

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."—Enripiades.

Vol. XII.

Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, Monday, August 4, 1862.

New Series.—No. 30.

BUSINESS CARDS.

A CARD.
NEIL RANKIN begs leave to inform the
MERCANTILE and TRADING COMMUNITY
of Prince Edward Island, and the
Neighbouring Provinces, that he has made
arrangements for the immediate prosecution
of business as an
**Auctioneer, Commission Merchant
& General Agent,**
in each of which lines all Commissions with
which he may be favoured (at home or from
abroad) shall receive his prompt and best
attention.
Charlottetown, July 8, 1861.

GEORGETOWN.

WILLIAM SANDERSON,
Commission Merchant, Wholesale & Retail
General Agent, Auctioneer & Broker.
NOTARY PUBLIC.
Agent for Col. Life Assurance Company in
King's County. Agent for Boston Iron Foundry.
Town Lots, Pasture Lots, and Farms for
Sale in King's County.
Nov. 18.

SWABEY & ROBERTS,
Commission Merchants
Wine and Flour Dealers,
GREAT GEORGE STREET,
CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND.
N. B. Commissions advanced on, and Grain
Carriage purchased on Commission.
April 14, 1862.

MR. W. A. JOHNSTON,
OF HALIFAX, N. S.
Attorney and Barrister at Law,
Notary Public, &c., &c.
Office—Mrs. McDonald's, next door to
Mrs. Forester's, North side of
Queen Square.
Charlottetown, October 21, 1861.

Rockwell, Higley & Garland,
Commission Merchants,
And Wholesale Dealers in
FLOUR, GRAIN, POTATOES, EGGS,
BUTTER, CHEESE,
Beans, Pork, and Produce generally,
44, NORTH STREET, BOSTON,
(Opposite Merchants' Row).
References in Charlottetown—
W. CUNDALE, Esq., W. B. DEAN, Esq.
June 23, 1862.

Dentistry.
C. F. HUBERT, Dentist,
is prepared at all times
to attend to the various branches of the
profession.
Teeth carefully inserted, extracted, cleaned,
and filled.
Office hours from 10 a. m. to 4 p. m. Resi-
dence at Mrs. Douglas's, Water-street.
Charlottetown, Jan. 20, 1862.

WM. KOUGHAN,
General Commission Merchant,
AND DEALER IN
Groceries, Provisions, Liquors, &c., &
SMARDON'S BUILDINGS,
North side Queen Square, (formerly occupied
by H. Fraser, Esq.)
Charlottetown, P. E. Island.
December 16, 1861.

JAMES McCOMB,
IMPORTER OF
Clocks, Watches, Jewellery,
FANCY GOODS of all kinds, Ambrotype
and Photographic Goods, Chemicals, &c.
Wholesale and Retail.
Bazaar, Great George Street.
Nov. 4, 1861.

JOHN & ROBERT SCOTT,
Coach & Sleigh Builders,
Kent Street,
INFORM the inhabitants of Charlottetown
and the County generally, that they have
now on hand a number of new and second-hand
CARRIAGES, open and covered, of different styles,
which will be sold cheap for prompt payment.
All orders punctually attended to.
April 14, 1862.

BOARDING HOUSE.
Transient and Permanent Boarders
ACCOMMODATED IN THE BEST STYLE,
AND
ON MODERATE TERMS,
at
MRS. McKAY,
CORNER STREET, CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND.
June 30, 1862.

CARD.
JAMES COMEFOURD,
Carriage and Sleigh Builder,
OFFICE CLERK HOTEL,
SUMMERSIDE, P. E. ISLAND.
Orders in the above line executed with neatness
and dispatch. Terms liberal.
Summerside, July 14, 1862.

NOTICE!
To Merchants and others.
THE publisher will hold an AUCTION
on the second THURSDAY in every month,
of the disposal of any kind of Merchandise placed
in his hands. Goods to be sent to the AUCTION
ROOM two days previous to sale. Proceeds will
be handed over without delay.
Queen-street, March 31, 1862.

