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EDWARD WHELAN]

This is true Liberty, when Free-born Men, having to advise the Public, may speak free.—EURIPIDES.

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## Literature.

### OLD PAPERS.

As who, in idly searching o'er  
Some seldom-entered garret-shed,  
Might, with strange pity, touch the poor  
Moth-eaten garments of the dead,—

Thus (to their wearer once allied)  
I lift these weeds of buried woe,—  
These relics of a self that died  
So sadly and so long ago!

'Tis said that seven short years can change,  
Through nerve and bone, this knitted frame—  
Cellulose by cellulose waxing strange,  
Till not an atom is the same.

By what more subtle, slow degrees  
Thus may the mind transmute its all,  
That calmly it should dwell on these,  
As on another's fate and fall!

So far remote from joy or bale,  
Wherewith each dusky page is rife,  
I seem to read some piteous tale  
Of strange romance, but true to life.

Too daring thoughts! too idle deeds!  
A soul that questioned, loved, and sinned!  
And hopes, that stand like last year's weeds,  
And shudder in the dead March wind!

Grave of gone deeds!—could such convulse  
Youth's fevered trance?—That plot grows thick;—  
Was it this cold and even pulse  
That thrilled with life so fierce and quick?

Well, I can smile at all this now,—  
But cannot smile when I recall  
The heart of faith, the open brow,  
The trust that once was all in all!

Nor when—Ah, faded, spectral sheet,  
Wraith of long-perished wrong and time,  
Forbear! the spirit starts to meet  
The resurrection of its crime!

Start,—from human world shut out,—  
As some detected changeling elf,  
Doomed, with strange agony and doubt,  
To enter on his former self.

Ill-omened leaves, still rust apart!  
No further!—'tis a page turned o'er,  
And the long dead and confined heart  
Throbs into wretched life once more.

—Atlantic Monthly for Oct., 1859.

### UNDER THE VIOLETS.

Her hands are cold; her face is white;  
No more her shutes come and go;  
Her eyes are shut to life and light;—  
Fold the white vestures, snow on snow,  
And lay her where the violets blow.

But not beneath a graven stone,  
To plead for tears with alien eyes;  
A slender cross of wood alone  
Shall say, that here a maiden lies  
In peace beneath the peaceful skies.

And gray old trees of hugest limb  
Shall wheel their circling shadows round,  
To make the scorching sunlight dim  
That drinks the greenness from the ground,  
And drop their dead leaves on her mound.

When o'er their boughs the squirrels run,  
And through their leaves the robins call,  
And, ripening in the autumn sun,  
The acorns and the chestnuts fall,  
Doubt not that she will heed them all.

For her the morning choir shall sing  
Its matins from the branches high,  
And every minstrel-voice of spring,  
That trills beneath the April sky,  
Shall greet her with its earliest cry.

When, turning round their dial-track,  
Eastward the lengthening shadows pass,  
Her little mourners, clad in black,  
The crickets, sliding through the grass,  
Shall pipe for her an evening mass.

At last the rootlets of the trees  
Shall find the prison where she lies,  
And bear the buried dust they seize  
In leaves and blossoms to the skies,  
So may the sun that warmed it rise!

If any, born of kindlier blood,  
Should ask, What maiden lies below?  
Say only this: A tender bud,  
That tried to blossom in the snow,  
Lies withered where the violets blow.

—Atlantic Monthly, Oct. 1859.

### COMING HOME FOR A WIFE.

I.—WILLIE DE ROHAN AND MYSELF; AND WHAT WE TALKED ABOUT.

"I say, Mount, who the deuce do you think is coming home? Guess. You can't? Why, Goring—dear old Tom! I'd a letter from him this morning, written just before he started from Nelson. Ten years, as I live, since we saw him. Poor old Tom!"

