

# 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. XVI. 1

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, MONDAY, JANUARY 8, 1866.

1 NO.

**Christmas Presents!**  
**NEW YEAR'S GIFTS!**

Extensive Sale of  
**CHRISTMAS PRESENTS**  
AND  
**NEW YEAR'S GIFTS,**

AT  
**LAIRD & HARVIE'S**  
**BOOKSTORE.**

Sale to be continued each day until all are  
disposed of, comprising in part:

**PAPIER MACHE GOODS!**  
In Ladies' Work Boxes, beautifully inlaid with  
Mother of Pearl, Card Baskets, do.  
Stationery Cases, &c. &c.

**ROSEWOOD WORKBOXES.**  
Gutta Percha Vases.

**CARD CASES,**  
in Ivory, Mother of Pearl, Tortoise Shell, &c. &c.

**PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS,**  
in splendid bindings and style;

**Gold Pens & Pencil Cases.**

A SPLENDID ASSORTMENT OF  
Bibles, Church Services, and  
**PRAYER BOOKS,**

in various styles of binding.

A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF  
**Games and Toys,**

Bagatelle Boards,  
**TIVOLI BOARDS,**  
**Puzzles and Dissections.**

Games of Aunt Sally, Win. Tell, Lotto, Solitaire,  
Popin Jay, Calculation Drafts, Chess,  
Skittles, Stone Henge, Yankee  
Tender, Punch, Don Quixote,  
Hudibras, Bombardment,  
&c. &c. &c.

**Toys in every Variety,**  
suitable for Holiday Presents.

**POETICAL WORKS,**  
**DRAWING ROOM BOOKS,**

Keepsakes, &c., &c.  
beautifully bound.

**PICTURE BOOKS,**  
suitable for children, in great variety.

Together with an abundance of other articles  
which cannot be enumerated.

**DON'T FORGET**  
**LAIRD & HARVIE'S,**  
**QUEEN SQUARE.**

Charlottetown, Dec. 18, 1865.

**FALL STOCK.**  
THE Subscriber HAS RECEIVED, per  
USING and L. C. OWEN, of  
Part of his Fall Stock:

221 Tons IRON,  
24 Tons SPRING STEEL,  
10 Cwt. Sleigh-Rolling STEEL,  
7 do. Blister Do.  
3 do. Cast Do.  
141 do. NAILS and SPIKES,  
133 Kegs PAINTS,  
250 Gallons PAINT OIL,  
114 Boxes GLASS,  
2 Casks COAL, CUTTLERS, and  
21 Casks and Cases.

**General Hardware Goods.**  
The remainder of FALL STOCK to arrive  
indock Ottawa and David Cannon.  
W. E. DAWSON,  
hands in  
Nov. 30, 1865.

**For Sale.**  
Northern Half of TOWN LOT  
21, in the First Hundred of LAs in the  
Charlottetown, situate at the corner of  
and King Street, near  
Wharf, well adapted  
for  
A  
skippers  
scented  
t oftentimes

## King Square House.

**CLOTHS. CLOTHS.**  
A LARGE LOT, well assorted, very cheap.  
BEER & SONS.

**SEAL SKIN COATS.**  
A FEW very superior.  
BEER & SONS.

**HEAVY OVER COATS.**  
NO other READY-MADE CLOTHING  
in variety.  
BEER & SONS.

**FURS. FURS.**  
LADIES' FURS, in variety,  
Russian Fur and Siberian LAMB SKINS.  
BEER & SONS.

**HATS & CAPS,**  
IN THE LATEST STYLE.  
BEER & SONS.

**DRESS GOODS.**  
IN PLAIN and FANCY. A good choice.  
BEER & SONS.

**PALETOTS & MANTLES.**  
ALSO very nice MANTLE CLOTHS  
BEER & SONS.

**COTTON WARP.**  
BLUE, RED and WHITE.  
BEER & SONS.

**RUBBERS. RUBBERS.**  
IN Ladies' and Misses'. Gait's, Youth's  
and Children's BOOTS & SHOES—1000 Pairs.  
BEER & SONS.