**Staple Goods
ON CONSIGNMENT.**
JUST RECEIVED per Barque "THE
MIRA," from Liverpool, Great Britain.
Seven Cases MERCHANDIZE,
—CONTAINING—
40 pieces black and Coloured COBBERGS
40 do CIRCASSIANS
40 do CROCKERS and mixed ALPACAS
40 do BROWN HOLLAND and Green CLOTHS
20 do Cotton and Linnon DIAPERS
20 do Towels
40 do Ladies' Lawn Handkerchiefs, very cheap
20 do Black and W. B. Tissues, No. 25
20 do Green Clark and Co's 6-cord Cotton

6 beds De Keyper GENEVA
50 cases Do Do
40 packages English TEA
50 boxes Liverpool SOAP
All which will be sold at private sale the first
Monday in May 1862.
N. RANKIN, Queen Street.
Charlottetown, May 19, 1862.

FLOUR!
JUST RECEIVED per "CARRIS M."
from London—
200 barrels fresh ground FLOUR.
JAMES PURDIE,
July 14, 1862.

POETRY.

HOMELESS.

It is a cold dark midnight, yet listen
To that patter of tiny feet!
Is it one of your dogs, fair lady,
Who whines in the blank cold street?
Is it one of your silken spaniels
That out in the snow and the sleet?
My dogs sleep warm in their baskets,
Safe from the darkness and snow;
All the beasts in our Christian England
Find pity wherever they go.
Those are only the homeless children
Who are wandering to and fro.

Look out in the gusty darkness—
I have seen it again and again,
That shadow that fits so slowly
Up and down past the window pane:
It is surely some criminal lurking
Out there in the moonlight rain!

Nay, our criminals all are sheltered,
They are placed in a safe and fed;
That is only a sister-woman,
Who has no other food nor bed—
And the Night cries "sin to be living,"
And the River cries "sin to be dead."

Look out at that farthest corner
Where the storm stands blank and bare;
Can that be a pack which a Pedlar
Has left and forgotten there?
His goods lying out unsheltered,
Will be spoiled by the damp night air.

Nay—goods in our thrifty England
Are not left to be and grow rotten,
For each man knows the market value
Of his goods, or would not be content
In counting the riches of England
I think our Poor are forgotten.

Our Beasts and our Thieves and our Chateaux
Have weight for good or for ill,
But the Poor are only His image,
His presence, His word, His will—
And so Lazarus lies at our doorstep
And Dives neglects him still.

MARYLAND, MY MARYLAND.
The despot's heel is on thy shore,
Maryland, my Maryland,
His torch is at thy temple door,
Maryland, my Maryland,
Avenge the patriot's wrong,
Maryland, my Maryland,
That becked the streets of Baltimore,
And be the Battle Queen of yore,
Maryland, my Maryland.

Hark to a wandering son's appeal,
Maryland, my Maryland,
My mother's State, to thee I kneel,
Maryland, my Maryland,
For life and death, for love and weal,
Maryland, my Maryland,
Thy people's chivalry reveal,
Maryland, my Maryland,
And give thy blessing to the steel,
Maryland, my Maryland.

Thou wilt not cover in the dust,
Maryland, my Maryland,
Thy bounding steed shall never rust,
Maryland, my Maryland,
Remember Carroll's sacred trust,
Maryland, my Maryland,
Remember Howard's warlike trust,
Maryland, my Maryland,
And all thy souldiers with the just,
Maryland, my Maryland.

Come, for thy shield is bright and strong,
Maryland, my Maryland,
Come, for thy dalliance does thee wrong,
Maryland, my Maryland,
Come to these our shores to sing,
Maryland, my Maryland,
That stinks with liberty along,
Maryland, my Maryland,
And give a new key to thy song,
Maryland, my Maryland.

Dear mother, burst the tyrant's chain,
Maryland, my Maryland,
Virginia should not call in vain,
Maryland, my Maryland,
She needs her own free soil to gain,
Maryland, my Maryland,
She seizes 'till she comes 'till she'll come!
Maryland, my Maryland,
That battles nations back and sin,
Maryland, my Maryland.

