

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. VI.

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

No. 3.

MOON'S PHASES.—JULY, 1856.

New Moon 2d day, 4h. 51m. morning. E.
First Quarter 10th day, 2h. 43m. morning. N.W.
Full Moon 17th day, 4h. 51m. evening. E.
Last Quarter 24th day, 10h. 22m. morning. S.W.
New Moon 31st day, 4h. 29m. evening. W.

Literature.

WHEN SHOULD LOVERS BREATHE THEIR VOWS?

When should lovers breathe their vows?
When should ladies hear them?
When the dew is on the boughs,
When none else are near them;
When the moon shines cold and pale,
When the birds are sleeping,
When no voice is on the gale,
When the rose is weeping;
When the stars are bright and high,
Like hopes in young Love's dreaming,
And glancing round the light clouds fly,
Like soft fears to shade their beaming.
The fairest smiles are those that live
On the brow by starlight wreathing;
And the lips their richest incense give
When the sigh is at midnight breathing.
O softest is the cheek's love-ray
When seen by moonlight hours,
Other roses seek the day,
But blushes are night flowers.
O when the moon and stars are bright,
When the dew-drops glisten,
Then their vows should lovers plight,
Then should ladies listen!

PHAUDHRIG CROHOORE.

We quote the following characteristic effusion from an old number of the *Dublin University Magazine*. A contributor to that able periodical remarks that the author, Michael Finley, "was in his day perhaps the most noted song-maker of his country; but as genius is never without its eccentricities, Finley had his peculiarities, and among these perhaps the most amusing was his rooted aversion to pen, ink and paper, in perfect independence of which all his compositions were completed. It is impossible to describe the jealousy with which he regarded the presence of writing materials of any kind, and his ever wakeful fears lest some literary pirate should transfer his oral poetry to paper—fears which were not altogether without warrant, inasmuch as the recitation and singing of these original pieces were in fact a source of wealth and importance. Finley has now been dead many years, and his fame has not prospered by the tactics which he pursued, for his reputation, so far from being magnified, has been wholly obliterated by the mists of obscurity. With no small difficulty and no inconsiderable maneuvering, I succeeded in procuring, at an expense of trouble and conscience, which you will no doubt think but poorly rewarded, an accurate report of one of his most popular recitations. It celebrates one of the many daring exploits of the 'venerable Phaudhrig Crohoore, (in prosaic English, Patrick Connor.) I have witnessed powerful effects produced upon large assemblies by Finley's recitation of this poem, when he was wont, upon pressing invitation, to deliver it at weddings, wakes, and the like; of course the power of narrative was greatly enhanced by the fact, that many of his auditors had seen and well knew the chief actors in the drama."

Oh Phaudhrig Crohoore was the broth of a boy,
And he stood six foot eight;
And his arm was as round as another man's thigh;
'Tis Phaudhrig was great,
And his hair was as black as the shadows of night,
And hung over the ears left by many a fight;
And his voice, like the thunder, was deep, strong and loud,
And his eye like the lightning from under the cloud;
And all the girls liked him, for he could spake civil
And sweet when he chose it, for he was the divil;
An' there wasn't a girl, from thirty-five under,
Divil a matter how crass, but he could come round her.
But of all the sweet girls that smiled on him, but one
Was the girl of his heart, an' she loved her alone;
An' warm as the sun, as the rock firm and sure,
Was the love of the heart of Phaudhrig Crohoore,
An' he'd die for one smile from his Kathleen O'Brien,
For his love, like his hatred, was strong as the lion.