So spake my chum De Rohan, bursting into my chambers as I sat drinking Glenlivet and reading a yellow-paged roman. "Goring?" I repeated, in bewilderment; "my dear Willie, you don't mean it. 'Pon my life, I'm delighted! I've mourned over him as quite as much buried away from anything like life as if he were under one of those tipsy-looking tombstones up at Kensal-green. Will he bring his squaw and all the papooses with him? I hope not—I hate black women."

"For Heaven's sake, Mount, clear up your queer ideas of New Zealand before we see Tom, or he'll think they're very very shadowy, to say the least, for a (should-be) well read embryo Q. C. He'll be here some time next week, I suppose. He's made a fortune out there one way and another; gold turned up on his land among other things, lucky dog! I'm afraid we might dig a long time in the Temple-gardens

without chancing on a farthing's worth. He's coming home for a wife on the strength of it."

"Is he so sure he'll get one?"  
"What! a man worth £2,000 a year? He'll find the market over stocked, my boy. No woman ever refused a good income. Master Tom will find only too many fish to snap at his fly."

"But the Bush isn't such a charming prospect?"  
"Pooh! Mount, any marriage (leave alone the certainty of a good settlement) is a godsend to a woman. Goring will only have *l'embarras des richesses*, take my word for it; and whoever has his handkerchief thrown at her will pick it up with thanksgiving. Poor Tom, won't you be glad to see him? It seems only the other day that we were boys together fishing for surreptitious Jack, and smoking smuggled Queens in barns; and here is he coming back to get married, and you and I are growing-old in chambers."

"I'm much obliged to you, Will," said I. "If you choose to fancy yourself feeling old at four-and-thirty, I don't. The deuce! we're mere infants at the Bar, and ten years hence, if we like to take a fancy to any pretty girl, we shall be young enough."

"And keep her on a farthing a week? Pleasant, certainly. Tom can marry, you and I can't, and I'm sure I don't covet the privilege—not half as much as I do his power of shooting anything he likes, from bandicoots to pigs, without license or fear of the keeper."

"By George! I should say so. Well," said I, as a bright idea struck me, "I wish he'd take one of the Lessingham girls back with him. They ain't exactly Bush style, to be sure; but that don't matter, it would be an intense comfort to their poor old governor."

"What are they like?" asked Willie.  
"Very pretty, I've heard. I haven't seen 'em the last two or three years. There are three, and two little ones coming up after 'em and four boys—horrible! How's any man to expect to get them off his hands? It's enough to make the old rector shoot himself!"

"Or them," said De Rohan. "Well, we'll see about it. I dare say I shall be Tom's commissariat in the matrimonial department, and if I can do anything for your cousins, I will. Didn't you say they were coming to town?"

"In a day or two, to stay with my mother, and Goring will be here by then."  
"Mounteagle turning matchmaker! By George, what a novel role!" laughed De Rohan. "I say, I'm going to dine at Richmond with Ferrers and Maberley. We want a *partie carree*; you may as well come. Do."

"Very well," said I. And so we did accordingly.  
De Rohan, Goring, and I had been boys together at one of our great public schools, no matter which, and chums ever since the day Willie fought (and licked) us both, all the lower school looking on. Willie was one of those slap-up foreign races who take the shine out of the British peerage.

"I should advise him to go about with a placard before him, 'A Wife Wanted. The bidder worth two thousand a year.' It will advertise his intentions admirably."

"Oh! he won't need to take that trouble," said Willie, with a side glance to me, as much as to say what fun it was to hear her. "His only difficulty will be the superabundance of choice."

"To hear you, one would imagine the Bush was a species of *Jannat ad Eden*," retorted Vy, quickly, "and not a wretched existence, a cross between a savage and a general servant, with damper for your only delicacy, and black snakes for your companions; if he want a wife, he must search among cooks and laundresses; nobody else will sweep out his warry."