I see the blush upon thy cheek,
Maryland, my Maryland,
But thine was ever bravely meek,
Maryland, my Maryland,
But lo! there surges forth a shriek,
Maryland, my Maryland,
From the old-time creek to creek,
Maryland, my Maryland,
Potomac calls to Chesapeake,
Maryland, my Maryland.

Thou wilt not yield the vandal toll,
Maryland, my Maryland,
Thou wilt not bow to his control,
Maryland, my Maryland,
Better the fire upon thee roll,
Maryland, my Maryland,
Better the blade, the shot, the bow,
Maryland, my Maryland,
Than crucifixion of the soul,
Maryland, my Maryland.

I hear the distant thunder hum,
Maryland, my Maryland,
The old-time's bugle, life and drum,
Maryland, my Maryland,
She is not dead, nor dead, nor dumb,
Maryland, my Maryland,
Huzza! she spurs the Northern sun,
Maryland, my Maryland,
She breathes! she turns! she'll come! she'll come!
Maryland, my Maryland.

MISCELLANEOUS.
A WILD NIGHT.
One evening in the month of August
1855, when the allied troops lay before Se-
bastopol, the firing in the direction of "the
front" had been so heavy and continuous as
to cause a more than usually strong expecta-
tion in our camp that something decisive
was at hand. It is one of the curious para-
doxes connected with a "seat of war" that,
with the exception of the chiefs, those en-
gaged on the spot are ordinarily behind the
rest of the world in information as to what
is doing in their immediate neighbourhood.
In civilized societies, the journals are but
hand to afford the latest intelligence, and
as to the press of news suffers so much
in camp as to be hardly recognizable after a
short time, and very little dependence is con-
sequently to be placed upon it. Fully im-
pressed with this fact, and anxious, accord-
ingly, to ascertain for ourselves what was
going on, Jack Farrance and I rode over to
Cathart's Hill, and took up a position from
which we could command a view of the
active operations against the besieged city.

The firing was so rapid as to keep up an
incessant roar, and the whole neighborhood
was lighted up by the glare of rockets and
bursting shells. Occasional flashes down in
the advanced trenches, and the wild notes
of a bugle, or the hard rattling sound pecu-
liar to the French drum, showed that, in
addition to the bombardment, an active con-
flict was going on among the troops. Be-
yond this we could discover nothing; and
our journey ended, as it had done on many
previous occasions, by leaving us no better
informed than when we started. After
looking on for an hour or more, we turned
our horses' heads homeward, with the con-
solatory assurance that in a month's time
we should read in the *Times* Russell's graphic
account of the cause of the unusual
still.

Darkness set in rapidly as we threaded
our way among the tents. The distance to
be traversed was more than five miles, and
the road, at all times very difficult after
nightfall, was so obscured on the present
occasion by a storm of dust, that it was
nearly midnight, and we were half blinded
before we reached Jack's camp. Mine was
still distant some four miles, by yet a worse
road; so that, under the circumstances, I
preferred a shake-down in my friend's tent,
to the vague chance of finding my own.

Our supper was not an elaborate meal,
consisting as it did mainly of sardines, which

we consumed with much adherent oil, cor-
recting the richness of the repast with small
pieces of very dry biscuit. A few minutes
afterwards the tent was filled with tobacco-
smoke, in which we sat gravely pondering
over the scene we had recently quitted.
When Jack could no longer hold the pipe in
his mouth for yawning, he undressed, and
turned into his camp-bed. My sleeping ar-
rangements were speedily completed. They
consisted, first, in taking off my coat, which
I rolled up for a pillow; and next, and lastly,
in pulling off my boots. I then lay down
on the ground, which had once been turf,
but was now trodden into quite a soft
mould, and formed a very tolerable couch.
After shifting from one side to the other, to
find the most easy position, I selected that
which placed me with my back towards the
tent-pole, and my face to the canvas.

