

# 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. V.

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, MONDAY, JANUARY 28, 1856.

No. 29.

## GLOBE HOTEL,

James W. Cairns, Proprietor,

KENT STREET, CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.

Pleasantly situated, and every comfort afforded at moderate cost.

Horses and vehicles, for hire, in connection with the establishment.

## JAMES MORRIS,

Commission Merchant, General Agent and Auctioneer.

QUEEN STREET,

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

## Card.

## STEWART & MACLEAN,

Ship Brokers and Commission Merchants,

For the sale and purchase of American and Provincial Produce,

and Dealers in Provisions, Fish, Oil, &c.

FERRY LANDING, WATER-ST. ST. JOHN, N. B.

REFERENCES—Charlottetown, P. E. I., JAS. PURDIE, Esq.,

St. John, N. B., Messrs. R. RANKIN & Co.

Oct. 8, 1855. 6m

## HARRIS, BOWDITCH & Co.,

Commission Merchants,

RUSSIA WHARF, BOSTON.

Particular attention is given to consignments of Vessels and Produce from the British Provinces; and the purchase and shipment of all kinds of Merchandise, with a general Insurance Agency.

## American Hotel, St. Eleanor's, P. E. I.

ALLAN G. HOWATT, Proprietor.

THE above would take this opportunity of informing his numerous customers and friends, and the public in general, that he has fitted up his large and commodious house for the reception of permanent and transient boarders, and trusts by attention to their wants to merit a share of public patronage.

N. B.—Good stabling attached.

He would likewise give notice to those indebted to him that unless their respective accounts are settled forthwith, expense will be incurred without further notice.

Jan. 14.

## Excellent Stand for business for Sale at Bedouque.

THE subscriber offers for sale the following excellent stand for business, situated opposite Hooper's Corner, Bedouque. There is a piece of ground, with a front on the road of five chains, and two chains deep. There is a new Dwelling House upon it, a story and a half high; it has five comfortable rooms on the first floor, besides a commodious Kitchen and Dairy; the second floor may be laid off in four convenient bed-rooms. A Store adjoins the Dwelling House, measuring 20 x 30, and is well fitted up for business. Another small Dwelling House adjoins the Store, which will be sold with the other property. The Land will be divided into building lots, and sold separately, if so required; or sold all in one block, with the buildings thereon.

The situation of this property, being in the midst of a flourishing and beautiful settlement, and within a very short distance of the rapidly thriving sea-port settlement of Summerside, renders it a very desirable location for the establishment of a Mercantile Business, or a Boarding House. Part of the purchase money may remain on mortgage. Further information respecting terms and other particulars may be obtained on application being made to the subscriber at Charlottetown.

JOHN HARPER.

Charlottetown, January 14, 1856.

## Dwelling House and Land near Charlottetown for Sale.

FOR SALE, the newly built and commodious Dwelling House in Charlottetown, near the residence of the Hon. Charles Hensley, together with eighteen acres of Land adjoining. The Dwelling House contains—Dining Room, Drawing Room and Study; two Kitchens, with Store-rooms, &c.; and Nine Bed-rooms. There is also Stables, Coach-house, Root-house, Pump, &c., on the premises. The distance from Charlottetown is rather less than one mile.

Also, to let from year to year, or for a term of years, as agreed upon, several Pasture Lots in Charlottetown, near the above Dwelling House.

For Terms of Sale and Lease apply to the subscriber at the Attorney General's Office, Colonial Building, Charlottetown.

JOSEPH HENSLEY.

## Freehold for Sale.

THAT well known Freehold, of 53 acres, "EGLANTINE POINT," Fortune Bay, formerly owned by EDWARD ABELL, is now offered for sale, of which a good and valid title can be given. For further particulars apply to

W. B. DEAN, Registered broker 24, page 878. 27

Jan. 23.



## "Alliance Life and Fire Insurance Company" of LONDON

ESTABLISHED BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT 1824.