"Yes they will, Miss Lessingham," laughed De Rohan. "Tom's not a wild man of the woods; he wants a pretty accomplished girl, to—"

"Grace his soirees, I suppose, and head his dinner table," said the young lady, sarcastically.  
"And he'll find plenty, I don't doubt," continued Willie, composedly. "There are too many girls now-a-days who, unless they can get a home of their own, have to turn out as governesses or companions, for a man like Goring to be obliged to throw his float in twice."

"I dare say, to those who think so meanly of all women as to imagine they only marry for a home, the rejection of £2,000 a year does seem a fabulous folly," said Miss Vy, with immense dignity, rising and sweeping past De Rohan to the piano, where, at my mother's entreaty, she sang the "Power of Love," and sang it very well too.

"That's the one," said De Rohan, as we drove away after luncheon.  
"Do you mean Maude?" said I, for I'd just been thinking Maude was too pretty for the Bush.

"No, no; that little pluck, accomplished, amusing thing. I bet you she's the one Tom will like, and it will be such fun to see her caught and shipped off to the Bush, after all her eloquent tirades against it."

"But perhaps she wouldn't go?"  
"My dear fellow! Didn't you tell me she was one of nine children, and would have to go out as a governess if nobody took compassion upon her? Of course she'll go. Women talk a great deal about disinterested affection, but I never saw one of them practise it the moment after good settlements offered," said Willie, whose experience had made him decidedly sceptical, leaning back in the Hansom and lighting a cheroot. As I've told you, Willie is a splendid fellow, and his feelings, when they are roused, are very hot and strong; but his family, to my mind, hadn't ever understood him; they weren't fond of him, nor he of them. He'd been knocked about in the world, which, as we know by snowballs, has sometimes a hardening process; he'd never seen any clever women who were not actresses, nor any affectionate ones who weren't fools, and his experience had naturally given him anything but a high opinion of the beau sexe. But Willie had a very warm heart under his sarcasm, and though he was given to repeating the burden of the sturdy miller's song, "I care for nobody, no not I, and nobody cares for me," would have been glad to find somebody to care for him for all that.

One morning late, when I was sitting at breakfast (I'd been waltzing with Maude till five that morning), my boy, who is cautious in admitting callers, since he has had many duns and few clients to deal with in his time, after some parley showed in a man, tall, bronzed walnut colour, with a beard down to his waist. I shouldn't have known him one bit. Ten years of the Bush had altered him as much as ten seasons' hard running after obstinate eligibles will alter a pretty fresh debutante into a rouged, tinted, and padded *passee belle*.

Poor old Tom! how he and I and Willie did talk! How

### II.—VIVIA LESSINGHAM.

"Let's see," said De Rohan, as we drove in a Hansom to my mother's house, up in St. John's Wood, taking out Goring's letter. "Tom says, 'I'm coming home for a wife, and mean to take back a pretty, accomplished girl, who'll put me in mind of old times, to be mistress of my new house, which is just three parts built of the finest timber you ever,' &c. &c. Well, Mount, will any of your cousins answer that?"

"See for yourself," said I, "for here we are. The young ladies little know they're on a trial before the commissary-matrimonial. Do your best for 'em, old boy."

"That's Bertie Mounteagle, I know. What a horrid bore, just as that dear Vasour is in such trouble!" cried one of my cousins, shutting a Parlour Library book as the Buttons opened the drawing-room door.

"I'm sorry I'm a bore, ma' cousin; it's the first time I was ever thought so," said I, going up to a young lady, who,

when I'd last seen her, had been little Maude in the nursery, and was now got up very grand in crinoline, fixatrice, organdie muslin, and all the rest of it, and stood as high as my shoulder, and I'm six feet two inches. I kissed her, by right of my cousinship, and Maude blushed and looked pretty, and I thought her decidedly improved since the nursery and pianoforte days. What a pity it was those girls had no tin: they were certainly very good style, though their father had only a living of £700 a year, and nine children. Heaven help him, poor fellow!