**HARDWARE & CUTLERY.**  
A WELL ASSORTED STOCK.  
BEER & SONS.

**SKATES. SKATES.**  
A VERY LARGE VARIETY, and a  
Prices Lower than elsewhere.  
BEER & SONS.

**AXES. AXES.**  
UNDERHILL'S best warranted AXES  
BEER & SONS.

**BAR IRON.**  
30 TONS, assorted.  
BEER & SONS.

**STEEL. STEEL.**  
24 STEELS, assorted.  
BEER & SONS.

**FRUIT. FRUIT.**  
MUSCATEL, LAYER RAISINS,  
Do. HENCH RAISINS,  
Do. VALENCIA RAISINS,  
Superior CURRANTS.  
BEER & SONS.

**TEA. TEA.**  
119 PACKAGES very superior  
CONGO TEA.  
BEER & SONS.

**OUR IMPORATIONS this Fall**  
are LARGE, WELL ASSORTED, WELL  
SELECTED, and purchased on the MOST  
FAVORABLE terms.  
Our Country friends will find the ASSORTMENT  
one of the BEST in the City, and prices very  
moderate.

**RECEIVED on Consignment—**  
1 Bale sheepskin OVERCOATS,  
Just the thing for the season.  
Dec. 4, 1865. J. S. CARVELL.

**APPLES! APPLES!**  
TO ARRIVE ex Sahr. Spray from  
HALIFAX, Nova Scotia—  
50 Bbls. RUSSSET APPLES.  
For sale low from the W. Wharf,  
Dec. 4, 1865. J. S. CARVELL.

**TOBACCO! TOBACCO!**  
TO ARRIVE ex Sahr. Loba Montez,  
from BOSTON—  
20 Boxes TOBACCO.  
Dec. 4, 1865. J. S. CARVELL.

**WOODEN WARE!**  
JUST RECEIVED on Consignment—  
20 Doz. BUCKETS,  
10 Doz. TUBS,  
10 Boxes CLOTHES PINS,  
10 Doz. WASH BOARDS,  
For sale low, by  
Dec. 4, 1865. J. S. CARVELL.

**KEROSENE OIL!**  
TO ARRIVE—  
100 Casks KEROSENE OIL.  
For sale by  
Dec. 4, 1865. J. S. CARVELL.

**SUGAR! SUGAR!**  
HOURLY EXPECTED—  
50 Bbls. Bright Porto Rico SUGAR.  
For sale low, to arrive.  
Dec. 4, 1865. J. S. CARVELL.

**LEATHER! LEATHER!**  
TO ARRIVE—  
100 Sides No. 1 SOLE LEATHER.  
Dec. 4, 1865. J. S. CARVELL.

**FLOUR! FLOUR!**  
DAILY expected to arrive per Steamer  
Commaner, and Schooner Arctic, Ocean Belle,  
and Loba Montez—  
1893 Barrels FLOUR,  
In Store—550 do. D.J.  
Dec. 4, 1865. For sale by  
Dec. 4, 1865. J. S. CARVELL.

**RAISINS! FIGS!**  
TO ARRIVE, ex Sahr. Braze, from  
HALIFAX, Nova Scotia—  
50 Boxes RAISINS,  
50 half boxes Do.  
25 Doz. Smyrna FIGS,  
50 small boxes Do. Do.  
For sale by  
Dec. 4, 1865. J. S. CARVELL.

**ENGLISHER PRINTING OFFICE.**  
GEO. BREMNER,  
Printer, Book-binder,  
AND  
STEREOTYPY,  
CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.,  
Having engaged an experienced  
BINDER

## LITERATURE.

A SCORE OF YEARS AGO.

Down by the breaking waves we stood,  
Upon the rocky shore;  
The brave waves whispered courage,  
And hid with friendly roar,  
The faltering words that told the tale  
I dared not tell before.