Capital, Five Millions Sterling.

CHARLES YOUNG, Agent for P. E. Island.

April 4.

## Notice.

THE penalty prescribed by law shall be rigidly enforced in future against all persons who deposit snow or any other obstructive nuisance on the City Wharfs, or on the ice made over the docks adjacent thereto.

The subscribers consent to be removed from off the said Wharfs on the close of the navigation five empty casks, as also a wheelbarrow. The owners can have them by paying expenses.

CORNELIUS LITTLE, Wharfinger.

January 14, 1856. 5m

## Regular Trader and first Spring Ship for Charlottetown, P. E. Island.

NEW Clipper Ship "MAJESTIC," M. WALSH, Commander,—500 tons, A. 1, iron keeled and other advantages, has superior accommodations for Cabin and Steerage Passengers, and is in every respect a first rate conveyance for fine Goods,—has provided herself a fast sailer on her first voyage,—will be despatched from Liverpool on the 1st of April, 1856. For particulars please apply to Messrs. D. CANNON, Son & Co., 52 South Castle Street, Liverpool; or the owner

W. W. LORD, Charlottetown, P. E. Island.

Nov. 5, 1855.

## Literature.

(From the Dublin University Magazine.)

### DEATH.

Angel, who treadest in the track of Time,  
Guarding the entrance to that unknown clime,  
Whence come no whispers to the world below,  
Where not a song we hear  
Of triumph or of cheer,  
Or sound of happy footsteps passing to and fro.

Pale as the May-bell trembling in the breeze,  
Thou makest youthful cheeks. The summer zephyr  
Lose their calm blue beneath thy waving wing;  
Fierce storms thou summonest  
From the deep mountain breast,  
To be thy pursuits when thou art wandering.

Thy name is terrible, thine icy breath  
Stern order to the War-Fiend uttereth,  
Who stains the pleasant turf a fearful red,  
Or dashes in the wave,  
A myriad spirits brave,  
For whose eternal rest no saintly song is said.

Yet I have known thee, Death, with gentle hand  
Lead some poor wanderer to the heavenly land  
Amid the purple light of autumn eves;  
While to the harvest moon  
Arose a rustic tune  
From sunburnt lusty reapers, binding up their sheaves.

And even if, in some too cruel mood,  
Thou didst neglect the multitude,  
To clutch the fair bride in her orange-bloom,  
To dim her eyes of light  
Upon the marriage night,  
And bear her pallid beauty to the marble tomb.

Or the sweet child who prattled all day long  
Didst touch with chillness 'mid his cradle song,  
Yet unrepining, let us hope and pray,  
The Master calls his own,  
Up to his golden throne,  
When they are gathered there, thou, Death, shalt pass away.

(From Harper's Magazine.)

### THE OLD MAN'S REVENGE.

(Concluded.)

We entered the room silently, and for a moment were blinded by the darkness. But at length the various objects and persons became visible. It was a large room, with high ceilings and heavy ornamental cornices. The furniture was antique, such, I believe, as was styled Elizabethan. The windows were heavily curtained, and dark crimson draperies hung also over each door, so that when it opened to admit any person it was still necessary to thrust aside the curtain to obtain admission. A lamp stood in a shaded recess, and attracted my first glance on entering. It was a small silver lamp of rare and exquisite workmanship. It gave a dim unearthly light, such as seemed proper to come from the image of an Egyptian god, for such it was.

A large bed stood on one side of the room, draped in keeping with the rest of the room, but the drapery was now looped up all around, as if to admit air freely to the man who lay on the bed. It was a strange contrast to the old country cottage of the Moretons.

