appearance of a troop of mourners at a fune-
ral, marching with military precision
along a valley not far distant, and filing off
to a small wood, where they were in the
habit of holding an almost nightly rendez-
vous. A general impression was abroad
that we were about to have a recurrence of
the terrible days of '08, and our small town
(it had at all times a company of soldiers
stationed there) was strongly garrisoned. Of
attacks upon neighbouring mansions we con-
tinually heard; but as in every instance
these were for arms, and only attempted
where such were known to be, we felt more
equanimity than might have been supposed,
considering there was so much disturbance
around us.

"Sure every body knows that we don't
keep a pop-gun in the house," aunt would
say, "and what need we mind?"

"She never allowed even a servant to have
fire-arms of any kind, declaring that she
thought it the safest way. We had, to be
sure, such precautions taken as at the pe-
riod were universally adopted, strong iron
bars fixed outside to all the lower windows,
and so close that, as Parks observed, "a
mouse could not get in or out," and those
gave our habitation very much the appear-
ance of a jail; and, besides, new and more
substantial iron fastenings were procur-
ed for the back and front doors; and to
these aunt Osborne triumphantly pointed
when remonstrated with on our lonely posi-
tion, and reminded, moreover, that she was
well known to be wealthy, and possessed of
a large quantity of plate and jewels of great
value, and that in these troubled days des-
perados of every description were going
about in plenty, so that an attack upon us,
even though we had no fire-arms to attract
the cupidity of the rebels, might neverthe-
less be by no means an improbable thing.
Once or twice aunt thought of lodging the
plate and other valuables in the bank, until
the present storm blew over, but was always
persuaded by Parks, who maintained that
"there was no fear in the world;" nor, in-
deed, did we ourselves entertain the least

One day I well remember. Mrs. Osborne
had gone out to pay a distant visit, and
would not be back, she told me, till late.
Parks, of course, had driven the carriage.
Mrs. Gwynne, our cook, was at the time in
hospital of the town, slowly recovering from
a long and severe attack of fever. Susan
had undertaken to do all the work during
the cook's illness, so as to obviate the ne-
cessity of any temporary hand being em-
ployed, as my aunt disliked new people
about her in the servant line; so that the
housemaid and myself were the only occu-
pants of the house. I had a very bad cold,
and was unable to accompany my aunt, as
I otherwise should. It was near the end of
the day, a dull, gloomy one in the month
of November. I was standing close to the
window reading, trying to catch the last re-
mains of the waning light, and deeply ab-
sorbed in my book. I was suddenly startled
from my pursuit by a dark shadow from
the outside quite blocking up the window
I gazed in terror, and saw a man on the
grass-plot just under the casement, looking
earnestly in. All the front windows were
now, reaching to the ground. The book
dropped from my hand as I hastily retreat-
ed and with difficulty suppressed a scream.
He made a motion to me with his hand, but
his finger on his lip to intimate silence, and
pointed to the hall-door, implying that he
wished me to go to it. On a closer scrutiny
I recognized, to my surprise, the Roman
Catholic priest of the parish, a person I had
several times met upon the road, and who
always seemed very civil. I had heard too
that he was a man greatly beloved by the
poor of his own flock. Somewhat reassured,
yet still nervous and excited, and curious to
know the object of this unusual and late
call, I hastened to the door in obedience
to his sign. When I opened it he seemed
disappointed, as in the dusky twilight he
had evidently mistaken me for my aunt.

"Is Mrs. Osborne in?" he asked in a low,
hurried voice.

"No, Sir," I replied; "but I am expect-
ing her every moment."

"Oh, indeed?" and then he stood on the
step as if in thought for a minute. "Who
else is in the house?" he asked abruptly.

"No one just now," I said, "but Susan,
the housemaid; Mrs. Gwynne is in the hos-
pital."

"Yes, I know she is; just as well, per-
haps. Look, young lady," he resumed, "get
me a bit of paper and I'll write the message
I want to leave for Mrs. Osborne, and be
quick please."

"If you'll come this way," I replied, "I'll
get it for you," and he followed me into
the sitting-room. A sheet of letter-paper was
lying on the table.

"Here, this will do," and he took it up,
and tearing it across, folded one half of it
into the form of a note. "I have a pencil,"
he said, and taking a book in his hand as a
support for the note, he went up to the win-
dow, and with his eye close to the paper to
get the full benefit of the last gleam of light,
he wrote a few lines rapidly, standing with
his back to me; he then turned round and
said in the same sharp, quick tones that
had employed from the first, "I must seal
this; can you make me out a bit of wax?"
I supplied him on once, and twisting up the
remainder of the sheet of paper into a
match, he lit it at the fire; "hold this a mo-
ment, if you please," I held the burning pa-
per for him, and as its transient glare fell
upon his features while he sealed the note,
I observed that his usually ruddy and good
humored face had an anxious, care-worn ap-
pearance, and that he appeared pale and thin;
as he looked up and caught my eye curious-
ly fixed on him, "Take care," said he, "you'll
burn your fingers;" and taking the nearly
consumed paper match from my hand he
threw it unceremoniously on the carpet, ex-
tinguishing it with the heel of his boot.