But Michael O'Hanlon loved Kathleen as well
As he hated Crohoore, an' that same was like hell.
But O'Brien liked her, for they were the same parties,
The O'Briens, O'Hanlons, an' Murphys, and Cartys—
An' they all went together an' hated Crohoore,
For it's many's the batin' he gave them before;
An' O'Hanlon made up to O'Brien, an' says he,
'I'll marry your daughter, if you'll give her to me.'
And the match was made up, an' when Shrove-tide came on,
The company assembled, three hundred, if one;
There was all the O'Hanlons, an' Murphys, an' Cartys,
An' the young boys an' girls an' all of them parties;
An' the O'Briens, an' course, gathered strong on that day,
An' the pipers an' fiddlers were tearin' away;
There was roavin', an' jumpin', an' jiggin', an' flingin',
An' jokin', an' blessin', an' kissin', an' singin',
An' they wor all laughin', why not, to be sure,
How O'Hanlon came inside of Phaudhrig Crohoore,
An' they all talked, an' laughed the length of the table,
An' an' dhrinkin' all while they were able,
And with pipin' an' fiddlin', an' roarin' like thunder,
Your head you'd think fairly was splittin' asunder;
And the priest called out, "silence ye blackguards again,"
An' he took up his prayer-book, just givin' to begin;
An' they all held their tongues from their funnin' and bawlin',
So silent you'd notice the smallest pin fallin';
An' the priest was just beginnin' to read, when the door
Sprung back to the wall, and in walked Crohoore.
Oh! Phaudhrig Crohoore was the broth of a boy,
An' he stood six feet eight;

An' his arm was as round as another man's thigh;
'Tis Phaudhrig was great—
An' he walked slowly up, watched by many a bright eye,
As a black cloud moves on through the stars of the sky.
An' none strove to stop him, for Phaudhrig was great,
Till he stood all alone, just opposite the sate
Where O'Hanlon and Kathleen, his beautiful bride,
Were sitting so illigant out side by side—
An' he gave her one look that her heart almost broke,
An' he turned to O'Brien, her father, and spoke;
An' his voice, like the thunder, was deep, strong, an' loud,
An' his eye shone like lightning from under the cloud:
'I didn't come here like a tame, crawlin' mouse,
But I stand like a man in my iminy's house;
In the field, on the road, Phaudhrig never knew fear
Of his foemen, an' God knows he scorns it here;
So have me at ease for three minutes or four,
To spake to the girl I'll never see more.'
An' to Kathleen he turned, and his voice changed its tone,
For he thought of the days when he called her his own,
An' his eye blazed like lightning from under the cloud,
On his false-hearted girl, reproachful and proud,
An' says he, "Kathleen bawn, is it true what I hear,
That you marry of your free choice, without threat or fear;
If so, spake the word, and I'll turn and depart,
Chated once, and once only, by woman's false heart?"
Oh! sorrow and love made the poor girl dumb,
An' she tried hard to spake, but the words wouldn't come,
For the sound of his voice, as he stood there fornt her,
Wint could on her heart as the night wind in winter,
An' the tears in her blue eyes stood tremblin' to flow,
And pale was her cheek as the moonshine on snow;

Then the heart of bould Phaudhrig swelled high in its place,
For he knew, by one look in that beautiful face,
That though strangers an' foemen their pledged hands might sever,

Her true heart was his, and his only, for ever.
An' he lifted his voice, like the eagle's hoarse call,
An' says Phaudhrig, "She's mine still, in spite of ye all."
Then up jumped O'Hanlon, an' a tall boy was he,
An' he looked on bould Phaudhrig as fierce as could be,
An' says he, "by the hokey, before you go out,
Bould Phaudhrig Crohoore, you must fight for a bout."
Then Phaudhrig made answer, "I'll do my endeavour."
An' with one blow he stretched bould O'Hanlon for ever.
In his arms he took Kathleen, and stepped to the door;
And he leaped on his horse, and flung her before:
An' they all were so bother'd that not a man stirred
Till the galloping hoofs on the pavement were heard,
Then up they all started, like bees in the swarm,
An' they riz a great shout, like the burst of a storm,
An' they roared, and they ran, and they shouted galore;
But Kathleen and Phaudhrig they never saw more.*

But them days are gone by, an' he is no more;
An' the green grass is growin' o'er Phaudhrig Crohoore;
For he couldn't be asy or quiet at all;
As he lived a brave boy, he resolved so to fall.
And he took a good pike—for Phaudhrig was great—
An' he fought, an' he died, in the year ninety-eight.
And the day that Crohoore in the green field was killed,
A strong boy was stretched, and a strong heart was stilled.