He was the prominent object in the chamber, propped up with pillows, and gazed on us with a sharp stern eye. He was an old man. Certainly those wrinkles contained the history of not less than eighty years. He was thin, gaunt, and yet gigantic in appearance, as he lay there. He stood six feet two when strong and well. There was no appearance of sickness about him, no indication of approaching death, for his look was keen, piercing, almost furious, and his eye glanced from me to the clergyman and back to me with a quick, searching glance, that seemed to penetrate the very heart. I had seen dying men, but none like him, though the Doctor had assured me he could not live through the night.

"Mr. Moreton, permit me: the Rev. Dr. Storms and Mr. Phillips. Don't attempt to speak to them, Sir: you are too much exhausted."

"You are determined to kill me before I am ready. I tell you I am not dying yet. Be seated, gentlemen."

We took chairs, rapidly placed for us by a servant, and here for the first time observed in the gloom of a distant part of the room a young man, who advanced while we rose. Dr. Wilson introduced us to Mr. Moreton, Junior, the grandson of the dying man.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Moreton, Senior, in a harsh voice, which interrupted our brief courtesies with his grandson, "I have requested Dr. Wilson to explain to you my reasons for asking your presence this evening. But perhaps I can better do so myself. My grandson and his cousin, a young lady who is not my grand-daughter, are to be married in my presence this evening, here in this room. All is prepared for it. This paper is my will, giving my entire property to a distant branch of my family. I wish to execute another will, giving it to my grandson. Upon his marriage being consummated I will destroy the former. I have requested Mr. Phillips' attendance to prepare the will, and yours, Sir, to perform the marriage ceremony. You will find pens and paper yonder. Dr. Wilson will give you the necessary particulars of my wishes in the will."

I immediately commenced my work. Wilson leaned over me. "For Heaven's sake, hasten, Phillips! The old man is dying rapidly."

"Wilson, isn't there something more in this than we see?"

"Go on—go on. It's all right."

"But I am unwilling to be a party to a forcible marriage, and there is something in this which looks very like it."

"Write, write, man. There is nothing you will repent of in to-night's work. But be quick. He is living now only on stimulants, and may drop off any moment."

"What is the young man's name?"

"John."

I wrote swiftly for ten minutes, during which there was a profound silence in the room, broken only by an occasional long, deep respiration from the couch of the dying man. The paper was completed, and I handed it to him for execution. He attempted to read it over, but failing, requested me to do so, and I did, whereupon he signed and sealed it, and Dr. Wilson, Dr. Storms, and myself became the witnesses.

This done, he laid it on the table by the side of the other will, and then requested the Doctor to call the ladies that the ceremony might proceed.

Never was there a more splendid vision of beauty than that which entered at the door. Two of the most lovely women the eye ever rested on came in side by side. Mary Bolton was dark, Alice Stevenson was fair. They were of about the same height, and dressed alike in simple white, the plainest dresses that could well be imagined. It was only in the expression of their countenances that any great difference was visible. Miss Bolton's face was fairly radiant with delight, so much so that I was surprised at it in the presence of the dying old man. But the face of the other was downcast and sad beyond description. Her eyes were tearless, and she looked up at Doctor Wilson with an expression of pain and anxiety that I could no more account for than for the joy of the other.

But I judged that if the one was a willing or glad bride, as she seemed to be, the other was not a joyful witness.

"Wilson," said I, approaching the doctor, "tell me frankly what does all this mean? That sad girl, who is she?"

"Alice Stevenson."

"And the other is the bride?"

"She is."

"Then Moreton is the unwilling one, I take it?"

"Yes."

"Come, Wilson, out with it. Let me understand what I am an actor in?"

"Wait."

I looked up and met my friend's gaze. There was much anxiety and not a little fun in his eye.