During my preliminary turns "in bed,"
I had glanced at the interior of the tent,
lighted up as it now was by the moon, and
in the way in which one sometimes observes
objects accurately without any well-defined
purpose, I had noticed the position of vari-
ous articles in the tent. There was my com-
panion's bed, its luxuriant occupant
comfortably tucked in, and already fast
asleep. His sword, the clothes he had just
taken off, and some brushes, dangled from
nails in the tent-pole. Under the foot of
the bed was his writing-case, and near it a
bullock-trunk, with a loaded revolver lying
upon it. These were close to the canvas, on
the side opposite to that which I occupied.
My riding-whip, which I had leaned handle, lay
within my easy reach. I had seen all these,
and mentally noted their arrangement, and
now turned my back upon them, my face
being fanned by the air which blew in under
the "fly" of the tent.

Shall we ever explain the cause of that
vague foreboding of coming evil which
seems to us as a warning to be on the
alert? Never have I experienced the feel-
ing more strongly than I did on this night,
and never was it more vague. The wind
came up in stormy gusts from the Black
Sea; I could trace its course by the distant
hum, as it swept the cliffs near Hakalaka,
loudening as it burst along the valley, till it
came with a rush past the tent, and died
away with a mournful sob in the woods near
Kamara. The canvas flapped, and the
bridles on the pole jingled, as though with
a shudder, at the wildness of the night. In
the hush of the wind, I could hear the sul-
len roar of the distant cannon, coming now
at lengthened intervals only, and reminding
one of the angry growls of a wild beast dis-
appointed of its prey. I thought of the
deaths which each report signalled, and of
the loving hearts far away who were per-
chance even then dreaming of the safe re-
turn of those who had just fallen. The
moonlight suddenly disappeared. In imagi-
nation I figured the black clouds, with
ragged edges, wildly speeding on across the
sky, and deepening the gloom of night. The
vague feeling of insecurity which I have
mentioned rather increased as time wore on.
It made me impatient of my companion's
easy slumber, irritably anxious about the
exact space of time which elapsed between
each roar of the cannon, and tired as I
was, left me without hope of sleep. Perhaps,
too, I had my own private sorrows or hopes
—some of those which do not pass a man's
lips, but, from being pent up and carried in
his breast, come out upon a night like this,
and attack him in great force.

I have no means of knowing how long I
had thus been lying, when I found myself
brought back with extreme suddenness to
the remembrance of my actual position, and
I felt at the same instant that peculiar thrill
which seems to tighten the scalp, and thence
extend tingling to the very soles of the feet.
Accompanying this was a feeling which I
find difficult to describe. It was a firm con-
viction of the near presence of another liv-
ing being besides my acknowledged com-
panion. It has probably occurred to most of
us, on entering a dark room, to feel con-
vinced that there was some one already in it,
and to this result we have not been guided
apparently by any one of our ordinary sen-
ses. My condition much resembled this;
whilst the idea became so strongly impressed
on my mind that I could not throw it off
and instinctively every sense was strained
to gather evidence.

This instant, I became conscious of a slight
scratching sound, which seemed to proceed
from the other side of the tent. Although
I was confidently expecting to see or hear
something to account for the peculiar state
of nervous apprehension in which I lay, this
sound was at the moment quite inexplicable.
I could only hold my breath and listen.
At regular intervals came Jack's usual
murmur, with which a long and painful ex-
perience had made me very familiar. But
there was still the scratching, more ener-
getic now, and less disguised. All on a
sudden, its meaning flashed upon me: human
hands were tearing up the earth outside,
perhaps, indeed, within the tent!