* It is due to the memory of Kinley to say, that the foregoing ballad, though bearing throughout a strong resemblance to Sir Walter Scott's *Lochinvar*, was nevertheless composed long before that spirited production had seen the light.

A MARRIED MAN'S EYE.

[We think it probable that the following is an old story, though we never met with it before—but it contains so large a portion of truth, as we must in all fairness acknowledge, and is calculated to do so much good, that it is worthy of even an annual publication.—*Editor Saturday Evening Post.*]

"Open the window, Hetty," said my uncle Andover to the housemaid; "let in a little fresh air this fine morning?" Hetty threw up the sash quickly, and smelt! went a pane of glass. The poor girl turned her frightened eye toward us, but my uncle went on talking as if he had not heard the noise.

"Sir, Mr. Andover, please to look," said Hetty, "I have broken a pane of glass, and Miss Andover will be so angry!" "Angry?—for what? Here, take this money," said he, "and run off quickly for the glazier. I will pick up the pieces while you are gone. 'Angry,' indeed! Miss Andover does not get angry for such trifles; but, be off before she comes home, if you are afraid."

Dear uncle Andover!—he screened everybody from harm. All Camperdown knew the value of his friendship. He was just turned sixty, with a healthy, unbroken constitution, a fine flow of spirits, and an even temper. He was benevolent and untrifling in his disposition to do good; and as all the world knew this, he was not suffered to remain unoccupied a moment. All this, added to a large income, and a large heart, made him one of the most popular men in Camperdown.

With all these qualifications, it was a wonder he never married, for he was a very handsome man, even at his advanced age. But he was a bachelor from choice, I assure you; for many a lady even now would be glad to receive an offer from him. Strange as it may appear, it is nevertheless really true, my uncle was never in love—that is, violently in love, as I am at this moment—and therefore he never thought of marriage.

"My dear uncle," said I, when the glazier had gone, "how has it happened that you never married? You have always been rich, and from what I can now see, you must have been very handsome."

Here my uncle pulled up his collar, and settled his chin, casting his eye toward the glass.

"Why, as to that, Leo, I believe I was tolerable well looking in my youth, and I cannot but say I had many inducements to marry. My parents were very desirous that I should fall in love, and many a beauty was pointed out to me; but I suppose I had no turn for the tender passion. The fact is, Leo, that I loved every woman so well, that I was afraid of hurting the feelings of the whole sex, if I gave one the preference. This was not, however, the only reason," said he after a pause, "I had another and a stronger one. All my life I have been watching the behaviour of men to their wives, and I never met with one man—no, not even your father, and he came of a gentle kind—who did not scourge his wife the very moment she was in his power. And, Leo, mark my words, you will do it, too. It is human nature; it seems a thing not to be helped."

"Scourge their wives! I scourge a woman!—such a lovely creature as Flora Webb!" thought I. "But what do you mean by 'scourging'?"

"I mean what I say. Do you think there is only one kind of scourging? I certainly do not mean *beating*, though many a fellow, if he dared, would strike his wife, or slap her face, if she only acted a little perversely; just as he had acted, perhaps, only the moment before; but the scourging I speak of, is with the *eye*; aye, you may stare, but it is the *Married Man's Eye*. Come, let us go to the village; I owe everybody a visit, particularly Ormsby, who is just married to my little pet." Every young woman by the way, was uncle Andover's pet. "I cannot tell in which way she offends his married eye, but I will warrant that he has begun his scourging already. There is your aunt Phillida; she sees this matter as I do, and that has kept her from marrying. Before we settled in Camperdown, she had plenty of offers, for rich women are scarce. The old Mr. Root offered his hand to her full thirty years ago."

"Look over the way, uncle; there stands the little red-haired Davison, the meanest looking man I ever saw. It is true that he made an attempt to address my sister Fanny, while I was in Europe?"

"Yes, he made a desperate attempt, but he was repulsed with scorn. Do not speak of it before your aunt, for it puts her in a passion. I only wish we could keep him from coming so often to Camperdown, for he is hateful to me, as well as to her; and Mrs. Campbell—that is, our Jenny Hart that *was*—has set her face against him, and that has decided his fate here."