I asked, if with the priceless gift,  
If I love my life she'd bless,  
Was it her voice, or some fair wave—  
Forsoth I scarce may guess—  
Some murmuring wave or her sweet voice,  
That lured me so sweetly "Yes."

And then, in happy silence, too,  
I clasped her fair, we hand;  
And long we stood there, carelessly,  
While o'er the darkening land  
The sun set, and the fishing boats  
Were sailing from the strand.

It seemed not many days ago—  
Like yesterday—no more,  
Since then we stood, my love and I,  
Upon the rocky shore;  
But I was forty-two then,  
And now I'm forty-four.

The fifty hand is thinner now,  
And in her sunny hair  
I see some silvery lines, and  
Her brow some lines of care.  
But wrinkled brow, or silver locks,  
Shut not one will less fair.

The fishing boats a score of years  
Go sailing from the strand;  
The crimson sun a score of years  
Sets o'er the darkening land  
And here tonight upon the cliff  
We're standing hand in hand.

"My darling, there's our eldest girl,  
Down on the rocks below!  
What's Stanley doing by her side?"  
My wife says, "You should know,  
He's telling her what you told me  
A score of years ago."

TO AN OLD HAT.  
O shocking hat! poor, unregarded thing!  
Thy pristine black all changed to dingy brown  
Bereft of rim, and like a conquered king,  
(When vandals have despoiled, without a crown)  
And yet, O battered cylinder! I know  
On human shoulders thou hast proudly sat,  
And once—perhaps a dozen years ago—  
Thou wert a good and fashionable hat!

Perchance, at first, with what a jaunty cock!  
A dandy's vacant temples thou didst bid,  
To set thee bravely off a charming lock!  
And serving well to advertise thy kind,  
Doubtless thou wert a lover's hat; since few  
Love not who have a head; and oftentimes  
In friendly sort has hit from vulgar view  
Rose-scented *billet d'air* and amorous rhymes.

Match a lawyer, in the youthful days  
And his, rejected—with unkind fate—  
To call thee "charrel," in his legal phrase,  
Enhancing much his personal estate!  
A lawyer's hat! what paper mischiefs then  
Rustled within thee at the owner's nod!  
What "Writs" ill-boding—writ by graceless men,  
And in sad mockery named "the Grace of God!"

Thou may'st have thrived a pious, and could boast  
Of "the divinity that stirs within."  
In shape of sermons often flattering most,  
The sinner, while the preacher bann'd the sin;  
Or, better, written by a pastor bold  
In dainty ears to pour unweelcome news,  
Who feared his Maker more than man, and told  
Plain truths, unawed before the velvet pews.

Thou may'st have crowned the honorable head  
Of some grave Senator; or, so perforce,  
Went deep in Bill—to raise the price of bread;  
Or chaperon lady, diamonds and divorce,  
Petitions many, to reform the law  
Of taxes—boresness of the treasury gap;  
Speeches, of sovereign virtue to produce  
What thou hast wanted long—a decent rap!

At second-hand 'tis ten to one thou wert  
A Hebrew's bargain; dearly sold, ere long,  
To John the oyster, next, begim'd with dirt,  
A vagrant's purchase for an ill-smug song;  
Till, beyond by Time of all thy former state,  
Beyond a chance alike of use or sale,  
The beggar cast thee from his servent's pate  
"To cast a moral or adorn a tale."