An uncontrollable shudder passed over
me as I conceived this idea. I strove to
suggest some other explanation, but the at-
tempt was vain. Assuming that my sup-
position was correct, it afforded no relief to
the excitement which the sound occasioned,
and which was increased by the fact that the
mysterious work, whatever it might be, was
going on behind me. The position of the
tent, upon a barren hill, and away from the
rest of the encampment, the advanced hour,
and the stormy character of the night, all
bore their part in giving a peculiar horror
to so unusual an incident. In a few mo-
ments there succeeded to this state of dis-
tressing perplexity an instinctive desire for
action, and my heart, which had been thump-
ing with painful energy, began to subside
into a more natural beat. I have said that
my back was turned towards the quarter
where the noise proceeded; I felt I must
now face it. By slow and cautious writ-
ing, stopping frequently to know whether I
in my turn was overheard, I succeeded in
reversing my posture, and endeavoured with
straining eyes to pierce the darkness, but to
no purpose. I hardly dared to breathe, so
fearful was I of interrupting a mystery
which I had determined to fathom. A
furious gust of wind now shook the tent with
a force that threatened to tear it from its
position. The noise thus caused was great,
but through it I could yet hear the hands
now faster at work than ever, as though
seizing the opportunity for renewed exertion.
Another pause occurred, during which my

breath was held till I could endure it no
longer, and then a brilliant ray of moonlight
filled the tent.

I have never felt the soft calm light of
the moon fall more richly than on this morn-
ing, as it did at that moment. In a
single glance, my eyes took in a whole
scene, but to my intense surprise, I could
see nothing to account for what had passed.
I looked anxiously around; everything
seemed in its place, and I began to fancy
myself the prey to some illusion. But this
was not so, for in another moment I had
discovered that the writing-case which had
been under my friend's bed was no longer
there. Nor was this all. I will not affect
to deny that a vivid feeling of horror came
upon me when suddenly, and without visible
agency, the trunk began to move! I could
only stare without attempting to interfere, as
slowly and noiselessly it gradually disap-
peared, and the canvas dropped behind it.
As it glided away, I distinctly noticed the
loaded revolver lying upon it; but such was
my state of astonishment, that I did not
think of snatching the weapon ere it was
too late to retrieve my error.

What should I do? My first thought was
to awaken Jack; but the conviction that he
would be sure to assist in my flight, and about
so loudly enough to cause an alarm, deter-
mined me against this course. I crept cau-
tiously to my feet, stood for a while hesitat-
ing, and then looked for some weapon. Sus-
pended from a nail in the tent-pole was a
sword, which I endeavoured to detach, but
found it too heavy, and I should first be
obliged to remove some bridle, and this I
dared not attempt, on account of the noise
which the metal would occasion. Suddenly,
I remembered my heavy-handed riding-whip,
and grasping its other extremity, I was in
possession of a formidable club. With great
I untied the fastenings of the tent, and step-
ped cautiously out. At the same time, I
noticed that clouds were rapidly approaching
the moon, and knew that its friendly light
would very shortly cease. The circular form
of the tent limited my view on first emerg-
ing from the folds of the canvas, and I had
to take a few steps, to give it greater ex-
tension, to avoid noise. I turned to the left,
and took a few steps; the mystery was at
an end.

The fading light of the moon showed me
two men in Turkish dress, bending over Jack's
trunk, which lay between them. One had
his back to the other, and I saw that he
was digging in the trunk. I saw that he
was not to disturb them. The nearer one held
his revolver in his right hand, whilst his
companion was endeavouring to force the
lock of the trunk. Near them lay the writ-
ing-case, and the loaded revolver. In all
probability, a few moments of calm re-
flection might have changed my plan of oper-
ation, but I was so excited by the events of the night, I
acted upon the impulse of the moment, and
instinctively prepared for a blow at the near-
est robber. In order to give it greater force,
I took a sudden step forward—a fatal error,
for in doing so my leg came sharply against
a tightly stretched tent-rop, and I fell
heavily upon my intended victim!

I am painfully aware of the bungling char-
acter of this catastrophe; it would never be
admitted in a work of fiction; but I am deal-
ing with facts, and am not therefore account-
able for it. My blow of course missed its
object, and a moment of ludicrous confusion
ensued, during which the faces of the two
men, as they caught sight of me, formed a
picture of this catastrophe; it would never be
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