"What! is Mrs. Campbell the Jenny Hart of the thread-and-needle store? she whom all the young men used to gaze at so? the one that every one was in love with?"

"Yes, and I will take you there to-morrow. She is on a visit to New York to-day. Your aunt told her about Davison; and so, as I said having set her face against him, he will not find it very convenient to settle in our neighborhood. Let him remain at Starkford."

"Why, uncle, I never knew you so bitter toward any one before. What has he done to merit all this?"

"Well, Leo, we talked of scourging; of married men scourging their wives with the eye; but this man, for one that calls himself a man, is more brutal than a savage. Just look at him, a little paltry fellow, not bigger than my thumbs; with red hair, a freckled face, a nose that you can hardly see, deep-set little red eyes, an ear like a long oyster, and a neck like a crane. There he goes; and he has a laugh and a joke with every one he meets. There comes our good Mr. Foster, the engineer. Ah, Alfred Gray does not stop; he touches his hat and walks on. It has cowed Davison for a second; but there comes Job Martine, the tax-gatherer; now Davison has said a good thing, and they are laughing at it. There comes our good Mr. Parsells, see how Davison's hat goes off to him; *there was a bow for you?*"

"Who is this Mr. Parsells, uncle? I do not recollect ever hearing the name before."

"He is a retired merchant, and has bought an estate at Wicklowe, in the next village. He is very rich, and little Davison fawns and cringes before him, like a spaniel. I see it all now; there is an only daughter there, too. Miss Parsells is not what I call an ugly woman, but if it were not for her immense expectations, ugly as Davison is himself, he would look for more beauty. The fellow has been twice married. Yes, there he goes; he has left the others and has walked off with good-natured Jenny Parsells."

"But, supposing that Miss Parsells is ugly? Surely this man can have no pretensions to her hand; and he is upwards of forty, by his looks."

"There is nothing better or worse to be said of him than that he scourged his wife to death. He married an only child; I speak of his first wife, for the poor thing!—no, lucky creature!—died of a pleurisy before he had time to commence operations. His first wife was a young lady of good birth, and, as was supposed at the time, of good fortune. She was an intimate school friend of your aunt Phillida, but their intercourse was interrupted after the marriage.—Mr. Dell, the father of Christiana, was reputed to be rich, and Davison so ingratiated himself with him, that, being a hypochondriac, and not a good business man, the fellow soon became his factotum. Every thing fell into his hands; and the short of it is, that he determined to have Mr. Dell's money, and his daughter in the bargain, since he could not get one without the other."

"Ah, uncle, I recollect now; did I not see a Mrs. Davison with aunt Phillida, at the springs, the summer before I went abroad?"

"Yes, about four years ago, just before she died; and it was there that I saw how the wretch treated her; and yet no one else perceived it but your aunt and myself. Very few looked deeply into such matters. Christiana was compelled into the marriage; but your aunt thinks that if all the property had been settled on her, Davison would have treated her differently. I doubt it."

"It is scarcely possible to tell you in what his deviltries consisted; but they were of such a nature, that in ten years—it was a slow poison, that eye of his—he fairly worked this gentle creature out of existence. I only wish you dared to ask your aunt all about it, for women understand this misery better than men; but it almost sets her raving. Our principal reason for quitting Starkford, was because he had bought an estate there. Before the wretch married poor Christiana Dell, he was the most devoted, the most obsequious, the most tender of lovers. He had to work hard to get the innocent young creature, for her dislike to him at first amounted almost to aversion. He consulted her taste in everything, and seemed to have no will but hers."