"Phillips, I have known that sad girl yonder, as you call her, from her childhood. Her mother was as pure a saint as ever blessed the world. The child grew up very much like her. I have watched her for her mother's sake. She is an orphan now, and a strange fate has thrown her into the hands of her father's worst enemy, and given her a home in the heart of his grandson. The young man loves her. The old man would murder her if he dared. He can not do that, and he strikes her now through the love he knows she has for his grandson. He is determined to have the marriage consummated before he dies, so that Alice shall never be nearer to John than now. Rather than risk the anger of the old man, and the battle which would end his life, and leave John penniless, and Mary dependent on the world's charity, as well as embitter all their recollections of one they do really love, we have devised a plan to which I do not wish you to be a party in any way. Wait and see the end. But the old man is fainting now."

A stimulant restored him, and the dimly-lighted room assumed a strange aspect as the parties prepared for the ceremony. The young man, apparently unwilling to yield even in this extremity, advanced to his grandfather's side, and addressed him in a tone of earnest entreaty. The first words were inaudible to us, but at length his voice became louder and more distinct.

"Let this horrible scene end here. Do not force me to disobey you at this moment of my parting. Have I not always been obedient, strictly, faithfully? I have loved you as more than my father. Do not, oh do not, curse my life forever, now that you should leave me your blessing?"

The old man only smiled a ghastly smile, and pointed his thin finger toward the two wills which lay on the table.

"Look at Alice Stevenson—young, beautiful, worthy of a happy life. You are cursing her too. Is she not the grandchild of your old friend?"

The boy knew nothing of the past, or he would have avoided that suggestion. The old man's eyes flashed with rage as he replied:

"Boy, sixty years ago I was as young as you are now, and I knew what boys call love. Alice Gray was then young and lovely. She has since been old and dead, and I never ceased to love her from the day I saw her. Adam Stevenson crossed my track, won her love, laughed at me in my boyish anger and pain, and I hated him forever after. The love I had for Alice Gray was fuel to the hate I had for her husband. That child yonder looks to-night as her grandmother looked on her wedding-day, and I feel as I felt then. I tell you, John, that when, four years ago, I heard the passing-bell toll out the years of Adam Stevenson, dead that night, and as I lay I counted up all his taunts, his smiles, his hypocritical words of friendship and forgiveness, then, then, I vowed again, for the thousandth time, that even in the feebleness of age, if opportunity came, I would revenge myself on him and his for all the misery of my sixty years of suffering. And now, disobey me if you dare! Do as I desire, and you and your cousin are rich to-morrow when I shall be dead; but if you refuse, you shall be beggars in the street, with my curse besides."

"And is this my answer?"

The answer was that same cold smile. The young man turned abruptly away into the dim corner of the room where his cousin and Alice stood side by side. The old man, in a harsh but evidently failing voice, bade the clergyman proceed.

There was some disturbance in the gloomy part of the room, as several of the servants entered to witness the ceremony, and at length, amidst deep silence, the reverend gentleman commenced.

At the very first I thought the bride's countenance remarkably fair and clear; but, thinking that perhaps the dim light of the room deceived me, I was not at all conscious of the fact that an exchange of places had been made, and that the bride was not Mary Bolton.

Wilson retained his place near his patient, fanning him, and keeping as well as he might the ebbing tide of life.

"Do you take this woman to be your wife?"

"I do."

The old man heard his grandson's voice, and it appeared as if his overstrained attention were suddenly at an end, and he was fully satisfied. Again that ghastly smile, more hideous now for the swift-conquering pallor of death, stole over and took possession of his countenance.

"The will, Doctor; quick, quick!" he gasped. Wilson handed him both.

"Which is which?"

"This is the old one."

He held it in the flame of the lamp, which he could reach with his long bony arm, that looked like the arm of a skeleton, as he stretched it out toward the recess where the silver lamp stood. It blazed up, shedding for a moment a new light in the room, and making everything startlingly distinct, and Wilson caught the blazing paper as the dying man's grasp relaxed, his fingers loosened their convulsive clutch, and as the solemn words, "I pronounce you man and wife; whom God hath joined let no man put asunder," sounded through the room, he fell back on his pillow, his eyes closed, and his stern features relaxed into a cold, calm look, devoid of all expression save only that bitter smile that lingered yet around his thin, old lip.