**THE "BEWITCHED" FARM.**  
IN TWO CHAPTERS.  
CHAPTER II.—THE MYSTERY EXPLAINED.  
(Continued.)  
It would be nothing to the present purpose  
to describe the fox-hunt. At the over-side we  
found a strong master, and among these present  
were two or three friends of Treddock, who had  
heard something of the malicious damage done at  
his farm. They were profuse alike with their  
sympathy and their suggestions; but Tom was  
not very communicative on the subject, and generally  
shortened the talk under some pretext.  
After one false scent, we got well off for a merry  
run, and afterwards a second fox was started and  
lived; but on a third occasion did Treddock  
make a respectable bluish at the death. He could  
have done so, if he had chosen to leave me  
behind, for, ashamed to say, I had a tumble in each  
run; and the most annoying part of it was, that  
I could not make out how or why they should occur.  
The black mare went like a bird, and took  
ramping fences with ease; but suddenly she went  
down like a shot, just as she landed after topping  
a wall not more than three feet high; and then,  
the second time, we had a precisely similar mis-  
hap in the middle of an open field, where the  
grass did not reach to her fetlocks. They were  
not so much as stumbles; that is to say, she  
did not plunge, but went down with a rocking  
motion, exactly as they say camels kneel.  
We both anxiously examined her legs, but she did not  
seem to turn a hair in the process, and by equal  
good luck, I was not so much as bruised; al-  
though, the second time, as I was picking myself  
up, I felt her hot breath on my shoulder, and was  
startled to find her open jaws within an inch of  
my face, with a snarling expression, showing that  
she had quite lost temper. On both occasions,  
fortunately, Treddock happened to be almost  
close by my side, and she did not get loose and  
away.

"I can't understand it," he said, the second  
time, looking very grave. "You were riding  
fair enough. I hope she did  
and it is a good job Nell was  
in this way it happened the  
with indifference to the  
day—another which again  
scarcely on my acc-

rest to make up, and I had nearly dozed when  
he looked in at my room-door. The old constable  
was awaiting as below in the very highest possi-  
ble condition of self-satisfaction, and was only  
lingering to receive my friend's congratulations  
(with something more substantial, I believe,  
added) before setting off for the village, having,  
as he confidently intimated, cleared everything  
up, though, as far as my explanation went, things  
were really left as much a mystery as ever. No-  
thing further had occurred; that was all that  
could be said. But in our content at this, no one  
was over-logical; all seemed only too anxious to  
conclude that the strange affair had ended; and  
everybody indefinitely praised the old man, as if  
he had really been in some way the cause of it.  
Chuckling loudly as he went, he took his leave;  
and Treddock and I, with the lady of the house-  
hold, who had now joined us, sat down to break-  
fast in the best of temper. Some ten minutes  
elapsed, and we were rediscussing the incidents  
of the hunt of yesterday, when a yelling sound  
arose just underneath the window near where  
we sat, and a dirty hand came beating on the  
casement outside, so freely that a diamond  
pane shattered out of its lead casing, and tinkled  
as it fell inside. Mrs. Treddock gave a scream,  
and nervously clutched the child to her bosom.

"How monstrous! How monstrous!" cried a loud  
terrified voice, as Treddock flung open the win-  
dow, "the constable is done for; they've killed  
him at the back of the little bean-stack!"

This was awful. Treddock and I rushed out  
at the front, and made for a couple of bean-stacks  
which stood in a near corner of the yard, round  
the east gable, not far from the dock-kennel.  
Stretching upon the ground lay the poor old con-  
stable, his head and shoulders resting in a little  
pool of blood, the haggard face turned upwards,  
looking as though he were quite dead. Upon our  
raising him, we found that he still breathed, but  
his injuries were evidently frightful, and the most  
dangerous; and, as had happened in all the other  
cases, the wounds had been inflicted on the head,  
and had the appearance of being done by a blunt  
weapon. Treddock should have found some one  
to bring a chair for the better carrying of the in-  
jured man; and in the meantime we supported  
him in a sitting posture as well as we could. I  
noticed that Treddock's eyes were attracted over  
my shoulder towards some object as we knelt.

"Look there!" he said, in a hollow whisper—  
"that mare has seen it done! Whoever it is she  
knows them. Oh, if she was but a Christian!"

I turned my head and looked. There was the  
black mare on the other side of a little low fence,  
not two yards away, protruding her head over,  
her nostrils dilating, and her eyes glaring in the  
widest fear; while we could see through the pales  
that the terrified creature trembled in every limb.  
But the next minute the household was clustering  
around us; nor was it greatly to be wondered at  
that the women screamed, and the men turned  
pale at the ghastly spectacle we carried through  
their midst. Several of them, scarcely ten min-  
utes before, had seen the old man jauntily set off  
for home in good health and strength. A ser-  
vant was instantly dispatched on the master's  
horse for the nearest surgeon, but he unfortunately  
lived a couple of miles away. We laid the  
poor constable on the kitchen hearth, propping  
him with pillows, and tried to staunch the bleed-  
ing with cloths.