"Well, Leo, only look at this man one year after marriage, nay, one month, for he began immediately. He could not bear to hear her laugh; he could not bear to see her pleased with any one's conversation; he sneered at her whenever she opened her lips—unobserved, mind, by others. By his hard manner, he drove off all her early associates, those who loved her dearly and could have comforted her. His eye—that little red eye of his—was kept on her whenever she opened her lips to speak, or to give an opinion; and it had the power of a serpent over her. There is no thralldom, Leo, like the thralldom of a married man's eye. He expected impossibilities, almost, from her, for her constitution was very delicate, and when she did the utmost that her feeble strength allowed, he sneered at her. At table, he never helped her to anything he thought she liked. She could not bear rare meat, neither could he; yet I am told that in his own house he would not allow the cook to send the meat up well done, lest his wife might perchance get a piece that she liked. He actually punished himself, that he might scourge his unoffending wife. If, in the most humble way when she thought he was particularly good humoured, she asked him for a slice not quite so rare, he would say some brutal or unfeeling thing to her, for which the very negro in waiting would like to kick him. If he designed to help her to another piece, it was cut from a burnt, hard part, equally unpalatable. She never ate a mouthful at that wretch's table without insult or taunt."

"It was fortunate that this poor young creature had no children, for his nature was such that I verily believe he would have tormented them for the pleasure of tormenting his wife. When she found that all happiness was denied her in this world, she turned her affection to another and a better. There she found peace and love—a love tender and enduring. She fell sick at length; and then you should have seen the hypocrite. Oh, he would run for the leecher and bleeder—for the doctor and the clergyman! You would have thought him the most devoted and tender of husbands. Almost every one, save the servants and our aunt Phillida, were deceived. Even the doctor called him a pattern-husband."

"How he must have shrunk from the touch of the good clergyman, on the day after the funeral. The reverend man dearly loved this pure and gentle wife; and it went hard upon him to part with her; but with all the confidence she reposed in him, she never breathed a syllable of her husband's unfeeling, petty tyranny. 'Rest, therefore, in peace, my son!' said he, as he arose to leave the room, placing his hand on her cruel husband's head, 'as she for whom we mourn is now an angel in Heaven. You tenderly loved her; you sustained her in sickness and sorrow, and you comforted her in the last trying moments. Your conscience must acquit you of the slightest intentional unkindness, for you were all that a tender, considerate husband should be. Grieve not, therefore, like one without hope; but let us imitate the purity and integrity of her life, so that in the end your spirit may again be united to hers.'

"Would you believe it, Leo! the hypocrite told all this to one of his friends! There he comes again. Only hear that laugh! Just so he roared, and 'made fun,' when he was breaking his wife's heart at home. Jokes! No one could

have a dinner or supper party without him. He afterwards married Lavinia Marks, on the strength of his goodness to his wife; and I have no doubt the same thing will operate on the mind of Miss Parsells and her father. Poor Christiana Dell! But she is far happier where she is now than she could be, even if Davison was not a brute. But come, let us sally out: it is a visiting time, and we owe a great many visits. So, here we are; this is Ormsby's house. Now, Leo, look out for the man's eye."

The newly-married couple were sitting together very lovingly, and every thing around them was bride-like and comfortable. They jumped up quickly to welcome us, for my uncle, as I said, was a general favorite. He praised every thing over and over again, even the ugly clock on the mantle-piece had his kind notice.

"Yes, I knew you would like it," said the lively little lady, "but James does not think it suitable for this small room. It is rather large to be sure; but then bronze is much more fashionable than gold. I am sorry, now since he dislikes it so much, that I did not take the gilt one; but Mr. Andover, how could I tell, then, that he preferred the gilt one? Then, he thought as I thought, and as I uniformly preferred the bronze clock, why he was only too happy to approve—were not you, James! I never heard, then, of his dislike to this poor clock; but a month after marriage makes a great difference, you know, Mr. Andover."

While she was laughing out gaily, in the pride and joy of a young bride's heart, Ormsby was trying to catch her eye. I saw that her prattle disconcerted him, and he wanted to stop her; but she ran on, and my uncle listened with as much glee and innocence as herself. Ormsby walked across the room, so as to get in front of her, under pretence of pushing the clock straight.

"I believe James is satisfied with all my purchases," said she, "but that foolish clock; and if I could I would change it yet for the gold one. Why, only a little before you came in—"

Her husband caught her eye this time, and his looks quelled her—for her laugh and her joyousness were at an end. She was puzzled to know why her little nonsense was taken amiss now, when it was always pleasantly listened to before her marriage. This was evidently the first stroke of the married man's eye. It embarrassed her; she cast a timid glance at her husband, and was silent.