He heeded nothing now of the sudden advance of all in the room toward him. He did not know of the prayers of his grandson who knelt by his side. He heard nothing of the storm that raged in the trees without. Whether in that moment he so dreaded by some, abhorred by some, blessed and bearing blessings to all the weary—whether that angel whispered in his old ear, and to his old soul, any word of gentleness, any word that might soften his hard heart, any memory of long-forgotten childhood, or of the never cold, ever kind and forgiving face of Alice Gray, before he wrapped him in the cloud and carried him away, we may never know. He made no sign. He never spoke again. Once he opened his eyes, gazing steadfastly upward, but without expression either of penitence, or love, or hope; and the smile was there still, and then, and then, up through driving snow, through winter clouds, through tempest and gloom, up beyond clouds, beyond storms, the proud man's soul, now conscience-spurred and driven by remorse, sought the judgment of a faith and love avenging God.

He lay dead there on the couch, gaunt, harsh, stern—cold in death as in life—and his grandson and grand-daughter knelt by his bedside with bowed heads but with interlocked arms, and their prayers were at the throne before the soul of the dead old man had knelt to receive its doom.

There is but one scene more in this story. Perhaps it were as well to end it here; but a strange accident occurred in the burial of John Moreton, that is worthy of record.

Again the old bell sounded mournfully over the hills of the country parish, summing up the story of another long life. And the old house of the Moretons was for the last time opened to receive its old master.

The village church-yard lay close beside the church, and even partly in front of it, so that Sir Thomas Brown's remark was fully met, that a church should stand in a grave-yard, so

that we may pass through the place of graves to the temple of God on earth, even as we must pass through the grave to the temple of God on high.

But the snow was three feet high on all the graves, and the old sexton had difficulty in telling where to dig a grave for John Moreton. Bunsan, the sexton, was nearly as old as the man he was burying. He had laid the country dead, one by one, in their graves for nearly half a century; and he had done it kindly, gently, lovingly, for he was a good and gentle old man. Many a young child's coffin had he wet with his own tears, as he drew up the cords that were its last bonds to those who lived to remember. Many a maiden's dark tresses had he laid down gently on their last white pillow; many an old man's weary limbs had he composed to peaceful and long-desired rest.

And now his eyes were dim with years, his memory half gone, and he was tottering toward the corner of the yard that he had long-reserved for his own sleep among his old companions.

There were but two private inclosures in the grave-yard, and these were close together. He thought he knew which was John Moreton's; and he remembered that that old man had, with curious obstinacy, directed, when his wife was buried, that she should be laid north and south, not east and west, as was the custom. But as the old sexton's faith in the old custom was unshaken, and as he had no directions to the contrary, he determined to bury John Moreton in proper line; and having groped in the snow till, as he supposed, he had found the wife's grave, he marked the husband's across the foot of it, forgetting, in his old brain to look at the sun, or to think which way was north; and cutting a narrow path toward it in the deep snow, and clearing off a small space around it to throw up the earth, he dug the narrow resting-place, and there they buried him.

It was a bitter day, and a cold burial. There were no tears shed then, not even by Abraham Bunsan; and when they threw in the earth it was mixed with ice and snow, and there was no feeling of rest or comfort about it, as there sometimes is, when the earth is laid gently over an old man's body. It did not seem that he could sleep there. But had they known where he was lying, they would have thought his old bones would have shuddered in their coffin. For in an hour after all was over, the wind had drifted the inclosure full again; and it was not till the spring came, and the flowers were blooming on the hills, and the myrtle blossoms were out all over the church-yard, that, on a Sunday noon, an old lady, who remained till the second service, bringing her dinner with her always, and sitting, in pleasant weather, on some grave to eat it and to moralize, walking up and down among the country dead, discovered that they had buried John Moreton at the foot of Adam and Alice Stevenson!