"Ellen, you and the baby must quit this house  
at once," said Treddock, turning his face, now  
pale enough, towards his wife. "The place is  
bewitched, and something will happen to you  
too, and get you ready," he urged, his voice shak-  
ing; "we shall have the county police here now,  
knocking human beings on the head is different  
to killing cows, and sheep, and dogs. If she dies  
there'll have to be an inquest held."

Mrs. Treddock hugged her child to her breast,  
while she bent over the injured man; but she an-  
swered that she should not go away, unless Treddock  
went with her; "everybody," she said,  
"had better go, and leave the place to itself."  
The servants, short as the time was, were already  
acting upon that conviction; some were bringing  
boxes down stairs, and one or two had got their  
bonnets on. This last horrible affair, occurring  
in broad day, had broken down the courage of  
everybody, and the whole premises had instantly  
been thrown into confusion, no one daring to ven-  
ture now from one room into another alone.  
Meanwhile, the constable continued to breathe,  
and more heavily; now and then, he tossed about  
his arms, but he seemed to be quite unconscious.  
Very shortly people came hurrying up from the  
village, the messenger sent for the doctor having  
told them the startling news as he passed through.  
The house was filled with persons quickly. I as-  
serted that the police should be sent for from the  
county town, and Treddock assenting, a second  
messenger was ordered to saddle the black mare,  
and hurry away on his errand, with a whispered  
injection from me, at which he gave me a puzzled  
stare, unless he wanted to touch the animal's  
ears, unless he wanted a tumble. The man, a  
few minutes afterwards, shouted in at the kitchen  
door that the mare had got loose in the upper  
field, and would not let a dozen of them catch  
her. He was angrily bade to "take one of the  
cart-horses. By and by, though the interval  
seemed cruelly long, the surgeon arrived, and  
after a last examination, pronounced that the  
constable's head was fractured in two places. In  
answer to a question from Treddock, he said that,  
as far as he could judge, the blows had been  
struck with a dull-edged metal instrument. Under  
the doctor's instructions, the old man was removed  
to a couch in another room, which could be kept  
free from intruders; for by this time the crowd  
had about taken possession of the whole place,  
with Treddock nor his wife seeming greatly  
object to it. The presence of the crowd appeared  
to give something like a sense of security, or  
at least mitigated the feeling of danger. My big,  
strong friend stood with a pallid face amidst the  
mob of his male neighbors; and Mrs. Treddock,  
with her frightened child, made another centre  
for the moaning circle of women. Occasionally,  
Treddock would turn to me, and, in a mechanical  
aid, express his hopes for the arrival of the police;  
but the mystery was to be explained without their  
aid; and, as fate would have it, I had a principal  
part to play in the solution. Treddock  
making another effort, finally succeed-  
ed in discharging women, in per-  
to take the child away

instantly everybody was pouring pell-mell  
through the doorway, but Tom Treddock's fists,  
striking right and left in sudden fury, made for  
himself the foremost way; his poor stark-and  
wife, however, keeping a dragging hold of him.  
But, once outside, everybody came to a sudden  
standing; the parents stopped transfixed in won-  
dering terror, like every one else. On the other  
side of a small pond, just below the house, to the  
left, and through which she must have rushed,  
stood the infernal mare, with the child hanging  
from its jaws, held up by the clothes; and just as  
we all got sight of her, she dived! her head and  
dipped the struggling infant under water, clearly  
beddy in the pond! Five men who had been  
blatting towards her, stopped rooted at the  
maugre, and lifting her head she levelled  
stood at bay, white steam of vapour escaping  
from her nostrils, and her eyes blazing blood-red  
with a ringing shriek, Mrs. Treddock rushed  
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