"What a comfort it would be if Tom would but take one off his hands," I thought, as I introduced the commissary to the goods he was to choose from. He talked to Helen, the eldest, who's one-and-twenty, tall, fair, and handsome, looked at Maude, (the prettiest of the trio, to my mind), and then crossed over to Vivia, the second, who's a great pet with all the men, and though not strictly pretty, is very picturesque and winning. I don't know what it is about that girl; she's no remarkable beauty, though it's a mignonette face, but she can bewitch us by dozens, and distances regular belles by twenty lengths. Upon my word, I think women are like racers: your wild little filly will often go in and win an easy canter, while the favorite, whom everybody has backed from the day she was entered, can't keep the pace at all against her.

"I say, mother, Tom Goring's coming back," said I, while Willie was amusing his mind looking at Vivia's drawings. "He's worth two thousand a year, and is come to get a wife to—"

"Good gracious, Bertie," interrupted Vivia, arching her eyebrows—very contemptuous, mobile, little eyebrows they are—"you talk of getting a wife as you might of buying a flock of Southdowns, or the last new drilling machine. You speak as if girls were to be bought for all the world like horses at Tattersall's."

"Well, Miss Lessingham," said De Rohan, "I think society is very much like Tattersall's; young ladies, like young fillies, are trotted out to show their paces, and are knocked down to the highest bidder. A ball-room always makes me think of an auction day at the Yard."

Vivia looked at him with superb disdain. "Gentlemen with such ideas of women had better never bid for a wife, or they may find one that will turn restive at being estimated no higher than his hunter or his hack. Every woman will not so easily submit to that alien tyranny, with its dynastic reasons of larger bones and stronger sinews."

De Rohan laughed. "Nevertheless, few ladies are happy till their necks are under the yoke of that 'alien tyranny.' As soon as our poor friend Goring arrives, he will be surrounded by clever mammas, like skilful featherweights, bringing their darlings up to the winning post."

Vivia broke her crayon with impatient disgust. My mother smiled. "I dare say Mr. Goring will not be long before he finds somebody willing to share his two thousand a year."

"I should advise him to go about with a placard before him, 'A Wife Wanted. The bidder worth two thousand a year.' It will advertise his intentions admirably."

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late we sat that night over our regalia and toddy, recalling the old days when we'd robbed orchards and run to see the North Warwickshire throw off, cut our names during the Doctor's sermon, and hooked prohibited Jack for delicious secret suppers. How we talked of the old Paris times, too; of that actress at the Odeon that we used to chaff Willie about; of the Bar, and the little we made at it; of the Bush, and the sport Tom had in it; of George Watson's fox-hounds and Hall's rifle powder; of shooting wild ducks on the lagoons and hunting kangaroos, till our own deeds, trouting in the Derwent, shooting blackcock on the moors, and partridges among the stubble, looked quite tame beside this Nimrod of the West.

"And so you're come to get married, Tom?" said De Rohan, looking with eyes of love upon his ancient chum. "Pity, I think; but however, that's your affair. I have been looking about for you, and I think I've found what may do very well."

"Thank you, my dear fellow," answered Tom, filling his pipe. "Unless women have altered wonderfully since I went out, as soon as they know I'm a marrying man they'll be coming round me in flocks, like so many pretty little Rosella parrots."

"That they will, for (not to disparage your manifold attractions, Tom, and to say nothing of that wonderful beard) you have the precious gilding that ladies love," smiled Willie. "You won't have to play Slender's part, for customs are sadly changed since Master Ford's time, and now, *au contraire*, 'Money buys wives, and lands are sold by fate.' So you will have a hundred wives coming to you, call, and I may whistle till I'm hoarse for the governor's Hungarian acres."

### III.—TOM GORING.

The next few days Tom employed in making himself look like a Christian again, getting rigged out in Regent-street, and shaving off that atrocious beard, which made him look for all the world like an orang-outang, though he's a good-looking fellow enough—when he's not seen beside Willie, who has an air of good blood about him which takes the shine out of most other men, and a sort of fascination in his ways that nobody else can imitate. We took Goring up to St. John's Wood, where the Lessingham girls were going to stay for some time, very glad, you are sure, to leave their own little dismal village on the Norfolk coast, where they caught anemones instead of conquest, and had nothing nicer to fascinate than the coast-guardsmen or a puritanical curate.