"Did you see the fellow's eye?" asked my uncle, when on our way to the next house. "Now the poor child said nothing amiss; she was only a little birdish. Ormsby did not like the exposure. It showed he had struck the false colors of courtship, and had nailed up the red stern flag to the mast-head. Men are all alike, Leo."

Our next visit was to Mr. Emerson, the chemist. He lived in the greatest harmony with his wife; they had been married seven years, and had several fine children. The very moment we entered the house, he cast fierce looks at his better half. "My dear Jane," said he, with a look and a tone that badly accorded with the tender epithet, "why do you shut out Mr. Anderson's dog? Do open the door, and let him come in. Pray excuse her," continued he, casting aside the marriage glance, and looking most kindly on us; "she has such an aversion to dogs, nay, such a foolish fear of them, that my poor Romeo has but a sorry time of it, for when my back is turned, he is banished to the kitchen."

"Then why," said my uncle, mildly, "why do you keep a dog if Mrs. Emerson is afraid of them. I am very fond of cats, and I should have two or three Maltese, and Angolas, if Phillida were not averse to it. She dislikes cats as much as your wife fears dogs, and in consequence, I have banished them. Leo, my son, step out and drive Brutus from the door; he is scratching at it, and Mrs. Emerson must not be kept uneasy." Emerson here cast another look.

"What," thought I, "do all men change in this way after marriage?" My uncle, as if divining my thoughts, nodded his head, but I shook mine. "Never, Flora, shall this eye of mine look otherwise than tenderly on thee!"

"Did you see Emerson's eye?" said my uncle, when fairly on the pavement; "and yet he is a pleasant fellow. How well he talks, and how kind and considerate he is to everybody, poor and all. He is really a good man, and we could not get on well without him; and I have no doubt that he is, in the main, an indulgent husband. Now he might as well give up his fancy for dogs, seeing that his wife dislikes them. I cannot for my life conceive why he persists in it. Leo, it gives a woman a very bad opinion of our sex, when she finds how different a lover and a husband are. I remember the time when this very man, that lords it so with his eye, used to visit his sweetheart. He was tender enough of her feelings then. He gave up smoking too, knowing that she disliked the smell of tobacco-smoke, yet the cigar is hardly ever out of his mouth now. Did you see what a sarcastic look he put on, when I said I gave up cats to please your aunt? The expression amounted to this: 'Yes, bachelor Andover, but there is all the difference in the world between giving up your whims to please your sister, and renouncing them to please your wife. If Phillida had been your wife, instead of your sister, the cats would have been your wife, instead of your sister, the cats would have been your paramour.' And indeed, my dear nephew, I am afraid this would be the case. It is this fear which has kept me an old bachelor."

Our next visit was to Mr. Renshaw, a retired merchant. He had an excellent wife, and lovely children, all of whom were in good health, and well managed. He was so cheerful, and she seemed so much at her ease, that I cast my eye toward my uncle; but he shook his head.—"Wait awhile!" said he, in an undertone.

"How finely the children grow!" said he to Mr. Renshaw. "Let me see, your eldest must be twelve years old now?"

"I really do not know," was the answer. "My dear, how old did you say Augustus was? You told me this morning, but I really have forgotten already."

"But if it had been an animal," said his wife, laughingly, "you would not have forgotten. You always remember the age of your horse and your—". Her husband gave her a look.

We saw several glances of the married man's eye, for the first did not seem to quell her sufficiently; yet she said nothing to deserve them. "A woman," said my uncle, as we passed on to the next house, "never knows when she may banter or trifle. Sometimes her husband is in an easy mood, and then he will fall into the nonsense of the conversation; for, after all, it is nothing but nonsense that one talks in these morning visits. Here lives our good Dr. Fielding; let us stop here."

"Doctor," said Mrs. Fielding, after we had chatted a little while, "show Mr. Andover little Mat's head, and see whether he pronounces the lump a wen or a bruise." Ah, such a look as she got! It stopped her short at once. The doctor