"You know who I am, I suppose?" he en-
quired.

"Yes," I replied, "Father Malloch."

"Well," said he, sinking his voice into an
ominous whisper; "be sure to give that
note into Mrs. Osborne's own hand; she's
your aunt, I believe?"

"Yes."

"And, young lady," he continued, "I'll
take it as a favor if you'll not mention to
any one, Susan, the maid, or any one else,
this visit of mine, and tell Mrs. Osborne
the same."

"I promised him on the word of a lady
that I would not.

"Thank you—good night," and dragging
his hat that he had not, during his short
visit, removed at all from his head, down
over his brows, and wrapping the long
camel cloak that he wore closely around
him, he strode out at the door, down the
Laurel Walk, and was soon lost in the dark-
ness. I remained standing in the room af-
ter I had closed the hall-door, frightened
and perplexed at his mysterious visit, and
wondering what the sealed note for my aunt
might disclose. Soon I heard the sound of
carriage-wheels advancing, and I quickly
threw off the timidity and abstraction I was
sorely in a state of mind, and I met
aunt Osborne as if nothing had oc-
curred. I kept the note safely, and did
not tell her about it until we were alone
after dinner. I then gave it, mentioning
the circumstances under which it had been
entrusted to me, as well as the accompany-
ing caution of silence in regard to the
writer. My aunt seemed considerably sur-
prised at what I told her, and hastily open-
ed the strange missive; I noticed that she
looked pained and perplexed as she read it,
and holding the paper for several minutes
in her hand, she continued gazing in silence
into the fire.

"Do you know the contents of this?" she
asked at length, pointing to the note.

"No," I said, "He told me nothing
about it."

"She handed it to me without a word: it
ran as follows:—

"Madam,—From circumstances that have
lately come to my knowledge, through
whom, or in what way, I am not at liberty
to mention, I have reason to believe that
considerable danger threatens you, and that
from a quarter that you might, perhaps,
least apprehend; you will understand that a
parish priest is often bound to secrecy by
the most sacred obligations, and I am almost
breaking through the limits of official dis-
cretion and reserve in conveying this in-
timation. I therefore reckon confidently on
your closest secrecy; act, but don't speak;
lose no time in removing from your house
some safe custody the valuables that would
tempt an assailant, and this may probably
avert the peril; above all, let me impera-
tively urge upon you not to convey the

finest hint to a single servant in your
house that you have been in any way
warned.

"I am your well wisher,
' Pray burn this."

"Well," asked Aunt Osborne, what do
you think of that?"

"Think of it?" I exclaimed in horror,
'why, if I were you, I'd go, bag and baggage,
into lodgings in M— to-morrow,
and I'd put everything worth twopence in
the bank, under Mr. Gregory's care. I
shan't have an easy moment here now, and
the long dreary nights coming on."

"Oh, nonsense!" replied Mrs. Osborne,
'I am not a bit afraid of any one out here.
I shall certainly see to-morrow, though,
about lodging the plate and some other mat-
ters in the bank, only I mustn't say a word
to Parks—he would be quite offended."

"What on earth," I said, "can Father
Malloch mean by danger from a quarter
that we don't expect. Isn't that what he
says?" and I glanced again at the note.

"I suppose he means that it is the White-
boys will attack us for money, though we
haven't arms. Indeed, I heard the other
day, I now remember, that they did break
into one or two houses near Cork, for money
alone; they want it, I suppose, to help out
their shocking projects; in any way, I'll
consult Mr. Gregory in the morning about the
whole matter, and whether it might not be
well to have a gun or a pistol, or something
or other for Parks, in case anything should
happen; and by the way, Maggie, I prom-
ised to take Mrs. Gregory for a drive to-mor-
row, and said that we'd have an early din-
ner with them after, and he told me that he
would come home with us in the evening if
we were at all afraid. I hope your settle
will be well enough, and we can then settle
about this business; possibly it might be
better to move into the town for the winter."

"I must take care, though, and not betray
the trust that poor Father Malloch has so
kindly reposed in us; I declare it was a
very good thing for him to do, more than I
should have expected." And so saying she
threw his note into the fire.

"Why then," I rejoined, "I'd almost wish
he had kept his letter to himself, he has
terrified me so with it."