"Well, Tom, which do you like the best?" asked De Rohan, the first night we dined there, when my mother had given the move and we were left to that pleasant period of unlimited elated and unrestricted chat which kind-hearted men like myself should enjoy still more thoroughly, if we didn't know how the poor girls in the drawing room were watching and wanting us to come up stairs for coffee, singing and flirtation.

"I like that little spirited, plucky one who hits raparees so sharp at you, and looks so disdainfully at me for having vegetated for ten years in a warry," answered Goring eating his olives leisurely. "I dare say they tasted doubly delicious after two lustres of damper and tough mutton."

"I said you would," laughed De Rohan. "She's very amusing, isn't she? Try if you can't conquer her disdain."

"Oh! I don't suppose it would be very difficult," answered Tom, contentedly. "Not that I'm a vain man, as you know, Willie, but ladies don't generally decline good settlements."

When we went up stairs I saw Miss Vy singing away in impassioned style, her face full of light and animation, and I wondered if "good settlements" would eventually buy her bright eyes and clever brain, and myriad accomplishments. "Thank you, Miss Lessingham," said Goring, going up to her. "After ten years' exile from sweet sounds, a song like that is, indeed, delightful."

Vivia bent her head and looked a little bored. "I should think that any person of tastes primitive enough to like living where the chattering of macaws is the best music to be heard can scarcely care much about it," she said with a shrug of her shoulders to De Rohan. Poor Tom was happily out of earshot.

"I don't know that there are such things as duty, circumstance, obligation—"

"There can be never any obligation to renounce the civilization (result of skill and experience of ages) and reduce yourself to the level of an illiterate and brainless boor, unless you have the animal tastes that lead you to prefer such an existence," answered Vy, with profound contempt.

"Well! dear me, why shouldn't we use our hands instead of our brains if we like," said Willie, who loved to tease her. "There in the bush we are free from the trammels of society; if we cook our own dinners, we're not obliged to say grace unless we like; if we don't know precisely what opera is the favorite nor which minister is uppermost, we are developing our muscles, strengthening our limbs, and enjoying the faculties nature has given us."

"So does Bill Stubbs, our garden-boy; but I can't say that he benefits his generation much, nor is he an elevated ideal to set up for imitation," retorted Vy, quickly. "A man who can voluntarily spend his days shearing sheep and shooting quails, with his herdsmen for companions and savages for neighbours, buried away out of all intellectual life, can have little elevated feeling in him."

"Well, what good does the intellectual and elevated feeling, and all the rest of it, do a man?" urged De Rohan. "Here are good examples in Goring and myself. He's cultivated the animal strength that you so contempt, and is on the high road to be a rich, prosperous man; and here am I, who have kept to an 'intellectual' profession, am not much better off than a beggar; which is the best?"

"You might as well ask me which is the most euphonious name, historic William De Rohan or plain Tom Goring," said Vivian, with immeasurable scorn. "I don't wish to disparage your friend—he is a very nice man, I dare say—but to acknowledge that to lead a life about as refined as the ancient Britons, and realise a few thousands by the time you are unable to enjoy them, and must spend them on nurses and gout-stools, is better than to cultivate your talents among books and people that sharpen your intellect and awaken your ambition, that give your youth enjoyment and your manhood use, is really more than I can do." And Vy stopped, quite out of breath, and played with her fan impatiently.

Willie laughed. "I'm not of your opinion, Miss Lessingham, and I often think I shall throw cores and bribs to the winds, and turn my back for ever on London fog, to go and enjoy myself, fishing for eel, and camping out to shoot pigs and bandicoots with Tom among the primeval woods and ferns."