### SAM SLICK'S HORSE STORY.

Here is Sam Slick's last, and one of his very best:

"I shall never forget a ride I once took out of a set of jockies at Albany. I had an everlastin' fast Narraganset pacer once to Slickville. I was considerable proud of him, I do assure you, for he took the rag off the bush in great style. Well, our stable help, Pat Monaghan (him I used to call Mr. Monaghan), would stuff him with fresh clover without me knowing it, and, as sure as rates, I broke his wind in driving him too fast. It gave him the 'heaves,' that is, it made his flanks heave like a blacksmith's bellows. We call it 'heaves,' Britishers call it 'broken wind.' Well, there is no cure for it, though some folks tell you a horse's nest, cut up fine, and put in their meal will do it; and others say sift the oats clean, and give them juniper berries in it, and that will do it, or ground ginger, or tar, or what not; but these are all quackeries. You can't cure it, for its a rupture of an air-vessel, and you can't get at it to sew it up. But you can fix it up by diet, and care, and proper usage, so that you can deceive even an old hand, providin' you don't let him ride or drive the beast too fast.

"Well, I doctored and worked with him so, the most that could be perceived was a slight cold, nothin' to mind, much less to frighten you. And when I got him up to the notch, I advertised him for sale, as belonging to a person going down East, who only parted with him because he thought him too heavy for a man who never travelled less than a mile in two minutes and twenty seconds. Well, he was sold at auction, and knocked down to Rip Van Dam, the attorney-general, for five hundred dollars; and the owner put a saddle and bridle on him, and took a bet of two hundred dollars with me he could do a mile in two minutes fifty seconds. He didn't know me from Adam, personally, at the time, but he had heard of me, and bought the horse because it was Sam Slick owned him.

"Well, he started off, and lost his bet; for when he got near the winnin' post the horse choked, fell, and pitched the rider off half-way to Troy, and nearly did himself. The umpire handed me the money, and I dug out for the steamboat, intendin' to pull foot for home. Just as I reached the wharf, I heard my name called out; but I didn't let on I noticed it, and walked ahead. Presently Van Dam seized me by the shoulder, quite out of breath, puffin' and blowin' like a porpoise.

"Mr. Slick," said he.

"Yes," said I, 'what's left of me; but, good gracious,' said I, 'you have got the 'heaves.' I hope it ain't catclin'."

"No I haven't said he, 'but your cussed hoss has, and nearly broke my neck. You are like all the Connecticut men I ever see, a nasty, mean, long-necked, long-legged, narrow-soled, lantern-jawed Yankee heek."

"Well, says I, 'that's a considerable of a long name to write on the back of a letter, ain't it? It ain't good to use such a swad of words, it's no wonder you have the heaves; but I'll cure you; I warn't brought up to wranglin'; I hain't time to fight you, and besides,' said I, 'you are broken-winded; but I'll heave you over the wharf to cool you, boots and all, by gravity!'

"Didn't you advertise," said he, 'that the only reason you had to part with that horse was, that he was too heavy for a man who never travelled slower than a mile in two minutes and twenty seconds?'

"Never," said I, 'I never said such a word. What will you bet I did?'

"Fifty dollars," said he.

"Done," said I. And Vanderbilt, (he was just going on board the steamer at the time)—Vanderbilt, says I, 'hold these stakes, friend,' said I; 'I won't say you lie, but you talk uncommonly like the way I do when I lie. Now prove it.'

"And he pulled out one of my printed advertisements, and said 'Read that!'

"Well, I read it. 'It ain't there,' said I.

"Ain't it?" said he. 'I leave it to Vanderbilt.'

"Mr. Slick," said he, 'you have lost—it is here.'

"Will you bet fifty dollars," said I, 'though you have seen it, that it's there?'

"Yes," said he, 'I will.'

"Done," said I. 'Now how do you...'